

Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

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The man thought, 'He's just a servant. How dare he hold Nyx, acting as if she belongs to him?'

"No, he's not a servant, Nyx cooed, nuzzling affectionately against Kian's chiseled jaw as she held it. With pride, she introduced him to the crowd. "This is my fiancé, Kian Linden."

Upon hearing this, the crowd was stunned. They looked at Kian in surprise.

Someone thought, 'Fiancé? I can't sense even the faintest ripple of spiritual power. He's actually a mortal. True, he has striking looks. But what good are looks alone? Has Nyx been deceived?'

All around, skeptical and critical gazes rained down on Kian.

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Kian remained calm, gently stroking the fluffy little rabbit in his arms. His hand moved through her fur, smoothing it out. Whenever particularly hostile stares landed on him, he met them with a cold glare.

No matter how much disapproval filled the air, seeing Nyx so openly stand by Kian's side, no one was foolish enough to provoke him then and there.

The next morning, Kian went alone to Sword Peak to observe sword techniques. A group of sword cultivators discreetly locked their sights on him.

Confirming Nyx wasn't around Kian, a few of them closed in and surrounded him, their eyes menacing. "Listen up, brat. Stay away from Nyx."

"Look at you. Do you think you're worthy of her?"

"We don't know how you tricked her, but you'd better not get any funny ideas, or we'll make sure you regret it."

Despite their barrage of accusations, Kian remained expressionless.

His attitude, neither resisting nor responding, infuriated a particularly hotheaded sword cultivator. The man pushed Kian with considerable force, only to stumble back several steps, unable to budge Kian even an inch.

Kian stood firm, casting a condescending glance at the man before walking away.

Within moments, Kian was already 80 feet away. The sword cultivator looked down at his hands in disbelief, then up at Kian's retreating figure, overcome with self-doubt.

The sword cultivators around mocked, "What's wrong with you?"

"You can't even push over a mortal? Idiot!"

"Did practicing swordsmanship ruin your arms?"

"You're too weak. I'll take care of it instead."

The taunts from his companions fueled the sword cultivator's anger, and soon they were wrestling each other into a chaotic brawl. Though he ended up bruised, he felt oddly satisfied.

The sword cultivator thought, "That's more like it. My strength is still intact. So what happened earlier? Is that guy really strong?"

After leaving Sword Peak, Kian headed to the main peak to check out the sect's bounty board. After a long while, he selected a mission to eliminate a group of demonic cultivators and accepted it using Nyx's waist token. He wanted to test his sword in

real combat.

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Along the way, many people kept challenging him, but he handled each encounter with composure.

Many people liked Nyx. She was so adorable, perfect in every way, and it was only natural for others to adore her.

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Since Kian intended to be Nyx's dual cultivation partner, he had to endure countless jealous glares. If something as trivial as this could break him, then he didn't deserve to stand by her side.

When a disciple from the executive hall took the waist token from Kian and glanced at it, his eyes widened in shock. "You... Seriously?"

The disciple thought, 'What on earth does Nyx like this guy? She even gave him her waist token!'

No one in the sect would easily hand over their waist tokens, which contained all their merit points. Anyone holding it could spend those points freely.

"How dare you accept such a dangerous mission for Nyx?" Upon closer inspection of the task details, the disciple grew even angrier.

He added, "That group of demonic cultivators are all above the Virtuoso stage, with even a Nascent Soul stage leader among them. You want Nyx, a little bunny, to go kill them?"

Though Nyx had reached the Nascent Soul stage, she had never fought anyone within the sect. Combined with her usual appearance as a fluffy rabbit, people often overlooked her combat abilities and treated her like a pet.

For instance, this disciple from the executive hall simply couldn't picture Nyx facing off against a group of demonic cultivators.

These demonic cultivators on the sect's bounty board were always vicious. They wouldn't spare even a cute bunny. "With all the points in her waist token, isn't that enough for you to squander? Why are you forcing Nyx to take on such a perilous mission just to earn points for you?" The disciple glared at Kian as if looking at a despicable gigolo.

