

Chosen Mate Of The Beastmen Empire

Of The Bea 301

Chapter 301

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"From now on, you'd better answer my questions honestly," Zayne said, poking the little rabbit's fluffy head with a finger. "Otherwise, I'll feed you poisonous grass. Your stomach will hurt, and you'll die."

As he spoke, he tapped the table again. Several oddly shaped plants were placed beside his hand.

At first glance, they looked intimidating, but upon closer inspection, Nyx realized they were all non-toxic and even beneficial herbs.

Each one was fresh and carefully washed, with water droplets still clinging to them.

Nyx was speechless. Looking up at Zayne, who was seriously threatening her with these, she almost laughed but managed to hold it in, lowering her head and trembling slightly.

Zayne thought she was terrified and frowned, adding, "As long as you answer my questions truthfully, I'll let you go. Which tribe sent you? What's your purpose here? How do you know my name? Who told you?"

A barrage of questions followed, but Nyx couldn't answer any of them. She could only sit there obediently, tilting her little head up to appear as docile and well-behaved as possible. Her silent, deliberately cute demeanor only made Zayne think she was playing dumb.

He thought, 'You're quite tight-lipped, huh? That makes it even more suspicious.'

He casually grabbed a medicinal herb and threateningly held it to the little rabbit's mouth. "If you don't talk, I'll make you eat this."

Before he could finish, Nyx decisively bit into the herb, crunching and swallowing it in a few bites, thinking, 'Eat it? Fine. I am a bit hungry anyway!

After turning into a little rabbit, eating these herbs didn't taste bitter at all; in fact, they were quite delicious. After finishing one herb, Nyx wasn't satisfied and dove into the pile of herbs, continuing to munch away.

She ate with relish, but Zayne was thoroughly shocked. Coming to his senses, he tremblingly cupped Nyx's face and sternly asked, "Do you know what this is? How dare you eat it so casually?"

Thankfully, he hadn't actually taken out any poisonous herbs to scare her, or the consequences would have been unthinkable. Just thinking about that scenario made Zayne feel a strong sense of dread.

Still chewing on the herb, Nyx looked at him with innocent eyes. "Didn't you tell me to eat it?"

Meeting her round, wide eyes, Zayne deflated and helplessly rubbed his forehead, thinking, Whatever. She really is a silly little rabbit.

Maybe she wasn't sent by anyone at all, but was abandoned by her family or tribe because she was too naive, and ended up wandering here. As for how she knew his name, she probably overheard someone in the tribe mentioning it.

In just two minutes, Zayne had already come up with all the reasons for the little rabbit's behavior.

"What's your name?" he asked, softening his tone.

This was a question Nyx could finally answer. "Nyx Voss. You can call me Nyx."

Zayne felt uncomfortable with her casual familiarity. They had just met, and she was already calling him so intimately. It didn't seem appropriate.

He opened his mouth, hesitated a few times, but ultimately gave in to his true feelings and softly called out, "Nyx. Do you remember where your home is?"

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05:25 Thu, 6 Mar

Chapter 301

Nyx shook her head, then nodded, happily snuggling into his arms. "It's right here."

She thought Zayne's home was her home.

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Zayne fell silent. A visible red flush spread from his ears to his entire face, then down to his neck. He felt like something was wrong with his body; his heart was pounding wildly, as if a little rabbit was bouncing around inside his chest.

After a long while, he managed to regain his composure, pulled Nyx out of his arms, placed her back on the table, and took two steps back. "Don't talk nonsense."

Using his now-calm mind, he reinterpreted the little rabbit's words, guessing that she might want to stay in the tribe and consider it her home.

This is the wolf tribe, but there are also some other Beastmen who have settled here." Zayne steered the conversation back on track. "If you want to stay, it's not impossible."

The wolf tribe wasn't opposed to outsiders joining. However, most of the other Beastmen who lived here were with their wolf tribe mates. A little rabbit like her, with no clear background and no acquaintances in the tribe, was a first.

Zayne frowned. For the safety of the tribe, he couldn't let her stay so casually. At the very least, there should be an observation period, with someone assigned to live with her and monitor her to ensure she was truly harmless.

As for who would be responsible for monitoring her, Zayne thought and thought but couldn't come up with a suitable person he could trust.

"From today on, you'll live here with me. Don't run around," he coughed lightly, deciding to take on the task himself. Since he was the one who brought this little rabbit to the tribe, he should be responsible for everything concerning her.

Though his tone was commanding and final, Zayne felt uneasy inside, secretly observing Nyx's reaction, wondering if she would refuse.

Nyx had no objections and obediently nodded. "Okay." This outcome was exactly what she had expected. "I'm a bit hungry." She openly flipped over her fluffy belly, asking Zayne for food. "Do you have anything to eat?"

The few herbs she had eaten earlier hadn't filled her up; instead, they had whetted her appetite. Having just arrived in this world and already been chased twice, she had expended too much energy and needed to replenish it.

Considering her beast form was too small for a proper meal, she tried to transform into her human form. The first attempt failed. The second attempt also failed.

Nyx rolled around, the more she tried, the more frustrated she became, kicking her legs in irritation. No wonder Chubby used to cry when he couldn't transform into his human form as a child.

"What's wrong?" Zayne noticed her strange behavior and nervously picked her up. "Are you feeling unwell?"

He thought, 'Could it be that those herbs she ate earlier were problematic? Was there really some poisonous herb mixed in?'"

Zayne began to doubt himself, his usually calm mind now blank, beads of cold sweat forming on his nose. "Quick, tell me, where does it hurt? Is it your stomach?"

Nyx, finally sensing a bit of progress, couldn't spare the focus to answer. She held her breath, concentrating all her energy, and with one final push.

Suddenly, the little rabbit in his palms grew heavier, her small form rapidly expanding into a human. Zayne instinctively tightened his hold.

The fluffy texture disappeared, replaced by a silky smoothness. Perhaps worried about falling, she clung tightly to him, her arms wrapped around his neck, her legs gripping him firmly.

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Chapter 301

Zayne's scalp tingled. Even with all the language he had ever learned, he couldn't describe this feeling, Sensing his body stiffen, his muscles tensing like steel, Nyx looked up at him.

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Of The Bea 302

Chapter 302

A warm trickle of blood ran from his nose. Both of Zayne's hands were occupied, leaving him no way to wipe

it.

Flustered, he tried to place her on the table, but the stone surface was too cold and hard. Instead, he laid her on his bed, which was covered with a fur pelt.

"Stay here and wait for me. Don't go anywhere," he sternly instructed Nyx while awkwardly wiping the blood from his nose. "I'll be back soon. Don't run off."

He couldn't imagine what would happen if Nyx ran out like this. Grabbing a few bone coins, he rushed out to buy her some clothes.

Nyx was stunned. She rarely saw Zayne so flustered. Her mate, who had lost his memory, was just too innocent. She hadn't even done anything, and he had already fled.

Taking advantage of the moment, Nyx looked around the cave. There wasn't much furniture, and the setup was simple, but the entire cave was spotless, with everything neatly arranged-just like Zayne.

She noticed many medicinal herbs, both fresh and dried, as well as tools like stone mortars. It seemed that, even here, Zayne's profession was still that of a healer.

The sound of footsteps approached, and Nyx turned her gaze to the cave entrance. It was Zayne. In just a few minutes, he had hurried back. His nosebleed had stopped, and his face was clean, but his eyes darted around, avoiding Nyx

"Here, take these." He tossed a pile of fur clothing onto the bed. "Put them on quickly."

"Why did you transform into your human form without any clothes?" he asked, both embarrassed and annoyed. "Do you do this in front of others too?"

The thought of Nyx clinging to another male like this ignited an inexplicable anger in him. She was so shameless.

The young male didn't realize the jealousy in his tone, but Nyx caught it. She secretly smiled and teased, "I only act like this in front of you, because you're my mate."

With that simple statement, Zayne was left speechless. After a moment, he pressed his lips together and didn't refute her, nor did he deny being her mate.

He was worried that if he rejected her too many times, Nyx might switch targets and start using the same methods to seduce another male. No male could resist such a mischievous female.

If this little rabbit wasn't as innocent as she seemed and actually had ulterior motives, those foolish males would definitely be tricked. His willpower was stronger, and he was more rational than them. It was better for him to bear the burden.

With his ears red, Zayne justified his actions to himself and urged Nyx, "Hurry up and put on your clothes.

On the bed, clothes were piled up like a small mountain. Nyx rummaged through them. "Why did you buy so many?"

She only needed one outfit to wear and one for washing. With so many, she couldn't tell which were tops and which were skirts. She simply lay down. "I don't know how to wear them. You help me."

Zayne couldn't believe it. "You don't know how to wear clothes?" Even if she was a silly little rabbit, she should know how to do something as basic as this. She had to have worn clothes before.

"I really don't know," Nyx said with clear eyes, blinking. "This is my first time in human form. I've never worn clothes like these before.

It sounded absurd. But Zayne instinctively believed her and accepted the explanation. No wonder the little rabbit had looked so uncomfortable earlier-she was trying hard to transform into human form.

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05:25 Thu, 6 Mar

Chapter 302

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He picked up a set of clothes and a skirt from the bed, avoiding looking at Nyx as he clumsily dressed her. Nyx obediently raised her arms. Accidentally, Zayne's fingers brushed against her arm, and he immediately froze.

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Even though was just her arm, he reacted as if he had touched something dangerous, stumbling back several steps. It took him a while to calm down, but his thoughts were already in disarray, making it hard for him to act decisively.

It seemed he had to choose between visual or tactile stimulation, choosing the lesser of two evils. Zayne's Adam's apple bobbed as he made up his mind and looked at Nyx. The intense visual impact made it hard for him to look away. He quickly dressed Nyx and wrapped the skirt around her in one go.

Finally done, he let out a long breath, as if he had just survived a great ordeal. "Let's go. I'll take you to eat something."

But first, he needed to go to the river to wash his face and cool down the heat rising in his nose.

Zayne's territory was ideally located, with a small river not far from his cave. Nyx crouched by the river, peering into the clear water to see her reflection.

The rippling water distorted her image, but she could easily tell it was her own face. She touched her cheeks, dipped her fingers into the cool water, and then looked around, her eyes narrowing as she spotted a tree bearing fruit.

"What's that?" she asked. It looked like a mulberry tree, with only a few berries left, likely because most had been picked. Since it was a tree within the tribe, it was a miracle any fruit remained at all.

"You want to eat blackberries?" Zayne followed her gaze and nodded. "I know someone who sells them. I can buy some for you."

These berries weren't filling and didn't store well, so even the more well-off beastmen rarely bought them. Zayne had never bought them either. He wasn't one for indulging in food, but as the tribe's shaman, he had plenty of money and didn't mind satisfying Nyx's little craving.

"Can't I just pick them myself?" Nyx was puzzled. She thought, 'Why buy them from someone else? Not only will it cost money, but it won't be as fresh. The trees grow haphazardly, clearly not cultivated, so they probably don't belong to anyone, right?'

"You can pick them yourself." Zayne hesitated, wanting to tell her not to worry about saving him money, but then he thought he shouldn't spoil a rabbit. Let her put in the effort to pick them herself.

As they approached the trees, Nyx noticed there were people there. A few females and children were climbing the trees, picking berries and popping them into their mouths.

When they saw Zayne, they quickly bowed their heads in greeting. "Shaman."

Their eyes lingered on Nyx, filled with curiosity, wondering who the new female standing with the shaman

was.

Before Nyx could introduce herself, Zayne spoke first, "She's a new beastman who's moved to our tribe. Her name is Nyx."

These females and children loved nothing more than gossiping. If he let Nyx say anything in front of them, the false news that she was his mate would spread throughout the tribe in a day.

"You can go pick the berries now," Zayne said sternly, keeping his distance and trying to maintain a detached tone.

Nyx gave him a strange look and then turned her gaze to the tree. The lower branches, within easy reach, had already been stripped of fruit. To get any berries, she'd have to climb higher.

Though she had little experience climbing trees, Nyx was confident in her agility. As long as she was careful, she wouldn't fall. She placed her hands on the trunk and lifted one leg.

"Stop!" Before she could start climbing, Zayne called out.

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05:26 Thu, 6 Mar

Chapter 302

Nyx turned to him, confused. "What's wrong?"

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Of The Bea 303

Chapter 303

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Zayne frowned, quickly stepping forward and grabbing Nyx's wrists to pull her down from the tree. "I'll pick them for you. You stay here and wait."

He could tell at a glance that Nyx had never climbed a tree before-her movements were awkward. Of course, she had just transformed into human form for the first time. She couldn't have known how to climb a tree.

Though the trees weren't particularly tall, and climbing wasn't difficult, this was a little rabbit who didn't even know how to put on clothes, If she fell, the consequences would be dire,

Even as a renowned shaman across the tribes, Zayne couldn't guarantee he could heal serious injuries from a fall. At best, he could save her life, but she might still end up disabled.

Touching the rough bark, he felt even more relieved he had stopped her. This little rabbit was so delicate-he didn't dare touch her too hard, afraid he might hurt her. If her soft skin rubbed against the rough bark, she'd likely end up with scratches.

Life in the tribe forced everyone to learn how to gather food from a young age. Climbing trees to pick fruit was a basic skill, but even experienced climbers could get minor injuries.

Zayne had treated almost everyone in the tribe at some point and knew this well. But when it came to Nyx, he couldn't help being biased.

Nyx crouched under the tree, looking up at Zayne as he climbed with agility and ease. She pointed. "Zayne, over there- there are more ripe berries."

"Got it," Zayne replied reluctantly.

On the tree, it was eerily quiet. The females and children perched on the branches exchanged shocked glances, their eyes nearly popping out of their heads.

One child snapped out of it first and handed Zayne a large leaf. "Shaman, here, use this to hold the berries." Zayne took it and thanked him quietly. The leaf was folded into a makeshift container. It could hold a lot, but it required. one hand to carry, making it awkward to climb down. He could only gather a few berries.

"Is this enough?" Zayne climbed down and handed the leaf to Nyx. If not, he could go back up.

"It's enough," Nyx said. She was just craving a snack and couldn't eat much. She leaned in and kissed Zayne on the cheek. "Thank you, Zayne."

Zayne nearly jumped out of his skin. It wasn't that he was being overly sensitive-this little rabbit was just too much. A few berries, and she was kissing him. If another male gave her food, they could easily lure her away. She had no shame at all.

Zayne was once again infuriated by his own imagination and turned to leave,

"Wait for me." Nyx looked up and saw him walking away. She quickly grabbed the berries and hurried after him.

Zayne ignored her. But hearing her panting, he subtly slowed his pace.

The tree rustled as the branches shook. The females and children watching nearly fell off the tree, clutching the trunk tightly.

As they watched the two leave, they lost interest in picking berries and climbed down one by one, eager to share the shocking news they had just witnessed.

"The shaman climbed a tree to pick blackberries for a female."

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07:42 Fri, 7 Mar

Chapter 303

This juicy piece of gossip instantly drew a crowd, and everyone put aside their tasks to discuss it

"Who?"

"Which female?"

"Was it Lila? Or Gina?"

