

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

### Chapter 8 – The Smart One

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

...

As we assembled the floor, I looked around carefully, noting where everyone was.

The beast was right at the center, on his throne.

With a tight-lipped and stern expression, he watched each of us prudently.

There were some men, standing just by his side.

*And one other, serving as a guard, who seemed terribly familiar.*

While at the top part of the mansion, were two other women. The first was Cicilia, the seductress. I couldn’t recognize the second cause I never remembered seeing her anywhere.

*But what I did know was that she definitely held a high rank.*

There was no doubt in that, from the way she was positioned, just beside Cicilia. She wore a really expensive attire, engrossed in an unknown conversation with her.

One thing was quite obvious.

She was indeed pretty.

And she held a more visible aura of power, compared to Lady Cicilia.

“Greedy expressions.”

Emily suddenly remarked, as we made preparations to dance.

On our toes, with our ankle jewelries, which clanked in sounding

“Huh?”

“The party guests on the other side, all wearing avaricious and greedy expressions...Their eyes searching, like we’re some prize to be caught.”

She remarked.

But my mind was far off from her words. I only nodded to the words she said, with my eyes on Lady Cicilia and the other female beside her.

I noticed their respective assistants were also conversing with each other.

*I needed to talk to one of them, and investigate more.*

From how things looked, to have a conversation with one of them, I had to patiently wait for them to come down, to interact with their friends.

*One thing I knew was common in women, was we liked show offs.*

I planned on using it against them.

“Lady Rook!”

I called out loud the moment I noticed the second female that conversed with Bishop Cicilia, passed beside me.

With her eyes, holding a surprised look, she narrowed them towards me, slowly stepping towards me in elegance.

Her hair was a long and straight brunette, decorated with ancient pins and something that almost resembles a tiara. While her garment, was a peach colored one, with dark and gold embroidery on it.

“Rook Francesca if that’s what you meant.” she dominantly stated.

I smirked, knowing that was my intention.

*Guessing her rank from the chest pieces, with an aim that she’d say her true name.*

“My apologies, Rook Francesca,”

I said, curtsying with a slight bow while I held my dress.

“You look unfamiliar, are you new around here? Perhaps, one of the chosen?”

“Yes, I am, milady. Under your mercy of course.”

I expressed.

*I just had to spite her.*

I needed her to reveal something in order to protect her emotions.

“My mercy? What do you mean?”

She elegantly, asked. With her carefully constructing her words. She was definitely a smart and wise one, unlike Lady Cicilia, a bimbo.

“I mean you have quite some reputation, as the obvious higher rank next to the beast. You didn’t even breed his child,”

I rolled off my tongue, with a slight chuckle.

“How in the world, did you do that?” I let out.

“You must be a witch,”

I whispered, this time with a clown expression.

She fumed, closely staring at me.

“I assure you that is being worked on. I mean, I was just this close before the choosing paused it all,”

She said.

“King Caspian had to go himself to get the girls, that’s why,”

“Besides,”

I watched as she swayed her fans towards her neckline.

“This assures my protection, around here,”

Some set of fangs immediately extended from her mouth. This made me gasp on my spot, and I took a step back.

*I now understood why she had extended the fan.*

She wasn't human.

Instead, something out of the ordinary.

“W-What are y-you?”

I breathed out, presently hyperventilating, and trying to keep up with the conversation.

“Are you scared, pawn?”

She mocked.

“Even though I wasn't turned fully but this is enough to scare you to...”

She trailed on her words.

“Stay the hell away from me.”

“You're probably like the rest of the girls and will end up dead anytime soon.”

She added.

“Unlike us the lucky ones,”

I watched as Rook Francesca, swayed her hands, directing them to herself and Cicilia.

My eyes immediately bolted in realization, as she walked away, gracefully and stylishly.

*T-They were both supernatural creatures, like the beast.*

This was definitely why they related so well.

*Question was...what were they?*

With curls of distress in my features, I looked around as everyone cackled, and drank.

Anytime soon, the Great Dance would begin, and I was starting to get a cold-feet.

