

Beast King's Crippled Mate Chapter 5 - Chapter 5: Did I Terrify You?

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Wife.

That word echoed in her mind as she struggled to find the true meaning of it.

Of course, she was not stupid enough not to know about marriage in general. Her biological father, the late King Tyrion's marriage with Queen Anastasia wasn't the ideal one, but she got the gist of it.

However, she didn't know what would happen once she became a wife to a beastman, especially when that beastman was the King with the blood of war in his hands.

2

Queen Mother had repeatedly told her that she would die at the hands of the beast. She would get chewed until no bone was left, and nobody would remember her.

She found it terrifying at first, but she had been imprisoned, tormented, and hurt her whole life, so it took her only a night to accept her fate.

Death is better than torment.

That was the miraculous sentence that she repeated last night.

She stared at Gale, wanting to read his emotion. She expected him to be terrifying in person because he first leaped into the palace ground as a giant black wolf with red eyes at night.

He was so terrifying that Swan thought he would destroy the castle.

Now that he was in a human form, he looked very attractive and masculine. He reminded her of that kind knight who helped her once when she was being beaten by the servants.

4

She failed to see any hostility from Gale, and he didn't seem annoyed by her presence.

She got curious about his eyes but dared not to ask further as she knew there must be a reason why he had his eyes covered.

"Don't just stare at me. Tell me what you have in mind," Gale said.

"Uhm, I'm sorry. But I do not understand what I should do now that I have been married off to you. S-Should I wash your feet? Uhm, or maybe I should cook in your palace? I-I can cook. I can wash. I-I can also sew. I've been doing it my entire life."

2

Swan listed all of her capabilities. She never had any help in her life. So she washed her own laundry, cooked on her own in the kitchen, and also stitched all of her old dresses.

She had outgrown many of her old dresses, so she was given torn-up dresses from the maids and made her own dress instead.

2

She didn't know if it was enough for the King of the Beast, but she guessed not, since Aria was never taught any of this in her life.

Gale began to frown.

He wondered if this was just another trick she was taught to get his attention.

It was very effective. He found her adorable, but she was obviously faking it. A princess like her would've gotten the best in everything, including education and culture.

Swan's late father called him an uncultured savage because his beastmen kingdom wasn't as sophisticated and glamorous as Holy Achate.

Thus, Gale expected this woman to also have the same view as her late father.

1

"I told you. Don't play tricks on me, Princess Swan. There's no point in trying to get my attention since you are already my wife," Gale repeated as he leaned closer until she could feel his warm breath tickling her lips. "I've got my eyes on you now. So say what you have in mind."

4

Swan avoided him by turning her head away immediately. She had been told by Aria many times that she was so ugly and smelled like rats. Thus, she had always kept her head lowered to avoid provoking people.

She was afraid that her new husband would be angry once he smelled a filthy scent coming from her.

Gale's frown turned deeper, the thin smile on his face slowly dissipated, and he asked, "Why are you avoiding me?"

"I-I am scared. I'm sorry, Gale..." Swan replied as she was scared of being too disgusting for her new husband.

...

Gale went quiet for a while before asking, "Did I terrify you?"

His tone was cold and serious as if all the warm words that came out of his mouth before were just an illusion.

Swan held her breath when she felt the suffocating aura coming from her husband. She said nothing, fearing that she would anger him even more.

The air inside the carriage was getting thinner, and it had become difficult for Swan to breathe until her face started to get red.

The horse suddenly neighed and stopped on its track.

"Answer me, Princess Swan. You are terrified of me, right? Does this savage beast scare you to death?"

"I... I..." Swan tried to speak, but her voice was stuck in her throat. It was so difficult to breathe that she began to feel dizzy.

The coachman at the front suddenly jumped to the side and knocked on the window.

Gale turned his head and saw the coachman with ferret ears. His face was red, just like Swan. His chest heaved up and down as he tried his best to speak, "Y-Your Majesty, please control your emotions. It's hard to breathe, and the horse almost faints!"

The coachman also noticed the princess, who looked like she was about to faint as well, and pointed it out.

"Your Majesty, your bride! She is suffocating!"

Gale turned his head back at Swan, and his body tensed. He took a deep breath, and the air around them slowly returned to normal.

Swan began to cough as she sucked a lot of air into her lungs. She thought she was a goner because her vision had turned black for a second.

"Your Majesty, please be careful. Your bride is a human. She is very fragile, unlike us!" the coachman warned before he returned to his seat, and the carriage resumed its pace after that.

1

Gale checked her pulse and also made sure that he suppressed his aura to make sure his bride didn't suffocate.

He was assured that Swan was still breathing, but she was recovering slowly, a sign that she was truly a weak human, just like what the coachman said.

Gale began to shake her gently and asked, "Princess Swan. Are you alright? Answer me."

Swan could hear her husband. She was just recovering after being out of breath for a few seconds.

She didn't understand what made him angry, but she guessed it was because of her terrible stench.

So she slowly lifted her hand and clenched Gale's white shirt, "P-please don't be angry, Master. I'm sorry..."

"What are you—" Gale gritted his teeth as he paused. He stared at his weak bride and took another deep breath to calm down. "I understand," he said as he slowly laid her on the long carriage seat.

Swan's eyes were blurry, but she could see the silhouette of Gale's muscular body leaning towards her.

She tried to open her lips, wanting to apologize more, but Gale stopped her, "Just rest for now. I am not angry at you, Swan."

He covered her eyes with his hand, and she suddenly lost consciousness.

After making sure that his bride was asleep, Gale stepped out of the carriage and instructed the coachman, "Bring her to the kingdom, keep a steady pace, and watch for bumps. There is a consequence if you dare to wake my bride up."

The coachman gulped as he knew that the warning was real. He nodded and asked, "How about you, Your Majesty? Do you want to go directly to the kingdom?"

The coachman knew that his king could shapeshift into a giant wolf and leap through the forest to reach the kingdom quickly.

"No, I'll be watching from afar. I think my aura is still too suffocating for my bride. It's better if I'm not in the same carriage as her," Gale said as he leaped high into a tree trunk and signaled the coachman to continue.

Truthfully, the coachman didn't feel any powerful aura from his king anymore, so it should be safe for him to stay inside the carriage with the princess. But he simply nodded and continued the journey.