

# Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 7

Lyla's POV

I opened my eyes slowly as light streamed into the room through the slightly opened window. I closed my eyes back, to try and get a clearer vision.

Who dared open my window during the night? I might end up skinning someone alive today if care is not taken.

"Should I close the window, madam?" The strange voice suddenly got me opening my eyes quickly.

Who is that?

It was when I looked up that the whole memory of what had happened the previous day came rushing back. My senses became alerted when I looked around and took in the surroundings. I was in his room, on his bed, in his shirt but...

Where is he?

Inwardly, I hoped he had died during the night in his sleep and his body had been abandoned on the mountain so that vultures and other wild animals could feed on it.

"Master said you should take your bath immediately you wake up" A young lady said. She looked a little bit older than me or probably she was my age.

"What if I don't want to?" I asked her, while I was still lying on the bed.

"I'll be punished for it, Madam. So, please stand up and take your bath" I grumbled out loud and cursed my fate for bringing me to a place like this.

"What's your name?" I asked while standing up.

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I picked up a towel that was already placed on the dressing table and started removing my clothes so as to wrap the warm towel around me.

"Grace, madam"

"Can you stop calling me madam? It's a request, please" I begged

"That was what the master requested that we call you. If not...." I didn't wait for her to complete it before I did.

"Your master would punish you, right?" She shakes her head while smiling lightly at me.

"No, he'll get mad and you don't want to see him get mad" She replied.

I ignored her plea to help me in the bath and locked the door before she could enter after me. I took the bath hurriedly not knowing when the dragon will walk in and breathe fire all over me again.

As I ran the sponge down my body, I suddenly remembered what happened last night in the shower. I moved my hand back to my n\*\*\*\*\* and pinched it, trying to see if my body would react the same way it did when Damon touched it, but it didn't.

I quickly cautioned myself, came back to my right senses and took a bath. Once I was done, I walked out of the bathroom.

Grace was no longer in the room when I got out. A pale pink dress was already spread out on the bed with a pair of sandals at the edge of the bed.

After I finished dressing, I left my face void of any makeup, despite the number of makeup kits that were left on the dressing table.

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Makeup is the least of my concern right now. I need to find Pearl and know that she's fine. All I know is about myself but I need to know that Pearl is also safe or even more safe than I am.

"Good morning, my child" The old woman from the other night greeted and smiled at me as I walked down the stairs.

"Good morning ma'am" I replied, trying to be polite.

"Call me Ruth, dear and put the courtesy aside" I nodded. "Come into the kitchen" she instructed and I followed her.

As I stepped into the kitchen, I realized other girls were in there as well and yes, the kitchen is almost three times the size of a regular kitchen. This is almost every Chef's dream.

When I went to culinary school years ago to become a chef, I dreamed of having to cook in a kitchen like this, but after spending one out of the supposed three years, I got bored and went back to college to study Astronomy.

"Don't drop your jaws on the floor" The woman joked and I smiled.

"The kitchen is ma\*\*ive. I mean, this is amazing" I told her.

"That's what I said when I first saw it too" Grace added. "If I had been a chef, I would've paid everything to work in a place like this"

"Let me introduce you to everyone here," Ruth said, stopping me from looking around and focusing on everyone. That was when I noticed someone had already joined in.

"This is Fiona, that's Selene, you already know Grace and of course, that's our chef, Adam. He has been on a trip and he got back last night" She finished introducing them all.

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Fiona and Selene are blondes, the pretty ones you'll see on the runway in America and not as Maid in kitchens here where I find myself living in a mansion with absolute strangers. These people are tall and beautiful

Grace has long shining black hair and her strength of beauty lies in the black scar that's on her cheek.

Adam looked like a s\*\*y, hot man on the cover of a p\*\*\*\*\* magazine. His black eyes were what fascinates me about him. He's tall, almost 6ft and has a broad shoulder. When he smiled, it was as if the whole world stopped for a minute.

I stopped ogling him when I saw his attention fixated on me. He raised an eyebrow and smirked. That made me come back to my senses and shook hands with them and we continued our conversation about the kitchen.

Adam wasn't saying anything, so I decided to engage him in the conversation.

"So, from a chef's perspective, what do you think about this kitchen?"

Ruth was about to say something but I watched the three girls suddenly walking away with fear evident on their faces. Ruth's eyes widened, as she froze in a spot looking right behind me. I noticed the four of them bowing their heads, almost revealing their neck.

When I turned to look in their direction, I froze myself. I wanted to move but my legs weren't working.

"Did I pay each of you to talk to any stranger I bring into my house?" Damon thundered, shaking me right to my bones.

He suddenly turned to face me, I swallowed hard and started walking away from him, in fear of what he was about to do.