

# Chosen Mate Of The Beastmen Empire

## Of The Beastmen 181

### Chapter 181

Jaws was at a loss. After hesitating for a moment, he cautiously kissed Nyx's cheek.

The moment he thought of taking things further, his mind went blank, gradually losing all ability to think.

Nyx cooperatively tilted her face up, waiting for him to continue, only to find that he didn't move any further, seeming dazed.

This wasn't how she imagined Jaws at all. He could talk endlessly, but when given the chance, he seemed even more inexperienced than anyone else. The strong contrast gave Nyx a strange feeling.

"Didn't you say before that I could tie you up?" she pinched his ear and raised an eyebrow.

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This was something Jaws had said back when he pretended to be dead, even daring to say it in front of others. He deserved to be scolded by Felix.

Jaws lowered his head, recalling the scene.

He felt like Nyx might want to settle the score with him, but still calmly admitted, "Yes."

The more he acted out of character-honest and submissive-the less Nyx wanted to let him off the hook. She raised her hand and pushed him. "Alright, keep your hands behind your back and stay like this. Don't move."

She wouldn't tie him up. Whether he moved or not was up to him.

"Okay," Jaws responded in a muffled voice.

He wouldn't move. He would do whatever Nyx said. Having done wrong, he accepted the punishment, and she could deal with him however she wanted.

Just as he made up his mind, he watched helplessly as Nyx threw a piece of clothing at him. Then, another piece came. Nyx

kept throwing her clothes at him one after another.

She thought, 'Don't you want my es? Didn't you use my coat for bad things? Take it! Take them all!' Nyx's scent hit him all at once. To Jaws, this was clearly a reward. He froze for a moment, his already wavering resolve almost collapsing.

unaby Carly.

With his hands tied behind his back and unable to move, he tried to catch it with his face.

His strong body, trained on the battlefield, was fully put to use here, and he managed to grab one right away. Nyx stared in shock, her movements halting suddenly. She thought, "This guy looks more like a large animal than the high and mighty Space Pirates leader.'

"Didn't I tell you not to move?" she said, trying to pull the small piece of clothing from Jaws' mouth.

She meant for Jaws to stay still and let the clothes hit him, but she didn't expect him to not dodge and instead welcome it.

Jaws pleaded with his red eyes as he shook his head vigorously, unwilling to let go.

He couldn't possibly return a reward he had barely gotten his hands on.

"You're even more disobedient than I am," Nyx muttered, neither too harsh nor too soft.

Even so, she indulged Jaws and didn't forcibly take the clothes back.

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+13)

It was just a pajama, after all. It wouldn't hurt to give it to him.

Jaws secretly sighed in relief. But soon he realized he had relaxed too soon.

Nyx could easily find countless ways to torment him. Even if she did nothing and just quietly stayed by his side, every fiber of his being would feel challenged.

Nyx was right in front of him, but he wasn't allowed to do anything. It was pure torture.

Nyx watched Jaws fidget for a while, and then casually played with the Intelligent Brain, thus ignoring him.

Ten minutes passed. Jaws gritted his teeth, the fabric in his mouth making a sound as he stared intensely at Nyx.

His gaze was so intense that it was impossible to ignore, and Nyx could feel it, leaving her slightly flustered.

But she kept her cool, speaking slowly, "If you beg me, I might consider it."

"Please." Before Nyx could finish, Jaws immediately begged, "Nyx, Please."

Seeing his voice tremble, almost on the verge of tears, Nyx was satisfied and waved her hand, declaring he was forgiven.

In the next second, everything spun.

The beast's ferocity had been suppressed for too long, making it easy to snap back.

Jaws was never the type to suffer quietly; once wronged, he'd quickly get his revenge tenfold.

When leaving Central Planet, he couldn't hide his joy. It didn't feel like he was heading out on a mission-it felt more like a

vacation.

-Jaws' subordinate was confused. He thought, 'Why is he so happy about cleaning up Edmund's mess?' When his eyes fell on the marks on Jaws' arm, he suddenly realized.

He compared Nyx's delicate frame with Jaws' massive size and silently gasped. He thought, 'No way!'

"What are you thinking?" Jaws' soft voice was full of threat.

His subordinate froze, shivering. "N-nothing! I wasn't thinking of anything! It's just... Well... Is Lord Nyx okay?"

Jaws paused for a moment. "Of course, she's fine.""

"You're not allowed to think about her anymore," he sternly warned his subordinate. There were already many males around Nyx, so he thought no more could be added.

The subordinate gave a sheepish smile. "Got it, boss."

Even if he was asked to, he wouldn't dare to have any inappropriate thoughts about Nyx.

To be a rival to Jaws, he had to be at Black Mamba's level. He didn't have the strength.

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At the Koganor Federation, ever since their last failed attack on the Empire—which ended in heavy losses and the capture of their general—the nation had been on a downward spiral, descending into chaos.

Many members saw the situation worsening and declared independence, withdrawing from this doomed war. The once

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massive Federation quickly split apart, but the remaining members were determined not to give up.

"That SSS-level female has returned to the Empire's Central Planet," someone mentioned this crucial point during a military meeting. "Without her interference, AeroMist might truly show its effectiveness, we can try again."

The room fell silent. Many of them had already developed a fear of Nyx.

"Don't be too pessimistic, the Empire won't allow her to return to the battlefield. The war faction tried to calm everyone's emotions. "Besides, she must have been badly injured, she might even be dead."

Their undercover agent had successfully attacked Nyx, and the Neutron Lance hit her fatal spot in the chest.

Although subsequent intelligence reports said Nyx was fine and had returned to Central Planet, they thought that was likely just false information spread by the Empire to maintain stability.

After the meeting, most were convinced. They had no other options left but to go all in.

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It wasn't just the Koganor Federation that suspected Nyx was dead; such rumors were spreading throughout the Empire as well.

StarNet didn't prohibit discussions on the topic.

During this time, Nyx almost monopolized every trending search term.

When Nyx opened her Intelligent Brain, she even saw many people mourning for her, with sadness flowing through their words, filling the entire StarNet.

Nyx thought, 'I'm still alive.'

Although this misunderstanding didn't affect the morale of the Empire, it actually made more people eager to join the army. The citizens of the Empire hated the Koganor Federation to the extreme and swore to make them disappear from the universe completely.

But Nyx still felt she should clear things up.

After consulting with her mates, she picked the right time and started a live stream at home.

The title was straightforward: [Don't Worry. I'm Still Alive!]

Countless Empire citizens flooded in immediately. No previous live stream had ever had such a crazy level of attention.

Nyx seriously suspected that the entire Empire was packed into her live stream room. And in fact, it was almost true.

Even those who never watched live streams were here now. No one could not care about Nyx's safety.

She was the Empire's one and only treasure, and it wasn't just talk. Too many people had their hopes placed on her and couldn't bear the thought of losing her.

Nyx leaned in to check the number of viewers, and then clapped her hands. "Hello, everyone. Long time no see! Today's stream is mainly to clarify my health status."

She showed her medical report on screen, proving she wasn't severely injured and definitely not dead.

Her face came close to the screen, like a full peach with a pink hue, her eyes bright and lively, looking especially healthy.

This was completely beyond what the viewers had imagined. In their minds, even if Nyx were alive, she would likely be in a fragile, just-recovered state.

The situation being too good made it hard to believe it was real.

[Feels a bit strange...]

(Is she a bionic?)

[Wasn't Lord Nyx stabbed? How did she recover so quickly?]

[This medical report data doesn't even look like she was injured, let alone just recovering.]

[We want the truth! We don't want this fake comfort!]

[Fine. If you want to deceive us, go ahead.]

[Let's just pretend it's true...]

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38%

+13)

Nyx found herself in a bizarre situation. She was standing right there in front of the screen, and yet no one believed her. She even tried doing a live checkup as proof, but it didn't help.

From the audience's perspective, the machine might have been tampered with, and the data could have been fabricated.

The key issue was that Nyx couldn't explain why, even though she was hit by Neutron Lance, she came out unharmed.

She couldn't just admit it was thanks to the Divine Tree. If she did, it would only sound even more absurd. Nyx helplessly sat down. Before she could even settle in or come up with a plan, Theon suddenly leaned in seriously and whispered a few words to her.

There was trouble on the front line, and real-time battle reports were being sent back to military headquarters.

Upon hearing that the Koganor Federation had used AeroMist again, Nyx furrowed her brow and turned to the screen. "Sorry everyone! I've got something urgent to deal with, so this live stream will end here."

The live stream abruptly ended. The viewers were still in shock.

[Why did the live stream suddenly end?]

[I wasn't done watching!]

[Even if it's fake, I want to see a few more moments..... Just keep deceiving me. It's fine!]

[I was wrong... I shouldn't have doubted...]

[Will there be another live stream?]

[So, did the live stream end because of Koganor Federation?]

[?????]

[My home is on a planet near the border. We just got an alert, Koganor's starting to use poison again.]

[Same here.]

[Here it comes again?]

[Is it that AeroMist that causes people to lose control?]

[This time there's no Lord Nyx to help... probably going to be a lot of deaths...]

[Ahhhhhh! Edmund, that disaster, should be tortured to death!]

On StarNet, the vibe grew even heavier. But the battlefield situation wasn't as dire as they had imagined.

The soldiers wore gas masks, and though the Loss of Control Index was rising, they could still hold out for a while. Soon, they felt a massive yet gentle mental power surrounding them.

The newly appointed general of Koganor had been observing the battle and started to feel uneasy, sweat beading on his forehead.

Even without the interference of an SSS-level female, they still couldn't defeat the Imperial Army. But that was fine; once AeroMist fully took effect, things would be different.

The general said, "Keep attacking. Hang in there. They'll lose control soon!"

Encouraged by his words, the Koganor Federation's troops held on, still clinging to hope.

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But as time passed, the Imperial soldiers showed no signs of losing control and grew stronger with each battle.

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The Koganor soldiers' resolve started to waver, and their morale dropped lower and lower, until they were completely defeated.

The general's face turned pale as he helplessly tried to calm his panicked troops. He knew in his heart that defeat was

inevitable.

38%

(+13)



He thought, 'Why didn't the Imperial Army lose control? We have tested it; AeroMist is perfect, its effects unbeatable. Even wearing gas masks couldn't block it. So why?'

In the interrogation room, the captured general looked exhausted, his voice hoarse as he asked this question.

He just wanted an answer, so as to die with some understanding.

The interrogator remained calm and replied, "With Lord Nyx around, of course we can't lose control."

The general was stunned. After a long pause, he collapsed backward in despair. He thought, 'Nyx? So, we are defeated by this female again...'

In just a few days, the Imperial Army advanced all the way to Koganor's capital star, and the Koganor Federation had no choice but to surrender.

The good news spread quickly, and the people of the Empire were beyond shocked.

They thought, 'Did they really defeat Koganor in such a short time? The casualty numbers seem almost fake.'

Even though they trusted the Empire and Felix, they never imagined the victory would come so easily.

After all, the effect of AeroMist on the Beastmen was too significant, and there was no way to resolve it for

now. Nyx was their only savior.

[So, Lord Nyx really didn't die?]

[I'm completely confused...]

[Is Lord Nyx still at the frontlines? What was that live broadcast about?]

[Can someone explain this to me?]

[I get it! Lord Nyx probably wasn't even injured and didn't return to the Central Planet. Including the live broadcast, it was all part of a plan to lure Koganor into a trap!]

[That seems to make sense.]

Although it still felt a bit strange, like something didn't quite add up, most people accepted this guess.

Anyway, the best news for them was that Lord Nyx was safe.

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The war was finally over. The Empire shook off the oppressive atmosphere and joyfully celebrated the victory.

The heavy rain poured down. In a dimly lit attic, several Koganor Federation spies planted in the Empire sat face-to-face, with a Space Button on the table.

"Is this AeroMist?"

"Yes."

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The group's expressions grew serious as they silently divided up the AeroMist stored in the Space Button.

Their homeland had fallen, and they harbored a deep hatred for the Empire. Even knowing they would die, they were determined to make one final attack.

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They would randomly select several planets across the entire Empire and release AeroMist. They thought, 'No matter how powerful that SSS-level female is, she can't protect the entire Empire or save everyone!'

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“Are they deploying on Central Planet too?” someone questioned. “That SSS-level female is on Central Planet-wouldn't that be a wasted effort?”

“Not necessarily,” the operation planner sneered.

In his opinion, just as the Empire's citizens debated on StarNet, Nyx was never actually on Central Planet- she had always been on the front lines.

He thought, "The one broadcasting from Central Planet is probably just a bionic replica. Otherwise, how could she have arrived on the battlefield so quickly to provide Mental Soothing for the Empire's soldiers?"

'Even though the war has ended, there are still minor disturbances on the front lines. The Lion Marshal has yet to return to Central Planet, so there is a high chance Nyx hasn't come back either.'

“Central Planet is the Empire's most crucial planet. It's worth the gamble.” The planner made the final call. “I'll personally handle Central Planet.”

If they could plunge Central Planet into chaos, the Empire would suffer a massive blow. That would count as a successful

revenge.

With some free time, Nyx picked a nice day and started another livestream to prove she was still alive.

This time, the chat was no longer filled with doubt.

[AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!]

[Lord Nyx!]

[She's live again.]

This time, it's really her, right?]

[The medical report couldn't detect her mental power-is it because Lord Nyx's mental power has grown even stronger?]

[Definitely.]

[She's been providing Mental Soothing for so many frontline soldiers at the same time. She must be beyond SSS-level now.]

Ever since her awakening, Nyx's mental power had been continuously growing— anyone paying attention could tell. Something like this had never been heard of before, yet with her, it just made sense. She was a living miracle, the Empire's one and only treasure.

[Honestly, Lord Nyx shouldn't be on the battlefield at all.]

[Agreed.]

[She's a female. And an SSS-level female at that.]

[I was scared to death before-I really thought Lord Nyx had been assassinated.]

Even though nothing had happened, battlefields were unpredictable-one wrong move and it could cost a life.

The audience was outraged, thinking, 'How could they let Lord Nyx go to such a dangerous place?'

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Seeing the chat start condemning all her mates-and even the royal family-Nyx broke into a cold sweat,

She weakly defended herself. "I didn't go to the front lines this time. I stayed on Central Planet the whole time."

She had learned her lesson and was being well-behaved now, but the audience didn't believe her.

[Even when lying, Lord Nyx is too cute.]

[Babe, don't lie—we're all family here, no spies around.]

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[So you were on Central Planet, but somehow still managed to provide Mental Soothing to frontline soldiers remotely? Is that it?]

[LOL]

[If that's true, then it's terrifying-basically like the Beast God descending in person.]

[But Lord Nyx looks so serious. I'm almost believing it.]

(+13)

Just as Nyx was stroking her chin, trying to figure out how to deal with the audience, a deafening alarm suddenly blared. She snapped her head up.

The chat was also thrown into chaos.

[What's happening?]

[What's going on?]

[Lord Nyx, hide somewhere safe.]

[Quick!]

-%@#& Aaaahhh! The alarms are blaring here too.]

[Someone's poisoning the air here!]

[Same here.]

Many users suddenly appeared, claiming that their locations had also been attacked by AeroMist.

Their displayed addresses weren't even on the same planet but scattered across different locations. This was undoubtedly the remnants of the Koganor Federation causing trouble.

Watching the number of active viewers in the livestream drop drastically, the remaining audience couldn't help but curse the Koganor Federation for being so persistent.

Nyx hurriedly climbed to a high vantage point where she overlooked Central Planet.

The once-bustling streets were now in utter chaos. Frenzied males were running rampant, crashing into everything or tearing at each other.

The audience shared her vision through the livestream.

[That many people lost control?]

[Holy crap! That's terrifying.]

[This is bad.]

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[Save them, Lord Nyx!]

[Sigh... there are too many of them. I'm afraid it's impossible.]

+13)

Central Planet's resident population was many times greater than the number of soldiers on the front lines. Once chaos erupted, it was nearly impossible to contain. And this wasn't the only planet under attack. 'How could all the pressure fall on Nyx alone?' they thought.

Despair swept through the audience, and their curses turned to Edmund Tavener. They believed that if AeroMist, which specifically targeted Male Beastmen's weaknesses, hadn't fallen into enemy hands, the scattered remnants of the Koganor Federation would never have posed a real threat to the Empire.

Nyx could no longer tolerate it. She closed her eyes.

In an instant, absolute silence fell.

A calming force seemed to radiate from her, spreading outward in all directions. The rampaging beasts rapidly regained their senses at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Within the livestream's visible range, no one remained out of control.

For a brief moment, the audience seemed to see the shadow of a Divine Tree behind Nyx.

The live chat was put into silence.

Everyone thought, 'Is that Mental Soothing? By the Beast God? A sheer miracle!'

Battlefield records were classified and never made public. Until now, the citizens of the Empire had never personally witnessed Nyx's overwhelming power on the battlefield. They could only piece together glimpses of her exploits from reports and let their imaginations fill in the blanks.

But now, watching countless Male Beastmen return to normal before their very eyes, they realized their imaginations had been far too limited.