As the tribe's shaman, Zayne was highly respected for his healing skills and was also strikingly handsome. It was safe to say that nearly every young female in the tribe admired him to some degree,

Among his many admirers, Gina was the most beautiful, while Lila, the chief's daughter, was also a strong, contender

Everyone assumed Zayne would choose one of them as his mate-or perhaps both. But over the years, despite their efforts, Zayne had never shown any interest or affection toward them.

People wondered, 'Why all of a sudden? Who did he choose?'

Facing the curious stares, the gossipers shook their heads.

"No, it's neither of them."

"The female's name is Nyx. She's new to our tribe-we've never seen her before."

Nyx was indeed an unfamiliar name. The answer surprised everyone and only fueled their curiosity. It was Lila or Gira, but a newcomer.

"Really?"

"What does she look like?"

"She has good hair, good eyes, nice skin, and big, beautiful eyes."

Struggling to find the right words, they scratched their heads, unable to fully describe what they had seen.

The listeners grew impatient. From these vague descriptions, they couldn't picture what this female looked like.

"How pretty is she? Prettier than Gina?"

They all nodded in agreement. "Yes."

The crowd was amazed. Gina was already the most beautiful female they had ever seen. It was hard to imagine something more beautiful than her. No wonder the shaman climbed a tree to pick berries for her. "Is she the shaman's mate?"

"Probably?"

"I think so."

"The shaman never picked berries for any other female before."

"And she called him by his name and even kissed him."

"No way."

"Really?"

The news spread like wildfire. With only about two hundred people in the tribe, it didn't take long for everyone to hear

2/3

07:42 Fri, Mar

Chapter 303

about it.

"I knew it." A middle-aged female who sold fur clothes slapped her thigh. "The shaman suddenly bought a bunch of female clothes from me today and gave me two strings of bone coins."

"What?" Everyone was stunned.

"Two strings of bone coins? That much?"

A set of clothes usually sold for no more than three bone coins, and one string was worth a hundred coins. "Yeah." The middle-aged female herself found it hard to believe. "I asked him several times, and he seemed in a hurry. He threw down some bone coins, picked out a few sets of clothes, and left, saying the rest could be made in the future."

"In the future?" Everyone exchanged knowing looks, their suspicions growing stronger. They thought, "The shaman has even pre-ordered clothes for that female named Nyx. She must be his mate, no doubt about it!"

At the northernmost end of the tribe, inside the chieftain's cave, a young female angrily smashed a stone bowl to the ground.

"Lila," her mother exclaimed, picking up the broken pieces. "Why did you break something perfectly good?" Lila sat down on a stone stool, covering her face and crying, "The shaman has a mate."

She had pursued him for so many years, rejecting so many males for him, and yet he chose someone else as

his mate.

Watching her daughter throw a tantrum, the mother sighed helplessly, "What's the point of crying at home? If you want to cry, go cry in front of him. Make him feel sorry for you."

"Enough," the chieftain interrupted. "She's already cried in front of Zayne before. If he were going to feel sorry for her, he would have done it by now. Why would it be like this?"

He had never approved of Lila pursuing Zayne and had long advised her to set her sights on someone else. However, he never expected Zayne to have a female he fancied. He thought the guy was only interested in

herbs.

Struck by the painful truth, Lila cried even louder, "Where did that female even come from? I'm going to find

her."

"No, don't," the chieftain quickly stopped her. "I'll go for you."

3/3

Of The Bea 304

Chapter 304

Though he said he was going on behalf of his daughter, the chieftain had his own reasons.

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He watched Zayne grow up. He lost his parents at a young age, but he was smart and talented. The previous shaman took him in and trained him. But the shaman passed away in two years, leaving Zayne with a cursed reputation. People gossiped and looked down on him.

It wasn't until he proved himself with his abilities that the whispers died down. The tribe needed him, so they stopped speaking ill of him.

Later, his reputation spread far and wide. People from other tribes came seeking his medical skills, and his status rose, earning him respect everywhere.

But his early experiences made him reclusive. He was cautious and suspicious, always keeping to himself, never allowing anyone near his home. Even when the chieftain visited, he had to stand outside and call for him, only entering the cave with permission.

For such a unique male, it was no surprise that he disliked females and rejected their advances. On the contrary, it was shocking that he suddenly had a female he fancied and even brought her home.

Inside the cave, Nyx drank a bowl of meat soup Zayne had made, ate two pieces of roasted meat he prepared, and sat on his bed enjoying some fruit.

Zayne's cooking skills were mediocre, but the fruit was delicious. The blackberries were sweet and sour, more sour than sweet, but with a rich, natural flavor.

"Zayne, here." She tasted one herself, then picked the prettiest berry and offered it to Zayne.

Zayne turned his head away.

Nyx was confused. Ever since they returned, Zayne had been acting strangely, his face cold and distant. He coldly washed the fruit for her. He coldly cooked the soup for her. He coldly served her the roasted meat.

Nyx withdrew her hand, deep in thought, 'Is he upset because I kissed him?'

That made sense. Zayne didn't remember her now, so her actions must have seemed like those of a shameless woman.

"I won't kiss you anymore," she promised softly, trying to soothe him. "Don't be mad."

Zayne's anger didn't subside; instead, it grew more intense. "If you're not kissing me, who do you want to kiss?"

Nyx looked confused. Zayne's reason for being upset wasn't what she thought.

Before she could figure it out, a middle-aged male's voice called from outside, "Zayne." It was the chieftain. Zayne lowered his eyes, hiding his emotions, and stood up. "Stay here. Don't go anywhere," he instructed Nyx.

He walked out alone to meet the chieftain. "What do you need?"

Seeing that Zayne didn't invite him in, the chieftain was surprised. He coughed lightly. "It's nothing major. I heard you have

a mate, so I came to see what kind of female she is."

Hearing the word "mate", Zayne wanted to deny it, but hesitated and stayed silent. Seeing his reaction, the chieftain was stunned. He actually didn't deny it.

"How long have you known her?" the chieftain asked, unable to stay calm. "I heard she's really beautiful. Is that true?"

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Chapter 304

Instantly, Zayne's gaze sharpened, and he stared at the chieftain with suspicion. Yes, she was beautiful. But he didn't understand what it had to do with the chieftain and why he was asking.

In the be, the ratio of males in females was balanced, and most lived in pairs. However, females favored strong males and were unwilling to be with weaker ones. Some powerful males could have multiple mates. Almost every chieftain and shaman had more than one mate, and the current chieftain was no exception.

He already has three mates. Does he want to add another? Zayne thought.

Seeing Zayne's misunderstanding, the chieftain quickly explained, "No. I'm not trying to steal your female. I'm just worried you might be deceived. You only just met today, right?"

In such a short time, Zayne had already considered her his mate. That female must be incredibly skilled.

"She's so beautiful and deliberately appeared in front of you. She might have been sent by another tribe to get close to you," the chieftain said, full of caution.

The tribe had seen too many people like this, approaching Zayne with ulterior motives.

After all, he was a renowned shaman, coveted by many. Other tribes wanted to steal his medical knowledge, or even take him away. But no one had succeeded,

No matter what tricks they used, he remained cold, like an unyielding block of ice, until now.

They had known each other for less than a day, and Zayne had already fallen. If they lived together longer, he would do

whatever she wanted.

The chieftain voiced his concerns. He carefully watched Zayne's expression and tentatively suggested, "How about I send Lila to be your mate?"

"I know you don't like her, but having an extra mate isn't a bad thing. She can help you with work, sleep with you, and bear your children. And she can keep an eye on that female," the chieftain added, revealing his true intention.

They couldn't let another tribe steal Zayne away. Besides, Lila had been crying and begging to be with Zayne. Sending her over wouldn't be a bad deal.

The chieftain thought his plan was perfect, but Zayne refused without hesitation. "No."

He didn't need a female to help him with work, nor did he want to sleep with Lila or have children with her. As for Nyx-"I'll keep an eye on her myself."

He knew the little rabbit might not be as simple as she seemed, and her intentions might not be pure. But as long as he kept her in the tribe and never let her leave, even if she was sent by another tribe, she couldn't do anything.

He was rational and clear-headed. He wouldn't be fooled by the little rabbit. "I know what I'm doing," Zayne said confidently.

After seeing the chieftain off, he returned to the cave. Nyx was crouched on the ground, examining the herbs he had placed there.

The tribe didn't seem to have a habit of wearing shoes. Everyone was used to walking barefoot, but her feet weren't as tough. After going out today, they were a bit sore.

After eating and drinking, and taking care of her basic needs, she started thinking about applying some medicine to her feet. Seeing Zayne return, she stood up. "Zayne, do you have-"

Before she could finish, Zayne picked her up with one arm. With a stern face, Zayne carried Nyx to a smaller cave nearby. This was also his territory, where he had lived as a child.

2/3

Chapter 304

"From now on, you'll live here," he said. The cave was clean and tidy, ready for her to move in.

Nyx widened her eyes in surprise, pointing at herself. "I'm living here alone?" The air grew quiet for a moment.

"Of course," Zayne took a deep breath and asked, "Did you think you'd be living with me?"

3/3

Of The Bea 305

Chapter 305

(13)

Nyx nodded. Remembering that Zayne seemed more reserved now, she transformed into her beast form. A small, milk-colored rabbit emerged from under the clothes, her round eyes full of expectation.

Zayne was so stunned he almost forgot to breathe. After a long silence, he managed to maintain his composure and firmly refused. "No."

Originally, he hadn't planned to move Nyx to this smaller cave so soon. But seeing her eagerly eyeing his herbs, he couldn't let her stay in the larger cave where he stored his medicinal plants.

What if her goal is to steal the herbs? Once she gets what she wants, will she run away?' he thought. Zayne's expression darkened. He would make sure she never succeeded.

Nyx tilted her head, watching Zayne's changing expressions, and scratched her cheek with a paw in confusion. "Can I really not sleep with you?" she asked softly. "I'm scared living alone."

She was making an excuse to stay close to Zayne, but she was also genuinely a little scared.

Although the Beastmen lived in a tribe, their homes were spread out. Once night fell, the cave would be eerily quiet, and outside would be pitch black with no one in sight.

When he looked at the pitiful little rabbit, Zayne's resolve wavered. He pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to suppress his softening heart. "Don't worry, it's safe here. There's nothing to be afraid of."

As soon as he finished speaking, the little rabbit, rejected again, burst into tears.

Zayne panicked. His mind went blank, and without thinking, he rushed over, scooping Nyx into his arms and gently stroking her fur. "There now."

"I'll do as you say." He abandoned his principles. "I'll do whatever you want."

All his resolve crumbled. He sat on the bed, placing the little rabbit on his lap, and spoke in a near-pleading tone, "I'll stay here with you, okay?"

This wasn't the first time Zayne had seen a female cry. But it was the first time he felt his heart ache.

The little rabbit in his arms was soft and trembling with each sob. At that moment, Zayne felt like the worst person in the world. He was wrong. He shouldn't have bullied her, shouldn't have forced a timid little rabbit to live alone in this cold, abandoned cave.

"I'll stay with you," he repeated in a low voice. "Wait for me. I'll go get my things."

After much coaxing, Nyx finally stopped crying. She buried her face in Zayne's muscular chest, secretly smiling in triumph.

With the sleeping situation resolved, the only issue left was the soreness on her feet. The injuries from her human form still existed in her beast form.

During her fake crying and rolling around, she had accidentally aggravated the wounds, and her hind paws were now throbbing with pain.

Remembering the question she had been interrupted from asking earlier, she quickly asked again, "Zayne, do you have any medicine that helps wounds heal faster?"

If he didn't, she could make some herself, but it would take time. She was sure Zayne had some ready-made ointment. As expected, Zayne did have some. But this made him wary again.

'Medicine for external wounds? Is this her goal?' he thought. He hadn't expected Nyx to ask so directly, catching him off guard. If he didn't give it to her, he was afraid she might cry again. If he did, he worried she might run away.

1/3

13

Chapter 205

"What do you need that medicine for? He narrowed his eyes, holding the little rabbit up to his face to carefully observe her. expression

If she really needed it, he wasn't opposed to giving it to her. But in exchange, this little rabbit had to stay by his side and behave

Nyx answered truthfully. "My feet are sore

Afraid Zayne wouldn't believe her, she rolled over and transformed into her human form, sticking out her feet for emphasis.

The sight of her pale, delicate feet immediately caught Zayne's attention. Nyx curled her toes, showing him the red marks and abrasions. Instantly, Zayne felt his heart tighten.

"When did this happen? Was it on the way back?" He stammered, his words jumbled. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Thinking about how he had walked ahead, leaving her with only his cold back, a wave of guilt washed over him, drowning Zayne in self-reproach.

He didn't care if Nyx was dressed or not, nor did he care about propriety. He knelt before her and gently took one of her feet

in his hand.

Her tender skin seemed as if it could be squeezed to release water, like someone who had been pampered and never endured hardship. Yet now, streaks of red marred its surface, piercing Zayne's heart.

"I'm sorry," he said hoarsely, bowing his head in apology.

It was all his fault. He blamed himself for not thinking things through, for making Nyx walk such a long distance. He also blamed himself for being careless and not noticing her injuries sooner. And yet, he had still been suspicious of her, delaying giving her the medicine.

"It's okay Nyx retracted her foot and shook her head. "It's not your fault. It's my own problem, not yours."

No one would have thought that an adult female could get sore feet from walking such a short distance. In the tribe, this was practically unheard of. Even across the entire continent, you wouldn't find another fragile creature like her.

Nyx was simply stating the facts. However, her reaction seemed to Zayne like she was disappointed in him and trying to distance herself. It felt as if a hand had gripped his heart, making it hard to breathe.

He didn't dare dwell on it further. He quickly stood up, fetched a large amount of medicinal ointment from the main cave, and carefully applied the best one to Nyx's wounds.

The cool, soothing sensation of the medicine eased the burning pain. Nyx lay back on the bed covered with animal pelts, transforming back into a little rabbit. When she looked up, she met Zayne's slightly pitiful gaze.

"What's wrong?" Nyx asked, confused.

Zayne's usual imposing aura had weakened considerably. "Do you still want me to stay with you?"

In just half an hour, the situation had completely reversed. This time, it wasn't Nyx insisting he stay-it was him anxiously waiting for her to decide if she wanted him.

Nyx nodded like a chick pecking at rice. "Of course." She had fake-cried to get this far, after all.

Zayne felt as if he had been granted a reprieve. Afraid Nyx might change her mind, he hurried to the main cave to gather his belongings.

There weren't many items, but they were scattered and lacked proper containers. Zayne made several trips back and forth, not finishing until sunset.

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07:43 Fri, 7 Mar

Chapter 305

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Before bed, he still felt uneasy. After tossing and turning for a while, he couldn't help but ask again, "Nyx, do you still want me to be your mate?"

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Of The Bea 306

Chapter 306

Nyx was already half-asleep. When she didn't answer immediately, Zayne held his breath nervously.

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After a while, the fluffy little rabbit rolled over on the pelt-covered pillow, kicked her hind legs, and jumped into Zayne's arms, snuggling against his chest.

