

# Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

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The fragrant pill tasted extremely bitter as it entered the mouth, melting and sliding down the throat almost instantly before the two men could react. They grimaced in pain, nearly gagging.

“This pill is exactly bitter,” Elder Magnus chuckled.

Everyone could see it clearly. Their gazes toward Kian grew even stranger.

Someone thought, “The pill is so bitter, but why doesn’t this guy show any reaction? If his sense of taste was weaker than normal, that would explain it. But if it was perfectly fine, his endurance would be downright unsettling

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Elder Magnus gave a knowing chuckle and patted Kian

shoulder. “It’s precisely because he has such strong endurance, that he can handle the bitterness of the pill and resist its effects. That’s why it might seem like the truth pill isn’t working on him.

“But trust me, it’s not that simple. It-”

Before he could finish his words, the two disciples who had tak

the pill suddenly began scolding. “Damn it! The pill is so

bitter.”

“Fuck you, bastard. I hope your next pill cauldron blows

up

in your

face!”

Their curses echoed through the air. The surrounding crowd fell into silence, staring at them in shock.

Elder Magnus’ smile froze, his jaw tightening. He thought in disbelief, ‘Bastard? Blow up in my face?’

The two men who had cursed Elder Magnus trembled all over, unable to believe they had just blurted out their innermost thoughts.

They clapped their hands over their mouths, but it did nothing to stop the overwhelming urge to curse. Their faces turned bright red as they fought to hold back, but it was futile.

They started cursing again. “What the hell are you all staring at? I’ll gouge your damn eyes out!”

“My master is such a useless piece of trash. If only I were the sect head’s disciple, there was no way I would be humiliated like this.”

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Elder Gonzalez’s face turned livid. He had always thought his disciples weren’t inherently bad. They were always respectful and cautious around him.

As for causing minor trouble, it was tolerable. Everyone had moments of youthful impulsiveness. Even the kindest people couldn’t claim to be completely free of enemies or conflicts.

But now, hearing his disciples publicly curse him, something inside him, a long-held belief, crumbled with a deafening crash.

The moment the words left their mouths, the two men knew they were done for. They panicked, not daring to look up at Elder Gonzalez.

They tried desperately to salvage the situation, but they couldn’t organize their thoughts. Every word they spoke was the unfiltered truth, making things worse with every attempt, All their vile, hidden grievances spilt out unchecked.

The crowd watched wide-eyed, murmuring in amazement. These two looked so proper on the surface, but this was what they were really thinking all along.

Mocking stares seemed to come from every direction. Elder Gonzalez felt utterly humiliated and wanted nothing more than to end this farce as soon as possible. He coldly questioned them, “Why did you provoke Nyx’s fiancé?”

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“Because we wanted to let him lure Nyx out for some fun,” the two men babbled, quickly spilling every detail of their motives and plans.

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“She acts so arrogant just because she’s pretty. She refused to hang out with us when we invited her nicely, so we decided to take matters into our own hands.”

“We didn’t plan to go too far. She’s stronger than us. If she really resisted, we wouldn’t force her. Just a few touches, and she wouldn’t lose anything.”

“Humph, actually, it’s not like we have no means. If we forced her to swallow a paralysis pill, we could do whatever we wanted with her.”

The two men looked absolutely horrified as their mouths ran wild with vulgar, disgusting words.

The crowd erupted in outrage. The sound of swords being drawn rang out as Nyx’s admirers glared at the two bastards, itching to cut them down on the spot.

Not only did Elder Gonzalez feel embarrassed, but the other elders present felt a deep sense of shame. They couldn’t believe there were such disciples in the Celestial.

Instead of focusing on cultivation, the two men hatched evil schemes to defile their sect members. In the mortal world, this would be a crime punishable by public flogging and imprisonment.

“The Celestial won’t tolerate such despicable behavior,” Elder Sanders, head of the disciplinary hall, declared sternly. “From today onward, you two will spend ten years in solitary confinement in the meditation chambers, receiving ten lashes daily.”

Ten years wasn’t much for cultivators. After all, many powerful beings would spend centuries in closed-door cultivation.

