

# Chosen Mate Of The Beastmen Empire

## Of The Bea 341

Chapter 341

There was an enemy attack.

The desire in Zayne's eyes instantly faded. He grabbed the clothes thrown on the bed and wrapped Nyx up:

"Hide in the house and wait for me to come back," he said hurriedly, giving instructions while grabbing his weapon heading out.

Outside, chaos had already erupted.

The Monkey Tribe's chieftain hid in the branches of a large tree, looking uncertainly at the scene before him.

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They had planned a surprise attack, but as soon as the rhinos charged, one by one, they fell into a large pit. Inside the pit, something pricked them, causing them to scream in pain.

While the trap couldn't take down hundreds of rhinos, their formation was disrupted, and they began charging recklessly, losing their minds. It was nothing like the Wolf Tribe, whose coordination and order were flawless.

After just one clash, the outcome was clear.

"Let's go, we're leaving, the Monkey Tribe's chieftain decisively said, not caring about the plans made for today or how much time they'd wasted on the way. He hurriedly called his tribe members, "Let's go quickly."

It was a pity that their efforts were in vain, but survival was the most important thing

Taking advantage of the wolves being busy with the rhinos and not noticing them, they could still escape. If they waited any longer, it would be too late.

A sharp sound of something cutting through the air suddenly came at them.

The Monkey Tribe's chieftain reacted quickly, instinctively twisting his body to dodge, and grabbed another monkey beside him as a shield.

With a soft "thud," the monkey in front of him fell silent and dropped straight down from the tree.

In an instant, cold sweat broke out on the chieftain. He thought, "What's that?"

From a distance, he made eye contact with a male wolf from the tribe, whose gaze was icy. The wolf held a strange weapon that the chieftain didn't recognize, but it was clear the wolf was aiming at him.

The chieftain's fur stood on end, and he turned to run. He finally realized what was wrong—they had been discovered.

The Wolf Tribe had been prepared, not only for the rhinos but seemingly anticipating their arrival.

Nyx had once advised that the leader should be captured first.

The wolf archer focused on the Monkey Tribe's chieftain, not attacking anyone else, just relentlessly chasing him. One arrow after another, aiming for his life.

The chieftain narrowly dodged once, but his tail was scratched, causing pain and tension as he sweated profusely

He desperately squeezed through the crowd, not caring how many tribe members fell victim to the flying blades, just as long

as he could survive...

In the past, he had considered himself the smartest person on the continent, never thinking much of the other tribes, including their Shamans, always considering them a bunch of fools. But at that moment, he suddenly lost the confidence he once had.

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He thought. Who could be so smart, able to predict my plan and come up with such a cunning weapon specifically to target them? It must be that little rabbit named Nyx. It has to be her

The chieftain, out of breath, was slowing down as he ran, his strength giving out. Several monkeys were shot and killed, and the others weren't foolish; they had already realized that the chieftain was using them as human shields, so they scattered.

Another bone arrow shot came at him..

The chieftain panicked, looking around. He saw only a small, slow-moving monkey who hadn't managed to escape in time.

He rushed toward it.

"Squeak" The small monkey was too tiny to block the fast-moving arrow. The arrowhead pierced through it, and the impact didn't fully dissipate before it struck the chieftain's abdomen.

A sharp pain and terror hit him instantly. His hand trembled, and he couldn't hold onto the branch. He fell rapidly.

A bone arrow pierced him accurately, nailing him to the tree trunk. The tree fell, and the monkeys scattered.

With the chieftain dead, the monkeys lost their leader. Some fled, some surrendered, no longer having any ambition to fight for territory, only left begging for mercy.

The battle between the wolf and rhinoceros tribes was also nearing its end.

Zayne acted swiftly, kicking the last rhinoceros away, dropping his weapon, washing his hands by the riverbank, making sure they were clean and free from any lingering smell of blood, before turning and walking toward the cave.

A figure, however, stepped out of the cave ahead of him. The moment Zayne saw him, everything around fell silent; only the sound of the wind remained. Zayne's face darkened. "It's you."

"It's me." The monkey father, who had caused trouble and been exposed, held a bone knife to Nyx's neck, taking her hostage.

Nyx's little female body was weak, helpless, and pitiful as he pushed her forward, looking as if she might stumble at any

The sharp bone knife pressed tightly against her fragile skin, both of her slender wrists bound, unable to shift into beast form and escape.

Seeing this, Zayne felt as if his heart was being gripped by a large hand, losing its ability to breathe. His eyes turned bloodshot as he stared at the kidnapper, wanting nothing more than to tear him apart.

The terrifying look made the monkey father instinctively flinch. But soon, he steadied himself, sneering. "You want to kill

me?

"If you take one more step forward. I'll kill her first." He had Nyx's life in his hands, and with the bone knife, he drew back and forth across her neck, enjoying Zayne's anxious expression, laughing loudly with arrogance.

"What do you want?" the chieftain asked, trying to stay calm, speaking from the side. "If you kill her, you'll die too. You won't gain anything," he tried to persuade the kidnapper to release Nyx. "Let her go. Whatever you want, we'll try our best to fulfill."

Anything that the Wolf Tribe could offer, they would give to save Nyx. Even if it meant giving up this territory, it was fine.

"Is that so?" The monkey father shook his head, clicking his tongue.

He raised his hand, pointing at Zayne, his eyes filled with malice. "Then break one of your fingers first. How about that?"

Starting g with the finger, then moving to an arm, a leg, and an eye. He planned to slowly torment this Snow Wolf.

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He didn't want bone coins, food, or territory; he wanted the feeling of controlling the strong and playing with them in the palm of his hand, which was intoxicating to him.

From the moment his son had been dragged by the chieftain to shield the arrows and died, he only wanted others suffer like he did.

He had learned where the young couple lived and knew that the little rabbit was hiding alone at home Taking advantage. her moment of unpreparedness, he successfully captured her.

The surroundings were completely silent.

Zayne stayed silent for two seconds, then gripped his left pinky with his right hand and decisively twisted it back. The sharp snap of the bone echoed in the air, causing everyone to shiver and gasp in shock.

Nyx's eyes went wide. "Zayne."

"Shut up. The kidnapper threatened fiercely, raising his hand to cover her mouth.

"Don't touch her, Zayne coldly spoke. "What do you want to do? Come at me."

He knew that no matter how cooperative he was, the kidnapper would never release Nyx in the end. But for now, all he could do was delay, waiting for the right moment to rescue her.

The monkey father said several "okay's in a row and shouted impatiently, "I want you to break your right arm"

Zayne didn't hesitate for a second. He raised his hand and grabbed his own shoulder.

"Zayne." The chieftain frowned deeply, shaking his head in disagreement.

A finger would be fine, but if Zayne lost an arm, he'd really become useless.

"Stop talking nonsense," the kidnapper interrupted the chieftain, loudly urging. "Hurry up. If you don't, I'll cut off her arm first.

His eyes shone with excitement as he stared at Zayne, unwilling to miss even the slightest reaction, eagerly awaiting the ner

act.

Not everyone could be so harsh on themselves, unless Zayne loved his mate more than he loved himself.

The monkey father couldn't wait to see what Zayne would choose. Unconsciously, his grip loosened, and the knife shifted slightly, pulling away from Nyx's neck. It no longer pressed tightly against it.

Nyx narrowed her eyes. In the blink of an eye, she forcefully thrust her elbow back. Taking advantage of the kidnapper's pain-induced reflex to loosen his grip, she rolled forward and regained her freedom.

Before Zayne could charge forward, she suddenly leapt up, raised her long right leg, and with all her strength, kicked the kidnapper squarely in the abdomen. The monkey father, caught off guard and clutching his stomach, instantly turned pale. He thought, 'Is this a female? Haven't I captured a weak little female? Without giving him any time to think or react, Nyx targeted his vital points. She struck one after another with smooth, vicious movements, creating terrifying, bone-chilling sounds.

At the thought of Zayne's broken pinky, her eyes turned red with hate. With her adrenaline spiking, she unleashed extraordinary strength.

Everyone was stunned, staring in disbelief, as if they were seeing an illusion.

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They couldn't connect the fierce female in front of them with the gentle Nyx they knew.

Even Zayne was dumbfounded, frozen in place. He had planned to go along with the kidnapper's demands, gradually lowering his guard to catch him off-guard, so Nyx could shift into beast form and escape.

But unexpectedly, as soon as the kidnapper loosened his hold just a little, Nyx struck first.

Zayne instinctively took a few steps forward, hesitated for a moment, then stopped, not intervening, but prepared to support Nyx at any moment

"I'll kill you!" The kidnapper, finally snapping back to reality after taking a few brutal hits, yelled angrily and tried to grab the annoying little rabbit again. Nyx frowned, pursing her lips without responding, and kicked his wrist with a muffled sound.

The kidnapper cried out in pain, and his bone knife dropped straight down, too fast to dodge, even cutting him.

Without a weapon, he was left with nothing but his bare hands. He caught sight of Zayne's cold, piercing gray-blue gaze and finally felt panic seep in. Even though he had mentally prepared for death, the fear still spread through him when death was at his doorstep.

Without the hostage, he was nothing. He had to catch the little rabbit quickly.

The dire situation triggered the kidnapper's hidden potential. Ignoring his injuries, he threw himself at Nyx even more desperately.

"Nyx" Zayne's gaze sharpened, and he immediately moved to help, but Nyx quickly dodged, easily evading him.

Her movements were so fluid and ghost-like that her attacker couldn't predict her

next move.

The crowd was left in a daze, each one staring with their mouths open, as if they had just met Nyx for the first time.

Losing the advantage of a surprise attack, the monkey was completely helpless in front of her. She toyed with him effortlessly, while he grew more and more frustrated, yet helpless.

When his rage finally faded, Nyx spun around, leaping into the air, kicking him square in the face, knocking him flat on his back, nearly knocking the breath out of him.

In mid-air, she skillfully adjusted her posture and landed straight into Zayne's warm, strong embrace.

Zayne held her tightly, as though embracing a precious treasure that he had almost lost.

He buried his face in Nyx's neck, taking a deep breath, murmuring softly, "Sorry."

It was his fault for not protecting Nyx and putting her in such a dangerous situation.

Just a little mistake, and she could have been injured or even killed.

Zayne trembled from fear, unable to think any further.

"The one who should apologize isn't you; it's me," Nyx interrupted him softly.

She gently stroked the male's back, carefully holding his injured left hand. When she saw his clearly injured finger, intense self-blame surged within her. Tears welled up in her eyes, trembling on the brink of falling. She endured, but eventually, they fell

It was her fault for being so careless. She had been taken hostage, which led to Zayne being forced to comply.

Just a little longer, and he would have had to sacrifice another arm. As long as she hadn't escaped, Zayne would keep

comparing for her whether it was linger, warm, or even his life

The tears fell on the back of his hand, as it aching her heart heavy

Zayne panicked, hedding her fare and wiping her tears, speaking in a jumbled voice, I'm sorry, don'tery

Aingh, you two, Enough of the T'm sorry and your sorry The chieftain, who had been listening, felt a toothache from their words. He cleared

This incident won't anyone's fault but the ones who kidnapped Nyx: 11 anyone should be blamed, it was them.

The tribe had already rushed in and completely deals with the monkey to prevent any further complications.

Nyx lowered her gaze to the body on the ground, her thoughts cooling down. She asked the male holding the bow, "Did you kill a little monkey?"

The only thing that could drive this guy to such madness was probably the pain of losing a child. Otherwise, with his cunning nature, if things had looked bad, he would have dearly run away immediately, not insisted on being their enemy. risking his life to make things difficult for them.

Title monkey? The archer remembered it clearly. "There was one, it was brought to block the arrows by the chieftain"

He hadn't aimed at the little monkey, nor treated it as a target, but the little monkey did lose its life, becoming the soul beneath his arrow

Nyx followed him to the edge of the trees, confirming the little monkey's identity with her own eyes. Her mood was complicated, and the let out a solt sigh

The juvenile was curled up there, lifeless, looking indeed pitiful. But for the Wolf Tribe, these creatures were invaders, and their deaths were deserved. War was this cruel. She could only ensure she didn't initiate it, and she could stand with a clear conscience. "Zayne, your finger. After a long silence, she turned to look at Zayne, refocusing her attention on him. Upon hearing, her, Zayne instinctively hid his left hand behind his back.

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### Chapter 342

Zayne's arm wasn't broken, so it didn't affect his hunting or work, but his finger was definitely broken, not just dislocated. Though it didn't greatly affect his daily life, it was far from pleasant

For a male who was always highly aware of danger, even a small disability could shake his confidence,

Zayne hoped to always be perfect in a strong human form and a fully beast form, ideally matching every part of his mate's aesthetic.

Nyx used to really like his hands, always holding them. But now, his hand was damaged.

Zayne swallowed hard, forcing down his frustration, and extended his right hand. Fortunately, he still had one hand that was unharmed.

"I want that one Nyx pointed to his left hand, pulling it over without discussion.

In an instant, Zayne's arm muscles tensed, his body stiffened, but he still went along with her force, not struggling

He could escape for a moment, but not for a lifetime. If Nyx wanted to see it, then he would cave in.

"Does it hurt?" Nyx gently pinched the injury, checking the condition of the bone.

Zayne lowered his head, appearing to endure in silence, a bit aggrieved. "No, it doesn't hurt."

The physical pain wasn't half as bitter as the ache in his heart. He didn't regret getting hurt for Nyx, but he hated his clumsiness for not protecting her well. He thought maybe this was the Beast God's punishment for him.

Nyx, however, gradually softened her expression. "It can heal; don't worry

She wrapped her arms around her mate's strong waist, pressing her face against his chest. She could hear his heartbeat speeding up, as though his emotions were running high.

Nyx couldn't help but pull him in even tighter.

He clearly cared so much about his hand, but still didn't hesitate to hurt himself for her.

"Is that true?" A junior wolf's head, resembling a husky, suddenly stretched over, breaking the thick vibe. "Can even a broken bone heal?"

Zayne went speechless. He took a deep breath, exhaled slowly, and after repeating it a few times, he barely managed to suppress the urge to kill the fool.

Beau still didn't know he had nearly faced a bloody disaster, foolishly sticking out his tongue and happily circling around Nyx. "Mrs. Master, you're amazing! No wonder the master listens to you so much. When the master doesn't listen, do you hit him?"

He had heard every couple in the tribe argue, some even fighting, but Zayne and Nyx had been together for so long, always harmonious Zayne always listened to Nyx, so he thought Zayne must have been beaten into submission.

Nyx couldn't hold back and chuckled, "Zayne is very obedient, I don't hit him.

Though sometimes, she would hit him a few times, those were relatively special situations, and this kind of privacy didn't need to be discussed in front of the juniors.

Zayne and Nyx coincidentally thought of the same place, their eyes meeting, both feeling a bit embarrassed.

Tonight was supposed to be a date, but it was interrupted by an unexpected situation.

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Beau, however, didn't read the vibe at all, following Nyx and asking questions, especially curious about the method for reattaching broken bones.

With his eagerness to learn. Nyx couldn't chase him away. In front of him, she carefully bandaged Zayne while patiently explaining.

After dealing g with the aftermath, it was already dawn, and the night had passed like that.

Beau was immersed in the ocean of knowledge, trying to digest everything he had learned, a satisfied smile on his face. When he looked up, he met Zayne's cold gore, and his smile suddenly froze.

Although he didn't know what he had done wrong, the way his master looked at him made him feel like he had messed up.

"I... I'll leave," he said, afraid of getting into trouble, quickly fleeing.

"Hmm?" Nyx hadn't quite recovered when she saw little Husky's figure disappearing.

The cave was left with only the two of them, returning to their world of two

Zayne's hand was covered in medicine and a splint, and he felt a bit uncomfortable.

"Rest now. I'll take care of it." Nyx stopped him from making the fire and cooking.  
"Healing from broken bones takes a hundred days. Until your hand heals, you better not move."

Normally, Zayne took care of her, but now that the situation was special, she was naturally the one to take care of him.

They had food, water, and provisions from the tribe, so Zayne didn't really need to go hunting himself.

Cooking this simple meal was more than within Nyx's capabilities.

She had always been good at it, and even though she hadn't cooked much in her decades of space life, she hadn't forgotten

the skill.

As for washing up and tidying, she was also good at that. In no time, she had the cave tidied up neatly..

The only problem was with bathing.

Zayne was the cleanest male in the tribe, there w

was no one else who could compare.

Before meeting Nyx, he had already been a neat freak, and after they became a couple, he paid even more attention to personal hygiene, washing himself every day, secretly dressing up, always wanting to seduce Nyx and make her happy. As a male, he dressed up for the female he loved.

But now, with one hand injured, Nyx wouldn't let him move or touch water, making bathing quite a challenge.

He didn't want to look dirty and make her upset, so he stood at the entrance of the cave, gazing at the river, lost in thought.

Nyx sat on the bed and propped her chin, watching his expression, a smile flashing in her eyes.

In the evening, the smell of roasted meat with various seasonings wafted through the air, reaching outside the cave.

Beau stood out almost unable to hold back his saliva, shouting. "I've brought the water!"

He was imagining if Nyx would kindly reward him with some meat to eat when suddenly, his master's tall figure appeared. before him, his aura far from anything that could be described as 'gentle.'

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"Water" Zayne looked at his feet where two ceramic jars filled with water wobbled, the water rippling

"I asked Beau to help bring it over, before Beau could respond. Nyx cut in, handing to Beau a plate of rated meat "Herr

eat. This is a token of thanks"

She turned to Zayne and raised an eyebrow. "Didn't you want to bathe? I'll help you?"

With just those few words, which didn't seem too excessive, Zayne suddenly felt embarrassed, lowering his gue, his cari turning red.

Nyx appeared calm on the surface, but inside, she was a bit nervous.

After so many years together, this was the first time she had helped her mate  
hathe

1-Ill help too!" Beau jumped up with his hand raised, his mouth still full of meat,  
his words muffled, making him sound a bit slow-witted.

With his interruption, the vibe immediately shifted.

Interrupted twice in one day, Zayne's forehead tensed with veins.