"Of course," she murmured sleepily. "I came here to be with you forever."

Zayne's heart raced. He was afraid his rapid heartbeat would wake the little rabbit resting on his chest, but he couldn't control it, and his breathing became uneven.

'Forever? Could someone really want to stay with me forever?' he thought..

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Tentatively, he raised his hand and gently stroked the small ball of fur nestled against him. Under his comforting touch, Nyx gradually flattened into a rabbit pancake, clearly very relaxed.

Zayne stroked her soft little belly, and she didn't react. He then touched her short tail, and she didn't shy away. It seemed she trusted him completely.

Zayne felt an overwhelming surge of tenderness and took a deep breath, closing his eyes. The chief's warning echoed in his ears, but he quickly dismissed it.

Nyx's sweet words continuously struck his soul, and he suddenly felt that nothing else mattered.

'So what if she is toying with him?' he thought. He had already slept in the same bed with her-he should take responsibility.

The sky was bright by the time Nyx woke up. The spot beside her still felt warm, but Zayne was gone.

She transformed into her human form, dressed, and walked to the table, where two jars were placed. One contained meat soup, the other roasted meat, both still steaming.

It seemed Zayne had just left. She wasn't in a hurry to eat. Instead, she walked to the cave entrance and peeked outside. Zayne wasn't there.

However, a young teenager was sitting outside. When he saw her, his eyes lit

1. up. "Nyx."

The voice sounded familiar. Nyx thought of the ferret Heps. But while Heps was introverted, this boy was lively and seemed to be a chatterbox. "My name is Beau. I'm the shaman's disciple."

"Master went to gather herbs and will be back soon. He asked me to come take care of you. Have you had breakfast?" He looked down and noticed Nyx was barefoot. He gasped, "Quick, get back to bed."

His master had instructed him not to let Nyx walk on her own. Nyx was utterly confused. Before she could figure out what was happening, she was urged back to bed. Beau eagerly brought over the two stone jars. Nyx quickly took them. "I'll eat by myself."

She took a sip of the soup and then a bite of the roasted meat. The taste was no different from yesterday- Zayne's consistent, mediocre cooking. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't particularly good either.

She didn't have much of an appetite in the morning, and the greasy food quickly made her lose interest. She sat on the bed, watching Beau busily clean up the jars, tidy the table, and bring her fresh water to wash up.

'What a diligent kid!' she thought. "How long have you been studying with Zayne?"

"Twelve years." Beau grinned. "I've been with Master since I was born. My parents had four cubs and couldn't raise all of us, so they wanted to give me away. Only Master was willing to take me in."

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Chapter 306

Once he started talking, he began rambling about various trivial matters over the years. Eventually, he touched on Zayne's background and his difficult experiences.

Nyx frowned as she listened. No wonder Zayne was so suspicious and cautious.

"I've always worried that Master was lonely, but he wouldn't even live with me, nor would he accept the advances of females like Gina or Lila." Beau spilled everything about his master. "Thankfully, you showed up, Nyx."

This was the first time he had seen someone sharing a cave with his master. Nyx was so beautiful and gentle-no wonder Master liked her.

"Gina? Lila?" Nyx raised an eyebrow.

Before Beau could elaborate, a tall figure blocked the light at the cave entrance. Zayne had returned from gathering herbs. "What are you two talking about?"

He glanced between them, feeling a bit annoyed at how well they seemed to be getting along.

"Go dry these herbs outside." He tossed a leather bundle to his disciple, sending him away. He had called Beau over to take care of Nyx in his absence, but he hadn't expected them to hit it off so well.

The thought that the little rabbit might be this friendly with everyone, and that Beau was old enough to start courting females in a couple of years, made him feel a pang of jealousy.

"What were you talking about?" He sat down and asked Nyx again.

Nyx gave him a teasing look, a playful smile on her lips. "We were talking about your admirers."

"Admirers?" Zayne didn't understand.

Nyx interrupted his thoughts. "I mean Gina and Lila."

Zayne froze. He hadn't been close to any other females, so he wasn't guilty, but he was still worried Nyx might misunderstand. Outside the cave, Beau, who was busy working, suddenly felt his master's sharp gaze on his

back.

Nyx laughed so hard she rolled around on the bed. It was only natural that her mate, being so outstanding, would attract admirers. She wasn't the type to get jealous over every little thing.

"It's fine," she said, pinching Zayne's well-developed arm muscles. "I know you only like me."

The statement sounded overly confident, even a bit narcissistic. But Zayne's face went red, and he lowered

his head and didn't deny it. Seeing this, Beau's jaw nearly dropped to the ground, as if he had seen a ghost in broad daylight.

"Are you going out to gather herbs this afternoon?" Nyx steered the conversation back on track.

Zayne nodded. He actually wanted to stay with Nyx, but as the tribe's shaman, he had inherited the responsibilities of his predecessor and couldn't afford to slack off.

During the warm season, he had to gather as many herbs as possible to prepare for the cold season when medicine would be

scarce.

Moreover, the tribe didn't have many specialties. During the trading fairs, they relied on his herbs to exchange for other goods.

Nyx suggested, "I'll go with you."

"No," Zayne immediately refused. "Your feet haven't healed yet."

"They're fine now," Nyx insisted. The medicine from yesterday had worked well, and the small wounds had already healed.

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Zayne still disagreed. Gathering herbs required walking long distances, which would surely hurt Myx's feet. She could turn if she transformed into a lule rabbit and rode on his back, he didn't dare take her along.

The paths were rugged, and sometimes they had to climb to high places. He might not be wide to keep an eye on the file rabbit, and she could easily get hurt.

"Is there anything you want? I'll bring it back for you," he said.

Nyx tried to persuade him for a while, but he wouldn't budge. She sighed in defeat, "there's nothing, 1 grand?"

She actually had a lot of things she wanted but planned to find them herself, not wanting to burden Zayne.

In the afternoon, Zayne left. Nyx lay on the bed, bored out of her mind, when a sudden idea struck her. "Beau, come here for a second"

Of The Bea 307

Chapter 307

Beau, who was also bored, thought she wanted to chat or play something. He eagerly approached.

"What if I transform into my beast form, and you take me around the tribe?" Nyx suggested.

As she spoke, she transformed into her beast form, spinning around to show off her small size. She was so tiny and light that she wouldn't be a burden to him.

Seeing the little rabbit suddenly appear, Beau jumped in surprise. His master had actually chosen a cute little rabbit as his mate. His eyes sparkled as he circled Nyx a few times, reaching out eagerly.

Just before his hand touched her fur, he suddenly came to his senses and pulled back, shaking his head. "No, no, Master would be mad at me."

He had already felt his master's glare earlier when he was chatting with Nyx.

"He won't find out," Nyx whispered conspiratorially. "We'll go out quietly."

Beau still shook his head. He didn't dare underestimate his master's sharpness. In his eyes, his master was the most amazing person-knowledgeable, wise, and perceptive. Nothing could escape his notice.

He had no idea that his revered master had been completely fooled by the little rabbit's fake tears just the day before.

Nyx sighed, not wanting to pressure him, and gave up. After a moment, she changed her mind. "Then go find me some long, flexible grass."

This task was simple enough for Beau to handle.

Happily obeying, he dashed out and soon returned with an armful of various grasses. "Will these do?"

Nyx was overwhelmed by the variety. "Yes, this is enough."

After sorting through the pile, she picked out a few types that were the right length and flexibility, and soft to the touch. She divided them into two bundles.

Beau crouched nearby, watching intently, curious about what she planned to do with the grass. He thought she was going to eat it. She hadn't eaten much of the meat soup or roasted meat earlier, so maybe it didn't suit her taste.

'Do rabbit beastmen like to eat grass?' he wondered. Beau had never met a rabbit beastman before and was filled with curiosity, his eyes glued to Nyx.

However, the expected scene of her eating grass didn't happen. Instead, he watched in amazement as Nyx's hands moved swiftly, weaving the grass into a patterned, tightly-knit mat.

Beau rubbed his eyes, wondering if he was hallucinating. In the time it took him to blink, a grass sandal had taken shape.

Handicrafts were one of Nyx's strengths. Before starting her trials, she had specifically learned some practical skills, including weaving grass sandals. She hadn't expected it to come in handy so soon.

Her movements were skilled and fast. Beau couldn't keep up with her hands, so he just stared, mouth agape. By the time Nyx slipped the finished sandal onto her foot, he finally snapped out of his daze.

"What is this?" Beau's eyes sparkled. He had never seen anything so delicate before. "Is it comfortable to wear?"

"It's a shoe," Nyx said, taking a few steps to test it out. She gave a conservative evaluation of its comfort level. "Not bad."

Since she was in a hurry, she had used fresh grass. To make durable grass shoes, she would need to use dried grass ropes.

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Chapter 307

"I'll teach you how to make them tomorrow, okay?" For now, she planned to gather more suitable materials herself.

Beau nodded so vigorously it seemed his head might fall off, clearly excited. He followed Nyx like a loyal shadow, accompanying her as she wandered around, his eyes fixed on her feet, unable to look away.

'How did she do it? This is amazing!' he thought to himself.

The tribe was built against a mountain, surrounded by endless ranges. Nyx glanced around and noticed that all the beastmen lived in caves.

The living conditions were primitive, and so was their standard of living. Everyone was busy trying to survive. The males hunted, the females gathered, and even the young cubs worked hard to find food to fill their bellies. No wonder Beau was so diligent.

Nyx felt a great respect for the tribe. Influenced by the atmosphere, she couldn't help but quicken her pace. "Let's go find more grass to take back." She needed to prepare the basic tools first before she could do more.

"Okay." Beau was full of enthusiasm. "You sit and rest. I'll handle it."

He had a small bone knife, a gift from his master, which made cutting grass much easier.

Nyx spotted some tall, flexible bamboo nearby. "Can you try cutting this?"

Bamboo had countless uses. Unfortunately, the beastmen in the tribe didn't seem to have discovered its potential. They only knew bamboo shoots were edible and considered mature bamboo useless.

Although Beau didn't know what Nyx was planning, he obediently followed her instructions. The two of them had limited carrying capacity, so after cutting a pile of grass and two bamboo stalks, they headed back. "Stop!" A sharp voice suddenly called out from behind.

Nyx turned her head and saw a curly-haired, brown-eyed young female standing with her hands on her hips, glaring at her fiercely.

"Oh no," Beau whispered, leaning closer to Nyx. "That's Lila."

She was definitely here to pick a fight. He swallowed hard, deciding that if a fight broke out, he would do his best to protect Nyx and take the beating himself.

"Are you Nyx?" Lila scrutinized the female in front of her from head to toe.

The afternoon sun bathed Nyx in a warm glow, and even Lila, who disliked her, couldn't deny that Nyx was stunningly beautiful with her delicate features and flawless skin.

No wonder she managed to captivate the shaman. Lila felt a mix of emotions.

Unable to criticize Nyx's appearance, she turned to other aspects. "What are you doing cutting a bunch of useless grass? Do you have too much energy to burn?"

"Useless grass?" Beau scoffed, "Nyx is amazing. She can make all sorts of things with it."

While cutting the grass earlier, Nyx had painted a vivid picture for him, promising to teach him how to weave grass shoes, baskets, and mats.

Beau was completely convinced. He was now Nyx's loyal little apprentice.

"What things? I don't believe it." Lila's anger flared at Beau's closeness to Nyx. "I see you are so close already. You sure know how to seduce people. Don't think I don't know. Last night, the shaman kicked you out to another cave. You're not even living with him."

2/3

Chapter 307

This was what her father had seen when he left the shaman's cave last night. He had told her about it when he returned home, which had comforted her somewhat.

Nyx opened her mouth. Then she thought, Forget it. There's really no need to argue about this with others!

Seeing her remain silent, Beau grew anxious. "Don't talk nonsense," he straightened up, defending Nyx. "My Master and Nyx get along well. Master didn't kick Nyx out. They moved together. They slept together last night. In the same cave, on the same bed"

Nyx went speechless. She sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose, and tugged at Beau's arm, hoping the silly boy would stop talking

But Beau misinterpreted her gesture as encouragement and doubled down, spilling everything about his

Master.

"Master specifically asked me to take care of Nyx. He made her meat soup and roasted meat this morning. He even said that even if they have their own cubs in the future, he won't abandon me. He told me not to worry,"

said Beau.

Nyx gasped, thinking, 'What on earth has Zayne been thinking about in just one night? Cubs? Isn't that thinking way too far

ahead?

Lila was even more shocked. "Impossible." This completely contradicted her image of the shaman. She refused to believe it. "You-you're lying-

Suddenly spotting Zayne approaching, she immediately grew excited and waved. "Shaman."

"Just wait," she glared fiercely at Beau. She would ask the shaman herself, expose these two liars, and see if they dared to spout such nonsense again.

Of The Bea 308

Chapter 308

Zayne quickly walked over and took the bundle of grass from Nyx's hands.

He frowned, looking down at Nyx's feet. Seeing that she wasn't barefoot but wearing something woven from grass, his expression softened.

"Did you make this yourself?" His eyes showed admiration.

"Yes, I wove these shoes, Nyx smiled, "What do you think? Not bad, right?"

When she smiled, Zayne felt an itch in his heart and hands, finding her proud, smiling face incredibly adorable. He wanted to pinch her cheeks.

"Not bad," he swallowed.

He had actually asked someone to make her a pair of protective footwear from animal hide, but before he could give it to her, she had already come up with her own solution. It seemed she was a very clever little rabbit, not at all foolish.

Lila's gaze followed their conversation to Nyx's shoes, and her eyes lit up.

How were these made?' she wondered. The intricate patterns and weaving structure were beyond her comprehension. She couldn't help but open her mouth, looking utterly amazed.

Coming back to her senses, she realized that this was something Nyx had made from what she had called "useless grass." Feeling both embarrassed and angry, she turned her head, pretending not to care. This wasn't the main point anyway.

"Shaman, is it true that Nyx slept with you last night?" She steered the conversation to what she really wanted to know. Her question was a direct hit.

Zayne was shocked by the question and his face turned bright red. He remained silent for a long time, his eyes darting to Nyx, hesitating several times before finally muttering, "Why did you tell her?"

Though his tone was helpless, there was no blame in it, only indulgence.

Nyx felt wronged. "I didn't say anything." She turned her head, her gaze falling on the real culprit.

Beau shrunk back, admitting, "I-I was the one who said it."

'Is that not allowed?' he thought. It probably wasn't something that should be spread around. 'Will Master hit me?'

He gloomily turned to Lila. If Lila hadn't said that Master had kicked Nyx out, he wouldn't have argued with her about it.

Without needing to confront her, Lila's heart was already shattered. With just one sentence, Zayne had naturally placed her in the category of an outsider, while Nyx was clearly someone he considered close, part of his inner circle. The contrast was painful.

None of the previous rejections had hurt her as much as this. Covering her face, she cried and ran away. The air grew quiet.

Zayne frowned, looking at Nyx. "What did she say to you?"

He hadn't even noticed earlier that it was Lila. No doubt, she wouldn't have said anything nice to Nyx. "Nothing." Nyx wasn't angry and waved it off.

