

A Baby For The Beast By R.A Higheels

Chapter 6 – Weapons

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

—

Next day, we were all brought out.

Led to a huge dining hall, we were made to seat according to our numbers. Since I was at the last, I was positioned at the extreme end.

Very much unnoticeable.

P-Piper!

I hurriedly searched for her among the girls, seated.

I sighed after seeing her, knowing she survived a night here.

Her head was directed down though, with her blonde hair covering her face as she chewed softly.

“Good morning, pawns.”

Knight Lydia strode inside the room saying.

Just beside her was a woman, who I guessed to be her assistant due to her presence yesterday.

“Normally, it’s always a systematic survival challenge, to get food. But to welcome you, we’ve specially prepared this buffet.”

She surprisingly said.

“So, eat to your heart’s content, cause today might be the last you enjoy,”

“Strong, smart, tactful, desirability. The one who breeds a baby for the beast, has to contain in her these virtuous qualities. If lucky, we’ll have a Queen in this batch,”

“Or wait another 200 years,”

“Which I doubt any of us will live to that, as humans,”

Everyone gasped at how frightening that sounded.

Knowing what happened in that amount of time was indeed fearsome.

Murmurs suddenly filled the room.

I sensed the instability of it all, and for a moment, I thought the girls would rebel.

“Silence!”

Lydia commanded.

The dining hall eventually became quiet and still. Everyone, looked up at Lydia and stopped eating.

Emily still chewed though.

I, seated directly beside her immediately tapped her.

She adhered, and I was thankful for that.

“I’m not finished yet,”

She added.

Her hair, a brownish one, neatly woven to her mid back. There were also flowery decorations on her head, like yesterday, which she wore like a crown.

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

This meant her clothes were limited.

I was starting to doubt that she was the most powerful before the King.

I held the hems of my gown impatiently, wondering what news she actually had.

“There would be a party tonight,”

She said.

I blinked in confusion, wondering what exactly we were celebrating.

“A welcome party to woman hood.” she explained. “More like a tradition that has been held for centuries.”

“Each of you would be dressed beautifully, with hopes of enticing the beast,”

I felt my heart thud against my chest.

How was it going to go?

I knew it's being really long since I had seen Captain Caspian.

“Would leave you for now to finish up. Next, we commence the game of survival.”

I watched as one of the guards, opened the door for her and she walked out.

Game of survival?

That really got me thinking.

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We were all assembled at the venue of the game. I narrowed my eyes, surprised at where it was staged.

Instead of a perhaps, competitive environment, it was a plain and old looking room.

“Lovely pawns, welcome,”

We all watched as Lydia announced to us.

Directly in front of us were varieties of dresses, jewelries, makeup and ornaments.

I looked at Emily, as her hands fisted and her nose flared.

I hoped she didn't say anything...

And... Piper...

"Today's game would be quite simple. To prepare for the banquet tonight, there are beauty products set in front of you,"

"There are about 500 of you, in total." she stated.

"But it is only limited to a 100. In this level, there are little or no rules. You're entitled to slay anyone in your path to getting what you want,"

S-Slay?

I widened my eyes at her statement.

Was this why none of the last girls came back?

"When the bell dings, that's a signal to go on,"

"Points would be added to the houses of each of you that survive. These points would determine who would show up in the Great Dance tonight."

"Good luck in that,"

She breathed out, walking out the door with her head up high in dignity.

Goosebumps formed around my skin.

The girls all looked at each other fearfully.

Piper looked at me frightfully, but I gave her a re-assuring look.

I wanted her to know that I got her back.

I was nudged. To my surprise, it was Emily.

“Promise to have each other’s back?”

She said, extending a hand.

It was insane that this was even happening.

But I knew to survive, you had to team up.

“S-Sure,”

I muttered.

I looked around, and sized the room. There were few weapons at the entrance.

“We’ll have to get that first,”

I said to Emily and she nodded. I knew some people were going to go for the products in front first.

The bell dinged.

And I was right because they ran towards the products.

“Common!”

I yelled.

I immediately went back to the entrance, hastily grabbing the weapons with Emily.

I was able to get a dagger while Emily got a sickle.

“Let’s go!”

She said.

We immediately directed our movements towards the few beauty products left.

I grabbed some, searching for Piper.

I saw her picking some chest with her hair pin.

Good grief! She was making it alive.

But then, some girl approached her with an axe, snarling.

“P-Piper,”

I tried to call out, but she couldn’t even hear me.

Hastily, I took a leap of fate and targeted my dagger towards her.

Surprisingly, it went through her neck.

And she made gargling sounds, falling on the floor as blood spilled out of her throat.

“A-Ava, t-thank you,”

She let out, after noticing what just happened.

“You got yours?”

Emily ran to me, asking.

“Yeah,”

“Then let’s leave this sick place,”

She said.

I grabbed Piper’s hand that minute.

“Let’s go, Piper,”

“B-But the c-chest, Ava...”

She trailed out.

“You’ll pick it when we’re inside,”

I answered, dragging her along with us.

As we ran outside, speedily a hefty girl directly in front of Emily pushed her down.

“Emily!!”

I yelled.

With Piper still in my hands, I ran to help her.

But I was surprised when she knocked the hefty girl back down, running her sickle through her head.

Blood splattered all on her.

I hastily grabbed her hands, with Piper’s, as we ran out.

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