

# Chosen Mate Of The Beastmen Empire

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Instead of kissing Nyx's hand, Coleman put his fist over his chest, which was an ancient noble courtesy Of The Beastmenstmen Empire, reserved only for showing one's respect to beautiful Females,

Nyx wasn't familiar with such a courtesy; she simply found Coleman's every move pleasing to the eye. It was the first time she had encountered a mature man, and she finally got why men like him were so attractive.

She greeted him with a smile, nodding, "Hello, Mr. Sherwin. I'm Nyx."

Coleman seemed surprised that she'd greet him; she was the first Female with such a friendly personality he had met. His gaze softened as he nodded slightly. "Hello to you, too, Ms. Voss. What an honor to meet you."

The sense of crisis weighed on Zayne's heart even more as he noticed their friendly interaction; with a slightly solemn expression, he moved a few steps imperceptibly to distance the two.

Coleman seemed unfazed by his looming hostility, remaining personable. Upon hearing Nyx was learning ballroom dancing for the court ball a month later, he smiled, complimenting, "The fact that the royal family extends an invitation to you says how outstanding you are."

Hearing this, Nyx waved her hand humbly. The butterfly ornaments on the cuff of her dress swayed with her movements, attracting Coleman's attention.

He praised, "Soff's new dress looks amazing on you, but in my opinion, only a specially tailored dress can match you. If you will give me a chance, I'd like to make one for you."

Couture was Coleman's true field of work, as opposed to the occasional tutoring job when he was bored. Born with artistic cells and the excellent education he had received, he had a superior aesthetic. In earlier years, he designed clothes as a hobby, and after his family's comedown, he continued to make a living from it.

His style of clothing design was unique and widely sought after, and he became the top costume designer in the Empire early on. Now, he was basically retired, seldom taking orders.

People came to his door every day for clothes design, yet he wouldn't relent despite their status or the money they offered. He only made exceptions for those who inspired him.

The fact that such a wayward designer had offered to design for Nyx signified his great admiration for her. Wearing Coleman's custom-made dress to the Court ball was an honor that everyone envied. Zayne always prioritized Nyx's interest, and of course, he wouldn't refuse such a good thing for her.

Unlike Zayne, Nyx was clueless about Coleman's position in the industry and thought he was just a fashion designer pitching her to take care of his business. She nodded without hesitation, smiled at him, and encouraged him, "I believe in your aesthetic."

Coleman was slightly stunned as he suddenly realized that she might not know how famous or important he was, which made her trust in him all the more precious. The gaze he fell on her therefore turned more amazed and softer.

After the pleasantries, the teaching began as it was 3:00. Soon, Coleman's expression became obviously more serious, but overall, he was still gentle, nodding occasionally to encourage Nyx and praising her generously.

The ballroom dancing on this planet wasn't much different from that on Earth—two people would partner off and dance, and there were other types such as many people holding together.

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Zayne was Nyx's dance partner. After learning their own basic dance moves, they tried to practice together. Although they had held hands plenty of times already, the second he held her hand, she still shrank a little nervously, gently shivering.

He was so well-built and large-boned that he could almost envelop her completely. As their bodies were so close to each other, his masculinity mixed with the sense of aggression overwhelmed her.

She subconsciously looked away from his chiseled face, her mind in turmoil; though she had memorized the steps, she accidentally got a few beats wrong, stumbling slightly.

Coleman was an experienced and responsible teacher who pointed out his students' problems right to the point. Yet, now in the face of her clumsy dancing, he didn't say a word; instead, he held his breath and chose not to disturb her.

The atmosphere became increasingly subtle and intimate between the two dancing. In the next second, Nyx met Zayne's eyes. Caught off guard by the intense affection in his gaze, she flustered.

Suddenly, he picked her up by her waist and whirled around. It was supposed to be a difficult move, but with his strong arms, his every movement was calm and steady. She subconsciously trusted him so much that she didn't panic at all.

All she felt was his large palms resting on her waist, so scorching that almost burned her skin. Before she realized it, her feet landed on the floor again, and they held each other tightly. She looked up at him, her eyes twinkling.

Coleman watched them in silence, almost having an illusion that she was like the pure moon, being held by Zayne reverently.

As a middle-aged Male who had always been gentle, Coleman maintained a dignified posture and a composed expression, but he actually was in a very complicated mood at the moment.

The two clearly reveled in their display of affection, which made Coleman envious; though he had dated a lot of women and was married, he had never experienced such an intimate moment.

That was right-Coleman was married. Zayne's wariness against him was unnecessary, as he didn't harbor any inappropriate feelings for Nyx. He was nearly 400 years old, and in his eyes, she was just a lovely young Female, a junior.

At first, he thought Zayne wasn't appreciated by his matron, which explained why Zayne was so wary and hostile to him. But seeing Nyx dancing with Zayne and trusting him with all her heart, he finally realized he had made a big mistake in judgment.

On top of that, he was amazed by how special Nyx was; he almost wondered if her existence was real.

After all, Females in the Empire were mostly used to being courted by Males. They took Males' flattery for granted but almost had no feelings for Males at all. Other Females viscerally feared and loathed every Male, always staying away from Males.

The big contrast made it hard for him to not be jealous of Zayne, and the torture only grew more unbearable as he saw the two dancing together.

Unfortunately, the lesson would last 2 hours. He could analyze the chemistry between the two with ease at first, but as time passed by, he was gradually losing his cool.

Then he couldn't help but start to compare the way he got along with his matron with that of Zayne and Nyx. The more he thought about it, the pitier he felt for himself.

He had always been the subject of his friends' envies, for his matron had been with him for years and would still soothe him mentally regularly.

She might favor those young Males more, but there was always a place for him at home-he was as happy as a Male could

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Finally, what felt like an eternity passed, and he practically sprung to his feet, wanting to flee away. Before he left, he friended Nyx and made an appointment with her to have her dress tailored.

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Looking into her pure and bright eyes when she said bye to him, he couldn't help but sigh deep down, wishing she were his daughter; if so, he'd treat her as the apple of his eye, offering her everything he had. Meanwhile, Nyx felt something off about the way Coleman was looking at her-it was as if his gaze was filled with fatherly affection. She figured it was all in her head and shook her head, trying to shake off the feeling.

She certainly learned a lot from Coleman's lesson and became much more confident, believing that if she practiced every day from now on, she wouldn't be a joke at the upcoming Court ball.

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In a wonderful mood, she ate more than usual at that day's dinner. Feeling a bit stuffed, she went for a walk in the courtyard, hoping to see the little furry kitten again.

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It got dark early on Central Planet. A few soft lights were lit up in the courtyard, and the bionic electric fireflies flying in the grass were like stars from the sky.

Nyx searched every corner of the courtyard, including the flower beds, the swing, the small pond, as well as trees and bushes of different levels... She looked very carefully, calling softly to Cotton Candy at the same time, yet he was nowhere to be

seen.

After a long time, she still didn't get a glimpse of that white little figure. She straightened up, thumped her aching waist, and sighed unhappily.

She thought, 'Maybe that brief moment is all I had with Candy. Hopefully, he'll have a happy life; better yet, he can soon find himself a stable home with a loving owner or be taken care of by a rescue agency!

With Cotton Candy on her mind, she was preoccupied and tossed and turned for a long time before finally drifting off to sleep.

Yet she didn't sleep soundly and had a dream. In the dream, she was in the Royal Garden again alone without Zayne. Looking around, she was puzzled as she walked on aimlessly.

After some time, she suddenly heard the rustling of the bushes followed by the howling of the wind. Turning around, she was surprised to see a white figure-Cotton Candy.

Widening her eyes, she was stunned by the big surprise and was momentarily at a loss for words. Meanwhile, the little white long-haired kitten, with his tail up, came galloping toward her and ran straight into her arms.

Though Cotton Candy didn't look fat, it surely carried a lot of weight. If it were in real life, Nyx would have stumbled, but here in her dream, she caught Cotton Candy steadily.

The dream was based entirely on her experiences during the day, so it seemed so real that she didn't realize it was a dream at all.

She walked around the garden with Cotton Candy in her arms and watched him catch butterflies. Cotton Candy swiftly and nimbly jumped up and down, which further lifted her mood.

As she passed a wall of roses, he suddenly jumped off her arms and ran a few steps up the wall. She thought he'd run away again and that she'd never find him, shouting anxiously, "Cotton Candy!"