She wanted to move on, but Zayne wasn't willing to let it go. Unable to get an answer from her, he turned to the other party involved. Beau didn't hold back and spilled everything.

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07:43 Fri, 7 Mar

Chapter 308

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The sun was setting. Before the sun completely set, Nyx spread out the grass stalks to dry in front of their home, fully focused on her task when a tall figure appeared beside her.

Zayne crouched down and took over her work. After a while, he spoke softly, "I'm sorry, Nyx."

He had gone to see the chieftain earlier. The chieftain already knew what had happened and looked both embarrassed and awkward, apologizing profusely and swearing to keep his mouth shut and control Lila in the future.

The matter was resolved, but Zayne still couldn't let it go. If he hadn't moved Nyx to another cave, the chieftain wouldn't have seen it, and Lila wouldn't have used it to attack Nyx. In the end, it was all his fault.

"Let's move back to the previous cave," he gently grasped Nyx's wrist.

Nyx was confused. They had just moved here and now they had to move back again.

"This little cave is quite nice too," she said.

It was cool in the summer, and there was plenty of sunlight outside, perfect for drying things. Though was not as spacious as the previous cave, it was more than enough for the two of them.

As for cubs, they wouldn't actually have cubs in this world. Nyx coughed lightly, giving her mate a teasing look. Someone who appeared so cold and proper, who would get angry from just a kiss, was secretly thinking about having cubs with her.

When the trial was over and this reserved Snow Wolf recalled these memories, he would be utterly embarrassed. Just thinking about Zayne's possible reaction made Nyx's smile grow wider, impossible to hide. Just thinking about Zayne's possible reaction made Nyx's smile grow wider, impossible to hide.

Zayne didn't know why she was smiling. But he could feel that Nyx was in a good mood, and he gradually relaxed as well, pulling out a small red flower and placing it in her palm. He looked up at Nyx, his gray-blue eyes filled with anticipation.

"What's this?" Nyx examined it closely.

The flower was small and delicate, like a precious gem. Its petals were layered, a pure red from the inside out, and it felt tender to the touch, as if filled with moisture. It was a variety she hadn't seen before.

Zayne was stunned. "You don't recognize it?"

'How could she not know?' he thought.

"This is a mating flower," said Zayne.

Every mating season, these flowers bloomed all over the mountains. Males picked them for females as gifts, and if a female accepted the courtship, she would rub the flower's juice on his body.

The juice stained the skin and could last for dozens of days, serving as proof that the male was taken. Zayne wanted to use this proof to declare Nyx's presence to everyone.

Even though it wasn't the mating season, he had managed to find one. But Nyx's reaction was beyond his expectations. Not just the wolf tribe, but every tribe had the same custom. It was impossible for someone not to recognize the mating flower.

Thinking that Nyx might not want to accept him, Zayne's expression dimmed slightly. He had been foolish, making one mistake after another, and had dampened her enthusiasm for him.

"My bone coins, all my belongings, I'll give them to you." He tried to bargain, offering everything he had. "The medicines I've made, the herbs I've collected, they're all yours."

As for the most valuable medicinal formulas, some were his own creations, while others were inherited from the previous shaman. He could give away the ones he created, but the inherited ones were a different matter.

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Chapter 308

"I can give you some of the formulas," he said.

"Stop," Nyx couldn't help but laugh, interrupting him. "What would I do with those things? I just want you."

She crushed the flower, dipped her finger in the juice, and then pinched Zayne's chin, smearing the juice on his forehead. The touch of crimson added a touch of charm to his already handsome face, and Nyx couldn't help but stare, unable to look away. She wanted to kiss him.

Zayne saw through her thoughts. 'What a lecherous little rabbit,' he muttered in his heart, but still closed his eyes shyly.

After waiting for a long time, the expected soft touch never came. Opening his eyes, he saw Nyx already busy with the grass that hadn't finished drying, and he couldn't believe it. 'Am I less attractive than a pile of grass?' he thought.

"Why won't you kiss me?" Zayne couldn't hold back, his tone urgent.

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Of The Bea 309

Chapter 309

Nyx slowly looked up, raising an eyebrow.

"Didn't you say you didn't like it?" Before she could finish, her face was cupped firmly, and a warm breath brushed her cheek.

A kiss landed on her forehead. The gentle kiss moved downward, landing on her cheek, and finally on her lips. Everything happened so quickly that before Nyx could react, Zayne had already pulled away.

Even though it was just a surface-level kiss, his ears were already red enough to drip blood, and he lowered his head, breathing rapidly. Nyx's heart raced.

Even though they were an old married couple, her mate's amnesia had made him unusually innocent, giving her a fresh sense of novelty.

She reached up to pinch his ears, then suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down. She was going to teach Zayne what a real kiss was.

Lips met. For a moment, Zayne felt uneasy, wondering why the rabbit was so good at this. But soon, pleasure surged like a tide, and he gradually lost the ability to think, completely succumbing.

When the kiss ended, Zayne used his strong willpower to stop at this point and didn't go any further.

The hot season was more than halfway over, and it wasn't the right time to have cubs. Once the cold season arrived, the survival rate of cubs would drop sharply.

Although most Beastmen didn't care about this, leaving everything to chance and having multiple cubs in the hope that some would survive, Zayne wasn't willing to do that.

He forced himself to calm down, pressing down the edge of his animal hide skirt.

"What are you drying this grass for?" He changed the subject, quickly helping Nyx finish drying the rest.

"To weave grass shoes." Nyx pointed at the bamboo nearby. "Lend me your bone knife."

Zayne immediately pulled out all his bone knives and handed them over with both hands. His collection was so extensive that Nyx was dazzled, and she casually picked a lightweight small knife.

First, she cut a few sections of bamboo to use as water containers, then split the long bamboo stalks, removing the green yellow parts, and shaving them into bamboo strips.

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Zayne watched her for a while and quickly learned, taking over from her. His movements were a bit clumsy but still decent.

After shaving the bamboo strips, they were soaked in water to soften them, then left to dry further. By the next morning, they had become suitable materials.

Early in the morning, Nyx secretly got up early and wove a bamboo basket while Zayne was making breakfast.

When Zayne returned to the cave carrying a stone pot, he was surprised to see the unfamiliar container that seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. He looked at Nyx, who was pretending to be asleep. "Nyx, what's this?"

The little rabbit lay on the bed with her ears drooping, pretending not to hear. Zayne's eyes filled with amusement. He put down what he was holding and walked over, picking her up and rubbing her.

His palms were still warm from holding the hot stone pot, and as he rubbed the little rabbit's soft belly, she squirmed and squeaked, quickly transforming back into her human form and raising her hands in surrender. "It's a bamboo basket. A gift for you."

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07:43 Fri, 7 Mar

Chapter 309

"Try it out and see if it's useful, she instructed Zayne to put the basket on his back.

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The bamboo basket had a much larger capacity than animal hide bags and could be carried on the back, making it very convenient. With such a suitable carrying tool, Zayne could travel farther and bring back more herbs in one trip, saving time and effort.

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A rare look of astonishment appeared on his face as he held the bamboo basket, running his hands over it repeatedly. "Is this a technique from the tribe you used to live in?"

A tribe that could master such a special technique must be very powerful. Nyx came from such a powerful tribe. 'Is she really willing to stay here for me?' Zayne thought as he nervously gripped the edge of the basket.

Even though Nyx had marked him with the mating flower juice and they were officially mates, he still lacked confidence. Everything had happened too quickly. He didn't even know Nyx well enough, yet he had rushed into being with her. He didn't regret it, but he felt insecure.

The little rabbit wasn't foolish and had such skills. She could easily live independently without relying on him. She had appeared so suddenly in his life. She could lose interest in him one day and disappear just as quickly.

Nyx saw through his lack of confidence. "Don't overthink it." she reached up to hook her arms around Zayne's neck, hugging him and soothing him softly, "I only like you. We'll be together forever."

Her tone was firm, as if carrying a magical power that revived and warmed the young male's heart, which had been like a stagnant pool for many years, turning it hot and alive.

Seeing her mate's mood gradually improve, Nyx steered the conversation back to the bamboo basket. "I plan to teach Beau first, then have him help me teach the rest of the tribe. What do you think?"

This wasn't just about integrating into the tribe and getting along with everyone; it was also about improving their way of life, In a communal society, to live better, productivity needed to be improved overall.

The tribe's main food source currently came from gathering. Bamboo baskets would play a crucial role. Once they learned to weave bamboo baskets, other bamboo tools like carrying poles, mats, and steamers could also be made. If they mastered these, the tribe's standard of living would rise significantly.

Zayne also understood that the bamboo basket held significant meaning. He was shocked that Nyx would teach it for free.

"You could make them and sell them directly," he suggested. "Or charge a fee to teach them."

This was a skill substantial enough to make a living from. Unless it was a master-disciple relationship akin to adoption, no one would selflessly teach it to others-only to their own children.

"If you casually share the method like this, the person who taught you might be upset," he said.

"No, it's fine," Nyx interrupted Zayne's worries. "I'm the only one who knows how to make this kind of bamboo basket."

Her method was the best version, refined through countless improvements by predecessors, making it the most durable. Even if the primitive people had mastered the technique of weaving containers, theirs wouldn't compare to hers.

"Try carrying it for a day first." Nyx turned into a little rabbit and hopped into the basket. "If it works, I'll stay inside like this, and you can take me herb-gathering with you."

This way, she wouldn't have to be separated from her mate and could quickly explore the outside world to find the things she wanted. Nyx puffed out her fluffy little chest, quite pleased with her plan.

Her proud expression was utterly adorable, and Zayne couldn't resist giving her a kiss. "Alright."

He also wanted to be with Nyx all the time. With the bamboo basket woven by his mate slung over his shoulder, the young

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07:43 Fri, 7 Mar

Chapter 309

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shaman felt joyful, his steps light and swift.

As usual, wherever he went, he was the center of attention. But today, the atmosphere was especially electrifying. At first glance, people noticed the strange object Zayne was carrying.

They wondered what that was. Before they could figure it out, their eyes were drawn to the faint red mark on

his forehead, leaving them stunned.

"The shaman has a mate."

"Is it that female named Nyx?"

Of The Bea 310

Chapter 310

488%

It was not mating season, so finding a mating flower wasn't easy. meant that Zayne was very eager to be with that female

In the cave, Nyx was taking a nap when she faintly heard noisy voices outside.

She drowsily opened her eyes, rubbed them, and walked to the entrance. There, she saw a lively figure shouting her name and running toward her.

"Here." Beau held a rabbit in his hand.

Nyx was confused as to what he meant. If it were anyone else, she would have thought it was a deliberate provocation, but Beau was a bit slow-witted and couldn't be understood through normal logic.

Sure enough, Beau didn't realize anything was wrong and grinned, "You teach me how to weave straw sandals, and I'll catch rabbits for you."

He couldn't catch large prey, only smaller ones, which he offered as payment.

"I don't want it," Nyx sighed, rubbing her forehead. "Take it back."

She hadn't planned to charge anything, nor was she particularly in need of meat. She would eat Zayne's food, wear Zayne's clothes, and act entirely dependent on him to ease his insecurities. Besides, her beast form was a rabbit, so eating a rabbit felt a bit strange.

"The straw rope isn't dry yet, so today I'll teach you how to weave a bamboo basket. Nyx set the rabbit aside and got straight to the point, handing Beau some bamboo strips.

"What's a bamboo basket?" Beau looked confused. "Is it that thing the shaman was carrying today?"

"By the way, Nyx, you actually marked the shaman with a mating flower. The whole tribe is talking about it."

Beau pointed to the crowd peeking from the hillside in the distance. They were all curious onlookers. "Many of them haven't seen you and stopped me to ask what you look like."

Nyx peeked out and heard excited gasps and chatter from the crowd, quickly pulling her head back in. Though she was used to being the center of attention, the primitive people were too straightforward and enthusiastic, leaving her a bit overwhelmed.

She coughed awkwardly. "Let's start weaving the basket."

"Oh, okay." Beau's attention was immediately drawn back.

"If you don't want the rabbit, how about bone coins?" He fumbled to put the rabbit in a stone jar, looking embarrassed. "Is ten enough? Eleven?"

He wasn't well-off, and this was all his savings. Any more, and he'd have to go into debt.

He hung his head, regretting his past gluttony. All the money he'd earned digging herbs with his master had gone into his stomach, leaving him with nothing to pay for learning a new skill.

"No bone coins." Just as he was feeling down, Nyx's voice, like a heavenly melody, reached his ears. "Not a single one is needed."

"No bone coins? Really?" Beau looked up in disbelief. He couldn't believe she was going to teach him for free.

"Really." Nyx nodded. "Others in the tribe can come to learn too if they're interested. At that point, I might need your help."

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07:44 Fri, 7 Mar

Chapter 310

83%

"No problem." Beau jumped up, thrilled. Nyx asking for his help meant she trusted him. He was brimming with excitement, his eyes fixed on Nyx's hands.

"Let's start with the base." Nyx slowed her pace to accommodate the beginner, explaining as she went.

She was prepared to teach multiple times, but to her surprise, Beau, who usually seemed a bit slow, was unusually quick to learn. His learning ability was impressive, and he followed along perfectly on the first try, succeeding on his own attempt.

"Nyx, did I do it right?" He handed his finished product to Nyx for inspection.

"Yes, very good." Nyx finally understood why her mate had taken Beau as a disciple. He wasn't just not dumb—he was quite

smart.

With Nyx's approval, Beau was overjoyed. He proudly carried his woven basket and went to cut more bamboo for Nyx. As soon as he left Zayne's territory, he was surrounded by the eagerly waiting crowd.

People stared curiously at his basket.

"What is that?"

"Did Nyx give it to you?"

"It's just like the shaman's."

No matter how curious they were about the shaman, they didn't dare to stop him and ask questions. But with Beau, they had no such reservations.

"This is a bamboo basket, for carrying things." Beau generously demonstrated.

It was spacious and lightweight. Unlike animal skin bags that required one hand to carry, it could be slung over the shoulder. Those who often climbed trees to gather things immediately saw its value.

In the tribe, animal skin bags were a luxury, not something everyone could afford. Most used large leaves to carry things, but they could only carry so much before having to climb down and make multiple trips. This made it hard to gather enough food, especially during the cold season.

If they could have a bamboo basket-Everyone couldn't help but swallow their saliva. But it must be expensive, probably more so than animal skin bags.

They tried to look away, forcing themselves to stop fantasizing. Still, someone couldn't resist asking Beau, "How many bone coins for one?" They'd grit their teeth and buy one if it meant long-term happiness.

"No bone coins." Beau cheerfully dropped the bombshell. "Nyx said anyone interested can learn how to make bamboo baskets from her."

Instantly, the crowd erupted. "How could such a good thing be true?"

They couldn't believe it, but Beau spoke as if it were true, even directing them to cut bamboo. "Everyone should prepare at least one bamboo stalk. Today, we'll learn how to make bamboo strips."

People immediately stopped doubting and rushed into the bamboo forest.

