

A Baby For The Beast By R.A Higheels

Chapter 7 – Cicilia

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

...

Slow, steady breaths of confusion.

Looking at everywhere and everyone like they were foreign.

This was the exact feeling that coursed through me, the instant we walked outside.

I could see Lydia from where we were positioned. It seemed like they had been watching us, because she stood with her head up high, with the results.

“Welcome to the second phase, Ladies,”

She let out.

“That respectable title is used but don’t let it get to your heads as you’re still pawns. The real games start from here and only five of you, would be entitled to be with the beast.”

“I mean, getting a chance to christen his child,”

“But according to your houses, the remaining 100 would be grouped for The Great Dance tonight. Do not refrain from enjoying yourself tonight, it’s a party for you,”

She outstretched her hands towards us, saying.

She directed her assistant who came forward with the results in her hands.

I noticed her assistant looked a lot older than her, with a scar on his face. It seemed like she had been burnt in an accident or by someone in the past.

But I simply focused on what she had to say.

“Total amount of the uncompetitive casualties—399,”

She announced.

“Total amount of people remaining; 101,”

Her assistant retreated back, beside Lydia.

I watched as Knight Lydia inhaled, watching the girls closely.

“This means only one of you have to be eliminated in this round.”

She immediately retreated to the high walls with the guard, blowing a whistle.

“Begin!”

She yelled.

But no one made a move to start. Instead, the girls frightfully watched each other’s back carefully.

No one was quite sure what to do.

Although, everyone knew only a single person had to be eliminated, so we were simply watching each other’s back.

A sudden yell made me lock hands with Emily.

A girl suddenly hit a girl beside her at the back of her head. This impact caused her to fall on the floor.

She then stroke the back of her head with a heavy plank, obviously one of the weapons.

Piper hastily held my hands.

“C-Can’t anyone s-stop her?”

She asked, in a weak voice.

“I’m afraid not,”

I whispered in response to her.

By now, lots of blood were splattered all over the places. With the girl’s screams, echoing all over the room. The struggle continued until she no longer breathed anymore.

Everywhere grew cold, the instant we realized she was dead.

“Well, well...we got a brave one here, indeed,”

Knight Lydia came forward saying.

“Look at me, girl.”

She said.

Her hands directed to her chin, raising it up to hers. I noticed her hair was short and something screamed evil about her.

“What’s your name?”

“Tania,”

She answered.

“Hmm...interesting. What village did you come from?”

Lydia continued.

“Blood of Ferals,”

She simply said.

I’ve read and heard about The Blood of Ferals. They were simply bad people that you didn’t want to double cross.

They ate purely meat and fleshes.

Dangerous, fast and good warriors. Including the women and children.

I narrowed my eyes, studying Tania closely.

Her eyes, were like death itself.

Dark, angry and ferocious. They had no sympathy or whatsoever. It was easy telling why she had gotten rid of that innocent girl, who obviously didn't watch her back.

May her soul rest in peace.

“Well, Tania, you just bought your house some points. Congratulations,”

Knight Lydia announced.

That made me realize one thing.

There was a lot of violence here and no one did care about your life.

For you to succeed, you needed to use your brains to get in power.

Nothing else.

...

Just after that, we were made to struggle for the second round of food. This didn't involve much deaths, because it was more like a celebration for people that made it to this stage.

Once we were done, we were moved to a room filled with musical instruments.

As we strode inside, we noticed an extremely stunning and beautiful lady, waiting for us, inside the room. She seemed to be stretching and practicing dancing styles which seemed heavenly.

“That is Cicilia,”

Piper started out quietly, to me and Emily.

Couldn't deny that this woman indeed looked very much attractive and seductive. Clothed in her luxury regalia.

“While eavesdropping on the ship, I learnt that she holds the Bishop position in this castle. Rumors says she is quite untouchable because she gets favors from the beast,”

“Using her luxury charms, she’s quite irresistible,”

“Really? Don’t see much,”

Emily retorted.

I gasped at her words, and we three laughed.

“Anything funny, ladies?”

A voice suddenly echoed.

Playing with the hems of my gowns, I directed my eyes towards the supposed person. My eyes widened immediately.

“N-No,”

We echoed at the same time.

“We sincerely apologize, My lady,”

At the same time, we said again, remembering the cutesy Knight Lydia made us learn, and practice if we in any case offended anybody.

“Oh, just sit and be silent, please.”

She muttered.

Bishop Cicilia snapped her hands immediately. Some polished lady ran towards her with an embraided hand fan. She commenced blowing herself stylishly, as the instruments played.

“That will do for now,”

She directed to the orchestras.

I noticed her Spanish accent, occupying her speech.

“Ladies welcome to my abode. I am Lady Cicilia, the Bishop of this castle. As you can see, I control the theatrical substance of this fort,”

She started off.

While the 100 of us, sat on the dancing mats, with our legs entwining each other. Backs straight up, chin held up in the air. Trying to depict an aura of perfection.

But we were just broken girls...

“Dancing is all about style. You do not have to be the most appealing to be the winner. It’s all about what you have to offer to the audience.”

“Swaying to the symphony of the beat; the beat!”

She exclaimed, folding her fan swiftly, which made some of the girls’ shiver.

“All of you, get up and do as I say,”

She commanded.

We stood up, doing as she said.

“On your toes,”

“1, 2, 3...1, 2, 3...”

Demonstrating, she began to show us how we should go.

“In this level, what you have to know is that you’re selling your body to the beast. Your soul; all of you. Which means, giving in your very best.”

She explained.

Bishop Cicilia immediately commanded the orchestra to commence as we practiced.

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About 75 of us were eliminated.

Including Piper. Luckily, Emily won and I did too.

At first, I was frightened when they took her away.

But I calmed down, after knowing they weren't going to be killed. Instead, they lost some points.

"Prepare and wear your ornaments!"

Knight Lydia announced.

"The ceremony starts a few minutes to now,"

We all dashed inside our rooms, dressing elaborately with the beauty products. Dresses, jewelries, and some make-up.

Thankfully, Piper sacrificed her jewelries for us, after picking the chest, which I split with Emily.

"Wow,"

Emily expressed, just as we bathed and finished dressing. Just as I stepped out from the dark, the rest of the girls looked at me.

"What?"

I asked Emily, looking down on my body, wondering what was wrong.

"You look so beautiful, Ava,"

She stated.

"R-Really...thanks,"

I answered, still feeling a hundred times insecure.

Was this the reason my village boys got angry when I chose to be with Moses?

Of my beauty?

"You don't understand,"

“Then what is it?”

“You’re more eye-catching than Cicilia, the fairest,”

She explained.

I chuckled softly.

“Oh please, how is that even possible?”

“Trust me,”

She said, holding my shoulders firmly and looking into my eyes.

“You’re surely going to have lots of enemies but I got your back, girl.”

“Alright, ladies. Move out now!”

Knight Lydia announced.

As we walked to perform what we had recently rehearsed, I felt my heart pound rapidly.

Suddenly, the premonition of what happened, flashed violently into my head.

The killings of 300 people in total.

I knew it was indeed survival of the fittest.

I looked around, with my chin held up high in pride.

Good thing we weren’t given any rules in this round of dance for the beast.

Cause I had plans of my own.

I needed a change.

“I have to attract the beast at all costs,”