The harder the mission was, the higher the rewards would be. Completing this one successfully would yield an impressive number of points.

Nyx was already incredibly wealthy. Setting aside the high-grade spirit plants she cultivated, the Herb Peak Canteen alone brought her substantial earnings every quarter. She didn't need to risk her life for the points.

Such challenging missions to eliminate demonic cultivators were usually carried out by disciples from Demon-Subduing Peak or Sword Peak. Herb Peak disciples, like those from Pill Cauldron Peak, generally weren't skilled fighters and earned points through other means.

The more the executive hall disciple thought about it, the angrier he became, almost ready to confiscate the waist token. "No. I refuse!"

Seeing his misunderstanding, Kian finally offered an explanation. "I'm the one taking on this mission." He wasn't a disciple of the Celestial, and he didn't have a waist token, so he had to use Nyx's.

"You?" The disciple froze, barely able to believe his ears. He scrutinized Kian skeptically as he thought, "This man is just a mortal. How could a mere mortal possibly kill demonic cultivators? He is courting death."

The disciple suspected Kian might be an idiot, reminding him, "Demonic cultivators aren't so easy to slay. Don't underestimate them."

Kian nodded solemnly. "I know."

The disciple snorted, "Don't even think about asking Nyx for help."

"I won't." Kian nodded again.

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After a couple of attempts to dissuade him, the disciple saw Kian's stubborn refusal to back down and lost the last shreds of his patience. He recorded the mission details onto the waist token and tossed it back at Kian.

The disciple thought, 'Since this gigolo wants to die, just let him. At least he'll stop pestering Nyx

With a final jab, he sneered, "Nyx is adorable. I like her."

Kian, who had maintained a neutral expression until now, suddenly turned serious and nodded earnestly. "Thank you

He thought, 'Nykie is really adorable. Thank you for liking her

The disciple's provocation failed. He nearly choked on his frustration. He wondered, 'I complimented Nyx, and this guy thanked me? He didn't even acknowledge me as a rival. This arrogant bastard!

Even as the disciple cursed under his breath, wishing Kian dead, he still reported the mission to Demon-Subduing Peak. He couldn't just let a mortal wander off to face demonic cultivators. He was a life, after all.

Fortunately, these demonic cultivators were far away in the mortal world. Given Kian's abilities, it would be difficult for him to find them. There was still time.

The Demon-Subduing Peak disciples who had taken on the mission thought the same way, so they didn't set off immediately.

Kian was unaware of this. He infused spiritual power into the teleportation array and returned to the mortal world, a place he knew far better than the Celestial.

In no time, he tracked down the demonic cultivators' lair using the information provided in the mission. After observing for a while, he drew his sword. The sooner he finished, the sooner he could return. Nyx was waiting for him to have lunch together.

As the Demon-Breaking Sword left its sheath, an unstoppable aura radiated from it. These oblivious demonic cultivators finally sensed something amiss and scrambled to their feet. "Who's there?"

Before they could pinpoint the intruder's location, two sharp streaks of sword energy tore through the air. With screams, two of their companions fell and died before they hit the ground. Their chests were pierced through.

Such brutal, one-hit strikes sent the remaining demonic cultivators into a panic. Some fled, while others banded together in

fear.

No matter how arrogant these demonic cultivators were when committing their crimes, they were cowards in the face of death. The more terrified they became, the more flaws they exposed.

Kian struck swiftly, dispatching several more with ease. By the time he was done, nearly all the riffraff outside lay dead. Finally, a powerful surge of demonic energy erupted, intercepting his strike.

The overwhelming aura of a Nascent Soul stage cultivator descended like a storm, accompanied by a furious roar. "Bastard, you're courting death!"

A flicker of ruthlessness passed through Kian's eyes as he casually wiped the blood stains on his cheek.

