Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

Chapter 456

His eyes widened as he turned to berate Cyan. "How could you use pills to help her reach Foundation Building?

Forcing a breakthrough with pills left the foundation unstable. Future cultivation would be like a castle in the air–harder and harder to progress.

Some talentless second–generation cultivators, unwilling to build their foundation properly or unable to find their own opportunities, took this shortcut. None of them ended well.

Caught off guard by the accusation, Cyan stood there dumbfounded for a moment before snapping back, "Who used pills? 1 didn't!"

"You're still denying it?" Magnus clenched his fists, glaring coldly at him. "When I first saw her today, she clearly had no cultivation at all. Without pills, how could she reach Foundation Building in half a day?"

Even if the little bunny was lazy and didn't like cultivating, they should've guided her slowly and properly instead of feeding her pills. If he'd known Cyan was this impatient for quick results, he never would've handed the little bunny over to hirr

"That's obviously because Nyx has amazing talent!" Cyan said, his anger vanishing as his tone turned smug, "A top–tier heavenly spiritual root–the best of the best!"

Forget Magnus–even the sect leader didn't have a gem like this under their wing. And he'd snagged her–something to brag about for a lifetime.

They stared at each other in silence for a long moment. Magnus, half–believing, half–doubting, flashed over to Kian's side, reaching straight for the little bunny in his hands. Kian immediately pulled Nyx back, shielding her and glaring warily at Magnus.

"It's fine, it's fine," Nyx said, not dodging at all. She even patted Kian reassuringly with her paw.

She could tell Magnus didn't mean her harm or have any creepy intentions–he probably just had a habit of checking things out, wanting to inspect her condition.

Magnus had been ready to huff and puff, but seeing Nyx be so magnanimous, he found himself at a loss for words. He let out a cold snort and poked the little bunny's head with one finger.

Nyx thought she'd get knocked back and squinted reflexively, but found that despite his grumpy demeanor, his touch was actually pretty gentle. After a while, he slowly pulled his finger back.

Magnus stood there, speechless for a long time. His face looked like a spilled paint palette–embarrassment, frustration, joy, regret all mixed together in a weird expression.

This little bunny's cultivation was actually solid–no trace of the unstable fluffiness you'd expect from pill–induced progress. And from the speed of her internal spiritual energy flow, plus the way energy unconsciously gathered toward her from all directions, she really was a once–in–a–generation genius.

Her head fur was pretty soft too. Magnus tucked his hands behind his back, secretly rubbing his fingers together as he shot a jealous, begrudging glare at Cyan.

by the petty "Hahaha! So, what do you think? Nyx's talent is amazing, right?" Cyan laughed heartily, completely unboth glare. He felt smug inside and even threw a little jab at Nyx's way. "See, I told you he wouldn't appreciate your kindness."

Such a nice thing–offering it to this old geezer was such a waste. He didn't know how to value it at all.

"Elder Magnus, you really don't wanna eat?" Nyx asked, tilting her little head up to study Magnus's expression.

Their eyes met, and Magnus's face grew even more strained. He turned away, refusing to look at her. It looked like he really didn't want the food she brought.

After one last confirmation, Nyx nodded. Instead of getting upset, she happily whispered to Kian, "Then you can eat this portion too. You didn't have lunch today–eat more tonight. I'll bring you more food tomorrow."

She chattered away, giving him all sorts of instructions and talking about how she'd taken a master, how she had eight senior brothers and sisters–all great people–who'd given her lots of gifts.

Kian listened patiently, his gaze soft, his big hand gently stroking her from head to tail over and over.

When he was with Nyx in her human form, he always kept his distance, mindful of propriety. Even when sharing a room at an inn, he'd stubbornly sleep on the floor, unwilling to overstep.

But with the little bunny, he let himself indulge a bit more, craving the soft, warm sensation and unable to let go. The young couple chatted like no one else was around, leaving the two elders standing there like third wheels.

Cyan watched with a warm smile, while Magnus just scoffed, opening his mouth a few times but ultimately saying nothing to interrupt their conversation.

Nyx and Kian made plans for her to come back tomorrow, and she reluctantly left with Cyan, looking back every few steps. Finally, Pill Cauldron Peak fell silent again.

Kian watched their figures disappear, lingering for a long while before reluctantly pulling his gaze away. He sat cross–legged, cleaned his hands, and–Pop! He opened the food box.

Instantly, hot steam mixed with an irresistible meaty aroma burst out, quickly filling the air. The scent seemed alive, diving straight into everyone's noses.

The food box wasn't ordinary–it came from Cyan's random stash, a low–grade lifestyle artifact that kept the food inside at the perfect temperature and quality.

Even after some time since cooking, the radish and beef stew still looked vibrant, paired with plump, filling the box to the brim. The already–hungry young man's appetite roared to life.