He was sniffing around one of the richest pink-and-white roses. Hearing her shout, he shook his beard, quickly gnawed the stem of the rose with his sharp little canine teeth, jumped down with the rose in his mouth, and landed easily.

Nyx strode forward and checked his legs; only when she made sure he wasn't hurt that she breathed a sigh of relief. As if sensing her worries, he meowed and rubbed his head against her palm, soothing her.

Suddenly, there was a strong gust of wind. Instinctively, she held him in her arms to protect him but was stunned as she realized that something didn't feel right.

She looked down and widened her mouth when she saw that what she was holding was no longer a kitten, but a huge animal claw, fluffy and strong.

Then she looked up and met the gaze of a giant, fierce tiger. Instantly, her heart raced. The feelings of fear and excitement intertwined, making her mind clearer, and she realized it was a dream; none of this was real.

The tiger staring at her had white fur and black lines, and his fur was faintly shimmering, reminding her of a fine painting,

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but even a well-known painter couldn't paint out his heroic aura.

The dignified tiger, with the rose picked by Cotton Candy in his mouth, lowered his head to place the rose in Nyx's palm. The pale pink petals were utterly soft and fragile, quivering when the wind blew.

Nyx held the rose gently, her gaze falling on the clump of dark hair on the tiger's forehead—it certainly rang a bell

So, Cotton Candy is a tiger indeed... she sighed, thinking as she opened her eyes. After lying motionless in bed for a long time, she finally snapped back to reality and couldn't help giggling at the absurd dream.

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As the two furry animals in her dream emerged in her mind, she suddenly hoped her dream to come true. If Cotton Candy indeed became the giant tiger, she'd surely bring him home; her life would be so much fun.

It was early morning. The bedroom's intelligent housekeeping system detected that she was awake and automatically turned up the room's brightness, while the windows that automatically blocked out light at night were transparent again; sunlight filled the entire room.

Nyx rolled on the bed, took a deep breath, got up on her hands and knees, stretched, and looked out the window.

The sunlight was just right, and the courtyard was full of life with birds chirping in the treetops. She glanced over, and suddenly, her attention was drawn to a pale shade of pink near the window.

There was a rose on the windowsill, which surprised her utterly. She rubbed her eyes, strode over, and opened the window.

The rose petals were fresh with dew—it had just been plucked, perhaps. She carefully picked up the rose, her heart pounding.

It felt surreal when what was in the dream suddenly showed up in reality. Gawking at the rose for a while, she turned around and ran outside.

Zayne watched her rush out of the bedroom and run into the distance before he could even say good morning to her. After a moment of surprise, he went after her, a touch of uneasiness weighing him down.

He chased her all the way to the swing in the courtyard and finally saw the little white kitten she had spoken of the day before.

Nitpicky as he was, he had to admit the kitten certainly had what it took to win over Females, for it was so cute and even coquettish and fawning when it meowed—in short, it was just the kind of non-aggressive, docile animal that Females adored.

He saw Nyx bury her face in the kitten's belly, take it in her arms, and kiss it several times, feeling both bitter and glad—thankfully, it wasn't the beast form of a Male Beastman.

After petting Cotton Candy for quite a while, Nyx finally forced herself to look up and was shocked to see Zayne staring at her. She exclaimed, blushing.

Bracing herself, she whispered, a bit shy, "Can you make me that cat meal I told you about yesterday?" She was pretty certain that Cotton Candy would love chicken breast and egg yolk.

After Zayne nodded and left; she couldn't help but bury her face in Cotton Candy's hair again. He took care of himself perfectly, and she didn't mind doing this at all.

Holding the sweet rose between her fingertips, she waved it in front of him. "Was it you who gave me this?"

Last night's dream was amazing. She dreamed of Cotton Candy and woke up to find him here; she dreamed of roses and woke up to see one placed next to the window.

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If the same logic was applied-she sized Cotton Candy up-maybe it'd really turn into a giant tiger in the next second

Cotton Candy lifted his paw, tilted his head, and meowed innocently while looking at the rose in her hand. He seemed very happy and meowed several times more.

Nyx's heart melted again. She forgot about the tiger temporarily, pinned the rose in her hair, and teased him. The delicate petals made her skin even more flawless, and her soft hair was as smooth as silk.

He was obviously happier, purring adorably while wagging his head and tail in her arms.

If the Emperor and the Queen had seen this, they would have wondered if the Crown Prince had been possessed by something.

After all, he had never been like this even when he was little. He was a steady, precocious child from an early

age.

The cute kitten completely captured Nyx's heart. She pinched his cheek playfully, coaxing, "Was it really you who gave me the rose? Wanna come home with me?"



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Even if Cotton Candy wouldn't turn into a giant white tiger, Nyx still wanted to keep him. "They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Presumably, the same goes for kittens,' she thought.

She scratched Cotton Candy's chin, took the cat meal from Zayne, and beckoned Cotton Candy to eat. Yet as he approached the small plate with the meat paste, he sniffed and then turned his face away with a haughty

air.

Nyx was puzzled. She used to make the same cat meal for Dollar-her boss's cat-and Dollar loved it. In fact, not a single cat had turned her cat meal down.

She stroked his fluffy belly, which wasn't exactly bulging; he should be hungry already. 'He doesn't like it?" she pondered with a frown and then picked up the little spoon, for one last attempt. If he still reacted the same, she'd think of something else.

With such a thought, she scooped up a spoonful of meat paste and placed it against Cotton Candy's mouth, looking at him expectantly. He blinked and stuck his tongue out, licking her hand twice quickly.

She chuckled and didn't dodge; some kittens loved licking people. Once, she met a cat who wanted to lick her hair, and it was just as cute as Cotton Candy. As she recalled those cute kittens she had encountered, her gaze softened with nostalgia.

Tilting his head, Cotton Candy sniffed the meat paste on the spoon again. It wasn't the food he hated; it was the person who made it that made him hostile.

In ancient times, large carnivorous Male Beastmen even fenced their own territory, just like real beasts. The Beastmen nowadays had suppressed their wild nature and no longer needed territory, but the dominant Male Beastmen were still at loggerheads with each other.

If it was Nyx who had made the cat meal, the Crown Prince would have gobbled it, leaving not a single drop behind. But it was Zayne who made it, which was why he hated it.

But since Nyx fed him, he didn't want to turn her down. His liking for her overcame his dislike for Zayne.

Seeing Cotton Candy finally start to eat, Nyx was relieved. She patiently fed him with the spoon repeatedly, gently wiping the fur on his face stained by the broth.

Standing behind her, Zayne was displeased-Nyx hadn't had breakfast yet, and she was here feeding the cat? He couldn't help but say as he approached her, "Why don't you go and have breakfast? I'll feed it."

Immediately, Cotton Candy stopped eating and hissed at him fiercely, showing his sharp claws, which startled Nyx. She stroked his hair to soothe him at once while shaking her head, rejecting Zayne's offer.

Zayne, slightly stunned, said nothing. His eyes darkened as he stood in situ for a moment, and then he quietly changed into the beast form.

Nyx had finished feeding Cotton Candy the last spoonful of meat paste and was wiping his mouth when she felt a slight tug on her sleeve at her elbow from behind.

Turning around, she saw the Snow Wolf, and her eyes lit up. She then thought that Cotton Candy might be scared, so she turned back anxiously, only to see the clingy kitten becoming tough.

In the face of such a giant Snow Wolf, he was fearless, his eyes cold and fierce. He walked forward and confronted the Snow Wolf while hiding her behind him.

The Snow Wolf was calm and composed and obviously didn't take the little kitten seriously. But when he looked at Nyx, he

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deliberately purred softly; he seemed to be a little aggrieved.

She felt bad for him right away. Stroking his head, she whispered, comforting him, "Don't be upset with Cotton Candy; he's just a kitten."

As Cotton Candy looked at Nyx's hand on the Snow Wolf's head his eyes were filled with shock. He meowed a few times while his ears dropped and became folded ears. Immediately, he jumped up for her hand, not allowing her to pet the wolf.

Cats were the jealous type. Many cat owners, as long as they had petted other cats outside, would be hissed at and even attacked by their cats when they came home.

Yet, of course, the Crown Prince wouldn't be harsh on Nyx, the Young Female he adored. He could only tremble with anger, his tail puffing up.

Her hand was still on the annoying wolf's head. Suddenly, his eyelashes trembled; tears filled his blue eyes and then streamed down his cheeks-out-of-control Beastmen were irrational and often acted based on instinct.

