

Chosen Mate Of The Beastmen Empire

Of The Beastmen 11

Chapter II

Chapter 11

The thine Nyx spent with the lion was brief, but she couldn't stand by and ignore its suffering anymore. Whether it was a real tion or a beastman, she just wanted it to survive.

"If I awaken my mental power, I can soothe it, right?" she asked hyne.

Zayne had never been this jealous of Theon. He didn't envy Theon's background, his military rank, or the fact that he had a high-ranking uncle.

But he absolutely loathed the fact that Theon had gotten into Nyx's heart before he did, even if he was in the form of a lion. Zayne complained in his mind, 'What's so special about that damn lion?'

Zayne tried to collect himself, forced his emotions back, and gave Nyx a reassuring smile. "Don't take on the responsibility. He's not your spouse."

Seeing Zayne avoid her question, Nyx frowned and thought about it. She then remembered something important.

To soothe a male, the female's mental power level couldn't be too much lower than his genetic level. "What level is he?" she asked.

Females were ranked by their mental power from E to A level, and the extremely rare was S level.

Males, on the other hand, were ranked by their genes, and the higher the rank, the stronger the individual. They also had levels from E to S.

Zayne didn't want to answer, but seeing Nyx's determined expression, he reluctantly said, "S-level."

Zayne replied, "He's an S-level male."

Nyx felt a jolt inside. 'An S-level male? No wonder...

Only A-level or higher females could soothe an S-level male. Even B-level females didn't do much.

In fact, the most effective way to soothe them was with an S-level female.

But females in the empire hadn't awakened S-level mental power for centuries. Since the last one passed away, the highest level any female could achieve was A-level, and they were incredibly rare-only about 2% of all females.

That slim chance left Nyx feeling doubtful that she'd be among that 2%.

"Zayne sat next to Nyx on the sofa and poured her a hot drink.

Seeing her so downcast made his heart ache. What he wouldn't tell her was that he was also an S-level beastman."

But for him, while mental soothing was important, it wasn't a matter of life and death.

He just wanted to be Nyx's spouse. Even if she couldn't soothe him, he'd accept whatever came his way.

This was Zayne's thoughts, but he wasn't sure if that lion felt the same.

After all, most males preferred to live and would only pair with females who could soothe them.

12:30 Sat, Feb 8 BBB

Chapter 11

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Besides, that lion had Felix, the powerful marshal, backing him. There was no way he'd let Theon walk down a dead-end

road.

"You don't need to worry too much," Zayne said, trying to ease her mind. "His Loss of Control Index just broke 80. He can still be saved. Only when it hits 100 will he be a complete beast.

Nyx came to her senses and thought, 'Right, A-level females are rare, but not extinct like S-level ones. That big lion still has a shot if he tries hard enough to find a female who can soothe him

Nyx remembered the black mist she saw around the lion. It had no physical form, but she could focus and get rid of it.

Since the lion was a beastman, maybe that black mist was linked to his Loss of Control Index. She wondered if getting rid of that mist was her way of soothing him.

She told Zayne about the black mist, asking what he thought it was.

To her surprise, Zayne looked taken aback, and he replied, "Hold on, let me check something."

With all his medical knowledge and years of experience, he'd never heard of such a thing as black mist.

It was normal for males not to see it. But even among females, no one had ever mentioned anything like it. Zayne wondered if maybe there was more he didn't know. But after scanning most of the relevant materials, he was pretty sure even the deceased S-level females had never said anything about seeing black mist.

Nyx was even more shocked than Zayne. She thought, 'What? Other females couldn't see the black mist either?'

The two of them exchanged a glance, and Nyx couldn't stop herself from asking, "Then how do other females soothe males? Can you teach me?"

Before the words even left her mouth, she watched as Zayne's usually pale face turned beet red in an instant. His usual cool demeanor completely cracked. He couldn't meet her gaze and looked like she'd said something out of line.

His voice came out raspy, barely able to make a sound, his face burning with embarrassment, his breath quickening.

After a long pause, Zayne managed to calm himself enough to speak again, though he still couldn't look at Nyx. His tone tried to regain some composure. "Females usually only soothe their own spouses."

Nyx knew that. She'd always assumed it was because a female's mental power was limited, so they naturally gave it to their spouses first.

But the way Zayne reacted, and the way he emphasized that sentence gave Nyx a bad feeling.

Sure enough, Zayne continued, "Because the method of soothing is... mating."

During the act, the females's mental power fluctuated, overflowed, and resonated with the males, and that was how females soothed males. That was why females usually only soothed their spouses.

Nyx finally understood that now. Her face turned as red as a tomato, her skin burning with heat.

Zayne then added, "You've lost your memory, so I won't take your invitation seriously this time. But next time you ask... I'll definitely take it seriously."

Nyx felt like she was going to burst into flames. She screamed in her mind, 'I wish I could just time-travel back three minutes and strangle my past self for saying such an ignorant thing

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12:30 Sat, Feb 8 GBB.

Chapter 11

She buried her face in her hands and sank into the couch in sheer embarrassment.

But Zayne's hand came up behind her and rested on her shoulder. The heat from his palm pressed through her clothes,

sending a jolt through her body, like an electric shock. She shivered, her skin tingling from the warmth.

Of The Beastmen 12

Chapter 12

Chapter 12

Nyx turned her head, trying to dodge, but Zayne gently pressed his hand over her mouth and hissed, "Shh."

His expression was tense, his eyes locked on Theon's room.

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Zayne's whole demeanor had shifted-no longer the polite, composed man he usually was. Now, he was like a wolf on high alert, ready to pounce.

Nyx perked up her ears to hear. Sure enough, there was some noise coming from Theon's room.

She wondered, 'Has the lion come back for me?'

She tensed, worried Zayne and the lion might clash. She was about to step in to break up the potential fight.

But when the door opened, what stepped through wasn't a lion-it was a pair of long legs.

Nyx followed the legs up, and there was Theon, his handsome face framed by his military uniform.

"What are you guys doing?" Theon raised his eyebrows, clearly confused.

Nyx looked down and saw one of Zayne's hands was still resting on her shoulder, and the other hand was hovering just in front of her lips.

They were way too close, and their position was a bit ambiguous. To Theon's eyes, it probably looked like they were about to do something more than just talk.

Zayne squinted, straightened up, and let go of Nyx. He didn't answer Theon right away but shot back, "Why did you come through the window? There's a perfectly good front door, you know."

"Theon froze for a second and awkwardly scratched his head.

By the time he regained his senses, he was already in his bedroom. He must've crashed through the window in his beast form."

He quickly got dressed, but the moment he stepped out of his room, he caught Zayne in what looked like a very compromising position with Nyx.

Nyx hadn't expected it to be Theon who walked out. With curiosity, she asked, "Zayne said you had a mission and were already back at the base. What brings you back so soon? Did you forget something?"

Nyx didn't believe Theon's mission had been wrapped up that fast.

Theon of course didn't have a clue what he'd forgotten. His memory was stuck on what happened before he lost control, and he didn't even know he was supposed to be at the base now.

Fortunately, Zayne wasn't about to throw him under the bus. Instead, he helped cover for him. "Yeah, you left your Intelligent Brain behind. I've already put it away for you. I'll get out now."

Zayne led the way, with Theon trailing behind. They both slipped out of the room under the pretense of getting the Intelligent Brain to have a chance to talk privately.

When they passed by Theon's room, Zayne couldn't help but scoff, "I already fixed your window once. time, you're on

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your own."

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12:31 Sat, Feb 8 BBB

Chapter 12

Theon had no choice but to nod in agreement. Even though he'd lost his mind when he transformed and had no recollection of it afterward, he still had to take responsibility for the damage.

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He just had no idea what else he did while out of control. Thinking of that question, Theon felt a heavy weight on his chest.

Being locked up after losing control was inevitable. The empire Had a special agency to handle rogue males. For a male like him, whose Loss of Control Index had hit 80, he'd likely be locked up and monitored indefinitely unless a female with a high level came forward to bail him out and provide mental soothing.

If he had hurt or even killed someone during his loss of control, it wouldn't matter if a female bailed him out. He'd still face serious consequences: a reduction in rank, suspension, and huge fines.

"How many days was I out of it?" Theon asked with hesitation, hoping the situation wasn't as bad as it seemed.

He had already braced himself for the possibility of spending the rest of his life in the monitoring facility because he wouldn't accept any female except Nyx.

But if he really killed someone during his lost-control period, that would haunt him for the rest of his life-no amount of soothing could wash away that kind of guilt.

"Don't worry, you didn't kill anyone or hurt anyone," Zayne replied. He could tell exactly what Theon was thinking.

As for how many days he'd lost control... Zayne seemed deep in thought.

