

Chosen Mate Of The Beastmen Empire

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The wild animals had already started migrating ahead of time. In the evening, after sending Rewes off, Zayne bugged Nyx from behind and spoke in a low voice, "We should leave here too, Nyx"

Nyx silently nodded. Since the chieftain didn't agree to the whole tribe migrating, they could only quietly leave. She checked the food supplies, figuring out how to take everything with them.

The journey was long, and she didn't know how long it would take or whether they would find food along the way. They had to prepare thoroughly.

Besides food, they also needed to bring animal pelts and medicines. While thinking about it, the chieftain's voice came from outside the cave, calling through the wind, "Zayne, Nyx, may I come in?"

After receiving permission, he lifted the animal skin and stepped inside the cave, unable to stop himself from commenting, "It's really warm in here."

It seemed the smaller cave had its advantages-not only did it save firewood, but it also gathered heat better. Lila agreed. She broke away from her father's arms, hopping to Nyx's side in a few steps.

Nyx looked at the tabby cat, noticing she seemed thinner than before, her fur not as smooth and soft as it used to be. It was clear she had been having a tough time recently.

The last time the tribe was attacked by wild beasts, the little tabby cat had been hurt. Though not seriously, she still had rough time. Nyx bent down and picked up the tabby cat, checking her injuries. Luckily, they had already healed.

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The Beastmen's healing ability was still as strong as ever. She set the tabby cat down and retrieved the little ceramic bowl she had given her before, filling it with a bowl of hearty meat soup.

The soup had been simmering on the fire, steaming warmly with a rich aroma wafting in the air, a scent the little tabby cat had never smelled before.

She visibly swallowed, then turned her head and weakly refused, "I won't eat this."

I've already put it in a bowl for you. Just eat a little, Nyx said, seeing through her reluctance, and gently ruffled the little cat's head with a smile in her eyes.

"I won't eat, Lila insisted, struggling to hold her ground.

The chieftain chimed in, "We've already eaten today. You two can keep it for yourselves."

Times had changed. It was fine during the warm season when food could be exchanged, but it was different

now.

Every household was running low on food. Even if Nyx was generous and offered them food, they couldn't really accept it shamelessly.

"I'm here today to discuss the migration plans with you," the chieftain said, clearing his throat and steering the conversation back on track.

Upon hearing this, Nyx and Zayne both looked at him in unison. The chieftain's expression was serious.

The other day, when Zayne came to him, he proposed that the whole tribe migrate together. At that time, the tribe still had food sources, and the traps occasionally yielded something. Though life was tight, it was manageable.

Though this year's cold season was certainly unusual, he didn't think the situation warranted leaving their homeland, so he had refused. But in just a few days, the situation had changed completely.

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The chieftain shook his head with a sigh. "Since it started snowing again a few days ago, several of the traps have been buried by the snow. I had them repaired, but we still haven't caught anything.

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"Today, I sent Moria out for a round. He didn't come back until evening, covered in snow, almost frozen stiff. He didn't catch anything, only bringing back a frozen, stiff fox.

"He said it was eerily quiet outside. There is no prey to be found," the chieftain said, his brow furrowed in concern. He had lived long and had never heard of such strange happenings. "It seems we'll have to leave soon. The sooner, the better."

Even though he was cautious by nature and disliked taking risks, he had no choice but to make this decision. Migration was dangerous, but staying here would undoubtedly lead to their demise.

"Before we leave, we need to make a plan-what to bring and which direction to go." The chieftain didn't let his anxiety cloud his judgment, calmly thinking through the situation.

For such a big decision, he felt he couldn't do it alone, so he came to consult with the shaman and Nyx.

Nyx gave a slight nod. "I'm planning to make a few small trailers and put the important stuff on them. If anyone gets injured or the cubs can't move, we can pull them along with the trailers."

She was in charge of directing, the strong ones prepared the wood, and the meticulous ones followed her instructions to assemble the carts. The tribe members began working together, and the carts should be ready

soon.

As for the direction of migration, she had some ideas. "Tomorrow, I'll send someone to scout the area outside. We'll definitely find some animal tracks that haven't been covered by snow, and we can migrate in the same direction as them."

While discussing with the chieftain, she blew on the soup in her small bowl, took a few sips, then scooped a spoonful and naturally fed it to Lila.

Lila was so engrossed in their conversation that, without thinking, it stuck out its tongue to lick. Tasting the rich flavor, it unconsciously licked faster and faster.

One spoonful, then another, until the father lowered his voice to remind her, "Lila."

The tabby finally snapped out of it, looking up in disbelief. If not for the fur covering her face, her cheeks would have been flushed red.

Nyx couldn't help but laugh at the silly expression on her face. The heavy atmosphere lightened a little. Since she had already broken her vow, Lila gave up and buried her head to finish the soup in her bowl.

The chieftain couldn't bear to watch, clearing his throat several times, but it didn't help. After discussing everything that needed to be discussed, he quickly stood up to leave with his reluctant daughter.

As soon as they stepped outside, he helplessly poked Lila with a finger. "Didn't we agree not to eat other people's food? How did you end up eating it?"

The tabby, already embarrassed, fluffed up her fur in an instant. She flicked her tail and buried her head. "I didn't do it on purpose."

At first, she really hadn't done it on purpose, but later, she had indeed let herself indulge.

"Tomorrow, tomorrow I'll bring some food to Nyx," she muttered to herself, "I'll bring it myself and deduct it from my rations."

That way, she would definitely be hungry the next day, but it didn't matter.

"The soup Nyx made is really delicious." The little cat smacked its lips, savoring the fragrant taste, a look of pure happiness on its face. Drinking such delicious soup, it would willingly go hungry for a few days.

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"Really that good?" The chieftain recalled the aroma that had filled the cave, and his stomach growled, as if craving the taste.

"Of course." Lila nodded vigorously, her ears perked up. "Would you like to try some next time?"

Her words were too limited, unable to fully describe the flavor.

"No thanks." The chieftain was tempted, but he still held back. "Let's talk about it after the migration and once we settle down."

Now was not the time to indulge; the migration was the top priority. Hopefully, they could find a habitable new land, and he could exchange a bowl of soup with Nyx for some food. The chieftain gazed at the distant mountains, feeling both nervous and expectant.

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With the plan set, everything began to proceed in an orderly manner. Word spread that there was no longer any prey around the tribe, and no one objected. Everyone agreed to migrate and leave the land where they had lived for generations in search of a new home.

For survival, everyone worked hard. Nyx was also busy. She not only had to direct the tribe members in preparing, but also had to oversee Zayne packing their home, running around, busy as could be.

Among the more than two hundred people in the tribe, Nyx and Zayne had the most belongings. Even including the chieftain's family, the others didn't have nearly as much.

The majority of their things were various bottles and jars of medicine and herbs, with furs, bone coins, and other valuables stacked up as well. The food mainly consisted of cured meats, frozen meats, sweet potatoes, and a variety of seasonings, all piled high.

With so much stuff, they needed a large cart to carry everything. Fortunately, Zayne was large and strong. Not only could he pull a cart, but he could also carry an additional bamboo basket.

Nyx placed some commonly used tools, a few medicines, and a set of spare clothes in the basket. The remaining space was filled with food, and she also grabbed some Snow Wolf fur to make herself a warm nest.

She transformed into a little rabbit, jumped into the nest, adjusted her position, and peeked her head over the edge of the basket. "How's this, Zayne? Is it too heavy? Can you carry it?"

"It's fine." Zayne tried it and felt no pressure. "I could carry a few more baskets"

Nyx shook her head, thinking it wasn't worth it. Bamboo baskets weren't as efficient as carts, and this journey would involve enduring the elements. No one knew when they would finally settle down. Even if Zayne was strong, they needed to conserve his energy and not overexert him.

After six or seven days of preparation, everything was ready. Just in time, the heavy snow turned into light snow, perfect for starting the journey.

Before departure, Zayne, as the shaman, led the tribe in offering a ritual to the Beast God. The bonfire blazed, and the flames shot into the sky as everyone gathered in a large circle.

Each person took some of their limited rations as an offering and earnestly prayed to the Beast God, hoping for a safe and smooth journey.

Nyx watched as they threw the offering into the fire, without speaking to stop them. This wasn't about wasting food. For people leaving home for the first time, mental support is just as important. She closed her eyes and bowed in the direction of the bonfire.

The animal-skin drum sounded with a rhythmic thud, and the fire was extinguished. Everyone transformed into their beast form, and the wolf pack set off in a grand procession.

Outside the tribe, the world was eerily silent. The snow was so deep it could nearly bury a person. The tall Snow Wolf led the way, cutting a path, with the chieftain and Moria following closely behind him, each step difficult to take.

It would have been better if they had set out earlier. The chieftain looked around, regret filling his heart.

If only he had agreed to migrate when Zayne had first approached him, the path wouldn't be this hard, and the journey wouldn't be so silent.

But it was already too late for regrets; all they could do was try to make up for it. People pressed on, traveling day and night, and after seven or eight days, they finally spotted signs of beasts.

"Look, wild boar!" A sudden shout startled Nyx, who had been napping in the bamboo basket, and ignited the previously still

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atmosphere.

"Where?"

"I see it."

"I see it too."

After days of waiting, everyone was finally excited to see prey,

"Moria, lead the team and catch it," the chieftain immediately ordered.

Although there was only one wild boar, not enough for everyone to share, just tasting fresh meat would lift everyone's spirits.

Especially the cubs in the tribe-after so many days of travel, they were hungry, tired, and worn out, their energy drained, and in need of comfort.

Seeing the wild boar seemed scared and ready to flee, Moria quickly formed a temporary hunting team and led them in pursuit. The rest set up camp, eagerly preparing the fire, full of anticipation.

Before long, the hunting team returned, bringing not just the wild boar but a piece of news that could be good or bad. "There's a great mountain ahead, and the migrating animals are blocked."

The mountain stood right there, visible to everyone. The chieftain furrowed his brow, "Can we go around it?"

The mountain was indeed very tall, and it seemed unlikely to be crossed. Moria shook his head, "There are mountains next to this one too."

If it were that easy to bypass, those animals that migrated earlier wouldn't have been stopped here. The temperature here wasn't any warmer than their previous home, and it wasn't very suitable for living. Logically, they should keep migrating.

"Do we stay here?" the chieftain hesitated, asking Nyx and Zayne for their opinions.

Nyx jumped onto her mate's head and looked into the distance. The endless mountain range was covered with snow, and the end couldn't be seen. It was a mountain range.

On the other side of the range, the climate might be different, possibly more suitable for survival, but crossing over wouldn't be easy.

"Zayne and I will go up the mountain and take a look." Nyx decided to investigate in person.

If the mountain had abundant resources, staying on this side wouldn't be impossible. To make climbing easier, Zayne unloaded the cart and kept only a bamboo basket, traveling light.

The bamboo basket swayed as the little rabbit peeked out and looked around. The plants on the ground were buried in snow, so she couldn't see them, only the trees. Birch trees, pine trees... There were plenty of trees suitable for fuel.

But there weren't many fruit trees, just a few wild cherries and pear trees. Nyx was staring at a pear tree when suddenly, she saw a tiger emerge from behind the tree, staring directly at her.

The little rabbit quickly shrank back into the bamboo basket. The atmosphere grew tense.

Snow Wolf's gray-blue eyes glimmered with cold murderous intent as he faced off with the tiger. His size was much larger than the tiger's, creating a strong sense of pressure.

The tiger flicked its tail, seemingly aware it couldn't win but reluctant to retreat easily. They stared at each other for a while

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before the tiger let out a roar.

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It roared loudly, trying to pressure Snow Wolf. No matter how much it provoked, Snow Wolf remained calm and unmoved. If it weren't for the bamboo basket on his back, he would have made a move long ago. He was confident that he could finish off this guy.

The mountain wind howled, and the sky darkened, growing overcast. Nyx looked up at the sky, shivering as she sneezed. For some reason, she had a bad premonition. Her intuition was always accurate, and she didn't dare to be careless.

"Zayne, we need to run quickly," she said.

"Run?" Zayne thought she felt they couldn't defeat the tiger, and smiled helplessly. Just as he was about to explain, a loud rumbling sound suddenly echoed in his ears. He looked up and saw a surge of white smoke coming towards them at a frantic speed.

“Run, Zayne!” Nyx said anxiously. “An avalanche!”

her premonition was indeed correct. The tiger's roar had caused the snow to shake, and the relatively soft new snow on the mountain began to slide down, faster and faster.

What looked like soft snowflakes mixed with ice and rocks, creating an unimaginable force. Wherever it went, it swept everything away. Once caught in the torrent, survival was nearly impossible.

"Run to the side! Find cover!" she screamed. The little rabbit clutched the bamboo basket, and Snow Wolf sprinted at full speed.

They vaguely heard the tiger's desperate cries as it was buried in the snow, as well as the calls of the tribe members, but they didn't dare look back for a moment.

In the chaos, Nyx fell out of the bamboo basket. She was too small and light, and the wind blew her far off. “Nyx.” Zayne didn't hesitate and turned to chase after her.

He lunged and caught the little rabbit in his arms. In that brief moment, their frantic escape seemed futile as

the avalanche was almost upon them. Just before being swallowed by the snow, Nyx suddenly felt the ground below her vanish.

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Unexpectedly, she began to tumble and fall. Ahead, there seemed to be a large rock.

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Nyx caught a glimpse out of the corner of her eye, but her mind went blank, too late to process the information or avoid it. Instinctively, she curled into a ball.

She thought, 'This is bad!'

In a flash, Zayne held her tightly and adjusted their position midair, protecting the little rabbit in his arms and taking the impact himself. They tumbled together, rolling who knows how many times, until they finally came to a stop at the bottom.

Nyx struggled to get up, shaking her dizzy head and hurriedly asking, "Zayne, are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Snow Wolf said, his tough hide far more resilient than the little rabbit's. Though he was injured, it was nothing

serious.

He pawed at Nyx to confirm she was unharmed, then sighed in relief. Looking around, they realized they had ended up in a natural cave.

The cave entrance had been sealed by the collapsed snow, and the inside was pitch black. Without the night vision abilities of their beast form, they wouldn't be able to see anything.

Nyx took a deep breath, switched to her human form, and cautiously approached the entrance, pushing at the snow. It wouldn't budge, and she couldn't estimate how thick it was. They were stuck here.

She took another deep breath, pulling her cold, numb hands back, feeling helpless. The rumbling outside still echoed, and the avalanche clearly hadn't stopped.

Though they were trapped for now, this cave was a rare refuge from the avalanche, a small blessing amid the misfortune.

Zayne also switched to his human form and began picking up the scattered items from the ground, putting them back in the bamboo basket, and checking their supplies.

Their fur clothes were still intact, but some of their medicine was lost, and most of the food was gone. During their chaotic escape, much of it had fallen out of the basket.

Holding the remaining half of their supplies, Zayne frowned. This amount of food won't last more than a few days.

"Don't worry, once the avalanche stops, we'll figure out how to get out." Nyx remained relatively calm. There was always a way out; they were here to face the trial, and fate wouldn't let them die so easily.

They packed their things, and since the wind and snow outside hadn't stopped, they transformed back into beast form and cuddled together.

They didn't bring any fuel and couldn't start a fire to stay warm, so they had to keep their body heat this way. Nyx closed her eyes, her thoughts growing fuzzy. She didn't know how long she slept, but she heard Zayne calling her urgently, "Nyx!"

She groggily opened her eyes and met the worried gaze of her mate. Zayne, now in human form, held her and pressed a pill to her lips. "Take the medicine, please, take it."

His gray-blue eyes were bloodshot, his eyes red with panic, and he was speaking incoherently. The little rabbit in his arms was burning hot, not sure if it was unconscious or asleep, occasionally twitching but couldn't be woken.

As the tribe's shaman, Zayne had seen many lives fade away like this. But he'd never been so scared.

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The familiar feeling of discomfort swept over her, and Nyx felt like her breath was burning, her body shaking with cold. She fell ill again. She wasn't usually prone to illness, but it just so happened that she fell ill at the worst moment.

"I'm fine, just a little chilled, I'll be fine soon," she murmured hoarsely, swallowing the pill, trying to reassure the anxious male.

Zayne's anxiety was still palpable. He carefully touched her forehead, constantly checking her temperature, hoping, despite knowing it was impossible, that her body temperature would return to normal any moment.

"Hurry up and transform into beast form," Nyx urged, "It's too cold here."

In human form, without thick fur, in this icy cave, heat was quickly lost, and even though his physical condition was excellent, he might not be able to withstand it.

Zayne quietly agreed but didn't immediately follow her request. He scooped some snow into a small clay pot, warmed it in his palms to melt it into water, and fed it to Nyx. Since they couldn't start a fire to boil water, this was the best they could

manage.

Nyx didn't mind. When she was a lion on the prairie, she drank river water every day, so drinking snowmelt wasn't a big deal for her. It would have been better to have boiled water, but given the situation and the harsh environment, everything was for survival.