After a moment of stunned silence, the livestream chat erupted once more.

[AAAAAHHHH! I'm back to

ormal.]

[I was scared to death-I thought I was going to die.]

[It feels like a dream.]

[Same here.]

[Ditto.]

[I'm on Lund Star, far from Central Planet, yet I could still feel Lord Nyx's Mental Soothing?]

[Lund Star isn't that far—I'm on Yanana Star, which is much farther away.]

[I'm on R611 Star, almost near the border.]

It wasn't just Central Planet-every planet that had been attacked was saved by Nyx.

The chaos subsided so quickly that the Koganor Federation spies didn't even have time to escape. Every last one of them was captured.

In their extreme shock, their faces went blank, some even looking dazed and foolish. They thought, 'How

could this be?'

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Hearing the surrounding voices chanting “Lord Nyx,” the planner was in utter disbelief before he closed his

eyes in despair.

He was wrong. The Koganor Federation was wrong as well. This was an empire blessed by the divine. They

would never be

defeated.

Even their enemies regarded Nyx as a deity, and within the Empire, Nyx became the object of fervent

worship.

The boundless power of faith surged into the roots, trunk, and every branch of the Divine Tree. Its leaves grew even lusher, shimmering with specks of radiant light.

Nyx heard the call of the Divine Tree. This time, the Divine Tree appeared in her dream, taking on a human form—just like the mother she had always imagined-gazing at her gently.

"Nyx-"The Divine Tree seemed to have something to say but hesitated.

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Nyx didn't notice anything unusual about the Divine Tree. Curious, she circled around it a few times before hugging its arm. Though I was a tree, its human form was unexpectedly warm to the touch.

The Divine Tree embraced Nyx.

Wrapped in its warm arms, Nyx felt an overwhelming sense of relaxation. Subtle changes occurred in her body, and a new mark appeared on her chest.

"Is this another talisman?" She looked down. It might have been her imagination, but this mark seemed even more complete

than the last.



The Divine Tree nodded. "With this, no matter where you are, I can always find you."

Nyx touched the mark, feeling deeply moved.

Whether or not this talisman would ever be activated, it was proof of the Divine Tree's love for her.

"Mom-" she murmured, tightening her embrace.

The Divine Tree had no gender, but sensing Nyx's longing for a mother, it had taken the form she yearned for.

The Divine Tree gently stroked Nyx's hair and sang a lullaby-just as she had always dreamed.

Before she knew it, Nyx drifted into deep sleep.

A faint shadow appeared in her bedroom. The Divine Tree continued to pat her gently, lulling her.

As it gazed at Nyx's peaceful, sleeping face, a trace of worry flickered in its eyes.

It hadn't told Nyx that the Temporal Vortex had appeared again.

Since bringing Nyx back to this world, it had been fending off multiple disturbances. As its power grew, it became increasingly aware that the two worlds were drawing closer, overlapping, and inevitably heading for collision. When that time came, both worlds would face destruction.

It couldn't stop them from merging-only try to guide them toward a peaceful fusion.

Unaware of the Divine Tree's concerns, Nyx was in good spirits.

The revenue from her last two livestreams was an enormous sum. She transferred it to the foundation to continue funding the development of Desolate Planet.

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On X1092, a desolate planet, a rescue team's spaceship slowly descended.

The planet had just suffered a devastating flood, and disease was spreading rapidly.

Jorge, the team's only doctor, was working tirelessly.

"Are you a noble, sir?" A young male cautiously glanced at Jorge. He was thin and sick-skinned, but his bright eyes shone.

Jorge injected him with a vaccine and shook his head with a warm smile. "No, I'm just like you—I'm from Desolate Planet

too."

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The young male's eyes widened in disbelief. To him, Jorge—well-dressed, arriving in a massive spaceship, commanding attention—was the most dignified person he had ever seen. He thought, 'He must be a noble. How could he be the same as

me?'

"Well, that was a long time ago," Jorge chuckled. "Thanks to Lord Nyx, life's been good to me since then. Jorge no longer relied on the Empire's relief funds. Instead, he earned a generous salary from Nyx, enough to live comfortably and even save enough money.

Back when he was stuck on Desolate Planet, he had resigned himself to a life of misery, never imagining he could live so stably.

"You'll have a good life too." Jorge ruffled the young male's hair. "Thank Lord Nyx—she's the one who saved you all.

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The young male stood frozen. He didn't know who Lord Nyx was, but he engraved the name into his heart, never to forget it.

"Wait here." He suddenly turned and ran off.

Moments later, he returned, holding out a handful of dried green flowers. "Can you give these to Lord Nyx for me?"

"What are these?" Jorge accepted them.

The young male hesitated before lowering his head shyly. "It's a medicinal herb."

Jorge didn't recognize the flowers, but he didn't question them. After all, the universe was vast, filled with countless plants and herbs with medicinal properties—there was no way he could know them all.

"If you dry the flower's stamens and mix them with a few other ingredients, they can help a berserk male recover his human form faster," the young male explained.

He had discovered this by accident. He once found an old book about potions and had developed a deep interest in experimenting with them.

Though it was only a temporary fix, the males on Desolate Planet were still obsessed with the medicine he created. When the flood came, he had no way to escape, but they dragged him to safety-just for the sake of his medicine.

Jorge stared at the young male in shock, as if he were looking at a genius.

Jorge had studied medicine before his family fell into ruin and he was exiled to Desolate Planet, but this young male taught

himself.

"The scent of this flower has a calming effect," the young male explained seriously, hoping Jorge would be willing to pass it on to Nyx.

Jorge chuckled, "You can give it to her yourself."

The spaceship carried the refugees to the Security Bureau on Central Planet for temporary shelter. Jorge introduced the young male to Nyx.

"Lord Nyx, hello. The young male clenched his hands nervously and bowed deeply-toward Theon, who stood beside Nyx. "My name is Heps."

Heps didn't have a name before. Jorge had just given him one.

Silence filled the air for a moment.

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"You idiot." Jorge smacked Heps on the head. "That's Lord Nyx over here."

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Heps' head snapped up in panic. He followed Jorge's direction to the petite female. His face instantly turned bright red. "S- Sorry."

Heps thought, 'A female? This... this is the legendary female? I've never seen one before..... Lord Nyx-she's actually a female?'

Heps' face burned extremely hot. He was mortified. Only when Jorge nudged him again did he snap back to his senses. With trembling hands, he held out the small flower to Nyx. "P-Please, accept this."

His words rushed out as he quickly explained the flower's benefits again, afraid Nyx might not like it. "Thank you," Nyx smiled warmly at Heps and accepted the gift with both hands. When she got home, she placed the flower in a vase in her bedroom.

Her mates immediately noticed the unusual little green flower. "Nyx, where did this come from?"

They remembered that the garden didn't have flowers like this.

Nyx answered without hesitation, "Someone gave it to me."

The males all tensed up.

Someone gave her flowers? Is this... a suitor?

Seeing their alarmed expressions, Nyx waved her hand, laughing, "Don't overthink it. It was just a kid."

She patiently explained where the flower came from to prevent them from getting jealous over nothing.

Upon hearing that the flower had medicinal properties and a calming effect, Zayne beamed, "Nyx, can I have

one?"

Nyx picked the prettiest one and handed it to him.

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The next night, Zayne worked overtime until late.

The moment he got home, he lifted Nyx into his arms and spun her around.

"Zayne," Nyx gasped. After all, Zayne was rarely this impulsive in her memory.

Zayne held Nyx up high, his voice full of excitement. "Nyx, you're the Empire's lucky star."

The lab had been struggling to find a cure for AeroMist, but now they finally had a breakthrough. The key was

that little green flower.

No one would have guessed that the antidote to AeroMist grew on a flood-ridden Desolate Planet. As the one who discovered the crucial ingredient, Heps received a generous reward.

He gathered his courage, bought a new gift, and went to see Nyx. The moment he stepped inside, he was surrounded by the intense, scrutinizing gazes of Nyx's mates. Terrified, he froze in place and instinctively transformed into his beast form.

The sight of Heps' beast form made Nyx's eyes light up.

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### Chapter 185

Heps' beast form was a ferret. A tiny, slender creature, completely white-like an adorable little mouse.

Nyx was so overwhelmed by how cute Heps was that she could barely breathe.

As the situation took a turn for the worse, Zayne reacted quickly, grabbing the ferret off the ground to stop Nyx from reaching for it.

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Although the ferret was young, it was already twelve years old-old enough to understand things and to be considered a potential rival for Nyx's attention.

Zayne placed the ferret on the sofa, away from Nyx, and patted its head. "No need to be nervous."

Despite his wariness, Zayne bore no malice toward the ferret. Instead, he even felt a certain kinship due to their similar backgrounds.

The ferret's beady black eyes were fixed on Zayne, filled with gratitude and admiration.

Over the past few days on Central Planet, Heps had learned a lot about Nyx and, by extension, about her mates. Each of them was an awe-inspiring presence, but the one he admired most was undoubtedly Zayne.

They were both from Desolate Planet and both interested in alchemy, but Heps believed that Zayne was on a whole different level—far superior in every way.

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"Lord Zayne, may I take you as my master?" Heps hesitated for a long time before finally voicing his request. "I want to learn alchemy from you."

Heps was so nervous that his ferret body tensed, his voice barely above a whisper.

He felt shameless for asking. Just being saved by Nyx was already an incredible stroke of luck, yet here he was, daring to ask for more.

But opportunities like this didn't come often. Having grown up on Desolate Planet, he knew better than anyone how to fight for what he wanted.

Zayne was caught off guard. After spending so much time with Nyx, he had softened considerably. Faced with those round, pleading eyes from Heps, he couldn't bring himself to refuse. He nodded. "Alright."

"Focus on your studies. Come find me on weekends during your breaks, and I'll teach you some things about alchemy."

"Yes, Master." The little ferret wiggled excitedly.

Nyx looked on with interest.

But the ferret was way too thin. Even with its fluffy fur, Nyx could tell it was all skin and bones. Its coat looked dull, too.

Nyx invited Heps to stay for dinner. The little ferret was clearly tempted but hesitated, feeling too embarrassed to accept.

"It's okay; just don't be shy," Nyx reassured him. "Now that you've taken Zayne as your master, consider us your family. This is your home now."

Heps froze. To him, "family" was a foreign concept. He never thought he would have a home in this lifetime. Tears welled up and streamed down his fur. He couldn't help but throw himself at Nyx, crying.

Before he could land in her arms, Zayne unceremoniously grabbed him by the scruff of his neck.

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Nyx was speechless. She thought. Is he seriously jealous of a kid?

In her eyes, twelve year-old Heps was just a junior in need of care. Sure, he was cute, but her fondness was purely one meant for small animals there was nothing more to it.

Heps felt the same way. He only had the utmost respect for Nyx. But when he took his first bite of dinner, that respect ebared to an entirely new level

"Do you want another plate?" Nyx asked, staring in shock as the scrawny male devoured an entire plate of food in two minutes. She thought. Is he going to overeat and get sick?

Heps clearly had been malnourished for a long time. Nyx had been through that before—when she'd been starving for too long, her stomach couldn't handle much food at once. She had to ease into it gradually. So she knew that feeling.

Still, Heps was eating so fast and so much.

"Let him eat," Zayne said, refilling Heps' plate and giving Nyx a reassuring nod. "It's fine."

Zayne knew that male bodies were sturdier and more resilient. Heps wouldn't suffer from overeating—if anything, it would only help him recover faster.

And just as Zayne predicted, in just one month, Heps' body filled out like an inflating balloon. He went from a skinny twig to a well-proportioned build and even grew taller.

At lunch break, a sudden commotion broke out in the classroom.

"Something smells amazing. What is that?"

"Whose lunch smells this good?"

"Heps, is that you?"

A tall, burly boy strode over, reaching out without hesitation. "Where'd you get this fancy food? Hand it over. I want it."

He was the class bully. Because he was big and strong, he acted tyrannically, frequently picking on other students.

His father held a high-ranking position in the education department, so teachers often turned a blind eye to his behavior, letting him get away with his antics.

For someone like Heps—a refugee from Desolate Planet with no status or background—he was the perfect target for bullying.

"No." Heps decisively stored the lunchbox into his Space Button, rejecting the request without hesitation.

If it were anything else, he might have given it up—less trouble, less hassle. After living on Desolate Planet for so many years, he was used to avoiding conflict. But this was the lunch that Nyx brought him. He decided that there was no way he would hand it over.

The chubby boy threw a punch at Heps. "What did you just say?"

His fist hit nothing but air, and with a loud thud, he crashed into the table. His fury grew even stronger as he lunged forward to snatch Heps' Space Button.

In his mind, Heps was just like a skinny little monkey—someone who would topple over with a single push. But once they actually started fighting, he realized that he couldn't win. In just a few exchanges, his confidence shattered.

What was even worse—his class rep actually joined in, helping Heps.

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Two against one. The fight quickly became one-sided.

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Half an hour later. The chubby boy's father rushed in. "What happened here?"

His eyes carried a threatening glint.

The teacher hadn't expected him to come and stood there, flustered.

The teacher talked to the other students to find out what had happened after he broke up the fight. When he learned that the chubby boy had been the one causing trouble by bullying his classmate, he knew what he



had to do.

But considering that the boy's parents were difficult to deal with, he decided not to escalate the issue to them. Instead, he simply called Heps and the class rep to his office for some words of comfort.

Heps was well-behaved. He even shared a piece of his food with the teacher and the class rep.

But just as they started eating, an uninvited guest barged into the office. The teacher nearly choked on the

food.

He quickly spat it out, forced a smile onto his face, and tried to calm the chubby boy's father down.

But the man refused to let it go. "My son is hurt. You must call the other kid's parents so we can have a proper

talk."

The teacher hesitated. He thought, 'Where would Heps even find parents? He's an orphan-from Desolate Planet, of all places.'

The teacher didn't even dare look at Heps' expression. Lowering his voice, he explained the situation to the chubby boy's father.

"An orphan? No parents?" The man sneered, sizing up Heps. "Then just expel him. Fighting is surely a bad behavior-he doesn't deserve the Empire's sponsorship."

"Why should he be expelled? I was part of the fight too. You can call my parents." The class rep stepped forward angrily, shielding Heps.

Amid the chaos, Heps quietly spoke, "Well, I can call my guardian."

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Chapter 186

Heps pulled up his Intelliger Brain and reluctantly sent a message to Zayne.

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He didn't want to trouble Zayne his master, but Zayne had told him to take his studies seriously. If he actually

got expelled. there was no way he could hide it from Zayne.

"Isn't he an orphan? What guardian? The chubby boy's father asked mockingly.

The teacher was just as confused. He had never heard of Heps being adopted.

But then he recalled the carefully prepared, exquisite lunch. That kind of food wasn't something one could easily buy, and if it was, it definitely wasn't within Heps budget.

Now that he thought about it. Heps had been looking a lot healthier lately, as if he had been taken care of properly.

Realizing this, the teacher secretly felt relieved He thought, Whoever has taken Heps in clearly has both the financial means and the willingness to care for him

The chubby boy's father scoffed, "He probably just hired a fake guardian to fool us."

He then thought, "More likely, it is just some welfare worker. I think I've got to flex some muscles with this so- called guardian. Kids like this need strict supervision

A knock came at the office door. The chubby boy's father let out a cold snort. "That was quick. Let's talk about compensation first-

He turned around mid-sentence, but as soon as he saw the person at the door, his voice abruptly cut off. He saw Zayne.

If it were Zayne alone, it wouldn't have been a big deal. Sure, Zayne was young and capable, but he had no authority here. But Nyx was here too.

The chubby boy's father broke out in a cold sweat. He knew that Nyx not only had a group of powerful mates but also possessed terrifying influence—she could ruin him effortlessly.

"Y-You... His mind was in chaos, and he couldn't organize his words.

He thought, What's the connection between Nyx and this Heps? Maybe it's just a coincidence... They could just be here to inspect the school-not summoned by Heps after all:

While he tried to thus comfort himself, he watched Nyx stride toward Heps, checking Heps' face and arms with concern. Upon spotting several bruises, Nyx immediately frowned.

The chubby boy's father felt a chill in his heart. He struggled to compose himself, pulled his son over, and forced a smile. "Don't worry, it's just a scuffle between kids. My son is actually hurt worse."

That was a lame excuse in Zayne's eyes.

Heps glanced at Nyx's expression and defended. "I didn't start it. He tried to steal the lunch you brought me."

"What lunch?" The chubby boy's father was incredulous. "My kid doesn't lack food-why would he steal yours?"

He gave the chubby boy a shove. "Tell me, is that true?"

The bruised chubby boy, oblivious to the situation, shouted and cried, "Yeah. I wanted his food. Why wouldn't he just give it to me?"

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His mouth was suddenly covered by his father's hand.

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The father's face turned an ugly shade. Forcing a smile, he apologized to Nyx, and then kicked the chubby boy hard, making him fall to the ground before dragging him away.