The Crown Prince was always composed and calm; no one could tell what he was thinking. When he was out of control, he was supposed to be an intimidating White Tiger instead of... this.

Born into the royal family, the Crown Prince learned to disguise himself at an early age and put on the perfect mask. His true mood was a secret that not even the royal family, including his parents, could see.

Yet, today, he went out of control and turned into his beast form in front of Nyx; the perfect Crown Prince revealed his true nature for the very first time.

Nyx was so shocked that she couldn't utter a word; though she used to love crying cat emojis, this was the first time she had seen a crying kitten in real life.

She heard that, unlike human beings, cats only had physical tears and wouldn't cry to express sadness. However, Cotton Candy was obviously very sad, which broke her heart. She murmured softly, "What's wrong, Candy? Don't cry... Are you scared of wolves?"

Though she adored the Snow Wolf, coaxing Cotton Candy was the priority now. After all, Cotton Candy couldn't speak, and when he was sad, crying was the only thing he could do. She turned to Zayne, urging, "Turn back."

The moment Zayne returned to his human form, Cotton Candy scratched him quickly and then ran away like a shadow, disappearing in a second.

It all happened so fast that Nyx didn't even realize what had happened. She gawked at Zayne and then gasped as her eyes fell on the blood stains on the back of his hand. It must have hurt a lot; guilty, she muttered, "I'm sorry."

Yet, Zayne said, as calm and composed as ever, "It's fine. Don't worry about it." After all, the superficial wounds were nothing to him; besides, it was the kitten that scratched him, not Nyx.

Thinking of something, he lowered his head. "I should apologize to you; I scared away your kitten. You can punish me." He was glad the kitten was away but knew Nyx definitely didn't feel the same; he hoped she'd forgive him after punishing him.

Nyx shook her head as she didn't blame him at all and then pulled him to deal with the wounds. She sighed, "Perhaps you shouldn't turn into your beast form when Cotton Candy is around."

She pondered, 'Candy has always been so sweet; I'm sure the Snow Wolf scared him, and that's why he attacked the Snow Wolf. Makes sense, given the wolf's size. No one wants to see this

Despite her worries about Cotton Candy, she wasn't as upset as she had been the night before. Her gut told her he'd come to

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her again. And before long, she was proved right.

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At dusk, a fluffy figure appeared outside her bedroom window. She had just had dinner; she unhurriedly did some exercises, took a walk, went back to the bedroom, spent some time on the Intelligent Brain, and went to the bathroom, not noticing him at all.

Cotton Candy got a little anxious and tried to get her attention by tapping the window with his paws and making a noise. Too bad that the windows were perfectly soundproofed.

By the time Nyx walked out of the bathroom, it had been put into sleep mode; the light was dimming, and the windows began to change color to block out the light.

Cotton Candy saw her lying on the bed, seemingly going to sleep; the next second, his view was blocked by the darkened windows. Utterly anxious, he meowed loudly non-stop, thinking 'Let me in! I wanna sleep with

her!'

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As Nyx closed her eyes, she seemed to have heard a kitten's meow, which was so subtle that she rubbed her ears, thinking she was hearing voices, and then went back to sleep.

Yet, the meow continued. Finally, she sat up, walked to the window, opened it, and looked out-Cotton Candy was sitting on the windowsill, looking at her eagerly.

He meowed again, and Nyx's expression changed drastically: She was so glad that she wasn't asleep and came to take a look because she was worried, or the silly little kitten would have been left out all night.

It wasn't winter, and the weather was warm enough. Still, leaving Cotton Candy here alone all right would break her heart. She reached out and took him inside at once.

He snuggled up to her, not struggling at all. He was too docile to be a stray cat, and she figured he was probably once a pet cat, which was why he was so clingy.

Given how smart he was, he didn't run away from his home; instead, he was abandoned. Feeling sorry for him, she stroked the clump of dark hair on his forehead and asked him again, "Wanna stay with me?"

She really wanted to keep him as her pet. In fact, she had always wanted to raise a pet, but under her family's control since childhood, she couldn't even manage to live on her own, let alone have a pet.

Those were memories to forget; no matter what, her life was perfect now, and she could finally have a pet. She'd treat him very well.

Cotton Candy seemed to sense her mixed emotions. He looked up at her sad face and sensibly rubbed her profile, meowing to comfort her.

Soon, she was in a better mood and smiled while tapping his nose, "You can't talk; I'll take your response as a yes then. From now on, you'll be mine. How about a bath? Then I'll fix you something to eat."

She happily went to the bathroom at a brisk pace with him in her arms, thinking that she should later check whether she needed to vaccinate and apply for a pet license on this planet.

It was common knowledge that cats hated water, and every cat owner had an uphill battle bathing their cat. Bracing herself, she carefully put him into the basin with warm water, prepared to get wet in the next second.

However, he was so well-behaved and even raised his face so that she could rub and clean him more easily. When she rinsed him, he didn't struggle and faced the water fearlessly instead.

Cats were afraid of water, but not tigers. As the strongest type of big cats, tigers even liked water and were great swimmers; they loved soaking in water to cool down in the hot season.

And of course, the Crown Prince-the White Tiger, the Divine Beast wasn't fear of water. Besides, even if he was out of control and had no human reason, he was far more composed than other beasts.

When he was out on his own, he was just as stable as he was before he lost control, very much the king of beasts. He'd only turn into a meek, delicate kitten when he was with the one he adored.

Nyx didn't get it. How could anyone give up such a cute, sweet kitten? Not to mention that after the bath, he was now completely clean. She dried his white hair, which was fluffy and soft, making him look now bigger.

He sat upright, looking all serious. Coupled with the clump of dark hair on his forehead, Nyx felt her heart would melt at

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any second; he looked like such a bluffing little tiger cub.

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She sighed sadly as she recalled the giant white tiger in her dream, thinking, 'If only Candy could turn into that big tiger. I've never seen a tiger in real life; the tiger is so big, and I bet it feels great to pet him!

Suddenly, Cotton Candy meowed, which brought her back to reality. Looking into his innocent eyes, she couldn't help but smile, thinking, 'Forget it. Candy is cute enough already. Who cares if he can be a tiger or not?'

Holding the sweet, fluffy Cotton Candy in her arms, she decided to take him to the kitchen for food. Suddenly, the Intelligent Brain beeped; Theon sent her a request for a video chat.

She accepted the request and raised Cotton Candy's paws for him to see. "Look, Theon. I've got a cat! Isn't he adorable?"

Theon had been busy since arriving at the base, and this was his first video call with Nyx, so he was very nervous. He sat upright and cleared his throat, about to greet Nyx when the call came through.

Yet, he was caught off guard by the fluffy kitten on the screen; all the words he had prepared to say to her were down the drain, and he didn't know how to respond for a moment.

The chief culprit, however, had no idea the predicament she had left him and poked her head out, whispering, "Can I raise him at your place?"

Of course, Theon nodded at once. Seeing this, she was relieved and asked him about how he had been doing these days. while continuing to walk to the kitchen with Cotton Candy in her arms.

Theon had never felt so clumsy. Looking at her, his beloved Young Female, he wanted to bring up some interesting topics, but nothing came out. In addition to the silent Males in the barracks were mechanical weapons and a variety of boring paperwork reports.

"Where did you buy the cat?" after a moment of silence, he asked. It looked like an expensive cat, and given that Nyx held it so carefully, she must have liked it a lot. He figured any topic related to it would pique her interest.

Sure enough, she smiled brightly. Beaming, she shook her head. "I didn't buy him." She couldn't help but tell him everything beginning from the encounter on the swing to the surprise on the windowsill earlier.

Soon, Zayne noticed the commotion in the kitchen and came inside. After nodding casually at Theon, he looked at Cotton Candy in Nyx's arms. His gaze met Cotton Candy's, both hostile, almost turning the kitchen into a battlefield.

Nyx pinched Cotton Candy's face playfully and stood between them, blocking their gazes. "Enough. We're all family; no more fighting from now on."

Cotton Candy reluctantly meowed and then curled up in her arms without showing any intention of attacking, determined to be good in front of her. But.... he wouldn't promise that he'd still be this civil when with annoying people when she wasn't looking.

Meanwhile, Zayne was pondering whether he should come up with some excuse to get rid of Cotton Candy. He sneered and said to Theon, "Don't you think it's time to strengthen your places security system?"