"Don't tell me you don't remember anything from when you were out of it," replied Zayne.

For beastmen, losing control was like being stuck in a dream. When they snapped out of it, the memory faded almost immediately, leaving only faint, blurry impressions. Theon was no different.

But still, something felt off to him. He muttered, "When I woke up, I felt satisfied and happy, like I wasn't suffering at all while I was out of control. It actually felt pretty good."

"And I think I met Nyx. She was so gentle. I felt so relaxed with her," Theon said while recalling things, and he couldn't help but blush.

But he thought he was just so into Nyx and had all her images in his mind. Thus, he had such an illusion. Zayne cut him off before he could go any further. "You've only been out of control for 17 hours."

Most males, once they lost control, would go into their beast forms for at least three days, often a week before they could return to their human forms.

Seventeen hours to go back to human form was unprecedented in the empire. If Zayne told anyone, they probably wouldn't believe it.

"And," Zayne added, "you were indeed with Nyx during that time

Theon's eyes widened in shock.

Zayne eyed Theon up and down with a chuckle, "I didn't know you were such a homebody. Even when you lost control, you still found the right way home."

The search team had been out there looking for him, and here he was, sneaking back home to flirt with Nyx.

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12:31 Sat, Feb 8 BGB.

Chapter 12

Theon just stood there, unable to defend himself. Indeed, when he woke up, he was in his room.

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Zayne didn't give him the chance to argue. He pulled up the video call log he had with Nyx and hit play, showing Theon the evidence.

On the screen, the massive golden-maned lion shamelessly wrapped itself around Nyx, pinning her down and

licking her.

If it were a real lion, this would've just been a cute, innocent moment of human-animal interaction.

But it wasn't. It was a beastman, and everything took on a much different flavor.

Theon's face gradually turned an even deeper shade of red. He was frozen, mortified, his body stiff with embarrassment. He couldn't believe the shameless lion in the video was him.

The shame hit him like a tidal wave, crashing over him with such force that he wanted to crawl on his knees and beg Nyx for forgiveness.

'Please forgive me... I swear, I didn't mean to offend you, Theon murmured in his mind.

When Theon saw Nyx smack the lion's head, he thought, 'Good, that's right. But it was way too light. A smack like that won't do anything to teach the lion a lesson.

But he had a second thought. If she hit too hard, her hand would hurt. He thought he should ask around- maybe some of his married colleagues could tell him what tools their females used to smack them. He should probably get something for Nyx too.

But just as he was thinking that, he saw the video continue. Nyx not only smacked the lion's head but then leaned in to soothe him while planting a kiss right on its cheek.

At that moment, Theon felt like his soul had connected with the lion's.

The split from his memory, the one that had bothered him so much, vanished in an instant. He felt just like the lion in the video-content, happy, and almost like he was about to faint from joy.

In this era, males didn't have to shift into beast forms to hunt as they did in the old days, and females didn't particularly like seeing their males in beast forms. Because of that, it was rare for males to shift, and when they did, it carried a special meaning.

If a male shifted into beast form in front of a female, it was a clear sign of affection.

If the female didn't accept the male, she could ignore him. But if she reached out to touch him, it meant she

didn't mind his beast form and wasn't repulsed by it.

The males who were accepted like that would do everything for their females.

And Nyx? She'd not only touched him but also kissed him!

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Of The Beastmen 13

Chapter 13 Chapter 13

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As Theon was about to float off into a cloud of bliss, Zayne doused his daydream with some cold water. "Don't get ahead of yourself. Nyx doesn't know you're a beastman. She thinks you're just a regular lion."

Zayne's words meant Nyx wasn't exactly giving Theon a mating consent.

Zayne added, "I didn't tell her that the lion was you. She thought you were on a mission and headed back to the base."

Zayne tossed the Intelligent Brain wrist at Theon with a knowing smirk and said, "Now, take your stuff and get going."

Theon shot Zayne a glare. He didn't want to leave Zayne alone with Nyx. He didn't want to give the guy any chance to swoop in. But in reality, he had no choice.

Even though Theon was back in his human form, his Loss of Control Index had hit 80, which meant he had to head straight to the Supervision Office.

The whole office was shaken when they heard about Theon's recovery after merely 17 hours.

"Are you sure you're not lying to us?" The director of the office came to meet with the youngest major general in the empire.

Theon was already in a bad mood, and now he was even less patient. "Why the hell would I lie?"

The director awkwardly chuckled, thinking, 'Yeah, this young lion definitely lives up to his reputation for having a short fuse. Not like his uncle Felix, who's always Mr. Calm and Collected.

The director confirmed that Theon's Loss of Control Index hit 80 last night, the Intelligent Brain immediately gave the alarm, and the time recording was solid. And now, sitting in front of him was actually Theon's human form.

The director thought it was beyond belief.

After the formalities, they quickly dragged Theon in for a medical check-up. When the results came in, the whole place went wild. Everyone rushed over to witness this unbelievable result.

"His Loss of Control Index is 70! Holy crap, this is a miracle!" someone yelled.

In order not to make any mistakes, they made Theon take the checkups three more times. And the results were exactly the same. Theon's Loss of Control Index was indeed 70.

That meant, not only had Theon snapped out of his lost-control period in 17 hours, but his Loss of Control Index had also dropped a full 10 points during that time!

"Did you receive mental comfort from an A-level female?" asked the director.

Theon replied, "No."

He was determined to keep his purity for Nyx. He didn't accept any slanders against him.

The researchers were stunned. "No? But how the hell did your Loss of Control Index drop so much? A full 10 points? That's even better than an A-level female's mental comfort. It's close to the effect of an S-level female."

Theon was also scratching his head. He never expected his Loss of Control Index to drop. Normally, without a female's mental soothing, a male's Loss of Control Index would only rise and never decrease.

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Chapter 13

Thinking back to the time he had spent time with Nyx, Theon asked, "Can a female who's about to awaken but hasn't fully awakened yet still have the ability to soothe me?"

One researcher nodded and answered, "If she's close to awakening, and there's already some mental power fluctuation, she Could do it."

"So, you're telling me... the one who soothed you was actually a female who's not fully awakened yet?" The researchers were practically bouncing off the walls. "That's insane! She's so strong Maybe she's on the verge of awakening S-level mental power!"

It had been centuries since an S-level female appeared in the empire. If one did, she'd be treated like a goddess.

Everyone was excited, but Theon's face turned darker by the second.

Everyone knew that the way to soothe a male was through mating.

Theon thought to himself, 'Does that mean, during my loss of control, I didn't just harass Nyx but did something worse to her? No female would ever consent to mating with a male in beast form, so did I force Nyx?'

Meanwhile, Nyx, out shopping with Zayne, suddenly sneezed loudly.

Zayne asked in concern, "Did you catch a cold?"

Nyx rubbed her nose, shaking her head. "No, I think it's just people gossiping behind my back."

On this planet, online stores were huge, but physical stores still had their charm. The malls sold everything from snacks, jewelry, and pretty clothes to potions, energy minerals, mechanical parts, and daily necessities. As they passed by a potion shop, Nyx spotted a Physical Enhancement Serum and became interested. The description promised that drinking it would turn her currently frail body into a powerhouse. Of course, the price was astronomical. But Nyx had been showered with donations from her fans, and she could afford it. Zayne sighed, grabbing Nyx before she could rush in and snatch the serum. "Your body can't handle something that strong. You just need to stick to the drinks I prepared for you. Those will work a lot better." The store owner, a middle-aged male, had been lounging with his eyes closed, but he immediately snapped them open when he heard Zayne's words. He was ready to give a piece of his mind to whoever dared to talk big in his store.

But once he saw Zayne's face, his angry expression quickly morphed into something more respectful. "Mr. Larsen, my apologies. I didn't realize it was you."

The owner was well aware of Zayne's reputation as a genius pharmacist. In fact, everyone in this business had heard of him, the young man who had worked his way out of the Desolate Planet and built a name for himself with unmatched pharmaceutical skills.

And now, Zayne was working for the military, had made notable advancements in medicine, and even designed efficient medical pods. The owner couldn't help but marvel that he was a true genius.

He wanted to strike up a conversation and maybe even get some advice from Zayne, but before he could, a mother and her two sons came into the store.

"I want this! Buy it for me!" The chubby little boy shouted as soon as he walked in. He pointed at the priciest item in the shop: Advanced Gene Enhancer.

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12.31 Sat, Feb 8 BBB

Chapter 13

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His mother was a sharp-faced middle-aged female. She shoved another young male roughly beside her and said, "Did you hear that? Buy it for your brother!"

Nyx couldn't help but glance over. The scene felt so familiar to her, and it almost brought her back to her old life-when she was bled dry by her own family, those she trusted most.