Feeling guilty, he left in a hurry, as if fleeing from a beast, terrified to exchange even one more word with Nyx.

Nyx watched the farce unfold with a cold stare. She despised people who hid their embarrassment by beating their children, but she thought, 'Still, the chubby boy did need some discipline!

"This isn't the first time he's bullied a classmate. He should've been suspended or expelled long ago," the teacher explained to Nyx with a bitter smile. "But his father's got some minor authority, so it's been hard to deal with."

"What does his father do for work?" Nyx probed.

Upon discovering that he was employed in the education department, she frowned, resolved to resort to Aurelius. She was determined not to allow a male of his caliber to corrupt the Empire's future.

Turning to the class rep, Nyx's expression softened as she invited him to visit her home.

"Y-Yes." The class rep's face was dreamy, unable to recover for a long time. He thought, 'I'm actually invited by Lord Nyx.'

The news spread like wildfire through the entire school. The other students in the class were green with envy. They thought, 'If we'd known, we would've cozied up to Heps ages ago.'

They didn't expect that an orphan from a Desolate Planet somehow latched onto Zayne and caught Lord Nyx's eye. Not just that, he was the one who discovered an important medicinal herb and had been honored by the Empire.

It was all because Heps was too low-key, never showing off the slightest hint before.

The class rep was on cloud nine the whole day. After school, as he stuck close to Heps, anxiety finally crept in. "What should I do? I don't know proper etiquette. Do I need to bow first? In what order? What should I say?"

Females cared a lot about manners-it was a sign of respect toward them.

At home, the class rep was always respectful to his mother, and they were just an ordinary family. Nyx was the Empire's most noble female, so her household must have way more rules.

Heps was momentarily stunned. "No need. Lord Nyx doesn't care about those things."

"Huh?" The class rep looked puzzled. "Really?" Seeing the sincerity on Heps' face, he finally believed it.

As soon as he stepped inside and saw the room filled with high-ranking powerhouses, the calm he'd just regained shattered. He shivered, nearly falling to the ground.

It was his first time seeing Aurelius and Felix

up

close.

Surrounded by big shots, the class rep didn't dare to make a move, sitting stiffly close to Heps.

Fortunately, being a young male, he was quick to recover from the shock.

The moment he tasted something delicious, his eyes lit up, and he forgot all his nervousness.

By the end of the meal, he realized that the big shots were far more approachable than he had imagined. He even gathered the courage to ask for a photo and an autograph.

When he got home, his mother screamed and kissed his face. "Oh my. A signed photo from Lord Nyx."

She took the autograph from her son, overjoyed. "You're amazing."

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The class rep's face turned bright red-he had never experienced such enthusiastic motherly love before. Even his father benefited from this incident, receiving extra bedroom visits from his mother.

His mother's other mates had no complaints about that. After all, having a child in the family invited to dine with Nyx was an honor for family member.

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The chubby troublemaker was suspended for reflection and never returned to school.

A few days later, a classmate mysteriously shared the latest news with Heps. "That annoying fat brat transferred schools. His father got caught with a ton of serious issues. It looks like he's facing punishment- maybe even prison."

The entire education department underwent a full investigation. Those who had colluded with his father were in deep trouble, cursing him bitterly. 'If he hadn't messed up, we wouldn't have been implicated.

For the first time, Heps felt what it was like to have someone backing him up.

He couldn't suppress his emotions and opened Intelligent Brain to send Nyx another message of gratitude.

Nyx: [You are totally welcome. Just focus on your studies. There's good food waiting for you when you get

home.]

The antidote for AeroMist was finally developed—a major breakthrough. The family prepared a grand feast to celebrate, and as the key contributor, Heps was, of course, included.

During dinner, Nyx happily took out a jar of wine she had brewed earlier and poured a little for everyone.

When it was Heps' turn, she waved him off. "Kids can't drink."

Then, she poured herself a full cup.

After downing it in one go, her face visibly flushed. Her mates watched as she poured herself another cup, hesitant to speak.

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Most interstellar liquors were too strong and harsh. To make this batch of wine, Nyx had specially brewed a low-alcohol

version.

But she never had a clear understanding of her own alcohol tolerance.

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Back on Earth, she had never dared to drink until she was drunk, always refusing alcohol outright. Now, in the safety of her own home, she let herself relax a little.

After three cups of wine, her gaze turned unfocused. She started humming happily, a bright smile spreading across her face -completely different from her usual calm demeanor. She was totally drunk.

The males exchanged glances.

Nyx reached for another pour, but Felix firmly grabbed her wrist.

"No more, Nyx," he said, showing the authority of an elder.

Drunk and slow to react, Nyx struggled a little but soon realized she couldn't overpower him. She pouted in displeasure, and then suddenly leaned in and kissed Felix.

Felix froze for half a second, completely caught off guard.

Kissing her mates was nothing new, but this time, Nyx was entirely different.

Before, she had always seemed shy, closing her eyes obediently during kissing. Now, she was bold and passionate, staring at Felix with bright, unblinking eyes.

Felix felt at a loss, unsure how to handle her.

After the kiss, Nyx lost interest in drinking. She cupped her face in her hands, scanning the room, sizing up all the males

present.

Only the best of the best could become Nyx's mates, so they were all exceptionally good-looking.

Unusually, Nyx refrained from praising their appearance, but in her intoxicated condition, she couldn't hide the admiration emanating from her gaze.

No male could resist his matron looking at him like that.

Heps sat at the dining table

would be too disrespectful.

feeling incredibly awkward. He thought, 'I probably shouldn't be here, but leaving outright

After some thought, he transformed into

a ferret, hoping to sneak away unnoticed.

" he spotted him. "A little mouse."

"Ah." Nyx's eyes lit up as

Heps froze, a warm feeling overwhelming him.

And sure enough, in the blink of an eye, he landed in Nyx's embrace, inhaling her sweet scent as he was gently rubbed into a dizzy haze.

This feeling was so strange, yet so blissful for him.

A warmth he had never known surged through Heps who had never experienced motherly love.

But in less than two seconds, his happiness was abruptly cut short as Zayne grabbed him by the scruff and yanked him out

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of Nyx's arms.

Barely suppressing his jealousy, Zayne urged, "Just go ahead. Pack up whatever dishes you want from the table and take them with you."

"Master." Heps spoke in a barely audible voice. He had originally wanted to say a few words of farewell, but seeing that no one seemed to have the time to entertain him, he immediately gave up.

Instead, he quickly picked out a few pieces of braised chicken, packed a box of rice, drizzled some meat broth over it, and prepared his dinner before making a swift exit.

The ferret left without looking back, afraid of seeing something he shouldn't.

Nyx opened her eyes, stared blankly for a moment, and then buried her face into the pillow, as if trying to suffocate herself.

Though she had been drunk, she hadn't blacked out-her memories remained crystal clear. Thinking back, she felt embarrassed.

She thought, 'Such a stupid thing have I done. It's all due to the alcohol.

Nyx silently swore to quit drinking forever.

Exhausted beyond measure, she barely stayed awake for long before slipping back into a drowsy haze, not even bothering to drink a nutrient supplement.

Zayne performed two thorough medical scans on her. Only after confirming that everything was normal did he feel slightly reassured.



Yet Nyx remained lethargic for several days, unable to fully recover. Not only was she excessively sleepy, but she had also lost her appetite. The sight of greasy, rich foods made her nauseous.

Since the symptoms weren't severe

and her medical checkups had shown no issues, she brushed off the oddities and chose not to tell her mates, fearing they would worry.

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By late morning, the sun had climbed high.

Having missed breakfast, Nyx still hadn't emerged from her room even as lunchtime approached.

Theon hesitated for a moment before knocking on her door.

Lately, Nyx had been sleeping in, but she had never slept this late before.

After knocking a few times with no response, Theon got worried. He immediately pushed the door open.

The room was empty. Nyx was nowhere to be seen.

"Nyx?" Theon searched the entire house and even checked all of Nyx's favorite spots in the estate, but she was nowhere to be found.

He sent her a message but received no reply, so he was in a full-blown panic.

As soon as the others learned that Nyx had disappeared, they abandoned their work and rushed home, their faces dark with

worry.

Just as they were considering who could have possibly taken Nyx from right under their noses, an image simultaneously flashed through all their minds.

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A foreign, blue planet was there. Its technological advancement was mediocre, still far from reaching interuela confizain The inhabitants looked similar to them but lacked the ability to shift into beast form. Their physical capabilities seemed to be below E-level

"Is this the planet Nyx once lived on?" Since it was about Nyx, they reacted swiftly. They had all memorized Nyx's descriptions of Earth, so it was easy to make the connection.

"Yes, she is there now, answered an unfamiliar voice-one that was ancient and ageless, impossible to determine if its belonged to a male or a female.

The males were shaken to their cores, thinking. Is this the Beast God?

"Can you bring Nyx back?" The males were all visibly anxious.

Not only did they fear never seeing Nyx again, but they also worried about the suffering she might endure. After all, Nyx's past life on that planet had been anything but pleasant.

Even the Divine Tree was growing restless. "I am currently working to merge the two worlds, the Divine Tree explained "Once the process is complete, she will be able to return home."

Nyx was its child, sharing the same source of power. Having already traveled between worlds before, she had now been locked as an anchor connecting the two. Her presence on the other side would accelerate and stabilize the fusion of both realms.

This was not the Divine Tree's intention-it had simply been unable to intervene in time.

Now that things had come to this, forcibly retrieving Nyx would only backfire. Even if they managed to bring her back, she would likely be pulled back to the other world again, creating even more danger.

"I have left a mark on her," the Divine Tree continued. "I can maintain a connection with her. If you have anything you wish to send to her, you may bring it to me at any time."

"I do." Theon shot to his feet. "Beast God, please send me to her?"

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### Chapter 188

"Is it possible?" The males looked at the Divine Tree with hopeful eyes.

They all wanted to be by their beloved Nyx's side.

The Divine Tree remained silent for a long time before agreeing, "Yes."

But its power was limited and couldn't be wasted carelessly—it could only send two people to accompany Nyx at most.

After some discussion and competition, the other spot was given to Erik.

The others held important positions and couldn't disappear for too long, making Theon and Erik the most suitable choices.

The sun was blazing. The racetrack was filled with noise and excitement.

A few wealthy nepo babies who enjoyed horse racing had organized the event. Out of a desire to show off, they hadn't cleared the venue.

A large crowd had gathered to watch, with some taking photos and even livestreaming.

Even the noisy surroundings failed to wake Nyx. She lay on the soft grass nearby, sleeping soundly.

That was until an intense sense of danger jolted Nyx awake.

She sat up abruptly, not bothering to figure out where she was, and followed the sound of the disturbance.

A tall, white horse was charging forward as fast as fast could be. The man riding it was clearly unable to control the horse, bouncing around in terror, about to be thrown off.

At such high speed, falling would mean at best broken bones and, at worst, death.

There was no time to waste-Nyx quickly whistled in that direction.

The white horse's attention was immediately caught, and it changed direction, charging straight toward her. "Who's that?"

"Where did this girl come from?"

"Is she crazy? Doesn't she know she could be trampled to death?"

The crowd gasped in shock, unable to comprehend why someone would rush toward danger.

The livestream chat was filled with curses.

[What the hell is this woman doing?]

[Shit. Did she just provoke Hill?]

[Holy shit.]

[Is she insane?]

[If she wants to die, fine, but don't drag my prince charming down with her.]

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(If Archie really gets hurt, the Cook family will definitely kill this crazy woman.)

(Nooooo.)

Archie Cook on the horse saw that he was about to collide with someone and yanked the reins with all his might.

His own injuries didn't matter to him, but if he ended up killing someone, his dad would beat him to death. Whether it was due to his grip on the reins or not, the white horse, Hill, seemed to slow down slightly.

But the crisis wasn't over—Archie couldn't keep his legs tight enough to maintain balance, and his body started tilting.

Suddenly, Nyx reached out and steadied him. She had timed it perfectly-she flipped onto the horse and yanked the man back just as he was about to fall.

Ever since her body had recovered, she had become far more agile than most humans on Earth. Those enhancement serums had pushed her physical abilities far beyond the norm. She was used to riding alongside her mate in beast form- handling a mere horse was effortless.

“Easy, easy..... whoa-” Nyx commanded the horse steadily.

The white horse seemed to understand and slowed down even more.

As Nyx shifted her weight back and gently pulled the reins, the horse gradually came to a stop.

Still catching his breath, Archie hurriedly jumped down. He landed awkwardly, twisting his ankle, but the sheer relief left him too weak to care-he just collapsed to the ground.

He looked up at Nyx as his savior.

Nyx had appeared out of nowhere and was now sitting atop the white horse, her exquisite features bathed in sunlight, as breathtaking as a painting.

In that daze, Archie felt his heart skipping a beat.

Little girls dreamed of meeting a prince on a white horse-he had just met a princess. To be more exact, she was like a goddess to him.

The wild and untamable Hill, who had always been a nightmare in his hands, was as docile as a lamb under Nyx's. "Are you okay? You're not hurt, are you?" Nyx spoke to him, and just as he expected, her voice was beautiful.

Archie remained in a trance, unable to respond.

After the butler and a few friends helped him up, he quickly called out to Nyx before she left, hoping to add her on WhatsApp.

After all this time, hearing the name of this app again felt strangely unfamiliar to Nyx.

"I don't have WhatsApp." She shook her head.

Archie thought this was just an excuse to reject him, but he refused to give up. "Then can I have your phone number? I promise I won't bother you. You know who I am, right? I'm Archie Cook."

As the sole heir of the prestigious Cook Group, he had never been one to keep a low profile. With his high public visibility, hardly anyone didn't recognize him.

Nyx had heard of his name before, but she never paid attention to him. She had no idea what he looked like, only that he had a lot of fangirls.

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Archie was indeed good-looking. With his privileged background and bachelor status, he was a rare catch- naturally

attractive to women

But Nyx had long been spoiled by her mates. In her eyes, Archie was utterly ordinary.

She calmly shook her head. I don't have a phone

Before she crossed over, she had been fleeing from a forced marriage. Her phone and identification documents had been confiscated by that family long ago and were no longer in her possession

Archie was rendered speechless, and he was severely shaken. This was the first time he had taken the initiative to pursue a woman, only to be rejected so brutally.

Just as Nyx was about to turn and leave, she suddenly heard the voice of the Divine Tree, causing her steps to halt. "Nyx. don't be afraid."

The Divine Tree explained the reason for her return to Earth, soothing her emotions and reassuring her not to panic. It promised her that it would accelerate the process of merging the two worlds.

Nyx felt as if a weight had been lifted off her shoulders and let out a long breath.

As long as the two worlds merged, she could go home.

"One more thing," the Divine Tree added. "Your two mates, Theon and Erik, will soon be by your side."

Nyx was stunned. She thought, 'Is it really necessary to drag them into this? Earth is actually quite safe:

But since the Divine Tree had already brought them here, she could only nod. "Alright."

Having her mates with her would certainly make her happier.

Nyx came back to her senses and found Archie staring at her excitedly. "Really?"

"What?" asked Nyx.

"Dinner. Didn't you just agree?" Archie's smile stiffened as he clasped his hands together in a pleading gesture. "Please, give me a chance to thank you.

Nyx was rendered speechless. She couldn't exactly tell him that she hadn't been talking to him just now.

"If you really want to thank me, do me a favor," she said after some thought.

"What is it? Just say it." Archie nodded immediately.

Nyx answered, "Help me find a place to live. I'll pay you rent."

Without an ID, finding a place to stay was a bit of a hassle for her.

"Okay, no problem. No need for rent," Archie agreed without hesitation, not even questioning why she needed his help. "What kind of place do you want?" Even a villa or a seaside apartment was no problem for him. "Somewhere with good privacy, and big enough for three people." Nyx only had these two requirements. With the housing issue settled, she suddenly remembered another pressing problem. She had just been broadcast live. If that family saw her, they would definitely come looking for trouble.

Nyx thought for a moment and switched Intelligent Brain into operational mode. Putting on an earpiece, she whispered to the AI system, "Search for ways to legally sever ties with adoptive parents."

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Despite her being in a different world, it was easy for advanced technology to infiltrate a less-developed one.

The Intelligent Brain quickly connected to Earth's networks and databases. Within two seconds, it returned

with results.

The first part contained legal procedures for terminating an adoption. The second part was a collection of

criminal evidence.

As Nyx listened, her expression grew more and more complicated. She thought, 'Human trafficking? I was

purchased by that family from traffickers?

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It had been too long ago, and there were hardly any traces of the original transaction.

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But after Nyx went missing, that family-feeling cheated-actually contacted the traffickers to demand a refund. Their chat logs became new evidence.

Nyx was rendered speechless. When a situation was so absurd, all she could do was laugh.

Hearing her chuckle, Archie stole a glance at her. "By the way, I still don't know your name?"

Nyx snapped back to reality, her expression returning to normal. "Nyx Voss."

"Got it." Archie trailed after her. "Let's just have a meal together first?"

"Fine, if not dinner, then let me take you to see the house." Archie was surprisingly considerate.

