Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

No Ads

Chapter 454

Chapter 454

Testing spiritual roots usually required an array. Every ten years, the Celestial sect would open its doors to new disciples, setting up a spiritual array at the sect to check if those seeking the immortal path had any affinity for it.

Those with spiritual roots–even the lowest–grade wasted roots–had a chance to stay and serve as menial workers in the immortal sect. Those with average aptitude typically became outer disciples. Only the exceptionally gifted caught the eyes of the immortal masters and elders, earning a spot in the inner sect.

Nyx, though, was a special case, personally taken in by Cyan–an exception to the usual process. Since they were only testing her alone, setting up an array felt a bit overkill and unnecessary.

Cyan verbally taught her a method to absorb spiritual energy using the spirit stone, then handed it to Nyx, saying, “Follow the technique I just taught you and refine the energy inside this stone.”

This low–grade spirit stone could sustain an ordinary mortal with a mortal spiritual root for about a day of cultivation. Someone with a higher–grade earth spiritual root or a heavenly spiritual root would naturally take less time to refine it~a top–tier genius might only need a quarter of an hour.

On the other hand, someone with a wasted spiritual root would struggle quite a bit to refine even a single low–grade spirit stone. It might take them a whole year and still not succeed.

The speed at which one refined spiritual energy was a clear indicator of a cultivator’s aptitude. Cyan felt confident that his little disciple was at least an earth spiritual root–surely no worse than her senior brothers and sisters.

Under her master’s eager and expectant gaze, Nyx felt a sense of duty well up inside her. She nodded seriously, stretched out her short legs to hug the spirit stone, and sucked hard.

The spiritual energy was drawn in with incredible force, swirling around the little bunny in a surging vortex. The spirit stone dimmed at a visible rate, as if she’d sucked it dry in one go.

But it didn’t stop there–the vortex grew larger and faster, pulling in spiritual energy from all directions as Nyx absorbed it like a mad beast.

Cyan’s jaw dropped. Having cultivated for nearly three thousand years and being part of the greatest sect under the heavens, Cyan had seen plenty in his time–geniuses of all kinds. Even he himself was a bona fide heavenly spiritual root, hailed as a prodigy since childhood.

But he’d never seen spiritual energy get sucked in like a violent storm. It was downright terrifying. With aptitude this insane, she should have already made a name for herself. Yet, she remained unknown and only just started cultivating.

A million questions swirled in Cyan’s mind, but he didn’t want to interrupt Nyx’s cultivation. He kept his hands steady, holding her gently.

From dawn till dusk, Nyx finally opened her eyes as her stomach let out a loud rumble. She embarrassedly curled into a bunny ball, saying, “Did I really cultivate for that long? How’d it get dark already?”

“Is my aptitude kinda average or something?” she wondered. From what she knew of cultivation novels, the faster you refined a spirit stone, the better. But she’d taken so long.

Even though Cyan had gone from shock to numbness and adjusted his mindset, her words still hit a nerve. In pression cracked as he blurted out, “No! It’s not!”

That was anything but average. He was starting to suspect Nyx was the Heavenly Law’s own daughter.

Nyx looked at her master in surprise, watching him–who now seemed possessed by the irritable Magnus–excitedly explain things to her. Only then did she realize she was a little genius.

Every cultivator had their own talent gaps, just like no two leaves in the world were the same. Though the cultivation world

roughly divided aptitude into four tiers–wasted, mortal, earth, and heavenly–it was just a crude classification.

Wasted roots differed from each other, as did heavenly roots. Even among geniuses, there were ranks. Nyx, though–the was a genius among geniuses.

After his wild joy settled, Cyan actually started worrying. While Nyx had been cultivating, he’d been fretting the whole time. “Are you

still willing to stay at Herb Peak?” he asked tentatively, barely holding onto any hope.

Herb Peak’s position in the Celestial sect was pretty awkward. It wasn’t renowned for strength like Demon–Subduing Peak or Sword Peak, nor was it sought after like Pill Cauldron Peak. It was more of a fringe existence.

After all, truly rare heavenly treasures couldn’t be grown. What Herb Peak disciples could cultivate were just the most common raw materials–nothing special. They were far less valuable than refined pills.

The Celestial sect rarely had disciples who willingly joined Herb Peak. Most ended up there because their talents weren’t outstanding enough. The elders of the other peaks all had heavenly spiritual root disciples under them, but Cyan didn’t have a single one.

