

A Baby For The Beast By R.A Higheels

Chapter 2 – Piper The Thief

“All my life, I have never been touched by a man. I’ve remained clean and chaste” – Ava Goodchild

Back to reality

I widened my eyes at the realization of why exactly I was here. I couldn’t make sense of any of this. But what did make a twinge of sense, was who this man was.

The beast, of whom I was selected to.

“W-Where is T-tabitha?” I stuttered, asking.

No response came from him.

Tabitha was the girl tied to the tree, with me. The last thing I remembered, was her hopeless and disheartened face, staring at me with numerous stains on it.

“Where did you keep Tabitha?!!”

“Do not raise your voice at me, little one!!” His powerful voice thundered.

I noticed it rumbled deeply, from his chest. And in between the voice, there lied another unfathomable and more wind-swept sound.

It was as if another creature lived inside him.

A gruesome beast.

Freaking out, I looked down at my shaky hands, taking a step back from him.

Another step back, my chest heaved in fright.

“You know... you do not have to be afraid of me, little one.” he grimaced, taking one or two steps towards me.

“There are rules here,” he added. “Rules to be followed, and when broken, you get punished, real bad.”

He closed his final step to me.

By this time, I was already shivering so badly, wondering what punishment he had in mind, for me.

His firm hands lifted to my jaw, in the poorly lit room.

I closed my eyes shut, waiting for it.

The door immediately barged open.

“Captain!”

Captain?

“What is it, Helen?” he growled out to the female who had just entered.

His face averted from mine to hers, but his hands still gripped my jaw firmly.

“The code has been breached! The other girl stole one of the boats and is getting away!”

“WHATTT??!!!” He growled more powerfully, this time.

He dumped the grip he had on me, like I was filth.

“You stay here!” he spat out. “Try anything funny and you’re dead,”

I watched as his bulky footsteps retreated outside, with the girl following him.

My hands shakily, reached for my bosoms, wondering what could have happened if the girl didn’t barge in.

Would he have breed on me, to test for a child?

I closed down on my feet with my chin in between my legs.

Tabitha.

I hoped she was okay!

I also hoped mum was.

And for heaven's sake, Moses...

...

It took for dawn to settle, before I realized I was on a ship.

At first, I thought it was a location near turbulent waves, from the sounds I heard. Also thought there were frequent earthquakes, from the unsteadiness of the land.

However, it was a ship.

There wasn't a single window in sight, leading outside. This was why I couldn't decipher where I was.

But from the "sail ho!" sounds I heard; and the female that called the beast, Captain, I knew I was boarded on a ship.

Few minutes later, the door creaked open.

"Stay here! Pull off something like that again, and you're dead!"

It was Helen's voice.

She had tossed someone in a sack into the poorly lit room. The instant she shut the door against her, I stood up from where I was sitted.

With slow, meek steps, I made my way to the sack.

A confused expression wrote all over my face, with a bit of curiosity as to who it actually was.

"H-hello?" My faint, husky voice called out.

I went to the top of the sack, untying it. The next thing

I heard were screams; sounds of a tiny voice yelping.

“D-don’t hurt me! Please don’t hurt me! I-It wasn’t my intention. I promise it wasn’t!”

Just as I helped the person in the sack out, I widened my eyes in so much surprise at who it was.

A young girl, who looked about 12 coming out of the sack.

She had a blond hair and pretty blue eyes. Clothed in a peach colored gown, with a collar neckline.

“Hey, hey...It’s okay, now. You’re safe, I won’t hurt you, I promise,”

I voiced out, reaching out to her.

“Pinky promise?” she said, bringing her tiniest finger out.

From the look on her face, I could tell she had had a hard time on this ship. And that the people were really mean to her.

I wondered who she was.

Why was someone this young, here?

“Yes, you can take my word,”

I reached out to her shoulders, hugging her. Next, I guided her to where I previously sat and slept.

“What’s your name?” I asked.

“P-piper,” she replied.

“Well Piper, that’s such a beautiful name.”

“T-Thank you,”

“I’m Ava Goodchild, one of the selected virgins. Are you in any way here for that?”

“N-no, I’m not of age yet. It’s a mistake that I’m here,” she answered.

“A mistake? What mistake, dear?”

“The girl who was in my place got away, and arranged for people to put me in a box,”

An ounce of pity shed my face, as she muttered those words.

“I was stolen, I-locked and tied in the box, where the selected virgins were kept. I couldn’t even scream for help. By the time Captain Caspian and his crew found me...i-it was too late.”

“They had already boarded the ship so far, and couldn’t return me back,” she finished.

“I—I’m so sorry dear...”

“Y-Yeah...” she trailed on her words, replying.

“You’re one of the chosen, right?”

“Somewhat, selected because of my distinct qualities of being able to read a book...”

“To my people, any girl like that are witches and work of the devil,” I continued.

“In my village, bad things happen to people who try to escape their fate,” I explained.

“Then I must warn you of Lydia,” she stated.

“Lydia?? Who is she?” With a firm brow carved up, I asked.

“They say she’s the leader of the girls. She grooms and prepares them for the beast. Rumors says she is mischievous and roguish,”

“Err... Weren’t you locked too like me? How do you know all these?” I asked her.

“Yeah...I was too. I picked the old lock.” she whispered.

“Reason why ma’am Helen was angry. She found me eavesdropping these pieces of information,”

I giggled at her words.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean too,”

I chuckled once more.

“It’s okay,”

“Even at my tender age, back in my village, I was known as Piper the thief,”

The conversation went for a while and we got to know about each other. She was a homeless child, whose parents died while she was still a baby.

This made her work for various people in her community. She barely got a meal in a day and had to turn to pick pocketing.

I noticed Piper was too smart for a 12-year-old. She knew practically things and ended up educating me more.

We laughed, making the most of our short time together.

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I still was locked in the room, with the girl who was fast sleep. In order for her to feel safe, I made sure she slept on my legs.

As I massaged her body and sang her a song, the door’s lock unclicked.

“Here you go,” a mean voice trailed out handing over some dishes.

I knew it was dinner and gently took it. The minute she was out, I woke Piper up.

“There’s some food!” I told her happily.

Staring at the two pieces of fish and a loaf of bread, I divided the bread in two places, handing her one.

“Thanks, Ava”

She said, before chewing happily on it, with her fish.

This was a good sign. They had served us a meal, which meant we won't be killed anytime soon.

Or so I thought.