Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

Chapter 455

No Ads

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She didn't even need to taste it to know it'd be pretty bad.

Scanning the ingredients piled in the kitchen, along with the seasonings and tools, she chose to take matters into her own hands and feed herself well.

Her senior brothers and sisters saw through her intentions and eagerly crowded around.

"What's Nyx making?"

"I'll help you!"

"Let me!"

Nyx struggled to squeeze out of their circle and nodded to the nearest kitchen servant, "You can help me, thanks"

Her current form wasn't exactly convenient for cooking, and she hadn't learned how to conjure clothes after shapeshifting. or she'd have done it herself.

The servant she picked looked flustered. "M–me? Can I really do it?"

He didn't know how to cook at all–never learned. After coming to the Celestial, he'd been forced to figure it out, but everyone said his food was awful.

"Of course you can," Nyx said with a firm nod, encouraging him. "Just do what I say–you've got this." Instead of relying on her seniors, she figured teaching a cook might improve Herb Peak's meals in the long run.

Stared at by her clear eyes, the servant felt a surge of being trusted. He gradually straightened up, carefully following Nyx's instructions to start prepping the ingredients.

"Isn't this a bit much?" Cyan asked, supervising nearby. Though he hadn't eaten mortal food in thousands of years and had lost his sense for it, he could tell the pile of ingredients was more than his palm–sized disciple could eat. He was amazed by how much Nyx could eat.

"Not really," Nyx said, twitching her ears. "Master, you should eat some too! Senior brothers and sisters, try it as well." Since eating was allowed after fasting, she definitely wasn't going to hog it all.

She also planned to send some to Kian later, and Magnus as well. He was helping Kian heal, after all. Setting aside his temper, he was their benefactor. So it was meant for them.

Cyan's face bloomed into a smile. "Good, good! I will eat with you!"

Her senior brothers and sisters were delighted too. Though they'd long lost interest in food, they couldn't refuse their little bunny's kind gesture.

The ingredients had just hit the pot, and they were already mentally preparing how to praise her later. Even if it wasn't good, they'd still compliment it.

"Huh? What's that smell?" someone said.

The big pot didn't look like much, but it was used to cook for all of Herb Peak's outer disciples–it was actually a magical tool. Infused with spiritual energy, it cooked much faster than mortal methods. In no time, a rich aroma wafted out, snapping everyone out of their thoughts.

All eyes couldn't help but glue themselves to the pot. The servant who'd cooked it stared intently, as if already entranced.

"It's ready." Nyx judged by the scent, nodding to the servant.

Mar

"Yes," the servant replied, snapping out of his daze. He stepped forward, hands trembling slightly, and lifted the lid.

80%

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A wave of heat surged out, milky steam rolling up as an intoxicating aroma burst forth. The bubbling broth in the pot let out a "glug glug" sound, stirring the deepest, most primal cravings in everyone's souls.

Even Cyan wasn't immune. He took a deep breath and quietly swallowed.

Nyx thought the smell was unusually amazing too–cultivation realm ingredients really were something else. She eagerly rubbed her paws, not forgetting to praise the cook, "See, you did great."

The kitchen servant shuddered, suddenly sitting cross–legged as waves of spiritual energy pulsed around him–he'd had an epiphany.

Everyone present exchanged shocked looks, too stunned to speak.

Seeing Nyx's confused expression, Cyan explained, "Cultivators with weaker spiritual roots often struggle to absorb spiritual energy and progress slowly. But if they find their own path of cultivation, they can achieve twice the results with half the effort–advancing leaps and bounds in a day."

Watching an ordinary servant gain such a huge opportunity, the outer disciples and other servants in the room were filled with envy. They quietly regretted not trying harder to get closer to the little bunny earlier. Now they scrambled to serve her food, hoping to spoon–feed her themselves.

Cyan couldn't take it anymore and waved his sleeve to shoo them away. "No need for you lot–I'll feed her myself!" He wasn't craving some opportunity–it was only right for him to feed his own disciple.

Nyx awkwardly dodged. "I–I can eat on my own. Master, senior brothers and sisters, come eat too," she said, waving her little

like she was inviting customers.

paw

They were all charmed senseless and crowded around. Since she was already starving and had been directing someone else, Nyx had only taught the servant to make a simple radish and beef stew.

The whole dish had a rich color, the beef coated in a thick layer of savory broth. With a gentle pinch, it trembled slightly, the tendons full of a gelatinous texture–soft, chewy, and tender. The radish had been stewed until almost translucent, soaking up all the meaty juices.