Refusing to take the blame, Theon frowned, "The villa, including the courtyard, comes with S-level security; it's already the highest level available to individuals except the royal family and high authorities. The fact that the cat got in here means it's just an ordinary animal."

Beastmer's beast form was different from ordinary animals; there were significant differences in the values of their physical functions, which could be detected with a scan of the security system.

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Theon added, "Ordinary animals are off the system's radar unless the system determines that the animal is too big or dangerous. But if Beastmen try to break in, they'll certainly be banished. Only SS-level Males are likely to be strong enough to stay undetected."

Hearing this, Zayne pondered, "There are only a handful of SS-level Males in the entire Empire, all influential. Who'd trespass? Even if Nyx awakens S-level mental power, no matter how they want her, none of them would stoop so low.

'Guess this cat that came out of nowhere is really just a cat. Fine. Though we dislike each other, the important thing is Nyx likes it. If she wants to keep it, it can stay here. The last thing I want is to disappoint her.'

He was completely relieved and decided to forgive Cotton Candy for scratching him. He even tried to be the bigger person and was kind enough to fix some cat meal again.



However, Cotton Candy still looked disgusted and wouldn't eat anything unless fed by Nyx. She scratched his chin, sighing helplessly, "It's fine. I'll think of more recipes."

Seeing this, Theon made up his mind to find as much time as possible to learn more about cat meals, figuring, The cat hates the food Zayne made because he's a poor cook.

'For Nyx, I'll become an expert in raising cats as quickly as possible. After all, pleasing her pet is the same as pleasing her. With that in mind, he looked at Nyx, saying tentatively, "I'll help you look after it."

Nyx paused for a second and then nodded with a smile. She then fed Cotton Candy while chatting with Theon for a while before going back to her room and noticing a message on the Intelligent Brain.

The message came half an hour ago. Upon seeing the sender was Felix, she was both puzzled and nervous. Putting Cotton Candy on the bed, she checked the message.

Felix: [Nykie, I've got something to ask you, but it may be a bit presumptuous...]

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Impudent? How impudent?' Nyx became more nervous.

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Her thoughts were in a frenzy, considering all kinds of possibilities, even questioning if her status as a transmigrator had been revealed.

Her hand shook slightly as she typed out her reply: [You tell me

Half an hour had passed since Felix's last message; but it seemed as if Felix had been waiting for her reply all along, sending his message a few seconds later.

Felix: [Did you find a third guardian besides Theon and Zayne?]

According to imperial law, unmarried females must have more than three guardians. The staff member who registered her had warned Nyx that if she didn't find a third guardian within a month, the system would automatically assign one.

Nyx had completely forgotten about this until Felix mentioned just now.

Less than half a month remained of the one-month deadline.

Nyx answered truthfully: [No-I accidentally forgot about it.]

A female's guardians were actually more like fiancés. Once someone became her guardian, it was like they'd branded her, and others would naturally consider them her male partner.

She didn't get this rule at first, but then she figured out there were these sneaky rules. She even wished she hadn't picked Zayne and Theon as her guardians, making them stick by her but not being able to promise them a true partnership.

Now, she was forced to find another guardian. Nyx felt overwhelmed.

Frustrated, she ran her hands through her hair, unsure of what to do, when she suddenly saw that Felix had sent her a copy of his medical report.

Next came his resume with a long list of achievements, awards, and honors that dazzled her.

Then, there was proof of his assets. It even included the ownership of several planets, making him a literal interstellar landlord.

Nyx was stunned. Then, Felix volunteered to be her guardian.

Nyx went speechless.

She remembered clearly that Felix was an anti-marriage type, showing little interest in females.

'Is he using me as a mediator to get closer to Theon?' she thought

Given how Theon had been wary of Felix as a potential rival, she didn't think this was a good idea.

Nyx replied: [Theon might not be very happy about this.] She subtly turned down Felix's offer.

Felix's public profile was too high. He was practically the idol of the entire empire, a high-ranking Marshal, and an elder, which made Nyx feel under immense pressure.

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Chapter 35

After all, she was just an ordinary person.

Felix understood Nyx's rejection but didn't give up.

He typed: [Theon won't have any objections.

79%1

[He's the top commander of the 286th White Tiger Regiment and must work long-term at the base. Even with my help, it will be hard to reassign him to the Central Planet anytime soon, so he won't be able to fulfill his duties as your guardian.

[As his uncle, I'll take care of you in his stead. Since you need a guardian, I'm just the right fit to fill this gap.]

Felix wanted to be Nyx's third guardian. He waited. He waited for Theon to leave. Theon went to the base. Now was the time. Now was the time to ask.

He didn't press further but took a step back, giving Nyx space to think about it.

Felix: [I will respect your decision, but if you can't find a suitable candidate, I hope you will consider me. I'll be waiting for your reply.]

In Earth's terms, this was called volunteering to be the rebound guy.

Nyx fell silent. She couldn't say no. Not now. So, she said she'd think about it.

Felix shouldn't have feelings for her. He'd just be taking Theon's place, which was exactly what she needed.

But it was hard to imagine how awkward it would feel if Felix really became her guardian.

'But-Theo

Zayne. They wouldn't like it.' Nyx sighed. This was complicated for her.

The little cat, hearing her sigh, tilted its head and looked at her with concern. "Mew?"

The soft mew was a tiny, warm comfort. Nyx nuzzled her face into the little cat's fur, a deep, calming breath escaping her. She decided to think about this matter for now.

The priority now was to sleep; tomorrow morning, she had to take Cotton Candy to the pet management center for registration.

She had asked Theon earlier, and he told her that pets here didn't need a bunch of vaccinations like on Earth, as most diseases had been eradicated by this era. Infectious diseases no longer spread, and even if a pet caught a disease, it was easily treatable.

Similarly, pets didn't need chip injections. Their information was scanned and recorded. Then, the cat would officially become her certified pet.

Nyx lay back down on her bed, her long hair flowing smoothly, with a faint fragrance lingering in the strands. The little cat, entranced by the scent, lazily flopped beside her like a little furball.

Nyx cuddled it and felt like she was holding a little heater, and quickly fell into a deep sleep.

The night was deep and quiet.

Suddenly, she felt the covers sink beside her, as if something heavy was pressing down on her, making it hard to breathe.

Cotton Candy- so heavy- how did it get so heavy? It's as heavy as a tiger- she thought.

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Chapter 35

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## Chapter 35

With her fragile frame unable to bear the weight, Nyx groaned in her sleep.

The weight pressing on her immediately disappeared, and she was able to breathe freely again.

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When Nyx woke up in the morning, she had completely forgotten the muddled experience and didn't see the little white cat sneak a guilty glance at her.

Over breakfast, she received news that Zayne's file had arrived at the Imperial Military Academy, finalizing his transfer, and that today marked his first day on the job.

Nyx bit her lip and lowered her head, feeling guilty inside.

If it weren't for accompanying her, Zayne wouldn't have transferred. It was she who affected his work.

Zayne shook his head gently. "I'd originally planned to stay at the school after graduating, but some complications arose, and I ended up in the military."

He was a common student with no connections. Though a genius, he was relatively weak. Astraea, a high-ranking female, declared her interest and pursued him relentlessly. Unwilling to become entangled, he kept his distance, seeking only peace.

Military medicine was fulfilling, but not his true calling. Now, back at his old school for medical research, he

felt in his element.

It wasn't because he was accommodating Nyx, but because Nyx had saved him.

His explanation was sincere; Nyx patted his head sympathetically. Starting a new job in a new place was a big

deal.

With Zayne finally successful, Nyx didn't want to hold him back. After he left, she quietly hugged Cotton Candy and went to register the pet herself.

It was her first solo outing and first time on public transport since transmigration. Everything felt completely

new and unfamiliar.

But in reality, her presence here was the most unusual thing.

On the huge Public Aircraft, everyone couldn't hide their shock

A noble female on public transport was surprising enough. But seeing any female on such a cheap flight was

even more shocking.

Someone immediately got up and offered Nyx the most comfortable seat at the front. A vacuum zone naturally formed around her, and the males were too shy to approach.

Cotton Candy's small head emerged from Nyx's collar, where it had been hidden.

The people around her gasped. 'Oh my, this poor female is actually out alone with a young one! What has she

been through? Where is her male? Did she lose him?'

They couldn't think of any reason for a female to go out alone except for losing her partner.

