

Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

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"Eat while it's hot--I brought eight of 'em, should be enough for you, Nyx whispered to Kian.

She also pulled out a pot of freshly brewed nourishing tea from her storage pouch, pouring a cup for him and one for herself. It was like they'd turned Magnus's cave into a picnic spot, sipping and munching together.

The sounds of sipping and chewing, along with the faint wafts of that delicious aroma, kept drifting over to Magnus. After a long while, the veins on his forehead bulged. He couldn't take it anymore and turned around, his sharp gaze pinning Nyx. "Where's mine?"

'How could she just eat and drink like that without any respect for her elders?' he thought.

"Huh?" Nyx blinked up at him, looking clueless. "Didn't you say you've fasted for thousands of years and don't eat crude, impure mortal stuff?"

Magnus stared in disbelief, his eyes widening. So, she didn't even prepare a portion for him.

If Nyx looked more mischievous or sinister, he'd swear she was deliberately trying to embarrass him. But her eyes were as clear as a frigid lake--no one would think she'd intentionally put him down or get back at him. If someone got humbled around her, they probably had it coming.

Their eyes locked for a long moment. Finally, Magnus gritted his teeth, reluctantly breaking his gaze, seething with frustration.

But Nyx's pretty, peach-blossom-like face flashed in his mind. Suddenly, he caught a faint hint of something familiar. He stopped in his tracks, lifting his eyes to study her again.

Nyx felt a shiver under his intense stare. Kian stepped forward, shielding her. In the tense atmosphere, Magnus unexpectedly crouched down. "Little bunny," he said, "What's your connection to Fiona Voss?"

"I--I don't know her," Nyx replied, blinking in confusion. She'd never even heard the name.

From what she remembered, no one in the Voss family was called Fiona. The legendary ancestor who supposedly cultivated immortality was a man--hardly likely to be named Fiona.

Magnus didn't buy it. He stared at Nyx for a long, long time, convinced she just didn't want to tell the truth. This little bunny looked six or seven parts like Fiona. Both rabbit demons, both surnamed Voss--they had to be related somehow.

"If you don't want to say, fine. It's not like I've got any ties left with her anyway," Magnus said stubbornly, throwing out a cold, harsh remark before turning away, ignoring Nyx completely.

Nyx stood there, still dazed. Meanwhile, Eileen, who'd been watching the drama unfold, couldn't hold back her curiosity anymore. Her gossip-loving heart burned brightly.

She dashed over in a single step. "Nyx, are you from the Sublime? Are you really related to the Sublime Sect Leader?"

Hearing Eileen's question, the circuits in Nyx's brain suddenly clicked into place. She connected Magnus's odd behavior with the gossip her master had shared the day before.

Her mouth fell open in shock. She thought, 'Could it really be I'm actually related to the Sublime demonee w Magnus?'

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Judging by Magnus's demeanor, he didn't seem entirely over it. His retreating figure looked so forlorn. Nyx couldn't help feeling a bit sorry for him. She decided to bring him a portion of food the next time she came to deliver meals.

Sure, he was stubborn and had a sharp tongue, but he was still earnestly guiding Kian. Come to think of it, Magnus wasn't bad-looking--actually pretty handsome, with an air of success and profound cultivation. His heartbreak probably had a lot to do with that temper of his.

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Nyx grumbled to herself for a bit. Then she glanced up at Kian, suddenly doubting her own guess. To be fair, some of her own mates had cold, tough personalities too. But in her presence, they were always gentle and considerate.

The thought warmed her heart. With a tilt, she leaned into her mate's embrace. Kian caught her instantly. A faint blush crept up his ears, spreading rapidly.

Sure, he was Nyx's fiancé, but this kind of disregard for propriety. The customs in the country they hailed from were far from open--among the most conservative, even.

They'd been engaged for over a decade but hadn't grown up as childhood sweethearts. It wasn't until the day they eloped that they'd first met.

Nyx could sense Kian wrestling with an agonizing dilemma. He clearly longed to be closer to her, but the teachings he'd grown up with told him it was wrong. Even after entering the more open and inclusive cultivation world, he couldn't shake those deep-rooted ideas overnight.