That male was tall and slim, his posture perfect, but his eyes were downcast, hiding his emotions. "I don't have the money right now," he said.

"Excuse me?" The female exploded, looking like a bomb about to detonate. She grabbed the older male by the hair, punching and kicking him furiously.

She snarled, "Where's your money gone? What about all the money you've earned? You kept it for yourself, huh? You're just like your damn father!"

The female was decked out in expensive clothes and jewels, with her makeup on point. She looked like she had everything, but her behavior was like a trashy, spoiled woman Nyx used to know.

The kid, mimicking his mother, kicked his brother and shouted, "Mom has dumped your dad. Now my dad is her main consort. You should get outta here!"

Nyx couldn't take it anymore. She was about to step in when the male suddenly raised his head with a cold

smile.

Only then did Nyx finally see his face clearly. He was ridiculously handsome, but right now, his face was battered and bleeding, and his eyes were bloodshot.

The fluctuations in his emotions were obvious. His eyes began to redden, and before Nyx could even react, they turned into vertical slits! More precisely, his whole body morphed into a huge, dark serpent!

A scream erupted from the store, followed by utter chaos. Zayne acted fast, pushing Nyx behind him.

It was a mamba, a deadly snake, and its venom was excruciatingly painful. With fast enough medical attention after getting bitten by it, it might not be fatal. But without it? That'd be a different story.

People scattered in all directions, trying to get as far away as possible. But the middle-aged female and her chubby son weren't quick enough. They screamed in terror as the mamba wrapped around them, its poisonous fangs mere inches from their faces.

The boy was still crying and cursing, but the female was sobbing, begging for mercy.

"Don't bother begging now," someone shouted. "He's out of control. He won't understand you."

Nyx focused on the mamba and noticed the dark mist swirling around it.

This creature was wild, full of aggression, and it was poisonous. She couldn't get too close, not unless she

wanted to risk her life.

But at the same time, she couldn't just watch and do nothing.

She didn't feel pitiful for the awful mother and son, but she thought this young male deserved a chance in the

future.

After hesitating for a moment, Nyx took off her coat and tossed toward the mamba, hoping to distract it.

The whole crowd immediately let out gasps. Someone whispered. "Has she lost her mind? She's challenging that poisonous mamba? Does she want to get k

Of The Beastmen 14

Chapter 14 Chapter 14

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Nyx had smooth and flawless skin, and her beauty was so stunning that no one could look away from her. No one could bear the thought of her falling victim to the snake's attack.

Some people in the crowd were her fans, having known her from that livestream in Jade Garden. They could tell she wasn't the type to go looking for trouble, but someone with a strong sense of responsibility. She was a unique female.

They could see Nyx wasn't picking a fight. She was just trying to stop the damn snake from killing people. But unfortunately, Nyx was a little too naive. Maybe she didn't realize how much trouble she was asking for.

"Run! Don't let it bite you. You'll be dead or worse!" someone screamed.

Zayne grabbed Nyx's hand. He didn't agree with her jumping into the situation, but he didn't blame her for trying to be a hero either. Scooping her up, he made a beeline to get out of there.

In a bestialization, males could lose their damn minds over the slightest provocation and would go berserk at anything that threatened them.

Indeed, that big black snake went ballistic the second it got hit with the clothes Nyx threw at it. It let go of the terrified mother and child, and instead, its attention was locked on the soft, yellow shirt Nyx had tossed, now laced with her sweet

scent.

In the reflection of the snake's metallic, shimmering scales, the shirt looked fragile, like it was about to turn into scraps of fabric any second.

But the sound of tearing fabric never came. Everyone stared, stunned, as the furious black mamba hesitated, its wild thrashing slowing down. It curled around the shirt and nudged it with its head, as if sniffing it.

"What the hell is he doing?" someone asked.

"Is he calming down?" another man chimed in.

A female screamed, "No! He's losing it again!"

Realizing that the shirt was just a piece of cloth and not something alive, the snake went nuts once more. It didn't drop Nyx's shirt. Instead, it coiled tighter around it and charged straight at Nyx.

Zayne was already out of the immediate danger zone, moving fast through the crowd with Nyx in his arms, but the snake wasn't having it. No matter where they went, it locked onto Nyx like a homing missile.

They tried switching positions, drawing gasps from the crowd. Zayne finally gave up on hiding, deciding to take Nyx away from the crowd to avoid any accidental injuries.

The black mamba closed at high speed, and Zayne put himself between it and Nyx, rolling up his sleeves, preparing to fight

back.

He wasn't afraid of handling it one-on-one, but the whole point of him dodging up till now was to make sure Nyx was safe. Now that the snake was set on Nyx, he didn't have much of a choice.

It was clear that between the two males, there was some serious tension. The black mamba was glaring at Zayne, clearly pissed.

Zayne had been hanging around Nyx too long, getting in the snake's way. The snake had wanted to kill him off and claim

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Chapter 14

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Nyx for itself from the start.

Zayne wasn't the one losing control here, but the snake sure as hell was. It attacked first, launching itself at Zayne with everything it had.

Nyx was terrified. She knew when she tossed that shirt that it was risky as hell, but she also thought she wouldn't be targeted by the black mamba.

After all, even that out-of-control lion remained tame in front of her. Besides, she'd been around snakes when she was young and never once got bitten. Even the wildest animals had always been calm around her, like she had this kind of magic touch.

But she didn't take Zayne into account.

For beastmen, protecting females was a sacred duty. And Zayne wasn't the only one looking out for her—there were even strangers in the crowd eager to step up and help.

But Zayne was her guardian. The situation was stirred up by Nyx so naturally, Zayne should take it for her.

"Stop!" Nyx stretched out a hand, trying to stop them from fighting.

The crowd froze, and they thought, 'What's she doing? She is cute as hell, but that doesn't mean she has any clue how to handle a wild beastman. She really thinks she can stop a rampaging snake by raising her hand? Come on!'

The crowd couldn't believe their eyes—when Nyx spoke, the black mamba actually paused in its attack.

It looked like the snake wanted to get closer to the delicate, flawless female, but Zayne was in the way, and it was clearly getting frustrated.

Whispers began to spread through the crowd.

"I feel like the snake doesn't actually want to hurt her."

"But out-of-control males are like wild animals. They won't stop just because it's a female they're after."

"There've been plenty of cases where out-of-control males attacked females..."

"He tried to kill his mother earlier, and she was a female, too."

"Look, I'm telling you, it's because this female is kind-hearted. He likes her."

"You're an idiot! A beast doesn't care about kindness. An out-of-control male is still dangerous. He probably wants to sink his teeth into her!"

Nyx tried to focus on the black mist that surrounded the snake. She knew it was probably too far to reach, but she still gave it a shot.

She shot a glance at Zayne, trying to persuade him.

Zayne, already thinking ahead, shook his head. "No, you can't keep putting yourself in danger."

To Zayne, Nyx was priceless-one strand of her hair was worth more than a hundred of these out-of-control beasts. The snake didn't deserve to be near her, certainly not if it meant risking her life just to save him.

But those big, pleading eyes finally made Zayne give in. With a reluctant sigh, he stayed close, moving step by step alongside

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12:31 Sat, Feb 8 BBB.

Chapter 14

her toward the black mamba.

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Secretly, his hand brushed against the small energy pistol hidden in his coat. If things went south, he'd be ready to step in to protect Nyx and give the snake a good beating.

The black scales of the snake were sharp as knives. Nyx, with her usual audacity, reached out and actually touched them.

The crowd collectively held their breath. No one dared look directly at her. They were terrified that the snake would suddenly turn on her and give her a fatal bite.

Moments passed, and still, the black mamba didn't attack.

"Good boy," Nyx whispered soft praises to the snake.

She remembered this was a beastman, not a true animal. She couldn't push it too far, so she only gently stroked its head to calm it.

Then, she focused to work on clearing the mist. This time, the black mist didn't fight back like it had before. It shattered with ease under her concentration, gradually dissolving into nothingness.

The snake seemed to relax, its frantic energy fading.

"It didn't attack anymore; instead, it tangled around Nyx's wrist, like it didn't want to let her go.

Its venomous fangs retracted, and for the first time, the black mamba looked less like a threat and more like a creature in need of comfort.

The crowd fell into stunned silence. It was like time stopped, and the only sound was the soft rustle of the snake's scales.

The crowd couldn't believe the scene they were witnessing, and they screamed in their minds, 'Beast God, is

this real?'

They didn't even understand what Nyx had done. They just saw that wild, out-of-control beast that had somehow been tamed and pacified by this gentle female. It was like magic.

Even the agency in charge of handling out-of-control males, who normally had to resort to force and violence to manage these creatures, had never seen anything like this. The whole scene felt like a dream.