When the Demon-Subduing Peak disciples arrived, they saw the sky filled with demonic energy and frowned, "Damn!" Rushing forward, they braced themselves.

One of them thought, 'Has the fight already started? The one who took on the mission was Nyx's mortal fiancé. He couldn't die, or we would surely incur Nyx's wrath.

At the thought of facing Nyx's ire, despair crept into their minds. Bursting violently through the door, they found the

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compound littered with bodies.

Their pounding hearts steadied as they examined the scene closely. All the newly dead were demonic cultivators, interspersed with a few desiccated corpses that had been victims of earlier atrocities. Kian wasn't among them.

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A boy and girl were still alive, seemingly just rescued. They sat huddled together, covered in dirt, and stared at them timidly The girl, slightly quicker-witted, pointed a finger toward the north.

The compound was now a ruin, and the northern forest was in disarray. Following the trail north, the Demon-Subduing Peak disciples spotted various traces of clashes between demonic energy and sword energy. They couldn't help but exclaim, "Where did this strong sword cultivator come from?"

The crowd thought, 'Could it be a sword cultivator from the Sword Guild?'

While pondering this, two figures locked in combat came into view. One knelt, battered and exhausted, while the other gripped his throat.

The Demon-Subduing Peak disciples almost shouted to stop the fight, but their mouths froze open in shock as they realized the one being choked was the demonic cultivator. And the other

person was...

Kian's forearm bulged with veins as he tightened his grip further, making the demonic cultivator's cervical bones creak ominously.

Kian's expression wasn't twisted with rage, yet it inspired an inexplicable fear. Looking at the demonic cultivator coldly, he demanded, "I'll ask you one last time. What's this pattern?" If the answer didn't come soon, he would kill this demonic cultivator.

"Kill me. Just kill me!" The demonic cultivator's face flushed red, tears and snot streaming down as he teetered on the edge of madness. "I've already said I've never seen it."

The demonic cultivator had never seen this pattern. In his view, Kian was it many times, but Kian kept asking over and over again.

clearly a sadist, torturing him for fun. He had said

"Uh..." The Demon-Subduing Peak disciples hesitated to interrupt. After the demonic cultivator died, someone cautiously spoke, "Hey, you-"

Upon hearing this, Kian turned to look at-them.

The disciples gasped in disbelief. "Y-you... It's you!"

They thought, 'How could it be him?'

They couldn't believe their eyes and began chanting protective spells, fearing they might be trapped in an illusion cast by these demonic cultivators. But no matter how many spells they recited, the scene before them remained unchanged.

Kian shifted his gaze to the pitiful boy and girl, his overwhelming killing intent softening slightly. "Do you remember where your home is?" These two were the only survivors he had found in the overturned dungeon, just like he and Bobby once

were.

The little boy burst into loud sobs. The girl joined in, whimpering, "Gone! Everything's gone!"

Their parents had been killed by demonic cultivators, and their bodies were left without even being buried.

Their heart-wrenching cries filled the air. Kian's body brimmed once again with murderous intent as he gripped his sword.

These demonic cultivators, who had committed every atrocity imaginable, deserved death.

"What do you plan to do with these two kids?" Kian asked the Demon-Subduing Peak disciples. This was his first time exterminating demonic cultivators, and he lacked experience in handling the aftermath. He thought these disciples, who

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practiced for such missions, would know better.

The disciples were taken aback by his question, exchanging blank looks. None of them could reply. They only dealt with subduing demons and evil, and they didn't concern themselves with anything else.

Someone thought, The government in the mortal world would take care of it, right?'

Seeing their reaction, Kian was disappointed, but he said nothing. Sheathing his sword, he bent down and picked up the two kids.

Cultivators often became disconnected from the mortal world, blind to its suffering. Their demon-slaying was for the sake of cultivation, not protecting these ordinary people.

Fortunately, not all cultivators were like that. Elder Magnus, for example, still retained a heart for aiding the weak.