Meanwhile, the livestream was blowing up, and the viewership skyrocketed.

Seeing Archie's eager behavior, his fangirls felt jealous. But they had to admit, Nyx's heroic display earlier had left them in awe. They couldn't help but respect her.

In a cramped house filled with the stench of mold and rotten food, a bald middle-aged man suddenly shouted, "Mom. Isn't this Nyx?"

"Why are you yelling?" an old woman scolded from the kitchen. "Why bring up that dead girl all of a sudden?"

"No, Mom. Look." The middle-aged man thrust his phone in front of the old woman, showing her the livestream. "That's Nyx, right?"

The old woman rubbed her eyes, momentarily unsure. She thought, "That wretched girl-is this really her?' In her memory, Nyx had been as thin as a ghost, wearing oversized clothes that hung loosely on her frail frame, shoulders always hunched in submission.



But the girl on screen exuded health and confidence. Dressed stylishly, she looked every bit the wealthy young lady—like someone from an entirely different world. Yet, she still looked undeniably familiar.

“If it's really her, does that mean we don't have to pay back that 150 thousand dollars?”  
The old woman's eyes gleamed with

interest.

Ever since Nyx disappeared, that divorced man had been hounding them for repayment. But the money had long been squandered by her grandson's gambling. There was no way she could pay back.

If they got Nyx back and married her off to that divorced man, the 150 thousand dollars debt would be wiped clean.

The bald middle-aged man snorted. "150 thousand dollars? That's nothing. Mom, she's landed herself a rich man. Look at the guy next to her—he's a nationally famous nepo baby. You need to think bigger."

“Huh?” The old woman was stunned. After hearing her son's explanation, she was dazed for a long while. She thought, 'How many billions in assets is that nepo baby having? Could we really latch onto such a golden opportunity?'

"Quick. Contact Nyx and tell her to send us 150 thousand dollars to settle that old marriage deal." The old woman urged her son to act fast before Nyx got too involved with the rich nepo baby.

The bald man was eager to reach out but had no direct means. Nyx's phone was still at home.

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thought, he decided to DM the owner of the livestream, claiming to be Nyx's relative.

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The livestreamer was one of Archie's friends.

His inbox was flooded daily, and he usually ignored messages, leaving his account to his asset

The internet was full of all sorts of scammers, and the assistant had seen plenty trying to dem com

But this time, the story sounded oddly specific, making the assistant hesitate before reporting it to his boss

The message made its way to Archie, and then to Nyx.

"Are they really your family?" Archie asked Nyx.

Something felt off to him. He thought, 'If they were really her family, why message a stranger instead of contacting Seyx directly? Did they really have to come to me just to beat around the bush? There's no way- Kyoudat poudry not to have a phone, right?

Yet, it turned out Nyx really didn't have a phone with her. She turned to Archie and asked, "Can you lend me a member you

don't use often? I need to contact them."

Although Archie was puzzled, he handed one over without hesitation.

As soon as the call went through, it was picked up almost instantly.

A middle-aged man's eager voice came through. "Hello? Nyx? Is that you?"

Before Nyx could respond, the phone was snatched away.

Amidst the chaotic scuffle: "Let me!" "Give it to me!" "I'll talk to her!"-the phone ended up in the old woman's hands.

She immediately started cursing Nyx, saying the most unpleasant things she could think of, and even stringing together a barrage of insults. She scolded Nyx for disappearing without a word, causing them trouble.

The balding middle-aged man tried to stop her, mouthing words to remind her to be nicer to Nyx. After all, Nyx was their future cash cow,

The old woman shoved her son aside and rolled her eyes. "I know better than you."

She thought that only by keeping Nyx in check could they make Nyx obedient.

Back in the poor village, when she was young, she had never heard of women being coaxed into submission. They were always beaten and scolded into obedience.

Nyx calmly moved her phone a little farther from her ear. She had heard worse before.

Archie curiously leaned in to listen and was utterly shocked. He had never encountered people like this before. Today was truly an eye-opener for him.

The old woman finally ran out of curses, panting for breath, and got to the point. "150 thousand dollars. Transfer 150 thousand dollars home right now. Pay back your wedding gift money."

"150 thousand dollars in wedding gift money?" Nyx asked unhurriedly. "Why don't I know anything about that? I don't think I ever had that money in my hands."

"Don't play dumb with me." The old woman exploded instantly. "So what if it wasn't in your hands? Few families would let the bride hold onto the wedding gift. You know that fact, right?"

That 150 thousand dollars was originally meant for her eldest grandson's wedding, but he gambled it all away, with not a single cent left. Worse, he was now deep in debt.

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Their family had been worrying about how to cover that debt, and now that the missing Nyx had resurfaced, it was as if heaven had sent them a solution.

Nyx had no intention of being their scapegoat. "The money was never given to me. Why should I pay it back?"

"Bullshit." The old woman was furious. If Nyx were in front of her, she would've beaten her to death for talking

back.

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She threatened Nyx. "What will your rich boyfriend think if he finds out you took someone else's wedding gift money? You think he'll still want you?"

In the old woman's mind, accepting a wedding gift meant a woman was already married and belonged to that

family.

Nyx fell silent for a moment. She thought, 'What? Rich boyfriend?'

Her confusion made her hesitate to respond.

To the old woman, Nyx's reaction meant she was scared. The threat had worked.

She immediately pushed her advantage. "150 thousand isn't enough. Let's make it a good amount-send us a

million."

Archie's family had billions. Just a drop from his fingers would be enough for them to live comfortably.

Nyx shook her head and chuckled speechlessly. She didn't say yes or no. Instead, she abruptly changed the subject and asked, "You bought me from human traffickers, didn't you?"

"How do you know?" The old woman had no legal awareness and didn't think there was anything wrong with saying it out loud.

She admitted it openly and even mocked Nyx. "What, you think just because you weren't born into this family, you don't have to pay us back?"

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The old woman continued, "Listen. You ate our food and drank our water all these years. You grew up in our house, so you owe us. Understand?"

She thought, 'So what if Nyx was bought? Back then, plenty of child brides in the poor village had been bought. They all had to be grateful and work obediently for their new families.'

At first, their family bought Nyx to raise her as a child bride. But as she grew up, she became too beautiful—dearly not someone meant for a quiet, obedient life. So they changed their minds and decided to sell her off for a good price instead.

The old woman was about to start another tirade when she suddenly heard a beeping sound from the phone.

Nyx had hung up.

The balding middle-aged man heard the old woman curse and saw her furiously trying to smash her phone on the ground. He quickly stopped her.

The outcome was obviously bad.

"I'll think of something." The balding man reassured his mother. "We'll find a way to deal with her."

Nyx's ID was still in their hands, so they could use it to threaten Nyx.

After hanging up, Nyx obtained a complete recording of the call.

She submitted the recording, along with chat logs collected by the Intelligent Brain system, as evidence to the police.

Archie volunteered to drive her, tagging along like her shadow. Several times, he seemed like he wanted to say something, trying to comfort her but not knowing how. "So, you ran away from home? You really don't have a phone?"

"That's right," Nyx spread her hands innocently. "I don't even have my ID with me."

While filing the report, she also mentioned this and requested the police's help in retrieving her illegally withheld documents.

"If you trust me, I can arrange a lawyer for you." Archie finally figured out how he could help and patted his chest confidently.

The Cook family had a large legal team, so they would undoubtedly handle this matter for Nyx flawlessly. "Thank you." Nyx solemnly expressed her gratitude to him.

As a token of appreciation, she gave Archie a warning: "You'd better withdraw from the bidding for that land in Copward. There's something underneath it."

This was information she had obtained from the Intelligent Brain system.

To her, Archie was a stranger she had just met. She wasn't reckless in giving out her trust, so she had the Intelligent Brain conduct a thorough background check on him, even uncovering the project he had recently taken an interest in and planned to bid on.

The system also checked whether there were any issues with the project. To her surprise, the underground scan revealed an ancient tomb site. Clearly, that piece of land was not suitable for commercial development.

From the information provided by the Intelligent Brain, Archie seemed like a nice guy. Nyx didn't want him to suffer unnecessary losses, so she gave him a serious warning.

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“Alright,” Archie responded, confused, while temporarily agreeing,

He had no idea where Nyx got her information from and assumed she was just talking nonsense. He didn't Willy bellew her, but he still made a mental note of it

Suddenly, his phone vibrated. Archie clicked on the livestream link sent by a friend, and his face instantly turned red with

anger.

He thought, 'How could there be such shameless people?

The title of the livestream was targeting Nyx: [We're Waiting for You to Come Home)

An old woman sat in front of the camera, saying nothing. She was just silently shedding tears while clutching Nyx's ID card

Behind her stood a large family, led by a middle-aged man with a balding head, sighing heavily, "We've been searching for you since last March, and now we finally have news,

"Yes, we're poor, and life here isn't as good as outside, but we don't ask for much. We just want you to come back and see

Grandma,"

Riding on Archie's popularity, the livestream quickly gained traction.

[What's going on?]

[Is this the woman who saved Archie at the racetrack?]

[Damn, I thought she was a good girl.]

[So she's just an ungrateful runaway? She latched onto a rich guy and abandoned her family?]

[Poor old lady, please accept my internet hug.]

-People naturally sympathized with the weak.

The audience was easily led by emotions. Most of them couldn't bear to see an elderly person so miserable and started sending donations to comfort her.

As the donation amount soared, her eldest grandson, unable to contain his excitement, secretly smirked. Suddenly, there was a loud knock on the door.

The house was old and shabby-any knock echoed through the entire place, startling even the livestream viewers.

The eldest grandson's smile froze. He didn't dare open the door, afraid that debt collectors had come again. But the knocking persisted, disrupting the livestream. The old woman gave her second son a meaningful look.

The second son was the father of the eldest grandson. Receiving his mother's signal, he pulled his son aside and secretly transferred him some money, whispering, "Go and calm them down first. Tell them we'll have money soon and that we'll definitely pay off the debt."

The eldest grandson did as instructed, feeling a surge of excitement.

That gambling debt had been troubling him for so long-finally, he was about to get rid of it.

He puffed up his chest and pulled the door open forcefully. But the moment he saw the police uniforms outside, he instantly deflated like a punctured balloon.

He thought, 'Did they come to arrest me? For gambling?'

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His face turned deathly pale, and he stood frozen in panic.

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He lost the ability to think. After a moment of blankness, his instincts kicked in-he shoved the police officers aside and

bolted.

"Catch him." The police officer shouted.

If he hadn't run, things might have been fine. But the moment he did, it confirmed his guilt, and the officers immediately tackled him to the ground.

The livestream couldn't capture what was happening, but the audience could hear the commotion.

[What's going on?]

[?]

[What just happened?]

A police officer appeared in the frame, and soon, the livestream was forcibly shut down.

The gossip-hungry audience, left hanging, went into a frenzy, speculating wildly until the incident trended on

social media.

Soon, rumors surfaced-it was all because

of gambling.

A few days later, when the police report was released, everyone finally learned that this family was involved in

a criminal case of purchasing a trafficked girl.

During the search for evidence, there were additional unexpected discoveries: Not only was the eldest grandson a gambler, but his father was also involved in gambling. The father and son often went out to

gamble together.

The balding middle-aged man, who was Nyx's so-called adoptive father, had a history of multiple thefts-he was a habitual thief.

It could be said that the entire family was rotten to the core.

The onlookers were completely stunned.

Those who had sincerely donated money to them during the livestream felt utterly ashamed and outraged.

Fortunately, the platform had not yet transferred the money to the family's account and was able to refund it to

the donors.

Having learned their lesson, the audience swore to be more discerning in the future and to never blindly trust one-sided stories again.

"They're all apologizing to you now, saying they feel bad for you," Archie laughed as he scrolled through online discussions, sharing them with Nyx.



"By the way, about that land in Copward-I took your advice and didn't bid on it," he said in a fawning tone.

In truth, he still really wanted that piece of land, but he didn't want to go against Nyx's wishes. After all, he had some feelings toward Nyx now. After thinking it over, he ultimately decided to give up on the bid.

He thought, 'It's just a piece of land-if I can't have it, I'll let it go. If listening to Nyx makes her happy, then it's

worth it.'

When their friends gathered and talked about it, they all called Archie a fool.

"When did you turn into such a love-struck idiot?"

"That was prime real estate, and you just gave it up?"

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"What does a girl with no experience in the real world know?" one of Archie's friends asked, thinking, 'An outsider has casually made a remark, yet Archie has actually followed through with it.'"

Another friend asked Archie, "You're not serious about this, are you?"

People from their background had been exposed to everything from a young age-there was never a shortage of girls for sex. Archie had never officially had a girlfriend, but he was far from inexperienced.

Yet, under his friend's scrutinizing gaze, Archie uncharacteristically flushed and admitted, "Yeah, I'm serious." From the moment Nyx had saved him from falling off the horse, he had felt like he had found his true love-he was completely hooked.

If Nyx was willing, he truly wanted to have a proper relationship with her and never fool around again. "You must be insane." His friend shook his head repeatedly.

Sure, that girl was beautiful and had an elegant presence, but they thought her background was way too poor—there was no way she was a match for Archie.

They couldn't help but sneer, "Just don't regret it later."

They thought, "What woman could compare to actual, tangible benefits? Giving up prime real estate just to make a woman happy—it is no different from a king giving up on his kingdom just to amuse a consort."

It wasn't just his friends laughing at him—even Archie's own parents thought he had been bewitched, as Archie stopped drinking, stopped going to clubs, stopped traveling around for fun, and spent all his free time with Nyx.

Worried Archie was being scammed, Archie's parents thoroughly investigated Nyx's background. When they found out she was just a poor but pitiful girl and not a bad person, they were finally reassured.

If Nyx could truly make Archie settle down, that would be a blessing for them. On top of that, she was his lifesaver—they were more than satisfied with her.

The Cook family didn't care about social status or arranged marriages. As long as Archie liked someone, he could marry whomever he wanted.

Nyx gradually noticed Archie's feelings. Not wanting him to waste his efforts, she told him bluntly, "There's no way we can be together. You're a great person, but I just don't have those kinds of feelings for you."

She had already obtained her ID card and phone, paid market-rate rent to Archie, and even settled the legal fees. She was doing her best to draw a clear boundary between them.

During this time, Archie had helped her a lot, more than enough to repay her life-saving favor. Archie was deeply hurt.

Yet, since this was his first time earnestly pursuing someone he liked, he wasn't willing to give up so easily. "We've only just met—you don't need to rush to a conclusion. Can't you give me a chance?"

He considered himself good-looking, rich, and not a playboy. At the very least, he had no crazy exes or illegitimate children to bring her trouble.

Having been idolized by fangirls for so long, he was extremely confident in his charm. He truly didn't understand why Nyx wasn't interested in him.

Nyx straightforwardly told him, "Actually, I'm already married."

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Archie eredit, dundouded.

After a long silence, he couldn't help bw presa hand to hus forehead and laugh. "You're not about to tell me you even have kuds, are your to that why you read a place for the people

Before Nyx could respond, he duck his head to himself. Alright, soy lying to me. Fren if you want to reject me, don't come up with such a ridiculous exw You're making me look like a foot

If Nyx were really married, there was no way his parents wondre't have found out. They would have draggert him home by the ear instead of letting him pester a married women. Archie didn't believe is for a second.

"We don't have kids yet, Nyx sighed helplessly. "Pan I really am married. To not lying?"

"Then where's your husband? Archie pressed on "You've wffered so much, being bullied by that family all this time, and your husband hasn't stepped in to protect your

If such a useless man truly existed, then Archie wouldn't hesitate to steal her away

Unable to explain, Nyx could only vaguely say, "My husband is far away, but he's on his way to find me. He'll be here soon." After all, traveling from one world to another took time.

No matter how much she explained, Archie still didn't believe her. Unless he saw the man with his own eyes, he would assume Nyz was making excuses to deceive him.

But whether it was because Nyx's firm rejection had hurt him or made him realize he had no chance, Archie didn't appear before her again for several days.

Nyx enjoyed a few peaceful and leisurely days.

Using her Intelligent Brain, she gathered evidence on the human trafficker and anonymously reported it to the police, aiding them in bringing the criminal to justice. She also worked with a lawyer to nullify the adoption and officially remove her household registration from the family.

At this point, she no longer considered herself an Earth resident, and household registration wasn't particularly important to

her.

But it was a symbol of her complete break from that family, making it deeply significant.

After completing the procedures, Nyx treated herself to a feast to celebrate.

Unfortunately, her appetite wasn't big enough. Despite her best efforts, she barely made a dent in the dishes.

With no one to help her finish the food, she packed up the leftovers into her Space Button, feeling nostalgic about dining with her mates.

She wondered when Theon and Erik would arrive.

More than anything, she wished for the two worlds to merge soon so she could return home and reunite with all her mates.

At noon, a dilapidated old house had poor lighting, filled with clutter and garbage. Even in broad daylight, the interior remained dim.

"Fabian, can we delay a few more days? Look, my dad and uncle aren't home; I don't know anything." A blond-haired teenager stood timidly by the door, smiling obsequiously at the debt collector.