"You should drink some too." She left half of the snowmelt for Zayne.

"No need, I'm not thirsty." Zayne continued to feed her.

Seeing his cracked lips, Nyx didn't believe him, urging him again with a soft paw against his chest, "Drink it."

"I'll just eat some snow later." Zayne let her paw at him, feeling that she still had some energy, which slightly reassured him and eased his tension.

After some back-and-forth, Nyx couldn't win. "Then hurry up and transform into beast form. What if you fall ill too? Who would take care of me then?"

She said it sternly, her tone sharp. Zayne actually listened to her advice and immediately transformed into a Snow Wolf. Nyx was right; he couldn't fall ill. He still had to take care of Nyx and dig through the snow to get her out of there.

The cave fell silent. Nyx listened carefully to the sounds outside and felt that the avalanche seemed to have stopped. "How long have I been asleep?"

"About an afternoon." Zayne hesitated. He wasn't sure. This was just his subjective guess. The entrance was blocked, and there was no daylight in the cave, no way to tell the time.

Staying in a place like this, even with plenty of food, could cause health problems at any moment. They needed to leave as soon as possible.

"You rest some more. I'll clear the snow." Zayne wrapped Nyx tightly with layers of animal skin.

Wrapped in all the clothes, Nyx was turned into a round little ball, unable to move. She wanted to help, but she probably wouldn't be much help, so she just lay there obediently.

After another nap, Zayne was no longer beside her. "Zayne," Nyx called softly, "Zayne."

After calling twice, Snow Wolf immediately noticed and turned around, running toward her. His steps were unsteady, and despite trying to hide it, he still stumbled.

"You've been working the whole time?" Nyx asked in shock, staring at the large patch of snow that had been dug out at the cave entrance. She nudged Zayne's paw with her head.

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As expected, it felt as cold as ice. He had lost his mind. The little rabbit exploded with fur, "Don't you care about your hands?"

Once frostbite set in, it could really lead to disability. There would be no way to heal it properly.

Facing the angry mates, Snow Wolf dared not argue and lowered his head to accept the scolding. Nyx couldn't stay angry. She sighed in frustration, "Don't do this again next time."

She struggled to free herself and placed the fur, warmed by her body, over Snow Wolf's two front paws. "We will definitely get out of here."

Zayne's eyes trembled slightly, but he remained silent. He silently pulled the little rabbit into his arms, and when his hands regained feeling, he shifted to his human form. He took some food from the bamboo basket, broke it into small pieces, and fed her.

"You eat too." Nyx ate a little, feeling less hungry, but stopped.

Their food was limited, and they had to ration it before leaving here. She didn't eat much normally and wasn't

working, so

he could eat a little less to let Zayne eat more.

"I've already eaten." Zayne shook his head.

Nyx looked at him suspiciously. She didn't think Zayne would leave her to eat alone, and she couldn't see any flaws in his face, so she went to check the bamboo basket.

Even though she was sick, she wasn't confused and remembered the food count clearly. He couldn't fool her.

The little rabbit dug into the edge of the bamboo basket, peering inside. She carefully counted and found that there were indeed two pieces of meat missing.

She shook her ears and put aside her doubts. It seemed that Zayne must have been too hungry after working too much and didn't wait for her to eat with him.

"You eat more." Zayne took the opportunity to feed her. "You're sick, you mustn't starve."

With coaxing and persuasion, Nyx filled her stomach. After eating two full meals and two doses of medicine, sleeping and resting for a few days, her illness seemed to have completely healed. Her drooping ears stood up again, and she was lively and energetic.

She wanted to change into her human form to help clear the snow, but Zayne, no matter what, wouldn't agree, afraid she might catch a cold again.

Unable to convince him, Nyx had no choice but to wander around the cave, exploring to see if she could find another exit. After being trapped for so long, the fact that they could still breathe normally meant that the cave wasn't completely sealed.

Nyx closed her eyes, focusing to discern the direction of the airflow. Based on her faint sensation and strong

intuition, she chose a direction and started running with her short, fluffy legs.

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It was food. What tripped her was a snow mound. After it caused her to fall, something buried under the snow was revealed: a pile of food.

There were sweet potatoes and cured meats. Nyx's heart raced with excitement. She had found the things they had discarded earlier.

The food in the bamboo basket was almost gone, and the snow at the cave entrance hadn't been cleared yet. She was worried about what to do, and this was truly an unexpected blessing.

"Zayne, look." She raised her head, calling her mates over, but she caught a subtle look of shock and panic in Snow Wolf's

eyes.

In that instant, reason returned to her mind. Nyx looked down at the pile of food again, her excitement gradually fading.

Something was not right. The food that had been tossed in the chaos should have been scattered everywhere, not gathered in one pile. It would have been difficult to throw it that far.

She carefully counted the sweet potatoes and cured meats, mentally tallying them, and realized the number matched the food Zayne had "eaten" in the past few days. Nyx's face gradually darkened.

"Is this the food we lost earlier?" Zayne calmed down, leaned down, and affectionately nuzzled the little rabbit. "Great!"

His tone was completely natural; aside from a momentary flash of panic, he showed no other flaws. If someone didn't know him well, they might have been fooled.

Nyx stood still, staring at him with a cold expression. The air fell into silence. After a long pause, Nyx spoke, her voice slightly trembling, "Have you not eaten anything these days?"

She wasn't sure exactly how many days had passed, but it felt like at least a week. During this long period, Zayne not only starved himself but also kept digging snow and working. This was literally draining his life away.

Nyx felt short of breath, almost fainting from the anger and distress. "Why did you lie to me? Why didn't you eat anything?"

Their eyes met, and Zayne, knowing he had been exposed, gave up on defending himself. He lowered his head and confessed, "I ate a little snow because there wasn't enough food."

If he ate, Nyx would go hungry. From the moment they had gathered the food in the bamboo basket and counted the supplies, he had realized this fact.

Now, the bamboo basket was almost empty, but the snow at the entrance of the cave had not been dug out yet, which proved his decision was right.

If possible, he wanted to survive with Nyx. But it seemed Beast God didn't want him to make it. He wondered if Beast God would let Nyx live on happily if he died first.

Zayne's voice was hoarse. "After I die, you'll be the tribe's shaman. Promise me, okay?"

Although he had trained Beau to take over as his successor, Beau was not as capable as Nyx. The responsibility of being a shaman could distract her. If she kept herself busy, she probably wouldn't miss him too much.

The tribe loved Nyx, and they would take care of her. He could leave without worry.

"Could you-" He wanted to ask Nyx not to be someone else's mate. He trailed off, his throat tightening, and swallowed the words back down.

He couldn't selfishly delay Nyx's return to a normal life. After much inner turmoil,

he finally spoke softly, changing to a different sentence. "Don't forget me."

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He didn't want her to be sad for him, but he didn't want her to forget about him either. "Is that okay?" After a long silence, he cautiously glanced at Nyx.

The little rabbit's fur stood on end, forming a fluffy ball, as she stared at him, silent. After a long while, she finally spoke, but it wasn't an agreement. Her voice was firm. "No."

"If you die, I'll die with you." She knew Zayne's only weakness and threatened him with her life. "If you don't believe me, try

Zayne instantly panicked, his eyes filled with intense pleading. Everything he had done was for the survival of his beloved female. He couldn't let her die with him.

*Hurry up and eat." Seeing that he was starting to waver, Nyx pressed him, taking advantage of the moment. Zayne hesitated, opened his mouth, and after a long moment, shook his head and took a few bites of snow instead.

These were for Nyx. He didn't know how many more days it would take to dig out the cave entrance. If he ate all of it, Nyx would definitely go hungry.

He deceived his own mouth and stomach with a few bites of snow, then went back to work, clearing the snow at the cave entrance. Keeping track of time, he turned to check on Nyx, only to find that the little rabbit had disappeared.

"Nyx." Zayne panicked. He ran to search for Nyx, finally finding her around a corner. He sighed with relief, "It's time to eat."

Nyx had her back to him, ignoring him. Snow Wolf brought the food to her, trying to please her, but she still didn't respond, continuing to dig a hole on her own.

No matter how hard Zayne tried, he couldn't get the food into her mouth, so he had no choice but to back off for now and plan to feed her later.

However, Nyx seemed determined to starve herself. She began refusing to eat, no matter how much food was offered; she would only occasionally nibble on some snow, spending the rest of her time digging without rest.

Once the little rabbit set her mind to something, Zayne was helpless.

He watched Nyx, noticing that she was visibly getting thinner. The thought of her starving made his own hunger feel more intense, with the burning sensation in his stomach and the dizziness becoming sharper. The emotional torment was harder to endure than the physical suffering.

Unable to bear it much longer, Zayne quickly surrendered, raising his hands. "I've already eaten, this time I'm serious."

Nyx finally reacted. She glanced at him briefly, then stepped over to the food, carefully checking it, and noticed half a piece of meat was missing.

It seemed she wasn't being lied to this time. Still, she refused to let her guard down. "You must eat in front of me to make it

count."

Their eyes met, and Zayne was helpless. He obediently looked down and ate the other half of the meat.

The long-awaited food entered his stomach, and instinctively, he craved more. The other food in front of him seemed to tempt him even more, but he suppressed his greedy desire.

Nyx didn't try to stop him and quietly finished her half of the meat before stopping.

"Eat more." Zayne pushed a sweet potato toward her.

"I'm not eating." Nyx wiped her mouth, "You eat as much as I do."

She always had a way of getting him.

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It was night outside. From a distance, Zayne couldn't see any light coming through, but when he reached Nyx's side, following her guidance, he saw the overlapping shadows of trees.

A large portion of the cave's stone wall had collapsed, and the light that filtered through revealed a new exit.

"Did you dig this?" He snapped out of his shock and immediately turned into his human form, picking up the little rabbit and anxiously checking her four feet.

No blood. He relaxed slightly but still held her front limbs, inspecting them carefully.

"I'm not hurt." Nyx wagged her short tail. "I just dug a few holes down there, and it collapsed on its own. We can get out now."

The good news came so suddenly that Zayne couldn't believe it, feeling as if he were dreaming. He stood still for a moment, shaking his head vigorously, fearing this was just a hallucination from his hunger.

"Don't worry. It's real" Nyx saw right through his thoughts and comforted him by patting his arm

The cold war was over. For the past two days, she had berres broexding over Zayne's starvation, vaguely guessing his thoughts. He must have thought of himself as a horror dragend by the Beast Cool and feared being a burden to her.

Saving food for her was likely not only because he was worried she would starve, but also because he might want to die on his own terms.

He was willing to give his life to share. The thought of this made Nys's frame of emotion, hard to describe.

After a long silence, she forced the restraints of wax away and gruffed out her tuffy lese shee. "How about it? I'm lucky, right? The Beast God lives me too like you too."

Zayne held the lake sablon in his hands, greedy, waking hers for garing at her wertexan, adorable expression. He couldn't resist giving her a kiss.

"Don't kiss. Don't kiss. Nys quickly caland bus per te dog Bum. 'I am we darty

of

She couldn't stand how covered in dust she was the jument out of his arms and solled in a gap has flutty wor

She rubbed her face and eyes, shraning of du dit dan day dough dur pennuing foust so bad da muret Tays liked She took the last two paries and puded den sveved hus.

"Tak dar

Before they left, they could be a proper meal. There was a bested butt, but Zayne
didn't know

Once they left the cave, he felt a confession and a shiver as Nyx. He had already
been depleted by hunger, but knew he needed to reproach a bear before he
sighed

Nyx stared at her mates, who were buried as racing me, feeling met more at ease. She
also pulled out a few sweet potatoes for herself and air alongside them. Aestimating the
woman, Zayne shifted back to his bear form

Since being trapped in the cave for so many days, he had hardly had a rest,
constantly occupied with digging for an exit. He was already physically and mentally
exhausted like a string stretched from tight, and if he didn't relax soon, he might

"Take a nap Zayne." Nyx said, sipping lightly on his back to help stretch his muscles.
"Let's leave once we regain energy"

Feeling the gentle step on his back. Zayne was somewhat flattered. "Nyx" He cautiously
at his command "Have you forgiven me"

mouth to

In the past days, he had been refusing to let her. With early, he couldn't understand why
Nyx was angry with him. If

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Nyx had chosen to die without a word to allow him to live, he would have been
devastated.

The one who survives would be more tormented than the one who dies

"If you know you were wrong. I'll forgive you" Nyx hummed, her attitude softening. More
than being angry, due to say. The silent treatment was mostly to force Zayne in

Snow Wolf cautiously observed her expression, gathering his courage to raise a paw and
pull for it

The howling wind at the cave entrance carried occasional bear roars. It might have
been terrifying in the past, but now brought a deep sense of comfort.

The sky was brightening. The long missed sunlight streamed through the collapsed
cave entrance, making everything glow

She stretched lazily, shook her fur, and blinked for a long time before she could adjust to the brightness, and in her and, bright eyes, a strong sense of surprise blossomed.

She wondered if the cold season was over. No, the snow at the other entrance hadn't melted, still rightly weed in w cellar, meaning the outside should still be in the cold season.

But this entrance seemed to lead to the other side of the mountain, and what greeted them was a scene of early spring The snow layer was melting, the land nourished by snowmelt, sprouting green shoots. Small animals scurried, and birds charged from the treetops.

Zayne had already woken up and had been staring outside for a long time. This place was completely different from the other side of the mountain and more fertile than their old territory,

The vegetation was lush, and the ground was covered with wild fruits and vegetables, even some familiar herbs. Though they were just sprouting and not yet harvestable, it was enough to kindle hope.

Looking at everything before him, Zayne couldn't help but believe it. Perhaps Nyx really was blessed by the Beast God

"I'll go hunting." He snapped out of it and asked, "What would you like to eat?"

Since becoming a little rabbit, Nyx had developed little interest in meat and wasn't picky about food. She happened to see a flock of sheep grazing nearby and set her sights on them. "Let's have roasted lamb"

Perhaps due to the lack of natural predators around, the sheep were plump and well-fed, with poor vigilance. Even though Zayne had lost much of his strength after being hungry for so long, catching them was still easy.

Nyx had no doubts about his hunting abilities. She watched Snow Wolf leave and, not idle herself, shifted into her human. form, put on her fur clothes, grabbed a bamboo basket, and ventured cautiously out of the cave.

It really wasn't cold outside. Nyx took a deep breath of fresh air and felt that the temperature was much higher than in the

cave.

Not far away, there was a small river, the water already thawed, and the sound of the flowing stream echoed through the valley. By the time Zayne returned with his catch, Nyx had already started a fire and placed her freshly made pottery pot on

it.

"There's plenty of clay here," she said while sharpening a wooden rod for fishing, gesturing to Zayne to look at the small pit she had dug by the river, her voice bubbling with excitement.

Not only clay, but this mountain also had an abundance of resources-almost everything one could need. Just a quick spin around, and she had even found a salt lake.

Although it was just a small lake, it was a rare treasure. For people in this era, salt mines were more valuable than gold mines. Their previous territory lacked a salt mine, and the tribe had to trade for salt at large market gatherings.

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Few tribes had salt mines. The ones who did had rare comforts or goods that were hard to come by elsewhere. Trading was a constant struggle.

With the salt lake, they would no longer be dependent on others and could even trade salt for other goods if necessary. It felt like the heavens had provided.

They began to clear the area around the lake, building simple huts from local materials.

'Let's settle here' Nyx suggested, gazing into the distance.

Zayne nodded. There was no place better than here for long than this.

The cave that had trapped them for so long was just right for their temporary new home. They were familiar with the place but didn't want to stay there any longer. Nyx picked a new cave nearby, not too big, not too small. After a little fixing up, it was done and set.

"What about the others in the tribe?" she suddenly remembered this question. She wondered if they knew they were still

alive.

"When the snow melts, they should come looking for us," Zayne said, understanding the chieftain. He believed the distance most likely wouldn't lead the tribe away from these mountains.

They were probably still camped on the other side. "If they don't come looking for us by the time the snow melts, I go find them."

As for now, they could enjoy a period of time alone together. After escaping from

the case, with the surimial pressure gone. both of them felt much lighter and more relaxed.

During the day, Zayne would go hunting and work, while Nyx would try making all sorts of delicious food hoping to help him regain the weight he'd lost.

Thanks to his strong physical constitution, even though these days of hunger and exhaustion had taken a tol, Zayne dat get sick. After just two hearty meals, his condition visibly improved.

"Nyx, come try this," he said, having spent several days crafting a stone bed large enough for both of them to sleep on. He laid down some animal skins, tested them himself, and was satisfied. Then, he lifted Nyx onto it "How is it?" This bed was larger than the one he had before, the craftsmanship was finer, perfectly level with smooth rounded edges. clearly showing the effort he had put into carving it.

Nyx transformed into her beast form, rolled around a few times, then reverted to her human form and comfortably lay down, stretching out her limbs. "It's good."