Nyx, with her delicate features and an expression full of compassion, was saving a fallen beastman, offering him peace when he needed it most.

The spectators were moved, utterly shaken by the sight.

Zayne stood there, frozen, mesmerized by Nyx.

Then, out of the corner of his eye, Zayne saw the store owner from earlier rushing toward them. He was about

to turn down his conversation invitation, but the store owner wasn't coming at him this time.

The middle-aged store owner dropped to his knees, tears streaming down his face as he raised his arms high. "Beast God Messenger! I bet the Beast God sent her to us!"

Of The Beastmen 15

Chapter 15

In this era, true believers were few and far between. But the myths and beliefs from ancient times still

lingered, and sometimes people would casually say things to Beast God as a way to express surprise or offer a blessing.

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A small group, though, still sincerely followed the faith. They believed the old stories that the Beast God occasionally sent messengers to help the beastmen through their toughest times.

The store owner was one of those believers. He was over 300 years old, middle-aged by beastmen standards, and yet he'd never seen a miracle in his long life. But today, he was witnessing one right before his eyes.

Zayne, being an atheist, couldn't understand what the store owner was thinking, but he did agree on one thing: Nyx was a miracle like no other in the universe.

The store owner's dramatic actions stirred the crowd. People were already in awe of Nyx, and now they were becoming outright obsessed. More and more eyes were following her, some filled with fervent admiration.

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Nyx, on the other hand, felt the weight of all those eyes on her and instantly felt uncomfortable. She wasn't one to enjoy the spotlight, yet ever since arriving in this new world, she seemed to be the center of attention at every turn.

Luckily, clerks from the Supervision Office finally arrived. They cleared the crowd and let Nyx breathe a little easier.

But as the armed personnel moved in, the black mamba grew tense again. The snake bared its fangs and adopted an aggressive posture, ready to strike anyone who came too close with its deadly venom.

The clerks, experienced with dealing with out-of-control males like this, knew just how dangerous the black mamba could be. Even with all their weapons, they didn't dare make a move recklessly.

After all, they'd lost more than a few people in past encounters with these beasts, and injuries were almost a given.

They were strategizing when, to everyone's shock, Nyx raised her hand, forced the black mamba's mouth shut, and warned, "Behave yourself."

Then, as if talking to a kid, she added, "I don't like it when you bite. Biting's bad. You know?"

Whether the snake understood or not was up for debate, but it didn't show its fangs again. Instead, it followed Nyx as she gently led it to the officers.

"Good boy," Nyx praised in a sweet voice.

The snake flicked its tongue, which was an obvious sign of contentment.

Its eyes fixed solely on Nyx. All the armed personnel standing nearby, tense and ready for anything, seemed to fade into the background.

Nyx was worried that the moment she left, the snake might resist being taken away, so she quickly came up with a plan. She grabbed the yellow shirt the snake had been wrapped around like a prized possession, tied the sleeves in a knot, and looped it around the mamba's body.

The black mamba seemed to love it. It wasn't a living creature, but the shirt carried Nyx's scent, and the warmth and softness were like the next best thing.

Nyx turned to the officers with a nod, signaling they could take the snake away now.

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Chapter 15

But before they left, Nyx spoke up one last time to defend it. "He lost control because someone bullied him. There's a reason

for the whole mess. Please don't blame him. He's the victim here

Someone in the crowd muttered under their breath, "Victim? Seriously?"

"Males should pay for females and obey what the females say. It might not be his spouse, but it's his mother. He should listen to her," another voice argued.

"The young males nowadays are too fragile and rebellious..."

Nyx frowned, her delicate brows knitting together. "Respect for females doesn't mean unconditional obedience.

"If a mother can't treat her children equally but exploits them, hits them every time something goes wrong, how is that right?"

"She made a mistake. Whether males or females, we all have to take responsibility for the mistakes we make."

The crowd went quiet for a moment and then erupted into louder cheers.

"You're absolutely right!"

"I can confirm! It was the female and her younger son who kept provoking him and even physically attacking him. They constantly pushed the victim's buttons until he snapped!"

"I can testify too! I witnessed the whole thing!"

"I'm with them! I even recorded a video!"

In a corner, the little chubby guy and the bitter female who'd started all this suddenly realized they'd stirred up

a hornet's nest. They shut their mouths and didn't dare speak up.

Of course, nobody paid them any attention.

The officers stepped forward, making it clear that they would consider all the evidence before making a fair judgment.

The captain, who was clearly in charge, leaned in to Nyx and whispered, "Excuse me, do you have some sort of ability to soothe out-of-control beastmen?"

This kind of ability, from what they could tell, was totally unique in the empire-unlike any kind of soothing that other females could offer.

Nyx seemed to be doing almost nothing. She just stood there, but the effect was nothing short of miraculous. Nyx replied in a wary tone, "I just tend to get along with animals

Basically, out-of-control beastmen were a lot like wild animals. They were aggressive and dangerous to everyone except her.

"You're too modest," said the captain. Others might not have noticed, but with all his experience dealing with out-of-control beastmen, he could tell. The black mamba had calmed down now, and its Loss of Control Index had clearly dropped below

80.80.

This wasn't just some "animal lover" thing-this was something totally new, a form of mental soothing that the empire had

never seen before.

The captain asked, "Would you consider visiting our office? We'd like our researchers to run some tests for

you."

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12:32 Sat. Feb 8 S'BB.

Chapter 15

Nyx's eyes widened, and she immediately backed up behind Zayne. "What are you planning to do?"

Ever since she realized she was the only one who could see that strange black mist, she knew she was different.

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After all, she was a human who had hopped dimension into this world. She knew being a little special was no big surprise. But she worried it might lead to trouble.

If she paid a visit to the Supervision Office, they might want to run tests for her, take her blood, and even slice her open for research.

Zayne pulled her close and whispered softly, "Don't worry. You'll be fine."

The empire's only major mistake had been trying to artificially breed females, and that disaster had hit the empire hard. Since then, they had sworn off any unethical research. Not even males or criminals would be used as test subjects- especially not precious females.

The captain, however, looked horrified. He seemed even more nervous than Nyx. Being questioned by a female had clearly shaken him to the core.

With a trembling voice, he swore, "I swear on my life, the Supervision Office will never hurt you!"

In his mind, he couldn't even wait to protect her like a treasure.

What they wanted was just to confirm if Nyx's ability really existed. If it did, Nyx would be the empire's one and only treasure. Even the royal family would have to treat her with the utmost respect and honor her as a guest of the highest rank.

As for unethical experiments... those kinds of things were only done by the notorious interstellar pirates, not

by the empire!

Since she wouldn't be cut open and experimented on, Nyx was curious about her unique abilities. Reluctantly, she agreed to the captain's invitation.

At the office, the director personally greeted her, and the staff were all respectful and courteous.

Nyx underwent a full checkup with Zayne at her side. No harm came to her, not even a blood draw. They did nothing but just a thorough and entirely non-invasive examination.

Nyx felt a little guilty for misjudging them.

The test results came back quickly, and everyone present was stunned.

A clerk said while staring at the report, "This is... A-level? No, wait, this is even beyond A-level!"

"She hasn't even fully awakened yet, and her mental fluctuations already this strong," someone added.

Another clerk chimed in, "Are we actually witnessing the birth of an S-level female?" Someone else said, "Maybe she's even more than that. She could be beyond S-level..."

12:32 Sat, Feb 8 BBB.

Chapter 16

Of The Beastmen 16

Chapter 16 Chapter 16

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The room went dead silent, and everyone's mind raced. 'Beyond S-level... Could she really be SS-level? No wonder she can get out-of-control beastmen to settle down.'

In the history of the empire, no SS-level female had ever been recorded.

There were a few SS-level males in every age-like the current Crown Prince and the famous War God Felix. But because there was no female capable of soothing them, they were always at risk of losing control completely.

Even the Crown Prince's position was starting to waver, with some people whispering about backing other princes to take the throne. Besides, Felix hadn't been on the battlefield for years.

But if Nyx could awaken SS-level mental power, she would become the empire's only hope. She would be the destined spouse for these powerful males and become their

only salvation

Zayne glanced at Nyx, surrounded by so many admiring eyes, and felt a pang of bitterness in his chest.

But it was good for Nyx to awaken such high-level mental power, and he was genuinely happy for her. But it also meant that not only Theon, but all the powerful figures in the empire would become his rivals.

He had once scorned those males who always fought to win favor and attention from females, but now, he accepted that he also had become part of that competition.

Zayne's gaze darkened as the thoughts crossed his mind.

He had fought his way out of the Desolate Planet, from nothing to where he was today. He had done things that others thought impossible, and he had never feared competing against the strong.