"Aren't you supposed to be treating the injured people in the tribe?" he

suppressed his frustration, speaking in a low voice "Have you finished eating? If you're done, go back to your work, I don't need your help here

"Bathing isn't a big deal. I'll handle it," Nyx said, forcing herself to hold back a smile.

Having such an apprentice was truly a headache for Zayne.

Beau chewed on the roasted meat, looking confused. He wanted to say something else, looking around, when suddenly, a thought struck him. His eyes widened. He thought, "Wait... have I just ruined my master's good moment? No wonder my master has been giving me the cold shoulder, looking displeased. T-I'll leave now." He quickly shoved the remaining pieces of roasted meat into his mouth, slipped away without looking

back

"Sorry. He didn't mean to." The annoying third wheel finally left, and Zayne softened his expression, letting out a long sigh

of relief.

With reason returning to his mind, he shyly lowered his head, stealing a glance at Nyx. He thought, 'Am I acting too eager?'

"Let's eat first," he said, trying to change the subject. He picked up his fork again, grabbed a few sizzling pieces of freshly grilled meat, blew on them to cool them down, and fed them to Nyx.

Actually, he could only use one hand, but he could still handle most daily tasks, including bathing. It wasn't like he couldn't do things on his own.

But when Nyx offered to help, he just couldn't bring himself to refuse. His real intention wasn't the food.

Nyx knew this perfectly well. She smiled, picked up a piece of grilled meat, and fed it to Zayne. "You eat too."

Dinner dragged on for quite a while.

A large clay pot filled with water sat over the fire, gradually heating up, and the steam started rising, reaching a boil.

Nyx mixed the cold and hot water together, tested the temperature with her hand, added some more cold water, and made it just right

She stood up and walked to the entrance of the cave, hanging a beast skin curtain. The thick beast skin not only blocked the light but also muffled some of

the sounds.

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## Chapter 312

The howls of wolves in the tribe immediately softened by several decibels, and the cave grew quiet.

As she turned around, Nyx couldn't help but laugh at Zayne's expression. "Don't be so nervous. I won't eat you."

"Not going to eat me?" Zayne sat up straight, his expression a mix of eagerness and pitifulness, as if he considered himself a dish ready to be served-nervous about being eaten but even more afraid that no one would want him.

Nyx couldn't resist walking over quickly, cupping his face, and planting a kiss on each of his cheeks. "I could try a little."

"Close your eyes," she gently urged, "Tim going to wash your hair."

The obedient Zayne closed his eyes and lowered his head, following her guidance.

Losing his sight, his other senses became more acute. Zayne heard the gentle sound of water flowing as warm water poured over his hair

Nyx's delicate fingers worked through his hair, as if she were grooming a beast, patient and meticulous, massaging and applying hibiscus juice with cleansing properties. Although she didn't have experience washing people, she was quite familiar with washing animals.

The obedient male was no different from a large dog. After cleaning his hair, Nyx cradled his head and placed it on her lap. casually praising. "Good boy." Zayne's face turned bright red. He thought his head was heavy and didn't dare

press it too hard against Nyx, slightly tilting his neck and keeping his shoulders

stiff.

"Relax; don't be afraid," Nyx gently patted his shoulder and expertly pressed on a pressure point on his head, massaging him to relieve his nerves.

Her massage technique was quite good, as she had learned it specifically for her always-busy mates.

Zayne closed his eyes, feeling the perfect pressure as she massaged him, and gradually relaxed.

After a while, the massage stopped suddenly as Nyx pulled her hands away.

Zayne froze, feeling a sense of unfinished satisfaction, only to feel a warm, wet cloth covered his face.

Along with it came the warmth of Nyx's palm.

His breathing, which had finally settled, was once again disrupted,

Zayne couldn't care less about water getting in his eyes. He hastily opened his eyes, his heart racing wildly, and looked directly into Nyx's smiling eyes.

Nyx lifted his chin and kissed the corner of his lips. "Wait a minute, let me dry your hair first."

Whether out of comfort or care, she seemed to be doing it on purpose-getting close, then pulling away, teasing him with just a hint of sweetness.

Even the most patient male couldn't endure such teasing for long

Before Nyx could enjoy her game any longer, she was suddenly scooped up with one arm.

The night grew deeper.

Nyx seized a chance and, barely hanging on, transformed into a little rabbit. She curled up in a corner, refusing to shift back into her human form.

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Chapter 42

She really regretted it. She wondered. Even though one of his hands couldn't

move, why was he still so fierce in bed?

Zayne reached out with his long arm, scooped the little rabbit up, and gently stroked her furry back, his voice tender but with a hint of playfulness "Noel still hasn't shown up, and now Nyx wants to give up?"

Nyx gasped, suddenly looking up in shock. "You've regained your memory

The tone, the words-clearly, this wasn't something the amnesiac Zayne would say

"When did this happen?" Nyx froze for two seconds before suddenly shifting into

her human form. Her face turned bright red as she lunged at Zayne, threateningly pinching his face. "Are you messing with me?"

She had been teasing Zayne, but that was based on the fact that his amnesia made him quite innocent. Such little tricks wouldn't work on the Zayne who had regained his memory. Instead, they'd just give him an excuse to tease her back "How could I mess with you?" Zayne chuckled, raising his hands in surrender,

clearly wronged. "Really, I just remembered. Didn't you feel?"

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## **Of The Bea 343**

### Chapter 343

Before Zayne could finish, Nyx raised her hand and covered his mouth. There was no need for further explanation; she

silenced him.

She recalled that Zayne had indeed paused for a while earlier, then there was a subtle change, but at that time, distracted to think about it and didn't investigate further.

It turned out that his memory had returned.

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Zayne observed Nyx's expression, then reached out and pulled her into his arms, speaking gently, "Do you prefer him?"

"Who?" Nyx froze, blinking in confusion, and then understood what he meant. She couldn't believe it. "Are you jealous of your own self?"

Although there was a difference in personality between amnesiac Zayne and the one who hadn't lost his memory, they were, at the core, the same person. They shared the same soul.

"He's you, and you're him. If I like him, it means I like you; because I like you, I also like him," Nyx said, looking down at Zayne. "Do you understand?"

Their eyes met, and Zayne nodded obediently. "I understand. Nyx likes me."

"But you're more proactive with him." Zayne lowered his gaze, his tone laced with an unmistakable hint of sadness.

That was indeed true; it had happened.

Nyx couldn't argue, and seeing her mate looking so pitiful, she couldn't help but soften. "It's just that amnesiac you didn't understand anything. You were a bit silly, and I found it really cute."

Seeing him, usually full of schemes, suddenly so awkward and clumsy, naturally made her feel more intrigued.

As soon as she finished speaking, Nyx realized something felt off, as if she was making it worse, so she decided to stop defending herself. Instead, she lowered her head and kissed Zayne's forehead, showing with her actions that her feelings hadn't changed.

Whether it was the amnesiac version of him or the current one, she could still be very proactive.

Zayne caught the hint, and a gleam of mischievous satisfaction flashed in his gray-blue eyes.

The little rabbit was already caught. The big wolf slowly pulled in the trap, stepping back and shaking his head. "No need to force it, Nyx."

"Sure." Nyx bit.

She was tired, but just a little. She was just relying on her ability to turn into a little rabbit to play coy.

Zayne smiled gently, "Okay"

It took Nyx a long time to realize that she had been tricked.

But by then, it was too late. Zayne didn't let her go for even a moment, preventing her from turning into a little rabbit, and began to ask other questions. "Why do you like that tabby cat so much?"

"Is it because she's cute? I don't think so," he said gently, but to Nyx, his tone felt cold. "Do you like felines more?"

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## Chapter 343

At home, there were more big c

big cats, and Emperor, who could turn into a little kitten, was sometimes spoiled even more,

Already at odds with Aurelius, Zayne loathed everything related to felines- whether big cats or small, male or female.

Nyx felt like she was drowning in his jealousy, weakly defending herself. "Dogs, dogs are cute too. I like dogs."

She thought. As for wolves, they love biting people and tricking us too. Noel's so scheming-just like his father.

Zayne paused, then suddenly chuckled, "Wood"

Nya was both angry and amused. She kicked him hard, and while he wasn't paying attention, she seized the opportunity. quickly turning into a little rabbit and scampering far away.

This time, she wouldn't turn back into her human form no matter what. She would never fall for it again.

Zayne shamelessly followed, soothing his flustered mate. "Nyx's beast form is so cute. Let me hold you,"

When Nyx was in her human form, though not exactly skinny, she was neither fat nor out of shape-her body was perfectly proportioned. But in beast form, she looked like a chubby little ball with short legs, fluffy fur, and a shiny coat.

It was a

also quite perfect in Zayne's eyes. He was utterly enchanted, itching to touch her soft fur.

It wasn't until the little rabbit couldn't take it anymore and kicked him that he finally pulled back a little, his expression reluctant to let go.

"I passed your test, right?" Zayne shifted the topic to something more serious, showing a hint of nervousness as he asked the question that mattered most to him.

The little bunny gently patted his arm and said, "Yes, that's right."

Heavenly Law seemed to be waiting for her acknowledgment. As her words fell, a faint glow appeared at Zayne's heart.

Feeling that mysterious connection of souls intertwining, Zayne's mind trembled violently. His excitement couldn't be hidden, and it showed in his eyes and expression,

He thought, I really could be with Nyx forever."

His soul seemed to leave his body, and the scene in front of him changed rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, Nyx was back in her familiar home, meeting many pairs of anxious and concerned eyes.

She smiled, her eyes narrowing with joy, and said to her mates, "I'm back."

To the males, Nyx had never truly disappeared. She had simply been with Zayne, seemingly in a state of soul detachment for about half a minute. But that half-minute was enough for them to endure, each second dragging on like years.

"Was everything smooth?" Aurelius had already strategically positioned himself, taking advantage of being closest to Nyx. He quickly took her hand.

He knew that in those short moments, Nyx might have experienced years in other worlds, so he tried to make himself more noticeable, fearing she might forget him or her feelings for him might fade.

Emperor had transformed into Nyx's most beloved little kitten, meowing and wagging its tail, rubbing against her leg

Nyx

thought. After all, my own cat is the cutest.

Nyx's eyes lit up with affection, and she quickly hugged the soft, white Cotton Candy, kissing its cheek. "Everything went smoothly. I even met a tabby cat"

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The kitten's whining tone suddenly changed.

The kitten in her arms instantly puffed up, and Nyx snapped back to reality, quickly stopping herself from speaking.

It had been so long since she had seen Aurelius that she had momentarily forgotten that he was the most jealous one at home. Though he wore a gentle and generous face, he was the most petty without a doubt.

She looked around, pretending as if she hadn't said anything at all.

"What tabby cat?" Aurelius persisted, wanting her to clarify.

He thought. "Has Nyx been seeing other cats?"

Seeing Nyx keep silent, as if trying to brush it off, he turned to look at Zayne, his gaze sharp.

Their

eyes

met. Zayne gave a slight smile and shook his head, signaling that he knew nothing.

In front of Nyx, he kept quiet, successfully covering for her and earning a grateful glance from Nyx.

Once Nyx left the living room and went to the bedroom to rest, Zayne walked over to Aurelius, lowered his voice, and said softly. "There is indeed a tabby cat that keeps bothering Nyx."

"It's a Beastman, very young and under twenty. Zayne knew what would irritate Aurelius, so he deliberately said these words to provoke him. "Nyx likes it a lot, always hugging it, making it a cat toy, and even feeding it."

These were all the privileges Emperor had earned by turning into a little cat and trying to act cute.

More importantly, he was no longer young, at least not as young as twenty.

Emperor was seething with anger but barely managed to smile. "You must feel so wronged, not getting to have enough couple time with just Nyx."

He could hear the deliberate provocation in Zayne's words and retorted with sarcasm. He thought, 'He couldn't even hold Nyx's heart, and now she has started to like someone else. What a failure.

"Not wronged," Zayne said calmly, as if being very magnanimous. "Nyx is just playing around with them. She'll still come back to me. They can't follow Nyx into this world. Even if they get some affection for a while, so what?"

This made sense. A fleeting and unpromising affair wasn't worth worrying about.

But even so, Aurelius couldn't control his jealousy. His feelings of resentment surged.

In her sleep, Nyx vaguely heard someone knocking on the window.

After living in the wild for a year and staying in a semi-open cave, she had gotten used to various noises. The soft tapping wasn't enough to disturb her sleep. She turned over and continued to sleep soundly.

Zayne had worn her out, and she was mentally exhausted, needing a good rest.

The knocking sound soon weakened.

With no further disturbance, Nyx slept even deeper. Her mates knew she was tired, so they hesitated outside, not daring to wake her. They let her sleep until she woke up on her own

When she opened her eyes, it was already deep into the night.

In the pitch-black room, Nyx lazily stretched and lay on the bed with her limbs sprawled out in an X staring blankly at the

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ceiling for a while before fully waking up.

She finally found that she had already returned home.

The window was gently knocked on again.

This time, Nyx heard it clearly.

She quickly climbed out of bed, smiling as she opened the window. As expected, she saw a little white cat sitting there.

His bright blue eyes were wide and moist, staring at her without blinking, as if filled with grievance.

"What's wrong?" Nyx couldn't bear to see him looking so pitiful, so she quickly picked him up. "Have you been waiting for me for a long time?"

She felt a bit annoyed; she shouldn't have slept so deeply and for so long.

The little white cat pressed his head tightly against her chest, folding his ears and snuggling up to her, purring softly as if he were acting cute.

He had waited an entire day, but didn't feel impatient at all. Watching Nyx sleep, he found her utterly adorable and could never get enough of it.

"Let's eat first," he said, using his soft paw to gently nudge Nyx, his tone full of concern. "You haven't eaten anything all day."

In the kitchen, Theon had prepared food, stored in an insulated box, ready to eat without needing reheating.

After living in a primitive society for a year and then returning to space, Nyx truly experienced the convenience brought by technology.

Theon's cooking skills were as excellent as ever.

I haven't had oatmeal in so long. Nyx inhaled deeply, savoring the fragrance of the grains, her eyes filled with gratitude.

In the tribe, they always had roasted meat, and she was starting to smell like it.

Luckily, she could occasionally eat wild vegetables and fruits to mix things up, which helped her bear it.

"Isn't there oatmeal over there?" Aurelius, now in human form, put his arm around

her waist, took the oatmeal bowl from her hands, tested the temperature, and blew on it to cool it before feeding it to her. "What's that world like?"

Not even a simple wish like drinking oatmeal could be fulfilled. He thought Nyx must have suffered a lot.

His jealousy and irritation faded a little, replaced by a sense of concern. Aurelius furrowed his brows. "Didn't Zayne take care of you?"

"How could that be?" Nyx was confused as to why he thought that, quickly defending Zayne. "Zayne took good care of me

"Zayne and I lived in a primitive tribe, and the conditions were limited," she said as she ate, explaining life there.

She talked about daily life in the tribe, the snow disaster migration, and then the Grand Trade Market.

The reason she couldn't get oatmeal was because they couldn't find the material.

It wouldn't be fair to blame Zayne for that.

He had done his best for her within his capabilities

Aurelius listened patiently, not interrupting. Only when Nyx stopped, tired of talking, did he softly ask, "What about that tabby cat?"

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He thought, "Wasn't it Zayne's lack of care that gave other people the chance to step in? From what Zayne said, "they" seems to be more than just one rival:

The thought of various young males surrounding Nyx, flattering and trying to win her over, made Aurelius keep his expression neutral, but his spoon almost cracked under his fingers.

He thought if he were there, he wouldn't let Nyx be charmed by those other little cats and dogs

"Lila?" Nyx chuckled dryly a few times, surprised he was still thinking about this. "You already asked Zayne, didn't you?"

"Yeah" Aurelius didn't deny it. "Do you like him? What do you like about him?" Whatever Nyx liked, he could become.

As a male of the cat species, he had a natural advantage over the others and could definitely imitate him well-except for

"I heard he's very young?" He glanced up, observing Nyx's expression.

"Yes, very young," Nyx's eyes curved into a smile. "Only in his teens, still a kid.

Not worthy of being a rival."

Even when Lila came to confront her angrily back then, she found her cute and immature, so she couldn't get angry

Lila wasn't bad at heart, and in her beast form, she was chubby and cute to touch. After a few lessons, she was much more! polite than before. "When I see her, I think of our Sera, Nyx chuckled lightly and playfully hooked Aurelius's finger with hers

Thinking of the kitten she had raised and fed herself, her maternal instincts kicked in, and she couldn't help but feel a little extra affection for the teenage female.

"Hm?" Aurelius, grinding his teeth, suddenly looked up.

The tabby cat you're talking about, is she a female?" He froze for a while before finally realizing he had been tricked by that guy Zayne.

In the past, the petty Emperor would have hated everyone close to Nyx, regardless of whether they were male or female.

But after spending a whole day in his mind tearing apart his rivals, hearing that there was no rival-just a little female that Nyx saw as a daughter-he sighted heavily in relief, and joy surged in his heart.

"Of course, she's a female." Nyx vaguely realized there had been a misunderstanding. "What did Zayne tell you?"



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The didn't tell me the tabby cat is female," Aurelius immediately complained, disgruntled 'He said you really liked that cat, always holding it, making toys for it, and feeding it"

Nys thought, "Well, those things weren't entirely wrong

Nyx facepalmed, helpless against that sly Snow Wolf.

He hadn't lied, everything he said was true, but he had intentionally hidden some important details to make Aurelius his rival uncomfortable

tabby

Aurelius hugged his beloved little female tightly, using his grievances to demand a kiss. "Zayne also told me that the tal cat is very young"

Beastmen typically lived to be around 500 years old, and right now, he was in his youth, with his appearance, looks, and physical condition at their peak, making it impossible for him to be associated with the word "old"

However, compared to the delicate young ones in their teens, Emperor still felt a strong sense of age crisis.

"By the time I met you. I was already almost thirty," he said regretfully. "I came too late, and you never got to see me when I was in my teens."

"Who said that?" Nyx said, gently stroking his hair. "Your Highness left so many video recordings of his teenage years. I've watched them all."

She was well aware of every public appearance and the records kept within the royal family.

