

A Baby For The Beast By R.A Higheels

Chapter 5 – Settling

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

...

I gasped both mentally and physically. Averting my eyes towards Piper, I knew she could utter something like that.

But I sighed when I realized it wasn’t even her.

“What did you just say?” Another voice which I recognized, to be Lydia’s, stated.

She walked towards the girl’s direction, in her purple robe with so much elegance.

I wrapped my towel firmly, and watched as the other girls wore frightful expression on their faces.

I understood it was for the girl. I mean did she even know what she was doing?

“I won’t accept this humiliation,”

She muttered again, glaring at Lydia with so much hatred on her face.

“We are not objects. Each and every girl here have their own lives. We do not deserve this cruelty.”

Lydia let out a cackle. Everyone trembled in fear from the sinister vibe, that radiated from her.

“Too bad you don’t understand any of this. Let me explain better.” she grimaced.

“You were all chosen to by your village to breed a baby for the beast. Everything here, is a game of the fit.”

“Which means your chances of surviving here are slim.”

Her hands held the chin of the girl.

“With this attitude, I doubt you would even survive a night.”

Two of the nurses, held her both arms. But she only struggled more. More gasps echoed, when she spat at Lydia’s face.

“I don’t care about any of those. I’d rather die!”

Lydia gave her a distasteful look.

“You nasty little thing!”

Lydia exclaimed, hitting her face with force.

“Lock her up.”

She said to the guards just at the entrance. They immediately rushed in, dragging the girl along with them.

Her red hair flew loosely as they carried her along with them.

The instant they were gone, a few of the nurses gave Knight Lydia some piece of cloth to wipe her face.

We all waited for her to finish, wondering what was next.

“This goes as a lesson to every one of you. Whoever tries to double cross anyone in authority here, faces the consequences.”

She scoffed, before walking out the door.

“I didn’t get here that easy too,”

She whispered the last part to herself. So it was hard for the others to hear.

But I did hear, since I was the last in line and positioned at the entrance.

...

When it was night, we were divided into different dimensions. About five in a room, we were distributed and given beds and two pieces of white clothing each.

According to them, it symbolized purity and the fact that we were untouched.

The clothing had a navy blue belt to support it, dragging to the ground.

It covered absolutely all of our body parts and we were told to keep it that way. Exposing it to the beast, and gaining his attention, would only be marked off as cheating.

“A-Ava?”

Piper had muttered when the rooms were distributed.

She was trying to reach out to me with her soft and feeble hands. Her eyes held a saddened look, with a pout.

Reason was, we were in separate rooms.

“It’s all going to be fine, I promise.”

I whispered, but she still held on to me.

“Most girls are bigger than me there, they’re going to bully me.”

She numbly stated.

I sighed.

“They won’t. I’ll protect you if they do, I promise.”

I said, kissing her hands.

“Are you going to move or what??” The supervisor asked.

“I need to go now.”

“N-No...”

“Be safe,”

I let out, turning my back on her. She reached out to me. I got out of her grasp and watched the supervisor her along.

I could have sworn her last look, almost tore my heart apart.

I really hoped she was going to okay.

...

Just as the girls slept at night, my eyes were wide open; very much awake.

I wondered how they could sleep, in spite it all.

And my mind drifted to the incident that happened in the afternoon.

“I didn’t get here that easy too,”

What did she mean by that?

Was she one of the chosen too, in the past?

And that girl...where was she?

Was she alive?

Tabitha...

Oh no...

The entrance’s door suddenly creaked open. And, a loud thud made me spring up immediately.

Alerted, I took the lantern, opening the fire and standing up.

“H-Hello? Who is there?” I gulped out, feeling creeps.

The hairs on my neck stood out, making me direct the ray of fire towards the shape on the floor.

I heard wimps and muffled sounds.

Just as I made a move to make another step, I noticed the figure's hair covered all of her face.

It was strawberry blonde. I reached for her shoulder, to comfort her.

"Don't."

She simply said.

I froze at my spot.

How did she even know I wanted to touch her?

I mean her face was directed down.

"I mean no harm, I just want to help." I replied gently.

That statement made her direct her face up to me.

"Did I ask for it?" she scowled.

I watched as water dripped down her hair.

She was definitely beaten and poured water on, as punishment.

She also shivered.

"My mum said to help whoever seems to be in need of it. And, I understood what you did earlier in the afternoon."

"But why did you use that approach?"

She sighed, clenching her teeth in defiance.

Dropping the lantern just beside us, I sat with her with a pat on her hand.

"Try not to touch me, I have a dilemma with touches." She surprisingly let out.

I figured it was the reason she didn't let the nurses inspect her.

"O-Okay, sure..."

It took a brief pause before she started talking.

I noticed at each statement, her hands shook unsteadily.

“I was abused by my foster family at a young age. Raped, beaten, I turned to a rag doll.”

“It made me hate myself. I really detest people touching me, cause it only reminds me of the trauma.”

“A-And the m-man...he...he...”

“Shh...I understand, you don't have to say it.”

I muttered, with a supportive look, beneath my eyes.

I stood up, bringing the towel I was given. I immediately wrapped it around her.

Taking my other clothing piece, I gave her.

“Here, have it.”

“B-But you only have t-two.”

She argued.

“I know, perhaps when the day breaks, we could get yours from the supervisor,”

I explained.

I watched as she nodded, standing up from her spot. I carried the lantern up.

“When you're done, let's go sleep.”

I moved towards my bed, but paused when I remembered that I didn't even know her name.

“Hey there...you didn't tell me your name.”

I let out, to her.

“I’m Emily.”

I batted a lash at her beautiful name. Back in my village, there was a kind, old woman who bore the same name.

I had a feeling we’d get along.

“Emily, you can call me Ava. You don’t have to worry cause I have good intentions...like a friend.”

A/n Your adds and comment matters.