Not everyone had bone knives, but they found ways around it-borrowing from others or using sharpened stones. Some ran off to spread the news to their friends. Word spread like wildfire, and soon the entire tribe knew.

Everyone was afraid of being left out, so they set aside their tasks, skipped meals, and gathered outside the shaman's cave under the midday sun.

In the chief's cave, the family was in a hurry as well.

2/3

Chapter 810

"Let's go, Lila. Your brother has already cut tunden for you?"

Dad has apologized and prepared a gif

"Don't miss this opportunity"

The family waited for the youngest female to join them, urging her to hurry. But Lila lay in bed, refusing to move. Tim no going

After picking a fight with Nyx yesterday, she couldn't face her today to learn a new skill. Even though her provocation failed, Nyx must be angry and might publicly humiliate her

Lila buried her face in her knees, her cheeks burning. She really wanted to learn how to weave baskets, but she was too embarrassed to go and feared her family would be turned away because of her. She stubbornly pretended not to care.

Her family waited a while before giving up. "We're leaving then?"

The cave fell silent. After a while, the figure on the bed couldn't resist and sprang up, transforming into her

beast form

Of The Bea 311

Chapter 311

Outside the cave, Nyx was surrounded by the crowd.

It was about time. She crouched down, ready to start teaching, when she spotted a familiar figure approaching. She stood up and waved. "Zayne."

Hearing that the shaman was back, everyone instinctively stepped aside, clearing a wide path for him. Nyx stood on her tiptoes to help him remove the basket, noticing it wasn't full and had plenty of space left. "Why are you back so early?" She thought something was wrong with the basket and inspected it carefully. Zayne shook his head, holding the basket with one hand and wrapping the other around her waist in a protective gesture. The basket worked better than he had imagined. He had rushed back because he was worried about Nyx and Beau handling such a large crowd alone.

Seeing the two of them embracing, everyone was stunned. The noisy scene fell silent, and no one spoke. The pure-hearted shaman appeared calm but was secretly tense, his ears turning red.

Nyx was the most relaxed. She naturally leaned into her mate's embrace, handing him the bamboo and bone knife to handle while she explained the steps verbally.

Beau roamed around, answering questions.

The three of them worked together, quickly teaching the first step of basket weaving. People practiced splitting bamboo with the stalks they had brought.

"Tilt your wrist slightly." Nyx noticed a male nearby and approached to offer a gentle reminder.

He was doing well, but the bamboo was uneven, thicker on one side. Following her advice, he adjusted his grip and successfully split the bamboo into even halves.

"It worked!" The male excitedly pumped his fist, then looked up and saw Nyx up close, his expression turning dazed.

He had arrived late and had only glimpsed Nyx from a distance, not seeing her clearly. Now, faced with her beauty and her gentle reminder, his heart raced uncontrollably.

Zayne coughed loudly. The male snapped out of it, embarrassed, and lowered his head.

"H-Hello," he stammered. "I'm Moria." He was the chief's son and Lila's brother.

Nyx didn't recognize him, nor did she know his relationship with Lila. She nodded calmly. "I'm Nyx."

Then she moved on to the next person without lingering. Moria watched her leave, feeling a sense of loss. Suddenly, he heard familiar laughter. He looked up and saw Lila hiding in a tree. "Lila?"

Nyx hadn't gone far when she heard his call and turned to see a tabby cat hiding in the tree. It was chubby and solid-looking,

Their eyes met, and the cat seemed startled, losing its footing and tumbling down with a yowl. Without thinking, Nyx rushed forward and caught the cat in her arms.

"You're so fat, yet you dare to climb trees?" She scolded playfully, patting the cat's bottom. The feel of it was nice, so she patted it a few more times. Lila froze, her fur standing on end.

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+13)

Chapter 311

"Pro" Monia couldn't help but laugh. Under his sister's death glare, he stifled his laughter, covering his mouth, his stomach aching from holding it in.

This idiot had said she wasn't coming but had sneaked over and ended up in Nyx's hands.

Nyx had no idea the cat she was holding was Lila, who had taunted her just yesterday. She expertly cradled the cat, using both hands to pet it from head to tail.

The cat purred, Lila couldn't help but arch her back, exposing her belly, and let out an unusually sweet meow.

Moria and the chieftain were speechless. Everyone stared in shock, utterly stunned. In the tribe, everyone knew Lila's beast form

She was not only the chieftain's only daughter but also the only one among his children whose beast form wasn't a wolf. Like her mother, she was a cat-a domineering and aloof tabby.

At home, she was a little tyrant, and outside, she was cold and untouchable. No one could even get close to her. Yet now, she was purring under Nyx's touch,

Seeing this, the chieftain was dumbfounded, hardly believing his eyes. He began to doubt, unsure if this was his daughter.

Watching Nyx engrossed in petting the cat, Zayne felt conflicted. He held back but finally couldn't resist, grabbing Nyx's wrist and pulling her hand onto himself.

'Stop petting the cat. Pet me instead, he thought. Whether the cat was wild or a Beastman, male or female, he couldn't tolerate Nyx's attention being diverted.

The feel of his firm, warm muscles made Nyx's heart flutter, and she stopped petting the cat.

The bliss abruptly ended, and Lila, dazed, let out a confused meow. The pleasant sensation faded, and her rationality returned.

Looking around and seeing everyone staring, she shuddered, mortified and ready to flee. She thought, 'What have I done?'

Nyx felt the cat suddenly slip from her arms and dart away. She thought she saw a hint of panic in the fluffy figure's retreat.

"Do you like cats that much?" Zayne's tone was tinged with jealousy.

Nyx instinctively nodded and, coming back to her senses, met her mate's resentful gaze. She quickly explained, "I also like Snow Wolf

Her verbal reassurance seemed ineffective. She moved closer, reached up to wrap her arm around his neck, tilted her head, and kissed him lightly, whispering in his ear, "I like you the most."

A chorus of painful hisses sounded around them. Zayne's face turned red, but inside, he was extremely satisfied.

He tightened his hold around Nyx's waist and deliberately glanced at Moria. Nyx was his mate, and he wouldn't allow anyone else to covet her.

Moria clenched his fists in frustration. The budding feelings he had were crushed, and he finally understood how his sister felt.

When he returned home, his mood remained gloomy. He sat by the cave entrance, lowering his head and sorting the bamboo strips he had chopped, soaking them in water.

A small round cat head popped up from nearby. She stared at her brother for a while, deep in thought, then waddled over to him. "Do you like Nyx?"

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Of The Bea 312

Chapter 312

His little secret was exposed, and Moria shuddered, quickly denying, "I don't like her. She's the mate of Shaman"

"So what?" Lila gave him a scornful look. "If you like her, go pursue her and compete with Shaman

In their tribe, the relationships between mates weren't set in stone. If two people were close, they stayed together; if not, they would separate.

"While they don't have cubs yet, you still have time to pursue her," Lila whispered, encouraging her brother. Once they had cubs, it would not be so easy to break up. Moria looked conflicted, seemingly moved by the idea.

Nearby, the chieftain, who overheard the entire conversation between the siblings, couldn't help but laugh and shake his head, understanding what his daughter was trying to do.

If her brother successfully won Nyx over, then she'd have another chance with Shaman.

The chieftain, an outside observer, could clearly see that the chances of success for the siblings were slim, but he didn't want to discourage them.

He figured that once they had tasted the bitterness of failure, they'd give up on their own without him needing to say anything.

As dusk fell, most of the tribe's members were too excited about learning a new craft to sleep soundly. Nyx, however, slept soundly and deeply.

The small rabbit lay on its back with its little belly exposed, radiating an irresistibly cute vibe. Zayne couldn't help but keep watching her, extending his hand to gently rub her body a couple of times, a worried look on his face.

Whether it was his imagination or not, he couldn't shake the feeling that the little rabbit had gotten thinner over the past couple of days. Her appetite had been normal on the first day, but it had gradually decreased since.

'Is it because the food I make doesn't suit her taste?' he thought.

Beastmen and wild animals had different eating habits. In any tribe, meat was the best food, even in herbivorous tribes. Meat filled the stomach better than wild vegetables and fruits and gave more strength.

But despite his efforts to feed the little rabbit meat, she seemed uninterested, preferring to eat the herbs instead.

Zayne thought about it for a while, pacing in the cave. Finally, unable to hold back, he grabbed a bamboo basket and, under the moonlight, headed out.

Nyx slept until almost noon before stretching lazily and slowly getting up.

The sunlight had already lit up the cave. The pleasant scent of fresh grass and sweet fruit mingled in the air. The wonderful smell filled the entire cave. The tempting scent was irresistible to the little rabbit.

Nyx couldn't help but twitch her nose, following the source of the smell, and her eyes widened in surprise. It was fruit and wild vegetables. A whole basket full.

"Where did you get these from?" She shifted into human form and walked over, picking up the bamboo basket to check its weight. It was heavy and without a hint of water.

"I bought them." Zayne cleared his throat, not telling the truth.

"Do you like them?" He looked at Nyx's expression. "What do you think of eating these today instead of meat?"

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07:44 Fri, 7 Mar

Chapter 312

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Nyx naturally agreed with a hundred nods. It's not that she didn't love eating meat, but having meat soup with just a bit of salt and roasted meat every meal was truly a torture.

The bamboo basket contained a variety of wild fruits and vegetables, big and small. Some were even gentle medicinal herbs to nourish the body. They all looked very fresh, already washed, with cool droplets of water clinging to them.

"Why did you buy so much?" Nyx frowned, "If we can't finish it, it'll go to waste.

"It's fine." Zayne softly reassured her. "You eat first. I'll finish the rest." He sat nearby, observing Nyx quietly, confirming her preferences.

When Nyx wiped her mouth to signal that she was full, he bent down, took out a few fruits she liked from the basket, and peeled them for her. "If you like the white-heart fruit, eat them all, I'll pi—I mean, buy more for you tomorrow."

He accidentally let it slip. Though he quickly corrected himself, Nyx still caught it. Nyx narrowed her eyes. Sure enough, such fresh produce wasn't bought, but picked by Zayne himself. He must have spent a lot of time picking all this.

"Did you not sleep last night?" She raised her hand and pinched his face.

Zayne had no way to deny it and could only raise his hands in surrender. "Just this once, it won't happen again."

This time, he wasn't sure what Nyx liked to eat, so he picked a little extra of everything. Now, he knew, and wouldn't need to pick so much next time.

"Come and look outside." He forced a change of subject, grabbing Nyx's hand and leading her out of the

cave.

The tactic worked wonders. Nyx's attention was indeed diverted. There were live small prey, neatly cut meat pieces, wild vegetables, and fruits, stone utensils, all sorts of items neatly piled together.

Nyx was dumbfounded. "What is this?"

"This is a gift they prepared for you." Zayne pointed to the nearby group.

The tribe members had nearly all arrived, eagerly waiting for Nyx to officially teach them basket weaving.

Just then, a figure arrived late. Moria carried a deer and hurried over, panting as he placed the deer in front of Nyx.

"Take it back," Zayne said coldly, thinking, 'How dare he openly show affection in front of my mate?'

Moria instinctively lowered his head, feeling guilty. But Lila slapped him with a paw, and he had to shamelessly argue, "This is for Nyx."

He had woken up early to catch the deer by himself. He looked at Nyx with hopeful eyes, but Nyx shook her head. "Thank you, but you keep it."

A deer this large-she couldn't possibly finish it. It was the hot season, and without a fridge, it would spoil in a couple of days.

After being rejected by the young female, Moria deflated like a punctured balloon, carrying the deer and turning away with his tail between his legs.

Lila disdainfully slapped him with a paw, urging him to get back up and try again.

"Wait," Nyx suddenly spoke. Hope reignited in Moria's eyes, and Lila perked up its ears.

The siblings turned at once to see Nyx pointing at Lila. "Is this your cat?"

"Can I pet it?" She smiled sheepishly, pressing her lips together.

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Chapter 312

The chubby tabby cat felt so nice to the touch. She hadn't had enough of playing with it yesterday, and now, it had come right to her.

Lila trembled, its four paws dug into the ground, exuding a defiant "I'd rather die than submit" aura. However, when Nyx reached out and grabbed its belly, it reflexively rolled and landed in Nyx's arms.

Nyx's embrace was both fragrant and soft. Lila's face turned red. Rationality made it want to escape, but its body wouldn't move. It could only awkwardly mew a few times, pretending to be an ordinary little cat.

Zayne stood to the side, staring at her with a gaze filled with anger and death, yet she didn't notice at all, her attention entirely focused on Nyx's hands.

"Good girl," Nyx said warmly, rubbing her cheek and scratching her chin.

With every gentle compliment, Lila gradually lost herself. She lazily curled up in Nyx's arms, watching her weave the bamboo basket.

The beautiful hands flew rapidly, mesmerizing the little cat, and causing her to become utterly captivated. All thoughts of shamans and brothers were tossed aside by Lila. She didn't want to break up this family; she wanted to join it. Being Nyx's cat must be so happy.

The lesson ended, and it was already afternoon. Nyx fed the cat a piece of meat and returned her to Moria.

Lila didn't want to leave.

Nyx reluctantly said, "If you have time later, you can bring her to play again."

"Okay," Moria said, his face flushed, stammering, "Y-you can come to my house."

He didn't know how to confess, so he silently pushed the deer back to Nyx.

Nyx blinked, looking confused. After a pause, she inhaled sharply. She wondered if she understood him right.

She instinctively looked around but didn't see Zayne. If that petty Snow Wolf had seen this, he would surely

be jealous again.

Behind the stone cover, Zayne stopped in his tracks, staring at them, clenching his fists.

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Send gift

Of The Bea 314

Chapter 314

Zayne asked, "Weren't you sleeping?"

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He hadn't noticed when Nyx had snuck into the bamboo basket. The little rabbit kicked her legs proudly. "I was pretending to sleep."

"Be careful, don't fall." Zayne quickly cupped her in his hands. He didn't know what was worth seeing by the river, but he followed Nyx's instructions and walked over with her.

The river was close to the tribe, and the edible wild vegetables and fruits nearby had long been picked clean. Only bushes, rocks, and dirt remained.

The dirt and rocks looked ordinary, but Nyx's eyes lit up. "Zayne, dig up some soil. We're going to make pottery."

"Make pottery?" Zayne looked puzzled.

Although he didn't understand what Nyx was talking about, he obeyed, crouching down to grab a handful of mud and shaping it into a pot. He then built a fire and placed the pot inside.

The flames licked up, sending waves of heat into the air. Zayne carefully held the little rabbit in his arms and moved further

away.

"Let's try something else next time. Playing with fire is a bit dangerous," he rubbed Nyx's furry paws and whispered.

Playing with mud was fine, but playing with fire was different. It was okay with him around, but if she ever played with fire alone and got hurt, it would be bad.

"I'm not playing." Nyx stared intently at the fire, calculating the time. "It's about ready. Let's pull it out and check."

This was her first time actually making pottery. She only had theoretical knowledge, no practical experience, so she wasn't sure if it would work.

Perhaps the heavens favored her. When the simple, earthy pot appeared intact before her eyes, Nyx happily jumped onto her mate's head. "It worked."