"When it's our turn to face the trials, I might even get to see you as a teenager, Nyx teased her downhearted mate, painting a hopeful picture.

Aurelius perked up, his deep blue eyes gleaming with hope. "Really?"

"Yes." Nyx nodded with a slight sense of guilt. She wasn't entirely sure, but she could say there was a chance, and the specific outcome would be determined by Heavenly Law.

She reached up to hook her arms around Aurelius's neck, letting herself hang on him as he embraced her. "I'm full."

"Want to head to the bedroom?" After a year apart, she missed her mates at home.

The little white cat had been tricked by Zayne, waiting for her outside the window all day. It was quite pitiful, and she needed to properly comfort it.

Aurelius's eyes lit up, as he instantly threw aside any worries about age and self-pity. His mood became bright and cheerful.

The sky began to lighten with the first hints of dawn.

A few males, who had woken up early with good hearing, ate their breakfast without tasting a thing. They finally waited until Aurelius made his appearance.

"What have you been up to?" Erik looked at his rival, who had a contented expression, and couldn't help but click his tongue.

"Nothing" Aurelius was unwilling to share with his rival. He adjusted his cufflinks and looked radiant.

Seeing his smug look, the other males began to feel uneasy.

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Since he wasn't going to tell them, they went straight to ask Nyx.

A question was repeatedly asked by several males, and Nyx couldn't catch a break for several days. Eventually, she was fed

np.

Finally

By getting a moment to herself, she eagerly initiated a new trial, wanting to escape to another world for some peace.

The familiar sensation of space shifting washed over her.

Unlike the previous two times, this time, Nyx felt dizzy, unable to keep her eyes open. Her consciousness quickly faded, and it was as though she had fallen asleep.

A strange memory unfolded in her mind like a dream, filled with sorrow and pain, making her furrow her brow even in her sleep.

Someone said, "She's awake! Go report to the lady"

In a cold, bare room, the bed was so uncomfortable it made her bones ache.

Nyx slowly woke up, lifting her heavy eyelids, feeling more exhausted than she had ever felt before.

Even when she was malnourished on Earth, she had never been as weak as she was now, like a frail invalid.

This wasn't surprising. This world was currently in the ancient feudal empire period.

She was a young lady from an official family, born to a mother who passed away early. Her father remarried quickly, and her stepmother gave birth to two daughters, making her position awkward. The family treated her harshly.

To put it simply, it was like she had gotten the Cinderella script.

Her father ignored her, her stepmother was cold to her, and her stepsisters bullied her. Her food, clothing, and essentials were cut back, and she often suffered mental pressure. It went without saying that her health was not good.

Just as she barely managed to sit up, a well-dressed beautiful woman appeared at the door. She seemed to dislike the surroundings and hesitated for a moment before not entering. From a distance, she coldly glared at Nyx. "You're awake?" Nyx squinted her eyes, recognizing her identity as her stepmother, Joyce.

Joyce sneered, "After falling into the water once, you've become even duller, unable to greet your mother properly."

Originally weak, timid, and unlikable, now she seemed even more foolish and naive.

It was hard for Joyce to tell if she was genuinely foolish or pretending, but either way, acting dumb wouldn't help.

"Your father has made a decision," Joyce said, looking down at Nyx. "He accepted the betrothal gifts from the Duke's Mansion and has handed your marriage contract to them. This marriage is set by the will of your parents and the matchmaker. You needn't make a fuss anymore."

Nyx pressed her lips tightly together, falling silent.

Her father, Rohan Voss, was only a fifth-rank official in the court. Marrying into the Duke's Mansion was a significant step up. This marriage had been arranged by her grandfather when he was still alive with his old friend, Duke Matay Read.

Matay y was kind and valued their friendship. Even though her grandfather had passed, leaving the family without a pillar, and the two families had drifted apart, he had no intention of breaking the agreement.

A marriage this good was originally not meant for her. Her two younger sisters had been fighting for it.

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But half a month ago, Matay's only son was injured in battle, his leg wound poisoned with a rare venom. Despite consulting famous doctors and trying countless prescriptions, none of them worked.

The palace doctors had even declared it a miracle that he was still alive, but his leg injury was untreatable, and he had become a permanent cripple.

Both his body and spirit were severely damaged, and he shut himself away. It was said his temperament had changed, and there were often sounds of smashing and fighting in the mansion, with people being carried out from time to time.

The news spread widely, and as a result, this marriage proposal fell to Nyx.

According to the Heavenly Law's background setting, the reason she had just woken up from her sleep was because she couldn't accept marrying a violent cripple, and in despair, she had jumped into a pond.

The feeling of being trapped was overwhelming, and Nyx felt suffocated and extremely irritated.

She had indeed been forced into a marriage before. That time, she managed to escape, but this time, it was clearly not going to be so easy.

If she wanted to escape, the only chance was on the wedding day-she would have to look for an opportunity then.

"The Read family is full of loyal patriots, and they are close to the Emperor. Marrying into the Read family is an honor," Joyce kept rambling, constantly pushing Nyx's fragile nerves.

"Read family?" Nyx suddenly paused. "The son of Duke's Mansion? What's his name?"

Someone so well-known, not just in Hilltop City but throughout the country, everyone knew him.

But Nyx had been locked away at home for years, never leaving the house, so she knew nothing about it.

Even the fact that her future husband was a cripple was something her sister had told her to provoke her; otherwise, she would have been married off blindly and wouldn't have nearly jumped into a river

Joyce glanced at her ignorant stepdaughter with disdain and mercifully answered her question, "His full name is Erik Read. Make sure you remember your husband's name, don't let people laugh at you"

Nyx thought, 'It really is Pale Wolf

Immediately. Nyx felt a heavy weight lift off her chest, and she secretly sighed in relief, feeling like a glimmer of hope had appeared.

She thought, 'Could it be that this time I'm following the "marriage first, love later" script?

But soon, she furrowed her brows again. "When is the wedding?"

She had heard that Pale Wolf had broken his leg and been poisoned, and his temperament had changed. She couldn't wait to go and take care of him, to be with him, and maybe even cure his leg and detoxify him.

The sooner the wedding, the better. There was nothing for her in this house, so it would be best to get to her mate's side as soon as possible.

"It's on the fifth of next month," Joyce thought she was about to try to escape again and snorted. "You've got ten days, so stay here obediently and don't try any tricks"

"You two take good care of her, and if anything goes wrong, it's on you." She pointed at the two maids, the older and the younger, instructing them to keep an eye on Nyx.

Joyce wanted to let her stay here quietly, so there was no way she could cause any trouble.

Chaprecass

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Hearing this refere the three tercer thy and condered her genom maid. "Bring her

a bed with embroidered blankers and gene expenses from the worsom. Tell the

best ok something for her every day and send

into her

life

Nye amet downed and nearly or her late the had been wormous for half month before  
waking up and even after that, she often fainted, rarely staying weake

Rohan had selded her for this, barning her for price management she had been resting  
in the concubine's room them days

If anything happens to Nyx before the wedding, it would be a disgrace everyone

For these ten days Joyce thought Nys should be taken care of and replenished

with nutrients, at least to keep her alive and prevent her from accidentally passing

away.

Make sure she takes her medicine and keep a close watch on her joyce reminded

the maids again, not wanting to stay any longer for fear of catching any illness. She  
turned and swept out of the room.

With the unpleasant person gone, Nyz coughed a few more times before stopping

no longer pretending

Although she had faked the coughing Nyx did feel quite unwell-her hands and

feet were cold, and her whole body trembled uncontrollably. She had no strength at all and could probably barely walk

It actually suited Pale Wolf, with his limp. They were like a pair of fallen spouses, both worn and broken in their own way.

Nyx tried to find some humor in the situation and lightly chuckled.

"Bring me a cup of hot water, she ordered.

The older and younger maids exchanged a reluctant glance, but remembering the lady's instructions, the young maid slowly picked up a cup and poured in the boiling hot water. She shoved it into Nyx's hands with annoyance. "Here, drink it"

The cup hadn't been washed in who knows how long, and a layer of dust floated on the surface of the water.

Nyx glanced down, her face tightening. Her wrist trembled slightly, as if she

couldn't hold the cup properly, and the entire cup of water splashed onto the young maid.

"Ouch? The hot water steamed as it hit the young maid, who yelped in surprise.

She gritted her teeth, about to curse, but when she looked up and met Nyx's eyes, she choked on her words.

"Pour me another cup," Nyx said coolly. "This one's a bit too hot, don't you think?"

The family had a twisted vibe-her mistress was harsh, and the servants were used to stepping on others. No one cared about her before, not even a servant,

but these two maids had only been assigned to watch her after her stepmother Joyce insisted

If they hadn't been so rude, she wouldn't have minded, but knowing she couldn't care for herself and still deliberately gave her boiling hot water showed they didn't have good intentions. In that case, she'd return the favor with the same water.

The young maid, furious, was about to speak, but the older maid covered her mouth and pushed her aside.

The older maid had more experience and wasn't so reckless, She knew it was pointless to provoke her mistress. If things got out of hand, they wouldn't come out on top, so she smiled and poured Nyx another cup of water, offering it with

both hands. "Miss, here's your water

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After being put in her place, both of them became much more obedient.

They were never very competent-only good at bullying the weak and fearing the strong. Once Nyx showed some resistance, their attitude changed completely. The kitchen followed the lady's instructions, making sure to send the cooked

supplements to Nyx every day and making sure her meals were no longer lacking.

Nyx had spent a few days resting in bed, and her complexion had improved a lot.

She finally had some strength back in her body

The sun was just right outside.

She got up from the bed, slowly making her way to the door, and for the first time in a while, she stood in the sunlight, squinting lazily, feeling the warmth of the sun on her skin.

The little courtyard was in a secluded spot, which had its benefits of peace and quiet.

These past days, the house had been bustling with people coming and going, but no matter what, the noise couldn't reach her here.

Nyx leaned against the doorframe, counting the days on her fingers. Tomorrow would be the fifth day of the month.

With the wedding drawing closer, people from Duke's Mansion had sent gifts a few times, but none of them had been delivered to her personally, and she hadn't



met anyone who came with the gifts. She only got bits of news from two servants gossiping in the yard, but she didn't get any useful information. She had no idea how Pale Wolf was doing right now.

Just thinking about her poor mate made Nyx uneasy. She couldn't eat or sleep, tossing and turning in bed, too anxious to fall asleep

She had just closed her eyes before her maids and servants came one after another, calling her to get up and do her makeup. Nyx was so tired that her eyelids wouldn't open. She lowered her head, and it wasn't until the old woman

making her face up tugged at her face with a thread that she suddenly jolted awake.

"I don't need that," she said, a little fuzz on her face was healthy, and she didn't want to remove it

This step wasn't just unnecessary; it also hurt.

The old woman frowned, "That won't do. What kind of bride doesn't do her face? It's the rule."

A burst of giggles came from the doorway. Nyx lifted her eyes to see two young ladies standing there, covering their mouths and laughing at her with malicious intent, turning her previously beautiful face into something unpleasant.

The

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"Nys, it's i

that you don't want to do your face, it's that you don't want to marry."

"It's a pity that you're getting older, and your family can't keep you any longer. If you wait another two years, you'll become an old maid, and that'll be even harder to handle.

"Even though Erik is injured and has a bad temper, he's still a good match for you. He's much better than some country bumpkin

The two of them kept chatting back and forth, laughing and deliberately steering the conversation towards Erik's limp and bad temper, watching Nyx's expression to see if she would look anxious or burst into tears.

On the wedding day, a bride crying and sobbing would look inappropriate, and Joyce would scold her when she saw it. Her new family would surely be disgusted, and her husband who already couldn't stand stress, would surely get angry and might even lash out.

The two of them had bad intentions, but Nyx didn't react the way they expected. She didn't show any anxiety, nor did she shed a tear. She simply sat there, turned her head, and stared at them coldly, as if she saw through everything.

Her long hair, which had usually been a bit messy without anyone to attend to it, was now neatly tied up in a high bun, dark as ink. Beautiful jewels held every strand in place, revealing a delicate face, as if carved from jade, making her look like a goddess.

The two sisters froze, holding their breath. They stared for a long time, biting their teeth in silence, their handkerchiefs tightly twisted in their hands.

The reason they always bullied Nyx was partly for fun, but mostly out of jealousy.

Normally, Nyx, with her plain face, looked like a delicate flower, quiet and modest, with no particular grace, but just her face alone could make them feel inferior, and they naturally resented her for it.

Now, dressed up, she was even more stunning, her presence completely different. The weakness that had once been there was gone, and her eyes, clear and sharp, were so intense that they almost didn't dare meet her gaze..

After a long silence, the second sister, Mila, gritted her teeth and, under the pressure, spoke again, "Nyx, don't be afraid of doing your face. It'll only hurt a little, just endure it, it'll pass. There'll be more painful things ahead."

Mila heard that Erik had become unpredictable, the servants were constantly changing, and beatings and punishments were routine. One wrong move, and Nyx could lose her life.

Mila thought, "Who would dare to be his bed partner? Even if you are cautious all the time, you still couldn't avoid occasional mistakes. Once you anger him, being beaten is inevitable!

"Nyx, with your fragile body, going to such a dangerous place I'm really worried about you," the third sister, Kaya, pretended to cry, but the smile at the corner of her lips was hard to suppress.

Erik was a tall man, over 6 feet 3 inches, a warrior who killed enemies on the battlefield at the age of twelve or thirteen. Even though his leg was injured, his strength wouldn't necessarily be affected. A weak and sickly person like Nyx wouldn't survive a few beatings. She might die in no time.

Nyx asked. "Do you dare to tell our father and mother about that?"

The cold voice suddenly pierced their ears, and both Mila and Kaya shivered in surprise, looking at Nyx in disbelief.

"A dangerous place," Nyx smiled faintly, her voice light, but her smile didn't reach her eyes. "The Read family has always been brave and loyal, with Matay being personally appointed by the late emperor.

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"Erik defeated the enemies in battle, and the emperor personally awarded him... You two have such big guts, how dare you call Duke's Mansion a dangerous place? Does that mean, in your eyes, Matay and Erik are nothing more than wild beasts?"

Although Pale Wolf was indeed dangerous, he was a well-behaved good wolf. Nyx added. "If I tell the Read family what you've said-

"No," Mila

"No," Mila and Kaya hurriedly interrupted her, both panicking.

They never expected things to develop this way. They thought, "How dare she? She has always been the one to cry when bullied, and she doesn't even dare complain to her father. How did she suddenly gain so much courage?

'Could it be that the fall into the water damaged her brain, and she's gone mad?'

"These words are just between us sisters, how could they be told to outsiders?" Mila forced a smile. "We were just worried about you. After all, you're marrying into the Read family. You have to leave a good impression on your husband's family."

If Nyx were to use these words to complain, they'd suddenly be in trouble. And Nyx, being blood-related to them, couldn't just stand aside. She'd have to suffer the consequences with them.

They thought, 'Even if Nyx hates us, she wouldn't be crazy enough to want to perish alongside us, right?'

Mila and Kaya were nervous. Nyx was unmoved, smiling slightly. "Since I married into the family, becoming a wife of the family, everything must come first with my husband. No matter what anyone says, as long as it concerns

my husband. I won't hide the truth or lie..

"Moreover, my husband is not as you say. He's a man of good character, not someone with a violent temperament. Since we're mates in marriage, he will love and trust me. He would never take his anger out on me."

Looking at Nyx's calm and confident expression, Mila and Kaya exchanged a glance, speechless.

They thought, 'She's gone crazy. Nyx really has gone mad. It seems she couldn't accept the reality that she is marrying a disgusting man, so she has developed delusions and imagined a loyal, perfect husband who is obedient to her every need.

Kaya gave a dry laugh. "Just wait and see."

She thought, "What good is being stubborn now? Once she gets beaten, she'll surely come to her senses, Arguing with a madwoman isn't worth it. Not only does

it feel like hopeless, but it could backfire and lead me to being dragged into madness together'

Mila and Kaya didn't dare to stay any longer. Annoyed, they left, still muttering to each other.

"Let's see if she comes back crying in a few days, complaining

"With her personality, she wouldn't dare to run after getting beaten."

"We'll see during the return ceremony. Maybe she'll come back bruised, her face marked with fingerprints."

After all that commotion, time was tight, and the woman who was supposed to help with the face painting also realized Nyx wasn't quite right in the head. She didn't dare argue with her and quietly stepped aside.

She thought. Fine, if she doesn't want to paint her face, then don't. If her husband dislikes her and beats her, she's asking for it.

After avoiding an unnecessary painful ritual, Nyx still couldn't escape the heavy headdress on her head.

Compared to the crown Coleman had designed for her, this one was still beautiful but a bit clumsy and heavy, pressing

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down on her head like a mountain, making it nearly impossible for her where

The sounds of excitement came from beside people from the Mas Everywhere was decorated in bright color. Nyx was helped in the final policy, looking and intending to see that familiar face she had been waiting for

"Our young master is not well and can't personally come to welcome the lady, the smiled broadly, leaning closer to Nyx. Mease he understanding and ease take to b

i

modes from the road family

Servant

Nyx frowned slightly. She thought, Right, Pale Wolf's leg was injured, he couldn't

"Is his injury serious" If it got infected, without antibiotics in this ancient time

enough, they might have to amputate, but the most important thing was saving his life

a

beside thing, it was ad

"Uh, well... I'm not sure. The old woman didn't expect her to ask about this,

because little matter been staying in his room, hardly seeing anyone

Even on his wedding day. Erik had no intention of showing up, as if he didn't care about it at

Everyone knew he had no expectations for this marriage. The marriage was arranged entirely by Matey for son

For years, Erik had been focused on the battlefield, avoiding marriage, pushing it off time and time again, will this injury made him lose the will to fight his father and he finally let the marriage happen.

The old woman imagined the awkward situation that would occur tonight when the newlyweds were alone, feeling "Our young master is usually a good-natured person, but such a big change has understandably affected his mood Lady. you are gentle and considerate, please be patient with him."

She thought, 'Every marriage requires some compromise, doesn't it? For a wife, beauty is secondary. The most important thing is to be virtuous and obedient, even if her husband has shortcomings, just bear with it.