A few bolder men approached, offering to care for her and her young one. Confused, Nyx rejected them all. Her forced composure only made her look more pitiful.

"Single mother struggles, forced onto public transport!" Such sensational headlines were common even

among the stars.

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The news reports were rife with fabrication. The blurry photo included sparked great attention.

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The photo itself offered little detail; the woman's face was obscured. Yet, an undeniable gentleness emanated from her as she knelt to comfort a young child.

At the Palace, the Queen, in a flurry, sought out the Emperor, who was preoccupied with matters of state.

She threw the Intelligent Brain at the Emperor and told him to take a look at the news. Preoccupied with the Crown Prince's affairs for the last few days, the Emperor cast a cursory glance at it, and

his spirits sank even further.

The Empire poured vast sums of money into female protection every year, yet someone could live in such abject poverty. What was the Female Protection Association even doing?

"The focus isn't here!" the Queen said unhappily, hitting him lightly, "Don't you think that young one looks a lot

like Aurelius?"

Aurelius Maximilian was the Crown Prince's name.

The Emperor looked at the photo again. It really did look like him.

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But immediately, the Emperor shook his head and chuckled. "That kid has always been a female repellent. When we were planning to hold a selection ball for him, he refused outright. How could he possibly go live with a strange female?

"Also, he would never casually turn into his Youth Form."



As the Crown Prince of the Empire, Aurelius had always been ambitious. The Youth Form was too frail and had always been rejected by him.

Unless he was seriously injured and needed to recover, he might turn into his Youth Form.

The kitten in the photo seemed very healthy, without signs of injury.

The Queen felt a sense of loss in her heart.

She looked down at the blurry photo of the little white cat. The kitten was nestled comfortably in the female's arms, the two of them closely intertwined.

Deep down, she knew this couldn't be Aurelius. Aurelius was never this kind of character.

But she was so worried that she was being overly paranoid. The Royal Guard and the professional search team had never found any leads. Where on earth had Aurelius gone?

Even though the hope was slim, Queen, with the thought that she could not let it go, sent someone to contact the editor-in-chief of the news media, hoping to get more information about this female and the little white cat.

\*\*\*\*\*

Nyx never imagined that just taking her pet out for registration would land her in the social news.

When Felix messaged her, saying that he had dealt with the person who secretly took photos and spread fake news about her, she was still unaware and waiting in line at the pet management agency.

Perhaps because people in the interstellar era were too busy, or because the people here were Beastmen, the number of pet owners was pitifully low compared to Earth, and almost all of them were males.

Some of the pets they kept were species Nyx had never seen before, and did not exist on Earth, but without exception, all of them were wild-

Giant lizards, hyenas, brown bears, and various creatures that looked like aliens.

The Beastmen world admired strength, and some males, whose own species were weaker, would keep fierce pets as a form of psychological support.

The males were walking their tough-looking pets, keeping their distance from Nyx-they weren't about to get too close. But their pets weren't having it and just wouldn't leave Nyx alone.

With all these ugly mugs staring at its beloved, the little cat's fur stood on end. It bared its fangs and gave a low growl, warning them off.

However, as long as it was cute enough, even when it got angry, it still looked like it was being adorable. Nyx chuckled and petted its back. "Don't be fierce. No one is afraid of such a cute kitty!"

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When she looked up, she saw those fierce beasts scampering away in fear, backing up a great distance.

It was as if they were truly scared of the little cat; each of them hung their heads, not daring to look up.

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Nyx was completely confused and eyed Cotton Candy with suspicion. 'Where has this kingly aura come from? It's not like it's a tiger.'

The little cat proudly puffed out its chest, greeting her gaze as if waiting for a compliment.

It was so silly, Nyx had to laugh and shake her head, letting go of any far-fetched ideas.

It was her turn now.

The staff treated her with an unusually good attitude and even smiled while talking to her. "Your cat is very lively, but a bit too fierce."

'Fierce? How could Cotton Candy be fierce?' Nyx thought.

Nyx suddenly put it together: Zayne's scratches, the cat's snarling at the other pets... This cat was definitely two-faced.

She awkwardly smiled.

The staff member said, "Why are you holding it the whole time? Aren't you

tired?"

"It's alright," Nyx said, scratching Cotton Candy under the chin, making it squint happily. "She's just fluffy, not heavy at all. Cats get spooked easily, especially with so many strangers and other animals around, so I'm holding her to keep her calm."

The staff member was surprised and said, "You're so gentle with it."

In all his years working there, he'd never seen a woman treat a pet with such tenderness. It was just a cat, after all.

The staff member seemed about to continue, but then the little white cat yawned, revealing a set of surprisingly sharp teeth. He recoiled. "You haven't had its teeth corrected?"

The staff member's shock intensified as he saw Cotton Candy's claws. "The claws too? This is a hazard!"

—

Nyx glanced at her pet's teeth – pearly white and healthy, needing no correction.

It wasn't until he presented information on "safety-rated teeth" that her misunderstanding cleared. This "correction" meant replacing Cotton Candy's natural, sharp canines with dull, artificial ones – a practice that horrified her..

It was the same with the claws. Correction meant pulling them out completely.

According to this staff member, all female pet owners would opt for such corrective surgeries for their pets.

The pet hospital would skillfully remove the pets' sharp teeth and claws to ensure they didn't pose any threat to the delicate females.

With interstellar medical technology, the corrective surgery was painless. But even if it were painless, it was still a form of

harm.

Nyx furrowed her brow and hugged Cotton Candy tightly.

The staff member continued to enthusiastically recommend a pet hospital, claiming that their corrective surgeries were the best.

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Nyx firmly rejected it.

"Well, okay," the staff member was unsuccessful in persuading her, and could only pray in his heart that this overly kind female wouldn't be harmed by her beloved pet.

'How could there be a female who pampers a cat to this extent?' He couldn't believe it.

After going through the other procedures, Nyx walked into the health check-up room with Cotton Candy.

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The pet's check-up was similar to that of humans, and sometimes males would also use the beast form for their check-ups. The machines used were the same as those for pets.

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Although the same machines were used, the differences in data between Beastmen and pets were obvious, and a simple scan could easily distinguish between the two.

Because of this, the Empire required pets to undergo a check-up and biometric data entry before

registration.

This was not only to ensure the pet's health but also to prevent some bold males from pretending to be pets in beast form, deliberately approaching females, or sneaking into others' homes.

Aurelius, unaware that the crisis of his identity being exposed was gradually approaching, obediently stayed in Nyx's arms, looking innocent.

The next moment, Nyx extended her hand and handed it to the doctor.

The little cat immediately became alert, its ears flattened against its head, its paws tightly gripping Nyx's arm,

unwilling to let go.

"What's wrong?" Nyx gently patted its paw.

The kitten struggled, its eyes wide with anxiety and a pleading look, as if it feared Nyx would abandon it. It meowed pitifully.

Nyx's face softened with concern. "Shhh," she whispered, gently getting the kitten. "It's just a check-up. It

won't take long."

She decided not to hand the kitten over to the doctor and, with an apologetic smile toward the doctor, pointed

at the examination machine. "Does it need to go inside there?"

The doctor nodded in agreement, so Nyx carefully placed the kitten into the machine herself.

With a few soft clicking sounds, the door of the machine slowly closed-

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Just before the door completely closed, Nyx saw a flash in front of her eyes and heard the doctor exclaim, "Oh no! It escaped!"

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The doctor quickly closed the examination room door, but he was just an ordinary male, not fast enough compared to the SS-level speed of Aurelius and was a step too slow.

A white shadow, fast as lightning, darted out in the blink of an eye.

The doctor hastily opened the door again, chasing after Nyx while calling for security to catch the unusually fast cat.

"Are you sure it's really a cat?" The doctor gasped, wiping sweat from his brow, and cautiously hinted to Nyx. "Its speed is a bit too much; it seems it doesn't want to undergo the check-up."

The check-up was supposed to be a light, painless process, with ordinary small animals only slightly nervous, not scared to this extent.

Perhaps only male Beastmen pretending to be pets, afraid their crimes would be exposed, would desperately try to flee like this.

Nyx didn't understand the doctor's hint.

She gave the doctor a quick nod, her eyes still scanning the room for Cotton Candy.

She had known Cotton Candy was a very timid kitten, but she hadn't expected it to be this scared. Nyx regretted rushing to bring it for registration.

She silently vowed that once she found Cotton Candy, she would take it straight home. As for the check-up and registration, they could wait for another time.