Taking a deep breath, Zayne spoke, "You had a checkup just yesterday, and at the time, your mental fluctuations were still pretty faint. The fact that they've spiked so high so quickly means you're about to fully awaken."

He explained that when a female officially awakened, her mental power would go into a kind of eruption, and all the males nearby would sense it. The higher the mental power level, the farther the range of influence.

An E-level female awakening would affect only 3.3 feet or so around her.

An A-level would affect an entire building.

An S-level would affect an entire city's males.

If a female with SS-level power awakened, no one knew just how far her influence could reach. But one thing was for sure- it would be earth-shattering.

During this kind of eruption, the female would be sent to the Holy Ground to receive blessings from the Divine Tree. Only once the eruption settled down would the awakening be complete

The Holy Ground was said to be the origin place of beastmen. The Divine Tree, a relic from ancient times, was said to have stood for billions of years, long before the rise of the empire.

In the era of widespread atheism in the empire, most people didn't believe in the blessings of the Sacred Tree anymore, but the tradition was still carried on as a ceremonial rite.

A tree that has lived for billions of years..... Nyx was stunned when she heard Zayne's explanation. She was trying to process

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34 Sat, Feb 8 BBB

Chapter 16

everything, but before she knew it, she realized she was surrounded by intense, almost fanatical gazes.

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"Seems like you don't have a spouse yet, right?" one of the officers asked. "If you're not satisfied with the males around you, we can recommend some excellent ones. We have lots of types for you to choose..." After all, Nyx was about to be an S-level female. Everyone wanted to be close to her. Just being around her and serving her would be an honor. And considering how sweet and approachable she was, with none of the typical airs other females had, no male could stay indifferent.

Nyx quickly shook her head, signaling a firm no. "I'm satisfied with the males around me now. It's my issue. I don't want to get married yet."

Nyx thought, "Zayne is perfect. He is top-tier handsome, thoughtful, and capable of both handling work stuff and cooking a perfect meal. On Earth, I would never meet a man as exceptional as him. It's my own problem. The emotional scars from my past made me hesitant about marriage.

'Besides, Beastmen live up to 500 years, while I'm just a human who would be lucky to live a few decades. I'm not sure how long I can live, so I won't tie myself to someone permanently.

Although Nyx took all the blame on herself, Zayne still ended up getting the full brunt of the disapproving glares, with everyone blaming him for not winning Nyx's heart.

Nyx felt sorry about it.

On the way home, she couldn't stop thinking about it. Suddenly, she realized how selfish she had been. She kept Zayne and Theon by her side as her guardians without intending to bond with them. She was holding them back from finding their own partners.

"What's on your mind?" Zayne asked, his gray-blue eyes reflecting Nyx's image. "Can I help with anything?"

His gentle tone only made Nyx feel worse. Nyx lowered her head and mumbled, "Being my guardian doesn't really seem like it's doing you any favors. Maybe we should call it off."

Zayne froze for a moment and then forced a smile, trying to stay calm. "No, I don't need any favors. You said we're family, and that's all I want. You've already done more than enough for me."

His voice dropped slightly, taking on a more vulnerable tone. "You know, I'm an orphan. I've never had a family..."

Nyx felt a pang in her chest. Hearing him say that was like hearing someone say they were abandoned by the world, and it made her feel like the worst person alive.

She had essentially taken him in like a stray dog, pampered him for a while, and then suddenly wanted to throw him away because she thought he wasn't free enough.

Thinking of all that, Nyx felt terrible about herself. But then, out of nowhere, Zayne suddenly crouched down and transformed into a giant snow wolf!

Nyx didn't expect Zayne's beast form to be a huge, white wolf! Thank goodness the spaceship had enough space, or this massive beast wouldn't even have fit inside.

The snow wolf was enormous, yet it somehow managed to look pitiful. It tilted its head up to look at Nyx, its eyes full of longing.

The effect of its fluffy fur and sad-eyed gaze was ten times stronger than in human form. Nyx's heart practically melted, and before she could stop herself, she blurted out, "Okay, okay, I'm still your family! We're not breaking up the bond!"

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Chapter 16

No sooner had she spoken than the wolf's tail began to wag happily, almost slapping her in the face a few times. Nyx couldn't resist that anymore. Her hand itched with the irresistible urge to pet him.

Zayne's beast form was by far the most handsome wolf she'd ever seen. His fur was as white as snow, without a single spot or imperfection. His body was long, lean, and strong, an impeccable blend of wildness and grace. His gray-blue eyes locked onto her with intense focus.

Nyx tried to resist but eventually gave in. She reached out to touch the soft fur, then did it again, unable to stop herself.

She didn't notice the mischievous and satisfied glint in Zayne's eyes.

Their spaceship landed near their villa, and it wasn't until Nyx stepped out and realized what had happened that she felt a little guilty. She'd basically spent the entire ride playing with a wolf.

"If it were an actual wolf, it might be fine, but this was Zayne..."

She quickly pulled her hand back, embarrassed, and cleared her throat awkwardly. "Sorry about that."

She felt like she'd just acted like a total creep.

Zayne shook out his fur and lay down, looking up at her. "No problem. Want to hop on my

back?"

It was the first time Nyx had seen a beastman speak in his beast form, and he was nothing like the lion or the black mamba. He didn't feel like a wild animal at all.

Males would only let their partners ride them, and it was a kind of unspoken tradition among the beastmen.

But Nyx didn't know that, just like she didn't realize that petting a male's beast form was an unspoken invitation for mating.

Her curiosity got the best of her. She told herself, 'It's fine. We're family. It's nothing to hop on him for a ride. She then climbed onto Zayne's strong back, and they leaped off the spaceship steadily.

Suddenly, a thought hit Nyx that she had ridden on a lion before without knowing it was a beastman.

"You said you knew that lion, right? Who is that?" she asked, glancing down at the wolf beneath her. Zayne's entire body stiffened when he heard the question.

Of The Beastmen 17

Chapter 17

Chapter 17

Carrying Nyx back home, Zayne was still chewing over how to answer her question.

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As soon as they stepped inside, Zayne was caught off guard by the sight of Theon standing there by the door, looking like he was being punished for something. Zayne thought, 'Why didn't he be locked up by the officers?'

Zayne's eyes narrowed, a sarcastic edge creeping into his voice as he looked at Nyx and said, "You're looking for that lion? Well, you've got one right in front of you."

Nyx's first reaction was that Zayne sounded weird, like he was jealous. But then it hit her like a ton of bricks. In her head, she screamed. That out-of-control lion is Theon?!"

Her anger flared up faster than she could stop it. Without thinking, she grabbed the wolf's car and asked, "So you two were lying to me about this whole thing?"

They'd told her Theon had a mission back at the base and wouldn't be home.

Zayne's wolf ears were sensitive, and he flinched hard at the unexpected yank, his body shuddering. "Sorry about that..."

Nyx didn't even know why she'd done it, but seeing his reaction, she immediately let go, her face flushing as she stammered, "I—I don't like being lied to."

The wolf made a short, almost apologetic sound, as if to confirm he wouldn't pull that stunt again. Meanwhile, the sight of Nyx riding on the giant snow wolf stabbed at Theon's nerves.

Usually, when a male went out of control, they got picked up and locked down by the Supervision Office. But Theon's Loss of Control Index had dropped to 70, so they didn't restrict his freedom but allowed him to go home.

He'd been panicked, worried about the possibility that during his lost control phase, he might have hurt Nyx or done something unspeakable. That thought had driven him to run all the way back here.

However, when he returned home, the house was empty, and he'd stood there waiting, completely frozen for hours. His mind had been too clouded with anxiety to think straight.

If only he'd checked his Intelligent Brain, he would've seen a trending video on StarNet showing Nyx soothing a rogue black mamba on the street and realized it was all a misunderstanding. He'd know he hadn't done anything wrong to her.

But he hadn't even glanced at his Intelligent Brain.

Finally, Theon stood there, his shoulders slumped, and asked in a tight and hoarse voice, "Can we... talk alone?"

Nyx was caught off guard by his attitude.

Ever since they had met, Theon had always struck her as the epitome of confidence and strength. She'd never seen him like this—defeated, vulnerable, almost like a different person.

Is he feeling guilty for lying to me? But that wasn't exactly a huge deal, and I can understand it,' thought Nyx.

In her mind, the image of the lion had always been tied to Theon. Suddenly, she felt a surge of sympathy for him.

She nodded, agreeing to talk with him, but just as she was about to leave, the snow wolf tugged at her sleeve, pulling her

attention back.

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12:32 Sat, Feb 8 BGB.

Chapter 17

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Zayne's wolf eyes were fixed on her, clearly not planning to let her go alone. He knew he couldn't keep her all to himself, so he tried to snatch up whatever he could.