Throughout their journey, he'd been in this uneasy, conflicted state. She'd been trying to get closer to him, bit by bit, and it had started to desensitize him a little. But now, it seemed like there might be an even better way.

Nyx nestled into his arms and, with a poof, turned into a little rabbit.

"Oh my gosh!" Eileen exclaimed, eyes sparkling as she reached out to pet her. Kian moved faster, scooping the little rabbit into his arms and warily stepping back a good twenty feet.

Once they were safe from grabby hands, he carefully lifted the fluffy bundle, cradling her in his palms. Knowing herself well, Nyx was an expert at being a fluffy critter. She knew exactly what made her kind irresistibly cute.

She rolled softly, rubbing her little face with her front paws. Just this small trick worked like a charm. Sure enough, it didn't take long before Kian couldn't resist. He leaned down, pressing his sharp nose into her belly.

Up, down, left, right--Nyx's fur was all ruffled from his nuzzling. It wasn't until Eileen pointed out how late it was getting that the lovey-dovey human-rabbit pair finally parted.

Naturally, Nyx couldn't turn back into her human form just yet. Eileen, delighted beyond measure, scooped up the little rabbit and zoomed off, her grin impossible to contain.

With Nyx gone, Pill Cauldron Peak fell silent once more. Magnus popped up from who-knows-where, throwing a sour jab at Kian. "Getting distracted by frivolous things!"

Kian faced him coolly. "Nyx is my fiancée, not some object."

Magnus choked on his words, unable to stop a retort from slipping out. "Fiancée, huh? Still not a partner blessed by Heavenly Law. Who knows when she'll get tired of you and ditch you!"

On this topic, he had a lot of personal experience. Once he started, it was like a dam breaking--he couldn't stop.

"Her talent's so exceptional, even in the Celestial she's one of a kind. Forget how much Cyan dotes on her--once the Sect Leader comes out of seclusion, they'll probably favor her too," he said.

A child of Heavenly Law like her would be the center of attention no matter where she went.

By comparison, this kid might've been a genius once, with a rare and steadfast heart, maybe even destined to rise again someday. But right now, he was at rock bottom--a world apart from that little rabbit.

Looking at Kian, Magnus saw a reflection of his past self. His tone carried an irrepressible bitterness. "The demon clan's heartless and fickle. Sure, she's good to you now, but how long will that last? Get out before it's too late."

Despite Magnus's rare outpouring of heartfelt advice, Kian didn't budge. He simply said, "She won't."

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Nyx had come to him like a moon falling from the sky when he was at his lowest, with nothing to his name. She'd never

abandon him.

"If Nyx ever got tired of me, it'd be because I didn't do well enough, Kian said, frowning. Then he took back the unlucky words. "She won't get tired of me."

Magnus hadn't expected him to be so stubborn. He muttered under his breath about hopeless romantics Fine. I'm just saying--brace yourself."

He'd love to see how long that little rabbit could keep it up.

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Nyx and Eileen arrived at the main peak. Pretty much all the sect's affairs, big and small, were handled there. Elders issued orders from on high, inner disciples relayed them, outer disciples carried them out, and servants scurried around doing odd jobs.

The inner disciples of the main peak were almost all direct descendants of the Sect Leader's line. Their status was subtly higher than the other peaks, and they carried a bit more arrogance.

Nyx nestled in Eileen's arms, looking around curiously like a little country bumpkin. A palm-sized bunny acting like that didn't draw mockery--just made her seem even cuter.

Eileen grinned, playing tour guide and pointing out different places, explaining what each one was for. The sect hall, the elders' hall, the disciplinary hall, the scripture pavilion, the treasure pavilion, the training grounds.

Nyx's eyes sparkled, soaking it all in, when suddenly she heard a rude shout. "Hey!"

"You there, stop!"

"Let's see what you've got in your hands!"

A few haughty-looking inner disciples closed in.

Everyone wore the same sect-issued disciple robes, more or less identical, but the subtle patterns and waist tokens gave them away as main peak disciples.

