

Beast King's Crippled Mate Chapter 4 - Chapter 4: Gale

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"Gale..." Swan repeated that name. Then, she got flustered all of a sudden and apologized, "P-pardon me, Your Majesty. I shouldn't have addressed you without a title. I-I will call you Master Gale from now on."

"Just Gale. I'm not your Master, and you are not a servant for me," Gale said. But that still didn't stop Swan from worrying.

She had been conditioned to doubt everything that people said to her. Whenever she was given instructions, especially by Aria or Queen Mother, they would purposely make it tricky or confusing, so she would mess up and give them a chance to punish her under the late king's watchful eyes.

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She doubted the beast would be so kind to her.

"Pardon me, Master Gale. I-I don't think I can—"

"Don't make me repeat myself. Call me Gale."

"M-master—"

"Gale! Are you deaf?!"

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Swan had a mini heart attack when Gale snapped at her. She turned pale instantly, and her eyes were on the verge of tears.

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She quickly lowered her head again and apologized, "P-pardon me, Gale."

The beast king scoffed, "It'd take two hours to enter my territory, so sit tight. I don't want to listen to a delicate princess complaining about being bored."

"I-I won't..." Swan replied. She heard from the cook that Holy Achate and the beastmen's kingdom were not that far, which was also one of the reasons why her late father, King Tyrior, invaded the beastmen's territory.

Gale turned his head and ignored her entirely after that.

The atmosphere turned tense after that. Swan dared not to lift her head, let alone start a conversation to break the ice between them. She was terrified that she'd anger him even more.

Meanwhile, Gale didn't even spare a glance at her. He simply crossed his arms and then became unresponsive after that.

Swan guessed that Gale was sleeping, but he still looked strong and aware despite seeming unresponsive. It reminded her of the guards who often slept on their duty but would wake up as soon as they heard a step coming their way.

Swan didn't want to disturb his slumber, so she simply turned her attention to the meadow on the left side of the road.

This was the first time she saw such a beautiful meadow with a view of a mountain at the end of it. She had seen it in paintings inside the palace but had never seen one in real life.

She wondered if the meadow smelled exactly like how she imagined it to be, fresh like linen that had just been washed and dried. It was the freshest thing she could imagine while being stuck in the palace.

Thus, Swan tried to open the window just to get a whiff of the meadow scent. She turned the window's lock and pushed it open, making a rattling sound that quickly woke Gale up.

He lifted his head slightly but said nothing as he watched Swan, who stuck her head out, taking a deep whiff while the carriage continued pacing through the stone-paved road.

She couldn't describe the scent, but it was even better than the palace garden because there was no intense scent of flowers all around. Overall, she preferred this one.

Swan didn't have her crutches, so she used her knees to support her body. She stuck out half of her body to inhale more of the scent she never had before.

She closed her eyes and thought, 'If only I could wake up with this scent every day. I don't want to be imprisoned for the rest of my life.'

Swan was immersed in the scent of the meadow when she suddenly heard a voice calling her out, "What are you doing."

"Ah!" Swan was caught off guard. She lost her grip and almost fell out of the carriage when Gale quickly grabbed her by her waist and pulled her back.

It took a moment to realize that Swan was sitting on the beast's lap. She tried to get up, but Gale kept his hand on her waist, making sure she stayed in place.

"I asked you. What are you doing?"

"Ah-uhm... I-I just want to know the scent of a meadow..." Swan replied bashfully. She tried to struggle out of his lap once more, but she was stuck in this uncomfortable position. "My apologies, Ma—Gale. I-I was just curious... I will not do it again."

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Gale watched how the petite lady was writhing in his embrace. Swan wore a wedding dress that was a little loose for her body, on top of having a few holes that seemed to be hand-patched in a hurry. Some of those patches began to get ripped as she continued to move around.

It gave Gale many hints of what to expect when they consummate their marriage.

His breath began to heave, but he was not foreign to female tricks. So he leaned closer and whispered in her ear, "Did your mother teach you these tricks?"

"T-tricks?" Swan was clueless as to what her new husband was thinking. "I'm sorry. But I don't understand..."

Swan was staring at Gale with her beautiful ocean-like eyes. This was the first time Gale paid attention to her eyes because she was very timid. She had been lowering her head, averting her gaze, and closing her eyes just to avoid him.

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However, she looked so innocent this time, with a pair of doe-eyes that made her look so helpless and confused.

"Sticking half of your body out of the carriage, wearing a loose wedding dress, making that expression. They sure taught you well," Gale commented with a hint of sneer. "I admit, your act is pretty good. Much better than many who attempted similar methods on me."

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Swan still had zero idea what Gale was talking about. But she was scared of angering him, so she struggled again and said, "P-please let me go. I can sit on my own."

Rather than letting her go, Gale wrapped both of his arms around her waist and thighs, and she squeaked as she felt ticklish when his callous hand traced her thigh.

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"Stay still. You don't need to do these tricks for me. You are already my wife."

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