Once Cotton Candy felt secure enough under her care, it wouldn't be so easily frightened anymore.

Perhaps her prayers had been answered. As she left the pet registration center, ready to call Zayne, Cotton Candy suddenly appeared from around a corner, eluding the security guards who had been searching for her. "Cotton Candy!" Nyx was overjoyed.

The kitten seemed contrite, crouching at Nyx's feet with an almost apologetic posture. Its paws looked awkward and unsure as it peered up at her, meowing softly, full of remorse.

Nyx didn't blame it.

"Okay, okay," she said, picking up the kitten and gently patting its back. "I get it. You're scared of check-ups. Me too. We'll skip it for now—"

To comfort the kitten, Nyx even bought it some treats.

The small fish jerky, priced at 3 StarCoins per piece, was not despised by Aurelius, who ate it with surprising delight.

Though it was human food, the fish jerky had a low salt content, so it was harmless for cats to eat a little. Having comforted the kitten, Nyx looked down at her Intelligent Brain.

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She had been so anxious earlier when she couldn't find the cat that she almost contacted Zayne for help. 78%

Though she hadn't had the chance to ask for help, the chat window was already open, so she decided to send him a message.

Nyx: [I want to visit the Imperial Military Academy to see you. Are you available?]

It was boring at home anyway, so she might as well visit Zayne, especially since it was his first day of work. Zayne was chatting with several senior professors in his office.

These professors were leading scholars in the field of imperial medicine, and they were once his teachers. They all admired him greatly. When he chose to leave Central Planet to serve as a military doctor, one of the professors, Chris Lee, was so upset that he fainted.

Chris stood there, stern and unapproachable, his puffed cheeks and hard glare making it clear he held no warmth for Zayne.

It wasn't that big a deal. In his opinion, Zayne should've just given in and married that female-everyone would've been happy.

And even if Zayne really didn't like this Astraea, if he absolutely couldn't stomach it, they old guys would've made sure he was alright.

The status of females was high, but that didn't mean they could do whatever they wanted.

The problem could have been solved, but Zayne had just walked away without saying a word.

Chris snorted coldly, "What, suddenly want to go back to Central Planet? Finally come to your senses? Ready to accept that female?"

At these words, another professor couldn't help but chuckle, "You've got it wrong, Professor Lee. Zayne has found true love. He applied to transfer back to Central Planet for true love."

The professors, who had watched the Jade Garden video, all chuckled mischievously.

A slight upturn of Zayne's lips served as his only response, a tacit agreement.

Chris, who was clueless about what went down at Jade Garden, looked at Zayne like he'd grown two heads. "True love? Dude I thought you said you were married to your research and were going to be single forever."

This was something Zayne had said to dismiss him when Chris advised him to give up and accept Astraea. Chris had always thought Zayne was truly an advocate for celibacy, not realizing he had been deceived. "What's so special about your true love compared to that young female? Higher mental power?" Chris shook his head, "No, that female surnamed Lynn had A-level mental power; it couldn't be higher."

All the elderly professors in the room perked up their ears. Though they were serious researchers, they couldn't help being curious about the romantic affairs of young people.

Zayne chuckled lightly and shook his head, not wanting to make Nyx a topic of gossip, but a trace of tenderness was unmistakably visible in his usually frosty gaze.

Just then, Nyx's message pinged through.

Earlier, in order to showcase his research data, Zayne had projected his Intelligent Brain as a light screen, visible to

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everyone.

The whole room went silent as everyone saw Nyx's message.

So, she came visit Zayne even on his first day of work.

"Well-your female is quite attached to you," Chris adjusted his glasses, marveling.

Zayne's heart was filled with indescribable happiness, and he replied to Nyx: [I'll come pick you up.]

Nyx: [No need to pick me up. I'm already on my way!]

She then sent a photo showing where she was.

The large screen showed a recent selfie of Nyx holding a kitten on what looked like a public plane. Despite

the simple setting, she looked radiant, her eyes and smile brimming with youthful energy.

The professors were instantly struck in the heart. 'Isn't this the daughter we have always dreamed of?'



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Zayne blushed and coughed lightly, reminding Nyx to be safe, then stood up to head to the school entrance to pick her up.

Several professors also stood up, especially Chris, who was leading the charge and even intended to join him

in picking up Nyx.

Zayne went speechless.

He helplessly rubbed his forehead, trying to dissuade them from this absurd idea.

Meanwhile, Nyx had already arrived.

The public aircraft she was on didn't land at the main gate of the school but at the south gate.

The military academy theoretically didn't allow outsiders to enter freely, but females were an exception.

A simple iris scan granted Nyx entry. Following the Intelligent Brain's navigation system, set for the medical school, she proceeded smoothly. Even without Zayne's exact location, she was confident she was headed in the right general direction.

The navigation suggested a route that took her through a training field.

Nyx had expected an open area, but as she got closer, she saw a large crowd, suggesting some kind of event. All she could see were tall, muscular young men in military academy uniforms, radiating a strong scent

of hormones.

Uninterested in the spectacle, Nyx began to skirt the edge of the crowd when her gaze fell upon a familiar figure standing on the stage in the middle of the field.

It was the Black Mamba, Kian-or at least, she thought that was his name.

'So, he is also a military student here?' Nyx thought.

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A platform rose in the center of the training field, seemingly hosting some kind of competition. It was in the most intense phase, with the clash of armor and weapons sounding chilling,

Nyx gazed at Kian from a distance.

With a stern expression, the young man flicked his wrist, his sword flashing forward in a swift thrust. His equally skilled opponent countered with a punch aimed at Kian, using the momentum to narrowly avoid the blade.

Kian didn't move an inch. The incoming punch didn't budge him at all, as if he had completely predicted the opponent's movements, and he raised his sword to block the way

Their battle was incredibly fast, leaving Nyx dazzled and unable to follow the pace or understand their tactics. But she could tell Kian had the upper hand.

Kian was like a blade forged for battle, completely different from the weak and frail figure she had met before. She couldn't help but stop, gently tapping the person beside her and asking softly what kind of competition this was. "What? Buddy, speak louder! I can't hear-Ahhhhhh!"

The military student she asked turned around and, upon seeing her, jumped about 3.3 feet into the air with a loud scream.

"Fe-female- His voice trembled and cracked.

Suddenly, the whole area erupted in commotion.

It was like a drop of water in a boiling pot of oil; the entire training field went crazy.

"Female?"

"Where, where?"

"Don't push me!"

"I see her! She's so cute!"

"Who is she here to find? Which guy is so awesome to attract her? Please teach me how!"

"Keep your distance! Don't scare her!"

Nyx hadn't encountered many people on her way-momentarily forgetting that this was a military academy filled with young, vigorous males.

These hormone-fueled youths lacked the sophistication of older males. Nyx felt acutely vulnerable, like a small rabbit trapped in a den of hungry wolves, their eyes fixed on her with undisguised hunger.

She felt so awkward she didn't dare to move, deeply regretting her rash decision.

If given another chance, she would definitely wait patiently outside the school gate for Zayne to pick her up.

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From within her clothes, the little white cat's head emerged, its expression filled with hostility and agitation. A low growl rumbled from its throat, a clear threat directed at the surrounding crowd.

Nyx had never heard it make such an aggressive sound, not even like a cat's meow, but more like a large wild beast.

The cadets had been completely entranced by the beauty of the female, and what was worse, they couldn't even recognize the threat of Aurelius, nor did they care about it at all. They were too absorbed in the sight of the cute little female.

Females were an absolutely rare species throughout the empire, and this rarity was magnified to the extreme in the military academy.

The exaggerated gender ratio meant that many males would never receive the affection of a female in their lifetime, and as they grew older, they gradually came to accept this reality.

However, the males in the military academy were in the prime of their youth, at the height of their mating desire.

Nyx could distinctly feel the almost fanatical yearning of these cadets for females.

The males refused to leave, even trying to get closer to her. Despite maintaining a polite distance, the pressure was still strong enough to almost suffocate Nyx.

She was surrounded, unable to escape.

The match in the arena had already been decided, but no one was paying attention.

Only Nyx's gaze wandered, drifting to the arena, just in time to lock eyes with Kian, who had been attracted by the commotion.

The match had clearly taken its toll. Kian panted heavily, quickly wiping the sweat from his face with his clothes, the movement inadvertently revealing a flash of his well-defined stomach muscles.