The air became quiet for a moment. Suddenly, a large hand from behind caressed her tiny waist. The hand was rough and calloused, its palm scorching with heat. Even the lightest touch made Nyx shiver from head to toe.

She instinctively flinched, then turned her head in surprise, meeting a pair of gray-blue eyes full of longing. Despite Zayne's attempt to hide it, Nyx immediately noticed his excitement.

"Sorry," he said, a little embarrassed. "I don't know why."

The young male was sometimes like this, out of control. Hesitant to pull back his hand, he couldn't resist, and the other hand reached up as well. Perhaps it was because they had eaten well, there was nothing urgent to do, and their minds were relaxed, leading him to start having improper thoughts.

Nyx turned her gaze to the leftover food nearby, her brows twitching. They had eaten venison today. No wonder he was so passionate.

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Troudly and golden ting a fuugin ng th Zayor was about to pull back, she grabbed his arm.

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After a few breaths, Nyx took control, pulling on his arm, pushing with her shoulder, and flipping him onto his back. She braced herself above him, looking down at him.

Her strength wasn't much, but Zayne didn't dare struggle, letting her push him down, his expression torn. "Nyx, you-"

Ar his youthful age, it was impossible to claim he didn't want to do something; that would be a lie. Nyx didn't need to do anything just being there was enough to tempt him, especially with her actively enticing him.

But they had only just settled down, the cave was still simple and lacked any comfort, hardly qualifying as a real home.

The hot season hadn't arrived yet, and if Nyx were to get pregnant now, her nutritional needs might not be fully met. She might crave some sweet or sour fruits, but they were impossible to find. If there was an emergency, the necessary herbs would be nowhere to be found

Thinking of this Zayne lost his drive. His body still burned with desire, but his mind had regained calm. Rationality told him he should push Nyx away for now.

"Do you want to or not?" Nyx squinted, asking simply and directly. As soon as she spoke, she saw Zayne's face instantly turn bright red. The innocent male was no match for his battle-hardened mate, who skillfully played with him.

Hard-earned rationality abandoned him again, and Zayne felt his mind go blank. His gaze darted around, and after a long pause, he nodded in hesitation, barely a movement.

Their eyes met, and from Nyx's gaze, he saw unmasked admiration. His chest felt like it was on fire, and his body began to heat up. Nyx saw his reaction and, satisfied, leaned down to kiss his throat.

In primitive society, clothing was scarce, but sometimes the simplicity had its own advantages.

His bare upper body was muscular and solid, and Nyx couldn't resist touching it. Her fingertips brushed across his chest, feeling the powerful beat of his heart.

Zayne didn't dare move a muscle. His throat moved nervously, his fingers curled, resting on Nyx's waist. After some hesitation, he still didn't dare to tug at her clothes.

Sensing his inner conflict, Nyx felt a complicated mix of emotions and teasingly glanced at him. This side of Zayne was truly rare.

To her, they were already an old married couple, with children and everything. But in Zayne's eyes, it seemed like they were meeting for the first time.

With the loss of his previous memories, he had become less gentle and smooth, but more pure and timid. In Nyx's eyes, it carried a special flavor.

"You're the one who taught me how to wear this," she cupped her chin with both hands, speaking softly. "Could it be that you can only put it on, not take it off?"

While saying this, she took Zayne's hand, seemingly oblivious to his nervous tremor, and slowly began to untie the string that was threaded through her clothes.

Zayne held his breath. The animal skin fell away, revealing her pale skin, which looked like fine mutton-fat jade. It glimmered before him, and he couldn't tear his eyes away.

Just as he was about to reach out and touch it uncontrollably, his ears suddenly caught a faint noise coming from outside the cave. It sounded like some animal was rustling through the bushes, making continuous soft noises.

Then, he even heard voices, but they were too far away and faint to be clear. Zayne immediately grabbed the animal skin. and swiftly wrapped it back around Nyx, covering her up completely.

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Before the words were finished, Snow Wolf lowered its body. Nyx, agile, crawled out of the cave, mounted the wolf's back, and was steadily carried.

"Long time no see, Moria." she waved and greeted him.

For a moment, Moria was struck with shock, as though seeing a ghost in broad daylight.

"Nyx? You, you, you didn't die?" In extreme shock, he could hardly speak, stumbling over his words.

Hearing that Nyx was dead, Snow Wolf's gray-blue eyes were immediately filled with dissatisfaction and hostility.

"It's me." Nyx was unsurprised by Moria's reaction and didn't mind it.

After the avalanche and being trapped in the cave for so long, those like Lila and

Gina, who believed they were still alive, were the rare minority.

"I didn't die," she calmly explained. "Zayne is still alive too."

As she spoke, she gently rubbed Snow Wolf's head, and its beastly eyes immediately softened, tilting its head to nuzzle her hand.

Moria's heart raced as he struggled to swallow. He gathered his courage after mentally preparing himself and dared to examine the pair more closely.

Indeed, with their current appearance, it was unmistakably Nyx and Zayne. They exhaled white mist into the cold air, proving they were breathing and alive.

Like statues, they stood there for a long while, and Moria gradually accepted this unbelievable reality, his pale face slowly returning to normal.

Lila giggled, mocking him, "Idiot. Scared."

Embarrassed in front of the female he liked, Moria was mortified and couldn't look Nyx in the eye. He gritted his teeth and retorted at Lila, "I'm not scared."

He wasn't the only one. Everyone thought Shaman and Nyx were dead, never to return. Of course, seeing the deceased suddenly alive before their eyes was frightening.

At the foot of the mountain, the hunting team had just succeeded in their hunt, and everyone in the tribe was gathered around, dividing the fresh catch.

The prey was a small calf, not too big, and each person could only get a little meat, not enough to fill their stomachs.

After finishing this hard-earned meal, they would need to exert great effort to search for more food. Day after day, they didn't know when the cold season would end.

People wore worried expressions, their faces nearly numb with concern.

"We're back." Lila happily ran in front.

Hearing this, her mother was the first to look up, her tone reproachful. "Don't run off again next time. You really worry people."

Her gaze passed over Lila and fell on Nyx, riding Snow Wolf. Her words stopped abruptly, and she nearly fainted from the shock, gasping for breath.

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The once lively atmosphere froze in an instant. The surroundings were first silent, then erupted into intense chaos.

Someone fainted, some of them thought.

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They wondered if they had fallen ill too or eaten something poisonous because they also had hallucinations of Shaman and Nyx.

"Don't crowd, Move back a bit," Zayne calmly spoke. The crowd instinctively followed his words, stepping back a little to allow the air to circulate again.

Nyx checked the unconscious female and shook her head. "There's nothing serious. She's just weak, and the shock earlier startled her. She'll wake up soon."

No need for excessive treatment-just clear up the misunderstanding, replenish her nutrients, and give her some calming medicine.

"Are my medicines still here?" Zayne lowered his gaze towards the chieftain. "Y-yes," the chieftain hadn't fully regained his senses and stammered.

"They're all here," a small wolf, resembling a Husky, suddenly sprang out from the crowd. It had dropped the meat it was holding and lost its composure. It rushed towards Snow Wolf, crying, "Master, Nyx."

Its fluffy tail spun like a propeller behind it as it almost seemed ready to take off. He knew that Zayne and Nyx were still alive,

If he didn't have to take on his Master's responsibility and become the shaman, he would definitely follow Lila and Gina to the mountains every day to look for them.

Zayne took a reluctant step back, avoiding the enthusiastic charge of the naive youngster.

"Well then, you prepare the medicine." Zayne decided to assess Beau's abilities. During the long period of his Master's disappearance, Beau had been acting as the tribe's shaman. Though it was an unexpected role, he managed it quite well without making any mistakes. But now, in front of Zayne, he was feeling a bit

nervous.

He stole a glance at his Master, hoping for some kind of hint. When Snow Wolf remained unmoved, he had no choice but to grit his teeth and begin looking for herbs, preparing the medicine according to the formula in his memory.

The dried herbs were ground in a clay bowl, making a reassuring rustling sound. Gradually, the tense atmosphere faded, and people began to regain their composure. The chieftain also calmed down.

He observed Snow Wolf and Nyx, noting that they seemed unharmed, not even too emaciated. He couldn't help but be astonished. "You weren't buried in the snow? Where have you been all this time?"

"This is a long story. We were trapped in a cave, only just recently escaping." Nyx briefly glossed over the difficulty of digging their way out, not mentioning the sickness or arguments, and focused on explaining the cave that connected both sides of the mountain.

"There's a lot of food on the other side of the mountain, and the weather is much warmer there. It's more suitable for living. Everyone can move there to settle," she added.

Lila and Gina nodded in agreement, confirming that what Nyx said was true and not a lie.

"Also." Nyx dropped a bombshell. "I found a salt lake and clay there. Our tribe can make salt and burn pottery on our own in the future, without needing to trade at high prices in the big markets."

"What? Salt?" While other things were hard to understand, everyone knew salt. Upon hearing this word, they immediately

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became excited.

"You mean, there's salt over there?" Such good news was beyond their wildest dreams. They never even hoped for it.

"Quick; let's go." The chieftain was the most impatient. "We'll move there right away."

It was a land with salt. They couldn't let another tribe take it. It had to be theirs. Their salt supply was almost depleted, and they didn't know what to do about it.

With the chieftain's order, everyone's efficiency reached an unprecedented level.

Lila's mother was still unconscious, but the group had already started packing to leave. Moria carried his mother on his back and followed the main group.

The snow at the cave entrance was no match for the strength of the group. It was quickly cleared, allowing three people to pass simultaneously. The crowd instinctively formed a line and proceeded in an orderly fashion.

Nyx rode on Snow Wolf's back, leading the way at the front, with the chieftain, Lila, and Gina following behind. As they passed through the long cave, they suddenly emerged into an open area.

The sight of birds singing and flowers blooming dazzled the chieftain. He stopped in his tracks and took a deep breath, his eyes shining with wild joy. Hearing it was one thing, but seeing it with his own eyes was far more reassuring. Even if Nyx had described it well, it couldn't compare to witnessing it for himself.

The other side of the mountain was really warm. Food was abundant everywhere, and it seemed within easy reach. It was a much better place to live than their previous tribe.

However, the chieftain gazed into the distance, looking confused. "Where's the salt? Why can't I see it?"

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Lila and Gina also looked just as puzzled. They only saw the mountains, rivers, trees, flowers, and various animals, but they didn't see the towering piles of white salt blocks.

It was like a cold bucket of water had been poured over their heads, dampening the joyful atmosphere. The greater the hope, the greater the disappointment.

Though they believed Nyx wouldn't deliberately deceive them and might have just misjudged, they couldn't help but feel disheartened.

"Do you see it? The salt is right there," Nyx raised her hand and pointed to a light blue lake, breaking the gloom among them. She was not surprised by their reaction.

Before this, they had never seen a salt lake with their own eyes. In their isolated primitive tribe, many things were not common knowledge, and the tribes with salt mines would not casually share their life-sustaining resources with outsiders. Naturally, they didn't know where the salt came from.

"Salt is in seawater, it might be underground, and there's also salt in salt lakes," Nyx patiently explained to them, pointing to the salt lake. "The salt in this lake is enough to sustain our tribe."

With the size of the Wolf Tribe, even after several generations, they could rely on this lake for survival.

The chieftain was stunned, his mind racing. Lila and Gina expressed their admiration more openly, gazing at Nyx with adoration. "Nyx, you really know so much."

"Have you ever seen the sea?" They had heard other tribes talk about the sea at the big trading market, but they couldn't imagine what it looked like.

Nyx spoke about it calmly, as though she was very familiar with these things.

Zayne also turned to look at Nyx. When he saw her nod, his heart tightened. He had heard the sea was very far away. So Nyx must have come from a distant place.

"There are many delicious things in the sea, and they are different from the ones caught in the rivers." Seeing Lila and Gina's curiosity, Nyx opened up. "Not only fish, shrimp,

crabs, and snails, but also seaweed like kelp and laver. They're abundant and easy to store."

"Ah, I think I know." Gina jumped up. "I saw dried seaweed at the big trading market." She had wanted to try it but it was too expensive, so after much hesitation, she didn't buy it.

"Next time, you can buy some and try it," Nyx smiled and patted her head.

It would take a long journey from the seaside to the trading market, so it was normal for things to be more expensive. It wasn't worth exchanging meat for it, but using pottery to trade was just right.

Lila flexed her claws and secretly swallowed. She wasn't very interested in the seaweed, but she was very interested in the seafood.

From today, she would start saving bone coins and resources. She could also sell her jewelry. This year, she was going to taste those things.

As they chatted, the main group had already approached the lakeside. The water was shallow, sparkling with light. Large white crystals were solidified at the shore, while some swayed with the current.

Upon seeing this, the chieftain's eyes lit up. He couldn't resist rushing over, picking up a crystal, and popping it into his mouth. It really was salty.

A big mouthful of salt was so bitterly salty it almost hurt. The chieftain's face involuntarily scrunched up, but he couldn't

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bring himself to spit out the salt water.

A small piece of salt like this would cost them a lot of meat to exchange. The tribes that sold salt never cared for wild fruits or vegetables. Only meat or medicinal herbs were worth trading.

Without enough salt, they'd have no strength. Even if the price rose excessively, they had no choice but to obey.

And now, their tribe had salt. They no longer had to depend on those people. The chieftain threw his head back and laughed, howling joyfully like a wolf.

The wolf pack responded, their howls echoing through the valley, startling the birds and animals. Lila also tilted her head back and mimicked the wolves, howling. Nyx couldn't resist, reaching out to rub her fluffy face.

"This territory is ours now. From now on, we will settle here." The chieftain looked around and made a final decision.

The mountains stretched endlessly, and the new territory was vast and wide, surrounded by the crucial salt lake and water sources. There were plenty of natural caves to continue their old way of living.

People spent half the day settling in before eagerly setting off to hunt.

Since the avalanche, almost all the animals across the mountain had fled, making life very difficult for them. It would take several days before they could successfully hunt. If they couldn't catch fresh prey, they had to dig up what was buried in the

snow to eat.

Everyone went out together, but they didn't always get lucky. Most of the time, they were left hungry, relying on snow to fill their stomachs.

The world on this side of the mountain was like heaven compared to that on the other side. Herds of cattle and sheep, wild rabbits running all over the place-it was like a dream.

The hunting team quickly had some success.

A few nearly starving wolf pups in the tribe also regained their vitality after the stimulation of the new environment, perking up and trying to imitate the hunting team, surrounding and trapping prey.

They actually managed to catch a wild chicken, rolling around happily and proudly carrying the chicken to Nyx. "Nyx, we caught this, it's for you."

Nyx was busy setting up a pottery pot by the lake to boil salt. Seeing a group of scruffy little pups, a smile unconsciously appeared in her eyes as she waved at them.

The little wolf pups immediately rushed over to her, one by one, rolling over and getting their bellies rubbed. While playing with them, Nyx used some leaves to wipe their bodies clean, removing the dust and dirt from their fur.

"This is for you." The pups hadn't forgotten their purpose, wagging their little tails and eagerly trying to offer the wild chicken to Nyx.

It was Nyx who had led them in their migration and found them this good new territory, and their parents often reminded them to remember Nyx's kindness.

Even without being taught, they understood it themselves. Once the pups were determined about something, they were often very persistent.

Nyx didn't refuse their gift, reaching out to accept the half-dead wild chicken. "I'll make you guys a special chicken dish later."

"A special chicken dish?" Lila appeared at some point, speaking softly. "I want to eat it too."

"Sure," Nyx said helplessly, poking her in the head. "Go catch another chicken, and I'll make it for you. Don't steal from the

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pups."

She stood up and looked around, noticing the rest of the tribe had gathered, busy salvaging salt from the lake.

"Don't eat the salt straight away." She pointed at the bubbling pottery pot, speaking gently, "This salt has a lot of impurities. It's better to boil and filter it first."

It seemed that there wasn't enough time today to boil and sun-dry all the salt.

She had already collected quite a bit of salt, properly boiled and dried, and placed it in a nearby bamboo basket along with other spices and cooking tools.

Nyx rummaged through the basket and pulled out the largest pottery pots. "I'll cook today."

Everyone gathered excitedly for a good meal, celebrating their newfound home and rebirth.

"Yay." Lila was the first to enthusiastically approve of the suggestion. "Soup. Make meat soup."

She had been dreaming about the meat soup Nyx had made for her, occasionally even dreaming about the taste. The tribe leader subtly took a step back, quietly distancing himself from the greedy cat, somewhat embarrassed by her.

He also wanted to drink Nyx's meat soup. Even after all this time, he could still vividly recall the rich aroma.

But as soon as Nyx took out the pottery pot, his attention was immediately captured. He leaned in to inspect it, his eyes widening in surprise. "This is-

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Nyx remembered this stuff was insanely expensive-just a small bowl of it could be traded for half a sheep.

The chieftain vaguely recalled that the Shaman used to have quite a few of these pots for storing medicine. Later, they even used them for cooking. But they had never been this big, and they hadn't brought all of them when they migrated.