Nyx carefully blew on a piece to cool it, taking a bite of radish first. There was no harsh spiciness–just a clean sweetness and umami flavor. She couldn't help but praise again in her mind: cultivation realm ingredients really were amazing.

But the dish tasting this good wasn't just thanks to the ingredients. It was also because she'd been closely monitoring the spiritual energy fluctuations and guiding the cook on the perfect timing and steps.

The little bunny's mouth chewed away happily. She looked up, satisfied, only to see her senior brothers and sisters all scarfing down the food with their heads down, completely lacking the demeanor of cultivators. They'd long forgotten the polite compliments they'd planned.

For one, empty flattery couldn't capture how delicious this dish was. For another, their mouths were too busy to talk. Only Cyan maintained a bit of dignity, eating gracefully while still able to comment. "The spiritual energy in this pot of food surpasses a low–grade spirit–gathering pill."

Hearing their master's words, the disciples belatedly noticed the effect. With every bite, a warm stream of s flowed through their bodies, spreading to their limbs and bones.

al energy

Whether it was pills or spiritual food, both were ways to harness the effects of heavenly treasures. Pills were just more efficient and convenient, so spiritual food had gradually been abandoned, its traditions lost.

This spiritual food wasn't as efficient as pills, sure, but it tasted so good. And its effects were gentler and more nourishing— not like pills, where overusing them often felt like forcing growth too fast.

"Mmm, good, good!" Cyan nodded enthusiastically, letting out several "good's in a row. The feeling of striking gold grew even stronger. Thanks to that grumpy old Magnus, his little disciple had ended up with him–a lucky steal.

As Nyx dug in, she suddenly felt a mysterious sensation of breaking through. The spiritual energy in her body, once faint like mist, began surging and gathering into a trickling stream through her meridians. She couldn't help closing her eyes, sitting in meditation.

"Did Nyx just reach Foundation Building?" Her seniors paused their forks, mouths agape as they stared at her.

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The most shocked of all was Cyan. Others might not know, but he did. His little disciple had only started cultivating today- her very first day.

Ninety–nine percent of cultivators spent their entire lives grinding away, only to die stuck in the Qi Refining stage, unable to break through. Only by crossing this threshold and reaching Foundation Building could one truly separate themselves from mortals.

Breaking through a bottleneck was often the hardest part, full of struggles and hardship. Yet Nyx sat there calmly, as if asleep, while the spiritual energy around her climbed steadily, step by step.

This was a true child of fortune, favored by the Heavenly Law. Cyan's heart raced as he held his breath, diligently guarding her.

The outer disciples and servants present, all at the Qi Refining stage, sensed the disturbance and quickly sat down to cultivate, hoping to catch a sliver of insight from her breakthrough to prepare for their own attempts at Foundation Building in the future.

After about the time it takes to brew a cup of tea, Nyx opened her eyes, stretched out her paws, flattened herself out, and gave a lazy stretch.

"It's done?" Her senior brothers and sisters were dumbfounded. "How was it so fast?"

They almost thought something had gone wrong, but judging by the spiritual energy fluctuations around the little bunny, she had indeed successfully reached Foundation Building.

From her nonchalant attitude, it seemed like she didn't think Foundation Building was a big deal. Honestly, Nyx didn't really get the hype.

Her focus was on eating. Thinking of her still–hungry partner, she peeked into the pot and saw plenty of radish and beef stew left. "Is everyone full? I wanna bring some to my partner."

Kian's spiritual root restoration would take some time, and during that period, he was still a mortal with no cultivation- unable to fast.

She wasn't sure if Pill Cauldron Peak had anything for him to eat, and she couldn't help worrying.

"What?"

"Partner?"

Her senior brothers and sisters were floored, their attention shifting as they let out a string of shocked exclamations.

"Nyx's so young–how does she already have a partner?"

"Who is it?"

"What an animal! Who would do this to a little girl?"

"I'm not that young–I'm eighteen," Nyx said, feeling super awkward, her voice faint.

Truth be told, her real age was way more than eighteen–possibly even older than her seventh senior sister and Kyle. Being a senior sister kinda felt like she was pretending to be younger, but she couldn't exactly tell the truth

"Eighteen's still young! Master's three thousand years old and doesn't even have a partner yet! Her seniors rolled up their sleeves, looking ready to fight. They insisted on going with Nyx to deliver the food and see what kind of guy her fiance was

A palm–sized little bunny—and he had the nerve to make a move?' they thought.