Magnus, who'd been about to turn and leave, hesitated. His feet felt rooted to the ground as he curiously lowered his head to look at Kian and the food box in his hands.

Even though he hadn't eaten in ages, Kian's eating wasn't sloppy–just fast, like a whirlwind. One box was quickly emptied. He was about to open the second box.

"Ahem," Magnus coughed deliberately.

Kian ignored him, acting like he didn't catch the hint at all. Seeing him about to pop a piece of meat into his mouth, Magnus couldn't hold back. "Kid, you still not full?"

Just a mortal body–his appetite should have limits. He'd already eaten a whole big box. It should be enough already.

"I've always had a big appetite," Kian said calmly.

Magnus was speechless. This stubborn kid–completely impenetrable. Magnus had to swallow his pride and ask directly, "That second portion was meant for me, right?"

He couldn't figure out how that little bunny made plain old radish and beef smell so good.

"You said you don't eat crude, impure mortal stuff, so Nyx gave this portion to me too," Kian replied casually, shutting him down with one line.

He didn't give Magnus a chance to backtrack, eating a bite of beef, then radish, savoring every bit. He'd rushed through the first portion but slowed down for the second, taking his time to enjoy it.

Watching food that was supposed to be his end up in someone else's mouth, Magnus's face turned green.

The more he couldn't have it, the more it gnawed at him. After fasting for so many years, he'd forgotten what food tasted like and lost all appetite for it–until now. He'd never craved anything this badly.

He stared daggers at Kian, unable to back down and admit he was wrong, but also unable to stoop to snatching food from a junior. Furious, he flicked his sleeve and stormed off–out of sight, out of mind.

Next time–if that little bunny tried to butter him up again–he'd reluctantly accept and give it a try. Nyx, completely unaware of someone secretly grumbling about her, let out a little sneeze.

Herb Peak was vast with few people, so she had a huge plot of land all to herself. When her master asked what kind of cave dwelling she wanted, he conjured one up for her in the blink of an eye.

She rolled around a few times on the soft, big bed her seniors had set up for her, then curled up under the warm, cozy blankets, flattening out into a bunny pancake.

She had to wake up early tomorrow–her master had tasked Ryan with taking her to register her disciple status, pick up her inner disciple badge, clothes, and monthly stipend. So she needed to rest up tonight.

Cyan didn't demand his disciples meditate all night, but they were all very diligent. Ever since joining the immortal sect, they'd cultivated every night, not wasting a single moment.

Nyx was the only exception. Since her master hadn't told her to cultivate, the little bunny just closed her eyes. Her belly rose and fell as she quickly fell asleep.

In her dreams, she returned to the cradle of the Divine Tree. Its familiar aura wrapped around her, bringing a deep sense of comfort.

She felt like a little sapling growing strong, carefully nurtured and watered, sprouting branches and leaves, becoming sturdier and more vibrant.

Faint glowing specks appeared in the room, drifting into Nyx's body. Outside her window, spiritual energy from all directions stirred, forming a massive vortex around her as the center.

From a distance, Cyan sensed the disturbance and assumed his little disciple was cultivating through the night. He couldn't help but sigh with emotion, "This kid's really working hard."

In fact, the little bunny was snoring and sleeping soundly through the night.

After a good, full sleep, Nyx woke up feeling refreshed and energized, her cultivation somehow climbing another half–step without her noticing.

She gave a cute little stretch, shook her ears and tail, and her round, chubby body suddenly stretched and shifted, transforming back into her slender human form.

Her clothes had been retrieved from Kian the night before and cleaned with a spell. Nyx pulled them out of her storage pouch and put them on, returning to her usual appearance.

Having fur to cover her felt fine–she didn't feel like she was running around naked–but wearing clothes still felt different. She definitely preferred being human.

She'd just checked herself in the mirror when a knock came at the door. "Nyx, you awake? It's me, Ryan."

As the oldest among the disciples currently at Herb Peak, Ryan often got assigned big responsibilities by their master. But he rarely got this excited and restless.

It was just because the little bunny was so cute–he couldn't help thinking about her even with his eyes closed. The thought of carrying her in his palm and showing her around the sect made his heart race.

The door opened gently from the inside. A smile spread across Ryan's face as he held his breath and looked down–It wasn't

the little bunny he'd imagined, but the hem of a dress.

His gaze slowly moved up, meeting Nyx's eyes. His face turned visibly red. "Aaaaaaaahhh!"

Before Nyx could even say a word, Ryan stumbled back a few steps, covered his face, and bolted off like a streak of smoke.

'Did he forget something?' she thought. Nyx stood at the door, looking around in confusion for a while and waiting a bit longer. Finally, another figure appeared–but it wasn't Ryan. "Eileen?"