He was Yella, the son of the balding man, and Nyx's so-called younger brother.

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With his family either arrested or detained, he was the only one left in the house. Since he was underage and hadn't participated in the human trafficking or gambling, he managed to escape legal trouble.

But living alone, he was constantly on edge. After days of anxiety, the debt collectors finally came knocking. Fabian was the divorced man who had paid 150 thousand dollars in bride price to marry Nyx.

He wasn't someone to be trifled with-his face was thick with muscle, exuding menace. He showed no kindness to the balding man's son, slapping him hard across the face. "Delay my ass."

By now, everyone knew this family had been ruined by gambling. There was no money left-only debts. That 150 thousand dollars was likely gone for good. Fabian needed to act fast and find anything valuable in this house to sell, hoping to recover at least a fraction of his losses.

"No, please don't, Fabian." Yella watched in horror as he barged into the house and started ransacking it, sweating in panic. There really was money hidden in a cabinet-his grandmother's savings. If it got taken, he would have no way to survive. But what he feared most came true. Fabian smashed open the cabinet, revealing stacks of cash, bankbooks, and some gold and silver jewelry.

Without hesitation, he began moving everything out.

"Please, Fabian. Go after Nyx instead." Yella tried to block Fabian. "Didn't you pay 150 thousand dollars to marry her? She ran away—you should be looking for her. Just force her into marriage. She's your wife."

"Fuck off!" Fabian spat in disgust. "She's been taken by some nepo kid-she's not worth 150 thousand dollars anymore."

Yella shrank back. "T-then... maybe she can pay you back..."

Before he could finish, Fabian's large palm slapped him again. "Trying to use me, huh?" Still, he had to admit- it was worth a shot.

He needed to see if he could squeeze some money out of Nyx. The valuables in this cabinet weren't even close to 150 thousand dollars, so the rest had to come from her.

Fabian's eyes flickered with calculation. He thought, 'Now that Nyx has a rich man backing her, she wouldn't care about such a small sum. As long as I cause her some trouble, she would surely pay me to avoid trouble.'

Without further ado, Fabian ignored the sobbing Yella, carried off the cabinet's contents, and gathered a few men to head straight for Nyx.

The security at the upscale residential area was tight. Unable to enter, they hid from the guards and staked out the area outside.

Not far away, in a hidden corner, Archie sat in his car, narrowing his eyes as he observed the group of shady- looking men. He recognized Fabian as the man who wanted to marry Nyx.

There was no doubt in him that they were here for Nyx, and they didn't come with good intentions.

Archie immediately made a call, summoning his bodyguards. But with some thoughts of his own, he instructed them not to act just yet.

The bodyguards, of course, followed his orders, hiding in and waiting for the right moment to strike.

Fabian and his group had no idea. They had been baking under the sun all afternoon. It wasn't until dusk that

they finally

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spotted Nyx

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Nyx had just finished dinner and went out for a walk, strolling around the neighborhood a few times before deciding to go

farther.

The moment she stepped out of the complex, she felt an odd sense of danger. She scanned her surroundings and quickly locked onto Fabian and his crew.

Casually, she withdrew her gaze as if she hadn't seen them and kept walking.

As expected, they followed. When she reached a quieter stretch of road with fewer pedestrians, they hurried forward and surrounded her.

"Still remember me?" Fabian studied Nyx up close, his eyes lecherous as he reached out to touch her face.

It had been a long time. Nyx had grown even more beautiful than he remembered. Once a delicate little beauty, she had transformed into a radiant and healthy stunner-no wonder she managed to land a rich nepo baby.

Staring at her graceful figure and perfect face, Fabian suddenly felt she was worth that 150-thousand-dollar wedding gift after all.

To think he and that rich guy Archie sharing the same woman-he didn't feel like he was losing out.

Fabian's thoughts shifted in an instant. He didn't even bother asking for money anymore. Instead, he smirked and said, "Come on, let's go home. As long as you behave from now on, I won't hold anything against you."

Nyx frowned and dodged his hand.

"Tsk, what are you playing shy for?" Fabian sneered, reaching for her again, but she avoided him every time. After missing twice, he flew into a rage. "What's the big deal if I touch you? Didn't that rich guy grope you plenty?"

"You really don't know what's good for you," he snarled, raising his hand to slap her.

Fabian had been used to hitting women. His ex-wife had been beaten into a divorce. He thought a woman like Nyx, who didn't listen, deserved even worse.

Not far away, Archie had been watching th

there."

whole time. He couldn't hold back any longer and charged forward. "Stop right

With a loud shout, he grabbed Fabian's arm and twisted it behind his back.

The movements were swift and fluid.

Archie had already mapped out the whole "hero saves beauty" scenario in his head, and it played out just as smoothly as he imagined.

He puffed out his chest proudly and glanced at Nyx, thinking, 'See that? I'm the one you can rely on when things get tough. Way better than that so-called 'husband' of yours—where is he, anyway? Nowhere to be

seen.

His moment of triumph was instantly ruined as Fabian's lackeys rushed in, cursing and yelling, "Where the hell did this brat come from? Beat him to death."

Archie worked out and was in good shape. He had even trained in combat sports. But he had zero real fight experience— facing a gang of thugs all at once, panic set in.

His expression changed. "Nyx. Run."

A fist came flying at him. He let go of Fabian and barely dodged it, but he couldn't avoid the kick from behind. It sent him

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stumbling forward. Instinctively, he squeezed his eyes shut

Just as he was about to hit the ground, someone grabbed his shoulder, keeping him from cracking face-t

Is it the bodyguard? Archie let out a breath of relief.

But when he opened his eyes, his jaw nearly dropped.

A sharp whistling cut through the air as a petite, stunning Nyx swung a vicious punch-landing it squarely on Faris face

The hefty Fabian staggered from the impact, crashing against the wall with a heavy thud, stars spinning in his vision

Nyx spun gracefully, catching another attacker's strike with both hands and effortlessly throwing him aside. Then, without hesitation, she pivoted and kicked another assailant in the gut, sending him to his knees, vomiting from the pain.

In a matter of seconds, she had taken down three men. Without stopping, she went on the offensive, graking the fourth by the arm and delivering a clean elbow strike, instantly disabling him.

The last remaining thug still hadn't processed what was happening. He swore and charged at her-only to have his face slammed to the ground by a single palm strike from Nyx.

Everything happened too fast. The bodyguards had just prepared to step in, but the fight was already over. They could only stand there in shock, unable to utter a single word. They thought, thought, 'Nyx obviously knows combat techniques—bor isn't this girl's strength a little terrifying?

Even professional bodyguards like us wouldn't dare say we could take a punch from her. With strength like that, she could take down these thugs barehanded-no problem at all!

Archie swallowed hard. Nyx's violent side was now deeply engraved in his mind.

Any romantic thoughts he had instantly vanished. Love and affection were gone without a trace, leaving only pure awe.



"S—Sister....." He trembled as he gave Nyx a thumbs-up. "From today onward, you're my sister. My one and only sister."

The bodyguards also gazed at Nyx with admiration, unable to resist asking, "Have you been practicing martial arts since childhood?"

"Were you born this strong?"

"That last move-can I learn it?"

Nyx cleared her throat and nodded vaguely. There was no way she could tell them the truth.

All these moves were things her mecha-training mates had taught her. Before this, she had zero real combat experience- she had only fought against virtual opponents in training simulations. Compared to these weaklings, those virtual opponents actually seemed quite formidable.

As for her strength, it wasn't natural either-the real credit went to the serums Jaws had given her.

In the Beastmen Empire, her combat abilities wouldn't even be worth mentioning. Using the same strength on Jaws wouldn't even make him flinch-he'd probably think it was foreplay. But against these thugs, it was enough to leave them half-dead.

Nyx looked down at the bodies sprawled on the ground, scanning them coldly.

If Archie hadn't suddenly shown up, she had originally planned to beat these scumbags into the dirt-there was

no way she would've let them off this easily. She thought, 'For people like them, violence should be met with violence.'

They were nothing but cowards who bullied the weak and feared the strong-once beaten into submission, they wouldn't dare to cause trouble again.

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Even though Nys didn't follow through with her original plan of a full-on beatdown, Fabian and his gang were already severely injured and too afraid to lift their heads

Nyx withdrew her gaze and changed the topic, asking Archie, "Are you hurt?"

"No." Archie immediately stood up straight, puffing out his chest.

The moment he did, a sharp pain shot through his ankle, making him gasp for air.

His old injury from falling off a horse hadn't fully healed, and now he had accidentally worsened it. He grimaced in pain.

The bodyguards quickly stepped in to support him, escorting him to the car so they could head home and have the family doctor take a look.

Nyx followed along as well. No matter what, this had started because of her-she couldn't just leave Archie

behind.

Half an hour later, Archie was carried into the house by the bodyguards.

"Archie? What happened?" asked Layla Cook, Archie's mother.

Layla's face turned pale with shock, thinking something serious had occurred.

Archie chuckled sheepishly, "Twisted my ankle... again."

Before he could finish speaking, Layla smacked him on the head. She thought, 'I couldn't believe it. I've been

worried almost to death, but there he was-laughing. Actually laughing!

She gritted her teeth, ready to twist Archie's ear, but suddenly noticed Nyx standing nearby and quickly retracted her hand

Nyx had just witnessed a masterclass in face-changing speed.

One second, Layla was an enraged mother-the next, she transformed into an elegant and composed lady of

high society, displaying her most refined and gentle demeanor. "Nyx, you're here? Come, have a seat."

She immediately bustled about, making sure Nyx was settled comfortably before pulling Archie aside and whispering. "Why didn't you let me know ahead of time?"

The house wasn't prepared for guests at all-how careless of them.

"No, Mom. Listen to me." Archie was agitated, using both words and gestures to vividly recount what had just

happened.

Though their voices were low, Nyx had exceptional hearing and caught every word clearly. Feeling a little embarrassed, she took a sip of tea to hide her nervousness.

Unexpectedly, after hearing all these distressing matters, Layla did not blame her at all. Instead, she was

furious, angrily cursing those scumbags.

"Don't be afraid." Layla sat beside Nyx and took her hand. "Leave this to Archie's dad. He'll take care of it and make sure those people never bother you again."

She thought, "The poor girl has suffered too much—kidnapped as a child, abused and exploited by that

wretched family, and now even being harassed!

Layla felt a surge of compassion and couldn't help but persuade Nyx, "Can't you consider liking Archie? Come

live with us. I'll treat you like my own daughter and take good care of you."

Before Nyx could figure out how to politely refuse, Archie suddenly interrupted, "Mom. Stop."

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His tone was firm and resolute. "From today on, Nyx is my elder sister—different fathers, different mothers, but

my real elder sister."

Silence fell over the room.

After a long pause, Layla finally regained her senses. "Why elder sister? She's younger than you by several years. She should be your little sister."

"No way." Archie shook his head seriously. "Calling her 'little sister' wouldn't show my respect."

Layla tried to hold back but couldn't. Her elegant demeanor shattered as she grabbed Archie's ear and twisted

it hard, making him yelp.

The house erupted into chaos.

After dealing with her son, Layla felt refreshed. She regained her gentle and kind expression, took Nyx's

hand, and said, "Archie is right. From now on, consider this your home."

Nyx smiled shyly, deeply touched, "Thank you."

She could feel the genuine warmth radiating from Layla, but she already had a home.

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Meanwhile, the doctor had finished treating Archie's ankle.

Though it looked serious, the injury was actually minor. With two months of rest, he would recover fully without

any lasting issues.

Nyx let out a breath of relief.

She chatted with Layla for a while longer before politely declining the offer to stay the night and returning to

her own place. Night had fallen. After washing up, Nyx lay down on her large bed and quickly drifted into

sleep.

In the middle of the night, she vaguely felt a familiar presence. Strong, muscular arms wrapped around her from both sides.

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Enveloped in such warmth, Nyx felt incredibly safe. Instead of waking up, she slept even more soundly.

At dawn, Nyx opened her eyes, feeling dazed. She thought, 'Am I still dreaming?'

"Good morning, Nyx," Theon murmured, pressing a light kiss to her forehead.

Nyx sat up abruptly, bumping into a furry body behind her. When she turned around, she saw a massive gray wolf.

"Good morning, Nyx." Pale Wolf wagged his tail at her.

Overwhelmed by happiness, Nyx pinched her own face twice just to make sure she wasn't dreaming.

She thought, 'Luckily, I didn't stay at the Cook residence last night. Just the thought sent a chill down my spine. If I had—if I'd been caught up in all of this—who knows how bad it would've been? A disaster, no doubt.

Theon pulled her into his arms, his voice filled with regret. "I'm sorry for making you wait so long."

They had arrived by her side in the middle of the night. Seeing their beloved little female, both of them were too excited to sleep.

Seizing the moment, they had used the Intelligent Brain to search for information about this world, ensuring they wouldn't behave too strangely outside and cause trouble for Nyx. Naturally, they also learned about the recent events she had gone through.

Even though that vile family had already suffered the consequences, the two males still burned with fury, feeling as if a fire was raging in their chests.

Their matron had been bullied, and they hadn't been there to protect her. For a male, that was the greatest humiliation.

"It's okay," Nyx waved a hand, smiling. "I'm strong now. Just yesterday, I even beat up a group of bad guys.", She had meant to reassure them and show she wasn't fragile, but they looked as if they had been struck by lightning.

They thought, 'Because we weren't there, Nyx has been forced to fight on her own!'

Nyx watched in horror as Pale Wolf's deep blue eyes filled with tears. Panicked, she quickly added, "I won. And I didn't get hurt at all."

Nyx rubbed Pale Wolf's ears for a long time. Then, steeling herself, she reached out and touched his wolf tail. "Don't." Erik instantly transformed back into his human form, but his tail remained.

Nyx hugged the fluffy tail tightly in her arms.

Just as she expected, Erik immediately forgot about his pain and guilt.

"Come here." Nyx invited. She thought it was no problem this trick couldn't solve. Besides, after all this time apart, she missed them terribly.

Absence made the heart grow fonder, and they had a perfect time in bed. After Nyx took a shower, a wave of exhaustion hit her, and she couldn't resist closing her eyes for a nap.

By the time she woke up again, it was nearly noon.

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The scent of food drifted in from the kitchen. Not having to go grocery shopping, cook, or order takeout filled her with pure satisfaction and happiness.

Nyx jumped out of bed and dashed into

4 wrapping her arms around Theon from behind as he cooked.

To her surprise, Theon had even packed interstellar kitchenware in his Space Button-an-over-the-top setup.

Theon had long heard her footsteps approaching. He wasn't startled at all, his eyes full of laughter.

"Here, have a taste." Theon fed her a piece of freshly cooked lemon pork. He had blown on it to cool it down so it wouldn't burn her.

Nyx opened her mouth, savoring the sweet and tangy flavor as it filled her taste buds. Her eyes narrowed in delight.

Just as she was about to reach for another bite, the doorbell suddenly rang. All three of them turned toward the door in unison.

As soon as the door opened, the person outside, Archie, was so startled that he instinctively took several steps back, thinking he had the wrong place. He quickly checked the house number no mistake.

Then, upon seeing Nyx, he let out a sigh of relief. "Dear sister."

Hearing that form of address, Nyx fell silent.

Archie had spent an entire night racking his brain for a way to address her-something that showed respect without sounding too casual or too formal.

Pleased with himself, he repeated. "Dear sister. Who are these two?"

The two men standing before him were clearly foreigners, with strikingly exotic features.

Archie prided himself on his height, but these two were even taller. Their muscular physiques were barely concealed by their clothes, exuding an overwhelming sense of pressure. Under their intense gazes, he couldn't help but break into a cold

sweat.

He thought, 'What am I supposed to do? If these two were after Nyx with bad intentions, I wouldn't stand a chance!'

Nyx interrupted his wild thoughts, "This is my husband."

"Huh?" Archie lifted his head, scanning both men but unable to tell which one she meant. "Which one is your husband?"

"I'm Nyx's husband," Theon said, perfectly comfortable with the title.

Not to be outdone, Erik also declared, "I'm Nyx's husband too."

Archie's mind went completely blank. He had heard plenty of gossip from the elite circles-love triangles, fierce rivalries- but two male love rivals living together harmoniously with one woman was beyond his comprehension.

He said to Nyx, "Dear sister, you are unbelievable."

He watched, dumbfounded, as these two powerful men doted on Nyx, completely devoted to her. A newfound respect arose within him.

He thought, 'No wonder she has no interest in me. Compared to these two, my looks and physique are utterly subpar.'

Nyx's expression turned subtle. She thought, 'If Archie ever found out how many mates I truly have, he'd probably pass out from shock.'

She was playing at a level far beyond his imagination.

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"Oh, right." After his long moment of astonishment, Archie finally remembered why he had come. He pulled out a bucket from behind him. "I brought you some fish."

The fish were still alive-his father had gone fishing early in the morning and, unable to resist bragging, insisted on giving one to Nyx.