Nyx ran her fingers over the clay pot. "This is what I meant by pottery. We can make our own, use them for ourselves, or

trade them at the market."

The moment she said that, silence fell over the area. The only sound was the quiet crackling of the fire.

"What do you mean?" The chieftain stared at her in disbelief, eyes wide. "W-wait, you made this yourself? You actually know how to make these pots?"

These smooth, lightweight, fire-resistant, and completely watertight pots were far better than the heavy stone containers they usually used. But they were way too expensive-most people couldn't afford them.

They had tried making them before, but no matter how hard they worked, they couldn't get them right. They also didn't have the time to keep experimenting, so they had given up.

"I didn't make them," Nyx said, shaking her head.

Before the chieftain could look too disappointed, she smiled slightly. "Zayne made all of these. Pottery is actually pretty simple. Zayne picked it up in no time, and you guys can learn too."

The chieftain's emotions swung wildly, his face going through a rapid series of expressions. Wiping away the sweat on his forehead, he cautiously asked Nyx, "Are you serious?"

"Of course I am. I can teach you anytime," Nyx said cheerfully. "How about after dinner?"

The tribe had settled down, and survival was no longer an immediate concern. She always kept her word.

The moment the crowd heard this, they erupted in excited cheers. Some people even suggested learning pottery first and eating later-hunger be damned, their enthusiasm couldn't be contained.

These weren't just ordinary pots. To them, they were like money trees, covered in meat and bone coins-just as valuable as salt.

The prey had already been caught, cleaned, and prepped for cooking. The meat was as good as in their mouths. But pottery was still a mystery.

They couldn't wait any longer-they wanted to learn right now.

"Eat first," Zayne said in a cold, firm voice, shutting down their proposal. He didn't care if other people skipped meals, but Nyx wasn't allowed to miss a single one.

He had only just managed to get some softness back on her bones. He wasn't about to let anyone mess that up.

Technically, Zayne was no longer the tribe's Shaman-Beau had taken over his role and responsibilities. But his authority was still absolute. With just a few words, everyone immediately backed down and fell silent.

More fires were lit. Zayne filled a clay pot with water and set it over the flames. He didn't let Nyx lift a finger. Instead, he cut the meat and washed the vegetables himself.

The others couldn't just stand around doing nothing, so they followed Nyx's instructions, chopping wood, tending the fire, and adding ingredients to the pot.

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The variety of seasonings overwhelmed them. Some of the strong, pungent smells even made them scrunch up their faces. They thought, *Is this really gonna taste good? I-it's fine...*

Watching all that good meat and fresh vegetables get drowned in who-knows-what was heartbreaking. But to avoid offending Nyx, no one dared to question her. They just hung their heads and suffered in silence. Even if Nyx fed them poison, they'd eat it gratefully.

Flames licked at the bottom of the clay pot, spreading their heat. The pot heated up much faster than stoneware. Soon, the broth inside began to bubble and boil, releasing an increasingly rich aroma.

Everyone froze, inhaling deeply without even thinking.

That sharp, eye-watering smell from earlier was gone, completely replaced by a fragrance unlike anything they had ever known.

Their stomachs started growling one after another. They had gone without a proper meal for a long time, but somehow, they had never felt this hungry before.

The wolf pups, being less restrained, even started drooling.

Lila was drooling too, thinking, *'Yes. This is the smell!'*

She rubbed her head against Nyx's leg, acting cute in hopes of getting extra meat.

"Go catch two wild chickens, and I'll make chicken for you." The meat soup still needed to simmer a bit longer to taste better. So Nyx sent Lila away when she saw how much she was craving it.

Gina and Beau went along with her. There was no way they'd let Lila hog all the food.

The others couldn't hold back either. They all grabbed sticks, skewered some meat, and started roasting it over the fire.

The rich aroma of the simmering meat soup filled the air, making them feel like they could eat raw meat if they had to. The simple roasted meat, seasoned only with salt, was something they'd had countless times and grown tired of, yet today, it tasted unusually good.

Zayne was grilling meat as well. He pulled out a small jar of honey from a bamboo basket. It came from a beehive he had raided a few days ago. There wasn't much of it, and he had saved it just for Nyx.

He dipped a brush into the honey and evenly spread a thin layer over the meat.

The fresh pork shoulder had been lightly marinated, grilled until its surface turned golden and crispy, and then brushed with honey for extra flavor.

When it was just right, he let it cool slightly before handing it to Nyx.

Nyx took a small bite. The sweetness of the honey blended with the rich, savory meat, and a burst of juicy fat coated her mouth.

As she chewed, she held out the skewer toward Zayne, praising him without hesitation. "You're getting really good at this!"

"That's because I had a great teacher," Zayne smiled, his eyes glinting as he grabbed her wrist and took a bite from the same spot she had just bitten.

Watching this unfold while catching a whiff of the grilled meat, the others suddenly found their own food much less appetizing.

They stared at Zayne in confusion, as if seeing a completely different person. They thought, 'Has the Shaman always been

like this?'

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Zayne remained completely at ease, unfazed by their stares. He and Nyx continued taking turns eating from the same piece. of meat, and soon enough, he started grilling another.

Before the second skewer was even ready, the three who had gone hunting came rushing back, chasing after one another. "Nyx! We're back!"

The wild chickens they had caught were still alive. The moment they loosened their grip, one of the chickens flapped its wings wildly and tried to escape, nearly knocking over the clay pot.

"Aaaaaahhh-!"

"Help!"

"Quick!"

Everyone dropped their skewers and scrambled to catch it.

After a chaotic struggle, the soup was miraculously unharmed.

They had been looking forward to that broth for so long-if it had been ruined, all their efforts would have been wasted. Furious, they turned to glare at the culprits.

"It's ready," Nyx exhaled in relief, checking the soup's color and consistency before giving her approval.

Just like that, their anger disappeared.

The rich, fragrant broth filled their mouths, silencing any complaints. For the moment, they forgot about everything else.

It was only after they had stuffed themselves that they finally had time to confront the three troublemakers.

The meal had been complete chaos thanks to them-it was all their fault.

As punishment, they weren't allowed to keep the baked chicken for themselves.

They had to share it with everyone. That was the chieftain's ruling.

Lila was convinced he was just using his authority to get a bite of her baked chicken. But since everyone else agreed with the chieftain, and she had indeed caused trouble, she had no choice but to accept it in silence.

The three fluffy troublemakers sat together, each looking more dejected than the last.

"This is your fault!"

"No, it's yours!"

They kept blaming each other, bickering non-stop like chatterboxes, neither willing to admit their mistake.

Nyx glanced at them with an amused smirk.

Instantly, all three shrank back, looking guilty.

Nyx barely held back the urge to squeeze and smush them. Clearing her throat, she said, "Alright, the baked chicken is ready."

Their sparkling eyes followed her gaze to the lumps of mud, their excitement turning into horror.

They thought, "Wait... are we supposed to eat that? We know we've messed up, but surely this punishment is too much!"

Lila and Gina tried to keep their cool, but Beau's four legs were already trembling.

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"What are you talking about? I'm not making you eat mud. The meat's inside," Nyx said, unable to hold back. She ruffled their clueless heads one by one before crouching down and cracking open a mud shell in a few quick moves.

They had just eaten roasted meat and drunk meat soup, so everyone was about seventy to eighty percent full. They thought they wouldn't be tempted by any more delicious smells.

But the moment the mud shell cracked open, an irresistible fragrance filled the air, making them all instinctively show blissful expressions.

It smelled amazing.

Their hunger resurfaced, their stomachs growling as their cravings kicked in.

Unfortunately, there were only a few chickens in the tribe, so everyone could only have a single bite to taste it.

The chicken, wrapped in leaves, was fully cooked-the meat tender and falling off the bone, with juices overflowing.

For people who had spent their entire lives eating only roasted or boiled meat with a little salt, this was a game-changer.

The chieftain licked the meat juices off his fingers and smacked his lips, savoring the taste.

'Good thing I gave out that punishment, or those three would've hogged all this delicious food for themselves!' he thought.

Behind him, three fluffy figures stared at him with resentment.

"Can you make me another one tomorrow?" Lila buried herself in Nyx's arms, using her cute face and fluffy belly to act pitiful. She whimpered, "I only got a little bit of chicken breast... I didn't have enough."

Lila thought that whole chicken should've been hers.

Before Nyx could answer, Zayne rejected the request without hesitation. "No."

He pulled Nyx into his arms, ruthlessly squeezing the tabby cat to the side. "Why don't you cook for yourself?"

He wouldn't even let Nyx cook for herself, so there was no way he'd allow some clingy tabby cat to make extra demands on her.

If Nyx agreed, Gina and Beau definitely wouldn't want to be left out either. The tribe was full of people-if one asked today and another asked tomorrow, she'd never get any rest.

The tabby cat lowered her head in embarrassment, her face turning slightly red. She belatedly realized she really had been troubling Nyx. She actually knew how to cook-she could've just made it herself. "Nyx, can you teach me how to make baked chicken?" she asked.

She had already learned how to make meat soup, but when Nyx was cooking the baked chicken earlier, she had been busy getting scolded by everyone and missed the whole process.

It wasn't just Lila-no one else had seen it either. Now, they all regretted it, sneaking glances at Nyx's expression.

"Sure," Nyx said generously with a nod. "In a couple of days, I'll take you to gather the seasonings first."

For now, though, everyone was probably more eager to learn pottery-making.

Nyx tapped the hardened mud shell of the baked chicken. "Actually, making pottery is pretty similar to this. Special types of mud become solid when exposed to high heat."

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Everyone froze on the spot, their understanding of the world shattered. It was a huge shock. They had always thought pottery was made of some special kind of stone. It turned out to be just burned mud.

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"To be precise, it's clay," Nyx cleared her throat and reminded them to snap out of it. "You can usually dig it up by the river.

Not only was it available here, but their old tribe had it too.

Squatting by the river, staring at the ordinary-looking mud, Lila was in disbelief- then suddenly burst into tears.

She thought, 'My dried meat! I've saved up dried meat for so long just to trade for a small bowl at the Grand Trade Market!'

That person had told her they were only selling it at a low price because of her father, and she had thought she'd gotten a great deal. Later, she had even treasured it and gifted it to Nyx. But it turned out to be just a lump of mud.

She remembered the banks of the river outside their old tribe were full of this kind of soil.

Lila slumped onto the ground, completely crushed.

"Thanks to the bowl you gave me, I remembered how to make pottery," Nyx said, holding back a laugh as she gently comforted her.

Hearing that, the tabby cat's drooping ears perked up slightly, but she still pouted, looking glum.

"If you're upset about it, we could sell pottery at this year's Grand Trade Market at really cheap prices. That way, that guy won't have any business and will learn his lesson," Nyx suggested.

Pottery wasn't exactly a valuable item, but it was convenient and useful. Instead of selling it at high prices to a few rich people, she'd rather spread it to everyone.

Even if they lowered the price and didn't sell it for much, the tribe could still make a decent profit. Besides, they couldn't rely on this for a living-it was just some extra income.

As she spoke, Nyx grabbed a handful of clay. With a few skillful movements of her fingers, a lifelike little cat took shape in her palm.

She waved it in front of Lila like she was coaxing a child. "Do you like it?"

Instantly, Lila's eyes were glued to it. All her sadness vanished. "I love it!"

Eager to try, Lila attempted to sculpt a little rabbit for Nyx. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get it right. Sweat covered her forehead as she finally managed a rough shape.

Just as she looked up, excited, she saw Zayne standing beside Nyx, holding a perfectly crafted rabbit he had already made to amuse her.

At a glance, Lila's face burned with embarrassment. She hid her abstract creation behind her back and slinked away in defeat. She thought, 'Damn that Shaman.' Zayne had won-completely.

Now that the nuisance was gone, he happily wrapped an arm around Nyx, sculpted a Snow Wolf to pair with the rabbit, and was about to fire them.

"Hold on." Nyx stopped him, crafting a chubby little wolf pup and shoving it into his hands. She raised an eyebrow. "Cute, right?"

Zayne had no idea what she was getting at, but he nodded anyway. "Yeah...

cute."

"This is our pup," she whispered into his ear, arms draped around his neck. "His name is Noel."

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In an instant, Zayne's face flushed crimson, the color spreading down his neck

and chest.

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He opened his mouth but couldn't make a sound for a long time. He thought, 'Noel... What a strange name... But if Nyx likes it, I have no objections... Once we have a pup, we'd name it that.

Nyx watched him with a smile, taking in his every reaction. Her amusement deepened.

Teasing her amnesiac mate had its own special charm. Satisfied, she broke Zayne's train of thought, hooked his finger with hers, and said, "Come on, let's fire them."

By the river, flames roared into the night.

The chieftain stood close to the fire, while the others gathered in layers around it.

The bonfire crackled fiercely, its heat scorching the air.

Time ticked by. The people grew thirstier, but no one dared move for water. Their eyes stayed locked on the fire, not even blinking.

"It's about time." The moment Nyx spoke, everyone sprang into action.

They had been waiting too long for this. With serious expressions, they poked at the fire with their tools, holding their breath.

Slowly, a clay pot emerged from the flames-

"It worked!" Seeing the large pot he had molded with his own hands, the chieftain's eyes widened, and he jumped three feet high. He thought he had finally learned how to make pottery.

A chorus of howls echoed by the river, overflowing with joy.

If Zayne hadn't been keeping a tight hold on Nyx, shielding her from the frenzy, she might have been tossed into the air in celebration..

"Beast God!" With a loud thud, the chieftain dropped to the ground, raising both hands to the sky. "Thank you, Beast God!"

As he spoke words of gratitude to the Beast God, his eyes remained locked onto Nyx, as if he saw her as the Beast God's incarnation.

People slowly came to their senses. One by one, they followed the chieftain's example, kneeling before Nyx and chanting the Beast God's name, thanking him for his blessings.

Ever since Nyx suddenly appeared in their tribe, they had gained more food, richer lands, and even learned how to weave bamboo baskets and fire pottery. Nyx had seemingly descended from the heavens, her origins a mystery. She had taught them so much, led them in their migration during a disaster, survived being buried under an avalanche, and even found them such an incredible place to live... Everything pointed to a single conclusion-she must be deeply connected to the Beast God.

The scene before her was so over-the-top that Nyx felt a little embarrassed. She quietly took a few steps back, refusing to accept their grand gesture. In her mind, she hadn't really done that much for them-she just wanted everyone to live a little better.

"Hurry up and take out the rest of the pots, don't let them burn too long," she said, clearing her throat as she urged them on.

After experiencing shock after shock, the chieftain now followed her every word without question. With a wave of his arm, everyone sprang into action-some putting out the fire, others retrieving the pots.

Before long, all the pottery was neatly arranged beside the fire pit.

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This was their first attempt, so they had been careful not to waste too much clay.

Aside from the pieces Nyx and Zayne had made, they had fired only a dozen or so pots of varying sizes.

Maybe because everyone had been so meticulous, the success rate was higher than Nyx had expected. Only one pot had cracked during the firing, but even that, the chieftain refused to discard.

He carefully picked it up, gathering every shard, planning to take it home as a keepsake-who knew, maybe it could still be useful somehow.

That night, many in the tribe were too excited to sleep. The chieftain, in particular, spent the whole night wide awake, clutching a pottery jar in one hand and a lump of salt in his mouth, full of energy as he organized tasks for the tribe. The hunters would continue hunting as before, while the others were divided into two groups-one for boiling salt, the other for making pottery. Those with free time

could learn from Nyx how to identify different seasoning plants and go foraging with her.

Life quickly returned to normal.

With hope in their hearts and enough food to sustain them, the once lifeless members of the Wolf Tribe seemed reborn. Their gaunt bodies, reduced to skin and bones, regained their original strength before the hot season arrived-in fact, they were even healthier than before.

Zayne had even managed to fatten Nyx up by a few pounds.

In human form, it wasn't noticeable, but in beast form, it was obvious. The little rabbit felt soft and plush in his arms, her fur fluffy and sleek, giving him a deep sense of satisfaction.

Of course, Nyx refused to be outdone-she fed him just as much.

Even with limited resources, she had plenty of recipes in her head. With a diet that was mostly meat with some greens mixed in, she made sure her male was well-fed and strong-holding him at night felt reassuring.

After starving in that cave for so many days, she had been afraid Zayne's stomach would be permanently damaged. Fortunately, he was still as sturdy as ever, with no lingering issues. In every way, he was in perfect shape.

Now that life had settled down, the only thing weighing on her mind was when the trial would end. The Heavenly Law hadn't given her any hints.

At first, Nyx had been anxious, worried that there might still be countless challenges ahead. But over time, she let go of her

worries.

She believed that no matter what trial awaited them, they would get through it. At worst, she would have to live here with Zayne for a lifetime before she could return.