Kian found a local orphanage, inspected it thoroughly, and entrusted the two kids' backgrounds to the caretaker. He even left a substantial amount of money before leaving.

Several disciples followed behind him, watching as he took care of these "extra" tasks. Each of them was visibly moved.

Because of the delay in settling the kids, Kian failed to return before noon. Realizing how late it had become, he regretfully quickened his pace.

He flew ahead on his sword, moving so fast that he became little more than a blur to those trying to follow. The disciples struggled desperately to keep up.

The group entered the executive hall in a chaotic flurry.

The disciple on duty, who had been dozing off, was startled by the sudden commotion. His irritation flared when he saw Kian. "It's you again!"

After calming himself somewhat, he regained a measure of composure and sneered as he examined Kian's slightly torn clothes, "Oh, back from demon hunting, huh?"

"How did it go? Think you'll dare try something this reckless again?" The disciple jerked his chin toward the Demon-Subduing Peak disciples behind Kian. "You owe your life to them saving you, huh?"

The Demon-Subduing Peak disciples were embarrassed, coughing awkwardly.

"Ahem... That's not it," one of them spoke up, explaining to the executive hall disciple. "He completed the mission entirely on his own."

They hadn't even gotten the chance to lift a finger. Kian was terrifyingly ruthless.

"He?" The executive hall disciple looked puzzled. "Who is he?" Deep down, he already knew the answer but found it hard to admit.

"Kian Linden," the Demon-Subduing Peak disciples blurted out, leaving no room for denial.

More than ten Virtuoso stage demonic cultivators and one Nascent Soul stage leader were all wiped out by Kian alone,

Clearly, he wasn't a mortal. In fact, his strength was so great that he concealed his true cultivation level.

The executive hall disciple widened his eyes in shock as his jaw hung open, unable to utter a word. The earlier sarcastic remarks now echoed in his ears, and his head drooped lower and lower. He sank into deep embarrassment and confusion.

Even after Kian had claimed his merit points and left, the disciple remained dazed, unable to snap out of it.

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The disciple thought, 'It's not my fault. Kian pretended to be weak. With no trace of spiritual power fluctuations, everyone assumed he was a mortal.

'But since he's so strong, his temperament is far too good. Nothing seemed to anger him.

After leaving the executive hall, Kian stowed away the waist token and calmly dealt with a few more troublemakers who tried to block his way.

When someone claimed he wasn't worthy of Nyx, he nodded in agreement. If anyone praised Nyx, he thanked them, seemingly indifferent to being belittled.

Such endless patience frustrated countless rivals seeking to provoke him. He appeared incapable of anger. His emotions were stunningly steady.

The immortal crane flew too slowly. Thinking of how Nyx might be waiting anxiously, Kian couldn't wait to see her. Finding a secluded spot, he prepared to fly back to Herb Peak on his sword.

He was about to draw his Demon-Breaking Sword when he heard two men laughing and whispering nearby. "Look, isn't that...K-Kian..."

"Kian Linden."

"Yeah, Nyx's kept man."

"Tsk, that little bunny would keep a man. Why doesn't she come to me if she needs one?"

This was followed by a string of lewd chuckles.

Kian's face darkened instantly.

Even the Celestial was a righteous sect, it wasn't free from scumbags.

The two men, clearly unaware that Kian could hear them, continued gossiping. "I asked Nyx out once, but she brushed me off, saying she was busy. Never agreed even once."

"Why don't we grab that brat and see if we can lure Nyx out for some fun?"

Their perverted laugh echoed through the air.

The two degenerate men found the idea appealing, eagerly discussing the details of their scheme. Suddenly, a shadow loomed over them.

Startled, they shrank back guiltily. Upon realizing it was Kian, they regained their guts. Straightening their slouched shoulders, they squinted and sized Kian up arrogantly. "Look, isn't this Nyx's fiancé?"

"We were just about to look for you, and here you are, delivering yourself straight to us?"

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