Zayne looked shocked. Forgetting to pull the little rabbit, who was bouncing around on his head, he quickly stepped forward.

The mud pot had hardened, no longer soft, and made a crisp sound when tapped. Both in appearance and texture, it was no different from the pots he owned.

"It was really made from mud?" If Zayne hadn't done it himself, he would have found it hard to believe.

"Can all soil be used to make pottery?" he asked Nyx.

Before Nyx could answer, his mind raced, and he figured it out himself. He crouched down and grabbed a handful of soil from the riverbank. Only this special kind of soil could be used.

"This is clay." Nyx looked along the river. "There's plenty of it along this river, enough for our tribe."

Not only could they be self-sufficient, but they could also trade with other tribes.

"Are pottery items expensive?" Nyx's ears twitched with excitement. "How about we sell these at the big market next year?"

Of course, bamboo baskets could be sold too.

But as a new product, bamboo baskets might not sell as well or fetch as high a price, and they were more troublesome to

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08:45 Sat, 8 Mar BN

Chapter 314

make.

The trading price for pottery was already well-established. A lump of mud and a fire could be exchanged for several pieces of animal hide or a large block of salt. It was practically a no-cost, high-profit business.

Zayne narrowed his eyes, also feeling tempted. However, it might upset the tribe that originally sold pottery. The potential profits made such concerns trivial. Besides, this was something the little rabbit had made with her own skills, not stolen.

As he pondered, the pot cooled completely. Zayne filled it with water to test it, confirming it was intact and didn't leak. He then placed it in the bamboo basket.

Though he maintained a calm expression, he was actually extremely excited inside. He couldn't help but pick up the little rabbit and kiss her repeatedly.

She was his treasure. Even though he wanted to make more pots, Zayne held back for now. Finding food for Nyx was more important.

The wild fruits and plants around the tribe had been mostly picked. To fill their stomachs, they had to travel far and wide. Before the sun fully rose and the temperature became too hot, Zayne extinguished the fire and quickened their pace.

Nyx clung to the edge of the bamboo basket, poking her fluffy head out to observe if there was anything useful along the

way.

"Zayne, stop." She spotted what looked like sweet potato vines.

Zayne saw them too. "You want to eat that?" he frowned.

People in the tribe also ate this wild vegetable, but it wasn't tasty. Only those who were extremely hungry and couldn't find other food would resort to it.

Zayne had eaten it too, during his hungry childhood, and had a bad impression of it.

"I'll take you to pick white-heart fruits." He didn't want Nyx to eat such things.

But Nyx's eyes sparkled. She jumped out of the basket and quickly ran toward the sweet potato patch.

After eating meat for several days, her mouth and stomach were craving some carbs. The sweet potato vines in front of her transformed into roasted sweet potatoes, fried sweet potatoes, and mashed sweet potatoes.

Zayne chased after her, only to see her short legs digging furiously, unearthing a few oddly shaped root tubers.

"Let's take these back. We'll eat them today." Nyx eagerly rubbed her paws.

Zayne bent down to pick up the little rabbit, wiping the dirt off her paws. "Are you sure these are edible?" People in the tribe had never eaten things buried underground, and he had never tried it either.

Nyx nodded like a chick pecking at rice. Not only were they edible, but they were also high-yielding. She planned to plant a patch near their home, so they'd have a steady supply of sweet potatoes.

"Alright. I'll dig. You rest," Zayne stopped questioning and placed the soft little rabbit back in the basket. He couldn't bear to let such an adorable little rabbit do the work.

The sun had risen, and the temperature was gradually increasing. Zayne cut a bunch of sweet potato vines, using some to line the bottom of the basket and the rest to shade Nyx from the sun.

After doing this, he diligently started digging up sweet potatoes. One, two...

Nyx squatted in the basket, counting the growing pile of sweet potatoes, her ears perking up with joy. Suddenly, she heard

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08:45 Sat, 8 Mar BN

Chapter 314

footsteps approaching.

Then, several female voices greeted Zayne. "Shaman." The females had come out in a group to forage outside the tribe.

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They hadn't expected to run into the shaman here. They were both nervous and excited, exchanging glances and nudging one of their companions, whispering.

"Gina, look who it is."

"Go on, talk to him."

"While Nyx isn't around-"

Although the shaman already had a mate, it didn't mean others had no chance. At least Gina hadn't given up. She blushed shyly but couldn't resist the shaman's allure and her friends' encouragement. She hesitantly stepped forward.

+13

"Are you alone? Why isn't Nyx with you? Why are you digging up things buried in the dirt? They're so dirty. Are they edible?" she asked.

As she tried to make conversation, her gaze fell on the bamboo basket nearby. Seeing the fluffy little rabbit inside, she suddenly froze.

3/3

Of The Bea 315

Chapter 315

"What an adorable little rabbit!" Gina cupped her cheeks, her eyes shining.

Her exclamation drew the other females over. As soon as they saw Nyx, they crowded around the basket.

"It really is a rabbit."

"So small and cute."

"Can I touch it?"

98%

Immediately, Zayne was on high alert. He quickly shielded the basket with his arms and took a few steps back, wary. Seeing his firm refusal, the females reluctantly gave up, but their eyes remained glued to the basket.

"This is the cutest little rabbit I've ever seen," Gina sighed.

While part of her praise was to please Zayne, most of it was genuine.

Zayne's expression softened, and he nodded solemnly. "Thank you."

After struggling to find a topic, this was the first time he responded. Gina's eyes lit up instantly. Just as she was about to seize the moment and get closer, the little rabbit poked its head out of the basket and also said, "Thank you."

Instantly, all the females gasped. Gina was so startled she nearly jumped. The voice was all too familiar; they had all heard it recently.

"Nyx?" They only knew Nyx was an outsider, and her beast form might not be a wolf, but they never imagined she was such a soft little rabbit.

Gina's face turned bright red, both from the embarrassment of being caught trying to steal someone's mate and from the awkwardness of mistaking someone for a pet.

Remembering her earlier actions, she quickly muttered an apology and ran off. Her companions hurriedly followed. Like Gina, they didn't dare face Nyx.

After running halfway up the mountain, they finally calmed down and stopped, looking at each other.

"Let's find a chance to apologize." Gina coughed lightly.

Nyx must be angry with them. If something like teaching basket weaving happened again, and Nyx refused to include them, it would be terrible.

Just thinking about this dreadful possibility made Gina shiver, and her interest in the shaman waned.

"Let's go, we need to pick more fruits to give her," she urged her companions to continue climbing.

Over two mountains, in the valley, they could find sweet tiger-claw fruits, a favorite among the females and the perfect gift.

When the females returned to the tribe, they noticed everyone holding strange-looking fruits, the same kind the shaman had dug up from the ground.

"Nyx gave them to us. She said they could be cooked and eaten." Gina's mother handed her one. "You have one too."

The fruit, the size of a palm, was heavy. Gina held it, feeling a bit uneasy. Nyx wasn't as petty as she had imagined. She didn't hold a grudge at all.

Outside the cave, a fire crackled, the branches burning with a popping sound. Nyx was intently watching the roasting sweet

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08:45 Sat, 8 Mar

Chapter 315

potatoes when she suddenly heard an apology. "I'm sorry."

She was startled and looked up to see a beautiful face. "Gina?"

Nyx had already asked Zayne about this female's name.

Gina was indeed the tribe's undisputed beauty, with delicate features, a gentle demeanor, and an undeniable feminine

charm.

98%

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She had many suitors in the tribe, but unfortunately, she had set her sights on Zayne, who was as unresponsive as a block of ice.

"I'm sorry. I won't bother the shaman anymore." Gina lowered her head.

For her, this was a difficult decision, but saying it out loud made her feel relieved. If she wanted to get along with Nyx, she had to make a choice and give up pursuing the shaman..

"For years, Lila and I have been chasing the shaman, but he never paid us any attention." she looked at Nyx, her eyes filled with envy. "You're the first female he's ever liked."

"I know." Nyx nodded. She completely trusted Zayne. She wasn't just the first female he liked; she would also be the last.

"The sweet potatoes are ready." Nyx pulled a few roasted sweet potatoes from the fire, changing the subject. "Have one."

Gina's complex emotions faded as she stared at the ugly, blackened lumps, hesitating, wondering if it was really edible or if Nyx was trying to get back at her.

She quickly took out a few tiger-claw fruits from the basket and handed them to Nyx, forcing a smile. "Here, these are for you."

She had gone through great effort to pick these fruits and hadn't even eaten any herself, giving them all to Nyx. She hoped that Nyx wouldn't force her to eat those terrifying things.

Under Gina's hopeful gaze, Nyx accepted the fruits but then enthusiastically pushed more sweet potatoes toward her. "Here, have a couple more."

Gina went speechless. It was hard to refuse such hospitality. Her face stiffened, and after a moment of internal struggle, she gritted her teeth, closed her eyes, and picked up a roasted sweet potato, ready to bite into it.

"Wait-" Nyx quickly stopped her, somewhat amused. "You need to peel it first."

As she spoke, she wrapped a roasted sweet potato in leaves and split it in half. The golden flesh of the sweet potato was exposed, steaming hot, perfectly roasted, and exuding a sweet, enticing aroma.

Instantly, Gina's eyes widened, and she took a deep breath.

"Be careful, it's hot," Nyx warned.

But Gina was already oblivious, leaning in to take a bite from Nyx's hand.

Nyx only saw a blur as the beautiful female instantly transformed into a sleek, long-haired wolf.

Tasting the delicious food, she rolled around excitedly, her gentle demeanor gone, replaced by a silly, playful chase as she nibbled at the sweet potato in Nyx's hand.

Before Nyx could react, a tabby cat came charging in, swatting at Gina.

Three swift strikes angered Gina. She swallowed the sweet potato and shouted furiously, "Lila!"

2/3

08:45 Sat, 8 Mar BN

Chapter 315

In an instant, fur flew everywhere, and chaos erupted.

"They're fighting!" Someone in the tribe ran around shouting, "Lila and Gina are fighting near the shaman's

cave!"

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"What? Really?" Everyone knew Gina and Lila were rivals, competing for the shaman's attention. They had always been at odds, but it was mostly verbal sparring. Now they were actually fighting.

This meant Nyx could also be in trouble. As the shaman's rightful mate, she was surely the common enemy in

their eyes.

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Thinking of the basket-weaving skills they had learned from Nyx and the fruits they had received, everyone couldn't sit still. They headed toward the shaman's cave to rescue Nyx.

The news spread like wildfire, growing more exaggerated with each retelling, until it reached Zayne, who was chopping wood.

He was so startled he almost forgot his bamboo basket and ran all the way home.
"Nyx."

3/3

Of The Bea 316

Chapter 316

The open space outside the cave was already crowded. Zayne pushed through the crowd to find Nyx

squatting in the middle, holding Lila and Gina apart with each hand. The two fluffballs had stopped fighting but were still arguing.

"She hit me first." Gina pointed an accusing paw at the tabby cat.

"I hit you because you were bullying Nyx," Lila retorted.

She had come to see Nyx and immediately saw Gina in beast form, chasing Nyx and biting her hand.

Gina was furious. "When did I bully Nyx? This is slander."

Nyx was also confused. After thinking for a moment, she suddenly understood and couldn't help but laugh, vouching for Gina. "She wasn't bullying me. She was just eating the roasted sweet potato from my hand."

"Roasted sweet potato?" Lila's anger subsided, and she blinked curiously.

But Gina was still upset, snorting coldly, "Nyx was feeding me. What's it to you? You're just jealous of me." These words immediately set Lila off again. "Jealous of you?" she growled, sharpening her claws. "What do you have that I could possibly be jealous of?"

"Nyx has already fed me and held me. She even invited me to come play with her whenever I wanted. She likes me the most." When it came to arguing, Lila was clearly the stronger contender. Her rapid-fire sentences left Gina speechless.

Unable to speak her mind, she bared her teeth in a fierce snarl and almost struck out, but Nyx, quick as lightning, pinched her mouth shut. "No fighting."

After scolding her, Nyx hurriedly shoved half a roasted sweet potato into Gina's mouth, using both kindness and authority. The little wolf, with its long fur, was successfully coaxed by the half-sweet potato.

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"Do you want some?" Nyx sighed in relief, then evenly distributed the remaining half of the roasted sweet potato, offering it to Lila.

Although it had cooled down a bit, its sweet, fragrant aroma still captivated the senses. Lila twitched its nose, forgetting about the argument, and wrapped its front paws around Nyx's wrist. It stood up on its hind legs, eagerly devouring the sweet

treat.

Nyx looked at the chubby tabby cat and couldn't help but smile, patting her head. "So you're Lila."

Recalling many details from before, Nyx suddenly understood. No wonder Lila had sent her a thank-you gift even though she hadn't seen her learning how to weave baskets.

The tabby cat froze, and the sweet potato in her mouth fell to the ground with a thud. In her excitement, her identity had been exposed.

She peeked at Nyx's expression and saw that Nyx's eyes were filled with laughter, seemingly not disliking her. Her tense mood gradually relaxed, and she mustered the courage to rub her face against Nyx's palm.

Before she could rub a few times, Gina also approached, aggressively trying to push Lila aside.

Before the conflict could escalate, Nyx quickly held them both in place, skillfully petting them until they purred contentedly.

Seeing this scene of Nyx holding both cats, the onlookers fell silent, glancing at Zayne with mixed expressions. They had thought the two females were competing for the shaman, but it turned out they were competing for Nyx.

1/3

45 Sat, 8 Ma

Chapter 316

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Zayne, however, remained calm. The little rabbit had a charm that made everyone love her, so it was natural for anyone to like her. As long as she wasn't hurt, he was fine.

He breathed a slight sigh of relief, took the bamboo basket off his back, and walked toward Nyx.

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"Zayne." Nyx looked up and saw him, releasing the two fluffy creatures and calling out to him with sparkling eyes. "Come eat some roasted sweet potatoes."

They had made several trips early in the morning, bringing back a large pile of sweet potatoes, and Zayne hadn't had any yet. Out of selfishness, she rummaged through the pile and picked out the best-roasted one for him.

"You eat first," Zayne took it, peeled it, and fed it to her.

Everyone's attention was drawn to them. Seeing their intimate atmosphere, they first felt a pang of envy, then their eyes inevitably fell on the sweet potato in Zayne's hand.

Before peeling, it looked unremarkable, but after removing the dull skin, the soft, golden interior was revealed, glistening as if it could drip with honey.

The sweet aroma filled the air, and soon, the sound of growling stomachs echoed around.

This was the fruit Nyx had just given them. Someone with sharp eyes recognized it.

"Where did you find this fruit?" they cautiously asked. "Can you tell us?" They were just testing the waters, not expecting much.

Nyx generously held up the sweet potato vine for everyone to see. "It grows underground, and the leaves look like this. There are many around the tribe. Dig them up, and store them deep in the cave. They'll last a long time. Or slice and dry them for even longer storage."

Not only did she share sweet potatoes with the tribe, but she also planned to share the pottery-making method. However, Zayne stopped her.

The big trading fair wouldn't happen until the next hot season, so there was still time to prepare. Right now, gathering food was more important.