To her, that wasn't such a terrible fate. As long as Zayne was by her side, she felt at peace. The living conditions might be rough, nowhere near as advanced as in the interstellar era, but within his abilities, he had given her the best he could. Ever since she had been recognized as having ties to the Beast God, the males in

the tribe looked at her with careful reverence and longing, yet none dared to challenge Zayne or try to take his place.

Even among her mates, Zayne was the one who served her best. The longer he lived with her, the more thoughtful and meticulous he became-so much so that the other males felt ashamed in comparison.

"I feel like going for a walk," Nyx said after lunch, lying on the bed and rubbing her full stomach before lazily sitting up.

Just as she finished speaking, before Zayne could respond, a sudden clap of thunder boomed outside, and the sky darkened in an instant.

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Thick clouds rolled in, rumbling with muffled thunder, and raindrops the size of beans pelted the ground. Because the hot season was near, the weather had been unpredictable lately-sunny one moment, stormy the next, changing faster than a child's moods.

"Do you still want to go out now?" Zayne asked, pulling out a thick fur cloak for her-it was a new one he had made not long ago. If Nyx wanted to go, he was willing to accompany her, even in the rain.

"No," Nyx shook her head, dragging a stool over to sit by the cave entrance. "Just watching the rain from here is nice too."

She had a cloak, but Zayne didn't.

No matter how strong he was, she couldn't bear to let him get drenched for no reason. If he got sick, it would be a hassle. Even if he didn't, standing in the rain would still be uncomfortable.

Zayne saw right through her thoughts. His expression softened as he crouched beside her, gently taking her hand in his.

The rain gradually lessened. The downpour had only lasted a short while before coming to an end.

It wasn't the first time such heavy rain had fallen recently. Every time it rained, the temperature seemed to rise a little. The weather was getting hotter by the day, and the mountains were turning greener.

"In ten days, we'll be heading to the Grand Trade Market," Zayne said, breathing in the damp air after the rain. He climbed up to a higher spot and gazed into the distance.

He lifted Nyx onto his back so she could see farther.

The Grand Trade Market happened once every few years, and most tribes attended, no matter how far they had to travel.

Only those struggling to survive-hit by disasters or enemy attacks, on the verge of extinction-would fail to make the journey and disappear from the market.

For the Wolf Tribe, this year's market was particularly significant. Everyone had been busy preparing pottery-mostly practical items like jars, bowls, and spoons. Lila and Gina had even made some jewelry, hoping to sell them for a good price.

Nyx looked around. She saw the pottery team working tirelessly by the river and the hunting team chasing a herd of wild horses.

In the distance, she vaguely spotted land belonging to other tribes. It looked

close, but in reality, they were separated by several mountain peaks. "Where's the Grand Trade Market?" Nyx asked curiously.

She thought for a moment and rephrased her question. "Was our old territory closer to it, or is our current one closer?"

"The old one was closer," Zayne replied, pointing in a direction. "That's why we need to leave earlier this year."

Even though they had a long journey ahead, they weren't the farthest tribe from

the market. The tribe farthest away lived by the sea.

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"Huh? Nope," Nyx replied casually, brushing off the question. "It was too far."

It was far away, in another world, on another planet.

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Zayne lowered his gaze, saying nothing. In his eyes, there were just too many mysteries surrounding this little rabbit. Even after spending so much time with her, even after doing everything a couple could do, he still felt like he didn't fully understand her.

Unlike the others in the tribe, he didn't believe Nyx was a messenger of the Beast God. He still thought she might have come from a distant tribe.

He thought, 'Her old tribe would probably be at the market too, right? It seems to be much stronger than the Wolf Tribe... Would she want to go back?'

Zayne opened his mouth, wanting to ask, but he hesitated. He was afraid of hearing an answer he didn't want, so he kept quiet.

"I have some bone coins," he murmured. "And I've got a lot of medicine. You can trade them for whatever you want."

Even though Nyx was right there with him, he still felt insecure. He was afraid of losing her. If one day Nyx lost interest in him, he had no idea what he could do to make her stay.

She had come from somewhere far away. If she left him, he thought she'd probably go just as far.

After a moment of silence, Zayne hesitantly took Nyx's hand and placed it on his arm.

In the tribe, when males courted females, they usually showed off their strength. Nyx looked up in confusion.

His muscles felt firm under her touch. She gave them a squeeze, and the next thing she knew, Zayne's ears turned completely red. He looked like he was burning up, yet he was staring at her nervously, waiting for her reaction.

Nyx's expression instantly turned playful. She thought, 'Is he seriously trying to impress me?'

"You want to do it here?" she asked, glancing around.

It was out in the open wilderness.

"N-no!" Zayne blurted out, panicking.

He was so flustered that he lost all composure. With Nyx still on his back, he took off running down the mountain, heading straight home. The dignified image he usually had completely shattered.

Luckily, no one saw them on the way back.

Lying on his broad back, Nyx couldn't hold back her laughter. The people in the tribe were rough and wild, still holding onto their animalistic instincts. But she still had some sense of shame. She had only been teasing Zayne for fun.

He, on the other hand, took it way too seriously.

Back in their cave, in the safety of their own space, Zayne frowned, his

expression serious. He gripped Nyx's hand and warned her, "Nyx, there are a lot of nosy people in the tribe."

They loved watching anything remotely entertaining. They had no sense of shame. That was why he never let Nyx bathe by the river-he always brought water back for her.

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Not just so she could have warm water, but also to make sure no one saw her.

"Alright, I get it," Nyx said, stroking his face to comfort her sulking mate. "I was just joking."

As her fingers traced lightly over his skin, all his worries and insecurities melted away. Zayne caught her fingers, kissing them, and then kissed the back of her hand. His eyes were filled with deep adoration.

Even he was without his memories, his instincts remained the same.

+5

As the sky darkened, Nyx grew drowsy. She shifted into her little rabbit form, curled up in a ball, and hid from her tireless

mate.

"Just sleep," Zayne whispered, his heart overflowing with affection as he gently tucked the fur blanket around her.

Nyx mumbled and rolled over. Half-asleep, she sensed that Zayne was rummaging around the cave instead of lying down beside her. Frowning, she cracked open her eyes to search for him. "What are you doing?"

Zayne had pulled out a pile of bone coins, medicine bottles, even raw herbs that hadn't been processed yet, along with various pieces of jewelry-almost all of his belongings were scattered around.

She thought, 'From the looks of it, he seems like he is preparing to move out.

Nyx tilted her head and stared at him.

"Did I wake you?" Zayne asked nervously.

"No." Nyx shook her head and yawned. "I wasn't asleep yet.

Seeing her eyes on the things in his hands, Zayne set down the box, making the bone coins inside clatter. "Take whatever you need. It's all yours."

He had more than enough wealth-certainly enough for Nyx to splurge and buy anything she wanted at the Grand Trade

Market.

This was the second time he had brought up the topic in a single day.

Nyx found it a little strange. After thinking for a moment, she figured out what was on his mind. "I won't hold back, then."

She lifted her head, puffed out her fluffy little chest, and declared boldly, "What's yours is mine. All of it."

In the tribe, mate relationships were highly fluid and unstable. Most people just partnered up for convenience-to share food, sleep together, and raise offspring. They rarely handed over all their possessions to their mate.

That way, when they separated, there would be less hassle, and they could part on good terms.

Feelings were fleeting, but bone coins were solid and real.

However, Zayne didn't want that kind of distant, rational arrangement. He wanted to be completely entangled with Nyx.

"You're mine, so of course, everything you have is mine too." Nyx leaped into his arms.

As she spoke, she buried her face against his chest, rubbing against him.

In truth, she had her own wealth. If she wanted to buy something, she could afford

it herself-there was no need to spend Zayne's money. But she knew what he wanted to hear, so she was happy to say it.

What should have been an overbearing declaration sounded like the sweetest melody to Zayne's ears. He quietly let out a

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breath and hugged the little rabbit tightly in his arms.

Once she sensed that he had calmed down, Nyx finally shifted her attention and took a closer look at the pile of belongings.

"This is way too much," she muttered, rubbing her paws. "We can't possibly bring all of this, right?"

Those massive chests wouldn't even fit in several carts. She wasn't about to be that reckless-blowing through all of her mate's years of savings in one shopping trip. Besides, she doubted there was anything at the primitive trade market that she truly wanted.

From what Zayne had described, everyone's living conditions were roughly the same-not much different from each other. Most people struggled just to put food on the table, so it was unlikely that they'd have anything particularly impressive for sale.

Nyx wasn't all that interested in the market itself. She was just curious about the experience. She wanted to explore more of the continent, see new places, and learn about different customs.

After days of back-and-forth on the issue, Zayne finally gave in before their departure. He followed Nyx's suggestion and reduced their luggage to just one cart and one basket. That way, it would be easier to travel.

The journey from the tribe to the designated Grand Trade Market location would take about twenty days.

Including Nyx and Zayne, a total of thirty people were sent from the tribe. The chieftain stayed behind to oversee things, leaving Zayne and Moria in charge-one leading at the front, the other bringing up the rear.

The wolf pack moved swiftly through the mountains and forests, traveling day and night.

Compared to the past, this was the best-equipped and most comfortable journey they had ever taken.

Ever since settling in the new tribe, everyone had grown strong and well-fed. They were full of energy and didn't feel tired at all. But Nyx, on the other hand, wasn't built for this kind of trek.

By the twentieth day, she was sprawled lifelessly inside the bamboo basket, completely worn out but endlessly grateful for her decision.

They felt lucky that they had packed lightly. This trip was way too exhausting.

She had spent most of the journey lying in the basket, and even after all this time, she still felt drained. Zayne, who had to carry the supplies, must have been even worse off.

If they had brought everything, he probably would have lost a few pounds from the effort.

Thinking about that, Nyx suddenly sat up, feeling a lingering sense of relief. She reached out a paw and patted her mate's

chest.

He wasn't any thinner. Still strong. If anything, he seemed even more toned from all the exercise.

Thinking she was being subtle, she happily kneaded his muscles a few more times before pulling her fluffy paw back.

"Zayne?" A strange-sounding shout suddenly came from not too far away.

Nyx flinched in shock.

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The little rabbit's fur bristled all over, turning into a round, fluffy ball.

Nyx followed the voice and saw a few young males hurrying toward them. "It's really you guys?"

They stared at the wolf pack in astonishment, exclaiming nonstop.

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To other races, beastmen's beast forms looked almost identical, except for Zayne, whose snow-white fur made him easy to recognize.

From a distance, they had spotted the Snow Wolf and thought they were seeing things. They rubbed their eyes and doubted themselves.

But no matter how you looked at it, there wasn't a second Snow Wolf on the entire continent as massive and powerful as Zayne. At least, they had never seen one. After discussing for a while, their curiosity got the better of them, and they decided to come closer for a better look.

"I never thought... we'd ever see you again." The males shook their heads in disbelief.

The wolves exchanged glances, puzzled by their reaction.

"Your tribe got buried under the snow!" One of them blurted out without thinking.

"The snow piled up this high-" He jumped up and gestured an alarming thickness, taller than himself. "You know, our tribe has to pass through your territory on the way to the Grand Trade Market, but the whole area is still sealed in ice and snow."

"There's not a single living thing left. We couldn't get through and had to take a detour. We thought your whole tribe was wiped out, that you were all dead... Ouch!"

Before he could finish, his companion smacked him hard on the head.

"Why did you hit me?" He clutched his head, looking wronged, still not realizing what he had done wrong.

"Sorry," the companion said with an awkward smile at the wolves. "He's a bit dumb and doesn't know how to talk properly."

Even though they had all been thinking the same thing, they couldn't just blurt it out like that, as that was a surefire way to offend people.

The wolves had no time to argue with an idiot. They were all too shocked, standing frozen in place.

The Grand Trade Market and their former territory were in completely different directions. They hadn't passed by on their way here, so they had no idea what had happened there.

So, if they hadn't migrated back then, they would all be dead now.

It sounded harsh, but it wasn't a curse-it was reality. One wrong decision, and that could have been their fate.

Moria shuddered, a wave of fear washing over him. He turned to Nyx with eyes full of gratitude and admiration.

His father had told him that Nyx was the first to suggest migrating. Without her, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

Moria thought, 'She must have been sent by the Beast God to save us!'

Suddenly, Nyx became the center of attention among the wolves. Even the males from the other tribe all turned to look at

her.

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"Whoa!" The guy who just got smacked couldn't keep his mouth shut and yelped, "Where'd this rabbit come from?"

"Is that your emergency food supply?" He directed the question at Zayne while staring at the little rabbit, unable to look away,

He thought, 'What breed is this? So tiny, pale yellow, and ridiculously cute!

He rubbed his hands together and reached out, wanting to touch its soft-looking fur. "Can you sell it to me? How much do you want? Or we can trade something else."

"Not for sale." Zayne stepped back with an irritated look, dodging his grabby hands.

"Why not?" The male blinked, confused after his failed attempt. He had always liked cute little creatures and just wanted to take it home.

This Snow Wolf was infamous for being ruthless. There was no way he was keeping it just because it was adorable.

"Even though it looks round, it's not actually fat-it's just fluffy," the male argued. "Look how tiny it is. There's barely any meat on it. You're not short on food, so just sell it to me!"

He was being completely earnest, even offering a whole leg of lamb in exchange. That was a pretty generous deal, honestly kind of a dumb one.

His mates looked at him like he was an idiot.

Zayne's face darkened further. "I. Said. Not. For. Sale." His voice was ice-cold.

"Alright..... fine. If you're not selling, then forget it." The guy knew he couldn't win against Zayne, so he gave up and shrank back in defeat. "If you're not selling it, can I at least touch it?"

"Just a little." He reached out eagerly, but the moment he looked up and saw Zayne's fierce expression, he stumbled back in fear, almost landing on his butt.

"She's my mate." Zayne took a deep breath and let it slide, considering the guy had no idea.

But if it happened again-if anyone dared to offend Nyx-he'd challenge them to a fight and tear them to shreds.

The other males were completely stunned. Silence filled the air.

The one who had boldly claimed he'd buy the little rabbit swallowed hard, struggling to believe what he'd just heard.

Snow Wolf Zayne was a renowned Great Shaman, the dream mate of countless females.

Yet, for all these years, whether it was Lila and Gina from the Wolf Tribe, who had the advantage of being nearby, or the many delicate beauties who had "accidentally" run into him at the Grand Trade Market, none had ever caught his

eye.

Everyone had pretty much assumed he was some kind of weirdo who wasn't interested in females and would spend his life alone. But now, he was saying he had a mate.

For a moment, the air felt like it had frozen solid.

"You're joking, right?" the male laughed.

2/3

Of The Bea 333

Chapter 333

199%2

Looking at the males in front of her, all standing there like they'd lost their souls, Nyx almost felt sorry for them.

Beastmen's beast forms were indistinguishable from ordinary animals, and since she was a rabbit living among wolves, it wasn't surprising that they'd mistaken her.

She lightly patted Zayne with her paw to calm him down, and then waved cheerfully at the strangers. "Hi, I'm Nyx, Zayne's mate."

"S-She... she talked?"

"AAAAAHHHHH!"

"She's really a female?"

A chorus of shocked cries erupted one after another.

No matter how much they wanted to deny it, the truth was right in front of them. And Zayne wasn't the type to joke around.

The guy who had just been trying to buy the little rabbit finally realized what he had done. His face turned pale with horror. "N-No, I... I didn't mean to!"

If he had known this was a female Beastman-and Zayne's mate, no less-there was no way he would've dared to say something so reckless.

He thought Zayne would kill him if he did.

"It's fine. I know you didn't mean any harm." Nyx shook her head and let the whole misunderstanding slide.

She hopped out of the bamboo basket, climbed onto Snow Wolf's back, and skillfully made her way up to his head, looking out into the distance from her high vantage point.

About a few hundred feet away, there was a vast, flat basin bustling with people and various animals coming and going.

"Is that the Grand Trade Market?" Nyx pointed in that direction.

"Yeah," Zayne replied, standing tall and steady so she could see further and take in the whole market.

A sight like this only happened once every few years. Dozens, even hundreds of tribes gathered together, with at least thousand people present.

a

"But they don't seem to have brought much cargo." Nyx narrowed her eyes. All

she saw were scattered stalls, like a street market-nothing that looked like major goods.

Before Zayne could answer, a chatty male from another tribe jumped in. "Of course not. The journey is way too long!"

Heavy loads were too exhausting to carry and would drain their energy for travel. Plus, there wasn't much space in their animal-hide packs. Every tribe prioritized bringing small, lightweight goods for trade.

"That's actually what we wanted to ask," the talkative male continued, circling around to examine the Wolf Tribe's luggage with fascination. "How did you guys manage to bring so much stuff?"

Each wolf carried one or two bamboo baskets on their backs, packed with light supplies. The heavier goods were all loaded onto small carts that they pulled together, saving a ton of energy.

Neither the carts nor the baskets were familiar to the outsiders. The males had never seen anything like them before and had no clue what they were.

1/3

05:27 Mon, 10 Mar

Chapter 333

They exchanged glances, seeing the same shock and confusion mirrored in each other's faces.