However, these two men had never endured any hardships in their cultivation journey. They were lazy troublemakers who always caused chaos. Being isolated in a barren meditation chamber for ten years would feel like torture. And they even had to endure ten lashes daily.

The two let out desperate wails. “No! We didn’t even get to do anything. Kian beat us up before we could act. Why should we still be punished?”

Elder Sanders remained stern. “Because you’re inner disciples of the main peak and your plot didn’t succeed, I’ve shown leniency. Otherwise, the punishment would’ve been far harsher.”

“There’s no need to show mercy, Elder Sanders,” Elder Gonzalez interjected abruptly, his voice weary and defeated. “I intend to expel them from my tutelage. From now on, they may still be disciples of the Celestial, but they will no longer be my disciples.”

At these words, the two men, who had moments ago been struggling and arguing, went pale.

Expelled from Elder Gonzalez’s tutelage? They had always relied on their status as inner disciples of the main peak to throw their weight around, feeling superior to others.

Without this identity, not only would their resources be drastically reduced, but their status would plummet. How could they possibly continue to swagger around the sect?

Ten years of solitary confinement might even be seen as a protective measure. Otherwise, given their countless enemies and poor reputations, many people would likely jump at the chance to get back at them while they were down.

“Well.” Elder Sanders nodded. “Their aptitudes aren’t particularly outstanding, and they’ve been extremely lazy in their cultivation. In my opinion, even without today’s incident, they didn’t deserve to remain in the inner sect.”

The other elders nodded in agreement.

Elder Gonzalez, overwhelmed with shame, resolved to discipline his remaining disciples more strictly. He then bowed his

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head to Kian and Nyx, apologizing sincerely. “Today’s events are my fault.”

Not only had he taught such jackleg disciples, but he had also blindly defended them and argued recklessly with Kian.

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Realizing that mere words weren’t enough to express his remorse, Elder Gonzalez thought for a moment before taking out a pair of bracelets.

He handed one each to Nyx and Kian. “This pair of Soul-Connecting Bracelets is for you. You can activate them with your blood. Though they won’t make you truly telepathic, they’ll allow you to sense each other’s emotions at all times.”

Elder Gonzalez had obtained this magical artifact a hundred years ago but had never found a dual cultivation partner to use it with. Today, it made for a fitting apology gift to the young couple.

Kian took the bracelet, finally speaking after taking the truth pill. “Thank you.”

The pill had caused these two men to spew filth, yet Kian remained composed to such a surprising degree.

The crowd couldn’t help but gawk at Kian’s calm demeanor. Had they not seen him take the pill straight from the vial, they might have thought he had swallowed a fake one.

Nyx tilted her head, looking at Kian. She knew him well enough to tell subtle changes in his serene expression. It seemed the truth pill hadn’t left him entirely unaffected.

When her gaze met his, Kian slightly parted his lips as if he wanted to say something but forced himself to stay silent. A vein bulged on his neck.

No one else noticed this. Seeing there was no more drama to witness, the crowd dispersed, returning to their own business. A few people considered consoling Nyx, but with Kian and Elder Magnus standing guard, they decided against it.

Elder Magnus carried Nyx and Kian back to Nyx’s cave.

“I thought Kian would finally say some of the things he keeps bottled up after taking the truth pill. But he is even quieter than usual,” Elder Magnus muttered, shaking his head in mock disappointment. “My pills aren’t foolproof after all.”

With that, he added, “The truth pill isn’t harmful, and there’s no need for an antidote. The effects will wear off in about four to five hours.”

Before Nyx could thank him, Elder Magnus waved dismissively and strode off, casually taking a plate of snacks from the table as he left.

After Elder Magnus left, the room fell into silence.

Kian stood awkwardly, his head bowed as he fiddled with the new bracelet, waiting for Nyx to bring up the matter of activating it with their blood.

Time dragged on, and Nyx didn’t say a word. Anxious, Kian felt the lingering effects of the truth pill urging him to speak.

Just as he was grappling with the urge to stay silent, two arms suddenly wrapped around his waist from behind. The warmth pressed against his back made him tense up instinctively.

“Kian,” Nyx murmured, rubbing her cheek against his sinewy back. “Do you want to kiss me?”