

Beast King's Crippled Mate

Chapter 1 - Chapter 1: Crippled Little Miss Swan

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Swan sat on a stool while staring at herself in the mirror. Her frail and small stature was a sign of malnutrition, and the patchy, yellowing wedding dress made her look even more pitiful.

"Mm~ that wedding dress is too big for you. Don't you have another wedding dress?" Aria commented as she walked around the stool to inspect her older sister's dress. "Ew, what is this yellowing? It's so disgusting. Swan, I know you're ugly, but you can't meet that beast like this, what if he knows that you're just a lowly whore's daughter?"

1

"S-s-sorry, Aria..." Swan murmured. "T-this is the only dress left by my mother. I-I don't have anything else."

"So, this is a whore's dress? Ewww!" Aria quickly wiped her hand with a perfumed handkerchief and then threw it away. "Well, it can't be helped then. How about I give you one of my dresses?"

1

"I-I don't deserve—"

"Yep, you don't deserve any of my dress. One is worth more than your life anyway," Aria shrugged. She grabbed a wooden comb that Swan used to comb her short blonde hair. Aria stood behind the stool, grabbed a handful of Swan's hair and yanked it.

1

"Ah!" Swan grimaced in pain when her hair was pulled, but she dared not to fight back for it might have caused her greater pain.

"Since you're about to die—oops, I mean, to meet your husband today, I guess as your little sister, I should shower you with some of my sisterly love," Aria said as she roughly combed her half-sister's hair.

She got annoyed when she realized that Swan's hair was still silky-smooth despite not having the best hair care like her. She also hated that Swan's blonde hair shone even brighter than hers, so she told Swan to cut her hair short if she didn't want to be beaten.

2

'Should I just make her bald? Ah, no, I think it's too late for that. She's going to die anyway.'

Swan bit her lower lip, muffling any pain that almost came out of her lips when Aria kept on pulling her hair. She also tried her best to hold her tears, because Aria hated her tears.

Aria stared at Swan in the mirror and hated how this prostitute's daughter still had her beauty despite being constantly starved and malnourished.

"Aw, don't make that pained expression. You are already ugly, what if that Beast King gets disgusted because of your ugly face? You know how many people will die if he gets angry?" Aria said.

1

"S-s-sorry..." Swan muttered as she clenched her wedding dress.

"Stop playing with her, Aria."

Aria turned her head and saw her mother, Queen Anastasia at the door. She let go of Swan and happily pranced towards her mother, "I'm just giving her a bit of my sisterly love."

Queen Anastasia smiled at her daughter with a loving gaze, "I know you're a kind sister, but this is not the time."

But her gaze turned cold as she shifted her gaze at her stepdaughter, Swan, "Get up."

"Y-yes, Queen Mother..." Swan grabbed the wooden crutches next to her and used them to walk towards her stepmother.

1

She humbled herself by lowering her head, waiting for the order. Anastasia simply nudged on one of the crutches with her shoes and said, "Can you do something about this? I know you are just a sacrifice for the kingdom's safety, but you're too ugly, especially with these crutches. I'm afraid that savage beast will reject the offer."

"I-I'm sorry..."

"Sorry is not enough. Try to stand properly, like a real noble princess," Anastasia ordered, even though she knew that was not possible. She just wanted to make sure that Swan wasn't faking it.

For once, she wanted this cripple to be useful.

Swan tried to straighten her leg, but the moment she let go of a crutch, she lost her balance and quickly hugged her crutch again to stand up.

"Tsk, so useless."

"S-sorry, Queen Mother...."

"Aw, don't be so harsh on her, Mom. We both know who crippled her leg," Aria said proudly. "I mean, it's a surprise that she didn't die when I accidentally pushed her from the balcony, but at least she can be used as a sacrifice now."

4

"It's never your fault, Aria. She's just stupid, so she slipped and broke her leg," Anastasia said, ignoring the fact that Aria had been tormenting Swan about it day and night. "No matter, she needs to get out because the beast is about to arrive at the palace."

Aria gasped, "Should I hide in my room? That beast might fall in love immediately if he sees me!"

2

"You should. You are the real Royal Princess of Holy Achate after all, your beauty will smite him," Anastasia said, but she knew that her sweet but mischievous daughter wouldn't listen.

"Well, before she dies, I want to apologize to her first," Aria said as she walked towards Swan and faced her. "Look at me, sis."

Swan lifted her head in fear, afraid that Aria would hurt her again, "Don't look so scared, I just want to apologize for crippling your left leg. You know, we were just kids back then."

Despite apologizing with her sweet face, Swan felt nothing but fear. She also doubted that Aria was genuine. But as the older sister, she was conditioned to always forgive Aria for everything that she did.

Unfortunately, before Swan could utter I forgive you, Aria suddenly stuck her tongue out and said, "Just kidding."

Aria kicked one of the crutches, and Swan fell face-first on the floor, right next to Aria's shoes.

3


"Ah!" Swan grimaced in pain, but Aria simply giggled, relishing her pain.

Anastasia looked at her daughter endearingly and then nudged Swan's face with her shoes.

1

"Get up now. I don't want that savage to cause more damage because you're so slow."

"Y-yes, mother..." Swan tried to grab anything she could find to support her body before getting up slowly. Using crutches after such a fall was hard, but she managed to do it, albeit too slow for Anastasia's taste.

Aria had another silly idea to kick the crutch again, but Anastasia stopped her for now,  "Don't do it, Aria. She needs to be shipped off immediately before that beast wreaks another havoc in our palace."

Aria pouted, "What a pity."

Anastasia noticed the bruise on Swan's cheekbone after the fall. She grabbed her cheek and pulled it closer, inspecting the bruise.

"Remember not to tell him—or anyone—about what happened to you. Just say you were stupid, so you fell from the second floor and broke your leg, and tell him that you got this bruise because you were careless and fell on your own. Understand?"

3

"I... understand, mother..."

Queen Anastasia wanted to give her a bit more lecture, but a guard came up with a look of horror on his face, his body shaking as he bowed in front of the Queen and reported, "Y-Your Majesty, that savage beast is here for his bride!"

novel has been on my mind for a while. So I decide to publish it.

I hope you enjoy the story. Please give it support! Thank you!