Just in time for lunch, Archie stayed for a meal and casually chatted with his two brothers-in-law, or so he

thought.

When he asked about Theon and Erik's identities, Nyx tensed up gripping her fork tightly.

However, the two answered flawlessly, leaving no room for doubt

Nyx listened in with her ears perked, and then secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

After seeing Archie off, she finally dared to ask, "Did you make up your identities? Won't you get found out?"

"Don't worry, we won't," Theon and Erik reassured her. "The Intelligent Brain has already registered our information into this world's various databases. No loopholes can be found."

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The overwhelming technological gap made fabricating identities effortless. Even if officials conducted an investigation, they would find nothing but the fabricated life histories they had created.

Theon suggested, "Nyx, let's buy a house."

"Why? We're not staying here for long." Nyx was momentarily stunned, thinking it unnecessary.

Theon glanced around and frowned, "This place isn't suitable for you to live in."

He was highly dissatisfied with this house.

It wasn't spacious enough, the layout was poor, and with neighbors both upstairs and downstairs, privacy was

mediocre at

best.

Males never fussed over their own living conditions—even sleeping in the wilderness was fine. But a matron's residence had to be the best within their means.

Nyx opened her mouth wide at such a suggestion. For her, this luxurious high-rise apartment already counted

as a mansion.

"I actually think living here is pretty nice," she said sincerely.

Theon and Erik looked at her serious expression and suddenly recalled the rundown old house from the records—the one that awful family lived in. Cramped, dilapidated, and housing a whole crowd, it had turned into a garbage heap after Nyx left, with no one left to clean or maintain it.

They thought, 'She has lived in that environment for twenty years. No wonder she doesn't mind this place.'

Nyx was suddenly pulled into a tight embrace, hearing the rough suppressed sobs of Theon and Erik. She was caught off guard.

She patted Theon's back, and then Erik's, roughly guessing the reason for their sudden surge of emotion. Softly, she comforted them, "That's all in the past now."

Those hardships had nothing to do with them.

Surrounded by their love, Nyx compromised. "Fine, we'll buy a house."

"Let's start picking one out." She pulled the two males down to sit with her and discuss their options.

Ordinary apartments were out of the question-it had to be high quality, spacious, and private. Eventually,

they settled on a

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villa nestled between mountains and water.

Theon and Erik were action-driven and immediately went out to view the property in person.

Meanwhile, Nyx freshened up and headed to a nearby

arbecue restaurant for a gathering.

She had been missing for so long that her former colleagues, especially the ones she was closer to, were

eager to see her again.

Even the boss came, bringing the orange tabby cat, Dollar.

The moment she stepped into the private dining room, the hefty orange tabby let out a meow and charged at

Nyx like a little cannonball.

Nyx's face lit up with a smile. She spread her arms wide, ready to take the impact.

But just before reaching her, Dollar suddenly skidded to an abrupt stop.

"What's wrong?" Nyx crouched down and picked him up.

Dollar hesitated, sniffed at her, and then extended a paw to touch her belly. After that, he buried his head

against her stomach and rubbed against it lightly.

His voice had never sounded this sweet before, leaving Nyx both surprised and flattered. Faintly, she felt a

small movement in her belly.

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Nyx looked down at her stomach. The sensation was so subtle that it might have been her imagination.

She didn't think much of it and sat down with Dollar in her arms meeting her boss's envious gaze. "After all this time, he's still the most attached to you," the boss sighed sourly."

At home, Dollar was never this well-behaved—he only approached the boss when he was hungry. The rest of the time, he treated him with utter disdain.

"Dollar," the boss called out, eagerly opening his arms in an attempt to get the cat to come to him.

Dollar's ears twitched, but instead of moving, he snuggled deeper into Nyx's embrace and turned his round, fluffy backside toward the boss.

Boss was rendered speechless.

What an ungrateful cat.

He stared at Dollar resentfully, watching as the fat orange feline meowed coquettishly in Nyx's arms, rubbing against her stomach again and again with an even more exaggerated enthusiasm than before.

After not seeing Nyx for a while, not only did Dollar not forget her, but it also missed her terribly.

During Nyx's absence from the company, Dollar would visit her old workstation every day, guarding everything on her desk and chair, and even sleeping in her seat.

Dollar wasn't an emotionless little cat-it was just incredibly biased.

"Can you share some of your catnip-like charm with me?" The boss joked with Nyx.

Nyx couldn't help but laugh, "I don't think that's possible. Actually, Dollar does like you."

Setting aside her as a special case, among everyone else, Dollar clearly favored the boss the most.

The boss nodded.

He knew Dollar had feelings for him.

Unfortunately, Nyx's allure to the little cat was simply too strong. With her around, Dollar saw no one else, clinging to her without leaving.

It wasn't until the waiter served a grilled fish without seasoning that the boss, patiently deboning the fish and placing the meat in a small plate to cool, finally received a rare moment of Dollar's attention.

The chubby orange cat devoured its meal for a while before suddenly remembering something and pushing the small plate toward Nyx.

A food-guarding cat would only share its meal with the person it loved the most.

"I'm not eating; you go ahead." Nyx scratched its chin.

The boss watched this unbelievable scene, feeling a surge of jealousy nearly bursting out of him.

He thought, 'Why wouldn't Dollar share with me?'

Overcome with indignation, he snatched the plate, picked up a piece of fish, and was about to put it in his mouth.

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Everyone at the table turned to stare at him in unison.

Even Dollar shot him a look of disdain mixed with resignation, as if tolerating a fool.

"I was just testing it." The boss snapped back to his senses, hurriedly placing the fish back in the plate and pushing it back toward Dollar with an awkward chuckle.

Even though he was the boss, everyone couldn't help but burst into laughter.

The lively atmosphere of the gathering was reignited, and everyone raised their glasses with smiles.

After a few rounds of drinks, a male colleague suddenly asked, "Nyx, are you drinking baijiu or plain water?" Nyx answered bluntly, "Water."

"Come on, switch to alcohol," the male colleague insisted, lifting a bottle of liquor.

"No thanks, you guys enjoy yourselves. I don't feel like drinking today." Nyx refused.

Her refusal wasn't just because she had vowed never to drink again—it was also because her stomach hadn't been feeling well. It occasionally churned, not unbearable but uncomfortable enough that drinking would only make it worse.

Yet, the male colleague wouldn't give up and kept trying to pour alcohol into her glass. When his attempts failed multiple times, his expression darkened.

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Tsk, that's not right," He frowned at Nyx. "This gathering was organized for you, and you won't drink? Are you looking down

on us?"

As soon as he said this, the once lively atmosphere grew tense.

"Sami, stop talking nonsense," a female colleague scolded. "Nyx never drinks. What does that have to do with looking down on you?"

"If you want to drink, drink. If you don't, don't," the boss sided with Nyx.

Seeing the boss speak up, Sami Walsh had no choice but to sit back down, though he muttered under his breath, "I don't believe she stays sober in front of those rich second-gens. What an act."

Nyx caught his words with her sharp ears and glanced up at him.

Meeting her gaze, Sami showed no shame or restraint. Instead, he smirked and asked outright, "So, I heard you're dating Archie?"

Nyx didn't really want to answer him, but the others at the table were also curious, so she clarified, "No, we're just friends."

"Haha, I figured," Sami sneered. "Those rich boys aren't short on women. He's just playing around with you you'd never be a serious girlfriend."

"Still, I bet you got plenty of benefits from him, didn't you?"

He eyed Nyx's outfit, unable to recognize the brand, but it was clearly expensive-far from the cheap clothes she used to wear. In his mind, it had to be something she got from a rich guy

Facing such blatant hostility, Nyx didn't bother being polite. She responded with sharpness, "And why do you think that?"

"Are you asking me because you're interested in getting something from rich guys yourself? If you're that eager, why don't you try for yourself?" She sized him up.

An average-looking man who always labeled himself as an "honest guy, when in reality, he had no redeeming qualities. And

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now, revealing his sleazy and petty nature, he seemed even more pathetic.

Nyx gave him a look of sudden realization but said nothing. Yet, everything was understood.

Even rich nepo babies had standards-they wouldn't pick up trash.

Someone at the table couldn't hold back and let out a snicker.

Sami's face turned beet red. He was speechless for a long moment before finally blurting out, "And to think I once considered marrying you. Good thing I didn't. Look at you now sharp-tongued, all dressed up. Where's even a trace of a virtuous wife and loving mother?"

Sami remained single well into his thirties. His family pressured him to get married, but every blind date ended in failure.

He considered picking someone from the company and found Nyx attractive, but her poor family background made him hesitate.

Then, Nyx disappeared. He moved on to a few other targets but found none as good as Nyx.

Now, Nyx was finally back.

Word was that her family had sold her off for a 150 thousand dollars wedding gift, and she had gone missing

to escape the marriage. Sami found it quite lamentable.

150 thousand dollars was way too expensive. He didn't have that kind of money.

However, if he were to take in a woman who had already been “played” by a rich nepo baby, he probably wouldn't have to pay such a high wedding gift. Nyx might even bring in some of the money she managed to

grab.

Sami fantasized about this bright lower price.

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as he shamelessly attended the gathering, hoping to humiliate Nyx and negotiate a

But with just a few words, his dream was shattered.

"Just wait and see. A woman like you-no man would ever want you." Sami shouted angrily, pointing a finger at

Nyx.

Dollar the cat let out a furious sound.

It couldn't understand human language, but it recognized the tone and saw that someone was trying to bully

Nyx.

If the boss hadn't held it back in time, Dollar would have leaped forward to bite Sami's finger.

Sami flinched, hurriedly withdrawing his hand.

A vein popped on his forehead, but he forced himself to hold back. Yet, this was the boss's cat. He couldn't hit

it.

Someone knocked on the private room's door.

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The door opened from the outside.

Two men walked in, instantly drawing everyone's attention.

Both were tall, their towering figures requiring them to lower their heads slightly to avoid hitting the door frame. Their chiseled features resembled sculptures, exuding an intimidating aura.

The room fell into complete silence.

They thought, 'Foreigners? What are they doing here? Their unmistakable air of success sets them apart, as if they belong to a different world entirely.'

The employees instinctively looked toward their boss. They continue thinking, 'Are they business partners here to discuss a deal? But our company is just a small firm. Do we really have connections with foreign business tycoons?'

The employees were astonished, while the boss, equally puzzled, quickly stood up and respectfully handed over his business card.

The two men reciprocated with their own cards.

Nyx didn't interrupt their exchange. She waited until they had finished their small talk before speaking, "Why are you here so early? Didn't we agree you'd pick me up after this?"

"We couldn't wait-we wanted to see you sooner." The moment they looked at Nyx, their expressions softened, their voices turning gentle. One of them took out a newly purchased phone. "We sent you messages, but you didn't reply."

Nyx checked her phone and saw several unread messages. She had been too busy arguing with Sami to notice.



These two were so clingy-they could barely stand being apart for even a little while.

Nyx chuckled helplessly and introduced them to her colleagues. "This is my husband, Theon and Erik."

Having two husbands might sound odd, but she refused to let Theon and Erik be hidden lovers in the shadows.

It wasn't like she was a public figure anyway.

The room fell into stunned silence. Everyone gaped at her in disbelief.

To not only win over two men of this caliber but also have them coexist peacefully was simply unbelievable. For a moment, they forgot to gossip and could only feel admiration.

Remembering how Sami had just been mocking her-talking about "nobody wanting her" and "leftovers"-they all turned to look at him with strangely amused expressions.

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Sami hunched his back under the weight of so many meaningful gazes, wishing he could shrink under the table to minimize his presence.

He had no energy left to ponder the identities of the two newcomers.

Just looking at their robust builds and overwhelming aura was enough to make him tremble.

He was terrified of getting hit. After all, a single punch might be enough to kill him.

Besides, these two were obviously wealthy and wouldn't fear compensation claims. If Nyx complained, they would definitely stand up for her-perhaps even beat him to death and settle the matter with money.

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Scared to the point of suffocation by his own imagination, Sami stammered, "I—I need to use the restroom, then bolted for the door on trembling legs.

The private room fell silent for a few seconds before erupting into laughter.

The boss waved a hand dismissively, looking embarrassed. "I'll have HR discuss his resignation tomorrow? He'd rather pay severance than keep him around.

With Sami gone, the room felt even more spacious, more than enough to accommodate Theon and Erik. The two took seats on either side of Nyx, simultaneously prying for details about what had just transpired while deftly peeling shrimp and removing bones from grilled dishes, feeding the prepared bites directly to Nyx.

Their movements were fluid and natural, leaving the onlookers utterly transfixed.

Several of the women present-though not all were single-couldn't help but think of their own boyfriends or husbands.

Nothing highlighted disappointment like a direct comparison.

The boss, meanwhile, was utterly dumbfounded. He thought, "Their business cards indicate they are legitimate big shots, but why did they seem so attentive, almost like a pair of male escorts Nyx has ordered?"

Tentatively, he brought up a few industry-related questions, hoping for some insights.

The two men cast him a brief glance before responding with eloquence and expertise.

No male escort could speak with such depth and knowledge.

Gradually, the boss found himself captivated, actually learning something from the conversation.

The others, however, were more interested in watching the dynamic between Nyx and her "husbands," completely enthralled.

The only one in the room who was visibly displeased was Dollar.

From the moment Theon and Erik entered, the orange tabby had sensed the presence of predators. Its claws flexed in agitation, its body tense.

But the most egregious offense was that Erik had taken the seat to Nyx's right. That was Dollar's spot. Dollar's fur bristled instantly, but it didn't dare launch an attack.

The overwhelming power gap made the usually fearless fat tabby hesitate for the first time.

Nyx noticed Dollar's distress and quickly reached out to soothe it. "Don't be scared, don't be scared."

At her words, the boss finally realized something was off. "That's strange. Dollar has always been fearless.

I've never seen it scared of anyone before. What's going on today?"

Its mix of frustration and timidity was truly a rare sight for him.

Nyx smiled apologetically, "My husband and I have... a rather unique constitution."

"Ah, I see." The boss nodded in sudden understanding. He thought perhaps it was just a matter of differing auras—some people, like Nyx, naturally attracted cats, while others, like her husband, naturally repelled them. With that in mind, the boss felt oddly reassured.

He might not have Nyx's uncanny "cheat-like" affinity for animals, but at least Dollar didn't outright dislike him. Compared

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to her husband, he actually felt kind of lucky.

Nyx spent a good while comforting Dollar until it finally stopped bristling.

The chubby orange tabby curled into a tight ball, burying its face in her arms, refusing to budge for the rest of the evening.

"Time to go home, Dollar," the boss sighed, urging the cat.

Sure enough, he was still jealous of Nyx. He thought, 'How could I steal her catnip-like aura for myself?'

After much coaxing and persuasion, Nyx finally managed to pry the clingy fat cat from her embrace and return it to its rightful owner.

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Outside the gate, Sami crouched in the shadows, drenched in sweat from the heat.

He stared at the group of people chatting and laughing as they walked out of the store, his gaze fixated on Nyx and the two men beside her.

After fleeing in a panic, the cold wind outside sobered him up, and he suddenly realized that those two men might just be male models Nyx had hired to put on a show. They probably just had good acting skills, creating an air of elite sophistication.

The thought that he had actually been scared off by such people made Sami feel utterly humiliated.

He thought, 'Even if Nyx ordered them to, would mere male models really risk hitting me? Besides, how long could Nyx keep fooling around with them? Sooner or later, I'll find my chance.'

Theon and Erik exchanged a glance.

With their keen perception, they immediately noticed Sami's presence but held back for the time being.

Sami had no idea he had already been exposed.

He stealthily followed the trio, sneering when he saw them walking instead of driving, which only reinforced his assumption. He thought, 'Not even a luxury car? What kind of rich people are they supposed to be?'

Without realizing it, Sami had followed them onto a deserted path. Deciding that there was no need to continue tailing them, he contentedly prepared to head home.

But the moment he turned around, he saw Theon standing right in front of him, and he screamed in terror. Just a second ago, Theon had been several hundred feet away, but now he suddenly appear right in front.

The boss turned his head and saw Erik standing behind him. The two men had blocked his way from both

sides.

Sami swallowed hard twice, his voice trembling as he tried to reason with them. "How much is she paying you? You'll go to jail if you hit me-do you understand that?"

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Theon had no interest in listening to his nonsense. He grabbed Sami by the collar and lifted him off the ground.

"D-Don't hit me. Sami trembled violently, abandoning all dignity as he begged for mercy. "I was wrong, I was wrong, I won't do it again..."

If he had known Nyx had become this dangerous, he wouldn't have dared to provoke her even if he had a hundred lives to

spare.

Sami stammered through his apologies and pleas, practically groveling, but it was unelent.

His only response was a heavy punch that made his vision blur and nearly knocked him unconscious. "Disrespect my matron again, and I will really kill you, Theon growled, his eyes full of menace.

In the Beastmen Empire, it was a matter of life and death for males to fight over the honor of their matron

If not for Nyx's intervention-her insistence that they abide by Earth's laws-Sami would already be a dead

man.