"A humble background has its advantages. Since the lady isn't of noble birth, she will likely be more gentle and respectful toward the young master.

The old woman thought this in her mind but couldn't help saying a few more words, advising Nyx on how to win her husband's favor.

Nyx nearly fell asleep, feeling like she was listening to ancient teachings.

These were things Nyx hadn't heard in a long time, and they just went unnoticed.

"Did your young master tell you to say all this to me?" Nyx squinted her eyes, rubbing her throbbing forehead

The old woman was caught off guard by the question. To avoid making Nyx feel that Erik didn't care for her, she kindly told a harmless little lie, "Yes, that's right." Nyx's lips curved into a faint smile. She thought, "How dare he! He's changed a

lot

Nyx was eager to see Pale Wolf, to find out if he really wanted her to serve him humbly, and kindly fix him up with a few concubines to expand his family.

The old maid looked at Nyx's serene smile and felt uneasy. She couldn't shake the feeling that something was off.

But since Nyx didn't say anything more, the maid quickly brushed off the strange feeling and smiled contentedly. She had handled this matter very properly, and she was certain that Erik had left a good impression on Nyx.

Setting aside the fact that the groom didn't come to personally welcome the bride, the Read family had done everything according to tradition, from the lavish procession to the meticulously arranged ceremony. The wedding procession was

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grand.

The common people watching from a distance couldn't help but gasp in surprise

at the long procession, the grand and the impressive ceremony, and they began to discuss it among themselves.

"I heard that that year, the family picked the least favored, most inconspicuous daughter to marry into the Read family. How could they be so disrespectful? Even the Duke could tolerate that."

"Well, the Duke has always been lenient. He takes after the old Duke and doesn't like to argue over trivial matters

"It's good enough that the marriage happened. Given Erik's current condition as long as the bride is virtuous and obedient, it'll be fine."

These words prompted a wave of soft sighs from around the group.

They thought, "Yes, Erik is now disabled. To be blunt, he is practically useless.

The once dashing young man, full of energy and ambition, could no longer go to battle and achieve his future. Even though he could inherit the title and live as a nobleman, without real power or an army, he is far from the glory

he once had.

Furthermore, ever since he developed a leg injury, his temperament has become difficult, and there are rumors about his cruelty. Which noblewoman would want to marry such a man and spend her life with him?

'No wonder Rohan couldn't bear to part with his two beloved daughters and chose the least favored one to marry

The people then turned their gaze toward the luxurious bridal sedan, and pity filled their eyes. They thought. The bride is also a pitiful figure. Marrying into that family, she'd either be neglected and live as a widow or her life would be in danger

On such an important wedding day, Erik the groom didn't show up at all. There was no formal greeting, no wedding ceremony, and many of the important rituals were skipped. Nyx was helped down by the old maid and immediately led into the courtyard.

The main door was tightly shut. The lively sounds from outside didn't seem to interest Erik in the slightest. The servants, not daring to act on their own, could

only take Nyx to the side room. "Please wait here for a moment. We'll inform the young master."

Nyx, weighed down by the heavy headpiece, was too tired to speak, and simply nodded weakly.

As they left one by one, and the room was empty, she sat down on the bed without any care for her image.

Nyx felt tired. She touched the crown on her head, feeling an urge to take it off immediately. After a moment's hesitation, she pulled her hand back.

She thought, I can hold on a little longer. It took so much effort to look like this. At least Pale Wolf should appreciate it."

The courtyard was quiet. Nyx twisted her stiff neck and looked around, inspecting the room.

The furniture was modest but elegant, and it looked like the servants cleaned regularly, as everything was neat and tidy. However, there was no liveliness, as if no one had lived there for a long time.

This vast courtyard, aside from the few servants in the back rooms, only Erik lived here, locking himself away, rarely making a sound.

Nyx listened to the chirping of birds outside the window, bored as she sat on the bed, waiting



Time passed slowly. The servants had gone to notify Erik, but nothing happened after that.

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Not knowing how long she'd been waiting, she finally lost her patience. She thought. To hell with it. I'm not waiting any longer

Nyx gritted her teeth, suddenly sprang up from the bed, rolled up the sleeves of her elaborate gown, and storined toward the largest room in the center.

She knocked twice on the door. When she saw it wasn't locked, she pushed it open and entered.

As soon as she stepped through the door, a cup flew and smashed right at her feet, making a sharp noise as it shattered into pieces.

Then, a low voice from the man followed, filled with an anger and coldness Nyx

had never heard before. "Who gave you permission to come in? Get out. If you do

this

again-

Before he could finish, the angry tone suddenly stopped abruptly "Y-You... who are you?" Erik's voice faltered and became much weaker.

Nyx stood in the doorway, looking up at Erik's familiar handsome face, watching

as it turned bright red in an instant. She thought. Yep. Same old familiar feeling.

He's indeed my familiar little stutterer.

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Nyx continued thinking. That foolish Pale Welt. No matter how many years they've been there

together nervous in front of her, he can't speak properly

Nyx struggled to hold back her laughter, squinting her eyes as she stared at the man in front of her so hard

Erik had a youthful face. His nose was high and straight, and his features were divine. Even after he had been to the sun and wind on the battlefield, the youthful energy and the slight innocence in his eyes centered his bidder

Nyx had only guessed from a few words she overheard in casual conversation that he might be very young but she expected him to be this young

He looked like he was only in his teens, probably not even past his coming-of-age ceremony yet, so he only had his original name, without a courtesy name.

Compared to him, Nyx was a bit older—already twenty. Her stepmother never bothered with her marriage, and her father didn't care whether she ended up as an old maid or not.

If she didn't end up with Erik, her only option would be to marry down, and she wouldn't find a good bastard.

In a world so unfair to women, a husband meant the fate of a woman's entire life. The fact that she had been so home meant her stepmother clearly had no good intentions.

Nyx's thoughts wandered for a moment. Her gaze lingered on Erik in front of her, and when she came to she realized she had been staring at him so intently that he was almost about to catch fire from the heat of her gaze. His face was red from embarrassment.

Nyx couldn't help but chuckle, as she raised her hands horizontally and spinning around in a circle, "Today is your wedding day, and I've dressed like this. Can you guess who I am?"

The answer was obvious.

Erik gritted his teeth, silently frustrated with himself.

He wasn't an idiot. Seeing that bright red wedding dress, he immediately understood who she was, but his mouth didn't listen to him and he foolishly asked a dumb question.

"I... I don't think I... asked you... to come in," he stuttered when he spoke.

His cold words became disjointed, and Erik felt deeply embarrassed, his face turning even redder.

"Oh.. I didn't ask you," Nyx said, her voice dragging on as if she'd just realized something. I thought newlyweds were supposed to sleep in the same room."

"Should I leave now?" she asked, turning as if to walk away.

"No, you can't." The voice behind her was clearly anxious. "Stay, a-and come here."

In his rush, he slapped the low table beside the bed with his palm, instinctively trying to prop himself up. But when he realized what he had done, he froze and quickly sat back down.

Erik looked dazed. He didn't know what he was thinking.

Ever since he saw his new wife clearly, his brain seemed no longer under his control, making him act irrationally and speak in strange ways

His chest felt like it had a rabbit in it, frantically jumping around. Even the time he won a great victory on the battlefield

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didn't excite him this much.

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After teasing Erik a little, Nyx slowly stopped in her tracks, gently closing the door behind her. She then stepped around the mess on the floor, walking toward the bed and standing not far from it.

Erik nervously watched her feet, only relaxing when she had stepped past all the broken pieces of pottery. He promised himself he would never break a cup again.

It's because breaking cups means I have to call someone to clean it up, and it is such a hassle. That must be why I regret it. I'm probably regretting it because of that, Erik thought, tried to convince himself, and focused again.

"What... are you standing there for?" he muttered, lowering his gaze and not looking at Nyx. His voice was stiff. "Come here and help me change."

The room grew quiet for a moment.

Seeing Nyx still standing there, he sounded colder, his brow furrowed in impatience. "You don't know how to serve? Didn't your family teach you any manners?"

Nyx thought, Teach what manners! The way of being a wife! How to be submissive and serve my husband?"

Nyx pinched her fingers, seeing through the bluff of this foolish Pale Wolf. She decided to hold back her urge to hit him for

now.

"Yeah, my family didn't teach me anything," she said, casually sitting down next to him.

Her shoulder pressed against his, her leg brushed his, and she felt the solid, strong body shudder slightly, as if he held his

breath.

"Fortunately, you specifically sent a nanny to teach me the rules, but I'm a little slow and can't learn them right away." She tilted her head slightly, her breath brushing his ear, sending a shiver of excitement through him.

Erik's mind went blank. All of his senses were focused on the sensations Nyx was giving him, and he couldn't think straight.

He hadn't sent any nanny. 'Maybe it's my father's doing, he thought.

He didn't really understand the rules either. If she couldn't learn them, he didn't mind at all.

"And I'm so tired right now. I have no strength to serve you," Nyx said more straightforwardly, resting her head on her mate's shoulder and shaking it a little. "Do you feel it? My headpiece is so heavy. I've been wearing it all day, and my neck feels like it's about to break."

"It's all because of you," she finally let out all her frustration, angrily grabbing Erik's arm. "I've been getting ready since the early hours, didn't even get a meal, and now that I'm finally here, you left me waiting in the guest room for so long"

"Feel it." Nyx grabbed his hand and pressed it onto her flat stomach. "It's growling. I'm so hungry."

No lady would complain so shamelessly about being hungry like that in that era. But Erik couldn't think of that. He didn't feel the slightest bit of disgust. All he could focus on was the soft sensation of her palm against his hand, his heartbeat racing so fast he thought he might faint

"Sorry, I... I'll have someone bring you something to eat," he said, his hand jerking back like he'd been shocked. His eyes darted around, and he saw a plate of food on the nearby table, probably delivered by a servant not long ago.

Erik immediately pointed at it. "You can eat those for now, just to fill you up?"

Nyx was so hungry she didn't think twice. She reached for the plate and realized

it was still warm. Without a second thought, she picked it up, took one dumpling, and popped it in her mouth.

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She took a bite, and her expression suddenly changed. She immediately spat it out. "Is it raw?"

As the words left her mouth, she quickly realized what was going on and looked

at Erik

Though Erik was awkward and slow, he figured it out right after Nyx. His eyes were squeezed shut, as if all the blood in his body had rushed to his face, leaving him completely red 'No, no. L

It was all those servants acting on their own.

He had another purpose for the marriage with the Voss family and had no intention of touching the woman who came into the house. There was no way he would arrange for someone to bring in a plate of half-cooked food and say something about auspicious words for having children.

Such a blunder wasn't really a big deal in itself. But when Nyx looked him up and down with a mocking gaze. Erik felt more embarrassed than ever, as though his hidden desires had been exposed, especially in front of the very woman he'd been fantasizing about.

"Arlong, send some hot food over to the kitchen, he ordered, trying to cover up the awkwardness with a serious tone.

As long as the person he was talking to wasn't Nyx, his stuttering would disappear on its own

Someone responded from outside the window immediately.

It was afternoon, lunch had already been eaten, and it wasn't time for dinner yet.

The kitchen staff were taking it easy, so when they suddenly received the order, they were a bit confused. They discussed about that.

"The young master has never asked us to send food at this time. What's going on today!"

"Could it be... because of the new wife?"

"No, no way."

"I heard the wife was placed in the side room, and the young master hasn't even looked at her once"

Everyone in the household knew that Erik seemed to have no sense of romance, was always clueless about affection, and after injuring his leg, he didn't allow anyone to get close.

Even if the new wife was as beautiful as a fairy, she was still bound to be ignored.

"So, why does he order meal for her at a time like this? they thought.

Someone concluded. "It's probably because lunch didn't suit his taste, and he wasn't full"

This was a huge deal.

The kitchen staff immediately stopped chatting and got to work, trying to make up for their mistake by quickly sending new dishes out

According to the new rules Erik had set recently, the door had to be knocked

three times lightly, and the person had to state their identity and purpose before being allowed to enter.

The servant holding the dishes nervously raised his hand to knock on the door. After three knocks, he whispered, 'Im here to deliver food.'

Before he could finish speaking, the door creaked open from the inside, and a soft female voice replied. "Coming"

The servant, who originally didn't dare to look up for fear of offending the mistress and making her leg injury worse. instinctively raised his head when he heard the unexpected voice. He immediately froze, holding his breath. A fairy, he thought.

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"Ahem," came a loud coughing sound from inside the room, clearly intentional

"M-Madam" The servant suddenly snapped back to reality, hurriedly lowering his head, too scared to look again

"Give it to me; thank you for your hard work. Nyx directly took the plate from his hands, not bothering with small talk. "You can leave nowy."

As soon as the door closed, the room returned to its peaceful two-person world.

Erik didn't say anything, but the vibe around him clearly relaxed, as if he was satisfied with the change

"Are you going to eat?" Nyx placed the plate on the table and remembered to ask him.

There was only one set of silverware.

Erik quietly looked up and noticed Nyx putting a piece of food in her mouth. His throat involuntarily moved as he swallowed.

He thought, "What were those servants thinking? One knife is fine, but did they expect me to share the same fork with her? Forget it. I am not eating

It wasn't mealtime, and he wasn't in the habit of eating at this hour. But he hadn't

eaten much at lunch, and now the scent of the food made him realize he was actually a bit hungry.

He could barely manage to share a fork with her.

"You come... serve me," after much hesitation, Erik couldn't help but speak

Nyx froze mid-bite and looked at him as if he were some new, never-before- seen species.

After all these years together, she'd never served any mate their food. Instead,

one by one, they crowded around her, trying to win her favor, afraid of being outdone by a rival.

She had long been used to such a life.

Now, with these repeated requests from Erik, it felt like the world had turned upside down.

Their eyes met, and they were silent for a while. Erik's gaze trembled, his face turning red from being stared at, and he stubbornly held his neck, trying to appear tough.

Fool, thought Nyx, as she let out a faint, almost imperceptible laugh, and then looked away. "Wait here"

She would finish eating first, then consider feeding him a bite or two. Meanwhile, the person delivering the food returned to the kitchen with the big

news, causing an uproar. Everyone was in a frenzy.

"What?"

"Did you see the madam?"

"Don't tell me you're lying to us."

"Isn't the madam supposed to be in the side room?"

"Why would she be in the young master's room?"

"Really, I'm not lying to you, the person delivering the food quickly waved his hands, anxiously defending himself. "The madam is as beautiful as a fairy, her voice is so gentle. She personally opened the door for me and took the food from

my



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hands

His words didn't sound like truth, and no one could come up with such a ridiculous story. It wounded more like he was having some kind of fit

But then several other people took turns delivering food, and when they came back, they were all in a daze, saying the exact same thing as the first person.

One person like this could be a fit, but when three or five people came back acting the same way, they thought it had to be

Nyx sat at the table, facing a dozen different dishes. She rubbed her hands together in anticipation, completely unaware that the news related to her had spread throughout the estate..

Though the Duke's residence was a military family, it was also a noble household, so they were very particular about food. The ingredients were all fresh, and the kitchen's skills were far superior to any restaurant outside.

Nyx tasted a few bites, finding the flavor to her liking, and began to eat faster, focusing entirely on her meal.

Erik had been waiting for a while but still didn't see her come over to feed him. He stared at her repeatedly, unable to hold back his sarcastic comment. "The Voss family doesn't feed you?"

Although he didn't know much about women, he had heard that they were always delicate, eating slowly and having small appetites. But Nyx wasn't delicate, and the way she ate was fierce.

Watching her beautiful face, stuffed with food, he couldn't find the right words to describe it. He just felt a strange itch in his heart and his hands, unable to take his eyes off her.

Nyx suddenly set down her fork and stood up.

Erik instinctively closed his mouth, becoming a little flustered. "Aren't you eating?"

He thought, 'Is she angry? Is it because of what I just said?'

Nyx pulled out a handkerchief and casually wiped her mouth, nodding in satisfaction. "I'm full"

She had only eaten a little of the dozen dishes, and it looked like she hadn't touched the fork at all.

Erik's gaze fell on the table as he scanned the dishes, frowning. He thought, 'Her

appetite really is small. No wonder she's so thin. Except for her soft belly, when she's close to me, I can feel her sharp bones"

"Eat a little more." Erik pointed to a plate of shrimp Nyx hadn't touched. "You don't like this?"

"What?" Nyx followed his finger and shook her head. "I don't want to eat it; it's too much trouble."

The shrimp looked pretty good, large and colorful, but peeling the shells would dirty her hands, and she would have to ask for water to wash them. It was too much of a hassle, so she chose not to eat them.

Erik didn't expect such an answer and fell silent for a moment.

People like them were supposed to have someone assist them while eating,

without needing to do anything themselves. But he didn't like anyone watching him, so he always did things himself.

He hesitated and then called someone over. "Arlong

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Upon hearing his call, Arlong entered quietly, lowered his head, and waited for instructions.

Nyx took an interest in observing him

Arlong had a youthful face, average height, and a lean build. He didn't seem like much at first glance, but there was an impression that he had some skill.

She thought. 'Could he be the legendary trusted subordinate? A personal bodyguard?'

"You come... Erik had planned to ask Arlong to peel the shrimp but suddenly noticed Nyx's gaze. He furrowed his brow and cleared his throat twice..

He thought, Shameless. She is my wife, yet she is staring at another man. What kind of behavior is that?

"Huh?" Nyx looked away, turning her head to see that the dumb Pale Wolf was clearly irritated.

Erik, who had a bad temper, suddenly got angry, gritted his teeth for a while, but in the end, nothing happened.

"Go bring me a basin of water, he changed his mind and instructed Arlong, "And bring me a cloth too."

Arlong, though confused, did as told. He left quickly like the wind and soon came back.

He respectfully carried the basin of water, watching his master wash his hands carefully in the copper basin and wipe them with the cloth. Then, Erik took a plate of shrimp from the table, placed it in front of himself, and began peeling the shrimp.

"Master, let me do it," Arlong said, surprised and shocked.

He was right there-there was no reason for Erik to do it himself.

"No need. I'll do it myself." Erik glanced at him warily and then covered the plate with his hand. "You can go now."