The hot season was nearing its end, and once the cold season arrived, the tribe would be covered in ice and snow. They had to stock up during this time and not waste energy on other things.

As the tribe's shaman, Zayne was provided for by the tribe and didn't need to store food himself.

But this year was different-he had a mate. For Nyx, he planned to hunt and gather to stockpile food for her.

For several days, Zayne brought back fresh prey, and the tribe members kept sending sweet potatoes as thank-you gifts, piling them up into a small mountain.

Nyx had no choice but to stay home, preserving the meat with salt and smoking it into simple cured meat, while also storing the sweet potatoes.

She even fenced off an area outside the cave with branches and planted some sweet potatoes. After finishing these tasks, she didn't rest but joined Zayne to explore outside the tribe.

Although they didn't find any more grain crops, she surprisingly found wild garlic, ginger, and a few spices.

"I'll cook today." The little rabbit sniffed the wild onions she had just found and looked at the fresh prey Zayne had caught, feeling excited. She was a bit tired of sweet potatoes and wanted to change the menu.

"What do you want to eat?" Zayne rubbed her head. "Teach me, and I'll cook."

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08:45 Sat, 8 Mar B NA

Chapter 316

As they spoke, the sky suddenly turned gloomy. Nyx looked up at the thick, endless clouds.

"Is it going to rain heavily?" She urged, "Quick, let's go home."

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She had just sun-dried a batch of sweet potato slices yesterday and needed to collect them before the rain, or they would have to be thrown away.

Zayne's expression turned serious. He shielded the little rabbit in his arms and hurried home.

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Despite their haste, the rain started before they reached home. Large raindrops pelted the ground, even mixed with hail, causing sharp pain when they hit. Shouts of surprise came from all directions as people who had planned to work in the rain abandoned their tasks and ran home.

Nyx didn't have time to worry about the sweet potatoes. As soon as she returned to the cave, she turned into her human form, grabbed a clay pot, scooped water, and cut ginger. "Dry yourself first. I'll make some warm

soup for you."

She had been thoroughly protected and wasn't wet at all, but Zayne was soaked.

Even though he was physically strong, Nyx didn't want to take any risks. She made him drink a large bowl of soup before feeling slightly relieved.

The rain hadn't stopped. Looking at the messy sweet potato field outside, Nyx sighed. Not only were yesterday's sweet potato slices wasted, but this batch of sweet potatoes she had planted was also ruined.

"It's okay. After the rain stops, I'll plant another batch for you." Zayne hugged her and comforted her gently. "Are you cold?" He wrapped Nyx in clothes and used animal hides to cover the cave entrance, blocking the howling wind and slanting rain. The cave became much darker.

Nyx nestled in her mate's arms, still feeling restless. She reached out to touch his face, his Adam's apple. "Don't touch." Zayne held back for a while but finally couldn't resist grabbing her hand, his voice hoarse.

3/3

Of The Bea 317

Chapter 317

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"Why not?" Nyx came to her senses, flipped over, and pressed him down, gently pinching his ears. "Aren't you my mate?"

Her soft breath brushed his ear, making Zayne's ears burn. He sat there helplessly, letting Nyx have her way.

'No, not yet,' he thought. In a panic, he didn't bother to adjust the animal hide around his waist and directly transformed into a Snow Wolf, lying beside Nyx to hide his weakness.

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"Next year, next hot season, we'll have cubs," he tried to negotiate with her. If Nyx insisted on having cubs now, then so be it. He would just have to hunt during the cold season to provide for his mate and cubs.

Having made all the plans in his heart, the Snow Wolf relaxed, exuding an air of resignation.

Seeing his innocent and easy-to-bully appearance, Nyx turned around, covering her mouth, and couldn't help but laugh secretly. Teasing the pure-hearted Zayne was truly amusing.

Even in the dim light, Zayne's vision was excellent, and his hearing was extremely sharp.

He heard the laughter and saw Nyx's smile, realizing he had been played. He gritted his teeth and pulled the mischievous little rabbit into his arms.

Nyx dodged left and right. "Don't tickle me."

The Snow Wolf's large frame could completely envelop the female.

Nyx wasn't afraid and played with him for a while, then wrapped her arms around him, using her fingers to comb through his fur.

His long fur, with just daily care, was thick and smooth, pure white and clean, feeling very nice to the touch. Surrounded by such a fluffy sensation, Nyx felt a bit drowsy and gradually slowed her movements.

The Snow Wolf's gray-blue eyes were filled with tenderness. He gazed at his beloved female for a while, then closed his eyes and took a nap with her.

Outside the cave, the cold wind howled. Nyx curled up in her mate's arms, sleeping warmly and soundly. When she woke up, the cave was even darker. Nyx rubbed her eyes in confusion, unsure if it was morning or evening.

“Are you hungry?” Zayne also opened his eyes, turned back into his human form, put on his animal hide skirt, tied up his hair, and prepared to wash his hands and cook.

It was already evening, and Nyx hadn't eaten at noon, so she must be hungry.

He lifted the animal hide at the cave entrance, and a cold wind carrying frost and snow blew in. Nyx, caught off guard, shivered violently.

It was so cold. She stared outside in shock. The sky wasn't completely dark yet, but in the short half afternoon she had been asleep, the tribe had turned into a frozen, snowy world.

Zayne immediately put down the curtain, his expression grave. "The cold season has come early.

The cold season, originally due in about twenty days, had arrived prematurely, which was obviously not good news. He hung a second layer of animal hide at the cave entrance to block the cold air more effectively and lit a small fire inside the

cave.

"I'll cook." Nyx washed her hands.

Zayne had already efficiently processed the wild goat he had caught today. She kept some of the meat and offal, freezing the

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08:46 Sat, Mar BN-

Chapter 317

rest outside for storage.

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She marinated most of the meat for roasting and used the rest, along with the offal, to make soup, adding some wild vegetables. The recipe seemed no different from before, but Nyx added many spices and used green onions and ginger to remove the gaminess.

Zayne stood by, assisting her and silently learning. When she was about to start roasting the meat, he took over the task, which was prone to burns. "I'll handle this."

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The fire crackled, bringing warmth and light to the cave. Nyx tossed a few sweet potatoes into the fire and sat nearby, staring at the flickering flames, lost in thought.

"How long does the cold season last?" After a while, she came back to her senses and asked Zayne.

Each tribe's cold season length varied depending on their location, so Zayne wasn't surprised by her question. "For our tribe, it's about a hundred days."

That's how it had always been. But this year, the cold season had come unusually early. If it didn't end sooner, their food supply might barely be enough.

The cold season had arrived too suddenly, and no one was fully prepared. The rest of the tribe had even less stored food than they did, struggling to feed themselves, let alone support the shaman.

Zayne frowned slightly. He couldn't rely on others. If it were just him, he could manage with less food, but now he had a mate to care for, and the sense of crisis grew stronger.

He remained silent for a while, then picked up a piece of sizzling roasted meat from the stone slab, placed it in a clay bowl, and handed it to Nyx. "Eat first. Don't overthink it. Maybe the snow will stop, and the weather will warm up again."

While comforting Nyx, he had already prepared for the worst. Once the snow stopped, he would go out to hunt and gather firewood, ensuring they had enough supplies before the heavy snow completely sealed the mountains.

"You eat too." Nyx was fed several pieces of roasted meat and handed the bowl back to him. "I want to save room for some soup."

There was plenty of roasted meat, so Zayne didn't refuse. He picked up a piece and took a bite, his eyes lighting up as he paused.

The roasted meat, marinated by Nyx, had an exceptionally rich flavor. With each bite, the rich meat aroma and juices burst forth, a taste he had never experienced before. Compared to this, his previous roasted meat, seasoned only with salt, was practically inedible.

"Is it good?" Nyx tilted her head, raising an eyebrow.

She suddenly remembered the first time she cooked Earth dishes for him and Theon, and they had reacted the same way. Her tense mood eased slightly, and a smile appeared in her eyes. "How about I cook from now on?"

"I'll cook," Zayne insisted. "I've already learned."

He dug out the roasted sweet potatoes from the fire and tasted the soup in the clay pot, adjusting the saltiness before adding a pinch more. The soup could be kept simmering on the fire, and a sip now and then would dispense the cold.

After filling her stomach by the fire, Nyx walked to the cave entrance to listen to the outside sounds. Apart from the howling wind and the sound of snow hitting the animal hides, the entire tribe was silent, unlike its usual liveliness.

From day to night, and then to dawn, the heavy snow never stopped. Staying in the dim cave, Nyx worried about losing track of time, so she used a stone to carve tally marks on the cave wall, marking each day. By the time she finished the first tally mark, the snow had only slightly lessened.

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08:46 Sat, 8 Mar BN

Chapter 317

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"Was the snow this heavy in previous years?" Nyx lifted the animal hide and looked outside, squinting as the light dazzled her eyes. Thanks to Zayne clearing the snow daily, the entrance hadn't been blocked. Zayne shook his head. In all his memory, he had never seen such heavy snow. After waiting so long, the snow had finally lightened a bit, and it was time to go out and check.

"I'm going out." He transformed into his beast form and reminded Nyx, "Stay home. I'll be back soon."

It wasn't that he didn't want to take Nyx or found her burdensome, but it was too cold outside, and the little rabbit's fur couldn't withstand it. Moreover, he needed to hunt in his beast form and might not be able to look

after her.

Nyx understood this and obediently sat by the fire. "Come back early."

Watching her mate leave, she added water and ingredients to the clay pot, preparing to cook a pot of soup so he could have some when he returned.

As she cooked, she listened carefully to the outside sounds, checking if the snow had worsened, her heart concerned for Zayne.

In the clay pot, the meat soup bubbled, its aroma gradually filling the air. The sound of beast footsteps came from outside the cave.

Hearing the noise, Nyx, unprepared, looked up. "Zayne, you're back."

Before she could finish, the animal hide curtain was lifted, and a brown bear's head poked in.

3/3

Of The Bea 318

Chapter 318

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Nyx was startled, almost knocking over the clay pot. With just one glance, she recognized that this bear wasn't any of the tribe's Beastmen but a complete wild beast.

'How could a wild beast have come here?' she thought,

Even though it was the cold season, the tribe's outskirts were patrolled daily, and wild beasts knew the power of Beastmen, rarely daring to invade the tribe.

Logically, the tribe should be safe. But now, not only was there a bear in front of her, but outside, there were also the screams of females and the cries of cubs, mixed with the roars of beasts, creating chaos.

Nyx's heart sank, realizing the situation was bad. It seemed the wild beasts in the mountains had also been caught off guard by the sudden cold season, failing to prepare for winter. With their hunting abilities diminished in the icy conditions, they had turned their attention to the tribe.

They were even quite clever, waiting for the young male members to go out in groups before coming to find them.

Their eyes met, and a tense atmosphere spread. Nyx clenched her fists, too wary to make any sudden

moves.

This bear looked at her with a relatively innocent gaze; she felt that it didn't seem to have any intention to attack for now, but it appeared very hungry, and it was hard to say what it might do.

When well-fed, wild animals wouldn't harm her easily; even if they came close, it was usually for play. But when hungry, the situation was entirely different.

Searching for food and survival were a beast's top priorities. Even with her special physique protecting her, Nyx had never let her guard down around such highly aggressive beasts.

She stared at the brown bear across the fire, trying to keep her emotions stable as she quickly thought through her escape options. The burning fire made the brown bear somewhat cautious, but the scent of food continually tempted it.

Hesitating and pacing back and forth for a while, the bear's hunger finally overcame its fear, and it slowly moved forward. A sharp, cracking sound echoed through the cave. With a swipe of its paw, the clay pot was shattered into pieces, scattering everywhere.

Nyx watched it wreak havoc right under her nose, too afraid to stop it. It was just a clay pot-if it broke, it broke. It could always be remade later. Not a big deal.

Having dealt with many brown bears before, she understood their domineering nature. Stealing its food would make her its mortal enemy. Without enough strength, it was best not to confront it head-on.

The bear buried its head, licking up the soup on the ground, finishing all the meat, and not sparing any of the wild vegetables. It ate with great speed, and Nyx barely had time to hesitate.

She looked around, seized the moment, and shifted into beast form, quickly slipping into a bed gap to hide, all in one smooth motion. Fortunately, her small size allowed her to fit anywhere. Nyx exhaled in relief.

The brown bear noticed the movement, and lifted its head, sniffing the air. It easily located Nyx's hiding spot but didn't approach to grab her. Instead, it continued licking up the meat soup, satisfied, before strolling away.

Perhaps out of consideration for Nyx, it only lingered for a short while. There were plenty of cured meats hanging in the cave, but it didn't touch any of them. It didn't even glance at the sweet potatoes, causing far less destruction than Nyx had anticipated.

If not for the broken clay pot on the ground, the spilled soup, and the lingering scent of the bear in the air, she might have thought everything that just happened was a hallucination.

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08:46 Sat, 8 Mar

Chapter 318

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Nyx cautiously peeked her head out. Just as she was about to crawl out, the animal skin curtain was lifted again, and a tiger swaggered in

Nyx quickly shrank back into her hiding spot. The meat soup had already been consumed, and the tiger licked a few times but found nothing. It came in cager, but left disappointed,

After it left, a few more uninvited guests trickled in. It wasn't until the smell of the soup had nearly disappeared that the cave finally returned to silence.

The sounds outside, however, had not yet ceased. One of the young male patrol members was injured, and another staggered, running frantically out of the tribe to inform the main force. "Chieftain, Shaman. This is bad!"

Blood covered his body, and his wolf fur was matted and wet, looking utterly disheveled. The moment they saw him, the hunting team realized that something was wrong.

They didn't waste any time asking questions, grabbing their prey, and heading straight back to the tribe. Hearing the wolf pack's thunderous run, the beasts celebrating in the tribe seemed to sense the crisis and began retreating.

"Over here."

"Neo is here, his leg was bitten."

The scout, Joe, who brought the news, led Zayne to find another team member, Neo, while the others went home to check on their own situations.

Zayne was worried about Nyx and felt anxious, but his duty as a shaman prevented him from leaving immediately.

He circled around Neo to check his injuries, confirming they weren't too severe, then instructed Joe, "Stay here with him, I'll go home to get some medicine."

After saying this, he picked up the wild boar he had caught and quickly ran towards his home. After a few steps, the large paw prints on the ground caught his attention.

Zayne's heart skipped a beat. It was a brown bear. He looked up and saw the paw prints leading all the way to his cave, a cold chill ran through him. He dropped the wild boar on the ground and sprinted away.

The closer he got to the cave, the more uneasy he felt. He burst through the animal skins and into the cave, only to find it in disarray. His mind went blank, and his ears rang,

The branches in the fire pit were burning down to ashes, the flames nearly extinguished. The pottery was shattered on the ground, with only a wet stain left from the meat soup. There was no one in the cave. Nyx was gone.

Zayne trembled uncontrollably, unable to hold his body up, and collapsed onto the ground, overwhelmed by despair, losing the ability to think.

"Nyx." His eyes were bloodshot, filled with hate as he glared at the large bear paw prints. Stumbling to his feet, he staggered outside. He was going to kill that bear. Once he killed the bear, he would end it all.