Even so, the two beastmen couldn't suppress their fury. They had to teach him a lesson. Sami's teeth chattered uncontrollably as he dropped to the ground, clutching his head.

He prayed, 'No more—one more hit and I'd really die.

Maybe his prayers were answered, because Theon let him go.

Just as he sighed in relief, thinking it was finally over, Erik's fist came crashing into his face.

Sami heard the sound of his own bones shattering.

After just two punches, his eyes rolled back, and he collapsed, completely unconscious.

From a distance, Nyx saw the scene and rushed over in a panic.

With Sami's physical condition, if the beastmen truly wanted to, a single punch could have easily ended his life.

Frantic, she bent down to check on him, only to be pulled into Erik's arms.

“He's not dead, just passed out from fear,” Erik reassured her. “We know our limits.”

Seeing how cowardly Sami was, Erik couldn't help but shake his head in disdain.

Theon retrieved a medical device from his Space Button and activated it over Sami.

An hour later, a few passersby spotted Sami lying on the ground and immediately took out their phones to take photos and record videos.

The growing crowd and their chatter eventually woke Sami up.

As soon as he opened his eyes, his mind was still stuck on the moment he was beaten, and he panicked, scrambling to escape

on all fours.

He crawled quite a distance before finally realizing he was surrounded by people.

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The scene was too ridiculous, and the crowd burst into laughter. They were wondering what was wrong, with this guy—turns out he was a lunatic.

Laughter filled the air, and Sami's face burned hot. He felt like he was about to explode. “What are you laughing at? Do you have no sympathy? I was almost beaten to death, and you're just standing here watching?”

He roared hysterically, his demeanor frenzied. There wasn't a single scratch on him, yet he insisted he had been assaulted, further cementing the belief that he was insane.

The onlookers shook their heads, clicking their tongues. “He really is crazy”

“I've heard that a lot of mentally ill people are like this—paranoid delusions.”

“I think he has bipolar disorder too.”

“What if he starts biting people? Someone call the cops.”

Sami was about to lose his mind.

Furious, he plopped down on the ground. "Call the police. Hurry up and call them."

When the officers arrived, he immediately demanded to see the nearby surveillance footage, claiming he had been attacked by two men.

The police exchanged glances.

Though they were almost certain he was a mentally ill patient in the middle of an episode, they still tried their best to calm him down and brought him to the station.

The entire way there, Sami kept shouting, "Two guys hit me. One punched me in the face. I begged them to stop, but they wouldn't. They even threatened to kill me."

His account was vivid and detailed.

But when the police pulled up the footage, all they saw was him thrashing around on the ground alone. They sighed helplessly. They thought, 'A confirmed mental illness.'

The Intelligent Brain system had technology far beyond Earth's capabilities; it could effortlessly fabricate and replace a section of surveillance footage without leaving a trace.

Sami stared blankly at the monitor, thinking it was impossible.

He clutched his head in disbelief, his mind going completely blank.

"Calm down first. We'll call your family to pick you up," the officers reassured him.

Sami exploded like a lit firecracker. "No way. I was attacked. Don't you understand? Are you going to do something or not? I'm filing a complaint against you."

The more he screamed, the less he seemed like a rational person.

The police patiently reasoned with him. "You have no injuries. How could you have been beaten?"

Sami's shouting abruptly stopped. He froze.

He raised a hand to touch his face-there was no pain. Staggering back half a step, he collapsed onto the chair, completely breaking down.

He remembered it clearly. He had been punched twice. Once on the left side of his face, once on his jaw-so hard he

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thought he was going to die. Yet, there was no wound whatsoever.

Sami's mind spiraled, and he began to doubt his own memory.

"I see now, I see..... You're all fake," he muttered, his eyes filled with suspicion as he looked at the officers.

Even when his family rushed over to take him home, he remained in the same dazed state.

The officers advised his family, "It's best to take him for a psychiatric evaluation—get him treated in time." News of the incident quickly spread to his company.

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The next day, as expected, Sami didn't show up to work, sparking heated discussions among his colleagues.

"So he really is mentally unstable, huh? No wonder he always gave people weird looks before....."

"Hilarious. He even accused someone of hitting him. That road wasn't even on his way home—wasn't he just stalking Nyx?"

"Ughhh, that's so disgusting."

"If Nyx's boyfriend hadn't been with her, who knows what could've happened..."

"I think he deserves to be beaten."

The boss couldn't tolerate it for another second and urged HR to expedite the termination process. Having such an employee in his company was nothing short of a stain.

After losing his job, Sami locked himself at home and didn't go out for days.

His family found it too embarrassing to admit they had a mentally ill member, so instead of taking him to a hospital for -evaluation, they arranged several blind dates for him while the situation was still manageable.



Although he remained mentally dazed, unable to distinguish between illusion and reality, the moment he heard about the arranged dates with women, Sami snapped out of his slump.

The first match added him on social media but blocked him after just a few messages.

The second match rejected his friend request outright.

Each attempt ended in swift failure, until the fifth match finally agreed to meet him in person.

Overjoyed, Sami eagerly prepared for the date.

He arrived at the restaurant at the agreed time but didn't sit down immediately. Instead, he stood at a distance, scrutinizing the woman at the table and making judgments.

Average looks-about a 4 out of 10, but a decent figure.

Her outfit was a bit too tight, not the kind of attire an honest woman would wear... or maybe she dressed like

this just to seduce him?

He pulled out a chair and sat down. "You're Lily, right? Nice to meet you."

The woman at the table frowned, "Hello."

"I'll be honest with you," she cut straight to the point, unwilling to waste time. "I only came today because my

dad owed the matchmaker a favor and insisted I meet you."

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"Now that I've seen you, I'll be leaving," As she spoke, she grabbed her bag and stood up.

"Heyyy. What do you mean by that?" Sami panicked. "I already paid for the meal"

Lily shook her phone. "I've transferred the money back to you."

"No way. Explain yourself. Why are you messing with me like this?" Sami blocked her path, "What exactly do

you dislike about me? Say it."

The entire restaurant turned their attention to the commotion.

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With so many eyes on her, Lily's face darkened even further. She held back, but in the end, she couldn't suppress her anger. Do you really not know? Why do you think every blind date ends in failure? Because we all already know exactly what kind of trash you are."

She unlocked her phone and showed Sami a screen filled with incriminating evidence. "Rating women online and spreading false rumors. Secretly taking photos of female colleagues and sharing them everywhere.

Disgusting. Pah."

The moment the crowd heard this, their gazes changed completely.

Seeing him flare up in humiliation and prepare to strike, the onlookers immediately rushed forward and pinned

him down.

A few days later, Sami found himself at the police station once again.

This time, the officers were no longer as lenient as before. They sternly warned his family, "You need to get him treated as soon as possible and keep him under strict supervision."

The incident happened in broad daylight, in a crowded restaurant, so the news spread even faster than

before.

Sami hung his head low, feeling as though everyone around him was staring, whispering, and pointing at him.

He used to scrutinize others and make judgmental comments. Now, experiencing it firsthand, he was utterly

terrified.

Walking out of the police station, Lily felt as if she had narrowly escaped disaster. She sent a message to an anonymous account: [Thank you so much! If you hadn't warned me, I never would've known what kind of

person he is.]

Her family was pressuring her to marry, and Sami had seemed like an honest man. If she hadn't been warned, she might have fallen for his act.

Nyx received the message and replied: [No need to thank me.]

She hadn't anonymously warned these women to get revenge on Sami-she just didn't want anyone to unknowingly fall into

a trap.

After sending the message, Nyx lay back on her bed, absentmindedly rubbing her stomach.

Lately, she had been feeling unwell. Her stomach often felt unsettled, and she sometimes felt nauseous after

eating.

Every time she thought about mentioning it to her mates, she hesitated. It didn't seem serious enough to bother them, so she swallowed the words back down.

If she told them, they would definitely overreact and worry too much.

Nyx figured her symptoms were mild-probably not even worth taking medicine for. With some rest, she'd

recover on her

own.

Despite her efforts to act normal, Theon and Erik had already noticed something was off about her.

## **Of The Beastmen 197**

### Chapter 197

After lunch. Theon held Nys in his arms, letting her sit on his lap. "Nyx, have you been feeling unwell lately?"

Nyx was caught off guard by the question, her gaze shifting evasively.

Your appetite hasn't been great recently. Theon noted.

“And you've been touching your stomach a lot, Erik added

Does your stomach hurt?

"Why didn't you tell us?"

The males looked at her with concern.

“It's not that bad, just a slight discomfort, Nyx murmured, pressing her lips together in a weak defense.

However, this symptom had been present even before she arrived on Earth. Thinking about it, it had been going on for over a month now.

For such a long duration, she really shouldn't have taken it so lightly.

Reflecting on her oversight, Nyx decided to be honest with her mates and describe her symptoms.

Just as she was about to speak, the doorbell suddenly rang. It was Archie knocking.

The weather outside was scorching, and he was drenched in sweat. His face was flushed, either from the heat or excitement. “Nyx, you never cease to amaze me. They actually found something on that plot of land in Copward.”

He had been reluctant to give up the bid for that land, and when he later learned that his rival had acquired it, he was even more frustrated.

"You have no idea how smug that guy has been lately, constantly provoking me,” Archie said through gritted teeth.

Today, the construction on that land officially began, and he couldn't resist going to check it out. He never expected to witness such a spectacle. "On the very first day of excavation, they had to halt construction. That guy's face turned completely green-I nearly died laughing."

Recalling his rival's ashen face, Archie stood with his hands on his hips, laughing up at the sky.

A newly discovered ancient tomb meant the entire project was doomed. While there would be some compensation, it wouldn't come close to covering the losses.

"Don't feel bad for him, Nyx," Archie waved dismissively. "That guy is just a greedy capitalist. I'd say this is karma for all the shady deals he's done."

"Unlike me," he boasted smugly. "I never do bad things."

That was why Nyx, his lucky charm, had helped him avoid this disaster.

News of the incident spread quickly, leaving Archie's friends completely dumbfounded.

The louder they had mocked him before, the harder they were slapped in the face now. They stood there stiff-necked, at a complete loss for words.

'Even professional archaeologists hadn't discovered the tomb-so how had Nyx known about it in advance? Where did she get her information?' wondered Archie.

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"Could she be some kind of... mystical master? You know, one of those fortune tellers or feng shui experts?" someone ventured boldly.

Many of them came from business families, and they actually believed in such things.

Thinking back to that guy named Sami, who went completely mad after offending Nyx, it really seemed like karma or a

curse.

The more they thought about it, the more convinced they became.

One after another, they wanted to get to know Nyx-just in case they ever needed her help in the future. "Archie, can you introduce us to her?"

Archie leisurely sipped his drink, pretending not to hear them. Only after they had humbled themselves, piling on flattery, did he reluctantly say, "Tsk, fine."

Seeing his smug face, his friends clenched their fists, itching to punch him.

But they had no choice-for now, they had to endure.

They had mocked Archie before, and now the tables had turned.

Archie was reveling in his triumph. "Even my parents heard about what happened with the land. They want to invite Nyx for dinner. You'll meet her at my house tonight."

"I'm definitely going."

"Me too."

"Wait for me."

His friends scrambled to prepare gifts.

They dared not be negligent, bringing not only presents for Nyx but also for her two boyfriends.

The moment Nyx arrived at the Cook residence, she was buried under a mountain of gifts, her "Dear sister, this is Jeremiah Griffiths.

"This is Brooklyn Poole.

"And this is Alistair Gordon." Archie introduced his friends to her one by one.

Three heads bowed in unison before Nyx, greeting her in perfect harmony, "Nyx."

Nyx was rendered speechless.

eyes filled with confusion.

Archie's close friends were just like him—lacking a bit of common sense and brains, which made them easy to get along with.

Once they got familiar with each other, Jeremiah eagerly presented his face to Nyx, asking for her opinion. "Dear sister, do you have any advice for me?"

"Look at me too," Brooklyn cupped his face.

"Count me in." Alistair wasn't willing to be left out.

Before Nyx could figure out what they were doing, two males had already lost their patience.

2/4

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Chapter 197

Theon wrapped an arm around Nyx's waist, putting distance between her and those three.

"Here's a piece of advice," Erik spoke coldly. "The weather is getting hotter, and the future might not be peaceful. You'd better start stocking up on food, water, and medicine. Strengthen your training and learn some self-defense"

The air fell silent for a long moment.

Archie blinked in confusion. "What do you mean? Is there going to be a drought?"

It was true that it hadn't rained this year and the average temperature was higher than usual, which could lead

to reduced crop yields, but it wasn't bad enough that they needed to stockpile food and water.

Even if there was a drought, their role should be to donate for disaster relief, not hoard supplies.

If things really reached the level Erik was talking about, then that would mean the end of the world for them. Archie couldn't wrap his head around it and felt that Erik might just be joking to scare them. However, his friends played along, nodding like pecking chicks. "Got it."

Not only did they agree verbally, but they also started murmuring among themselves, putting together a stockpile list and planning to start shopping tomorrow.

The weather had been unusually strange lately, and none of them really felt like going out. Even though their household supplies were regularly restocked by staff, it wouldn't hurt to prepare more—just in case.

Seeing how lively their discussion became, Archie couldn't help

Join in.

He figured he should stock up a little too.

Even if nothing happened, the supplies would still be useful, and it

I cost much anyway.

Nyx looked at Erik in confusion. She didn't quite understand why he was giving such advice, but she decided

not to ask for now. She'd wait until they got home to clarify.

Just as she was lost in thought, she suddenly felt a slight movement in her lower abdomen and instinctively placed her hand over it.

"Feeling unwell again?" Theon frowned.

They had left in a hurry earlier and didn't have time to give Nyx a check-up. They would have to do a proper examination once they got home.

Layla's gaze fell on Nyx, observing her closely. "Nyx, are you pregnant?"

"?"

Nyx's head shot up in shock, eyes wide.

Seeing her reaction, Layla guessed she hadn't realized it herself yet and gently prompted her, "When did you start feeling unwell? Have you noticed any other symptoms? Have you had your period in the past two

months?"

Each question hit Nyx like a heavy blow. Her eyes widened as the fog in her mind suddenly cleared, and she realized the possibility.

Not only had she been feeling occasional discomfort in her abdomen, but she had also been sleeping excessively, experiencing changes in appetite, and becoming much more irritable than before. And most importantly, she hadn't had her period.

'Is she pregnant?' she thought.

## **Of The Beastmen 198**

Chapter 198

Nyx thought it must have been that night when she got drunk. She panicked.

99%

+5



From what she knew, people trying to conceive had to avoid smoking and drinking to prevent any health issues in the baby.

If she was really pregnant, she feared that the baby

would have any congenital problems due to the alcohol.

Seeing her lost and helpless expression, Theon and Erik pulled her into a comforting embrace. "Don't be scared, Nyx."

Nyx was still young, only 20 years old. She probably hadn't mentally prepared herself for having a child. Even though she had previously shown an interest in having a baby, wanting something and facing reality were two different things.

Theon and Erik said, "If you don't want to keep it, we will support whatever decision you make."

For Beastmen of their level, having a child was extremely rare, but Nyx's feelings would always come first.

The males didn't hesitate.

They had brought the most advanced medical pod with them, ensuring that there would be no harm to Nyx's body.

"What?" Nyx was startled and hurriedly covered her stomach. "I'm keeping it."

If she hadn't wanted to give birth, she would have taken precautions from the start.

Even if there was a possibility of congenital defects, she would still take responsibility for this child.

Just as she made up her mind, there was a faint movement in her lower abdomen, as if the baby was responding to her, interacting with her.

The moment she realized this wasn't an illness but a little life, everything suddenly felt magical. Nyx's eyes sparkled with excitement, and even her appetite improved.

"Eat more of this—it's good for your health," Layla had someone specially prepare medicinal dishes suitable for pregnancy.

The two males served her attentively, their every action filled with love and care for Nyx.

Layla observed all this with great satisfaction.

Initially, she had worried that these two rough-handed men might not take good care of Nyx, or that the arrival of a child might disrupt their stable relationship.

But now, it seemed her worries were unnecessary.

Finding two men willing to share a life with her was Nyx's good fortune.

As long as they were willing and she was happy, there was no need to care about societal judgment.

Archie stole glances at Nyx, hesitating to speak.

It wasn't until she left the Cook family that Nyx received his message.

Archie: [Dear sister, whose child is this?]

He couldn't hold back his curiosity and wanted to probe.

Nyx fell silent, feeling conflicted.

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Chapter 198

She replied to Archie: [I don't know.]

She thought the child was probably neither Theon's nor Erik's. The father might still be in another world.

That night, after she got drunk, she had indulged all her mates-any of them could be the father. Beastmen offspring were oviparous, encased in a soft shell within the mother's body.

- Female Beastmen would give birth after three months of pregnancy, and once the soft shell was exposed to the outside world, it would begin to harden, forming a protective cocoon for the offspring's continued development.

This eggshell had a unique composition, completely blocking any machine from detecting the embryo inside. Only when the baby hatched would she know who the father was.