Erik had just been a bit careless in his thinking, not considering it properly. He thought, 'Since she is my wife, of course, she can only eat shrimp peeled by me. How can I let another man do it for her?'

Watching Erik work swiftly, Arlong opened his mouth as if to say something but hesitated, not wanting to defy his master's orders.

Feeling lost, he looked at Nyx, hoping she would take over the task. Nyx, however, was resting her chin in her hand, focusing intently on Erik. She didn't make eye contact with him.

It was Erik who keenly noticed Arlong's gaze. His eyes were sharp as knives, coldly locking with his for a moment.

Their eyes met, and Arlong understood Erik's intentions, Silently, he shut his mouth, followed the orders, and quietly left the room, closing the door behind him.

Inside the room, only the faint sound of shrimp being peeled remained.

Erik, with his face cold in anger, peeled the entire plate of shrimp. The plump shrimp meat was neatly arranged in the plate. still steaming

"Eat." He shoved the plate toward Nyx, his tone stiff and hard.

"You peeled these for me?" Nyx couldn't help but tease him. "But I'm already full."

Seeing his handsome face visibly fall, she quickly changed her tone. "But how can I not appreciate my husband's gesture?"

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As she spoke, she picked up a shrimp and popped it into her mouth.

Erik's expression immediately changed from gloomy to happy, all his emotions showing on his face. He didn't even realize that he had been playfully teased.

The word "husband made him a little shy. He lowered his head, processing his feelings for a moment before looking back at Nyx, who was still eating. He quickly spoke up. "If you're full, then... don't force yourself"

Eating too much could harm her body. He had seen famine-stricken people who, after receiving aid, couldn't control their hunger and ate themselves to death.

He had peeled the shrimp for Nyx, hoping she would eat a bit more, but everything had its limits. He wasn't forcing her to

finish it all

Nyx ate another shrimp and put her fork down. The shrimp was indeed fresh, the meat firm, and the taste sweet.

Besides, after teasing the silly wolf, she was in a good mood and had a bigger appetite- so she ended up eating a few more

"What about the rest?" she sighed dramatically. "These are all peeled by you with such effort. It would be a waste not to eat

them."

Til eat them," the dumb Pale Wolf took the bait, speaking in a muffled tone as he reached for the fork.

Led by Nyx, he completely forgot the earlier rule where he had insisted that she should serve him, and he didn't even care that he was eating her leftovers. Ever since his injury, his appetite had worsened, but it seemed to have suddenly returned to normal. Without realizing it, he almost finished all the food.

Arlong had been waiting outside for a long time and finally heard the call.

He went in with the fresh water and cloth to assist his master with washing his hands. He set down the copper basin and then went to clear the table. He immediately noticed the empty plates and stared in shock. He thought. Did he eat all this?"

Since his injury, Erik hadn't eaten this much in a long time.

After a long pause, Arlong subconsciously looked up at Nyx with admiration and gratitude. He thought, It must have been the lady's thoughtful service that helped my master regain his appetite.

"Arlong." Erik said sternly, "Leave."

Arlong snapped back to reality, realizing he had been rude. He quickly lowered his head, hurriedly finished cleaning up, and

left the room

He thought, "The way the master treats the lady is truly extraordinary. Tonight is the wedding night, and it seems like the lady isn't planning to leave the room, nor does the master rush her out!

After thinking for a while, Arlong quietly left his usual corner, moving farther away to avoid hearing any inappropriate Sounds.

In the room, the table had been cleaned, and Nyx had moved a copper mirror over. She was trying to remove the heavy hairpiece from her head, relieving her poor neck.

Her arms had little strength left. After holding them up for a while, they became sore, but she had only removed part of the hairpiece. Her movements grew more forceful, and before she knew it, she tugged at her hair, letting out a soft hiss. "Help me." She nudged Erik's chest with her elbow.

"You" Erik stared at her blankly, caught off guard by the sudden poke. His face, which had just stopped blushing, flushed up again instantly. He raised his hand to cover his chest, feeling like a modest woman being taken advantage of

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He opened his mouth, intending to mock her for being so charles, not even knowing how to take it her satisiere Bot after a brief hesitation, he shut his mouth again.

"Where's your personal maid These things should have someone to attend to them. Even if he hadn't went fr someone to help her, she should've brought her own maid or wet nurse along an part of her dowry

While asking, he wasn't idle. He raised his hand and gently removed her hair accessories clumsily per carefully

Her hair didn't feel smooth, somewhat dry, as if it lacked nourishment and hadn't been properly cant be it did good to the touch

Her hair, just like the rest of her, showed no sign of a pampered life. Her complexion was pale, despite the mage on her lipe and cheeks, it still couldn't hide the pallor, making her look like a delicate flower heanch that might snap at any moment

Strangely, Erik didn't feel disgusted at all. Instead, he felt a surge of frustration and some other ensations he couldn't quite put into words.

He didn't fully understand what it meant to feel pity yet, so he just attributed all his feelings to

He thought. What's going on with the Voss family? Even if their family status isn't

as high as the Duke's they should be this poor, right? How could they raise their daughter like this?"

"I don't have a personal maid." Nyx tilted her head back and leaned into his

arms.

Apart from the two people who helped her after she fell into the water, she had lived alone in that remote inte con for all these years.

Erik's face darkened even more. He hadn't paid much attention to the marriage

and didn't know many details Hispan assumptions and plans had all been overturned.

He thought, 'She doesn't even have someone to attend to her. Is she really the Voss family's biological daughter) is nothing like I have imagined. I should have someone look into this carefully.

His mind raced with thoughts, but his hands remained steady. Erik was a quick learner and quickly figured out the trick skillfully removing the last hairpin, his fingers gently combing Nyx's hair without any guidance.

He was so focused on this that he forgot to be cautious, forgot the rule that men and women shouldn't touch, and forgot they had just met.

Only when Nyx snuggled closer and started undressing did he suddenly snap back to reality, pulling his hands away as if shocked by an electric jolt. "What... are you doing?"

"I'm undressing." Nyx said matter-of-factly.

It wasn't just the headpiece that made her uncomfortable; her clothes were too. She pulled off the cumbersome outer ski revealing several more layers underneath.

The fabric of ancient clothes wasn't as light and comfortable as the materials in the stars. Wearing them made sitting or standing unbearable, and she had long had enough of it.

"Wearing all this is so uncomfortable. I can't believe I wore it all day. I'm about to die from exhaustion, Nyx grumbled as she unhooked one layer after another, finally stopping when only her inner garments remained. She sighed in relief

Embarrassed and flustered, Erik turned away, avoiding her gaze. His eyes darted around, and he was at a loss for words

He thought, 'Absurd. Truly absurd. People always say that women should be reserved, and brides should be shy, but in our case, it seems the opposite is happening"

Erik touched his hot ears in frustration, cursing himself silently. He never knew he could be so shy. It was ridiculous how

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he'd been teased like this by a woman. It felt as if his aura had been completely suppressed and he was losing to her.

He took a deep breath, trying to clear his mind and focus on more serious thoughts. Slowly, the blush faded from his

Before he could fully regain his composure, a slender hand suddenly reached up to his chest and pulled.

He gasped, his body trembling violently, shocked enough to almost jump up. "You, you What are you doing?"

With just one movement from Nyx, all his previous efforts were ruined. His face

turned red, his eyes even seemed to

swollen, looking almost pitiable.

"Tui serving you" Nyx said innocently. "Didn't you ask me to help you change?"

She blinked and made eye contact with him, her expression pure, but her hands were far from innocent. She tugged at his collar, then went for his belt, touched his Adam's apple, then his firm chest muscles, continuing downward. Before she could reach her ultimate goal. Erik grabbed her wrist, panting, feeling deep regret. "No, you-you don't need to

He no longer cared about his own embarrassment, clenching his legs tightly, terrified Nyx might notice something unusual.

But after being together for so long, there was no way Nyx wouldn't notice. She

glanced down and let out a teasing laugh.

The 18-year-old pure-hearted college boy was indeed easily flustered and couldn't handle even the slightest teasing.

"You really don't need me to help you out?" she asked, taking his hand that was holding hers and pressing herself against

him.

She had indeed been teasing him on purpose, especially after that stubborn Pale Wolf tried to act tough and give her a cold shoulder. But the meaning behind her closeness wasn't fake; she really wanted to make love to him.



She had waited a full ten days to meet with her mate, so she thought she should do something to celebrate. Now that her stomach was full and her clothes had been thrown aside, the vibe was just right.

As a legally married couple, they could do whatever they wanted. Out of a hundred men, ninety-nine wouldn't be able to resist a woman's initiative and passion, even without a proper reason-they might accept it, even if only half-heartedly.

And as for them, with a rightful reason and a legitimate marriage, it was no problem to have sex.

However, Erik was clearly not one of those ninety-nine men. He suppressed the desire stirring inside him, avoided looking at her, swallowed a few times, and forced himself to continue refusing. "No... need."

Tin your

wife." Nyx said softly, taking his hand and placing it on her exposed shoulder, her voice gentle. "You can touch me. Or... do you not like me?"

"No." Erik was brief with his words, but denied it quickly.

When she tried to get him to say more, he pressed his lips together and refused to speak, pulling his hand back from Nyx's shoulder.

The truth was, he didn't even understand what he was feeling.

All he knew was that he definitely didn't dislike her. His heart raced whenever he spoke to her and he couldn't calm down. He felt content when he watched her eat, but when he saw her looking at someone else, he became anxious and angry.

Ever since he became aware of his surroundings, he had been on the battlefield, with his mind only on handling weapons and organizing troops. He'd never read romance novels or tolerated those kinds of silly dramas.

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As he grew older and his body matured, he hadn't thought about getting close to a woman. His brothers in the army used to joke that he took care of things himself, and he didn't mind.

Over time, rumors spread that he was naturally incapable of love, and he had always thought those rumors were true-he really was like that.

Today, strange emotions suddenly surged inside him, overwhelming him and leaving his head spinning

He thought, 'How has the Voss family managed to do this? They've sent me a woman whose every move tugs at my heart. Is this what love between a man and

a woman feels like? But this is our first encounter-how can I be sure of such an important feeling?

The voices in his mind were shouting at him to touch her, hold her, go further...

Erik took a deep breath, moved to the side. almost hiding in the corner like he was facing a wall.

Nyx slowly furrowed her brows, circling around to look at him. She thought, He clearly likes me, and we're already married, so why won't he touch me? What's going on?

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## **Of The Bea 348**

### Chapter 348

Even though Erik had once been reserved and avoided her for a while. Nyx had long since forgotten that awkward phase.

The first impression had been the most memorable.

When they first met, she had encountered the clumsy yet bold amnesiac Pale Wolf. On their first day together, he had dared to kiss her instinctively, and in her eyes, he had always been straightforward and impulsive like that.

Over the years, it was always her rejecting him, never the other way around. Now, his avoidance stood out in stark contrast to his previous behavior.

Nyx thought for a moment and suddenly had a bad feeling. She thought, "Oh no... Could it be that he hasn't just hurt his leg?"

While nothing seemed obviously wrong on the surface, with the poison in his system, it was hard to say.

The room grew silent.

Erik faced the wall, took several deep breaths, and worried that his rejection might have upset Nyx. He hesitantly turned his head, only to meet eyes full of pity.

A strange, inexplicable feeling rose inside him as he felt her gaze, his body tensing. He couldn't quite pinpoint what was

wrong.

"Rest now; it's getting late." Nyx's enthusiasm had faded, replaced with worry.

She hesitated, holding off on checking his injured leg, intending to wait until he grew more familiar with her and trusted her

more.

"You sleep inside; I'll sleep outside, alright?" Pale Wolf's leg wasn't convenient, so she would sleep outside to take care of him if needed during the night.

Nyx didn't say much, but Erik guessed what she was thinking, and a sour, swelling feeling filled his heart, though he couldn't explain the sensation.

"I'll sleep on the outside." He pushed Nyx towards the inside, then lifted his hand to smooth the bedding for her. "Arlong outside... if anything... I'll call him.

Neither of them mentioned that Nyx should return to her own room to sleep. Without saying a word, they both silently turned the page on that matter and lay down on the same bed.

The candlelight went out.

Nyx had been tired all day, and as soon as she lay down, her eyes closed on their own, as if glued shut. She couldn't open

them no matter what.

In the warmth of the blanket, with the male body beside her, her usually cold hands and feet, due to her poor circulation, finally found some warmth. It was the first time since coming to this world that she slept so soundly, her breathing soon becoming even and deep.

Beside her, Erik lay stiffly with his eyes closed, nervously lying there, rigid, not daring to move a muscle, afraid of touching her. His mind was crystal clear, and he couldn't fall asleep at all.

The curtains swayed, and Nyx turned over in bed. An arm swung over without hesitation, pressing down on him. Erik suddenly opened his eyes.

After a brief moment of stiffness, he gathered the courage to gently move the arm away, propped himself up, and reached to knock on the window,

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The knocking sound was quiet, hoping not to disturb the person sleeping. Arlong was just outside the window, so he should be able to hear the summons.

Erik knocked twice and then withdrew his hand. There was no response.

He knocked twice more, but still no answer.

Third time's the charm, but when there was no response again, a flash of irritation appeared in his eyes.

Outside, the night was deep. Arlong was sitting idly by the edge of the grass, watching the door in the center of the house. As expected, no one had come out.

He had already guessed that Erik was probably upset over a woman.

The next moment, the door suddenly swung open from the inside. A tall figure

leaned on a cane, radiating an air of displeasure Arlong

"Master?" Arlong gasped, nearly falling backward in shock.

"What are you doing over there!" Erik's tone was serious as he addressed his subordinate who had abandoned his post

Arlong stood frozen, stuttering and unsure of what to say.

He tried to calculate the time. He thought. It should still be early. How could it have ended so quickly? My master's impotent?'

He dared not speak this terrifying thought aloud, fearing that if he brought it up, he might bring misfortune upon himself. Lowering his head and avoiding eye contact, he quickly stepped forward.

"Go get some water. I need a bath, Erik said. Since it was a rare mistake, Erik didn't reprimand him further but simply added, "Don't wander off next time."

Arlong lowered his head in acknowledgment, his mind a jumbled mess.

He thought. "No wonder my master seems in such a bad mood. No wonder that, for all these years, he has never been interested in women. It turns out he has been trying to cover up his impotency with cold detachment

The more Arlong thought about it, the clearer the logic seemed, and his face changed as he sighed repeatedly.

For Erik's dignity, and for the future of the Duke's family, he must find a famous doctor, using all remedies-both medicinal and dietary.

Erik leaned against the door, feeling a sudden chill on his back. He couldn't help but sneeze, furrowing his brows

He thought, Is my body really so weak that even a little cold wind can make me catch a chill? It seems I've really been neglecting my physical training lately.

Starting tomorrow, he decided to get back to exercising, to strengthen his body. His legs were ruined, but he couldn't let his whole body go to waste.

"The reason I want to get stronger isn't because she keeps looking at me with an appraising gaze, as he thought, Erik quietly lifted his hand and touched his muscles.

Fortunately, although he had lost some of his previous strength, it wasn't enough to embarrass him in front of her. If he was given some time, he could get back to his former state.

Footsteps approached, breaking the silence. Several figures entered the yard, led by Arlong

The servants carried two buckets of hot water, and the maids held towels and bath powders, along with clean underwear for

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## Chapter 318

both men and women.

Seeing them, Erik snapped back to reality and propped up his cane. "Keep it down,"

He hissed, lowering his voice to remind them. "The lady is sleeping."

The maids exchanged confused glances, unsure of what to do.

They were here to assist Nyx with her bath, but if she was asleep, they couldn't do it.

"Put it down and go. Erik waved them away.

Since it was Erik's orders, everyone did not question it and followed his instructions

Erik watched them leave and, after they exited the door, he picked up a soft towel from the table. He dipped it in hot water, wrung it out, and carefully sat by Nyx's bedside, gently pushing her hair aside. He cautiously wiped her face with the towel.

He was as careful as possible, holding his breath instinctively.

Nyx was deep in sleep, unaware of the disturbance. Her chest rose and fell rhythmically.

Wiping her face just once didn't seem enough.

Erik continued to wipe her face repeatedly, and finally used a dry towel to absorb the moisture, awkwardly dabbing a little powder onto her freshly cleaned face.

The scent of the powder was so strong it made him want to sneeze. When he opened the lid, he couldn't help but frown. But when the thin layer was applied to Nyx's face, it immediately became more tempting, even making him consider tasting it

In a moment of distraction, the calluses on his hand rubbed against his skin. Nyx furrowed her brow in her sleep, turned over, and faced away from the helpless male, seemingly ignoring him.

Erik quickly withdrew his hand, his heart racing, and it took him a while to calm down.

He thought. She hasn't woken up... It's a good thing she's still asleep...

He dipped a bit more of the powder on his hand, remembering the earlier lesson, and moved more cautiously. He gently touched her delicate, though not very fleshy, face, and carefully applied it from her forehead down to her sharp chin.

He thought, 'She's so thin.

When she was eating earlier, he had noticed which dishes she ate more of. They seemed to suit her taste, so he thought he could ask the kitchen to make more of those in the future. He thought maybe it would help her put on some weight.

While planning in his mind, Erik patiently finished applying the powder to Nyx's face, then wiped her arms, then moved from her inner thighs down to her ankles, gently wiping her feet.

As for other areas, he didn't dare touch them. After hesitating for a long time, he still didn't dare change Nyx into fresh clothes.

Going back and forth, he had used several cloths, and in the process, he forgot about himself. It wasn't until he finished cleaning Nyx, tucked the blanket around her, that he realized he had used up all the cloths and hadn't kept one for himself.

It was just a few cloths, so asking someone to bring more would be a bit of a hassle.

He hesitated for half a second but then, with a red face, Erik convinced himself to pick up the used cloths from Nyx

Having spent so much time on Nyx, he found the water in the bath had already cooled, but he didn't plan on having it changed.