99%

Somehow, the Wolf Tribe had not only survived the snow disaster but had grown stronger and healthier-and now, they had all these incredible new things.

They hesitated for a while before finally gathering the courage to ask Zayne and Moria. "Uh... would you mind letting us take a look?"

In every tribe, the leader made the important decisions-that was just common sense. But instead of answering, Moria instinctively turned to look at Nyx, waiting for her to decide.

The rest of the Wolf Tribe did the same, their gazes all landing on her.

The visiting males, however, thought they were looking at Zayne, so they didn't find it strange. After all, Zayne had always been the one with the most authority- more so than even Moria, the chieftain's son.

But the one who responded with a nod was actually the little rabbit perched on his head. "Sure."

The males were stunned. They thought 'What's going on?'

They froze, unsure whether they should listen to her or not.

"Nyx said it's fine," Zayne repeated calmly. "She taught us how to make all of these. If she says you can look, then you can look."

The males were completely dumbfounded. They stood there for a moment, glancing around and realizing that no one in the Wolf Tribe was objecting. That meant Zayne wasn't just making things up.

They thought, 'So.... all of this was taught to them by a little female?'

After another brief moment of shock, the males finally snapped out of it and rushed forward. They crowded around the bamboo baskets and carts, carefully reaching out to touch and examine them inside and out.

"Well? What do you think?" They couldn't make sense of what they were seeing, so they all turned to the talkative one in their group.

Despite his goofy demeanor, he was actually the most skilled craftsman in their tribe. He made all sorts of stone tools, polished bone knives and utensils, and his work sold well both in the tribe and at the Grand Trade Market.

If he didn't have his craft to support him, letting him build up a decent fortune, he wouldn't have been so generous as to offer an entire leg of lamb just to buy a little rabbit.

The male's usual silly expression faded into a serious one, and sweat beaded on the tip of his nose. After a long moment, he shook his head and let out a sigh.

He could grasp some of the technique behind it, but he didn't think he had the ability to replicate it.

"You're amazing!" He genuinely admired Nyx. Looking up at her, he suddenly felt like the little rabbit on Zayne's head was larger than life.

"My name's Afton. Can I be your apprentice?" His eyes were full of admiration.

Becoming an apprentice wasn't just about learning skills for free. It meant working for the master, providing for them, and supporting them for the rest of their life.

His mates immediately panicked, afraid he'd get carried away and end up running off to the Wolf Tribe to work like a beast of burden, never coming back.

"Let's not do the whole apprenticeship thing," Nyx said with a light cough.

Chapter 333

These weren't even her own inventions. She had learned them elsewhere and just happened to find them extremely useful in this world, so she put them to good use.

"I plan to teach people how to make these at the Grand Trade Market, she had already made up her mind, but there be a

small fee. It won't be free."

She intended to charge a little for it. That way, it would highlight that the Wolf Tribe was special to her-her own people

She had no idea when this trial would end, but if she and Zayne were going to stay in the tribe, they needed to maintain good relationships with everyone. Just as Nyx expected, upon hearing this, the members of the Wolf Tribe looked deeply moved, while the males from the other tribes nodded vigorously. "Of course. We should trade something for it!"

Nyx was willing to teach them, and they were already beyond grateful.

Knowing he had the chance to learn a new skill, Afton practically radiated excitement. He glanced at Nyx, and then stole another quick look before blushing and lowering his head.

His obvious lovestruck expression was impossible to miss, and Zayne's face instantly darkened as he ground his teeth.

If Nyx hadn't started patting, tapping, and even stomping on his head with her paws to calm him down, he would have exploded on the spot.

"We're leaving." He coldly threw out the farewell and led his group toward the Grand Trade Market, leaving the other males behind.

Only when they stepped into the basin, weaving through the crowd, did he start feeling better-especially as he sensed all the eyes landing on him and the little rabbit on his head.

Snow Wolf had a thought and deliberately slowed his pace.

"Look! The Wolf Tribe is here!"

"Isn't that Zayne?"

"Am I seeing things, or is there a rabbit on his head?"

"I see it too."

"What? What?"

"Whoa! It really is!"

2/2

Of The Bea 334

Chapter 334

Snow Wolf's massive figure exuded an overwhelming presence, making it difficult for anyone to approach him easily.

Besides, Zayne was known across the entire continent for his cold and stern personality, making people even more hesitant to offend him.

But now, everyone saw an intimidating aura.

with their own eyes that a tiny rabbit was perched on his head, completely ruining his aloof and

Staring at this absurd scene, the crowd couldn't help but whisper among themselves.

"Where did that rabbit come from?"

"Did Zayne catch it as emergency rations?"

"No way. Who lets their food sit on their head?"

"Could it be a Beastman?"

"Huh? Are you serious?"

The thought, 'Rabbits are naturally afraid of wolves. Logically speaking, no rabbit would be bold enough to sit on top of a wolf's head. But then, how can anyone explain why the

great Shaman allows another Beastman to step on his head? That is an absolute insult. Unless... it is his family or his mate.'

Zayne's background wasn't a secret. Almost everyone who knew him was aware that he had been alone since childhood-no parents, no family.

One by one, they ruled out the possibilities, leaving only the last option.

"Could it be his mate?" After a long silence, someone finally spoke.

"Uh... no way. How is that even possible?" people asked.

Compared to a mate, it seemed more likely that he had just taken a liking to his food supply and was keeping it as a pet.

Amidst all the shaking heads and disbelief, a deep and steady voice suddenly cut through the noise. "Yes. She is my mate."

It was like someone had pressed pause. All the murmurs vanished.

Everyone stared stiffly at the Snow Wolf, watching as he repeated himself. "Nyx is my mate."

After dropping that bombshell, Zayne strolled off as if nothing had happened, completely unfazed by the explosion of gasps and exclamations behind him.

No matter where he walked, he got exactly what he wanted-more and more heated stares. Standing a little straighter, shoulders squared, he subtly showed off to the entire world.

His little rabbit was adorable.

Nyx curled up into a round fluff ball, feeling both embarrassed and amused. She kicked her little paws in frustration, rubbing the Snow Wolf's head in helpless protest.

They had been together for years, and she knew Zayne all too well. It was obvious what he was trying to do.

Putting on a show, Zayne took his time making a full round of the marketplace before finally picking a spot and leading his people to settle down.

1/3

99%1

Chapter 334

The great Shaman of the Wolf Tribe had a mate named Nyx, and her beast form was a little rabbit.

The news spread through all the tribes, instantly becoming the hottest gossip.

Listening to people chatter about how cute the tiny rabbit was, Afton nodded along in agreement, eyes full of envy. Unable to hold back, he sneaked over while everyone was busy working and whispered to Nyx, "Nyx, are you really an adult?"

In primitive tribes, the recognized age of adulthood was relatively low, varying slightly between tribes but generally around fourteen.

Squatting inside a bamboo basket, Nyx paused for a moment before replying, "Of course."

Not only was she an adult, but given her real age, she could easily be Afton's mother.

Afton was at most not even twenty yet. Even Chubby, Sky, and Ash were older than him.

Seeing the little rabbit looking speechless, Afton scratched his head awkwardly. "But you look so small."

It was his first time seeing such a tiny rabbit. His instincts told him she had to be a cub.

"That's just my species," Nyx flicked her ears, patiently explaining.

She suspected this was some twisted joke from the Heavenly Law, deliberately making her beast form identical to the one she had in the game. This breed was naturally small- no matter how much they ate, they would never grow bigger.

"Really?" Afton rubbed his hands expectantly. "Then... do you have any clansmen of the same breed? Can you introduce one

to me?"

He wanted a soft, fluffy little rabbit as his mate too.

"If there aren't any females, a male would do," he added. Even if he couldn't find a mate, having a rabbit as a friend sounded

nice.

Nyx went speechless. She thought, 'This guy-is he looking for a mate, a friend, or a pet?'

She opened her mouth, about to tell him to think carefully, but Afton was already getting impatient. He grabbed the bamboo basket and pointed ahead. "The Rabbit Tribe is over there. I'll take you there, and you help me pick-who has a beast form similar to yours."

Before he could finish, the light in front of him suddenly dimmed. A tall figure blocked his path.

"Put Nyx down." Zayne's voice was as cold as ice.

He had shifted back from his Snow Wolf form to his human form. His upper body was bare, his muscles swollen from exertion, and his threatening gaze made Afton shiver.

Not daring to resist, Afton hurriedly set the bamboo basket down, scrambled backward, and shrank into himself.

"Sorry," he muttered belatedly, realizing how inappropriate his actions had been.

Sneaking off with someone else's mate and getting caught red-handed... he would've deserved a beating.

"I just wanted to take Nyx to the Rabbit Tribe so she could introduce me to other rabbit Beastmen," he said in a small voice, head lowered in defense.

Zayne's expression didn't ease at all. Instead, it darkened. 'The Rabbit Tribe... he thought.

He lifted his gaze toward the rabbit Beastmen in the distance.

2/3

99%1

Chapter 334

They were indeed looking in this direction, as if searching for Nyx.

Zayne clenched his fists at his sides and instinctively stepped forward, blocking the basket-and the prying eyes. He regretted it. He thought he shouldn't have shown her off so much. He should have hidden her away.

But even if he did, he couldn't go against Nyx's wishes or stop her from going home.

"I don't know those people," Nyx suddenly said.

She peeked her fluffy head out of the basket, hopped into Zayne's arms, and climbed onto his shoulder.

Even from a distance, she locked eyes with the rabbit Beastmen and saw only unfamiliarity and surprise in their gazes. Clearly, they didn't recognize her either. Unlike the last trial, this time, when she woke up, she hadn't gained any new memories. It seemed like the Heavenly Law hadn't assigned her a background. "I'm not from the Rabbit Tribe, so I can't introduce you to anyone," Nyx said, glancing at the nervous Afton to shut down his hopes. "You should go."

As soon as she said that, both males let out a breath of relief.

As if he'd been pardoned from execution, Afton bolted away.

Zayne let him go without chasing him down for a beating.

"Nyx, you're not from the Rabbit Tribe?" Zayne's mind was fixated on Nyx, paying no attention to anything else.

"Nope," Nyx stretched lazily, speaking in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Then-"

"The Sea Race Tribe is here!"

Before Zayne could press further, a loud shout rang out from afar.

Nyx's ears perked up at the words "Sea Race Tribe." She immediately scrambled up, looking toward the source of the voice.

3/3

Of The Bea 335

Chapter 335

The higher the position, the better the view. Perched on Zayne's shoulder, Nyx had the perfect vantage point. She followed the sound and quickly spotted the group. Just as she was about to study their faces, her vision went dark.

A large hand had covered her eyes. Zayne gently lifted her off his shoulder and held her in his arms.

Nyx, trapped between his firm chest muscles, wasn't scared-just puzzled. She lifted a paw and pushed against him. "What is it?"

She thought, 'Why is he suddenly holding me like this?'

"Don't climb too high. What if you fall?" Zayne pressed his lips together, making up a clumsy excuse,

"I won't," Nyx said confidently. "I've sat on your head before and never fallen!"

It wasn't her first time climbing onto Zayne's shoulder. His shoulders were broad, and she always perched there securely. Besides, even if she did slip, Zayne would definitely catch her.

Left speechless by her quick comeback, Zayne had no way to argue. He just held the little rabbit in his arms a bit tighter.

Before he could think of another excuse, a tabby cat suddenly dashed over, yelling, "Nyx! Someone wants to buy my stuff! Hurry and help me set a price!"

"Alright," Nyx nodded. "I'm coming!"

Seeing that she seemed to have completely forgotten about the Sea Race Tribe, Zayne tentatively let go of her hand.

The little rabbit, now free, landed on the ground and immediately darted over to the tabby cat, hopping alongside her as they left together.

Zayne watched them disappear into the distance and silently let out a breath of relief. This was the first time he didn't find Lila, who was always clinging to Nyx, so annoying.

"Zayne! Come help lift this crate." the males in the tribe called out to him from the other side.

Since Lila was keeping Nyx occupied, Zayne felt at ease for the time being.

He put the bamboo basket he was holding back in its place, and then turned around to help the other males move the supplies. They stacked everything neatly, assigned guards to watch over them, set up leather tents, and built a fence around their settlement.

As the sky darkened, the dimming light cast long shadows while bonfires lit up across the tribe. The aroma of roasting meat filled the air.

After a whole afternoon of work, the Wolf Tribe had finished most of their preparations and had fully settled in.

Finally free, Zayne went looking for Lila. "Where's Nyx?"

The little rabbit didn't leap into his arms like he expected. He glanced around but didn't see her anywhere.

"Huh?" The tabby cat, busy gnawing on a piece of meat, raised a paw and pointed lazily. "Nyx isn't with me. She's over there talking to the Sea Race Tribe."

Before she could finish, Zayne had already vanished like a gust of wind.

1/3

20

99

Chapter 335

Lila blinked in confusion, scratching her chin with her hind leg. She had no idea why he was in such a hurry and didn't bother to think too hard about it. Shaking her head, she went back to enjoying her meal.

The market covered a vast area, and the Sea Race Tribe's camp was set far from the Wolf Tribe's-one in the south, the other in the north.

Nyx had won over the Sea Race chieftain's daughter with a few woven grass figurines-tiny birds, fish, and rabbits. The girl beamed with delight, clinging to Nyx's hand and chatting with her excitedly.

"So, your tribe's beast forms aren't fish?" Nyx had finally managed to get the information she wanted.

"Nope." The chieftain's daughter shifted into her beast form and twirled around in front of Nyx, proving that she wasn't a fish. "We just live by the sea; that's all." They didn't actually live in the ocean, nor were their beast forms aquatic animals. Since their tribe was made up of various beast forms living together, they hadn't known what to name themselves. That was why they settled on calling their tribe the Sea Race.

"No one in our tribe has a fish beast form. We've lived by the sea for generations, but we've never seen a fish tribe in the ocean," the young female said, rubbing her cheek.

Then she promised Nyx, "When I get back, I can ask around for you. I'll let you know when the next grand market gathering happens!"

"Okay." Nyx nodded absentmindedly, clearly distracted.

Her

gaze

was fixed on the adorable little sea otter in front of her, unable to look away. 'So cute, she thought.

Sensing the intense stare, the chieftain's daughter suddenly paused, realizing something felt off. She looked up in confusion and met Nyx's sparkling eyes. "Can I touch you?" Nyx finally gave in to temptation and made a shameless request. Even though she had plenty of fluffy creatures at home, the fluffiness of those outside still had an irresistible charm. Since they were both females, there shouldn't be any issue.

Seeing that the little sea otter was lying there openly without resisting, Nyx pushed her luck. "Can I hug you?"

The sea otter was more than happy to oblige.

Nyx smelled nice, her body was soft, and her hands seemed to have some kind of magical power, stroking her fur in a way that felt incredibly soothing.

Both of them felt like they had struck gold. They snuggled together, unwilling to part.

That was the scene Zayne stumbled upon when he arrived in a rush. He forgot how to speak, standing frozen in place.

The Sea Race sentries noticed him first. Seeing his grim expression, they assumed he was trouble and immediately surrounded him with weapons drawn.

"Zayne?" Hearing the commotion, Nyx finally looked up. When she saw the familiar figure, she blinked in surprise.

Snapping back to her senses, she waved a hand at the Sea Race guards and explained, "Zayne is my mate. He's here to pick me up."

Nyx had already introduced herself when she arrived, and the guards knew she had been playing with the chieftain's daughter for a long time. Naturally, they didn't doubt her words.

They nodded at her in acknowledgment and dispersed.

2/3

0528 Mon, 10 Mar

Chapter 333

"Are you leaving" The little sea otter clung to her arm reluctantly. "Will you come play with me again tomorrow?"

Her eyes darted around before she suddenly suggested. Or you could come back to the Sea Race with me?

Of The Bea 336

Chapter 336

□□□99%1

The little sea otter secretly hatched a plan. Even if Nyx played with her every day, the grand market gathering would only last for a short while. Once it ended, everyone would return to their own territories.

+5

The thought of not seeing Nyx for several more years made her feel down. She wished in her mind, 'If only Nyx could come back to the Sea Race Tribe with me'

"No way," Nyx said, rubbing her head with an amused smile. "I have a family now. My mate is waiting for me at home, so I can't go with you."

She rejected the idea without hesitation, her tone light and natural, not noticing the way Zayne's expression kept shifting.

In just a few short breaths, Zayne's emotions felt like they had been on a rollercoaster.

The little otter wasn't giving up yet. She clung to Nyx, rolling around in her arms. "Then bring your mate along to the Sea Race Tribe too!"

"Enough nonsense," the Sea Race chieftain said, stepping in with a headache, stopping his daughter's wild ideas.

He thought, "That's the great shaman of the Wolf Tribe! There's no way another tribe could just take her away so easily!"

The chieftain awkwardly greeted Nyx and Zayne, apologizing for his daughter's lack of understanding before warmly inviting them to stay for dinner.

