

# **Beast King's Crippled Mate Chapter 3 - Chapter 3: Necessary Sacrifice**

## **Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Necessary Sacrifice**

Swan didn't know if she was too heavy or not for her new husband, but she was uncomfortable and scared because this was the first time she got carried like this.

She mumbled, hoping the beast could hear her, "Y-Your Majesty, I can walk on my own. I just need my crutches..."

"You are too slow," the beast replied. "It's better this way."

"But my crutches..."

"I will tell my aides to retrieve them before we leave."

"Um... thank you, Your Majesty..." Swan muttered. She tried to stay quiet as she was afraid of angering her new husband. She had been told to keep quiet all the time because her voice sounded like sandpaper, unlike Aria, who had a beautiful voice akin to a robin bird singing in the morning.

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Swan squinted her eyes when the sun hit her eyes. As she opened her eyes slowly, she saw rows of guards and servants lining up next to a carpet covered with flowers. There was a black carriage at the end of the flowery path, which Swan knew must've been owned by the beast since Holy Achate would never make something that wasn't bright-colored.

Though, that wasn't the most concerning part of this whole situation.

It was the whole rows of servants and guards bowing at them!

Swan knew these people were just trying to be polite to the monster who had killed their king. They feared for their life, knowing he single-handedly massacred a whole elite soldier platoon in the most mysterious manner possible.

At least, that was the gossip that Swan heard from the maids. So, it wasn't her whom they bowed to, but it still made her very uncomfortable.

It reminded her of the time Aria called the guards to surround her and beat her up as a punishment because Swan accidentally stepped on her new dress.

Swan struggled a little before whispering, "Your Majesty, I-I can walk by myself. I can—"

"Be good. We are almost out of this suffocating palace." The beast cut her off, tightening his arms around her body, and locked her in place.

Swan was forced to bury her head, closing her eyes, and waited until the beast entered the carriage and carefully put her on a cushioned seat.

The guard closed the door, and he joined her by sitting on the other seat in this small carriage.

Swan slowly opened her eyes, and she was faced with her new husband, who was blindfolded but seemed to be looking at the views from the window.

"You seem to be well-loved in the palace," the beast commented. "There are many guards deployed to bid their goodbye to you."

Swan clenched the old wedding dress that her late biological mother passed to her. She nodded, trying to suppress her emotion, "Yes, Your Majesty. I am grateful."

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Truthfully, Swan knew well what kind of scheme her Queen Mother made here.

She wanted to show that Swan was just as important as Aria, the Golden Princess. So the beast wouldn't feel like he got a defective or worse version of the princess despite her being a cripple.

She wanted to fool the beast, and it seemed to be working.

Unfortunately, Queen Mother couldn't fool him entirely because, despite all the guards lined up from the palace to the city's main gate, there was no cheering from the citizens. They locked themselves inside their house. A few of them could be seen peeking from their windows, but none dared to come out as the black carriage passed through the main street.

1

However, such things didn't matter much for Swan. She was pretty fascinated by everything in the street. She was never allowed to leave the palace, and she mostly spent her time in her room, or around the kitchen to cook for herself if she didn't want to starve.

She was intrigued by the rows of shops on the main street, the statues of goddesses, and also the rows of colorful flower decorations on each house as they just had a spring celebration a week ago.

"So beautiful..." Swan muttered. The palace had a lot of flowers during spring celebrations as well, but the queen and king would host a party at that time, and she was forced to hide inside her room, or else she'd get beaten.

"You should relish this view. The beastmen in my kingdom do not fancy frivolous flowers like these," the beast said. "We value strength amongst all."

Swan had lived her entire life inside a cramped bedroom, barely getting out, so she wasn't worried at all.

It was most likely just her moving from one prison to another. It wasn't a big deal.

"I understand, Your Majesty. I'm just happy to see so many flowers for the last time," Swan replied. "Everything's so beautiful. I've never known there are many variations of flowers in Holy Achate."

The beast scoffed.

"You act like you've never seen them. You are the First Princess of Holy Achate, you must've seen it every spring."

Swan had a bitter smile, but she quickly nodded, "Y-yes, I've seen it every year. I'm glad to be able to see it again this year before I leave."

1

The beast's lips thinned. Swan couldn't read what was on his mind, because he was blindfolded, but she guessed that he was upset, judging from how he suddenly went quiet.

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Swan didn't know what to say, but she had been taught to please Aria every day to preserve her life, so she quickly asked a simple question.

"Y-Your Majesty, should I refer to you as Your Majesty, Your Grace, or uhm... Master?"

1

The beast frowned, "Did your mother not tell you about my name?"

"Ah—that's—"

Swan was speechless.

This man had always been referred to as monster, savage beast, or beast king.

He was never referred to by his real name. Swan also didn't dare to ask, since she didn't want to cause the Queen Mother's ire.

"S-sorry, Your Majesty. It's my ignorance. I'm so sorry." Swan stammered as she lowered her head.

"You are ignorant, indeed. I've studied your name before I came, Princess Swan Asmara of Holy Achate. But you have no desire to know mine," the beast said.

2

Even though she couldn't see his eyes, she could feel that he was looking down on her. The aura that he emanated was very powerful and threatening.

Swan began to tremble. Her chest began to heave due to the suffocating aura from the beast.

It took another ten seconds before the aura subsided, and the beast replied, "Gale. You can call me by my name in private."

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