The moment their eyes met, his pupils shook, and he froze for a few seconds, frantically adjusting his clothes, with a flush creeping from his cheeks to the base of his neck.

'How is she here? Did she see me...like that? Was I too brutal? Is she terrified?' Panic surged through him as he desperately tried to decipher the emotions in Nyx's eyes, his anxiety growing with each passing second.

Nyx, however, brightened her eyes as if grabbing onto a lifeline. She called out to him. "Kian!"

All eyes turned to the young male in the arena at once. Shock, envy, and jealousy.

Kian was the center of attention.

Even though he had just won the final of the Cold Weapon Combat Tournament and claimed the championship, it paled in comparison to being called out by a pretty little female in front of everyone.

"Is it really him? How could it be?" Some who knew him were frantically scratching their heads, utterly confused about what the little female saw in him.

Kian wasn't well-liked in class.

This was because he had once clashed with a classmate from a minor noble family. Even in a place like the Imperial Military Academy, there were still those who liked to step on others to elevate themselves.

The minor noble disliked Kian, and naturally, his lackeys also treated Kian with disdain.

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Plus, Kian had a solitary personality, always keeping to himself, living modestly, and often carrying injuries.

How could a male like this possibly attract a female?

He was indeed strong, but females never chose mates based solely on combat ability.

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It made sense for any male to be favored by a female, but it seemed utterly unbelievable that such an honor fell on Kian.

Kian immediately jumped down from the arena. Under the scrutiny of countless curious gazes, he pushed through the crowd toward Nyx.

He didn't seem to enjoy the spotlight, nor did he take the liberty of touching Nyx.

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The young male was as taciturn as when they first met. As the distance between them shortened, Nyx clearly felt his unease.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked in a hoarse voice, carefully inquiring. When Nyx didn't respond, he tentatively added, "Shall I show you around the school?"

In a corner Nyx couldn't see, his nervousness was so intense that sweat began to seep through his fingers.

Nyx, eager to escape this awkward situation, hurriedly nodded.

She gently patted the small white cat that was about to explode and whispered soothingly to it, "Hold on, just a little longer

""

Before she could finish speaking, someone with poor eyesight bumped into them.

A figure suddenly blocked her path, and Nyx looked up in confusion.

It was a stranger male, none other than the noble classmate who had old grievances with Kian. His father was

a Viscount.

Nyx didn't recognize him, and naturally, she had no idea about the bad blood between him and Kian.

She glanced him over briefly.

From his attire, it was clear that he was also a military academy student, but even with the stern uniform, one

could still see a hint of frivolity in his expression.

“Good day, Your Excellency,” he introduced himself. “I am Ashton Quill.”

As he spoke, he even boldly moved closer, attempting to give Nyx a cheek kiss.

Giving a cheek kiss to an unfamiliar female was undoubtedly an act of flirting.

Nyx was taken aback. She frowned and quickly tried to dodge, but it seemed unavoidable.

In the blink of an eye a flash of cold light appeared-

## **Of The Beastmen 39**

Chapter 39

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In the instant the kitten suddenly extended its claws, Kian struck at the same time, executing a throat lock and flipping Ashton onto the ground.

Nyx didn't see clearly, but the excellent dynamic vision of the surrounding males was more than enough to capture everything that happened in that split second.

The white cat was so vicious it went straight for the throat, its speed terrifyingly fast.

The military academy students questioned themselves—no one was confident they could dodge such an attack, and they broke into a cold sweat, casting wary glances at the white cat.

"Is this a cat?"

"What breed is it? Its speed is unbelievable-"

"It can't be a cat; it must be a Beastman!"

"I also think it's a Beastman! It's definitely not lower than S-level!"

If Kian hadn't struck at the same time, allowing the cat's claw attack to miss, Ashton would have likely been bleeding out on the spot.

Even so, Ashton's condition wasn't much better.

Kian had knocked him down in front of everyone, slamming him to the ground with no ability to fight back. Ashton struggled to get up, using both hands and feet, his head hanging low, unable to lift it, his face flushed with shame and anger.

This humiliation was the second time he had experienced it at Kian's hands.

The reason he hated Kian in the first place was because Kian had been so ungrateful, refusing to deliberately lose in a one-on-one test during a certain class and publicly humiliating him.

Ashton gritted his teeth in rage.

Even though Kian had saved him this time, he felt no gratitude.

Fueled by both old and new grudges, he glared at Kian and sneered, "Look at you, acting like a dog in front of her!"

"She's just an ordinary, powerless female," he sneered, "only a lowly poor guy like you would act as a simp for such a female!"

Though these words were said in a fit of anger, they represented Ashton's true feelings toward Nyx.

As Kian's arch-nemesis, Ashton had naturally caught wind of Kian's public loss of control, and as a result, he began paying attention to Nyx.

Even though he admitted that Nyx was somewhat cute, a cute female without mental power wasn't within the scope of noble males' mate selection.

It was true that the gender ratio in the empire was skewed, but the elite class never lacked females.

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Chapter 39

As a powerful and influential noble, Ashton was destined to have a high-class mental power matron.

As for Kian, no matter how strong he was, he was only worthy of a female without mental power, Ashton finally found a sense of superiority in front of Kian and vented his emotions freely.

He looked at Kian with disdain, then turned his lustful gaze toward Nyx. "Why don't you leave him and come with me? I can offer you so much more."

Even though he only intended to play with Nyx and wouldn't make her his mate, the benefits he could offer were far more than Kian's.

"What can a lowly male like him offer you? He-Uh!" A stone came whistling from a distance, hitting his shoulder and causing him to stumble and cry out in pain.

Furious, he turned his head to see who the reckless person was-

"Professor Lee-"The curse that had almost escaped his lips was swallowed back, and he awkwardly greeted Chris.

Chris wasn't having any of it and shot him a glare.

The older professors hadn't been stopped by Zayne and arrived in full force to meet Nyx, only to walk straight into this scene. Their tempers flared, and the wrinkles on their faces deepened.

"Which department's student is this? He's really embarrassing Imperial Military Academy!"

The surroundings fell silent as Zayne swiftly walked toward Nyx.

He knelt on one knee and reached out to straighten the disheveled skirt she had hastily adjusted, apologizing by gently pressing his forehead to the back of her hand. "Sorry for being late."

Ashton saw this and immediately went mute, as if someone had strangled him.

His face gradually turned pale as he recalled the words he had just spoken.

He couldn't figure out why Zayne was here. Then he got it: Zayne was also Nyx's male.

That meant his earlier insults towards Kian now applied to Zayne as well.

After all, Zayne, like Kian, was a low-class male, and his background was even worse than Kian's, as he came from the Desolate Planet.



Ashton couldn't help but tremble.

He dared to provoke Kian, but he would never dare face Zayne directly.

Zayne was a notorious tough guy from the Imperial Military Academy.

He had been bullied for his low status in the past, but unlike Kian, he hadn't tolerated it.

The most infamous brawl in the history of the Imperial Military Academy had been instigated by Zayne.

Generally a picture of scholarly calm, Zayne shed his bookish persona. Rolling up his sleeves, he unleashed a wave of violence that left several noble males unconscious. His pristine white coat was now stained crimson, and they were quickly rushed to the emergency room.

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Chapter 39

Despite his medical background, he knew exactly how to gauge the situation, ensuring he wouldn't kill anyone

or be charged, but due to the noise he caused, he was given moderate disciplinary action.

The terrifying calmness he maintained amid extreme violence was what made Zayne the most unsettling.

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The elderly professors accompanying Zayne vividly remembered their once-proud pupil's brutal past. Sensing the potential for his seemingly calm demeanor to erupt into violence in an instant, they quickly grabbed hold of him to restrain him.

Fights among students were not a major issue, but when faculty members beat students, it was a serious problem. Zayne had just started his position and had no reason to jeopardize his promising future over such

matters.

Problems could be resolved without resorting to violence.

Chris, with a stern face, coldly said, "I will speak with the dean of their academy and demand a strict review of the student's character and morals. This student will face the consequences he deserves!"

As soon as this was said, the training grounds erupted with chatter.

Most of the students wholeheartedly supported this move.

Ashton was the epitome of a spoiled imperial noble, who, relying on his family's protection, acted arrogantly, indulging in privileges he shouldn't have and thinking it was his right.

Everyone thought, 'Such nonsense he was spouting!

'What's wrong with being a commoner? So what if we have no mental power?