*I mean, what if the girls from 200 years ago, died because of these two people?*

“Pawns, assemble!”

That brought me out of my daze immediately.

It was Knight Lydia. And, she ordered standing up from where she was seated, with her head, high up in the air. She exhibited dominance.

*But not enough to intimidate me as before.*

At least I knew who controlled the strings now.

“Remember this is your last chance to be among the Five. So, give in your very best,” she advised.

“Yes, Lady Lydia,”

We all chorused, together.

Making our formation, my eyes searched the best place to position in. I knew getting his attention meant, doing something different. Since we were all humans, distinct things captivated us.

*We were also told the rules.*

All I needed to do was to get the beast to throw his piece of cloth towards me.

Doing that, meant he chose to be with me, for the night.

The bell dinged, with the orchestra playing the music we had rehearsed to.

“Let’s do this, Ava,”

Emily said.

I nodded as we both partnered, with smiles on our faces.

We twirled in our dance attires, which showed our bellies. I was definitely going to use it to my advantage, swaying like I saw harlots, do in my village.

The instant we separated, our legs jingled our anklets, throwing our waists towards the beast. We did just as Lady Cicilia made us practice, doing the same with our shoulders.

“To the middle, Ava,”

I muttered to myself, knowing the dance was about to end. I did just that. However, there was something I had noticed while we were rehearsing. There was an end beat for about a minute and some seconds.

*And that beat included a seat of submission as we were told to do.*

The minute the dance ended, the remaining 24 girls, including Emily, laid in submission.

But as the beat continued, I took a leap of fate to dance just from the middle.

“This is your chance, give your all,” I told myself.

Slowly, I twisted my belly, throwing my waist towards the beast’s direction and smiling. I looked directly into his eyes, with my hands running all over my collarbone to the middle of my breasts.

Next, my legs widened and I slowly settled on my toe, like Cicilia had taught us. Coming back up, I turned back directing my feminine behind towards him. My hand came directly at the waist line of my dance skirt as I made an illusion of removal.

When he smiled, I knew I had gained his attention.

From the beats the orchestra made, which I had studied, I knew they were about to end.

“I hope I make it,”

I stated.

*Slowly, I connected to the floor just at the middle in submission.*

With my two hands outstretched, I got nothing from the beast. Rather, I only heard claps from the audience at the pawns' performance.

*My heart thudded, knowing I was going to get in big trouble, if I didn't gain his approval.*

Right now.

I was almost giving up, when I felt the piece of cloth on my hands.

My eyes widened.

*The beast had just thrown it to me.*

“What the hell did you think you were doing there? Huh!”

Tania angrily snarled.

The minute I excused myself, to the changing room to contemplate Lady Rook's identity.

She stepped from the shadows, just like she had been watching me.

“What do you mean?”

I arched a brow, asking like in unawares.

Like Emily said, I would get lots of enemies around here.

I already thought these through before I even started, in the first place.

“Trying to seduce the beast, and sneak in some points?” she stated, once more.

I held the hems, of my dance attire, looking at her confidently.

“I have no idea, of what you’re talking about, Tania,”

I replied.

“You don’t?” she snarled.

“Then maybe this will remind you,”

She cornered me, with her hands fisting. Next, she raised them up to hit me.

I noticed she had no weapons.

This made me reflexly used my arms to block her fuming outburst. I was about to bring out my dagger from my underwear, when a voice spoke.

“What’s happening here?”

It suddenly called out.

I looked towards the direction, and so did she, only to see Knight Lydia, with her assistant coming in through the door.

“What you think you’re doing, Tania? Attempting to hit the beast’s chosen?”

Lady Lydia stated.

“The beast’s chosen? Aren’t we all?” she asked.

“Wasn’t this game, the survival of the fittest, Knight Lydia?”

She savagely added, with a frown on her face.

“It still is,” she answered. “But since tonight, that changed for Ava here. Getting the beast to throw his Royal clothing, signifies she’s now one of his favorites,” she explained.

