

# Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

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The attack came out of nowhere, startling Magnus. He swatted the longsword down. But the Demon–Breaking Sword bounced back up, relentlessly chasing after him.

The scene turned chaotic real quick. It wasn’t until Kian seized the moment and grabbed the hilt, using his spiritual sense to suppress the sword spirit, that the ill–tempered blade let out an even louder buzz and tremble

After a long struggle, a faint ghostly light flashed across the blade, and it finally settled down

Magnus, barely escaping danger, coughed lightly and adjusted his sleeves, pretending to be calm. Looks like you’ve got a connection with it. Force out a drop of heart’s blood–let it acknowledge you as its master?

He hadn’t expected this kid to actually become the master of the Demon–Breaking Sword. Once the sword spirit acknowledged him, this blade would no longer be just a weapon in Kian’s hands. With a sword spirit’s help, his strength would multiply several times over.

Plus, it was a growth–type treasure–Kian’s cultivation would grow, and the sword would strengthen alongside him.

“The sword cultivators at Swork Peak are gonna be jealous as hell, Magnus sighed, “Good swords are hard to come by, and ones with a spirit are even rarer. They’ve been drooling over the Demon–Breaking Sword for ages–didn’t expect it’d end up with you.”

Kian held the longsword, a surge of warmth in his chest. This was a gift from Nyx. Though it was a cold, gleaming weapon, in his eyes, it carried a soft sentiment–like a token of their love.

But he had nothing of worth to give Nyx in return. His life wasn’t worth much either.

Kian sank into a daze of uncertainty, feeling both happiness and fear that he didn’t deserve it–that he couldn’t hold onto it

Nyx tilted her head, watching him for a bit, then stood on tiptoe and planted a fluffy kiss on his chin. The kiss yanked the anxious guy out of his spiraling thoughts.

Kian’s handsome face flushed as he lifted the little rabbit in both hands and kissed her forehead in return. The sappy vibe of young love hit Magnus like a truck, nearly knocking him out.

Fresh off surviving the Demon–Breaking Sword’s attack and now watching this lovey–dovey couple, he felt awful–his face darkening to charcoal.

“Ahem,” he coughed deliberately.

Nyx finally remembered there was someone else there. She rubbed her face, a bit embarrassed, patted the troublemaking sword, and looked up at Magnus. “Do you need any spiritual plants around here?”

She’d wanted to buy him a gift too, but her pockets were drained by the sword. All she could do was play to her strengths- grow some spiritual plants for him as thanks for treating and looking after Kian. As an alchemist, he’d probably have a use for spiritual plants.

Magnus’s heart leapt with joy, though he tried not to show it. He kept a stern face, hands behind his back. “No need to go out of your way for me. The stuff I need is all rare treasures–you can’t afford to buy or grow them.”

The little rabbit had some talent messing around with spiritual plants, but not everything could be grown.

“Take Violet Soul Grass, for inance–I’d love some. But the Celestial’s only got one precious stalk. What, you gonna buy it and gift it to me?” he threw out a vivid example to make the little rabbit back off, while pointing her in another direction.

“If you wanna thank me, don’t just grow veggies–grow more herbs. Pill Cauldron Peak disciples keep saying your herbs are top–notch, but they’re damn hard to snag.”

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He saved people out of principle, not expecting anything in return. But since Nyx brought it up, getting some benefits for Pill Cauldron Peak disciples wouldn’t hurt.

Nyx agreed right away. After cultivating for so long, she could handle bigger spiritual fields now–growing more herbs wasn’t a big deal.

Magnus listened with satisfaction as the little rabbit rattled off a list of herbs, though his contentment soon turned bittersweet. If only a gem like her were my disciple! he thought.

If he hadn’t been so stubborn back then, projecting his own romantic baggage onto her, he wouldn’t have pushed such a good seedling into Cyan’s hands.

Over the past few months, Nyx had come to Pill Cauldron Peak every single day to visit, rain or shine, never missing a beat -not at all the flaky type he’d pegged her for.

Magnus had seen it all and had to admit he’d misjudged her before.

The little rabbit was as lovely as she looked, charming the whole sect up and down. And it wasn’t just her looks–her talent was off the charts. She’d already formed her golden core at lightning speed, practically the Celestial’s top genius.

People used to scheme about making her a spirit pet, but not anymore. Not just because she had a master backing her–her own strength now outclassed most of the sect’s younger disciples.

Nobody dared to take her as a spirit pet now, but the number of folks trying to court her kept growing. The cultivation world respected strength, after all.

Even cooped up in his alchemy hut all day, Magnus had heard plenty of sect gossip. He didn’t know about other peaks, but at Pill Cauldron Peak alone, tons of disciples were smitten with Nyx.

If she wanted, the sect was full of young, handsome guys for her to pick from. Yet she stayed devoted to Kian, heart set on him, showing no signs of ditching him.