That was when Nyx finally realized how late it had gotten, and she hurriedly said her goodbyes.

Before leaving, she winked at the sulking little otter, hinting that she could come visit the Wolf Tribe tomorrow.

Catching on, the little otter instantly perked up, wagging her tail with excitement. Zayne took in the whole scene silently.

On the way back, he stayed quiet for a while before suddenly asking, "Are you two good friends?"

Seeing Nyx hugging other Beastmen so naturally had filled him with jealousy. Even after realizing the voice belonged to a female, his feelings didn't settle much. After all, she was someone Nyx cared about.

Nyx blinked at the unexpected question. "I guess so?"

Zayne lowered his gaze, falling into deeper silence.

After a long pause, he made up his mind and spoke seriously. "I'll go with you. I want to go with you."

Unless a tribe was destroyed, a shaman would never willingly leave their own people. But he had already stepped down. He could go anywhere with Nyx.

Zayne took Nyx's hand, interlocking their fingers as he knelt on one knee. His gray-blue eyes were full of pleading, rimmed red. "Don't leave me behind. I'll go home with you."

Even if the outside world still saw him as the Wolf Tribe's shaman and considered leaving a betrayal, it wouldn't change his decision.

From the moment he brought that little rabbit home, he had already become her captive. He had fallen instantly, with no

room to resist.

Nyx's eyes widened in surprise, completely confused. She thought, 'Go? Where? Home?'

1/4

Chaplo #30

the wood frozen for a long time before finally piecing everything together, realizing what Zayne had been trying to hint at with bus words before

she though, so he has been afraid all along that I would leave!

He knew she had seen the ocean and that her tribe was far from the Wolf Tribe,

so he mistakenly assumed she was from the

This was a huge misunderstanding

Nyx sighed and rubbed her forehead. I just met the little otter today"

"It's not what you think, she said with a soft sigh, pulling Zayne up and walking forward with him. "I was just curious about their tribe, so I chatted with her and played for a bit"

When the first heard the tribe's name had 'Sea Race' in it, she thought of how Theon and Felix had been together for the last trial and wondered if Seafarion might be here. That was why she came to ask around.

But according to the little otter, their tribe had no Beastmen with a beast form of a fish and had never seen one either.

Confirming that Seafarion wasn't in this world, Nyx felt relieved.

"The little otter invited me to the Sea Race Tribe because she wanted to play more," she patiently explained to Zayne. "The Sea Race Tribe isn't my home"

"Wherever you are is my home, Nyx said seriously, raising a hand to gently cup her mate's face. Her fingertips traced over his tearful eyes, "No matter where you go, you have to take me with you. And wherever I go, I'll always bring you along too.

"I'll never leave you behind."

They had come to this world to take on trials, all so they could stay together forever.

Their eyes met. Seeing the warmth and determination in Nyx's gaze, Zayne's heartbeat raced before gradually settling into a steady rhythm.

It turned out it was just a false alarm.

He felt a little embarrassed, but the excitement and joy of getting the promise he had longed for completely overshadowed everything else. He was radiating happiness and couldn't hide it at all.

Everyone in the tribe noticed that after Zayne went out, he came back looking unusually happy.

"Did something good happen?" Lila sneaked over to Nyx, trying to get some information. It wasn't just Zayne-she also felt Nyx was in a good mood. Nyx curled her lips slightly.

Even though it had been a misunderstanding, Zayne had gone through so much turmoil and still chose her without hesitation. In a way, it felt like this had been a part of the test all along. She had a vague feeling that the test was almost over. Of course, there was no way she could explain all this to Lila.

After thinking for a moment, Nyx pulled out another excuse. "We saw some really useful stuff brought by other tribes along the way. We should definitely buy more and bring them back."

Even though she said this just to brush Lila off, it wasn't a complete lie. She had indeed seen some good things on the way.

"What?" asked Lila.

2/4

Chapter 336

Nyx hadn't lowered her voice, so a bunch of curious people immediately swarmed over. But they got too close, and Zayne, with a dark expression, drove them all away.

"I'll buy some tomorrow and show you," Nyx waved at them.

It was too much to explain in words-better to just show them the actual things. "Nyx, the meat's ready." Zayne wrapped a piece of roasted meat in a fresh leaf, blew on it to cool it down just right, and fed it to Nyx.

Watching this, everyone suddenly felt like they had swallowed something they couldn't digest. They lost all interest in questioning her further, shut their mouths, and awkwardly dispersed.

One by one, people finished their dinner, but the bonfire kept burning. Each tribe had night watchmen who took turns. adding branches and leaves to the fire.

It was the first night at the grand marketplace, and they were feeling excited. Nyx had created some suspense, keeping everyone on edge.

That night, the Wolf Tribe's camp was often disturbed by sounds of people getting up. They tossed and turned, unable to sleep peacefully.

The only exception was Zayne, who finally felt like a huge weight had been lifted off his chest. Holding his beloved little female in his arms, he had the best sleep he'd ever had.

Early the next morning, he got up before dawn, prepared everything, roasted some sweet potatoes, and made soup for Nyx. After breakfast, he went with her to trade with the other tribes.

They hadn't walked far when they ran into a little sea otter with bright, shining eyes.

Nyx went speechless. She hadn't expected this little one to wake up so early and march across the entire Grand Trade Market just to find her.

"For you." The little sea otter stuffed a dried salted fish into Nyx's hands.

It was a gift for her.

It might not look like much, but dried salted fish was a hot-selling item at the Grand Trade Market. It let people enjoy the taste of fish while also providing a good amount of salt, making it something every tribe wanted to get their hands

on.

The little sea otter yawned, mumbling, "I've never gotten up this early before."

She just really, really wanted to play with Nyx. Otherwise, she definitely would've slept until noon.

Looking at the drowsy little furball, Nyx felt both amused and a little sorry for her. She sighed and picked her up. "You could've just come after you had enough

sleep."

"I'm planning to buy some things. Do you want to sleep a little more? Or do you want to come with me?"

The little sea otter clung to her tightly, refusing to move. That was answer

enough.

She was curious about what Nyx wanted to buy. Even though she was getting sleepier and sleepier from being petted, she still stubbornly kept her big round eyes open, looking around.

After walking for a long time, Nyx finally stopped in front of a stall.

3/4

Of The Bea 337

Chapter 337

+5

"Oh! It's you!" The stall owner recognized these two well-known figures and greeted them enthusiastically. "Want to buy some honey? One bone coin per scoop-only twenty bone coins for a whole jar!"

His face was still swollen in a few places, making him look quite pitiful. It was obvious that he had paid a price for this honey.

Nyx couldn't help feeling a little sorry for him and nodded. "Sure."

Before she could decide how many jars to buy, Zayne silently took out several large strings of bone coins and bought up all the honey at the stall.

"Wow!" The little sea otter's mouth fell open in amazement.

She came from a wealthy family and had never lacked food or clothing. But even though she loved sweets, her father had never bought her this much honey.

The stall owner was also dumbfounded. He hesitantly asked Zayne, "How much do you want?"

"All of it." Zayne didn't bother with small talk or haggling. He simply checked the quality of the honey, and after making sure it was good, he started packing the jars into a bamboo basket himself.

The deal was completed so smoothly that the stall owner just stood there, frozen, unable to process what had just happened. He stared at Zayne in disbelief, stammering, "Y-you.... since when do you like sweets?"

He had been selling honey at the Grand Trade Market for years, but this was the first time Zayne had ever stopped by. And this was by far the most extravagant purchase he had ever seen.

Honey was expensive. Even if someone loved sweets and had spare money, they'd usually just buy one or two jars to try occasionally.

Zayne, with his cold and indifferent demeanor, didn't seem like the type to have such a sweet tooth.

"Nyx likes it." Zayne weighed the honey in his hand and felt satisfied.

Wild honey was rare, and it wasn't often they'd come across a beehive. Nyx would always stop him, saying it wasn't worth the risk just for a snack. This time, he could buy more and store it for Nyx.

Seeing him acting like a man deeply in love, the vendor couldn't help but click his tongue and shake his head. He hadn't even eaten any honey, yet he already felt like his teeth ached from the sweetness.

He had no idea where this little female had come from, but she had completely tamed the Wolf Tribe's great Shaman-who was famously oblivious to romance.

Either way, thanks to this little rabbit named Nyx, all his honey had sold out in one go. Now he could take a break for the next few days, wander around, and use his newly earned bone coins to buy some things from others.

Imagining his easy days ahead, he stroked the long string of heavy bone coins, feeling overjoyed as he prepared to pack

"Wait a minute," Nyx suddenly called out to him.

The vendor froze mid-motion, his excitement vanishing. He thought she was about to change her mind and hesitated, lowering his head nervously, avoiding her gaze.

He knew it. Selling things was never that easy.

"How much are these?" Nyx pointed at another pile of goods beside the honey. It was a large heap of raw cotton, still in its

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freshly picked form.

The honey had been an unplanned purchase-this cotton was what she had originally come to buy.

"Huh?" The vendor was surprised. "You want cotton?"

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cotton weren't brightly colored, nor did they have a fragrance. They were big, fluffy, and clumsy-looking-unappealing as hair accessories. No females in the tribe liked them, and they never sold at the market.

He had only brought them along to fill up his stall so it wouldn't look empty, not expecting anyone to actually take an interest in them. At least they wouldn't wilt, so they were easy to transport to the market.

He never imagined this little female would have such a unique eye for things- actually picking the unwanted cotton.

"If you want them, take them all!" The vendor waved his hand. "I'll throw them in as a bonus for buying the honey."

As he spoke, he secretly let out a sigh of relief. He thought, "Thank goodness... She wasn't backing out of the deal.'

"You're giving them to me?" Nyx's eyes widened. "All of them?"

There was enough cotton here to make an entire quilt, and if she used it sparingly, she could sew four or five pieces of clothing-or even more.

But that wasn't the important part.

What mattered most was that these cotton bolls were fresh. The seeds inside could be planted. If she brought them back to the tribe and cultivated them, future cold seasons wouldn't be as harsh.

Rolling up all the cotton in a large piece of beast hide, Nyx felt pleased.

She wouldn't be staying in this world forever-she might even leave soon-but since she had lived in the Wolf Tribe for so long, it felt good to leave something useful behind.

"Does your tribe have a lot of cotton?" Seeing the vendor nod, Nyx added, "They're great for keeping warm. You can use them to make winter clothes and blankets."

Whether he believed her or not wasn't up to her.

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With both sides thinking they had gotten the better end of the deal, the little sea otter happily licked the honey Nyx had fed her, feeling blissful.

The Wolf Tribe's Shaman had bought honey because he liked Nyx, and now Nyx was feeding her honey-so that had to mean Nyx liked her too,

As she enjoyed her treat, a sudden loud commotion nearby startled her. She trembled all over and almost tumbled out of Nyx's arms.

"Dad! My dad's over there!" The little sea otter sounded frantic.

"Don't worry, don't worry," Nyx reassured her, stroking her fur. "Let's go check it out."

She had only met Sea Race the chieftain yesterday, but he had seemed like a kind person. She didn't think he was the type to get into public arguments.

By the time they got there, a crowd had already gathered, forming several layers of onlookers.

"Your salt is poisoned! My son ate it, and now he's in terrible pain!" A middle-aged male clenched his fist so hard it cracked his knuckles, and then slammed it onto a stone slab. "Tell me! How are you going to take responsibility?"

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White salt was scattered all over the stall.

Normally, people wouldn't have hesitated to pick it up. But the moment they heard it might be poisoned, they hesitated, wary of getting too close.

Sea Race the chieftain's face turned red with anger, his whole body trembling. "That's impossible!"

They ate this same salt, harvested from seawater, every day. Everyone was fine- there was no way it could be poisonous.

But the little monkey writhing on the ground, clutching his stomach and crying out in pain, looked genuinely miserable.

The crowd wasn't just worried-Sea Race's own people started exchanging uneasy glances, doubt creeping into their minds.

They thought, 'Could there really be something wrong with this batch of salt?' They looked at the chieftain, completely at a loss.

Seeing this, the troublemaking monkey's father became even more aggressive.

He kept smashing things at the stall, shoving the Sea Race guards protecting it, and even raised his fist as if he was about to punch one of the males in the face.

"Nyx and Zayne are here!" someone suddenly shouted.

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The monkey's fist hesitated for a moment and didn't land on the Sea Race guard's face

The murmuring crowd turned their attention to Nyx and Zayne. Almost instinctively, they stepped aside to clear a path for

them.

For many, this was the first time seeing Nyx clearly in her human form, and they couldn't help but be amazed by her beauty. But that wasn't the main concern right

now.

"Everybody, quiet down."

"Zayne is the great Shaman. Maybe he can cure him?"

"Let him take a look, quick."

People started to believe that the poisoned monkey cub could be saved, and the tense, suffocating vibe began to lift.

The Sea Race members, even more so, looked at them as if they'd just found their saviors.

In the middle of the chaos, Nyx's sharp gaze locked onto the troublemaker. She studied his expression carefully. There wasn't the slightest hint of relief in his eyes. Instead, she caught a flicker of panic.

"Let me check on him," Zayne said as he set down his bamboo basket and walked toward the monkey cub, who was rolling on the ground.

His father took half a step forward, hesitating. He wanted to say something but couldn't find a reason to refuse. In the end, he could only suppress his unease and stand awkwardly to the side.

The little monkey was still clutching his stomach, crying out in pain.

Zayne patiently examined him, and then lifted his eyes to exchange a glance with Nyx.

Just as they expected, the cub was perfectly healthy. No illness, no poison.

His acting, however, was impressive. The way he mimicked stomach pain was so convincing that he was doing a better job than his father.

With this level of talent, if he'd been born in the right era, he could've been a well-known actor. Even Nyx had to admit his performance was almost flawless.

But the people of this primitive society had simpler minds. They weren't used to deception like this, nor had they ever seen such skilled acting. Naturally, they got played like fools and believed every word the father and son said.

To Nyx, though, this was nothing more than a crude and poorly staged scam-one that would fall apart at the slightest push.

When the troublemaker met Nyx's gaze, a drop of cold sweat slid down his temple. He clenched his fists and swallowed hard. A bad feeling crept up his spine.

He thought, "This little female... her eyes are way too calm and sharp. She's not like those idiots at all. No... it's fi

'Even if they figure out there's no poison, so what? I already told my son-no matter what, he has to insist that his stomach hurts. As long as he acts well enough and they can't find anything wrong, I can just say this Shaman is incompetent...'

As he schemed, his eyes darted back and forth, but Nyx suddenly spoke, cutting off his thoughts, "The poison's this serious? We need to induce vomiting right away."

"Beau," Zayne seamlessly played along, calling out to his apprentice, who had been peeking through the crowd. "Go fetch

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some emetics."

"V-vomiting?" The troublemaker panicked, thrown off completely. "Why does he need to vomit?"

Everyone had experienced throwing up before-it was definitely not a pleasant feeling. They thought, 'Is she trying to torture his son on purpose?'

"If he's poisoned, we have to get it all out," Zayne said flatly.

A few voices in the crowd chimed in.

"Yeah, I ate the wrong kind of wild fruit once. Had to puke it out."

"Throwing up fixes it."

"Trust the Shaman. He's just trying to help your kid."

With everyone talking over him, the troublemaker's protests got drowned out. His voice grew weaker and weaker until he finally shut up, his face flushing red.

The crowd had gathered too closely. Even if he wanted to escape with his son now, there was no way out.

They were completely trapped.

Beau was quick on his feet. He didn't make the crowd wait long, nor did he give the father and son any chance to run.

He didn't even need Nyx's instructions-he knew exactly what to do.

One dose of the emetic later, the little monkey let out a wail, his face scrunching up in bitterness as he choked down a few gulps of water.

Before he could rinse out the taste, his perfectly fine stomach twisted violently. Clutching his chest, he doubled over and threw up all over the ground. "Blaargh-!" The crowd quickly retreated, keeping a safe distance to avoid getting splashed.

Beau, unbothered by the mess, stood by calmly, waiting for him to finish throwing up. Once he was done, Beau handed him some water to rinse his mouth, poured in more water, and gave him medicine again.

This was a common process for handling food poisoning, not a deliberate act of targeting him.

After several attempts, the little monkey threw up repeatedly. Unable to bear the torment any longer, he screamed, "I'm not acting anymore. I'm not acting anymore. I'm never acting again."

Covered in filth, his fur matted, he ran toward his father, rubbing his wet, grimy body against him, and screamed accusations. "You said I'd get sweet fruit if I pretended to have a stomach ache. You didn't tell me I'd have to take bitter medicine and keep throwing up."

The moment these words left his mouth, the crowd erupted in shock. The onlookers immediately exploded in disbelief.

They thought, 'What does this mean? Did he say he was acting? If the stomach ache is fake, then the poisoning been fake too.'

Realizing they had been tricked, the crowd got angry.