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Actually, the cold water was just right for him now. It would help clear his mind

He turned over and stepped into the bath, closed his eyes, and sank into the water, a bit frustrated that it wasn't cold enough to clear his chaotic thoughts. This time, Arlong stayed quietly by the window. When he heard the call, he immediately responded and summoned the servants to remove the items. Watching the group leave, Arlong scratched his head in confusion. He had thought that Erik had already gone to rest, but it seemed he was only just finishing his bath.

Arlong thought. This bath did take quite a while. If he has bathed with the Lady and lasted this long, then the master is truly impressive. I wouldn't need to worry about helping the master recover his health

But he had just been outside the window and hadn't heard Nyx's voice at all.

Arlong couldn't make sense of it, and he didn't dare ask Erik directly if he had some hidden illness. After thinking for a moment, he decided it was best to first help the master replenish his health.

He thought. Even if the master isn't sick, it would still be good to improve his health. The lady has just married and. If she could give the master a child soon,

he would surely be pleased. Since his leg injury, the master hasn't been happy for

a long

time.

With the idea of a joyful occasion in mind, Arlong picked up a twig and began

drawing on the ground, considering what to ask the kitchen to prepare for tomorrow.

Inside the room. Erik sat quietly by the bed for a moment, letting the chill in his body dissipate before lying down again.

The bed was already cold.

As soon as he climbed under the blanket, Nyx immediately moved closer to the warmth, pressing her cold hands and feet against him.

Erik couldn't help but frown, grabbing her troublesome hands and holding them to

his chest. But he couldn't do anything about her equally mischievous feet, which he couldn't avoid, and they ended up stepping on him.

He almost gave up and sighed deeply, biting his teeth, wanting to shake the culprit

awake, but after holding back for a while, he suppressed the urge.

The hands in his embrace were as cold as ice.

Erik's attention quickly shifted to them, gently rubbing the back of Nyx's hand,

pressing her palm against his chest. Through the layer of clothing, he transmitted warmth, and it took quite some time to warm up.

He had never seen someone so cold. Her body seemed to be as weak as it could

get. Even if there was a congenital deficiency, with proper care, it shouldn't be this



bad.

He wondered again, 'How did the Voss family raise their daughter?'

The temperature in the bed slowly rose, and Nyx, feeling warm, mumbled a few words in her sleep before comfortably turning over.

The hands and feet wrapped around him moved away, and Erik was free once again.

He slowly got up, tucked the blanket tightly around Nyx, sat by the table, and wrote a note in the dark. Then he knocked on the window.

"Go tell the shadow guards to check something. He handed the note to Arlong

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"Yes" Arlong took the note.

Also Erik cleared his throat. "Starting tomorrow, tell the kitchen to buy more supplements, and have them prepared and sent every day

He tried to keep a calm and neutral expression, not mentioning that the supplements were for Nyx's health, hoping Arlong would figure it out.

Arlong paused for a moment, and then his face showed understanding. "I understand"

Arlong thought, As expected, the master still needs to be replenished! After giving out the task and asking for water again, Erik resignedly went back to

bed to warm his wife's hands and feet.

With the warmth of the natural furnace nearby, Nyx slept soundly for five hours and, feeling drowsy, dozed off for a little longer before opening her eyes. The first thing she

saw was the familiar chest. Her mind was still foggy and not fully awake, so she stretched out her hand and pushed him

Erik had already woken up. He had been staring at the woman beside him for a long time. When he noticed she was about to wake up.

he closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

The push was so light, it felt more like a touch to him. He couldn't hold back and suddenly turned over, sitting up. "You-"

When she saw his clothes and his overly youthful face, and noticed his slightly flustered expression, Nyx snapped back to her senses, "Ali, sorry. I didn't mean Her apology sounded completely insincere, without skipping a beat, and her face didn't even blush.

It was the large, muscular Erik who seemed like he'd just been teased or mocked by a flirt, his whole demeanor ruffled.

Erik thought, 'How could there be such an annoying woman in this world?'

"Or, you can get back at me," Nyx said with a slight smile, "Tim always fair."

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## **Of The Bea 349**

### Chapter 349

room fell back to a long silence. Erik was frozen, almost unable to believe his ears. He could never have predicted that this woman would do something like this or say such shocking words.

"Arlong" He scrambled, trying to avoid any temptation, and quickly called for more people to come.

Outside, Arlong heard the noise and knew that the master and mistress had woken up.

Usually, the master didn't need extra servants in the morning, only requiring water to wash up. But with the mistress now in the room, he couldn't do the washing up anymore.

A few maids, having received Arlong's message, entered with a variety of items, walking lightly and bowing to Nyx.

"Mistress."

When Nyx saw the copper basin of water, she suddenly remembered that she had been so tired and sleepy last night that she fell straight into bed and forgot to wash

1. up.

What was worse, she had put on a thick layer of makeup yesterday, and it had been on all night—hopefully it hadn't ruined

her skin.

She nervously raised her hand to touch her face and was surprised to feel smooth skin, quite different from what she had imagined.

Taking the copper mirror to check, she found the makeup was completely gone. Though her face was bare, it looked like a soft powder that nourished her skin.

"The mistress is so beautiful," one of the clever maids, seeing her check the mirror, immediately sweet-talked. I've never seen someone so stunning, like a celestial being.

Once one started, the others didn't want to fall behind, and they all chimed in, complimenting her endlessly.

Nyx felt a little awkward from all the praise. She bit her lip shyly, and a faint blush crept onto her cheeks.

Not far away. Erik's gaze was glued to her face, momentarily dazed. To him, those compliments didn't feel exaggerated at all,

Last night, in the dark, when he helped Nyx wash her face, he could hardly see anything. But now, staring at her bare face, he realized she was even more beautiful without makeup.

His heated gaze was impossible to ignore. Nyx raised an eyebrow and gave him a faint smile.

Without asking, she was sure that last night, this Pale Wolf had helped her wash her face and even put some fragrant powder on her. She thought such a well-behaved male should be rewarded.

After freshening up and getting dressed, the kitchen staff brought breakfast, placing dish after dish on the table, even more sumptuous than usual.

Seeing that there were two sets of bowls and fork, a trace of disappointment flickered in Erik's eyes, and he sat down unhappily.

Before he could pick up his bowl, a hand reached over and took it away from in front of him.

He thought it was a maid acting on her own, frowning as he looked up coldly, only to be shocked to see it was Nyx, his eyes widening in surprise.

Nyx scooped a bowl of oatmeal, blew on the spoon, and naturally fed it to him.

Erik instinctively opened his mouth.

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## Chapter 319

The simple oatmeal, something he usually couldn't be bothered with, felt different today. He swallowed it quickly, but it seemed to have many more flavors than usual.

He thought, 'So this is what it feels like to be served by the wife during a meal? No wonder so many men are eager to marry

Seeing this, Arlong wisely backed away, also sending the other waiting maids away.

The surroundings became quiet.

Erik sat there, dazed. When food was brought to him, he opened his mouth obediently, as if he had an invisible tail wagging behind him, like the most obedient little dog.

After a long while, he finally snapped back to reality, extending his long arm to take Nyx's bowl and fork. He picked up a pastry, blushing, and fed it to her. "You... you eat too."

Nyx smiled at him and didn't refuse.

After she chewed on the pastry for a couple of bites, her eyes lit up, and she couldn't help but feel a bit emotional

She hadn't expected that even after losing his memory, Pale Wolf could still perfectly serve her the flavor she liked.

"Here, have some of this." She returned the favor, placing a piece of food on Erik's plate.

After so many years of being married, she knew her mate's tastes well. Even with his memory lost and living in a new world, his preferences hadn't changed.

She glanced over the food on the table, trying to see which dishes matched Erik's taste. But suddenly, she realized that many of the ingredients had some kind of health-boosting effect.

Even though most of the food had been meticulously prepared and the original form of the ingredients was hidden, she could still tell. As she expected, it seemed Pale Wolf's potency was a bit off.

Nyx silently sighed. She didn't show any signs of concern on her face but quietly added more nourishing dishes to Erik's bowl

She thought, It's okay, it can definitely be healed. Even if it can't be healed, she wouldn't mind. At worst, we'd just have a period of platonic love. Once the trial period is over, everything would go back to normal and not affect his original health."

Erik was completely absorbed in the joy of Nyx feeding him and didn't notice the pity in her gaze or sense that there was anything unusual with the food. He focused on eating everything in his bowl.

They kept feeding each other, and the meal felt especially long.

Finally, almost all the dishes on the table were gone.

Even though he had mentally prepared himself, when Arlong and the others came in to clear the table, he was still shocked, followed by a burst of joy.

He thought, "Thank you, Madam. Thank you so much, Madam"

Earlier, when the master wasn't in the mood and couldn't eat, Arlong had tried many times to persuade him, but it hadn't worked. But as soon as Nyx arrived, the master had recovered without any medication.

Originally, Arlong had been worried that the nourishing dishes he'd prepared for the master wouldn't be to his liking and wouldn't have any effect. Thanks to Nyx, those preparations hadn't gone to waste.

He thought Nyx seemed like a gentle and considerate woman. It must be because she took such good care of the master that there had been such miraculous results.

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Nyx received Arlong's grateful gaze, nodded, and gave him a slight smile in return as she moved on.

She stood up and walked over to the window but found she couldn't see anything outside to her surprise.

"Where are you going?" Erik immediately asked, concerned.

"I'm going for a walk outside, to get some fresh air." Nyx noticed the unease in his voice and gently smiled at him. "Don't worry. I'll stay in the yard and won't go

far."

She always had the habit of walking after meals, and the yard was big enough for her to walk and get some fresh air.

"Would you like me to walk with you?" As she asked, she quickly returned to his side and smiled.

Staying cooped up inside all the time could make you sick even if you weren't ill. She figured

for some fresh air.

The room only had a cane; there was no wheelchair or anything like that.

Nyx looked around, thinking she would ask Arlong later if he could arrange for someone to make a wheelchair design she had drawn.

Until Pale Wolf's legs healed, a wheelchair would make it much easier for him to move around freely.

Hearing this, Erik clearly froze for a moment. He hadn't expected Nyx to invite him to go out with her.

Her tone wasn't one

of

disgust or overly cautious. It was as if she didn't mind that her husband

"No." He hesitated for a while, then pulled his hand back and lowered his eyes. You go ahead just

He had verbally rejected Nyx's offer, but he watched her leave, his gaze lingering on her figure for a long time

the

Arlong, who had been watching, couldn't help but feel a bit heartbroken. "Master, would you like me to be your walk with Madam?"

Arlong thought. "Madam is a delicate woman, and walking with the master would indeed be difficult. I'm concerned about that, which is why he rejects her, even though it isn't what he truly wants.

"No need." Erik pulled his gaze away and looked at him sideways. "Did you find out anything from the station until

"Yes, we've found everything." Arlong immediately became serious as he took a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it

to him with both hands.

"Madam is indeed the daughter of Rohan, but she's not his child with Joyce. He lowered his voice to ensure no one outside could hear.

"Rohan had a first wife who came from a poor family. She was the daughter of a merchant in Wenshire. She died shortly after giving birth to Madam, she passed away.

"After Joyce entered the household, she didn't like Madam. While she didn't bear

any children, she was neglected year after year. Later, when she had two daughters, all three of them made fun of Madam."

As Erik listened, veins popped on his forehead, and his fists clenched tightly. "Rohan didn't care?"

"No, he didn't." Arlong was also furious. "Madam was already weak to begin with. All these years instead of being jejeerin cared for, she was often left without hot food, and even in winter, there was not enough charcoal for warmth. Her health kept deteriorating

While the other two daughters of the Voss family were pampered like delicate flowers. Nya lowly servant.

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The Voss family didn't hide this, even the servants knew about the young lady's situation. The news even spread in the marketplace and became gossip for the common folk.

These details didn't even require shadow guards to investigate. A bit of eavesdropping in teahouses or inns would reveal plenty of rumors. "Madam's health was already fragile, and recently, she fell into the water and

almost died. She was unconscious for several days before waking up," Arlong said heavily.

This was the information that the Voss family had kept a tight lid on. No one had leaked anything, but it was still uncovered by Erik's shadow guards.

"Fell into the water?" Erik exploded in anger, barely able to keep his voice down. "How did that happen?"

He thought, "Who pushed her? Was it on purpose or an accident? No wonder her body is as cold as ice!

He had diligently warmed her all night, not daring to relax, fearing that if he moved away, she would wake up shivering pitifully.

"Uh, this..." Arlong choked up, unsure whether to tell the truth.

Before Arlong could figure it out, Erik had already seen that piece of information.

He couldn't help but clench his hand, crumpling the letter fiercely, his face turning darker than ever.

He thought. 'So it turns out she jumped into the pond herself. Because she didn't



want to marry me, when she heard the news from her stepsister, she sought death in despair!

However, she didn't succeed in dying and was still forced by the Voss family to

marry

him

"Master Arlong cautiously glanced at his expression, wanting to comfort him and also say a few good words for Nyx.

He thought, 'No matter what misunderstandings she had about the master before marrying him, after the marriage, hasn't she been getting along well with him?

'Even if the master's leg injury can't be cured, it won't affect his inheritance of the title. By then, the lady will be the mistress of the Duke's mansion, living in harmony with the master, and her life will be much better than it was in the Voss

family.

He believed Nyx had come to terms with it herself; otherwise, she wouldn't have been so peaceful and gentle with the

master.

Erik raised his hand to stop his consolation. He could understand why Nyx didn't

want to marry him.

Ever since the imperial physician declared that his leg injury couldn't be cured,

many of his former acquaintances had changed their attitudes and stopped visiting.

Even friendships could be so pragmatic, so it was more so for something as significant as marriage.

Rohan and Joyce couldn't bear to marry their beloved daughters to him, and

neither of Mila and Kaya wanted to marry him either, so Nyx became the pawn the Voss family sacrificed.

She had no choice, and after being mocked and provoked by her stepsister, she

felt that death was the only way to escape her despairing fate. Fortunately, he had held back yesterday and hadn't touched her. Erik took a few deep breaths, forcing down the unfamiliar ache in his chest.

Since Nyx didn't want to marry him, he wouldn't force her. Once he finished what he needed to do and resolved everything, he would set her free,

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"You don't need to keep too close an eye on the lady," he said, moving on from the previous topic and speaking in a low voice to Arlong "But if she says anything to you, asks about anything, or tells you to do something, you must report it to me."

Hearing this, Arlong was slightly stunned. "Master do you still not trust the lady?

Even though the lady's relationship with the Voss family is so bad, could she still be used by them?"

The shadow guards held a lot of intelligence. For example, Rohan and Joyce's family had recently been colluding with Prince Banon's faction. Banon had sinister ambitions, and these people were his pawns, likely using this marriage to harm the royal family and their loyal emperor,

Erik had no patience for their scheming, but since he had been injured and could no longer go to the battlefield, he had no choice but to play along, pretending to be disheartened and agreeing to the marriage, setting a trap for them.

He had planned to catch the Voss family's misdeeds more easily on his own turf, but he hadn't expected the Voss family to send a pitiful, unloved pawn. "The lady should be innocent, right?" Arlong frowned. He wasn't naive, but he hoped Nyx was an innocent good person, not their enemy.

It was rare for Erik to take an interest in a woman; it would be great if she could

stay by his side for a long time.

"I know. She might not want to harm me, but she's simple-minded and could be used by the Voss family," Erik said calmly, even with a hint of subtle pleasure. "She knows what I like to eat. I could feel it when she served me.

"I think she just wanted to please me, but the person who told her these things must have had ulterior motives."

He didn't want to drag Nyx too deep into this muddy mess, so he pretended not to know and didn't probe for information from her, hoping to keep her from being used by evil people.

Arlong went speechless. He wasn't sure if it was his imagination, but he felt like

Erik's words carried a hint of subtle boasting. He tried to suppress the strange feeling, bowed respectfully, and turned to leave.

As soon as he stepped out, he was called by Nyx, who was taking a walk in the courtyard.

"Arlong." Nyx called him the way Erik did, waving her hand to signal him to come over.

"I want to ask you something," she said in a low voice.

Nyx was actually trying to get information from him.

Arlong held his breath, prepared to listen carefully and report to Erik later.

## **Of The Bea 350**

### Chapter 350

The matter was significant, and Nyx hesitated for a long time before finally deciding to ask, "Erik's body. I mean, that sexual aspect does it have some problems?"

Arlong opened his mouth, momentarily stunned. He thought. Even the lady thought the master is incapable in bed. It seemed the master really is incapable"

He looked troubled, unsure whether to nod.

For the sake of Erik's dignity, he shouldn't have nodded, but lying to Nyx didn't seem to serve much purpose.

Seeing him hesitate. Nyx was almost certain about her guess.

"Is it because of his injury? Or the poison he was poisoned with?" she asked softly,

In any case, it couldn't be because Pale Wolf was born with illness in that regard.

When it came to the leg injury and poison, the topic became a bit sensitive. Arlong's expression flickered, and he lowered his head, brushing it off. "I don't know."

"Alright." Nyx didn't press any further. She'd find out herself in a little while.

"Do you have any carpenters in the house?" She changed the subject.

"Carpenters?" Arlong blinked in confusion and shook his head. "No, we don't have any. You'd have to find one outside. There are craftsmen outside who have served the Duke's family for generations. What do you want to make? Just let me know, and

I'll take care of it.

"I want to make a wheelchair. Nyx gestured with her hand. "So that Erik can sit in

it. I can push him, or he can push it himself. It's very convenient"

What's a wheelchair? Arlong thought, looking puzzled.

He had never heard of such a thing. If such a useful item existed, they would have used it for Erik by now.

He thought. The lady has spent twenty years without leaving the family compound. She probably can't even recognize a single character. How would she know about mechanical wonders?"

"I'll draw a picture for you when I get back. You can take it to the craftsman. They should be able to understand it," Nyx said as she hurried back to her room. A little while later, she came back with a stack of papers, handed them to Arlong, and reminded him, "Don't lose this."

There were no charcoal pencils here, only soft pens were available. Nyx wasn't quite used to them but managed to draw it out, though it was a little rough.

Arlong, however, stared wide-eyed at the design in disbelief, almost gasping.

He had never seen such a drawing style. The artwork was cold and realistic, and it was amazing how it could depict a three-dimensional design on a single sheet of paper. Several sheets were put together, showing not only the outline of the "wheelchair" but also detailed breakdowns of various parts.