Picking up on the unspoken message, Nyx hesitated for a moment before opening her arms and pulling the big wolf into a hug.

If Zayne were in his human form, Nyx might've felt shy. But with his beast form, it was all too easy to hug him close.

The moment she wrapped her arms around him, Zayne melted into the embrace, his eyes closing in contentment to soak up her warmth. After a long moment, he finally loosened his grip and let her go.

Nyx and Theon made their way up to the top floor loft.

The loft had a window that faced a peach tree. Nyx opened it just a crack, and a soft breeze swirled in, sending a flurry of pink petals fluttering around her.

She quickly closed the window and plucked a few petals out of her hair, only to turn around and find that Theon was gone. In his place stood the familiar sight of a lion. It had a golden mane and amber eyes—it was the same clingy lion she knew. For a second, Nyx remembered all the carefree moments she'd shared with the lion—rolling around and playing together. Nyx was filled with warmth, and her lips twitched into a smile. Then it hit her that the lion was Theon.

The memories kept flashing through her mind—the images of her rolling around with him, touching him, kissing him... But now, all those scenes were replaced by Theon's face. Nyx shuddered, her body stiffening with the weight of it.

This was definitely not something she should think about. The more she thought, the more she wanted to bury herself in the ground.

When she averted her gaze and started looking everywhere but at him, Theon's heart sank.

He was now sure that he had done something to her, so she was avoiding him.

What had started as affection for him was probably already a thing of the past, maybe even gone so far down the drain. She probably couldn't even bring herself to look at his beast form anymore.

The lion's eyes dulled with regret as he shifted back into his human form.

The technology could change a person's clothes in a flash, no longer forcing males to awkwardly get dressed after shifting forms.

It had been around for thousands of years. But to Nyx, who came from Earth, it was a whole new world. She gawked in surprise as Theon transformed into a handsome, well-dressed man in the blink of an eye.

But then, just as quickly, she saw something even more shocking-Theon kneeled on one leg in front of her.

He dropped to one knee in a smooth, deliberate motion, the sound of his knee hitting the floor with a sharp thud.

Nyx gasped, thinking he'd hurt himself somehow, and rushed to catch him.

Her hands gripped his muscular arms, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't pull him up.

She let go, stunned. Theon kept his posture and said in an apologized tone, "I'm sorry. Please.... punish me however you see

fit.

12:32 Sat, Feb 8 GBB •

Chapter 17

He looked like he was willing to take whatever punishment she gave him with no complaints or fights.

Nyx stuttered, "N-No need to go that far!"

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It was just a little lie. The way Theon was speaking, though, made her feel like he had done something terrible and unforgivable.

"I forgive you," she said, waving her hand dismissively.

Theon looked up, wide-eyed, his brain trying to catch up with the fact that she actually forgave him so easily.

Her kindness hit him hard, but the guilt didn't let up. His voice softened as he asked, "Are you hurt? Did I hurt

you?"

The medical pods could heal most injuries in an instant, but the pain was still real when it happened. Theon feared that whatever he'd done might've left a scar in Nyx's heart.

"I'm good. You didn't bite me," Nyx said, her mind not quite on the same wavelength as his. She let out a chuckle and continued, "You were about to attack Zayne, but luckily, you couldn't do it through the video.

"Even if you bit me, I wouldn't blame you. You were out of your mind, and I know it wasn't on purpose," she added, reaching out to gently ruffle Theon's hair. The feeling was oddly familiar like she was petting a lion. Nyx couldn't help but sigh, "This world is so good. It's full of animals I like everywhere.

She had an endless amount of patience for animals. And because of that, she couldn't help but feel a little more affectionate towards their human forms too.

Theon was deeply moved by her kindness, but his worry didn't fade. "But... my beast form is so big, and rough, and... well, it's a little different. Are you sure I didn't hurt you?"

Nyx finally realized something was off. She thought Theon was just worried he had bitten or hit her, while Theon meant mating with her!

She stared at his flushed, handsome face. Her mouth opened, but no words came out. It took her a while to finally say, "Wait..."

Her face turned as red as a beet, and she was completely baffled. Why would you think... that I did that with you... and with your beast form?!"

She complained in her mind, 'Come on! I'm not some kind of freak! I don't have such special preferences!

Of The Beastmen 18

Chapter 18

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Nyx Had to admit, when it came to their beast forms, she had a soft spot for them. But it wasn't anything weird or pervert but just a simple, pure preference.

She really wasn't a freak!

Theon's eyes glazed over as he muttered, "But my Loss of Control Index dropped to 70, which means I must've gotten some kind of mental soothing/while I was out of control"

Except for Nyx, there couldn't have been any other female to do that.

Before his mind could spiral further into that dark pit of paranoia, Nyx quickly pulled him back to reality.

"Your Loss of Control Index dropped?" Nyx grinned, genuinely pleased. "Guess my efforts weren't for nothing, then."

She pushed herself to get rid of some of that black mist on him. She even felt dizzy for a bit-probably drained all her mental energy, and had to take a long rest to recover.

She explained to Theon about the black mist she'd seen around him and how she managed to get rid of it. To back herself up, she even pulled out her latest health check results, which showed her mental fluctuations were currently at an A-level.

The idea of black mist sounded super mystical, but Theon didn't doubt her for a second. He could feel the mental soothing she'd given him, and that realization finally eased his anxious heart.

A huge breath of relief left him, and for the first time in what felt like forever, he relaxed.

He owed her so much. If her mental soothing technique hadn't been so effective, he probably would've lost it completely after the emotional rollercoaster he'd just gone through.

They both stood there, red-faced, exchanging awkward glances. Their eyes locked before both quickly looked away, as if they'd just been jolted by an electric shock.

After a moment, Theon shook himself out of the daze, forcing himself to act with a little more dignity. He still knelt, but he took Nyx's hand gently and said, "Thank you, Nyxie... for saving me."

Nyx curled her fingers awkwardly and replied, "You're my guardian, my family. Just don't mention it."

Theon looked up at her with such intense admiration that Nyx couldn't help but feel her heart race.

The affection in his eyes hit her hard, and she felt a tight knot in her chest.

Before he could say anything else, she quickly withdrew her hand and blurted out, "If you ever don't want to be my guardian anymore, we can just be friends. Friends don't need to be so formal."

Theon's face fell, and he stared at her, a little stunned. "So... you're rejecting me?"

His dejection hit Nyx like a ton of bricks, and she couldn't bear it

If Theon turned into his lion form right now, she could imagine his tail would probably be dragging on the floor.

"Can you at least tell me what kind of male you like?" Theon asked, still not ready to give up.

If he wasn't good enough for Nyx, then that was on him. He could learn, change, and become the kind of male she wanted.

12:32 Sat, Feb 8 BBB.

Chapter 18

Nyx stared at Theon, lost in thoughts. She honestly didn't know what kind of male she liked.

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Back on Earth, she'd been too busy working, grinding away at part-time jobs while everyone else was falling in love. She'd had zero time for romance, and her dating experience was practically nonexistent.

She started to think carefully about her ideal type.

After a while, she spoke, "I like a male who loves me and is fully loyal to me, both in mind and body." That was all the standards she could name right now.

Theon's eyes immediately lit up. Those were the basic qualities any male should have, and he was more than capable of meeting those expectations.

Seeing Theon's renewed determination, Nyx rubbed her forehead. "But I'm not thinking about marriage right now."

She had never been a fan of marriage back on Earth, and here? Well, the lifespan difference between her and everyone else was a big problem. What if she didn't live for 500 years? That would just be heartbreaking for whoever was left behind.

She didn't want to drag anyone into that kind of pain, so marriage was a no-go.

Theon may have wanted the title of Nyx's spouse, but even without that, he was okay.

"As long as you don't hate me or kick me out, I want to stay by your side in any way I can," Theon said, his voice almost pleading.

Nyx was left speechless.

It seemed like he was set on this, so Nyx didn't argue anymore.

She then changed the subject and asked, "So... what made you lose control? Did someone piss you off?" The male's Loss of Control Index was influenced by a mix of factors-genetic level, beast form species, personality, environment, and so on. When their emotions spiked, it could send their index skyrocketing. Theon looked a little sheepish, but he was being honest. "My Loss of Control Index has always been high, like 74, which makes it super easy for it to spike. I'm kind of a hothead, to be real."

He then quickly added, "But I swear, I'm never gonna be hotheaded with you!"

Nyx couldn't help but laugh. "I don't think you're hotheaded at all."

Nyx thought Theon was always polite with her, and even when he lost control and turned into a lion, he was still a well-behaved, obedient lion.

If that counted as a temper, then the guys she'd seen back on Earth would probably all have been diagnosed with rage issues.

