

Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

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A massive, lush tree sprouted instantly, vibrant and brimming with life. You couldn't even see the top when you looked up- it already had a hint of a Divine Tree's grandeur.

Nobody present could see it. Some of the higher-level elders vaguely sensed a ripple of power but couldn't pinpoint it clearly, so they brushed off the fleeting oddity,

Only the Violet Soul Grass's leaf tips quivered, straining toward the direction of Nyx's Soul Form. The tree branches dipped gently, softly curling around the grass's leaves. The moment they touched, Nyx felt like her mind linked directly with the Violet Soul Grass.

Unlike regular spiritual plants, maybe because it'd lived so long or was naturally more sentient, the Violet Soul Grass didn't just send simple emotions-it spoke in a faint, fragile voice, "Hot! So hot! I'm too hot!"

"Huh?" Nyx glanced around, puzzled. It didn't feel that warm to her. Plus, Violet Soul Grass had lived in this environment for years without issues. It shouldn't be feeling this way.

Her confusion passed through her Soul Form to the grass. Two little leaves twisted shyly, its voice tiny. "Because I'm about to bloom."

Different growth stages meant spiritual plants might need different conditions-a test from the Heavenly Law for these naturally nurtured beings. Without the right chance, they might not survive the transition.

The Violet Soul Grass, being sentient, had already sensed this trial was coming. That's why it had been so eager to greet Nyx that day, hoping this person-who seemed like a kindred spirit-could save it.

Once she understood its needs, Nyx didn't hesitate. She pulled out a few spirit stones and set up an array.

Her knowledge was solid, and even though it was her first time doing this, the array came together smoothly in her hands. The temperature in the center dropped noticeably, like summer turning to winter.

Just as she was about to move the Violet Soul Grass into it, several hands shot out from all directions to stop her. "Don't touch it!"

"What do you think you're doing?"

Led by the elder with the gourd artifact, a few elders glared at Nyx like she was the enemy, scolding sharply, "This is nonsense! You trying to freeze the Violet Soul Grass to death?"

As someone reached to grab Nyx's wrist, Kian immediately stepped in to shield her, blocking the guy. His arm took a solid hit instead, the impact making a teeth-grinding sound. Nyx panicked and rushed to check on him.

"I'm fine," Kian said lightly, trying to reassure her like it was no big deal, but the veins on his arm bulged uncontrollably from the pain.

If he hadn't been training his body regularly, that hit could've broken his bones. And if it'd been Nyx, it would be far worse. He didn't regret taking the blow for her one bit-just felt lingering fear and relief.

"Who's this kid?" The elders finally noticed Kian.

The one who'd swung at him bristled with anger. "Reckless! Rude!"

Not a shred of spiritual energy in him-just a mortal-and he dared to get in his way.

Magnus's face had already darkened beyond recognition. He slapped out a palm in irritation. "It's you who's shameless! Picking a fight with two kids-real impressive! Why don't you spar with me instead?"

Sure, he was an alchemist, not a fighter, but his fire spiritual root gave him an edge. At the same cultivation level, these wood

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spiritual root guys were no match for him.

The elder who'd attacked wasn't even at his level-far below, really-and got pushed back hard, no chance to fight back, looking utterly pathetic.

"Wh-who said I was picking on her? I just wanted to teach her a lesson!" the elder stammered, trying to save face.

"My disciple doesn't need your lessons," Cyan said coolly, his gaze unfriendly as he eyed the guy.

Bullying his little disciple right in front of him was like slapping him in the face. Whether Nyx was right or wrong, nobody got to touch his disciple without going through him.

Amidst the chaos, Nyx finally had enough and raised her hand to explain, "I'm not messing around. The Violet Soul Grass is about to bloom-it feels the current environment's too hot."

Her tone was dead serious, but her words didn't make a lick of sense to anyone.

"How do you know that?" Even Cyan and Magnus, who were on her side, couldn't help but wonder. The others looked at her like she'd spun some baseless fairy tale, their expressions turning strange.

They'd carefully crafted this environment for the grass. It might not be perfect, but it had kept it alive this long-it sure seemed more reliable than her chilly array.

"It told me itself," Nyx said carefully, revealing a bit of her ability. "I can understand what spiritual plants say."

That wasn't quite accurate, though. Most spiritual plants didn't actually speak-she could just sense their instincts and needs. The expressions on Cyan and Magnus's faces turned slightly dazed for a moment, then realization dawned on them. 'So that's how it was. No wonder. No wonder the spirit plants she nurtured ended up with such high quality, they thought.

People grew up differently depending on their environment, and spirit plants naturally followed the same logic. If they were placed in the most perfect environment from the moment their seeds sprouted into seedlings, it'd be hard for them to grow poorly.

"Spirit plants can talk?" The elder, who had just lost face under Magnus's hands, let out a scoffing chuckle. "And you can understand them?"

He had lived for over a thousand years and never heard of anyone with such an ability. It was utterly absurd. The little rabbit demon spun a nice story, but he didn't believe a single word of it.

He couldn't help but challenge Nyx, pulling out a spirit herb glowing with a soft halo from his special storage pouch. He dangled it in front of her eyes, teasing with a mocking tone.

"Since you can understand spirit plants, why don't you listen to what my Moonlit Beauty here is saying? If you get it right, I'll give it to you," he said.

Anyone who knew him well understood that this was his most treasured spirit herb-he'd never part with it.

Making such a bet meant he was certain Nyx couldn't possibly understand the words of a spirit plant or say anything convincing. At best, she might mention common plant needs like lack of water or fear of heat, things anyone could make up without proving right or wrong.

A trace of hesitation flickered across Nyx's expression. Seeing this, the elder grew even more convinced he had already won. With a pleased raise of his brow, he waved her off dismissively. "Alright, I won't make things hard for you. Just leave already, and don't cause trouble here."

As he spoke, he bent down to dispel the chilling formation.

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In a moment of urgency, Nyx couldn't hold back any longer and blurted out, "It says you picked your feet yesterday and didn't wash your hands or use a cleansing spell before touching its petals. It feels dirty now and wants a bath."

This Moonlit Beauty was clearly no ordinary plant; its words came through vividly, its tone laced with resentment and

annoyance.

Nyx instinctively repeated what she heard. The surroundings fell dead silent.

Under everyone's stares, the elder's face visibly flushed into a deep liver-red hue. 'Wait, how did she know?' he thought.

Having such an embarrassing secret exposed left him speechless, unable to retort. Seeing this, everyone around already had their own conclusions.

"Time to honor your promise-don't taint yourself with the karma of breaking your word," Magnus said with a snicker, egging him on as if the drama wasn't big enough already. "Hurry up and give the Moonlit Beauty to the little rabbit. I bet it'd rather go with her."

As if in agreement, the Moonlit Beauty's branches quivered, almost like it was nodding.

Looking at the Moonlit Beauty, which seemed eager to switch owners, and then at the Violet Soul Grass nearby, everyone noticed its leaves had, at some point, stretched toward Nyx's direction, its preference clear as day.

Nyx gently picked it up and placed it at the center of the formation. This time, no one stopped her. They all fixed their gazes on the Violet Soul Grass, their expressions a mix of tension and curiosity.

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