They glanced at Eileen's waist token, their expressions growing even more smug. "Oh, someone from Herb Peak, huh?" They then noticed the little rabbit in her hands, their eyes lighting up. "Where'd you get that spirit pet? It's got great looks!" Of all the rabbit demons in the world, they'd never seen one this adorable. It stole their hearts in an instant.

"How many spirit stones? Name your price--I'll take it," said one wealthy second-generation immortal, oozing confidence.

He tugged at the hand of a beautiful female cultivator beside him, rubbing it suggestively. "I'll get this spirit pet for you. We can raise it together."

His tone made it clear he was set on buying Nyx, not even considering the possibility of being turned down. The group surrounded the pair, clearly intent on strong-arming the deal.

"Don't be rude!" Eileen's face darkened instantly. "This is Nyx, Elder Cyan's direct disciple."

As she scolded them, the aura of a Nascent Soul cultivator burst forth from her. The faces of the main peak disciples paled, a flicker of fear in their eyes. "Cyan's direct disciple?"

Sure, Cyan might be the least notable among the Celestial's elders, but an elder's status was still untouchable. If you really thought about it, they were a generation below this little rabbit--they should be calling her senior.

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Their expressions turned sour. They gave a half-hearted bow as an apology and severed a kike head to study Eileen's expression. She seemed unfazed, like this was put mother key

Herb Peak folks were always at the bottom of the pecking order in the Caledon Way #artpag disciples had escorted Kian holding the little rabbit, people often stark my conversions, enqu attitudes were way better than these guys.

Nyx watched for a while and realized this kind of snobbery wasn't a one-off forms on the colondon tha mortal realm--full of people who judged you by your statire,

If this was how it was within the same sect, no need to even mention between different LEISCH THE Vale ga paradise outside the world. It still followed the same old rates whoever's het was harder that's how t

"The sect bans private fights, but you can settle things on the training grounde, kleen difced page teen you later, just call me. I'll beat them up for you"

Nyx nodded her little head but secretly vowed to train harder. Not for ascension, bot so she could spare sevet att mate during this trial period. The next time someone like Pale Black showed op, she'd ponch them had

The little rabbit puffed out her chest proudly, melting Eileen's heart. The disciples working in the diminidon smitten too, dropping their tasks to gather around and admire Herb Peak's new member

Elder Melina returned from outside and found the usually orderly administration hall in chaos. Neary everyone' stopped working, crowding around something

She released a cold wave of pressure, and the room fell silent instantly. The guilty disciples of the administration hall kak one by one. Eileen bowed respectfully to Melina.

Nyx looked around and copied her senior sister, propping herself up on her chubby hind legs to clasp her grows and Bo The pressure vanished in an instant.

Someone dared to peek up and saw Melina staring straight at the little rabbit, a blush creeping onto her normally stem face "Where'd this little bunny come from?"

The administration hall disciples had never seen Melina like this. Unsure of her intentions, they reported nervously. "Elder she's a new disciple of Cyan from Herb Peak. She's here to register her identity, receive her waist token, disciple robes, and monthly stipend."

"Oh, Cyan's disciple." Melina and Cyan were on good terms, so she wouldn't poach his disciple. A hint of regret flashed in her

eyes.

She stared at Nyx for a while, then flipped her palm, producing some fabric matching the disciple robes. Her hands moved at a dizzying speed, crafting a tiny outfit in moments.

Nyx sat there cluelessly in her senior sister's palm as Melina pointed at her. The tiny outfit magically dressed itself onto her

A little rabbit in a miniature disciple robe appeared out of nowhere. Melina couldn't hold back anymore. The scene was even cuter than she'd imagined. She leaned in, smiling at Nyx. "Herb Peak's got nothing going for it. Why not come to the main peak?"

At that, the administration hall disciples' eyes lit up, rubbing their hands together eagerly. Eileen was floor she just poach someone like that?' she thought.

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She clutched the little rabbit tightly, wanting to bolt, but Melina's cultivation was far beyond hers--she couldn't escape. Nyx pressed close to Eileen, shaking her head awkwardly. "My master's been really good to me."

