

## **Young master Damien's pet Chapter 8 Sold– Part 1**

The Isle valley was a land where an elite or the high society class of people walked on the streets to buy expensive clothing, shoes or any other object one would fancy and also one where the middle class along with the lower class couldn't afford.

Being part of the land of the East, it was one of the attraction but not for the sole reason that it had a high-end product. A few streets and alley's away, next to the Isle valley was the black market. For namesake, it was the black market where things that were not often sold out in the open was found. From the unholy materials that were sent by the black witches to the blood of babies or children but until now the governing law of the council had done nothing to eradicate it. One of the reasons being the men and women involved here were schemingly smart.

In the past, the council had tried to remove it but the problem was that no matter how many times some of them were sent to catch most of them would flee or trick the other which turned out to be hopeless. Not to forget there were some people who depended on the items from the black market which wasn't found elsewhere. Once they had almost closed down and banned the black market to only be pressurized by the elites on how they wanted it running. After a lot of signs and meetings, the council had come to the conclusion to only keep a close eye. One could sell all to their heart's content but if they were caught, it would be a direct way to the council prison.

A man walked through the throngs of the crowd that had formed in the centre of the black market. His hair was inky black in colour, his eyes darker than any red which looked almost black where a person could be misled to be a human if it weren't for the light in the atmosphere. He was tall, his shoulders broad, he eyes gazed around the little perimeter looking down upon the men not because they were short but because they were beneath him.

A small stick playing at the edge of his lips which was held in his teeth, he muttered, "Peasants."

"Sir Damien," a leaner man with brown hair and eyes came to stand behind him who had been trying hard to keep up with the man in the coat, "Is this where we'll be buying the tranquilizer? I thought it was the other way."

The man name Damien didn't respond, instead, he let his lazy eyes look at the shop that was set up in the corner, "Our shop is here, Kreme. Go speak to the woman in red," he ordered for the leaner man to widen his eyes.

"She's the one selling?"

Damien who had been watching the crowd and the bidder who selling a young girl while having her scream turned to look at the smaller man, "Why don't you go find out than waste my time here," Kreme nodded his head and hurriedly made his way to the shop. Putting his hands in his trouser pockets, Damien followed the man. Annoying humans didn't know what and when to speak, to increase his work the council had given a human to work with. It was a wonder how he even passed the exam last year to be part of the council.

A woman sat on a platform, her green eyes holding mirth when Kreme tried to speak to her, "Miss, do you by chance sell tranquilizers?" asked the human politely but the woman who sat in front of him didn't answer. Thinking that she might not be familiar with the word he went to explain, "It is a liquid that is blue in colour. Like-"

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Damien pushed the human to the side, "How many tranquilizer do you have with you?"

"One. You are late in buying them," the woman leaned forward responsively at the sight of the pureblooded vampire. The human blinked at the woman who hadn't responded to him but had readily answered his senior.

"Whom did you sell it to?"

"I don't know," she smiled coyly, "I don't ask for names. I just need the money but I might try to jog my memory for you," Kremer was now sure that the woman was hitting on his senior and was worried where this was going to go. And it wasn't because he was worried about their work being diverted but because-

Damien pulled out the silver pistol from his back, uncorking it and placing it on the woman's head. As the shop was set in between the walls and hidden such that it wouldn't be easily spotted, "You were telling?"

The woman's smile faltered, "You should learn something from the human. Such a handsome face but rude," she commented.

"That's rich seeing you to be the one not to heed to his words but to a rude person," Damien smiled, taking the pistol away from her head like he had been kidding but the woman somewhere knew that it wasn't an empty threat, "Be a doll now and tell us whom did you sell it too?"

"It was a man with a beard, just a little around his jaw. His eyes were of two different colour. Red and black. Deep voice, hair combed back. Black in colour. That is all I remember," she answered him while

Damien tried to relate her description to the man he would know. Strange, he thought. He couldn't remember anyone with two different colour of eyes as they were rare.

"How dark were his eyes?" questioned Damien.

"The red was dark," she answered apprehensively, "Don't you want to buy the tranquilizer?" she asked when the pureblooded vampire turned his back to her. Even Kreme was confused as to why they hadn't bought it, wasn't that why they had come to visit the black market?

But the man was least interested to talk to her and he walked away from there to be followed by the leaner man.

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