Forget the carpenter; even he felt he could understand it and was eager to try making it himself.

After spending half the day, Arlong carefully copied the designs, going through several sheets of paper before getting it right.

He handed his copy to a trusted carpenter and, in the evening, while Nyx was out on her evening walk, he took the original

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designs to Erik for his approval.

"Madam asked me to find a carpenter to make a wheelchair for you, so that you can move around, Arlong boldly speculated, "With such a complicated item, I imagine someone must have taught the lady about it. Could there be ulterior motives behind the person who taught her!"

Before Arlong could finish his sentence, Erik interrupted him with a smile. "No."

"She drew these pictures in front of me," he said as he lightly flipped through the pages, a note of pride in his voice. "She's really smart.

While Nyx was drawing. Erik had been right there watching. He could clearly see her thinking, how skilled and comfortable

she was with it.

A short-term lesson couldn't teach such talent. It seemed like these things had been in her mind for a long time. She had never attended school, yet could draw such extraordinary things. If she were a man, she would surely make a great contribution.

Unfortunately, she was a woman, forced to be trapped in his harem. Erik made a quiet voW.

Once everything was settled, not only would he set Nyx free, but he would also support her education and help her do whatever she wanted. Not for any other reason, just to repay her kindness toward him.

Arlong watched his master lost in his thoughts, opening his mouth but not daring to contradict.

They sat in silence for

a while, and then Erik regained his focus. "Apart from this, did she say anything else to you?"

It was just a casual question, but Arlong immediately froze.

He thought, The lady has also asked whether the master is impotent... or incapable in bed... Could I say that?

He lowered his head deeply, his mind wrestling with guilt and struggle, but in the end, he decided to keep it a secret, telling a little white lie. "No."

Erik didn't dwell on it, carefully putting away the designs and storing them properly before waving Arlong off. When he noticed Arlong wiping sweat from his forehead, he just assumed it was because he was feeling hot.

It was indeed very hot in the room.

Usually, Erik didn't notice it, but perhaps since he had resumed his training today and was getting his body moving again, he felt uncomfortably warm and restless.

He thought about calling for ice, but then remembered there was Nyx in the room who feared the cold, so he dismissed the idea.

He thought, "Forget it. I'd just bear with it.

When Nyx came back from her walk, she found Erik sitting there, looking a little flushed

"What's wrong? Not feeling well?" She quickly walked over, reaching up to touch his forehead to check his temperature.

The cold fingertips touched his skin, and Erik shuddered, reflexively grabbing her hand. "No, it's... comfortable."

"It's just... a bit hot. He couldn't help but rub Nyx's hand a few times, reluctant to let go.

"Hot!" Nyx was extremely surprised.

It was no longer summer, the wind outside was chilly, and the room wasn't particularly warm either-it was just not cold.

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She scrutinized Erik for a while, feeling that his flushed face looked somewhat pitiful. So, she found a fan in the room, sat close to him, and started fanning him.

A gentle breeze, carrying a faint sweet fragrance, enveloped Erik

Nyx was pressed close to him, almost sitting in his lap. Afraid she might fall, he hesitantly reached out to lightly hold her tiny waist, not daring to use too much force,

He felt like his whole body was burning up

The slight breeze didn't seem to bring any relief; instead, it made him feel even hotter. His breathing grew heavier, and he could clearly feel his body reacting uncontrollably

"Nyx," he called her name, his voice hoarse.

"Hmm?" Nyx was slightly startled.

She wasn't surprised that Erik knew her name.

After all, they were already married, and they had exchanged their birth details.

He could easily access her personal information, not just her name but also her birth date and time.

But after all these years together, Pale Wolf had never called her so formally by her full name. He would only wag his tail and call her "Nykie."

Nyx raised her arm, hooked it around the man's neck, and leaned close to his ear.  
"Don't call me Nyx"

They were too close, their breaths mingling. Erik, embarrassed, tried to cover himself while responding to Nyx. Then..... what should I call you?"

Although they were married, it wasn't her choice. If he called her those intimate names, he thought she probably wouldn't like it.

"Call me Nykie," Nyx said, boldly touching his burning cheek.

This answer surprised Erik.

But as he tried to form the words in his mouth. "Nykie" did feel more natural, carrying a subtle sense of familiarity, as if he had been calling her that for many years.

"Nykie." Erik obediently changed his address.

Nyx smiled in satisfaction and kissed his cheek as a reward.

It was just a light, fleeting kiss, but Erik froze like a statue, even more agitated, and one hand was no longer enough to cover himself.

Nyx glanced down and instinctively wanted to reach out to help him, but halfway through, she suddenly remembered that Pale Wolf's body was having some issues now, so she stopped.

If he was all show and no substance, the situation would be very awkward.

She didn't mind, but men cared about their pride, especially in this aspect. If he lost face in front of someone he liked, he might carry that psychological shadow for life and never be able to hold his head high again.

For Pale Wolf's mental well-being, she quickly withdrew her hand, pretending not to see anything, picked up the fan again, moved a little further away, and continued fanning him.

Erik noticed her hesitation, closed his eyes, and felt downhearted.

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Indeed, Nyx didn't like him and didn't want to do sex with him.

He wouldn't force her. If he used their marital status to satisfy his own desires and made Nyx unhappy, it would only push her further away and make her resent him.

Both of them fell silent, and the vibe became slightly awkward.



Nyx p

put down the fan and suggested. "Since we're bored, why don't you teach me how to write?"

She had been confined to a remote courtyard in the Voss family for twenty years, never even seeing the shadow of a teacher. so she naturally knew nothing about the written language of this world and was completely illiterate.

In this era, men were superior to women, and it was common for women to be uneducated, but Nyx wasn't used to being illiterate.

"You teach me how to write, and I'll make you a sachet," she said. Her handicraft

skills were no worse than other women's, and she had also learned perfumery, so she could perfectly fit into this era.

Erik was immediately intrigued. He had seen colleagues wearing sachets close to their bodies. Some were made by their wives to show their marital affection, while others were made by concubines to signify their favoritism.

A small sachet carried the emotions between a man and a woman, and when others saw it, they would know where the man's heart lay

"Really... you'll make me... a sachet? For a moment, Erik's mind was filled with thoughts, and he couldn't help but feel joy.

He thought, "Does Nyx want me to wear a sachet she made close to my body to

declare her possession of me to others? I will definitely wear it close to my body and not let her down.

Even if she has never learned embroidery and the sachet isn't very exquisite, I don't mind. Anyone who dares to laugh will face my wrath."

Nyx glanced at her mate's delighted expression and couldn't help but laugh, covering her mouth with a light cough. "I really will make one for you."

No matter which world they were in, Erik was still so easy to please. A sachet made him so happy.

If he could transform into his beast form, his tail would probably be wagging like a propeller by now.

She wanted to stroke Pale Wolf's fur, but since her mate was now in human form, she had to settle for touching his hair instead

Erik's hair had always been short before, and this was the first time she had seen him with long hair. It felt surprisingly nice.

Despite being a strong man, his hair was soft, and Nyx couldn't help but touch it a few more times before letting go.

Outside, the sky wasn't completely dark yet, but the light in the room was slightly

dim

Erik eagerly lit the candles, took out paper and brushes, and for the first time, became a teacher.

He knew Nyx was exceptionally intelligent and expected her to learn quickly, but he was still shocked by her speed.

copying a character just two or three times, she would ask to move on to the next one.

"You... really... remember... all of them?" Seeing Nyx nod, he tested her with some skepticism, and his eyes filled with admiration.

Nyx looked up and met Erik's gaze, which was as if he were looking at a genius.

She felt a bit guilty and touched the tip of

her nose

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After all, she wasn't truly illiterate. Different languages and scripts always had some similarities, making learning

Teaching such a smart student was undoubtedly a pleasant and easy task. Erik had led troops into battle, commanded thousands of soldiers, and even taught martial arts to many, but he had never felt such a strong sense of accomplishment before.

He couldn't quite explain why, but whenever he met Nyx's bright eyes, a surge of emotion welled up in his chest.

The only thing that made him feel tormented was his uncontrollable body. It wasn't his fault. A man and a woman sitting close together, learning to write hand in hand, was already too intimate.

He was at the peak of his youth. He couldn't withstand such stimulation, Erik hesitated, wanting to let go of her hand, but after much internal struggle, he still couldn't bring himself to do it.

After all, they were married, and they had done more intimate things than this. He had wiped her face, she had fed him, and they had even shared utensils.

The more he thought about it, the hotter his ears became, and he felt like he was being utterly shameless.

At this point, he could only hold onto his last shred of decency and absolutely not violate Nyx's purity against her will.

They continued studying until late at night when Nyx finally felt tired. She yawned and rested her head on her mate's shoulder.

Erik didn't dare move, staying stiff for a while before softly asking, "Should... I call for... water... for a bath?"

"Sure." Nyx

x nodded. "After a bath, we can sleep"

It was already quite late.

Even though she didn't have a mother-in-law to serve or a father-in-law in the

mansion to restrict her, giving her plenty of freedom, she still couldn't afford to be too lax with her schedule. Tomorrow, have someone bring some materials. I'll sew the sachet for you."

A small sachet wasn't a big deal. She wouldn't make empty promises; it wouldn't take much time to make, and fulfilling Pale Wolf's wish earlier would make him happy sooner.

Erik pretended to be indifferent, nodding lightly, but the joy in his eyes was impossible to hide.

When the servants brought in the water, they could all see that the young master was in an unusually good mood, so they exchanged knowing glances and gossiped in secret.

They thought, 'See? The young master is surely going to spend the night being affectionate with his wife again. Otherwise, why would he be in such a good mood? Ever since his leg injury, the young master hasn't been this happy. It seems he really likes his wife.'

Nyx didn't see the maids and servants exchanging meaningful looks and didn't know what they were whispering about her behind her back. She just felt that everyone was especially attentive to her, all smiling obsequiously.

"You can all leave." Erik couldn't hold back and dismissed them. "We don't need your service here."

"Yes" The servants quickly retreated.

They thought Erik was so eager; of course, they didn't dare disturb his enjoyment. Vaguely, Erik sensed that their attitude was somewhat strange, as if they had misunderstood something.

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But before he could think too much about it, a pale arm suddenly caught his full attention. He instinctively turned his head and saw a sight he had never seen before, his eyes widening in shock.

Coming to his senses, he shyly covered his face and turned around as quickly as possible, not daring to look again. "You... how could you...."

"I'm going to bathe, Nyx said without a hint of shame, matter-of-factly. "How can I bathe without taking off my clothes?"

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There didn't seem to be anything wrong with Nyx's statement

But Erik couldn't understand. He thought, With a living, breathing man like me in the moon, how could she be so confident about taking off her clothes?"

Her calm and composed demeanor was almost too natural, as if she didn't mind him seeing her undress

at all-

He thought, 'Am I being deliberately seduced? Has someone ordered her to do this? Or does she want a child in a senior position in the family? Either way, it's not because she likes me or genuinely wants to be close to me

Erik's emotions were in turmoil. He turned his back to Nyx and limped behind the wheel. He would stop the car

take

Watching his stubborn back, Nyx frowned, "Aren't you going to bathe with me

He thought, 'So it's a seduction after all

Erik covered his face and refused in a muffled voice, "No"

"But the water will get cold soon. Nyx tested the water temperature with her hand. It was just right now, but it would cool

down soon.

"There are two bathtubs here," she guessed that Pale Wolf might be too shy to bathe with her, so she coaxed him gently. "One for you, one for me. I won't squeeze you."

The more she said this, the more Erik's mind filled with images of them sharing a bathtub. His nose felt hot, and when he wiped it, his hand came away with red blood.

He awkwardly pulled out a handkerchief and wiped it off, not daring to step out from behind the screen, afraid that Nyx would see him in such a pathetic state. Seeing how stubborn he was, Nyx sighed and gave up trying to persuade him. She sped up her bathing, quickly got out of the water, shivered from the cold air, dried herself off, wrapped up, and hurried to the bed, bundling herself in the blankets. "Alright, you can bathe now, I'm going to sleep.

Hearing this, Erik behind the screen finally moved, walking out with his head still lowered, refusing to look up.

The water had indeed cooled down. Erik didn't plan to call anyone to replace it. In this situation, cold water was more suitable for him than hot water.

After soaking in the cold water for a long while, Erik finally calmed down. He slowly blew out the candles and mustered the courage to approach the bed.

Nyx on the bed was already fast asleep. She had wrapped herself up like a cocoon, her hair disheveled, only her soft, rosy face peeking out.

For a moment, Erik stood there, overwhelmed with tenderness.

"Pale Wolf," feeling her face being gently touched, Nyx murmured in her sleep.

Hearing this, Erik froze, feeling as if he had fallen into an icy abyss.

He thought, "Perry Wolf? Who's that Perry guy she's calling? Why haven't the shadow guards found out about this Perry guy who occupies her thoughts day and night?"

Nyx turned over, breaking free from the blankets, and hugged the large, warm figure beside her. Feeling him trying to pull

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away, she clicked her tongue in dissatisfaction. "Don't move

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Let me... let me touch your tail Her hand groped around, but when she couldn't find the fluffy tail, she frowned, "Where's your tail! Let me touch it."

Erik stared, dumbfounded, unsure how to respond

Only when the mischievous hand reached behind him did he snap out of it and grab Nyx's wrist.

He thought, 'Men don't have tails. So, there's no Perry Wolf Was she calling for Pale Wolf?

In just a short while, the young man's emotions had gone from extreme joy to deep sorrow, and now they were a mix of complex feelings. He lightly pinched Nyx's cheek

He thought. When others dream of wolves, it's usually a nightmare-being chased or bitten by one. But she is bold enough to dream of hugging a wolf and touching its tail.

Nyx, having her cheek pinched, still didn't wake up. After fussing for a bit, she settled down and snuggled into her mate's warm embrace, continuing to sleep soundly

With her soft body pressed against him, Erik felt both restrained and tormented, but he still couldn't bring himself to push her away.

She was so sensitive to the cold-pushing her away would be too cruel.

Outside the window, Arlong pricked up his ears, listening to the movements inside the room. Hearing only silence, he shook his head and sighed helplessly. He thought, 'It seems my master has failed again tonight.

He had no idea that Erik was being held captive, staying perfectly still to serve as a human heater.

Nyx, with her warm, living pillow, stretched out her limbs, sleeping in a domineering manner without a trace of grace or elegance.

She slept comfortably, but Erik beside her suffered. Erik endured the torment, closing his eyes and quietly bearing it. Listening to the steady breathing beside him, he eventually fell into a deep sleep.

The sound of water was heard.

The mist filled the room, and the male, his hands propped on the edge of the bath, vaguely sensed someone else suddenly appeared beside him.

It was Nyx.

She stepped into the water, her enthusiasm as warm as ever.

Just at the last moment, Erik suddenly opened his eyes, his chest rising and falling rapidly.

The room was dimly lit, the candles extinguished. There was no bath, no water, and no Nyx trying to embrace him.

It had all been a dream.

Nyx was quietly lying beside him, sleeping soundly.

Nothing had happened between them.

Erik lifted a hand to his pounding chest, unsure whether he felt more relieved or disappointed.

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He thought it was all her fault for inviting him to bathe with her, causing him to have such a ridiculous dream.

And also his own weakness.

He had never been interested in such things before, and today, he couldn't understand why he had become so uncontrollably drawn to it..

He had been so close to embarrassing himself in front of Nyx.

After calming himself for a moment, he carefully got up and knocked on the window, calling for Arlong to bring water.

The servants on night duty, hearing that water was to be delivered, immediately perked up and whispered to each other.

"The young master wants water again."

"Tsk



"I knew it."

"After all these years noting having sex, he's finally not a monk anymore."

"I wonder when they'll have a little young master."

Arlong cleared his throat loudly and put on a stern face. "Who gave you permission to gossip about the master?"

With a grim expression, he chased away the chatty maids, making them get back

to work, until there were no idle people around. Only then did he place his hands behind his back, look towards the master's chambers, and shake his head with a

sigh.

He thought, 'Some secrets are better left unknown; keeping them inside is truly uncomfortable. Tomorrow, I'll make sure to have more nourishing dishes prepared for the master. Hopefully, his health will improve soon.'

Morning came.

Nyx sat in front of the table, full of unspoken dishes, a knowing look on her face as she exchanged a silent glance with Arlong

She picked up her plate and fork, sat next to Erik, and began feeding him eagerly.

In just a few moments, she had completely charmed the wise and powerful Erik, who was now lost in the sweetness of her attentions, eating even the things he didn't particularly like.

"Such a good boy," Nyx smiled and patted his head with satisfaction.

"Last night, you called out for Pale Wolf Erik thought it over, still feeling uneasy. He decided to bring it up while watching Nyx's expression.

"Oh? Really?" Nyx raised an eyebrow, looking a bit surprised, but her expression remained calm, not the slightest bit flustered as if her secret had been exposed.

She had no memory of it.

But since Pale Wolf himself was nearby, dreaming of him was nothing unusual.

"I like Pale Wolf, the fluffy kind; his tail is so fun to touch," she raised her hand in a playful gesture, as if demonstrating, and

smiled

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Somehow, watching her gestures and listening to her words, Erik felt a strange surge of excitement, as though she wasn't talking about Pale Wolf at all, but rather about him. But he was human, and didn't have a fluffy tail "Wolves aren't that gentle, he composed himself, struggling to argue back, "You can pet them in a dream, but real wolves

bite

Even someone like him, skilled in combat, still needed to be cautious around wolf packs. If Nyx ever encountered a real wolf, the best move was to get away as soon as possible, as waiting too long might leave her trapped.

"I know, I've been bitten many times," Nyx covered her lips and chuckled lightly,

"Although most of the time they're clumsy and obedient, sometimes they don't listen very well."

Her words were a mixture of truth and ambiguity, as though she were speaking nonsense, but also with some deeper meaning

Erik, hearing this, felt even more confused and uncomfortable. His eyes

wandered uneasily, and he fell silent.