He’d never really cared about that before and didn’t mind his disciples‘ lack of talent, as long as they were upright and kind- hearted. But now, he couldn’t help feeling a bit down.

“You haven’t officially taken me as your master yet. If you want to join another elder’s faction, I can introduce you,” he said, reluctant but unwilling to force her to stay. If their fates weren’t meant to be, he’d have to let her go, no matter how much it hurt.

Actually, he thought Nyx could become the sect leader’s personal disciple, but the sect leader had just gone into seclusion- not the right time to bother them. Looked like that wasn’t meant to be either.

Nyx blinked her round, clear black eyes and said, “Why would I join another elder? Don’t you want me anymore? Didn’t you just say my talent was great? Going back on your word?”

“Want–I want you, of course I want you,” Cyan stammered, his heart melting from her cuteness. He was tempted to just trick her into staying, hold a master–disciple ceremony, have the Heavenly Law witness it, and then the little bunny wouldn’t be able to run off.

But he fought down that selfish urge and, despite the ache in his heart, explained Herb Peak’s awkward situation to Nyx. “With your talent, there are better places for you. You don’t need to waste your time here.”

Nyx shook her head without hesitation and said, “But I like it here.”

It was so peaceful, and she could even farm. Plus, her master was a warm, honest, and genuinely good person. It couldn’t get any better than this.

“For real?” Cyan didn’t dare believe her choice at first. He confirmed it several times before realizing the pie had truly fallen into his lap.

Overcome with joy, he moved in a flash, tearing through the void. In an instant, he appeared at Demon–Subduing Peak, holding up the little bunny to Elder Atticus and declaring, “I’ve got a little disciple!”

The next second, he teleported to Sword Peak, showing her off to Elder Edgar. “I’ve got a little disciple!”

He didn’t even spare Pill Cauldron Peak. Magnus was sitting on a cushion with a dark expression, silently heag Kian, when a green–robed figure dropped from the sky. “I’ve got a little disciple!”

Kian was speechless. Magnus said, “Get lost!”

Nyx buried her head in embarrassment, thinking her master wasn’t entirely perfect–he had a pretty terrifying side too.

After showing off everywhere, Cyan finally calmed down a bit and remembered to ask something he’d been curious about.

“With talent this strong, how come you never cultivated before?”

Though she was just a palm–sized little thing, he could tell Nyx was around eighteen. If she’d started cultivating at three, she’d at least be at the Core Formation stage by now.

“It’s a long story,” Nyx said, twitching her ears. Talking about serious matters eased her embarrassment a bit as she began to explain. “Actually, I only just found out I’m a demon.”

Three thousand years of cultivation hadn’t severed Cyan’s emotions. He listened intently, his expression shifting between anger and sympathy as Nyx told her tale. No wonder his little disciple didn’t want to be anyone’s spirit pet–she’d always thought she was human.

“Your family used you so shallowly. They probably didn’t know your true identity or talent,” Cyan mused. “You’re far more impressive than anyone from Feather Sun Palace. If they’d known, they’d have nurtured you properly and had you lift up the family.

“You mentioned feeling something shatter inside you–it’s likely someone placed a restriction on you, hiding your demon clan identity and masking your talent.”

Once the restriction broke, it was like a radiant pearl emerging into the world, shining brightly.

Cyan patted the little bunny’s paw, checking the lingering traces of the restriction on her while also inspecting her cultivation progress. He found that in just half a day, she’d already reached the peak of the Qi Refining stage, just a step away from Foundation Building. He couldn’t help but marvel again at her heaven–defying aptitude.

“As your master, I’ll keep an eye out and do my best to help you find your real family.” Since he’d already called himself her master, he was itching to make it official. He pulled Nyx along to hold a master–disciple ceremony right then and there.

With the Heavenly Law as witness, they were now truly master and disciple–no one could steal his little disciple away.

Nyx raised her fluffy paws and bowed three times as part of the ritual. Cyan excitedly wiped a tear from his eye and pulled out a treasure bottle. “This Snow Dew Bottle has been with me the longest. From now on, it’s yours.

The bottle was a deep green, faintly glowing, with vine patterns engraved on it. The lines were so vivid they seemed alive.

“Use it to water spiritual plants with spiritual energy, and the plants will give you back even more energy. You won’t even need to meditate–it’ll directly turn into your own power,” Cyan explained patiently.