Magnus couldn’t help but feel a bit jealous as he sized up Kian, marveling at the guy’s luck. After Nyx left and they prepped for the day’s medicinal bath, he couldn’t resist grilling Kian. “How’d you and the little rabbit meet?”

He’d never pried into the kid’s past before, sensing the vengeful fire in his eyes and not wanting to poke at old wounds.

But now, with the spiritual root repairs going smoother and faster than expected, Kian seemed to have moved past some of the pain. Asking shouldn’t be a big deal.

Kian lowered his gaze, stroking the sword blade, sinking into silence. The dark medicinal liquid spread slowly in the pool, a bitter scent rising with the steam. The scalding heat gradually cooled over time.

Just when Magnus regretted asking, thinking he wouldn’t get an answer and preparing to channel energy through Kian’s meridians, Kian spoke up slowly, “We came from the mortal realm. Nyx was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and we were betrothed since childhood.”

Though they’d been engaged early, he barely knew her, never even met the pampered girl raised in her boudoir. He’d once deeply resented the idea of an arranged marriage, decided entirely by their parents.

It wasn’t until much later that he realized there was such a wonderful woman in the world–one glance and she’d thrown his heart into chaos.

But by then, he’d fallen from grace, lost everything, dragged into the mud. Kian reminisced for a long while but didn’t know what else to say.

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His mind was full of thoughts, but only a sliver made it out. “Then my family was wiped out in a calamity caused by demonic cultivators. Nyx’s family broke off the engagement, she fled an unwanted marriage, and we left home together?”

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As for Nyx’s true origins or who his enemies were, he still had no clue. Magnus was so stunned he couldn’t process it for a while. This wasn’t anything like what he’d imagined.

He’d thought Kian was some scion of a cultivation clan, out adventuring, who got injured fighting demonic cultivators and lost his spiritual root. He didn’t expect to hear about a mortal realm family massacre.

Magnus struggled to snap out of it, his tone turning serious. “Those demonic cultivators who did this–got any leads? I’ll do my best to track them down.”

Since the current Demon Lord took power and cleaned up the demonic realm, the Celestial and the demonic realm mostly stayed out of each other’s way. But if demonic cultivators were out there harming people and causing havoc, everyone had a duty to take them down.

After a long pause, Kian dipped his finger in water and drew a slightly intricate pattern on the ground. “I saw this on the hem of one of their robes.”

He’d originally planned to investigate himself. But after spending so much time together, he trusted Magnus’s character enough to ask for help.

“I’d appreciate it if you could look into it for me,” Kian said, his eyes flashing with murderous intent, “I want to take my revenge personally.”

Magnus hesitated, then sighed helplessly. “That might be tough.”

Whoever had carved out his immortal bones had to be incredibly powerful. Even the faint traces of power lingering in the wounds gave off a terrifying aura. He didn’t need to dig far to guess it was likely a master–level expert.

A mortal realm family wouldn’t have had the chance to cross someone like that. The culprit probably came for Kian’s exceptional immortal bones, stole his talent, and wiped out his family to cover their tracks–never expecting Kian to survive.

With such a deep blood feud, his desire for revenge made sense, but going up against someone like that was like an egg smashing against a rock–he’d just get himself killed.

“I’ll look into it for you first. Once the sect leader comes out of seclusion, I’ll ask him to seek justice for you,” Magnus said, not daring to overpromise.

He was just a Body Integration stage alchemist–against a master–level demonic cultivator, he’d only be able to run for his life. The sect leader was also at the master level and dedicated to upholding justice; he wouldn’t sit idly by.

“I’m warning you now, kid–don’t do anything reckless when the time comes!” Magnus said sternly. After barely surviving once, he couldn’t afford to throw his life away again.

Kian lowered his gaze and nodded. “I know.”

His life might not be worth much, but it didn’t belong solely to him anymore. As long as Nyx still wanted him, he’d do his best to keep living. Dying too easily would be letting her down.

Foreign spiritual energy coursed through his meridians, bringing sharp pain. Kian endured it silently, sitting cross–legged to meditate and regulate his breathing.

The alchemy hut was quiet, same as always, but Magnus’s mood was different. He moved more carefully than usual while handling herbs, a bit more cautious.

Had he known the kid’s backstory was this tragic, he’d have treated him better before–and the little rabbit too.

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Kian suddenly opened his eyes and looked at the restless Magnus, “Who’s Fiona Voss?”

Magnus choked on his own spit, coughing violently. His reaction was even bigger than Kian expected. His face flushed red, teeth clenched. “Why’re you asking about her?”

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Kian’s expression remained open and calm. It was about Nyx’s origins–he’d wanted to ask for a while but held off to avoid upsetting Magnus.

Now seemed like a good time to ask, like an exchange of secrets. Otherwise, with Magnus knowing his past, it felt like he’d done something wrong and couldn’t shake the guilt.

Seeing Magnus stay silent for a long while, Kian pressed. “Is she your enemy?”