

Beast King's Crippled Mate Chapter 7 - Chapter 7: A Gentle Monster

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Gale found Swan's tricks to make herself look cute and innocent very interesting because it worked perfectly when combined with her doe eyes that looked at him as if she never had any ill intention towards him.

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But it got tiring quickly when she kept doing it.

1

"I told you. You don't need to do this. We are already married, so you don't need to flirt with me to get my attention," Gale said.

"F-flirt?" Swan shook her head vehemently, fearing that Gale might've misunderstood. "G-Gale, this is your bed, and I'm uhm... I'm just Swan."

"And Swan is my wife," Gale replied.

"Y-yes, but..." Swan bit her lip as she got frustrated. She was not allowed to tell the truth that she had been treated differently compared to Aria, because Queen Mother said it would incite his anger, and he could easily kill everyone in Holy Achate in a fit of rage.

2

She tried to work her brain out of this sticky situation, "But I'm not comfortable sleeping with you..."

"You are that scared of me, huh?" Gale had a mocking smile as if he had fully expected that answer from his wife. But this time, he didn't release his aura that could suffocate her. Gale simply got up from the bed, and turned around, "I should've known. Everyone has always been terrified of me anyway, so you are no exception."

"N-no, I just—"

"You can sleep here. Don't worry, I will never disturb you anymore."

Swan panicked when she saw Gale begin to step away from the bed. She was scared of him, obviously, but she thought that angering him would only make things worse.

She opened her lips, trying to get a word out of her throat, but she kept on stuttering because she couldn't find the right word to stop him.

It wasn't until Gale reached the door that Swan finally gathered her courage and yelled, "Gale!"

Gale stopped on his track. He looked over his shoulder, waiting for Swan to say something else.

She saw that Swan was flustered by her own voice.

"I-I'm not scared of you," Swan said with all her courage. She suppressed all her fears and began to think of all the good things that Gale had done for her.

Of course, there weren't many, but the fact that he didn't outright beat or yell at her was a great kindness in her mind, especially when she was sent as a mere sacrifice of a defeated kingdom.

"You don't seem sure about your own words just now," Gale called her out. "You are not the first one to be scared of me, and certainly not the last. It is fine, Swan."

"No!" Swan insisted. "I-I'm scared because we just know each other, and they said you are a... monster."

"I am a monster," Gale confirmed. "I killed your father, didn't I?"

Swan would've gone mad if her biological father, King Tyrion, actually loved her and treated her like a daughter, but he didn't.

He completely ignored her just because Swan's mother was a prostitute. He didn't even bat an eye when Aria would drag her out of her room to humiliate her.

1

Why should she feel bad for a man who never saw her as his daughter?

"That father of yours called us uncultured savages, a bunch of mindless animals, and filth that ruins his promised land. I'm sure you share his sentiment about us—beastmen as well," Gale spat those words as he laid out what was on his mind.

Swan clenched her fists. It was difficult for her to gather the courage that she had right now. She had always been conditioned to stay silent and accept everything, but her gut feeling told her if she didn't stop him now, Gale would get angrier, and she was scared that she would be the cause of her kingdom's ultimate downfall.

'He is supposed to eat me and leave my kingdom alone. I have to make sure he stays!' Swan told herself as she kept on gathering her courage.

1

Truthfully, she also didn't understand why she should sacrifice herself for people who didn't even know her existence. She just felt it was the right thing to do.

One sacrifice was better than countless deaths. Swan didn't want innocent blood to be shed just because she failed to convince Gale that she was more than enough of a sacrifice.

Thus, she took a deep breath and said, "The first time you came into the palace, you were a giant wolf with gleaming red eyes. I would be lying if I'm not terrified..."

"I intended to intimidate," Gale replied. "So your holy nation will leave us alone."

"And you demand a war tribute..." Swan added. "I am your war tribute, Your Majesty."

Gale zipped his lips after that, waiting for Swan to continue, because he also had no right to defend himself after accepting a woman as a war tribute.

"I expected myself to be treated harshly, to be insulted, beaten, and tormented," Swan said, recalling all the experiences she had in the palace of Holy Achate. "But you... don't hurt me. Not yet, at least. S-so, I think you are a monster, but not a cruel one. You are a gentle monster..."

7

Gale found it difficult to process what she said just now. People always called him a cruel monster, be it human or beastmen-alike, or straight-up told him that he wasn't a monster, just to get into his good side.

Swan's words began to creep into his heart, but he would not become a king if he was soft-hearted.

He turned around, and leaned on the door, staring at the frail princess who had a smaller body than her mother and sister.

Swan insisted that he was not cruel, yet she was the one who looked scared. She was shaking right now.

It was quite funny how Swan tried her best not to act scared in front of the monster who murdered her father in cold blood.

"You don't need to lie, Swan. I am used to being feared. That's one trait you need to be a beast king."

"I-I'm not lying!" Swan insisted. She was on the verge of tears because it was too much for her who never dared to raise her voice. Her body was shaking even harder as she insisted, "I-I'm not scared of you. I'm just n-nervous."