If he hadn't left home, hadn't abandoned Nyx, she wouldn't have had to face this danger alone. Regret overwhelmed him, and he couldn't bear to think of what Nyx might have gone through.

He hated himself, feeling a destructive urge he had never felt, not even in his hardest childhood days. The sound of hurried footsteps approached.

"Shaman."

"Help!"

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08:46 Sat, 8 Mar MB N.

Chapter 318

"Save my mate. Save my cubs."

"Hurry!"

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The situation was urgent, and people ignored the rules, rushing into the shaman's cave, pleading for help. When they saw the mess on the ground, their noisy shouts stopped abruptly, and they froze.

The cave had been attacked by beasts as well. Then Nyx could be in trouble. The crowd looked at the shaman's red eyes, helpless and silent, not daring to speak.

Zayne took a step toward the wounded, his gaze falling on the bloody wounds of the female and her cubs. Hearing their painful groans, his heart felt like it was being squeezed by a giant hand.

He wondered if Nyx had suffered this too. No, she was taken by the bear; what she endured must have been

far worse.

Just as he was about to completely lose his sanity, a familiar voice suddenly froze him in place. "Zayne"

Zayne's body shook violently. He turned toward the source of the voice-But saw nothing, no sign of Nyx.

Was it an illusion?' he thought. The crowd, however, also looked up in that direction, exchanging glances, clearly having heard the sound.

"Zayne." The voice came again. It wasn't an illusion. Zayne immediately rushed toward the stone bed where the voice had come from.

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3/3

Of The Bea 319

Chapter 319

A small rabbit was wedged in the gap between the bed slats, her face squished into a bundle. She blinked helplessly. "Please help me."

It was easy to crawl in, but hard to jump out. After avoiding several beasts, she tried to escape from the gap, but the space was too narrow, and she couldn't get enough leverage. After a while, she got herself stuck even more tightly,

Zayne quickly raised his front paws and carefully pulled her out. Finally seeing the light of day again, Nyx let out a long sigh and looked around, noticing many pairs of eyes staring at her, making her awkwardly curl up into a ball.

It was so embarrassing. Yet those gazes were not mocking; they were filled with admiration and envy. It turns out there were benefits to having a small beast form.

Many females and young ones in the tribe had been injured in the attack, but only Nyx had managed to avoid harm due to her size advantage, despite the beast assault.

Nyx sneezed, raised a paw to rub her face, and shook her fur vigorously to get rid of the dust. Then, with a leap, she landed precisely on her mate's head.

"It's me, Zayne." She bounced around, tapping her fluffy little paws on his head. "I'm fine. I hid away."

She knew Zayne well enough to immediately sense what he was thinking, and hurried to comfort the guilty-looking mate. "The brown bear ate the stew and left, and the other beasts only circled around, not touching a single hair on me."

As she spoke, she jumped down and twisted her body in front of Zayne, showing off her unscathed fur from all angles. The soft little rabbit moved agilely, with no wounds, though her appearance was a bit messy, covered in dust she couldn't shake off.

Zayne didn't mind at all. He raised a paw to pull her into his arms, holding her tightly. Her soft body radiated warmth, full of life, still moving around. It wasn't an illusion. Nyx was alive.

It was as if his soul returned to its body at that moment. Zayne exhaled deeply, feeling as though he was alive again.

Fortunately, it was just a false alarm. Nyx was fine, but others in the tribe had suffered real injuries. Luckily, there had been no deaths, at least not yet.

Zayne checked each injured person, instructing everyone, "Take the injured to the big cave and settle them there. I'll prepare the medicine."

The others obediently took the wounded away, leaving only Nyx and Zayne in the cave. They shifted into their human forms and dressed.

"You don't need to clean up, I'll do it in a bit." Zayne stopped Nyx, who was about to pick up the broken pottery shards, afraid she might cut herself on the sharp pieces.

The little rabbit had no calluses on her hands, her palms softer than even the young ones in the tribe.

Though she was capable of many things, it was clear she had been pampered before and rarely had to work. Now, as his mate, he couldn't let her live a harder life than before.

Nyx couldn't argue with him and sat aside, watching him prepare the medicine.

"There's one young one that seems to be badly hurt." She had seen a little wolf cub covered in blood earlier, its parents crying miserably beside it. Zayne nodded.

"Can it be saved?" Nyx stared at the crude herbal powders in front of her, her mood heavy, feeling the chances were slim.

The medical knowledge of their primitive society was not much better than what she had encountered on the plains-

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08:46 Sat, 8 Mar 14 B N.

Chapter 319

limited productivity, no instruments, and no strong medicines. Life had to be left to late

"I don't know," Zayne spoke in a low voice, "I do my best?"

Most shamans from other tribes were better at prayers and sacrifices. He was the best healer on the continent. If even he couldn't save the wounded, it would mean the Beast God had decided to take them away.

With that thought, Zayne's wrist shook, and by mistake, he added too much powder.

"Nyx. He suddenly raised his hand and pulled Nyx close, burying his face in her neck and taking a deep breath. His voice was hoarse. "Should I not be with you?"

Nyx looked at him in confusion, not understanding why he would say that. She cupped his face, noticing his pale expression, and frowned, "What are you talking about?"

Zayne gazed at her steadily, his expression somber.

He had lost his parents when he was young, and then his mentor. Before becoming the tribe's shaman, he had always been avoided by others. If not for his excellent medical skills, saving many lives, he wouldn't have had the qualification to become a shaman.

I'm the one the Beast God despises The Beast God would take away anyone close to him, leaving him forever alone.

He had lived alone for many years, enjoying some peaceful days. He had almost forgotten about this, but today, he had nearly harmed Nyx.

I'm sorry, I should have told you earlier Zayne closed his eyes, his voice strained. If Nyx knew this, she would surely never choose to be his mate.

Before he could finish his sentence, a soft sensation suddenly landed on his lips. Nyx leaned in and kissed him, silencing his unfinished words.

She gently held him, her voice firm. "The Beast God would never despise you" She wasn't sure if the Beast God existed in this world, but she was certain that a guardian deity would never despise any of its people.

Life, death, sickness, and health are all predestined. No matter what, it's never your fault." She held his hand and placed it over her heart, making him feel her strong heartbeat.

"See? Since I've been with you, I've been so healthy. Even though we encountered the beasts this time, I wasn't hurt at all. Isn't that lucky?"

Zayne's expression became slightly dazed. Somehow, just hearing Nyx's brief words of comfort made his uneasy heart seclude. He held the female tightly, pressing against her warm, delicate body, as if he had found an endless sense of security.

"Alright, no more clinging" Nyx shyly pulled away. "I still need to take a bath

She transformed into a little rabbit in the bed seam, and when she changed back to human form, she was a bit dirty too. However, she didn't have time to bathe or clean herself for now. The top priority was treating the

injured.

Coming back to his senses, Zayne picked up the medicine that had been incorrectly mixed, preparing to throw it away and

remake it.

"Wait, don't throw it away! Nyx quickly stopped him. "It can still be used

It just might require a different formula. She washed her hands, then took a few other herbs from the table, laying them out in front of Zayne. Without needing her to explain, Zayne glanced at them, thought for a moment, and understood her meaning

His eyes lit up, and he looked at Nyx in shock. "You're a shaman too?"

08:47 Sat, 8 Mar M

Chapter 319

This recipe was something even he had never seen before. The little rabbit had so many secrets.

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Many shamans from various tribes were female, so this wasn't strange, but what was strange was that Nyx was so young, and had left her tribe to come here with him.

Shamans didn't leave their tribes easily unless their tribe had been destroyed. Zayne's whole body trembled, a bit flustered.

He remembered how he had tried to probe Nyx's identity when they first met. The little rabbit had always been silent, and everything now seemed to have an answer. Perhaps he had mentioned something painful for Nyx.

Nyx looked up and saw his gray-blue eyes staring at her, filled with compassion. She was confused and didn't

know what to

make of it.

3/3

Of The Bea 320

Chapter 320

"What are you thinking?" Nyx blinked and suddenly guessed what Zayne was thinking. She couldn't help but laugh and shook her head. "I'm not a Shaman."

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About who she was and where she came from, she couldn't explain these things to Zayne right now. She had been questioned too many times already, and the things she could say had already been said. He would know the rest in time.

"Hurry up and mix the medicine." She changed the subject. Having washed her hands, Nyx wasn't being evasive. She directly began helping mix the medicine, her movements very skilled.

Zayne watched this, surprised, but didn't ask any further questions. The two of them worked together, and their speed doubled. The injured were settled in the large cave, and Snow Wolf appeared, holding a basket of medicine.

The more seriously injured were treated first, followed by those with lighter injuries. After applying the medicine to everyone, Zayne instructed, "You all stay here for now. If anything happens, notify me right away."

The cave couldn't accommodate too many people. Apart from the injured, all other family members reluctantly left, constantly looking back.

Coincidentally, the chieftain had a new task for them. After such a major event, the tribe had to increase patrols as they prepared for another beast tide.

The little rabbit crouched on Mate's head, listening to the chieftain assign the remaining healthy males into groups, instructing them on patrol points and ensuring the tribe was properly defended. She suddenly had a brilliant idea. "How about digging some traps?"

The temporary members of the patrol team had increased, but manpower was still insufficient. If a large-scale beast attack occurred, they wouldn't be able to stop it and would inevitably be injured.

Digging some traps would lighten the pressure. The chieftain's eyes lit up as he clapped his fists together. "Good idea."

As expected of Nyx. She was truly clever. The patrol members all looked at Nyx with admiration, each of them energized.

Nyx directed them to dig deep pits, making the edges as steep and smooth as possible, covering the bottom with sharp stones. The top was covered with branches and a layer of white snow to camouflage it.

From a distance, it was impossible to tell it was a trap. When the beasts rushed over, they wouldn't have time to slow down.

On the first day of digging the traps, a beast was caught. People cheered with joy, celebrating both the revenge and the food they had obtained. Afterward, several more beasts were caught, with occasional

successes.

The injured's conditions also steadily improved. The severely wounded cub surprisingly held on, and when the family learned that Nyx had mixed the life-saving medicine, they were filled with gratitude.

Everything seemed to be progressing in a positive direction. But for some reason, Nyx had an ominous feeling, a sense of crisis that lingered in her heart.

Late at night, when everything was quiet, Nyx snuggled in the thick fur of her mate, and was fast asleep when she suddenly heard the howling wind. She shuddered, waking up.

Dazed, she rolled over, unable to distinguish dream from reality. "What's wrong?"

Zayne raised a paw, pulling a piece of beast skin to wrap her up, and then transformed into human form.

"It's nothing, go back to sleep," he gently stroked Nyx's head a few times, got up to pick up the beast skin blown off by the wind, and secured it again. Then he rekindled the fire that had been extinguished by the wind.

Once everything was done, he returned to the bed, only to find the little rabbit wasn't sleeping but was crouching there,

1/3

Sat, 8 Mar

Chapter 320

watching him.

"Is it snowing heavily outside again?" Nyx had fully woken up by then.

There was no need for Zayne to answer; Nyx had already made a firm judgment when she heard the terrifying sound of the wind howling outside, like a ghost's scream.

This snowstorm came more suddenly and was fiercer than the last one. Along with it came a sharp drop in temperature.

During the second half of the night, Nyx slept restlessly and woke up early, staring at the thick snow outside, her ears drooping.

"Isn't this weather a bit abnormal?" she asked Zayne.

Zayne didn't deny it. He raised his paw and nudged the little rabbit closer to the fire to warm up, while standing behind her to shield her from the wind.

Despite this, Nyx still felt cold. She rubbed her fluffy paws and sighed. "We might need to migrate." "Migrate?" asked Zayne.

"It means leaving this territory and finding a better place to settle," said Nyx.

Climate change was a common occurrence, and the Earth had experienced ice ages more than once. Based on experience, it could last for millions of years.

"What if the cold season lasts, what if the temperature keeps dropping." Nyx's voice grew softer.

Early humans had no means to fight such changes, and a wrong decision could lead to disaster.

Zayne fell silent. Though he thought these predictions sounded alarmist, he was willing to stay with Nyx. As long as it made her feel a little more at ease, he would leave the homeland.

His only concern was his responsibility as a shaman. Beau wasn't yet capable of handling things alone and couldn't take over as the next shaman for the tribe.

"When should we leave?" he asked Nyx while mentally planning to call Beau for special training right after. "The sooner, the better. We should leave as soon as the snow eases up." Nyx twitched her ears. "But is it up to us to decide? Shouldn't we ask the chieftain?"

"No," Zayne frowned, "We can't tell him. He won't let us go. We have to leave quietly."

Nyx widened her eyes, confused. After a while, she said softly, "What I mean is, everyone should migrate together,"

She didn't want her mates to abandon the tribe and their responsibilities and run away with her.

Zayne fell silent. "That's not going to be easy." He coughed lightly. "There will definitely be many people who don't want to leave."

Based on his understanding of the chieftain, this matter would likely come to nothing. The chieftain's conservative nature made it almost impossible for him to make such a bold decision.

"I can ask the chieftain first," Zayne didn't say much.

He went out and came back quickly, shaking his head at Nyx. As he expected, the chieftain disagreed. Behind him, a little wolf followed closely.

"Nyx." The little wolf shook the snow from its fur and eagerly jumped in front of Nyx, its tail spinning like a propeller.

2/3

08:47 Sat, 8 Mar BN

Chapter 320

Seeing those bright blue eyes and goofy expression, Nyx suddenly coughed. "Beau?"

This was the first time she had seen Beau's beast form. He didn't even look like a wolf, more like a Husky.

+13)

The two locked eyes, and Beau stared at the fluffy little rabbit, itching to move. She was so cute and he wanted to touch her. With a warning look from his master, he immediately straightened up, chest out, and head held high.

"Do you still remember what I taught you?" Zayne stood between his mate and disciple, keeping them apart.

Beau nodded rapidly like a chick pecking at food. "I remember!"

After some testing, he answered fluently, without exaggerating. Zayne nodded in satisfaction.

Beau had already mastered most of the medical knowledge. He only lacked some experience, but once Zayne taught him the rituals and prayers, he would be ready to accompany Nyx. Beau would take over as the

next shaman.

"Come drink some soup to warm up," Nyx said, pulling a few sweet potatoes from the fire and handing them

to Beau.

Using the brain uses up energy, and Beau was hungry, so he didn't decline. "Thank you, Nyx."

The traps Nyx had taught him to set worked well, and the tribe had caught plenty of game. Everyone had enough meat to

eat.

However, the heavy snow continued for several days, and when Beau came back to learn from his master, he hesitated and refused to eat the food Nyx had given him.

"Recently, the traps haven't been yielding anything," Beau said with a sigh, his mood low. "I heard from Neo that there is hardly any prey outside anymore. I don't know what's going on."

In the past, it was also difficult to catch prey during the cold season, but it was never this hard. If they didn't

carefully ration their food now, the supplies wouldn't last until the end of the cold season. Nyx and the others

exchanged glances, their expressions serious.

3/3