The chieftain and guards of the Sea Race Tribe's fury burned even hotter.

After being disoriented by the commotion earlier, they nearly doubted themselves, almost falling for the tricks of this father-son duo.

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The earlier smashing and crashing had mixed the salt, which had originally been pure and white, with the sand, making it unrecognizable

Seeing the mess on the ground, they felt as if their hearts had been torn by this father and son pair.

"I... we were forced The troublemakers, deflated like a punctured balloon, lost all their earlier arrogance. Ignoring the dirt, one of them pressed their son's mouth shut and whispered, "It was our tribe's chieftain He... he forced us to cause trouble or he threatened to kill us."

The Monkey Tribe also sold salt, though it was poor quality, with a strange taste. The chieftain greedily set a high price for it.

At every Grand Trade Market gathering people rushed to buy the salt from the Sea Race Tribe, which was considered high-quality and affordable. Only the tribes that couldn't get enough would settle for the expensive, low-quality salt.

This

year, you've brought too much salt and a lot of salted fish. The troublemaker lowered his head,

In previous years, even expensive salt had sold without issue, but this year was different. If they bought enough salt from the Sea Race Tribe, no one would buy their salt.

The Monkey Tribe naturally didn't want to let this opportunity slip away,

In just a few words, the truth was clear. The victim had turned into the liar causing trouble.

The angry crowd, together with the Sea Race Tribe, pushed the father and son toward the Monkey Tribe's territory to settle the score with the troublemakers.

"Let's go. We'll smash their stall too. The group stormed off with great momentum.

The Sea Race Tribe's chieftain stayed behind, watching them leave.

The surroundings finally quieted down.

He let out a deep sigh, calmed himself, and bowed to Nyx, Zayne, and Beau, thanking them sincerely. "Thanks to your help, we don't know what would have happened otherwise."

If those guys had succeeded, not only would all the goods at the stall be lost, but they might have had to pay a hefty sum in bone coins.

At this moment, most of the salt at the stall had been ruined. Though it could still be filtered, boiled, and reused for basic consumption, it wasn't the same as the clean sea salt they had before.

The chieftain sighed, picked up a large bundle of salted fish and dried seaweed, and stuffed them into the hands of the three. "Take these. Don't mind the quality." He couldn't offer any other fine gifts, so this would have to do. Unable to refuse his generosity, Nyx accepted the bundle of gifts and, feeling a bit guilty, fed the little sea otter two more spoons of honey.

"Oh, this is too much." The chieftain glanced up and quickly stopped him. "Keep it for yourself. She's already so round. Don't give it to her."

Though he said this out of apparent disdain, his eyes showed an unmistakable affection as he looked at the little sea otter.

This child had been begging to play with Nyx from early in the morning, insisting on bringing salted fish as a gift. At first, he had been frustrated, but now he realized it had actually helped solve a major crisis.

The chieftain secretly decided that he would never stop his daughter from playing with Nyx again.

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Not only had she gotten rid of her bad habit of sleeping in, but she had also found such a powerful ally. This was clearly a huge blessing.

The little sea otter was overjoyed to have newfound freedom.

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Had Zayne's cold dismissal not been so intimidating, she almost would have stayed the night at the Wolf Tribe and shared a bed with Nyx.

Every morning, she arrived punctually at the Wolf Tribe, chattering away with Nyx and sharing the latest gossip. "Our tribe's salt has been reboiled. It tastes worse than before, a bit gritty. Dad says we'll sell it at a lower price.

"The Monkey Tribe's salt has also dropped in price. It's even cheaper than ours. But no one wants to buy theirs. They only buy ours.

"Dad bought me two sweet fruits, they're really sweet. I'll share one with you."

She had been visiting too frequently, and both Lila and Gina were very unhappy.

It was already hard enough for the two of them to compete for Nyx's attention, and now another one had shown up, sharing Nyx's focus. This new one, relying on her

cuteness, her fluffy fur, and her chubby little body, refused to leave Nyx's side. It was really annoying.

Lila and Gina weren't about to back down, so they also shifted into beast form,

sticking to Nyx's side, determined to push

the newcomer out.

Three fluffy creatures all vying for attention-one would leave, and another would take their place. It became a bit too much.

Luckily, the Grand Trade Market only lasted a little over ten days before it came to

an end.

During these days, Nyx had been busy taking care of the kids, brushing the fluffy

ones, her hands hardly ever having a break. But she didn't forget her main tasks

either.

Not only did she get cotton for free, but she also traded two clay pots for a basket

of soybeans and two baskets of corn- things the Wolf Tribe didn't have. It was quite a harvest.

Nyx crouched by the bamboo basket, counting her spoils. Suddenly, she heard a familiar call. "Nyx."

As the time for departure approached, some tribes had already begun to leave.

The Sea Race Tribe was leaving first. The little otter appeared in her human form,

her eyes red as she reluctantly hugged Nyx.

She pressed her face against Nyx's shoulder, sniffled a little, then got down to business. "By the way, Dad asked me to remind you of something."

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The little otter added, "It seems the Monkey Tribe has been getting close to the Rhino Tribe recently. They might be planning something bad," the little otter lowered her voice instinctively. "Dad told me to warn you to be careful."

Tribes didn't always maintain peace between them. When there were conflicts of interest, disputes naturally followed. Many tribes didn't perish due to natural disasters, but because of human-made disasters.

The Sea Race Tribe was wealthy and had faced more than one attack in the past. They learned from those experiences and gradually became more cautious. Every time they came to the Grand Trade Market, they would bring dozens or even hundreds of people, armed and patrolling day and night.

"Your tribe brought too few people." The little otter looked around, counting the Wolf Tribe's numbers with her fingers, her expression worried.

This time at the Grand Trade Market, the Wolf Tribe had brought many affordable and high-quality clay pots, attracting many buyers. They had made quite a profit. The bone coins they made were mostly exchanged for various supplies, which piled up like a mountain, drawing envious eyes.

Although many tribes were jealous, most had some sense of honor. Since they had already bought clay pots from the Wolf Tribe and gained some benefits, even if they had some questionable thoughts, they wouldn't actually resort to robbing.

But the Monkey Tribe and the Rhino Tribe were different.

They had put on quite a show that day, and the Monkey Tribe had suffered a huge loss at Nyx and Zayne's hands. Since then, they had been mocked and criticized everywhere. The salt they brought had barely sold after several days and didn't even fetch a good price.

The Rhino Tribe had always relied on selling pottery to make money.

Rare items were valuable. Every time at the Grand Trade Market, they would only bring a few pieces to sell, and their prices were always high, with them setting whatever price they wanted.

But unexpectedly, the Wolf Tribe suddenly had pottery too, and they brought so many. Both the quality and the prices completely crushed the Rhino Tribe's offerings.

With such strong competition, the Rhino Tribe's goods nearly flopped in their hands. They had to sell them at a low price and even faced questioning from old customers who had previously bought at high prices.

"Those two tribes are no good. My dad said that the Rhino Tribe's territory was taken from others." The little otter made a face. "Now they hate you so much, they might do something bad."

Conflicts between tribes were never a joke. They were always bloody affairs- either for wealth or to cause harm. It was a fight to the death.

The Grand Trade Market, held every few years, brought many tribes together. No one would make a move to slaughter anyone during this time. Everyone kept up the facade of peace.

But once the Grand Trade Market was over, everyone would go their separate ways, and no one could watch over anyone else. Even though the Sea Race Tribe would have liked to help, they couldn't keep escorting the Wolf Tribe, as the paths didn't align.

"Got it. We'll definitely be careful." Nyx pinched the little otter's soft cheek and thanked her seriously.

Actually, before deciding to sell the pottery at the Grand Trade Market, the chieftain had already discussed it with them and had prepared for the possibility that the Rhino Tribe might cause trouble.

Since they had pottery, there was no reason not to sell it. They couldn't just give up on their chance to develop because of the Rhino Tribe. That would be self- sabotage.

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As for the conflict with the Monkey Tribe, that was indeed an unexpected turn of events. But if given the chance again, they, would still expose the frauds. They wouldn't tolerate such villains acting freely.

"Let them come, we're not afraid."

"I can take on ten of them."

"I can take on twenty."

"Stop bragging."

A few strong young male wolves were packing up nearby. Hearing Nyx and the others talking, they jumped in.

The Wolf Tribe was no soft target, always known for their bravery in battle. They never feared a fight.

"Don't worry. We'll protect you," the males pounded their chests, promising Nyx.

Nyx had saved their tribe from the snow disaster and helped them live better lives. She was their benefactor.

Even if it meant risking their lives, they would protect her.

"Thanks, but protecting yourselves is more important," Nyx smiled at them, shaking her head. "I can protect myself too."

Actually, she wasn't as weak as they thought. If her strength wasn't enough, she would rely on skill.

She had trained in combat and had practical experience. Before the trial began, she had undergone special fighting training. If she got serious, there might be no one in the tribe who could defeat her, except for Zayne.

The males looked at Nyx's slender figure, momentarily speechless.

They thought, 'Protect ourselves? She can hardly even escape, let alone fight someone. It looks like she'd trip after running just a few steps.'

As they were about to argue with her further, telling her not to push herself, a few Sea Race Tribe guards hurried over, interrupting them, "The chieftain instructed that these things are for you."

The leader was holding a large animal-skin bundle. Nyx took it, opened it, and found it filled with bone knives and similar weapons, dazzling her with their variety.

Nyx picked out a bone knife, holding it in her hand and examining it carefully.

"Oh!" The little sea otter recognized it. "This is the one my dad always uses. I've asked him for it, but he never gives it to me."

The whole knife seemed to be made from the hardest ivory, and its handle had become smooth to the touch, almost like jade, clearly often held in hand. The blade part was especially sharp, clearly freshly sharpened.

Nyx ran her fingers along the blade, feeling moved. She thought, 'Such a thoughtful gift. I should thank the chieftain in person.'

She carefully put the bone knife away and called Zayne, "Let's go. We'll send the Sea Race Tribe off."

"No. No need." Several Sea Race guards quickly stopped her. "The chieftain specifically said you don't need to tak us or send us off."

"Many tribes have already left. It's not especially safe here now," they said, looking around, locking eyes with the Monkey Tribe and Rhino Tribe's direction. Those guys hadn't left yet. "You'd better not separate from the group and act alone. It's better to stay with the group."

After all, those guys could do anything, and Nyx and Zayne were undoubtedly their primary targets for attack.

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With the goods delivered and the warning given, the Sea Race guards completed their task and didn't linger. They took the little sea otter with them, and the main force was already waiting far off, ready to depart.

Nyx could only stand still, watching them leave. She kept watching until the group turned a few corners and disappeared from view. Then she bent down, picked up the bamboo basket by her feet, and continued organizing her things. Food, clothes, and weapons for immediate use-everything went into the bamboo basket. Cotton, soybeans, com, and important plants were also packed in, kept close.

The rest, along with the bone coins and goods she had exchanged for by teaching everyone how to make bamboo baskets and carts, went onto the cart.

"Finally done. After a busy half-day, Nyx was exhausted and turned into a little rabbit, collapsing into her mate's arms, not wanting to move.

Zayne gently massaged her, trying to ease her fatigue. "I should have done the packing. You could have just told me."

"It's not that bad." The little rabbit shook her ears.

The work she did was nothing compared to what Zayne had to do-carrying all this stuff on a long journey back to the tribe. That was the real hard work.

The return supplies were even more than what they had brought. The little cart

and bamboo baskets were packed full. The load was heavier, but the faces of the people showed no pain-only joy.

They just needed to walk slower and spend a few extra days on the road. It was no big deal. The supplies were the most important.

With this trade, they had gotten so many things. It was enough for many years of peaceful life. During the cold season, they could still fill their stomachs, and they'd have more energy to cultivate land and grow various crops, just like Nyx taught them.

Moria couldn't wait to return to the tribe and share the good news with her father.

The wolf pack had a natural sense of order, and with a command from Zayne, the team lined up neatly, as though trained, setting off in a grand procession. Secretly, pairs of eyes were watching them.

"The wolves are gone?" The chieftain of the Rhino Tribe suddenly stood up, stretching his shoulders and clenching his fists, which cracked. "Good. Let's go."

He strode ahead, exchanging a silent look with the chieftain of the Monkey Tribe. He thought, 'If they dare to compete for business, they have to be prepared to pay the price!

"Chieftain, didn't we agree to attack the Wolf Tribe together? Why have those monkeys been following us all along?" Someone in the Rhino Tribe voiced doubts.

Not only had they been following, but they were keeping a distance, almost as if it were intentional.

He thought, 'Do they want to use us? Let us charge first? And they hide behind and reap the benefits?'

The monkeys were always cunning, full of schemes, and calculating. They were definitely not suitable allies.

The chieftain of the Rhino Tribe furrowed his brow, thought for a moment, and impatiently waved his hand. "You know their beast form. They're useless. Even if they charge ahead, it won't make a difference."

But they could scout from high ground, track targets, and with their numbers, they could boost their morale. They weren't entirely useless.

"Once we wipe out the Wolf Tribe, we'll just give them a bit of stuff and send them on their way," the chieftain of the Rhino

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Tribe said, his eyes gleaming with a dark light.

Allies being weak also had its benefits.

He could even take all the loot for himself, using those monkeys without them daring to complain or resist.

The moment he thought of the mountain of treasures from the Wolf Tribe that were about to be his, the Rhinos' chieftain greedily swallowed and shifted into beast form, leading his group to speed up. "Hurry, chase them. Don't fall behind

Against the setting sun, the wolf pack dragged their belongings as they rushed forward.

At the back of the pack, the chubby tabby cat lazily slept on Moria's back, her belly rising and falling. Suddenly, she caught a sound and instantly leapt up, turned her head to look behind, her eyes sharp and alert, no sign of drowsiness. "They're coming." She heard the tremors from the earth.

Lila was a Cat Beastman, so her hearing and sharpness were the best in the Wolf Tribe. She could hear sounds from a great distance.

She wasn't just here for fun at the Grand Trade Market; she had the mission of scouting for enemy attacks.

"It should be the Rhinos leading the charge; their footsteps are all over the place,

the tabby cat said seriously, her fluffy ears twitching as she carefully assessed. "I haven't heard anything from the Monkey Tribe yet."

It seemed that the only threat they had to face was the herd of rhinos.

Nyx hesitated for a moment, making a plan in her mind.

The sun had almost set, and the jungle grew dim as the lush trees swallowed the last rays of light.

The grayish-white Rhino chieftain charged ahead like a tank, his massive weight and solid build pushing him forward at a nearly mad speed, with several smaller rhinos trailing behind.

They were so focused on chasing their target that they had completely lost track of their allies, leaving them far behind.

An obstacle suddenly appeared ahead, and the Rhino chieftain stopped in his tracks.

He was caught off guard, stopping without warning, and the other charging rhinos nearly ran into him, all of them scared out of their wits.

"What's wrong, Chieftain?" When they looked closely, they saw the much- anticipated carts and bamboo baskets filled with supplies, but the wolf pack was nowhere to be found.

In one moment, they were startled, and the next, they were filled with joy.

"Did those guys leave everything behind and run?"

"A bunch of useless fools. They're so cowardly."

In their beast form, the Rhinos' Beastmen had very limited vision, only able to see vague outlines, and none of them noticed the footprints on the ground that stopped here and didn't extend further.

Even if they had seen clearly, with their simple minds, they wouldn't have paid attention to such details, entirely focused on the spoils. They didn't sense anything unusual. "Should we keep chasing, Chieftain?"

They had what they wanted, and they could head back without wasting more energy chasing after them.

The grayish-white Rhino hesitated for a moment, stomping his foot hard. "Yes. Those guys actually dared to sell the same things as us, and so cheaply too. Clearly, they're provoking us. We need to teach them a lesson."

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He thought, 'If I don't kill a few wolves and tear them apart to vent my anger, I won't be able to calm down!

"And that little rabbit." The Rhino chieftain grinded his teeth.

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He had heard that the Wolf Tribe's pottery technique came from a female named Nyx, and he had to capture her. There was no way he could let her go.

"Be careful; don't kill her. The rabbit must be captured alive," he ordered gruffly.

That rabbit was very clever. Not only did she know pottery, but she was also good at many other things. To save her life, she would certainly tell them everything she

knew, which would be very useful for their tribe. And besides... she was very beautiful.

Such delicate, smooth skin, lips red, teeth white-a little female like that stood out wherever she went, the center of everyone's attention.

The male Rhinos in their tribe were all deeply impressed by her. They exchanged a look, their silent understanding followed by lewd laughter.

They thought, 'No matter how powerful a female is, once she falls into our hands, wouldn't she just be at our mercy? Without needing the chieftain to tell us, we will surely keep her alive-play with her first before anything else.

"Shut up. What are you laughing at?" The chieftain glared at them in warning. "I

want to take her as my mate. You'd better not lay a finger on her until I'm tired of her."

Before he could finish, a sharp, slicing sound suddenly rang through the air.

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Comment

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