Nyx's smile lasted until she heard Theon's next confession about why he'd lost control this time. "My uncle wants me to leave you and get with some other A-level female. I didn't want to, so we got into a huge fight." At that, Nyx's smile faded, and she muttered in her mind, "Theon's uncle doesn't like me?"

For a moment, memories of her family on Earth flashed in her mind. In that family, everyone had constant disapproval of her. Her grandmother's scolding, her uncle and aunt's disdain, and her brothers' condescending looks... She had had enough

of that.

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12:33 Sat, Feb 8 GBB.

Chapter 18

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If she ever did marry, she didn't want her partner caught in the middle of a family drama. So she said to Theon, "If your uncle doesn't like me, maybe you should listen to him."

Hearing Nyx's words, Theon froze. He was panicking, not sure what to do.

Without thinking, he grabbed Nyx's hand tightly and explained, I like you, and it has nothing to do with him!

"My uncle's just emotionally distant. His emotional fluctuations are way lower than most people's. He doesn't really like anyone. You can't judge me based on him-it's not fair!"

Felix Lane was like a war machine who was stoic, cold, and ruthless. In the early years, when the empire faced invasions from other advanced civilizations, he fought at the frontlines.

With decisive kills and a commanding presence, he earned the respect and fear of his subordinates. He became known as the War God Marshal.

Not only did countless males idolize him, but even the typically proud and reserved females couldn't help but admire him.

However, he'd never been interested in females, never dated, and was even unmarried. No matter what those females did to catch his eye, it was like throwing stones in a pond that would never ripple. To the females who failed to win his favor, he became known as Cold-Blooded Felix.

If it were other males who spent most of their time on the battlefield without mental soothing, they would have turned completely out of control. However, Felix's emotions had always been stable because he didn't have much emotional fluctuation.

Even with his family, he acted more like role playing. He cared for them because of his responsibility, because that was what books told him to do.

When it came to Theon, Felix was the responsible uncle, but he never sympathized or showed any warmth to Theon. It was always orders, never understanding.

Felix didn't get emotions. He just wanted the optimal solution to every problem.

In his opinion, Theon should just go for an A-level female for mental soothing, like it was some kind of practical decision. He didn't get what love was or why Theon was willing to throw everything away for Nyx. Hearing that, Nyx was a bit surprised. It was unlike the famous marshal she had learned. Theon's voice was filled with frustration. "We're two

independent people. He has no right to control my feelings. Even if you didn't have mental power, I still wouldn't listen to him.

"And besides, you can awaken A-level mental power. If he knew that, he'd never try to stop me from pursuing

you."

With that, Theon pulled up his Intelligent Brain and sent Felix a video invitation without even giving Nyx a chance to stop

him.

Before Nyx could react, the video call was already connecting. Nyx instinctively backed away, making sure she wasn't in view facing the male who didn't like her.

Felix answered the call, but all he could see was Theon. He had no idea Nyx was standing just out of frame.

12:33 Sat, Feb 8 GBB.

Chapter 19

Of The Beastmen 19

Chapter 19

Chapter 19

Felix's voice was as flat as ever. "Well, looks like you've got some luck on your side, Theon."

Theon frowned and asked, "What are you talking about?"

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Felix didn't answer directly but just forwarded a video from StarNet's trending headlines. "Haven't you seen it? It's about your beloved Nyx-seems like her mental power's pretty strong

The video started recording when the female and her two sons were in the middle of an argument, and it only stopped when the Supervision Office showed up. It captured the whole interaction between Nyx and the black mamba.

It was all over the StarNet now-bigger than the Jade Garden incident. Hundreds of billions of people had watched it.

People were raving about Nyx, calling her like a fairy tale sprite-pretty, kind, and brave. Some even speculated that she had some kind of special vibe around her that could soothe out-of-control males.

Most, though, just thought it was a lucky coincidence, that she just happened to avoid being bitten because of her sheer luck.

Hardly anyone thought about mental soothing because everyone knew only one method worked for that, which was mating.

But Felix, with his seasoned eyes and vast experience, didn't buy into the luck explanation. He'd gotten intel from the Supervision Office that Theon's Loss of Control Index had dropped to 70.

Putting two and two together, he started making a guess: Nyx's mental power might be about to awaken, and she might be not just at A-level.

Felix's conclusion matched what the researchers at the Supervision Office were speculating. "She might hit S-level or even SS-level. She could be the strongest female with mental power the empire has seen in centuries or even ever," Felix said, his voice calm but sharp.

With that kind of power, she wouldn't even need to use the usual methods to soothe males down.

Felix let out a small, almost amused chuckle and teased, "Looks like luck's falling right into your lap, Theon. You're her guardian. You've got the upper hand. Otherwise, if she awakens S-level mental power, you won't even stand a chance to be her spouse."

Felix wasn't trying to hit Theon where it hurt, he was just being blunt. The empire hadn't seen an S-level female in ages, and once Nyx awakened, she'd be a treasure no one could ignore. Theon, young as he was, wasn't even in the same league as the real power players.

Hearing Felix's words, Theon took a deep breath. His mind instantly ran through a list of potential rivals-the big-name SS- level males and the powerful S-level ones were now on his radar They were the ones he needed to watch out for.

Suddenly, Theon turned to Felix with a sharp look. "Does that mean you would be fighting me for the same matron?"

Felix was one of the rare SS-level males in the empire.

S-level males could settle for an A-level female and get by. But S-level males couldn't. A-level females barely made a dent in soothing them down. Their effects were practically negligible

Over the centuries, a few SS-level males had completely lost control because they couldn't get the mental soothing they needed. They turned into savage beasts, completely incapable of returning to their human form. The remaining SS-level males were hanging on by a thread.

1/3

12:33 Sat, Feb 8 BGB

Chapter 19

34 69%

Felix, however, had the lowest Loss of Control Index of them all and was in the best shape. That was because he had almost no emotional fluctuations, and his Loss of Control Index grew slowly.

But over time, it still added up. Felix knew he wasn't immune to needing mental relief. If Nyx really awakened to S-level mental power, she would be Felix's only option.

Theon showed hostility on his face, and he added, "You might have a higher genetic level and a higher rank than me, but you're older. Nyx's only 20. She's more likely to go for someone young and strong like me. I won't lose to you."

Truth be told, Felix wasn't that old as Theon said. He wasn't even 50 yet. In a world where most beastmen lived up to 500 years, he and Theon were both in their prime.

Felix raised his eyebrows and snapped, "Calm down, Theon. I'm not going to snatch her from you."

Felix was still unmarried, not because there weren't any S-level females who could match him, but because he simply didn't want to deal with them. Someone emotionally detached like him was more suited for being a war machine than serving a delicate female.

"Let's skip the uncle vs. nephew drama," Felix said coolly. "I don't need a female."

Hearing his words, Theon frowned even deeper. "What's your Loss of Control Index right now?"

"Relax, man, it's way lower than yours," Felix said with a light chuckle. "As long as I'm not on the battlefield, I'm good for now."

Then he steered the conversation back to Theon. "Even though in not competing with you, trust me, there are plenty of males who will.

"Take the Crown Prince, for example. He's SS-level too, and he's on the verge of losing control. The royal family won't let that happen. If there's any chance, they'll make sure Nyx becomes his partner. They'll do whatever it takes."

To preserve bloodlines, the royal family often selected one female for all the princes. No matter which prince eventually took the throne, she would become the queen.

The royals were already moving in, and other SS-level males weren't about to just sit back and let the royal family have Nyx all to themselves.

Felix could already see the storm that was coming. Nyx would be surrounded by a battleground of competing males, fighting for her favor.

He then said with a knowing look, "You know, females are fickle. They get bored fast. They'll move on to the next one as soon as they get tired of you.

"Nyx's interest in you right now, and it's probably just a dependency she developed after losing her memory. But once she's surrounded by all those males trying to win her over, her attention will shift. You'll be just another face in the crowd."

Felix wasn't wrong. An S-level female was highly coveted, and the competition would be fierce. He didn't think Theon could hold his ground.

If Theon were after a regular A-level female, maybe he could have a shot at the main consort position. But with Nyx? Felix wasn't so sure. He urged Theon to rethink his strategy while he still had time.

Normally, Theon would've been furious at Felix's words, ready to argue back. But right now, he didn't have the energy for a debate. Nyx was right there listening to everything Felix said.

12:33 Sat, Feb 8 BBB.

Chapter 19

194 69%

Theon couldn't bear to look at her, wondering what kind of expression she had on her face. He was already thinking about how to apologize again.

He tried several times to cut Felix off, but the words wouldn't come. He cleared his throat and shot Felix a desperate look. but it was no use.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Zayne's voice called through from outside the loft. "Dinner's ready."