“You don’t want to be responsible for harming his favorites because it’s a crime punishable by death.”



Lydia constructed, before swaying her hands, towards the door.

“Now, scurry away,”

Just as Knight Lydia rounded it up, Tania gave me a death glare.

If looks could kill, I would be six feet under.

Tania slammed the dressing room’s door, in anger. The moment she was out, Knight Lydia turned to face me fully.

“Number 100,”

She called out.

“Somehow, I didn’t notice you around here.” she remarked.

“What is your name, dear?”

“Ava...Ava Goodchild,” I replied affirmly.

“And, what district are you from?”

“Demon Scavengers,”

I answered.

“Hmm...interesting. Another one from a brutal village, you must be quite intelligent and manipulative, for gaining the attention of the beast tonight,”

She stated.

“Flattered you think so, Knight Lydia.”

I replied, with a slight bow.

“You do not have to be. Focus more on the game to survive dear,”

She answered.

“Felicia,” Lydia called out to her assistant.

“Yes, Knight Lydia?”

“Lead her to the beauty room. Make them prepare her for the beast tonight,”

“Your wish is my command, Lady Lydia,”

She answered.

Before we left, Knight Lydia drew closer to me. With a hand on my shoulder and a look of trust and responsibility.

“Using your opportunity tonight matters, as well, remember.”

I nodded in response.

Before following her out of the dressing room, with my heart thudding at each walk, towards the beauty room.

...

By the time the welcome party was over, I became more nervous than ever. Reminding myself, over and over again, as to why I was doing this.

I reminded myself of why I was playing the game.

And why I had to survive.

At every moment of this, at all costs.

People relied on me.. without me, Piper wouldn't be the same.

Mother won't be. Neither will Moses. I watched mum cry, so much after Jasmine's demise.

I couldn't add to that.

I just couldn't add to that.

“Pick a color, My Lady,”

One of the maids, told me.

Setting various colors of robe in front of me.

“Anything that looks good, I guess.”

I retorted, unsure of what color to pick.

“Then this would do.” she smiled saying. “Pairing it with this of course.”

Her hands spread out on an underwear, really exposive.

“You think so?”

I said, after seeing the blue beauty she just set aside.

“Yes, I do. It would compliment your raven dark hair and glow, just like the stars in the sky.”

She explained.

“Thanks, I’m Ava. What’s your name by the way?”

“Cassandra... It’s strange you’re asking because, no one has ever asked me for my name,”

“I feel so honored, My Lady,” she stated, curtseying.

As she did, I noticed more of her stature.

Cassandra was a little plump, with a wavy hair and some freckles just at the sides of her cheek.

Couldn’t deny the freckles made them rosier and prettier.

“Then get used to it. Cause you deserve so much more.”

I said.

She brought some vanilla scenting oils, applying them on my hands and the part of my skin that showed.

After a few moments, she worked my hair, preparing me to stand up.

“You’re ready,”

She breathed out, smiling at my reflection.

I looked into the mirror, unable to recognize myself.

“How does this work?”

I asked.

“My lady, what do you mean?”

“The breeding, I mean. How does one breed a baby for the beast.”

I stated.

“My lady, surely your mother would have explained it to you. I’m quite sure you’re aware of it.” Cassandra said.

“She didn’t. That’s why I’m asking.”

I said, taking her hands in mine.

Mother always restricted me from these topics. And, I was left wondering, most of the times.

A door suddenly opened, with another maid rushing in.

“I’m afraid we must head out now, milady.”

She said, with a submissive stance.

“Yeah sure,”

I said, taking one last glance at Cassandra. She gave me an assured look.

The maid led me to a guard, who introduced himself as Jaskier.

He took it from there, leading me to the beast’s chambers. The minute I got in, I found myself almost hyper ventilating.

I mean, what if I failed everyone?

I risked it all to get here, and I didn't even know how to breed his so-called child.

I had never felt so powerless in my life.

The door slammed shut, as soon as I got in.

On my spot, I trembled, with my hands shaking.

“Welcome, little Ava.”

A sinful voice let out.