Eileen was her Fifth Senior Sister. Her eyes lit up as she looked Nyx up and down, covering her mouth as she giggled. "So this is what Nyx looks like–no wonder Ryan couldn't even speak."

Seeing Nyx's puzzled expression, she didn't hold back on spilling the tea about Ryan. "Ryan's got a quirk–he gets all nervous around pretty girls. Might take a few years of hanging out with you before he gets used to it."

"So he handed Master's task over to me," Eileen said, taking Nyx's hand affectionately like she was leading a child. "You haven't fasted yet–let's have breakfast first."

Knowing Eileen was over two hundred years old, Nyx didn't feel awkward being treated this way.

When designing her cave dwelling the day before, she'd specifically included a little kitchen. Servants had already delivered fresh ingredients, storing them in the nearby pantry.

Another figure stood awkwardly outside the kitchen. Seeing Nyx approach, he suddenly dropped to his knees in front of her and bowed deeply. Nyx nearly sprouted her bunny ears in shock.

Taking a closer look, she realized it was the kitchen servant who'd helped her cook yesterday. There was something subtly different about his aura now–like someone who'd struggled with cultivation finally figured out how to draw energy into their body, giving him the air of a proper cultivator.

"My name is Ernest. Thanks to your guidance, I'm willing to follow and serve you from now on–whatever you need!" Ernest was a middle–aged man who'd thought his immortal path was hopeless. He had suddenly had an epiphany and found his cultivation path. His eyes were red with excitement.

Eileen chimed in to explain, "He wants to transfer from the kitchen to serve under you. If you're willing to take him, he'll be at your beck and call from now on."

Serving an inner disciple was a rare opportunity–not something you could just ask for. It depended on the disciple's preferences.

Someone like Ernest–middle–aged, plain–looking, and not good at flattery–didn't usually have much appeal. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been sent to work in the kitchen.

But since he'd had a breakthrough in cultivation yesterday and did a good job with the dish Nyx taught him, he seemed like a good fit for her little kitchen.

After hearing Eileen's breakdown, Nyx nodded and told Ernest to get up. "Then you can stay here and help me out."

Since her place was considered a good gig and it'd help his cultivation, she wasn't about to turn away someone who came asking.

"Yes!" Ernest was overjoyed and eager to prove himself. "I've already learned yesterday's radish and beef stew–I'll make it for you right now!"

Nyx froze, quickly reaching out to stop him. "No, no, no, no."

-I'll make it for

She really didn't want radish and beef stew first thing in the morning. And from Ernest's enthusiasm, it seemed like he planned to keep making that one dish forever.

Even the tastiest thing got old after a few meals in a row–better teach him a few more dishes. Ernest might've been a terrible cook before, but once he got the hang of it, he showed real talent.

It only took Nyx a short while to teach him how to make omelettes. They weren't exactly authentic, but they hit the spot. Eileen ate with her head down, too busy to even speak, just mumbling and nodding to show her approval.

Nyx munched on one too, watching Ernest's movements. With her heightened senses, she could almost see the spiritual energy swirling around as he worked. His focus was intense, completely absorbed–like he was truly cultivating through cooking.

The omelette that came out of it was naturally delicious beyond words. Nyx couldn't resist and ended up eating a few. Luckily, her Foundation Building body didn't get full casily–she quickly digested the spiritual energy.

At Pill Cauldron Peak, the wind howled, and cold light flashed. Kian was practicing swordplay at the edge of a cliff, with Magnus standing to the side, arms crossed.

Though Magnus was an alchemist, not a sword cultivator, he knew a bit about sword techniques and could spot flaws in Kian's form, offering pointers. "The sword follows the heart. If your heart's not calm, your moves get messy. First, clear your mind–calm down."

This kid had too many burdens on his mind. He must have been through a lot. So young, yet so gloomy. He only seemed to relax a bit around that little bunny.

As he was thinking this, Kian suddenly stopped his sword practice. His whole aura shifted–from cold and stern to gentle. "Nyx."

Nyx's figure appeared like she'd fallen from the sky, diving straight toward him.

"You ate enough last night, right? How'd you rest?" she asked, pulling out a food box. "We're having omelette for breakfast–I packed it up fresh. It's really good."

The chilly wind carried the savory scent of the omelette, transforming the whole atmosphere around them.

The smell of butter, cheese, and eggs, all blending together perfectly, with a hint of some mysterious sauce Magnus couldn't quite place–it was a scent he'd never experienced before.

If he'd eaten radish and beef stew before and just forgotten the taste, this "omelette" was something entirely new to him.

He stood with his hands behind his back, pretending.

eagerly waiting for the little bunny to offer him some.

not to care as he turned away. But in reality, his ears were perked up,

–

AD

Comment

Send gift

No Ads

Chapter 457

Chapter 457