Nyx nodded in understanding, feeling more and more like she was playing some kind of immersive farming game- nurturing plants to gain experience points. She was very interested but still pushed the bottle back with her paw. “This is too precious, Master. You should keep it.”

Cultivation wasn’t her main goal here–she’d come to face a trial. Having a master through fate was nice, but accepting such a valuable gift felt too shameless.

“Take it, don’t be so formal with your master,” Cyan said, pretending to be stern. “I’m already at the peak of the Body Integration stage–this Snow Dew Bottle doesn’t do much for me, but it’s perfect for you.”

He used both gentle persuasion and firm reasoning, and Nyx couldn’t keep refusing. She accepted it with some embarrassment.

“I had eight disciples before you–you’re the ninth,” Cyan said, taking Nyx on a tour of Herb Peak. He pointed out various places and called the other disciples over to introduce her.

Of the eight disciples, the eldest senior brother, second senior brother, and senior sister were out traveling, seeking their own opportunities. The remaining disciples were at Herb Peak. Hearing their master’s call, they went to his cave and were stunned to see him holding a fluffy little thing.

“Oh-!”

“A little bunny!”

Nyx felt like she dropped into the lion’s den–her whole body seemed to glow with an irresistible allure. Everyone surrounded her, each itching to reach out and pet her. She curled into a ball, desperately wanting to yell for help.

“Don’t be rude,” Cyan said, swatting away a few eager hands. “This is your junior sister!”

Junior sister?”

Junior sister? That’s great!”

After a brief moment of shock, her senior brothers and sisters decided it was perfect.

They’d initially been wondering which of them would get the little bunny and were ready to fight tooth and nail for her. But since she was their junior sister, she belonged to all of them–no need to compete anymore.

Herb Peak erupted into excitement, with joyful shouts echoing around.

Nyx ended up with a pile of gifts from her senior brothers and sisters. Though not as high–grade as their master’s, they were still rare treasures from their collections.

One senior sister took the chance to sneak a pet of her soft fur, her face instantly flushing with a dreamy daze. “Hi, little bunny!”

Just as she was about to sneak another pet, Nyx’s stomach suddenly rumbled again–not too loud, but it froze everyone in place.

The disciples all turned to look at their master. Cyan felt a bit ashamed. He’d been so busy showing off that he forgot his little disciple was hungry.

“Take this–it’ll keep you from needing to eat for a hundred years,” he said, handing Nyx a pill. “Once you reach Foundation Building, I’ll teach you the fasting technique.”

Though the pill smelled nice, Nyx still looked at her master longingly. “But I still wanna eat food.” Half the joy of life would be gone without food.

“Uh.” Cyan faltered, not expecting her to be so food–obsessed. But then he thought it over–it made sense. She’d only just started cultivating, so it was normal to still crave food.

“Even after fasting, you can still eat if you want to–it’s just not necessary. You can eat or not,” her senior brothers and sisters chimed in, explaining to Nyx before their master could speak.

They’d all gone through this phase themselves. At first, they still had an appetite, but after fasting for a long time, the desire to eat faded. Since their junior sister still wanted to eat now, they had to find a way to satisfy her.

“I’ll go grab some food from the outer disciples‘ kitchen,” the fourth senior brother, Ryan, volunteered.

Nyx raised her little paw.

“I wanna

too.” go

In the end, Cyan led a whole group of inner disciples in a grand procession to the kitchen, startling the outer disciples and servants eating there. They thought some great demon had been hiding in the kitchen.

“It’s nothing–just me taking in a new disciple who hasn’t fasted yet,” Cyan said casually, making sure to show off the little bunny. He didn’t even spare the outer disciples and servants from his bragging.

After a brief silence, a chorus of varied flattery and praise erupted from all directions. A quick–witted servant hurriedly warmed up some dishes, but hesitated to serve them to Nyx.

“What’s wrong?” Cyan asked, personally taking the tray.

Unlike other lofty big shots, he’d always been gentle and approachable, so the servants weren’t afraid of him. They awkwardly told the truth. “Our cooking skills aren’t great. I’m afraid this food might not be good enough for Nyx’s taste.”

The servants at the Celestial sect all had spiritual roots and came here hoping to cultivate. Though they were assigned to kitchen duties, they weren’t professional cooks–just making food edible was good enough.

Nyx leaned in to sniff the dishes on the tray and couldn’t help stepping back.

AD