

Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

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Nyx’s pupils practically quaked. She thought, “This is something you could teach openly? I thought the Celestial was supposed to be a proper sect.”

Melina ruffled the soft fur on her head, seeming to know exactly what these young disciples were thinking, and explained patiently, “The dual cultivation our sect teaches isn’t the demonic kind where you harvest energy from a furnace—nothing evil like that. It’s about harmony between partners, cultivating together for twice the results with half the effort.

“The Sublime’s cultivators rely on this method too—they’ve got their own special tricks. But dual cultivation isn’t exclusive to them. Any bonded partners can practice this technique.”

The lesson was taught very seriously, focusing not on the spicy stuff but on how to channel spiritual energy, operate heart techniques—pretty much like any other cultivation method.

Melina explained everything in detail, her teaching style strict. The disciples slowly started dozing off, losing the excitement they’d had at the start. Nyx listened intently, taking mental notes, already setting aside her initial bias against the subject.

Melina kept lecturing while casually petting the rabbit fur. When she glanced down, she saw the little rabbit listening so earnestly, her round face full of focus.

She couldn’t help but chuckle to herself. After class, she teased Nyx, “Why’re you taking dual cultivation so seriously? What, you got a partner already?”

A palm-sized little thing like her—it was way too early for this stuff. But Nyx nodded confidently. “I do.”

Melina was floored. She stared for a good while before cautiously lifting the little rabbit to inspect her. “You’re joking, right? You don’t have a partner bond on you.”

“Not joking,” Nyx said, shaking her head. “We haven’t bonded yet—he’s my fiance.” Her tone didn’t sound fake.

Melina grilled her for a bit and learned it was a childhood engagement, not some sleaze trying to trick the little rabbit. She begrudgingly accepted it but still wasn’t thrilled, warning Nyx sternly, “No dual cultivating with him until you’re officially bonded.”

Nyx was used to being treated like a baby and mumbled a vague “mm—hmm” to brush it off. She looked so small, after all. But she was already an adult, though—she could do whatever she wanted.

Still wearing the little red outfit and not switching back to human form, Nyx hopped onto an immortal crane and headed straight to Pill Cauldron Peak to pick up her guy and head home.

“What’ve you got on?” Magnus jolted when he saw the little rabbit’s getup clearly.

Nyx blinked and looked down at herself, confused, “Clothes.”

‘Does it look bad? It shouldn’t be that bad,’ she thought.

She didn’t usually wear such loud colors, but the outfit itself was pretty nice. In a cultivation world full of plain, elegant styles, it stood out and caught the eye.

“Clothes—I know they’re clothes!” Magnus’s face turned green. “Why’re you wearing a Sublime disciple uniform?”

‘Have I been too late? Did Fiona already claim the little rabbit?’ he wondered. ‘She even had a custom outfit made for her? Seems like she’d planned this for a while. Damn it!’

Hearing that, Kian snapped his head up, staring straight at Nyx. “Nyx, you.”

‘Is she going to the Sublime? Not staying at Herb Peak? Does she not want me anymore?’ he thought.

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Nyx let out an “Huh?” her round eyes full of shock. “A Sublime disciple uniform?”

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“I had no idea! Melina made this for me—she made a bunch of outfits,” she said, dumping a mountain of various outfits out of her storage pouch. From the intricate craftsmanship and clever designs, they were clearly all made by the same person.

Magnus went quiet for a long moment, his expression turning awkward. He hadn’t known Melina had this kind of hobby. But she was skilled at crafting artifacts and wearable treasures—she definitely had the chops for it.

He flicked his sleeve with a huff. “All these clothes, and you pick this one out of all the good stuff!”

That wasn’t fair to Nyx. She didn’t even pick the outfit herself. She pouted but didn’t argue with Magnus. Instead, she grabbed Kian and left, whispering to him on the way, “Melina put me in this outfit—probably because it ties into what she taught us today.”

She hadn’t gotten it at first, but now that she knew it was a modified Sublime disciple uniform, it clicked. It probably stood out among the other pretty outfits because it matched the day’s theme.

Kian was still a bit unsettled, holding the little rabbit in his arms and stroking her gently. “Oh, what’d you learn today?”

“I learned dual cultivation!” Nyx said proudly, puffing out her chest. She’d learned it real well.

The hand petting her froze mid-motion. ‘Dual cultivation?’ Kian stiffened, his thoughts drifting to what Magnus had said about the Sublime. ‘Why’d she have to learn that?’

Nyx, oblivious to his reaction, kept chatting excitedly. “I’ll teach you when we get home.”

“Teach me?” Kian blinked, his pale face slowly turning red.

“Of course,” Nyx said matter-of-factly, “Haven’t I always taught you everything I’ve learned?”

This was just another cultivation method. Since the Celestial taught it to disciples, it must have its merits.

For cultivators with weaker foundations, pairing up with a strong partner could make cultivation way faster—and it didn’t hurt the partner either.

When she realized her own foundation seemed pretty solid, a lightbulb went off in Nyx’s head. “Let’s give it a try together.”

Sure, Kian’s damaged meridians weren’t fully healed yet, so he couldn’t cultivate properly. But circulating spiritual energy through them might help his recovery.

Nyx had long since moved past any shyness about it and was focused on her partner’s health, so the invite slipped out easily, unaware of how wild it sounded.

Kian nearly fell off the immortal crane, barely catching himself as his face burned red. After a long, stiff pause, he managed to choke out. “We can’t. We’re not partners yet.”

“Then let’s become partners,” Nyx said simply.

Sooner or later, they’d do it anyway. They could swear their vows tonight—no need for a big ceremony. She already saw him as her lifelong partner.

Kian hadn’t expected her to be so decisive, and it touched him deeply. But with his vengeance still unfulfilled, he didn’t dare bind himself to Nyx so soon.

Being partners wasn’t like being engaged—it tied their fates and karma together completely. If one partner fell, it’d shake the other’s mental state—could knock them down a realm or spawn inner demons.

He’d sworn to live for Nyx, but if a master-level enemy was dead set on killing him, he couldn’t drag Nyx down with him.

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Nyx saw the hesitation in his dark eyes, blinked, and suddenly shifted to her human form. Sitting in Kian’s lap, she wrapped her soft arms around his neck. “What’re you worrying about?”

Warm, soft, her breath like flowers. No hot-blooded guy could resist that. Kian froze instantly, like he’d been hit with a petrification spell.