

# Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

Chapter 461

Chapter 461

"These white shoots were just ordinary stuff before, never worth a second glance. But after tasting them, we all agree they're something else--great flavor, packed with spiritual energy too, Cyan said, marveling once again at how blessed his little disciple was.

He'd tried growing and hastening white shoots himself earlier, using every trick he knew, but the results still fell short of Nyx's. They just weren't on the same level. Not matching his disciple's talent wasn't a bad thing, though.

Cyan didn't feel bitter about it. Instead, he chuckled and said to Nyx, "Look at them--so hooked on your dish they've been eating here all evening and still won't leave. If they keep this up, they'll eat you out of house and home!

"Let's call today a freebie, but starting tomorrow, you've gotta charge them spirit stones if they want to eat!"

Nyx clasped her front paws together, shaking her head. "They're all sect mates--no need to charge them."

"Can't let it slide," Cyan countered seriously. "Even siblings settle accounts clearly. You can't keep taking losses just 'cause they're sect mates. If you don't charge spirit stones, they'll feel too awkward to come back later. You really want them to just sit there craving it forever?"

With such a huge spiritual field, the yield was massive--way more than Nyx could use up herself. Herb Peak disciples usually sold their harvests for spirit stones or merit points.

Since she'd be selling anyway, selling to the treasure pavilion or other peaks was the same as selling to her own people--she should keep these good stuff for her brothers and sisters.

Cyan knew the value of keeping benefits in the family. The white bamboo shoots were just the start.

His little disciple had the skill to grow high-quality ingredients. Since Ernest's culinary breakthrough, the other servants in the canteen were itching to try the path of food cultivation too. The spiritual dishes they made weren't any worse than the pills those alchemists churned out.

Compared to bitter, low-grade pills with lingering toxins--like spirit-gathering pills--cultivators would surely prefer delicious spiritual dishes instead.

"Nyx, how about signing a deal with me? From now on, all the veggies and fruits you grow go to Herb Peak's canteen," Cyan suggested kindly. "Whatever spirit stones or merit points they sell for, it's all yours."

The canteen would still provide regular food for free as usual. But if someone wanted the spiritual dishes packed with energy, they'd need to pay spirit stones or merit points for it.

That way, Herb Peak disciples would have more incentive to cultivate harder and take on sect missions, instead of slacking off and moping around like they did now.

One plate of stir-fried bamboo shoots gave Cyan hope for turning Herb Peak's spirit around. He just needed Nyx to say yes.

Nyx sat there, stunned. Her planting game had just added a new chapter--now it was turning into a business sim.

She'd actually planned to supply the canteen with her surplus anyway. She just didn't expect her master to bring it up first- and even offer to split the profits with her.

"Just give me the cost price--one low-grade spirit stone's fine," she said, scratching her cheek. Immediately, all eyes turned to her, like they were looking at a little fool.

Cyan laughed, torn between thinking his disciple's kind nature was a good thing and worrying she was too honest for her own good--she'd get taken advantage of out there.

"You don't need to worry about the pricing. I'll handle it." Cyan decided firmly. "Whatever the canteen sells it for, you get the full amount."

1/3

12:16 Sat, 22 Mar

Chapter 461

Alchemists' pills were sold for absurd prices. Even if spiritual dishes took a more affordable route, they wouldn't be dirt. cheap. No way it'd just be one low-grade spirit stone.

One serving should go for at least a hundred low-grade spirit stones. Cyan finalized the deal with Nyx while already calculating in his head.

Nyx had no idea she was about to rake in a fortune. She turned to Ernest instead. "So, you wanna work part-time at the canteen too?"

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She'd keep the little kitchen spot open for him here anyway. Since things weren't busy, he could totally juggle both jobs- and maybe teach the others how to cook.

"If we earn spirit stones, I'll split half with you guys," she added, dropping another bombshell.

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Cyan coughed, unable to hold back. He reached out and poked the silly little rabbit. "The Celestial's servants get a monthly stipend--they don't need you handing out spirit stones."

Working wherever and doing whatever was just their duty. Ernest shook his head furiously too, fumbling over his words in embarrassment. "N--no way, that won't do!"

He'd come here to repay a debt of gratitude, to work for his benefactor. But instead, Nyx ended up teaching him how to cultivate--he couldn't take spirit stone from her on top of that.

To Nyx, this was a partnership--they were running a business together, using her master's land. She provided the ingredients; they handled the cooking.

She couldn't just hog all the profits and naturally wanted to give the cooks their fair share. But Ernest saw himself as Nyx's servant, there to follow her orders. There was no way he'd take an extra cut of the benefits.

After a long back-and-forth, they settled on a one--to--nine split--Nyx taking ninety percent. Any more than that, and Ernest wouldn't have budged.

Her senior brothers and sisters watched the drawn-out negotiation like it was a show, munching on bamboo shoots with relish.

Kyle, Nyx's Eighth Senior Brother, even threw a cheeky jab at Kian, winking. "Nyx's such a spendthrift, pushing away spirit stones she's already got. Don't you wanna step in to stop her?"

Word was, both Nyx and her fiance came from the mortal realm. Compared to cultivators born and raised in the cultivation. world or the demon clan, mortal men often had a stronger patriarchal streak, carrying an unshakable sense of dominance.

Though Kyle was teasing, there wasn't much humor in his eyes--more like scrutiny. Several pairs of eyes turned to Kian. If he showed even a hint of being unworthy, he'd be deemed unfit for Nyx and kicked to the curb.

Kian's handsome face flushed slightly. After a long pause, just when Kyle thought he was too stiff to respond, Kian spoke up, "Whatever Nyx says goes."

The courtyard fell quiet for a brief moment before erupting into cheers and teasing. "What a good man you are! Yes, the little rabbit should be in charge!"

Sure, what he said might not always match what he did, but being willing to yield with words was already a step in the right direction.

Herb Peak's protective crew hadn't been too fond of their Nyx's fiance at first, but their impressions started to shift a bit for the better.

Nyx raised a paw in protest. "I'm not a spendthrift!" She just didn't see the need to nickel--and--dime everything.

Since the deal was set, she'd leave the rest to her master and Ernest. Her focus would stay on planting. If she thought about

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Chapter 461

anything else, it'd probably just be what to eat each day.

"How about ravioli for breakfast tomorrow? With diced bamboo shoots and shrimp for the filling Nyx whispered to Kian

Ears all around perked up, eyes locking onto her like a pack of hungry wolves with glowing green stares. Nyx was rendered speechless. No chance of keeping that meal to themselves.

Thankfully, Cyan swooped in to save his little disciple. He announced that the canteen would start offering her dishes tomorrow--if they wanted to eat Nyx's recipes, they could buy them there instead of bugging her.

With that promise, the group finally left, full of anticipation. Even the immortal crane munched on a few bamboo shoots before flapping its wings and flying off, satisfied.

The cave dwelling finally returned to peace and quiet. Nyx tested out a cleaning spell she'd just learned on herself and Kian, then flopped onto her bed, rolling into the blankets and patting the pillow beside her with a paw.

Cyan had made her an extra--wide bed. The little rabbit barely took up any space on it--just a tiny lump, so cute it made you wanna gobble her up.

Kian couldn't resist the temptation. Blushing, he leaned in to snuggle the bunny, but his light touches tickled Nyx's sensitive spots.

She squirmed and rolled around a bit, then without warning, transformed back into her human form.

The fluffy texture vanished in an instant, replaced by smooth, silky skin--like the finest satin, impossibly soft. Kian froze solid.

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12:17 Sat, 22 Mar

Chapter 461

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