No matter how poor or weak Herb Peak was, or what its status might be, she'd joined it and wouldn't waver.

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Regret flickered across Melina's face again, but her gaze toward Nyx held a bit more appreciation. Since she couldn't lure her over, she settled for scooping up the little rabbit and giving her a good cuddle.

The administration hall disciples could only watch enviously, getting back to work. Once all the formalities were done, Melina still didn't want to let go. "Where're you two headed next? I'll give you a lift."

Eileen swallowed her frustration. "No need to trouble Elder Melina. I'm taking Nyx to pick out some spiritual plants for her to grow, then we'll head back to Herb Peak."

Herb Peak kept a stash of seeds and roots for spiritual plants, but the variety was limited--just a few commonly grown ones. The treasure pavilion had a much wider and more complete selection.

Cyan doted on his little disciple and didn't assign her any specific tasks. He didn't dictate what Nyx had to grow or avoid- just let her choose whatever she liked.

As the top sect in the cultivation world, the Celestial had an impressive collection of everything, including over three hundred thousand types of spiritual plants.

Of course, a big chunk of them were pretty much useless--not rare treasures, not good for alchemy or crafting like the white bamboo Nyx was hugging right now.

"White bamboo's got no real value. If you grow it, it probably won't sell. It'd just sit there, wasting your effort," Eileen advised earnestly.

Even for inner disciples of the Celestial, stuff in the treasure pavilion wasn't free for the taking. You had to trade spirit stones or merit points for it.

If Nyx grew the seeds she bought into mature spiritual plants, she could keep them, sell them to the treasure pavilion, or trade them privately with disciples from places like Pill Cauldron Peak who needed spiritual plants. If she grew a bunch of white bamboo, no one would buy it.

Seeing Eileen's strong opposition, Nyx reluctantly let go of the bamboo she'd been clutching. She just thought the white bamboo smelled nice and wanted to grow some shoots to eat. They'd probably be tender and juicy.

Melina couldn't stand seeing the little rabbit disappointed. With a wave of her hand, she said, "Buy it. I'll buy it all. Put it on my tab."

She wanted to indulge a kid's little wish. Since white bamboo wasn't rare and had little use, it was dirt cheap--one low-grade spirit stone could get you a hundred stalks.

Melina wanted to buy out the whole stock, but Nyx desperately held her back, settling for just a hundred to try it out.

Nyx also bought a thousand seeds each of a few high-demand, easy-to-grow medicinal spiritual plants that Eileen recommended.

Just as she was about to head back home loaded with goods to start planting, her gaze was suddenly drawn to a spiritual plant glowing with a faint purple light.

"Violet Soul Grass?" she murmured, reading the description. If she remembered right, the pills Kian took were called Violet Soul Pills. 'Are they made from this kind of plant?' she thought.

From a distance, she vaguely sensed a ripple coming from the Violet Soul Grass, almost like it was waving hello to her.

The treasure pavilion disciple nearby thought she'd taken a liking to it and wanted to claim it. He couldn't help but chuckle, "This one's not for you."

Unlike white bamboo, Violet Soul Grass was a genuinely rare treasure, its value beyond measure. Even Melina probably couldn't afford it, let alone hand it over to a little disciple to care for.

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"The Celestial used to have two stalks of Violet Soul Grass, but a few years back, some rotten thief stole one!" the treasure pavilion disciple said through gritted teeth, clearly still bitter about it.

That incident had caused a huge uproar. The elder in charge of the treasure pavilion got sacked, and a bunch of disciples were punished too.

Now, this last remaining stalk of Violet Soul Grass was tended by Cyan and a few wood-spiritual-root immortal masters from the main peak in rotation. It was guarded layer upon layer, reinforced by several magical artifacts.

"Even if you're Cyan's favorite disciple. I'm afraid you've got no shot with this one," the treasure pavilion disciple said with a smile toward Nyx Forget taking it home to grow--you can't even touch it."

This lone treasure was too precious. If something happened to it, no one could take the responsibility.

Nyx felt the ripple grow stronger, now tinged with a sort of indignant frustration. She wasn't sure if it had understood what was said

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