Cyan got caught in the crossfire and rolled his eyes, stopping them. "Enough, don't make a fuss. I've met Nyx's fiance—he's an upright and honorable young man. Don't go stirring up trouble"

He gently patted Nyx's head. "Come on, I will go with you"

He was happy to see a devoted young couple, but when he heard Nyx wanted to bring a portion for Magnus too, he firmly objected. "That old geezer's got a grudge against you and won't appreciate your kindness. Why bother being so considerate to him?"

Despite his words, Nyx figured whether Magnus accepted it was his business–doing it was hers. She still insisted on bringing an extra portion. If Magnus didn't take it, Kian could just eat two servings. He was young and growing, and he hadn't eaten lunch–he should have more.

In the Elder's cave on Pill Cauldron Peak, a familiar wave of spiritual energy hit, and Magnus's forehead veins bulged as he roared in advance, "Get lost!"

He already knew Cyan had taken the little bunny as a disciple–no need to keep showing off. He wasn't interested in the little bunny anymore–not jealous at all.

"Why so crude? Don't corrupt my disciple," Cyan said as he appeared in his green robes, covering the little bunny's ears with both hands. "Magnus, you really need to curb that arrogance and calm your heart. Where's the kid?"

The man and bunny looked around, noticing Kian wasn't in the room. Magnus reluctantly got up and led them to the cold pool at the back mountain, where Kian sat cross–legged under a waterfall. "I'm teaching him to temper his body."

A powerful soul and spiritual sense needed a strong enough body to match, or it'd risk collapse and death.

Since Kian had absorbed the Violet Soul Pill, he needed to temper his body to be as tough as possible. Otherwise, not only would he struggle to wield his spiritual sense freely, but it might even backfire and injure him.

Magnus glanced at Kian, who endured the body–tempering pain with a blank expression. A complicated look crossed his face, a trace of admiration he couldn't hide in his eyes.

He'd noticed it during the medicinal bath to unblock Kian's meridians–this kid could really endure. Such stubborn willpower was rare in the world. This boy was bound to achieve great things.

He turned his head to the round little bunny and snorted, "What're you doing pestering him again? Don't disrupt his cultivation. In my opinion, you two aren't a good match. Since you haven't officially become partners yet, better split up now!"

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Before Cyan could snap back, Kian, still in the cold pool, suddenly opened his eyes. His gaze shot like lightning, coldly glaring at the nonsense–spouting Magnus.

With a swift move, he burst out of the water like a snake, sending the cold pool's water splashing in a shimmering spray of icy light.

"Nyx!" It'd only been a short while since they'd last seen each other, but he missed her so much–he really wanted to give her a big hug.

He reached out but realized his body was still radiating cold air, so he glumly stepped back. Nyx didn't mind at all. She

hopped into his arms with a short leap, happily patting his chest muscles. “How’re you feeling? Has your body recovered a bit?”

She pulled a large food box out of her new storage pouch. “You didn’t eat dinner, right? I brought you some food.” Magnus, left on the sidelines, belatedly realized he’d forgotten that mortals need to eat. He awkwardly pressed his lips together. This kid didn’t even remind him, making it look like he was deliberately starving or mistreating him.

“Elder Magnus?” Nyx pulled out a second food box and turned to him hesitantly. “Would you like to eat?”

“Huh? For me?” Hearing this, Magnus couldn’t help showing a flicker of surprise. When he snapped out of it, he quickly put on a stern face. “I have fasted for thousands of years–I’ve got no interest in these crude, impure mortal things!”

Thinking about it, after stepping away from the mundane world, the immortal path stretched long and timeless. He couldn’t even recall how many years it’d been since he last heard someone say something as simple as “I brought you some food.”

‘Could there really be such genuine affection between a demon clan member and a mortal?‘ he wondered.

“But even if you’ve fasted, you can still eat, right?” Nyx asked, not understanding. She scratched her fluffy cheek. “Master just ate some too and said it was really good.”

After seeing her master and seniors‘ reactions, she was now pretty sure that even the highest–level cultivators weren’t immune to food cravings.

“He ate?” Magnus exploded like a lit firecracker. “That’s just because he’s got no principles, indulging your nonsense!”

Just as Cyan had predicted, Magnus didn’t appreciate the gesture at all. Instead, he got all harsh, pointing at the little bunny. “Not focusing on cultivation! Typical demon clan–always gluttonous and lustful! Born with the ability to cultivate, yet you waste it all!”

“You, uh-” His scolding words got stuck in his throat as he suddenly froze, staring at Nyx in shock. “You’ve reached Foundation Building?”