

# Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

Chapter 458

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But aside from her, no one else seemed to notice the ripple—not even Melina, with her high cultivation. Nyx observed for a while, then pulled her gaze away thoughtfully.

No matter what, she wasn’t about to touch something so valuable. If anything went wrong, she’d never be able to pay for it.

The seeds she’d just bought were all the cheapest ones anyway. She’d only gotten her first month’s stipend, so her pockets were pretty light. Plus, she didn’t really want to dip into the money her master had given her yesterday.

With the seeds in hand, Eileen taught her how to plant them. She patiently explained the use of techniques, arrays, and puppets, then helped Nyx practice, planting all the seeds she’d bought.

“Try using your spiritual energy to water them,” Eileen instructed.

Nyx closed her eyes, focusing her mind, calming herself to feel the spiritual energy flowing through her meridians.

Then she raised her two little paws, summoning the Snow Dew Bottle. Her spiritual energy surged, spreading across the land, gathering the moisture in the air and weaving it into a fine, misty rain.

The freshly planted seeds immediately took root and sprouted at a visible rate, poking out of the soil and dyeing the ground a tender green.

“I like this!” A faint, indistinct ripple reached her.

Nyx didn’t even have time to savor the spiritual energy the plants fed back to her through the bottle. She opened her eyes in surprise, stunned for a long moment before daring to believe it wasn’t an illusion.

She turned to Eileen. “Eileen, do they have consciousness?”

“Hm?” Eileen had been about to praise Nyx when the question caught her off guard.

‘Is she asking if these spiritual plants have developed sentience? What kind of question is that? Of course not!’ she thought.

It was a strange thing to ask, but she still answered patiently. “It’s extremely rare for spiritual plants to develop consciousness. It takes eons of natural nurturing, gathering spiritual energy, growing for tens of thousands of years, and a stroke of luck to make it happen.”

If the plant had exceptional origins—like echinacea, lotus, or pokeweed—it might have a slightly better chance of gaining sentience. But the ones Nyx had planted in the ground clearly didn’t fit that bill.

“The ones we’ve planted are the most ordinary spiritual plants. There’s almost no chance they’d develop consciousness. Aside from holding a bit more spiritual energy and having some obvious uses, they’re not much different from plants in the mortal world,” said Eileen.

Nyx’s face lit up with understanding. “Oh, I see.” She didn’t rush to share what she’d felt, deciding to look into it more first.

After saying goodbye to Eileen, Nyx was left alone in the vast spiritual field, just one little rabbit. She sat there solemnly, staring at a white bamboo, and tentatively released her mental energy.

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Though she was currently in the body of a rabbit demon, her essence was still that of a divine tree sapling. in a different world, her soul remained her own. Her mental energy hadn’t vanished—she could even summon her soul form.

Maybe that was why she could sense the emotions of spiritual plants. Nyx pondered quietly while poking the white bamboo with her mental energy. Immediately, a clearer ripple flowed into her consciousness.

Though the white bamboo indeed lacked sentience, as Eileen had said—it wasn’t clever enough to speak, only having basic instincts—Nyx could somehow understand its meaning. “Water. Want more water.”

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She darted around the heid, watering the white handiwoww moment, then wing a puppet to looses the sot for plants that wanted their route to breathe spiritual energy flowed into the Snow Dew Youre from all directions, wrapping around her in a gentle stream, nourishing her meridians.

She got so caught up in it that the lost track of time, even forgetting lunch. It was stil evening, when the sky darkened. that she suddenly realized her stomach was runding,

‘Oh nokian hadn’t eaten lunch either the thought

Ernest waited in the little kitchen all day and finally saw Nyx show up, He looked at her with reverence. “You really cultivate so hard”

With such high talent and still working this hard, regular folks like him couldn’t possibly keep up with her.

Nyx gave an awkward smile, “N—no, not really? She’d just been so absorbed in her planting game that she forgot to check the time,

It was getting late, and she hurried to find Kian, not wanting him to worry about her disappearance.

“No time for fancy dishes today—just stir–fry some bamboo shoots, Nyx said with a wave of her hand, dropping a pile of freshly dug white shoots onto the counter,

After a day of hard work, she definitely wanted to taste the fruits of her labor. She didn’t harvest all the shoots, only digging up a small portion and leaving the rest to keep growing

At this rate, her hundred stalks of bamboo would eventually spread into thousands. When that happened, she’d supply the outer disciples’ canteen.

“These shoots smell amazing! Where’d you find them?” Ernest picked up a shoot, his eyes lighting up.

It wasn’t just flattery—he genuinely meant it. Bamboo shoots were common enough; the canteen often stocked a variety of

them.

But he’d never smelled anything this fragrant, brimming with spiritual energy. It almost made him want to take a raw bite right then and there.

When he heard Nyx had grown them herself, his admiration surged like a rushing river. He handled the shoots with extra care while peeling them, afraid of wasting even a bit of the tender, white flesh.

Nyx sat down to peel a few too, then told Ernest to slice them into even pieces for a simple stir–fry. No extra ingredients, no heavy seasoning—just the fresh shoots with a bit of hot oil and salt. Yet it unleashed an indescribable aroma.

Ernest couldn’t care less about manners anymore. As soon as Nyx gave the okay, he plated the dish and shoved a few pieces into his mouth. It scalded him so bad he grimaced, but he couldn’t bear to spit it out.

The sweet juices burst out as he chewed, turning into spiritual energy that nourished him deep inside. It was so fragrant, so good.

Nyx held back her own cravings, quickly packing three lunchboxes and heading straight for Pill Cauldron Peak. She’d accidentally ditched Kian at noon—she wasn’t about to miss dinner with him.

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There were teleportation arrays between Herb Peak and Pill Cauldron Peak, as well as spirit beasts like azure birds and immortal cranes for transport. Even without mastering techniques to cross vast distances in a single step, traveling between the two peaks wasn’t hard.

Nyx hopped off the bird’s back and trekked a winding path up to the summit, reaching Magnus’s cave dwelling. After a few visits, she’d gotten the hang of it.

There were no servants guarding the entrance at Magnus’s place—you could just walk right in. Nyx had even discovered a little shortcut. It was a bit tricky to navigate, cutting through a forest, but that didn’t faze her. The shortcut was faster,

Through the layers of branches, she soon spotted Kian sparring with a puppet, while Magnus stood to the side, giving. pointers.

“Still training? You’ve been at it for two hours already—aren’t you done?” Magnus snapped, sounding irritable. He’d never seen someone push themselves this hard—it was almost scary. Even he couldn’t watch anymore.

“No food to eat, and you won’t even take a fasting pill. You keep going like this—trying to kill yourself or something?” he said.

“I warned you, didn’t I? Don’t put too much stock in a demon clan’s feelings. She’s not gonna stick around forever,” he said, pulling out a fasting pill and stopping Kian forcefully. “Eat the pill first, then train.”

“She probably won’t show up tonight. Maybe not tomorrow either—or ever again. What, you planning to starve yourself to death?” he asked.

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