'Attacking classmates because of his status is one thing, but insulting females? That's a blatant disregard for the empire's laws!'

"You can take the rest of the day off today, but come back for official duties tomorrow," Chris, the current dean of the medical school, waved his hand and granted Zayne a break.

He turned to Nyx with a wrinkled but kind smile and added, "Go home and spend time with your little female. Don't let her be upset."

He hoped that the little female wouldn't form a bad impression of the Imperial Military Academy because of today's events.

Several old professors eagerly took the initiative to add Nyx as a friend, even forming a polite line to ensure they didn't overwhelm her.

Nyx was both flattered and surprised.

Meanwhile, Ashton was the embodiment of pure terror.

He had dared to offend Nyx because she came from a commoner background and lacked mental power, not thinking any major figures would stand up for her.

But now, seeing how these respected professors treated Nyx with such reverence, clearly backing her up, he

realized his

mistake.

These old professors were the pillars of the empire's medical field. No matter how noble the Quill family was, even the royal family had to treat these professors with the utmost respect.

Ashton shrunk back, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible.

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### Chapter 40

Ashton couldn't understand why it turned out this way. He had only intended to mock Kian at first.

He turned his resentful gaze toward Kian, only to be taken aback by the sheer intensity of Kian's stare.

Kian lowered his head, enveloped in a tense, oppressive atmosphere, and his brows furrowed in profound gloom.

He looked like a volcano on the verge of eruption.

After Kian fixed him with a cold, emotionless gaze, Ashton broke out in a cold sweat.

It felt as if Kian was staring at him like a corpse.

Ashton opened his mouth in panic, wanting to scream for help.

In the next moment, however, Kian reverted to his usual meek self, the earlier menace dissolving like an illusion and leaving Ashton even more bewildered.

On the way home, Nyx received a message from Kian. It was just one word: [Sorry.]

The events seemed to have caused the usually quiet male to become even more withdrawn. Nyx could feel his mood plummeting through the screen.

Nyx: [You didn't do anything wrong. Why apologize? I should be thanking you for protecting me!]

She sent a cute bunny head-pat sticker.

Nyx: [It's a pity we didn't get to tour the campus today. Next time, you can take me around!]

Kian reread her two short replies dozens of times, his heart racing. 'Next time? Can we really meet again?'

On the Intelligent Brain, an account with a black bear avatar sent him a message.

Bear: [Tonight at 9 PM, C Zone, Underground Arena, Lord Jaws wants to meet you.

[I thought you weren't going to follow Lord Jaws. What made you change your mind? Give me the scoop. What are you thinking?

[You better think carefully. Once you're IN, there's no turning back.]

Kian let the message notifications flash by without responding.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and reopened them. His usually calm and restrained gaze had turned sharp.

He replied to Bear: [I've made up my mind.]

Jaws, one of the underground arena's top leaders and the head of the Space Pirates, had previously shown interest in Kian, but Kian had always refused to join.

Now, he had changed his mind. He stared coldly through the window in the direction of the Palace.

The area around Palace, the most expensive in the city, was home to various nobles, including the Quill family.

There was a stench of decay coming from nobles like Ashton.

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Kian was inherently tolerant, but he could not bear such a stench even touching Nyx.

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Compared to the bullying Ashton had done to him before, this time wasn't too much, but it truly crossed his bottom line.

Bear was still asking him: [Why?]

Kian calmly replied: [An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.]

Anyway, he was already knee-deep in the mud and didn't mind getting dirtier.

Although getting dirty made him unworthy of approaching Nyx, he could gain strength to protect her.

It was unclear whether the Imperial Military Academy controlled public opinion for the sake of its image or if the Quill family secretly intervened, but even though many people witnessed the commotion in the training field, there was barely any news on StarNet.

The image that surfaced on StarNet days later spoke volumes: Ashton, stripped of his arrogance, lay vulnerable in a medical pod, his body a canvas of bandages and bruises, the clear victim of a vicious beating.

Nyx saw the photo while having breakfast and nearly choked. She widened her eyes and held up her Intelligent Brain to show Zayne.

"Seems like running that mouth really gets you beaten," she sighed, unaware that the one who took action was standing right in front of her.

Zayne smiled and nodded.

Not only did Nyx not know the true culprit, but Ashton, who had been beaten, also couldn't figure out who had done it.

Zayne did things cleanly and left no clues behind.

Ashton, having made so many enemies, compiled a long list of suspects and ultimately decided to vent his anger on Kian.

Not only because Kian was the one involved in the recent conflict, but more importantly, Kian was the easiest target to bully.

A poor

student with no background, he was easy to manipulate.

"Dad, you must teach him a lesson!" Ashton gritted his teeth and complained to his father.

Viscount Clark Quill, Ashton's father, had recently grown impatient with this son of his.

Though Ashton was handsome and looked just like him, always his favorite son, the recent public scandal he caused by mocking females had led to a school ethics review and suspension, bringing him much trouble.

Clark appeared slightly impatient but still comforted Ashton, saying he would deal with Kian.

In the end, it was Kian's fault for not knowing his place, which made his son lose face in public.

Clark flipped through Kian's file, his eyes stopping at a certain point as he sneered coldly. "Underground Arena-"

Since Kian fought his living in the Underground Arena, buying his life would be as easy as ABC.

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## Chapter 40

Initially, he only planned to break a few limbs to teach kids, or get sensed de conit dhe ke palem permanently, Clark sent a message to a secret number.

The contact readily agreed to Clark's request for an assassination. But soon after that's name he saves then goes pointed refusal. "He was vulnerable before, but at anyone

Clark got confused. Not anymore? A poor tale who has ever severed as with the myths- why clint de se allede Could it be that someone powerful is protecting him now being?

Clark quickly investigated again and discovered that Kian's badut be to call for day, but he take in the Supervis Office had been conveniently excused

It seemed Kian had joined some bigwig's side. This bigwig's authore was met at the Cul family's and a murder have been greatly favored by this person, making it impossible for Clark to wuch tim

Clark's face turned serious,

He had thought Kian was an easy target to crush, but the other party had silently disappeared in he has Betrays one day, they would strike at the Quill family,

It felt like a sharp blade was hanging over his head, ready to fall at any time. Ashton, unable to read his father's expression, kept asking when he could take care of Kian

Thinking everything had started because of his useless son, Clark's anger flared and he was seeing

If Ashton hadn't been out there causing trouble and making enemies everywhere, things wouldn't have turned

on this way

"Dad!" Ashton urged his father to back him up, but unexpectedly, his father suddenly staggered under his own weight, sending him spinning and crashing to the ground, eyes wide in disbelief

"From today on, you're staying home and reflecting. Don't go anywhere," Chá cody said as he met and left.

The photos on StarNet had to be taken down, as the Quill family couldn't afford this embarrassment.

People scrolling through Starknet suddenly noticed that Astron's entries had all disappeared and the page could no longer be viewed.

[Removed again? Must be nice to have money]

[Hilarious, everyone's already seen it anyway]

[I saved the picture, guys. Hit me up for a free share of Mr. Quill's beaten-up photo]

Suddenly, someone brought up: [By the way, I heard the student who had a conflict with Mit Quill hasn't been

attending school recently.]

[Really?]

[I'm from the Imperial Military Academy. I can testify that they haven't shown up.]

[How could the Quill family do something like this?]

[These nobles are getting more and more out of control]

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Nyx, feeling confused, scrolled through these posts and, worried, hurriedly asked Kian:  
[Have you been

skipping school recently?]

The message was sent, but no reply was received.

"Mew," the little cat circled around her feet, rubbing against her to grab her attention.

Nyx set the Intelligent Brain aside, lowered her head, and picked up the little cat, absentmindedly scratching

its chin. "You want to play in the yard?"

Taking the small ball she bought for the cat, she opened the door, and suddenly, everything went dark.

It had been a long time since she felt dizzy, and the sudden sensation overwhelmed her, catching her off

guard.

Nyx held her head and collapsed to the ground.

"Mew!" The little cat cried out anxiously.

Nyx forced a smile, trying to reassure it not to worry. 'It's fine, just a common symptom before mental power

awakens.'

Before she could manage to hold the comforting smile on her face, her consciousness rapidly faded. Her

eyelids felt heavy, and her mental power fluctuated wildly.

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Just before losing consciousness, Nyx vaguely saw what seemed to be a thick black mist emerging from the

little cat's body. It looked exactly like what she saw on the male Beastmen.



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