Nyx had only had a nutrient drink for lunch, and Zayne had planned to make something more extravagant for dinner. However, he was not a great cook.

He didn't want to risk making something Nyx wouldn't like according to the recipes he found on StarNet. So, he made the three dishes Nyx had taught him: grilled braised pork ribs, tomato and beef brisket stew, and fried asparagus. He hoped Nyx could like what he made.

"Theon, you've been monopolizing Nykie for ages. Get a move on and let her eat on time." Zayne's cold voice rang out from outside, carrying a clear sign of his displeasure with Theon.

Inside, Felix immediately fell silent.

The room went quiet. Nyx slowly took a few steps forward and came into the video frame.

"Mr. Lane, hello." Nyx greeted awkwardly, offering Felix a polite but strained smile.

12:33 Sat, Feb 8 BBB

Of The Beastmen 20

Chapter 20 Chapter 20 ๐๓๓, 69

Nyx finally got a good look at Felix. The male on the screen looked a lot like Theon. They shared the same strong, chiseled features—like something out of a sculptor's dream—sharp jawlines, deep-set eyes, and broad shoulders, with the build of someone who lived and breathed the military life.

But unlike Theon's golden hair, Felix's dark locks gave him a more serious, composed air. His whole vibe was mature, calm, and collected. But what threw Nyx off was just

how young he looked. He didn't seem like Theon's uncle at all but more like an older brother to Theon.

Even though their first meeting was this awkward, Felix still kept his composure. After a moment of silence, he leaned forward, bowed, and said, "Hello, I'm Felix Lane. Please forgive me for my earlier words. I'll write you a three-thousand- word apology and send it along with my gift."

Nyx's eyes widened in shock, and she quickly bowed in return. "You don't have to do that."

The two of them bowed to each other like they were in some kind of formal ceremony.

Nyx realized this was a little ridiculous. She straightened up first, and after a brief hesitation, Felix did the same. Nyx then let out a quiet sigh of relief.

As Felix bowed to her, her heart had been in her throat. This was Felix Lane, the supreme commander of the Imperial Military Command and Theon's uncle. And here he was, bowing to her and promising to write an apology.

Actually, Nyx wasn't mad at all. She just needed to speak for herself, so she explained, "I'm not a fickle person who gets bored easily. I'm loyal. I will always be responsible for my future partner. I won't betray them."

Felix studied her flawless face for a long while and finally asked. "You're really not upset?"

He had never met a female who was this patient and forgiving. Nyx gave off the feeling of a soft, fluffy little rabbit—sweet, warm, and innocent. At that moment, Felix immediately understood why Theon had fallen for her at first sight.

Nyx shook her head and added, "I'm really not angry. I understand why you're concerned about Theon. You're a good uncle."

She hesitated for a second and continued, "I'll talk to him. He deserves a better female than me."

In the military headquarters, the lights blazed. A clerk knocked on Felix's office door, but no one answered. The clerk pushed it open, only to be startled by Felix sitting there, lost in thought.

The clerk left, still shaken. He had never seen Felix so distracted before.

The video call had already ended, yet Felix was still processing it all.

He pressed his hand to his chest, feeling the unusual pounding of his heart. Nyx's soft voice echoed in his head, and her words played on a loop in his mind.

She said she wouldn't be fickle, and that she wouldn't betray her partner. She also said that Theon deserved a better female than her.

Felix thought, 'A better female than her... Does that even exist?'

It was only when Felix mentioned it in the video call that Nyx realized her encounter with the black mamba had gone viral

1/4

12:33 Sat, Feb 8 BBB.

Chapter 20

on StarNet.

Fans were flocking to her profile like bees to honey. She checked her Intelligent Brain, and her fan count had exploded the now had more followers than the entire population of Earth.

Nyx was stunned by the sudden attention. She hadn't even poste anything yet-her account was still blank- but people were showering her with tips and donations, filling her account with enough credits for several lifetimes,

Nyx lay awake that night, her mind racing. She'd never expected something like this to happen. It was her first time experiencing insomnia since arriving here.

For several nights in a row, she couldn't sleep. She didn't want to become some kind of influencer, but she felt guilty for not responding to her fans. It didn't seem right to ignore them after the attention they'd given her.

After days of indecision, she finally made her decision. One morning, she dragged herself out of bed and told Zayne and Theon, "I want to do a live stream."

She didn't want to be an influencer, but at the very least, she wanted to show her appreciation to her fans. And saying thanks couldn't be the only content in the live stream Theon hadn't made breakfast yet, so Nyx gathered some ingredients and decided to make a classic Earth breakfast-sandwiches-for her live stream. Zayne helped Nyx set up her Intelligent Brain. There was no need for extra cameras or angles. Once she turned on the device, a screen would pop up, and she could interact with her viewers directly.

Nyx hadn't planned this in advance, so she didn't expect many people to tune in, especially since it was so early in the morning.

But as soon as the live stream began, before she even had a chance to see herself on the screen, the chat was flooded with an endless stream of comments.

[I knew waking up early really does have its perks.]

[It's live! It's live! I can't believe I made it in time!]

[Good morning, sweetheart.]

[Wait, is this really a live stream? I thought I was hallucinating from waking up too early...]

[Morning! Are you in the kitchen? How could you stay here?]

[Didn't Nyx mention something about cooking for males in Jade Garden? Could she be serious about this?] [She's actually cooking?? Her males must have a huge nerve! I'm reporting this.]

[Report +1]

At first, Nyx thought they were just joking, but then, out of nowhere, she saw the Female Protection Association official account enter the live stream.

Her eyes widened in shock as she raised both her hands in defense to explain. "I'm not cooking! It's Theon!" They had split the tasks beforehand-Theon was in charge of making the sandwiches, while Zayne was the one managing

the live stream.

12:33 Sat, Feb 8 BBB

Chapter 20

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With her hands raised like a startled little rabbit, Nyx made the viewers go wild again with how adorable she looked. Even Zayne couldn't resist ruffling her hair, with a soft smile tugging at his lips.

Nyx squinted her eyes and smiled up at Zayne, her face practically glowing. Since that day when Zayne had openly called them family, their bond had grown stronger.

Zayne was a few years older than Nyx, and he felt more like a protective older brother to her. Nyx absolutely enjoyed how Zayne ruffled her hair—it was his way of showing affection.

Theon, watching from the side, felt a pang of jealousy and reached out toward Nyx. But Nyx quickly moved closer to Zayne.

Capturing Theon's disappointed expression, Nyx just pretended that she didn't see that.

Unlike Zayne's family bond, Theon was in love with Nyx. He had already confessed, and Nyx didn't give him a clear answer.

She was trying to avoid giving him false hope, knowing full well that any closeness would only hurt him later.

As they made the bread, Nyx always kept a little distance between her and Theon. When she leaned in to check the seasoning for the stuffing, she got closer but still made sure to avoid his touch without making it

obvious.

Meanwhile, the comments were piling up in the chat.

[Looks like Nyx clearly likes Zayne more. Guess females prefer the refined, gentle type.]

[Yeah, herbivorous males always seem to win over females more than carnivorous ones. Zayne may not be an herbivorous type, but he definitely seems gentler than General Lane. Females love that type.]

[Does that mean our military's carnivorous-type males are doomed to not be liked by any females?] [You're such a disappointment, General Lane.....]

Nyx was focused on teaching Theon how to toast the bread, and she didn't notice these comments.

But Zayne, as the live stream admin, saw every one of them clearly. There was a certain satisfaction in his eyes, hidden beneath his glasses.

He leaned closer to Nyx and casually draped an arm around her slender shoulder. "Mind teaching me too?"

As someone who barely passed cooking class, Zayne figured it made sense for Nyx to help him out with more

patience.

Completely oblivious to Zayne's little scheme, Nyx had no idea the tension in the kitchen was starting to build

up.

She was patiently showing Zayne how to knead the dough and corrected his technique when she suddenly heard Theon hiss in pain.

She looked up, her eyes widening in shock. "Did you cut yourself?"

Without thinking, she dropped everything and rushed to Theon's side.

She forgot all about maintaining any distance. She stood on tiptoe, grabbed Theon's bleeding hand, and said

in an urgent

tone, "Let me check!"

The comments immediately exploded with more questions.

???? Cut himself? Who's that clumsy? Theon??]

2/4

12:33 Sat, Feb 8 BBB •

Chapter 20

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[If I'm not mistaken, isn't Theon the empire's champion in the Cold Weapon Combat Tournament? He's been winning since he was 17, and he's way more skilled with blades than with energy guns. He cut himself while chopping veggies? That's absurd!]

This is such an obvious ploy for attention. Who's falling for this?]

[2222222222]

[What's going on? Nyx actually believes it???)

[This is so obvious! He's faking it! How does she not see that???)

