

## A Baby For The Beast By R.A Higheels

### Chapter 4 – All Mine

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

...

My hands shakily reached for my undergarment. Since most of my attire had been ripped by my previous encounter with the other man, there wasn't much to be removed.

Slowly, I slid the torn skirt away. The shirt was already opened, and the buttons were scattered on the floor. I removed it, doing just as he said, standing there with my eyes directed to the floor.

“S-so?” he arched his brows to my underwear.

I froze my eyes in horror, at him.

“All of it?”

I hoped he didn't tell me to remove all of it.

“All of it,”

My heart begun to thud rapidly instantly. For a moment, I thought doing as he said would be the way out. Then I thought of it.

*If no one took a stand against the dehumanization of people, then who will?*

I pressed my lips, staring at him firmly with a confident expression.

*Perhaps, if I died standing up to a beast, I died trying...*

“|—”

The door suddenly creaked open.

“Captain! The coast is clear. We are about to sail shore,”

It was Helen.

She seemed to only show up at the peak of each moment. Even though I had a certain disliking for her, I was thankful.

“Alas, she finally lands,”

Captain Caspian muttered. There was a treasured look beneath the walls of his eyes. I knew it had to do with the ship’s remarkable journey, in spite of the storm.

He spared me a look.

“We’ll continue this later, Ava. I promise,” he stated. “Your virginity is all mine. There are some sinful things I have in mind for us,”

Captain Caspian whispered the last part in my ear teasingly, before making his way out with Helen who had a curious look on her face.

I hoped she didn’t corner me later to ask me anything cynical.

I was left to the loneliness of the deck room, locked in. But I had another thought lingering in my mind.

*There were lots of rumors of the beast being ravaging, showing no compassion.*

*Why was he different to me?*

...

Just a few minutes later, I heard the locks being unlocked. Some man, who appeared to be one of the guards from earlier came in.

I stood up from the darkened corner of the room, making slow steps towards him. After the incident from earlier, I found it hard to trust any male’s presence in the room.

“Come with me,”

He let out coldly and authoritatively.

I trailed my steps gingerly, after him. My clothes from earlier were still torn and no one made a sign to replace them.

I couldn't carry my stuff back at home, because we were demanded to leave that moment.

"Okay..."

With one last look at the cryptic chest, I followed the guard out the door.

It seemed like the ship was a very big one because it took a lot of time before we were able to make our way on deck.

And when we did, I flinched from the excessive light. In the little days, my body had mastered the dim lit room and embraced it.

*The light felt really foreign now.*

The guard directed me to a line of girls, just by the other side of the ship. They were highlighting the ship and I seemed to be the last one in line.

"Join them,"

I nodded my head, biting my lips in wonder at what they were up to. It was a straight line and the girls marched with their chin up.

*I followed suite.*

I knew they were from different districts and that was really disturbing. In the last 200 years, the other girls never came back.

*Was this also our fate?*

As we did march, I stared at the pitiful looks we got from the community people around. My eyes locked contact with a little girl in the midst of the crowd. I recognized her to be...

"P-Pi—"

She motioned for me to be silent. I immediately closed my mouth. I wondered how she escaped the guards. She was putting on a sand colored cloak that made her to blend in with the community people.

I slowly nodded to her, looking ahead instantly.

“Your name?”

Someone called out to me, when it was my turn. It seemed like they were writing all of our names down, to keep a track.

“Ava,”

That went smoother than I had expected and, in a way, I was thankful nothing went wrong.

I looked towards Piper’s direction, only to see nothing. I searched around immediately for her, hoping she was okay.

I sighed a guard dragging her towards the line and her relentlessly struggling.

“I see you’ve got the feisty one,” A voice remarked.

I noticed it was Helen. Captain Caspian was nowhere to be found.

“Keep her, she might be a virtue.”

The pen woman muttered. She was of a brilliant dark skin and a face that had a symbol of kindness.

“Your name?” she directed to Piper.

I sighed as she struggled in the guard’s arm.

“I’m not supposed to be here. I’m barely thirteen—”

“What is your goddamn name?!!”

The pen woman cut her off, banging her hands on the table loudly. That was certainly to instill fear in her.

*My mistake, she was the strict kind.*

“P-piper,”

She muttered, in a weak tone.

“Fall in line,”

The woman ordered. The guard immediately let go of his grip on her. It seemed like he trusted the woman with her.

Sadly, she stood just behind my back, walking in with me.

When we were able to make a fair distance away from them, I called out to her.

“Hey, hey,”

She looked at me with a frown and a look of displeasure.

“I know you want to leave here, but...we all want to. Just follow the rules and we'll make it out alive, I promise,”

“Pinky?”

In an innocent husky tone, she asked.

“Yeah, pinky,”

I replied, outstretching my hands towards her.

“Ladies, welcome!”

A voice suddenly expressed. We all halted on our spots immediately, with our eyes fixed at the person that had addressed us.

“My name is Lydia and I'm one of the highest ranks in this castle. I am the beast's Knight and when I mandate respect, I demand it is given,”

“We use chess pieces in this castle to demonstrate power. While the beast is the King, there is no Queen yet. Only the one who breeds a baby for the beast can attain that power.”

“Then what are we?”

A girl amongst us, asked.

“Simply pawns,”

“And don’t ever interrupt me when I speak,” Lydia added.

The girl shivered in her spot; her head directed down in submission.

“Come with me,”

Lydia motioned, with her head up high. As she walked, I noticed more of her features. She had a brownish hair that was neatly woven to her mid back. There were also flowery decorations on her head, which she wore like a crown.

Her dress was a purple robe that had a cape at the back, dashed with gold engravings on top.

We entered a very large bathroom stall.

There were two females in white, waiting with heads bowed down.

“In rows and column, assemble yourself,” she ordered sternly.

We all did as she said, and once more I was positioned at the extreme end.

“Begin the inspection,”

The women commenced with handing us white towels individually.

I felt a little creeped out when they begun a check in between our legs, with a tool.

But—I did as they said calmly.

I knew to survive here, there were rules that had to be followed. My village had taught me a lot about not following the tenets and had people paid dearly when they didn’t.

“I won’t accept this humiliation,”

Everyone gasped at the voice that dared to protest.