

Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

Chapter 452

Staring at his tall, steady back, Nyx froze. For a split second, the flashed back to years ago on that starship—him standing between her and Jaws, fighting an SS-level Space Pirate leader to the death for her.

Even without memories, he was still him, making the same choices. But Bale waurit Jaws. He had no intention of holding back.

“Hold me off with what? Where’s she gonna run?” he said, eyeing, Kian like a bug, laughing, He swung a palm down through the air, sending Kian flying, coughing blood.

Seeing him struggle back up instead of passing out ticked Bale off. “Want to die that bad? Fine, I’ll grant your wish

About to swing again, he paused, switching gears. With a flick of his sleeve, he pulled out a small, ornate pill cauldron, shimmering with light—obviously no ordinary thing

“My pill should’ve finished refining ages ago, but it wouldn’t open. Today, I’ll use you to break it in” he said.

He powered it with spiritual energy. The cauldron glowed faintly, its lid cracking open like a giant maw. Kian fought with everything he had but got sucked in instantly.

“No!” Nyx’s scream ripped through the air, raw and desperate, startling even Bale, who flinched, looking at her confused.

Just a fling—worth all that?’ he wondered. He fumbled to stop Nyx as she lunged at the cauldron. “He’s not dead! Not yet!”

The furnace wasn’t lit. It was hot, but that kid could handle it for at least a few minutes. Nyx wasn’t convinced, still half- crazed, pounding on Bale with her fists.

“Ow! Ouch!” Bale yelled, dazed by the barrage of slaps. “Your frame, it’s solid. You hit hard. With proper training, you’d be a top-tier demon.”

“How about this,” he said, holding back from roughing her up—he didn’t want to hurt a beauty. He tried bargaining. “Agree to come with me, and I’ll let him go.

He didn’t usually kill for no reason—it messed with his cultivation heart, risking inner demons. That kid just kept pushing his buttons.

Nyx landed a few more fierce slaps, then calmed down. She glanced at the floating cauldron, thought for two seconds, and nodded. “Fine, I agree.”

First, she had to get Kian out alive. That was priority. They’d figure out the rest later. Besides, if she got nitpicky, this bear demon never set a timeline—when she’d go, how long she’d stay.

“Great! Awesome!” Bale was not the sharpest tool. He didn’t catch Nyx scheming in her head. Thrilled she agreed so fast, he laughed loud, arms wide for a hug—but grabbed air.

Nyx’s clothes fell empty. She wriggled out, annoyed, popping out of the collar. ‘A rabbit again?’ she thought.

Bale was right—she was a demon. In her panic, she’d stumbled onto how to shift back to her original form.

The second she transformed, Nyx’s mind raced, combing through her memories again. The Voss family were pure mori. -head, wife, concubines, all human. No way they birthed her.

Her memories only started at five or six, nothing before. The gap had to hold the answer.

Bale’s eyes practically glowed green, locked on the palm-sized bunny. He was drooling. So cute. Human form was gorgeous, beast form was deadly.

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He was so smitten with Nyx, he didn’t notice the cauldron shaking wildly, cracking, open.

Nyx heard it first, looking up. A shrill buzz blasted out, hitting the soul, Mortals collapsed, clutching their ears, watching, as the cauldron flared bright, then dimmed—like a dying man’s last gasp,

The light died, and it shattered with a “crack,” splitting apart, Kian dropped from the sky, oozing menace, stomping Bale into the ground, embedding him deep.

Bale was dumbfounded. He scrambled up, wailing, “My cauldron!” Trading quick blows with Kian, he gawked, muttering, “No way. How’d you absorb my Violet Soul Pill?”

He’d risked his neck stealing rare ten-thousand-year herbs from the Celestial, hiding for years to refine that precious pill. Ancient pill texts said swallowing a Violet Soul Pill could skyrocket one’s spiritual sense to mastery,

Bale took a few soul-strike hits from Kian, nearly losing it, teetering. He grudgingly admitted Kian had absorbed the pill- his spiritual sense was now master-level, a total leap,

But it made no sense. The pill was a game-changer, but surviving it—only one guy in history pulled that off. Everyone else either died on the spot or went mad.

He’d slaved over it but didn’t dare eat it himself—wanted to crack the survival trick first or save it for a do-or-die gamble. Now someone else ate it and became the second person ever to live through it.

From Bale’s freaked-out scrambling and dazed look, Nyx pieced it together, feeling a bit weird about it. Hearing him mumble “impossible” over and over, she shook her head. This bear demon clearly didn’t know the main character trope.

Another brutal soul strike froze Bale stiff. Kian hammered fists into his head, growling, “Where’s Nyx? Where’s Nyx at? What’d you do with her?”

Bale’s mind felt like it was stabbed a million times—fists on his head were nothing compared to that. He broke, pointing at the pile of clothes. “She’s right there!”

Eyes met. The bunny stretched its short legs, puffing up its round body, twitching its ears, speaking in Nyx’s voice, “It’s me.”

Kian froze on the spot. After a long beat, a strange blush crept up his cheeks.

Bale finally shook off the pain, clenching his fists for a sneak attack. Then his ears perked up, catching something outside. He ditched revenge and bolted out the door.

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