No matter whose child it was, she only wished for it to be healthy. Nyx sighed.

As soon as she sighed, her two mates immediately tensed up, worried that she wasn't feeling well. They hurried home to give her a check-up.

+5

Since neither of them were professional doctors, Zayne had prepared a detailed user manual for the medical pod, including explanations for all the data-forming a long, thorough document.

Theon and Erik carefully cross-checked the data against the examination results, verifying everything multiple times. They confirmed that Nyx was really pregnant.

"Is the baby healthy?" Nyx studied their expressions, sensing that the results must be good.

"Yes, it's been a full month now. Everything is normal."

More importantly, Nyx's body was in perfect condition. Despite having been stranded on Earth for a while, she hadn't weakened.

This reassurance brought some relief to the two males.

Hearing that the egg embryo was normal, Nyx let out a deep breath. But the fact that they couldn't yet determine the condition of the baby inside the eggshell still left her a bit uneasy.

"Did I conceive this child that night when I was drunk?" she asked in a small voice. "Will it be unhealthy?"

The two males were momentarily stunned. They exchanged glances, seeing confusion in each other's eyes.

"Why would you think that?" Theon took Nyx's hand. "You should be able to feel it—it's full of life."

Most egg embryos didn't move this frequently, but the little one inside Nyx's belly was not only highly energetic but also so lively that it was causing her some discomfort.

Erik looked it up using the Intelligent Brain and vaguely guessed the source of Nyx's concern. He reassured her, "Beastmen physiology is different from humans. Alcohol won't affect the offspring."

Even for humans, as long as they weren't chronic heavy drinkers before pregnancy, there usually wouldn't be any major problems.

"Really?" Nyx blinked.

The weight on her heart finally lifted. No longer on edge, she sat down and gently touched her stomach.

It was already a full month old. In just two more months, she would give birth. As for when the baby would hatch, she wa

sure.

2/4

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+5

## Chapter 198

Most Beastmen offspring hatched between two to five months after birth, making it impossible to predict.

"It was born on Earth. We need to be extra careful and protect it well." Nyx looked at her two mates.

Their offspring were different from Earthlings. They had to avoid outside scrutiny and ensure their secret remained hidden.

The males nodded solemnly.

Erik's expression grew serious. "I'll get the house renovated as soon as possible. We're moving tomorrow."

He planned to work through the night to complete the modifications on their newly purchased home, ensuring Nyx had the safest and most comfortable environment.

"Pale Wolf," Nyx called out, but she was a step too late. Unable to stop him, she turned to Theon instead. "During dinner just now, why did you give Archie and the others that advice?"

"Is something big about to happen?" She knew her mate wouldn't say something like that without reason.

Theon pondered for a moment before explaining, "The Beast God once told us that this world is still young, without an interstellar civilization yet. Earthlings are currently the most advanced species on this planet." "Perhaps as our worlds gradually merge, it has accelerated their progression toward an interstellar civilization."

Nyx still looked confused.

Theon opened his Intelligent Brain, pulled up some data, and continued, "According to historical records, before any race evolves into an interstellar civilization, they must endure a catastrophe—be it a natural disaster or a plague. This is an inevitable law.

"If they survive the crisis, they gain the opportunity to advance. If not, their civilization resets—or worse, vanishes entirely."

Nyx's eyes widened as she took a sharp breath. "Are you saying... Earth's catastrophe is approaching?"

"It's just a hypothesis. Not necessarily accurate." Theon chose his words carefully, not wanting to be

absolute.

They had already sent an anonymous warning to the authorities. Whether Earthlings chose to believe it or not

was up to them.

"No matter what, we will protect you and the child." Theon knelt down and gently kissed Nyx's fingertips. Protecting Nyx was his only mission.

At the Cook residence, after receiving Nyx's brief reply, Archie stared at his phone, troubled. "Wait... Nyx doesn't even know who the father of her child is? What if they break up in the future? Will they need a

paternity test?"

"Shut up." Layla smacked him on the head. "Don't jinx it. They're doing just fine—why would they break up? No matter who the father is, that child belongs to Nyx. She'll raise them just fine."

Scolded by his mother, Archie slinked away to take refuge in his father's study. As he approached the desk, he was stunned to find his father drafting a shopping list—along with a disaster survival plan.

"Dad, you're into this stuff too now?" Archie clicked his tongue and shook his head. "It's one thing for us to joke around, but you're actually taking this seriously?"

His father adjusted his glasses and gave him a knowing look. "Do you really think Erik was joking with you?"

With his years of experience, he had always been good at reading people. Yet, even he couldn't see through Nyx's two m But one thing he was certain of—those two were far from ordinary.

## Of The Beastmen 199

### Chapter 199

When Erik reminded them to get ready, his expression was serious-no trace of a joke.

Given the recent unusual weather, Bruce Cook, Archie's father, felt that something big was about to happen. He needed to make preparations for his family in advance.

"Just do what you always do-stay close to them" Bruce instructed Archie.

Bruce thought that sometimes, being simple-minded had its advantages. Some people preferred dealing with the smart, while others valued sincerity. Nyx and her group were clearly the latter.

Following Bruce's instructions, Archie went to find Nyx the next day, only to hear that they were planning to move. He immediately slumped in the corner, feeling dejected. "Is there something wrong with my house?"

"Of course not. Otherwise, I wouldn't have stayed here for so long." Nyx reassured him. "But we can't keep living in your house forever."

She actually didn't care whether they rented or bought a place, but now that they had a child on the way, buying a home seemed like the better option to them.

Archie acknowledged her perspective and promptly shifted his mood back to normal.

The weather was getting hotter and hotter. Even in the usually cool northeast, temperatures were approaching 104 F. Air conditioners had long sold out, and finding an installer was impossible. The south had already exceeded 104 F, with no sign of cooling down.

Cases of heatstroke were surging in hospitals, and in such extreme heat, people were growing irritable, leading to a rise in violent incidents.

Rain was hard to come by everywhere. Across the country, and even across the globe, there had been a concerning lack of rainfall.

Farmlands were suffering from drought, major rivers had dried up, and online rumors about a catastrophic famine were spreading, causing widespread panic.

To stabilize public sentiment, the government intervened, adjusting food prices to keep shelves stocked and encouraging remote work to minimize unnecessary exposure to the extreme weather.

During this time, Archie and his friends had been stockpiling supplies, staying in shape, and even acquiring some weapons. "We're planning to head to the orchard tomorrow to gather fresh fruit and store it in the cold room." They invited Nyx. "Dear sister, want to come along?"

Before Nyx could respond, the males surrounding her chimed in, adamantly rejecting the proposal, "Nyx will not be joining

us."

Lately, the males treated Nyx like fragile glass, keeping her strictly confined to their home.

They explained, "It's too hot outside, the orchard is full of bugs, and the roads are dangerous."

It was just a trip to a privately leased orchard, yet they acted as if she were heading into some perilous no-man's land.

The moment Nyx stood up, Theon scooped her into his arms, not letting her walk away.

"Dear sister, you're basically treated as a critically endangered species now." Archie stared, dumbfounded.

1/3

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Chapter 199

It was beyond Archie's wildest imagination. He thought, 'Sure, pregnant women need care, but this is over the top

Nyx also felt that her mates' protectiveness had reached an absurd level.

Ever since confirming that the baby was healthy, she had been at ease. But Theon and Erik seemed to have developed pregnancy anxiety in her place.

They had always pampered her, but now they wouldn't even let her handle the smallest tasks-dressing, drinking water, etc. If she so much as sneezed, they reacted as if disaster had struck.

When Theon got anxious, he busied himself in the kitchen, whipping up a variety of nutritious dishes. In just a short time, he had mastered countless Earth recipes-he could practically apply to be a top-tier maternity caregiver.

Erik, on the other hand, kept reinforcing the house, turning their villa into an impenetrable fortress. Even if the world ended, this place would keep her safe.

Yet, despite keeping themselves busy all day, they still couldn't shake their nerves.

"I'm not that fragile." Nyx tried to reassure them. "And the baby is strong too-I even fought while pregnant."

Not only had she fought, but she had also indulged in some rather passionate lovemaking with her mates. The fact that nothing had gone wrong proved how sturdy the baby was.

"Sorry, Nyx." Theon and Erik were already filled with guilt for not being there sooner to help her fight. Thinking back to their reckless indulgence in banging her hard in bed when they reunited, they felt their remorse deepened.

They had been too careless. They hadn't noticed her pregnancy and had still done fierce sex with her. If anything had gone wrong, they would never forgive themselves.

Nyx's attempt to comfort them backfired.

Watching her mates sink further into guilt, she hesitated before grabbing their hands and pressing them against her belly. "Here, feel it."

As if on cue, the baby inside gave a gentle bump against their palms.

Feeling that tiny movement, the two males's expressions changed in an instant.

After a long pause, Erik stammered, "I-it... it's... t-too much... treating you like this-"

The clumsy Pale Wolf got so emotional that he started stumbling over his words again. Nyx couldn't help but chuckle, "It's just a little baby. Don't talk bad about it."

"Does it hurt, Nyx?" Theon's voice was hoarse. He had systematically studied anything related to female pregnancy. When presented in theory, he accepted it well, but now that it applied to his beloved female, he found it unbearably cruel.



Especially after reading a few Earth-based maternal and infant care books, his mind became even more cluttered, and he grew increasingly fearful of childbirth.

The process of nurturing life was so painful, yet he couldn't bear it in Nyx's place.

In the past few days, Theon had been overly anxious, unable to sleep at night, and was on the verge of depression.

Nyx shook her head. "It doesn't hurt."

Compared to human women on Earth, female Beastmen had a much easier time carrying and giving birth to their young. The embryo was actually quite small. Even at three months, near full term of her pregnancy, her belly would only be

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Chapter 199

slightly rounded. Though the cub inside was lively, it wasn't strong enough to hurt her. Most of the time, it just felt like gentle bubbles rising inside her.

Nyx did her best to comfort the males, and they managed to calm down—at least in front of her, they tried not

to show any

distress.

But as the due date drew closer, their anxiety resurfaced.

Given Nyx's special circumstances, she couldn't go to a hospital to give birth and would have to deliver at home. She wasn't afraid; rather, she was excited to finally meet her cub. Instead, she had to comfort her restless mates, urging them not to be

so tense.

"Do you want me to groom you?" she asked, pulling out a small comb invitingly.

Ever since they found out she was pregnant, Erik and Theon had stopped pestering her to groom them. Even when she took the initiative, they still shook their heads.

Nyx invited them several times, but since neither was willing to shift into their beast form, she had no choice but to put the comb away in resignation.

If they insisted on staying in human form, she would have to cave in.

She narrowed her eyes, sizing up her well-built mates before suddenly wrapping her arms around Theon's

neck.

AB

## Of The Beastmen 200

Chapter 200

"Nys" Theon watched in shock as she started tugging at his clothes, his expression changing drastically.

99%1

He could barely keep his own clothes on, let alone stop Nyx from pulling at hers. He didn't dare use force against her, his movements stiff and restrained, his face full of panic—like a virtuous maiden about to be ravished by a rogue.

+5

After struggling for a while, Erik finally stepped in from behind, wrapping his arms around the mischievous Nyx and gently pressing her back onto the bed. "Alright, calm down now. Your condition is special right now—you can't fool around."

Technically, she could. As long as they controlled the pace of intercourse, it could even be beneficial for childbirth. But they didn't dare, as they couldn't fully exert self-control when it came to sex with Nyx.

After struggling to steady himself, Theon simply shifted into his beast form to prevent Nyx from pouncing on him and making him lose control.

'Mission accomplished,' thought Nyx. The moment she saw the big lion appear, she immediately beamed, pulled out her comb again, and happily pounced on him.

The beautiful and well-groomed lion delighted her. She ran the comb through his golden mane, and then couldn't resist cupping his large furry face and planting a kiss on it. "Good boy."

She had only wanted them to shift into beast form and play with her, not actually do anything else.

Theon finally realized it was Nyx's little scheme, but all he could do was lie there helplessly and let her have her way. In truth, he had longed to be held and groomed by Nyx as well.

After playing with her obedient big lion for a while, Nyx, feeling satisfied, turned her gaze toward Erik.

It was Erik's turn. Erik stiffened completely.

Of course, he was willing to shift into beast form and play with Nyx, but he was very worried that she would take the opportunity to touch his tail.

The more anxious he became, the harder it was to hide his weakness. A fluffy wolf tail unconsciously emerged behind him.

As expected, Nyx's eyes locked onto the tail, her gaze full of undisguised amusement. "W-Wait!" Erik hurriedly took a few steps back, and then panicked and turned to flee.

"Pale Wolf," Nyx called after him. "Come here, now."

The pregnant Nyx had become incredibly difficult to handle.

Erik couldn't just run away. Instead, he thoroughly disinfected his hands, and then rushed back to the bedside as fast as possible. Kneeling before Nyx, he said, "Let me give you a massage."

He had specifically studied massage techniques to aid in a smooth delivery.

Nyx was stunned. She never expected that her clumsy Pale Wolf would use a move to turn the tables on her.

"N-no way." She shrank back, only to find her retreat blocked by the sturdy and muscular body of the great lion behind her.

Caught between a wolf in front and a lion behind, Nyx had nowhere to escape.

Her previous arrogance had completely vanished. She was now like a little rabbit cornered by ferocious beasts, trembling as she shut her eyes.

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99%

Chapter 200

"Relax. Inhale, and then exhale," Theon whispered in her ear, guiding her breathing rhythm to help her relax as much as possible.

Erik's technique was somewhat unpolished, but still gentle enough.

+5

Nyx tensed up for a moment but gradually calmed down, following the voice beside her ear as she inhaled and exhaled. She even started feeling drowsy and had no idea when it ended.

She needed more time to adjust.

Nyx wasn't the only one nervous the first time-Erik was even more anxious than she was.

But after massaging her every day, Erik found his technique gradually improved.

After a few days, Nyx had grown accustomed to this routine. She lay peacefully in Theon's arms, receiving Erik's massage.

In her half-asleep state, she felt a slight sinking sensation in her lower abdomen. Unsure if it was just her imagination, she didn't pay much attention to it. But as the feeling became more distinct, she abruptly opened her eyes and met Erik's panicked gaze.

"Nyx, you-" said Erik, as he thought, 'Is she going into labor?'

Theon turned pale with shock as well and immediately scooped Nyx up, sprinting away.

Nyx was carried into the medical pod by the panicked male, still too stunned to react.

The sinking sensation intensified in her. She curled up instinctively, taking deep breaths and pushing.

Within just a few breaths, something suddenly left her body.

She could hardly feel any pain, whether it was from the medical pod's impact or the egg's inherent softness and fluidity.

"Is it over?" She stared blankly at her mates through the transparent pod door, unable to believe it ended so quickly.

In her understanding, childbirth was supposed to be a long and grueling process, taking hours-yet from start to finish, hers seemed to have lasted less than two minutes.

Everything had gone so fast and smoothly that it was almost unbelievable.

Yet, the two inexperienced males were utterly terrified, their faces deathly pale.

It wasn't until they received the medical report confirming that everything was normal that Theon finally took Nyx out of the pod, holding her tightly as he trembled like a leaf.

Even with the all-clear, he remained uneasy, checking Nyx over again and again, from head to toe, and then from toe to head.

Erik stood stiffly to the side, his palms ice-cold, unable to snap out of it.

He had only been massaging Nyx to help her relax, yet somehow he ended up triggering her labor. He feared that it might cause harm to Nyx and the baby. In that instant, an overwhelming fear had consumed him, nearly driving him to the brink of collapse.

Thankfully, she's okay,' thought Erik, letting out a sigh of relief.

"Where's the baby?" Nyx looked around and spotted a smooth, plump, pure-white egg inside the medical pod.

Is that my baby?' she thought.

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+5

The chubby white egg spun around inside the pod a few times, and-whether it could actually recognize its mother or not- it somehow seemed to be trying to roll toward Nyx.

Nyx jumped in surprise.

Theon reacted quickly, scooping up the restless big egg before it could roll off and fall. He carefully cleaned it, applied nutrient fluid, and placed it into an incubator-all in one smooth motion.

Inside the incubator, the big egg kept bumping around, as if throwing a tantrum about being confined.

Hearing the noises, Nyx frowned, "It won't break itself, will it?"

"No, the eggshell is very sturdy." Theon tapped on the incubator warningly, signaling the big egg to settle down.

He had already known this little one wouldn't be an obedient type, but he never expected it to be this lively. Most Beastmen's cubs remained quiet inside their eggs, only moving occasionally-but this one was already causing a ruckus before even hatching. It was truly different from the rest.

Even when it was still inside Nyx's belly, it had been lively and active. Now that it was out, it was completely unrestrained, unable to keep still for even a moment.

The big egg showed no signs of backing down. Instead, it rammed itself even harder, as if deliberately challenging Theon.

Theon gritted his teeth. He thought, "Whose kid is this, exactly? So damn troublesome. Its personality is

nothing like Nyx's- it has to have taken after its father.

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