Yet Nyx wouldn't let him off so easily. She raised her hand and waved it in front of

his eyes. T'm thinking of stitching a Pale Wolf on the sachet I'll make for you. What do you think?

As soon as the words left her mouth, everything she had said earlier became blatantly flirtatious.

The young male's face turned bright red, his mind filled with every word Nyx had said. He couldn't help but imagine it all happening to himself.

He lowered his head, mumbling a vague reply, "Uh, yeah, sure."

Arlong quietly listened to their talking. When he heard that Nyx wanted to personally make a sachet, without needing to be told, he immediately instructed someone to go to the storeroom and select the materials needed for the sachet, bringing them over.

This was the very first sachet in Erik's life.

The ready-made ones sold outside and the decorative ones made by the house's embroiderers were things Erik never liked to wear. First, he didn't appreciate those fancy designs, and second, he found them cumbersome and in the way when he needed to wear armor.

But a sachet personally made by his wife was a whole different matter. Seeing his master's flushed face, Arlong guessed that Erik would definitely wear it

close to his body. Even if Nyx had never

would

learned embroidery, and the result might not be the most refined, Erik still wear it

without complaint

The Duke's residence was large, and the storeroom had an abundance of silk,

threads, and fabric, enough to make several outfits. There were also plenty of herbs, piled high in several boxes.

put away. Nyx spent a long time sifting through them, selecting the right materials and instructing that the rest be "No need to be so... frugal," Erik frowned when he saw that she only picked a small amount. There was concern in his

eyes.

He certainly wouldn't treat Nyx the way the Voss family had.

"It's not about being frugal, it's just that making a sachet doesn't require so many things" Nyx didn't lift her head, mixing the herbs in the right proportions and then pushing them towards him. In a natural tone, she instructed, "Grind them into powder."

"Til do it. L... Arlong took a step forward, eager to take over, but before he could reach the herbs. Erik shot him a look that pinned him in place.

He shrank back, suddenly realizing he might be unnecessary, and quickly

retreated a step, trying to make himself less

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noticeable

Along thought, Ugh, how stupid of me. What business do I have have interfering between the master and the lady?

Watching Erik happily working, Arlong silently regretted his actions.

Sunlight poured through the window, casting colorful shadows.

The couple sat across from each other-one grinding the herbs, the other sewing and embroidering. The scene was full of warmth, harmony, and peace.

Nyx chose a sky blue satin for the base and outlined the design with agate gray silk thread..

Making crafts was a hobby she had never given up on over the years. In fact, she had gotten even better at it. Her movements were swift and skilled, her fingers effortlessly weaving in and out of the silky fabric like water rippling through

Erik couldn't help but stop his work, staring at her. His eyes didn't blink, watching in awe as a lively wolf seemingly sprang to life under her hands. He stood frozen in place.

He thought. "Nyx could embroider?"

He had expected her to stitch something simple and poorly done, maybe a little gray dog, and he had prepared to step and finish the sachet himself if needed.

After years of campaigning, Erik had sewn his own torn clothes. His skills weren't perfect, but he could manage to stitch a sachet without too much trouble. But to his surprise. Nyx never even gave him a chance to take over.

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, Erik would never have believed that such a beautifully detailed wolf had come from Nyx's hands.

Arlong stood frozen beside them, dumbfounded. He thought, 'Hasn't the lady never learned embroidery?"

Such exquisite craftsmanship-no one in the entire household, not even the best embroiderer, could compare.

Not only was her embroidery skillful, but Nyx's stitching of the sachet was also remarkably efficient. In just a few moments, she had finished. She looked up and saw Pale Wolf staring at her like a fool, so she purposely put on a serious face

and teased him, "Why isn't the herb powder ready yet?"

"..... Im.. grinding it now, Erik snapped back to reality, flustered and flailing, looking nothing like the noble son of a Duke's family. Instead, he resembled a servant being bossed around by the young lady.

Arlong raised a hand to cover his face, unable to watch any longer.

If he kept watching, his master's image in his mind would crumble.

Erik said, "Arlong."

Hearing his master call him, Arlong quickly looked up.

He thought, 'Is he impatient with the work and asking me to take over?'

But when he looked up, he saw his master standing straight, proudly showing off the sachet hanging from his waist.

"What do you think?" In just a short while, Erik had ground the herbs, stuffed them into the sachet, and was already wearing it, eagerly showing it off.

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He tried to keep a serious expression, thinking he looked calm and composed, but anyone who knew him would see that he was practically screaming. "Praise met Arlong went speechless.

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Type to

off

Arlong thought, 'Master isn't the type to show off. Why was he acting this way?

Even though Arlong was a close servant, he came from a background of a death soldier and hadn't learned to flatter, but with how obvious his master's intentions were, he had no choice but to force himself to praise. "Truly, this is an incredibly rare and exquisite item."

He meant it as a compliment, but it was also heartfelt.

Over the years, since he had been with Erik, Arlong had traveled far and wide, seen many things, but he had never seen an embroiderer with such skill. A small sachet could have such a lifelike wolf embroidered on it. It was as if the wolf would leap out if you stared at it too long.

He couldn't help but praise her again, the words flowing more smoothly, and for the first time, he realized he had a knack for flattery.

Erik listened silently, not interrupting or even nodding

Arlong couldn't tell whether his master was satisfied or not, and his heart pounded nervously. He thought. Did I praise the wrong thing!

He could tell his master wanted praise, but he wasn't sure whether it should be for the sachet or for himself.

After hesitating, he decided to try again. "Master, you're truly extraordinary, dignified and elegant. What wouldn't look good on you? It's just that you never liked decorations before. If anyone else wore this sachet, it wouldn't carry the same elegance."

Erik's brow suddenly furrowed, and he coughed loudly.

Arlong immediately fell silent. He thought, 'Alright, I got it. I'm supposed to praise the sachet

"Uh.. this sachet really matches your temperament, master. It's truly worthy of being made by the lady herself." He suddenly had an idea and changed his approach. He saw that his master's expression improved a lot.

Just as Arlong was about to keep going, Nyx raised her hand to interrupt, "Stop." "It's just an ordinary sachet." She had already had enough of such exaggerated compliments and felt so awkward she wanted to hide herself.

"No, it's not ordinary." Erik gently gripped the sachet and solemnly disagreed.

Regardless of how beautiful it was, just the thought behind it made it special to him.

But since Nyx didn't want to hear it anymore, he had no choice but to wave and dismiss Arlong. "Go ask the kitchen to send a bowl of nourishing soup, and also get some dried fruits and paper and pens."

Arlong left in response, but inwardly, he felt something was off. He thought, "It's not like my master ever asks for so many things. Why is there so much to do today?"

The entire afternoon, the previously quiet courtyard was bustling, with servants coming and going. Almost everyone noticed the new, exquisite sachet hanging prominently from their young master's waist, and it quickly became the subject of gossip.

"Hey, did you see that?"

You mean the sachet? Of course, I saw it. I'm not blind"

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"Is it really a sachet? I thought I was seeing things..."

"The young master never wore stuff like that before. What's going on today?"

"Teh, don't you know? It's the lady's handiwork."

As soon as these words were spoken, there was a brief silence, followed by an eruption of chatter.

"What?"

"Is that true?"

"How do you know?"

"Of course it's true. Who else could have made it? The person who spoke was surrounded by curious faces, grinning as they crossed their arms. "The young master told me himself."

"Get out of here."

Hearing this, the curious expressions on everyone's faces turned to ones of annoyance as they realized they'd been tricked. "Alright, everyone scatter."

They thought. When the young master was still lively and cheerful, he never chatted about these trivial things with them. After his injury, he became even quieter and more withdrawn. It's impossible that he would have told this person.

"I'm telling the truth." The person seemed desperate when no one believed him. "Just now, when I went to deliver the paper and pens, I saw the young master wearing the sachet.

"At first, I didn't dare look too long, but then the young master stood up and walked a few steps, and the sachet swayed in front of me, almost like he wanted me to see it.

I couldn't resist staring at it for a few moments. And then, out of nowhere, the young master asked me, 'Does it look good?'

At this point, everyone held their breath, listening intently.

They were all curious about the sachet but dared not look too long, at most sneaking a few glances, afraid of angering Erik.

They thought, "This guy really had guts, getting caught by the young master. But he seems fine, like he hasn't been punished?"

Sensing that everyone was now fully focused on him, the person gave a satisfied smile, no longer keeping them in suspense.

He continued, "I was scared out of my mind, thinking I'd be punished. I knelt and begged for forgiveness... But to my surprise, the young master didn't mention punishment at all. He just asked again, 'Does it look good?'"

"I was so stunned, I just nodded and kept saying, 'It looks good, it looks good. I could vaguely hear the young master laughing, and he said, 'This is made by the lady, so of course it looks good.'"

After he finished, everyone exchanged glances, unable to speak for a moment



It sounded unbelievable, yet somehow, it seemed reasonable.

After all, ever since Nyx entered the household, Erik had changed. Not only did he let her live in the main house, but he also called for water every night. He, who had once been indifferent to women, now seemed to be quite enamored by her.

If the sachet was truly made by Nyx, then it made sense that Erik cherished it so much, keeping it close to him.

Where there were people, there was gossip, and within an afternoon, the news had spread like wildfire throughout the Duke's household.

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With his goal of showing off achieved, Erik taught Nyx how to practice writing while quietly fiddling with the sachet, feeling in a great mood

In the evening, Arlong returned from outside. He overheard some of the servants talking about the sachet, so he listened closely. He was surprised to find that even the old gardener knew about it, saying that the sachet was made by Nyx

He was speechless for a moment, suddenly realizing everything he thought. So, the master deliberately asked people to do this and that just to show off that sachet

Arlong covered his face, took a deep breath, and after a long pause, managed to suppress the helpless expression on his face

"Master, the wheelchair is ready, he reported to Erik, bringing in the wheelchair that he and the carpenter had worked overnight to finish.

Seeing the wheelchair designed for him by Nyx, Erik was in a good mood. He could hardly contain his excitement. Supporting himself to stand up and impatiently tried it out.

Arlong was about to push him but noticed Nyx walking over and stepped aside without a word.

Nyx pushed the wheelchair and slowly walked a short distance. She thought it was a bit heavy, not as lightweight as it could be, but it was usable.

In this era, given the conditions and craftsmanship available, it was already impressive that it had been made this well. The craftsmen were amazing to have finished it in such a short time.

The timeline was so short that she instinctively thought Erik must have rushed them, getting the final product in just one day.

Little did she know, Arlong hadn't rushed them at all. The craftsmen were so excited by the new design that they couldn't sleep, each eager to get to work and finish the project as quickly as possible.

Even Arlong hadn't expected their enthusiasm to be so high.

The structure itself wasn't anything special. The loyal craftsmen of the Read family were all experienced, fully understanding the principles behind it.

What fascinated them was the design itself. They didn't know who had drawn it, but the diagram was so simple and clear. almost like it was alive.

The craftsmen kept asking Arlong questions about the design, and he had to make up excuses to avoid giving too many details.

He hid Nyx's true identity and told them that the designer was a new guest of Erik, named Ro

The craftsmen believed him and praised Ro's great skill, saying they'd love to meet him someday.

Arlong didn't dare to report this to Erik.

After a few close calls, even he could sense Erik's intense possessiveness towards Nyx.

He thought, "Most families have women who are jealous and show off their husband's affection... But in the case of the master and mistress, it seems reversed?"

As for the master, Arlong only dared to silently complain in his mind. On the outside, he didn't show any of his thoughts. He obediently stood by, being a transparent presence, and didn't try to take the wheelchair from Nyx's hands.

He wouldn't interfere with the couple's matters.

Nyx pushed for a while, and then let go, suggesting Erik try pushing it himself. "How does it feel?"

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"It's fine." Erik replied after a long pause, trying to sound composed as he finally squeezed out two words.

He had a lot of strength, so he didn't feel any difficulty pushing the wheelchair. After circling around the yard a few times, it became even easier.

Though he was extremely pleased and could hardly contain his joy, he kept up the act, pretending not to care much.

Nyx wasn't annoyed, smiling as she stood by and watched him.

With their many years together, she could almost see through Pale Wolf's emotions, even if he tried to hide them. She could almost picture a large, swaying

tail behind him. spinning like a propeller.

Erik, feeling her gaze, blushed and turned his head to avoid looking at her.

"Tomorrow, I'll accompany you to visit your family."

Visit my family?" Nyx was taken aback.

She wasn't very familiar with these customs and had momentarily forgotten about this tradition. A woman who had been married for three days should indeed return to her family home.

"Can I not go?" She didn't feel attached to that family and didn't care to go back.

It would also save Pale Wolf from having to drag his injured leg around with her.

Erik gently took her hand. "Don't worry. I'll be with you"

Many eyes were watching them from outside. If Nyx didn't go back, it would be improper and could harm her reputation. With him by her side, no one would dare bully her.

Since she didn't like that family, he would make sure the Voss family had a difficult time.

Erik's eyes

darkened slightly. Yesterday, he had already sent a small "gift"

He thought, 'Rohan, that old fool, should be in a mess right now. Tomorrow, I and Nyx would go together to enjoy the scene.

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At the Voss Manor's garden by the pond, the sun had set, and in the dimming light between the trees, the sound of a woman crying could be heard, as if she was deeply wronged, before her sobs turned into loud wailing.

"Stop crying." Mila said irritably, hugging Kaya to comfort her. "Father wasn't in a good mood yesterday, and today you happened to clash with him. He was just taking his frustration out on you. Don't take it to heart."

It had only been a small matter about dining etiquette, but usually, their father was lenient with them, and their mother always defended them. She'd never scolded them over such trivial things

But today, when Rohan spoke, it was a cold reprimand. When Kaya didn't back down and spoke out, he flew into a rage, almost ready to hit her. Fortunately, Joyce stopped him, but then Joyce got scolded in return.

"It's all because Nyx isn't here. If she were, this kind of troublesome thing wouldn't have happened to us," Mila comforted her sister for a while, but seeing little effect, she shifted the topic to Nyx.

As soon as those words were spoken, the crying stopped.

Kaya wiped her tears hastily, gritting her teeth in frustration. "Yeah."

In the past, whenever Rohan was upset. Joyce would only need to give a little nudge, and all of his anger would be directed at Nyx, while they could just watch the show from the sidelines.

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Once Nyx got married, the family lost their punching bag, and Mila and Kaya no longer had someone to mock and ridicule. Life became dull and boring.

"By the way, she's going back to her family tomorrow," Kaya's eyes flickered with a malicious excitement. "Let's see if Father will scold her. It would be great if he even slapped her."

With someone else in a worse situation to compare herself to, her mood would feel much better.

"But now she's the young lady of the Duke's family. Do you think Father might be a little wary of her?" After feeling pleased for a moment, Kaya suddenly remembered this and her slightly improved mood dipped again.

"What if Erik comes back with her? Father might have to treat her with respect."

The Duke's family was, after all, the Duke's family, trusted by the current emperor and a close confidant.

Erik might be crippled now, but Matay was still alive, holding significant power, and their family was nowhere near the same level as the Duke's "Don't worry; that won't happen, Mila said, squeezing Kaya's shoulder reassuringly. "On the wedding day, Erik didn't even come to greet her or attend

the ceremony. Do you really think he'll personally accompany her back tomorrow?"

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## **Of The Bea 353**

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The first light of dawn appeared on the horizon.

With the return visit on her mind, Nyx woke up earlier than usual, groggily sitting on the edge of the bed while her maid helped her wash up and freshen her face.

"Why don't you sleep a little longer?" Erik asked, seeing how tired she looked. He felt a pang of pity in his heart and couldn't resist reaching out to gently stroke her temple

Nyx caught his hand and leaned into his embrace. "Well, I'm already awake. If I sleep more, it won't be useful. Better to go early and return early"

When there was something she didn't want to do but had to, it was better to get it done and over with early, so weigh on her mind and affect her mood.

The maids exchanged knowing glances as they watched the affectionate exchange between the master and mistress, silently chuckling to themselves.

They thought, 'Ever since the lady of the house arrived, the young master seems to have softened, even giving us all extra rewards and telling us to take good care of the mistress.'

"When the master becomes easier to get along with and there is more money to be had, who wouldn't be happy?"

The servants were grateful for the benefits Nyx had brought them. Each one was more attentive than the last, their words sweet as they praised her.

After all, when they praised Nyx, Erik was pleased.

Though Erik never said much, the steady stream of rewards revealed his true feelings.

After washing up and having breakfast, several servants brought in seven or eight new sets of fine clothing and displayed them for Nyx to choose from.

Nyx selected a simple, understated set. With the maids' help, she changed into it and looked in the mirror, feeling it fit her perfectly.

She turned to Erik, opening her arms and asking for his opinion. "What do you think?"

Though the outfit was simple in color, the fabric was exquisite, and the embroidery had clearly been done with great care. Even someone who didn't know much about fashion could tell it was of exceptional quality.

"Looks like I'll have to maintain my figure and not get fat," Nyx joked, "It would be such a waste if I could only wear this

once."

The other outfits were equally well made, and if she didn't wear them at all, they would no longer fit, which would be a real pity.

Erik had been staring at her absentmindedly, but when he heard her, he snapped back to attention and frowned, countering. "It's just one outfit. What's the big deal?"

Nyx was so thin that he could pick her up with one hand. When she sat on his lap, he almost didn't feel any weight.

He raised his hand and pinched Nyx's waist, which was still as slender as ever, though she had clearly gained a little weight in the past two days, and it hadn't had time to show much.

"If the clothes don't fit anymore, we'll just make new ones. The most important thing is for you to take care of your health." he let go of Nyx and said seriously. "Tomorrow, I'll call the imperial doctor to check your pulse and prescribe something

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The Duke's family could afford to pamper Nyx and ensure she always had the most fitting clothes to wear.

"I was just joking" Nyx said with a slight cough. "No need for the imperial doctor" She had been eating well and sleeping soundly these past few days, and she felt much better than before, so she didn't think she needed any medicines.

Just thinking about the bitter taste made her face scrunch up, and she tried to persuade her mate, "Medicine is three parts poison. I'm not sick, so I don't need

it."

Erik noticed her reluctance and guessed that she probably didn't like the bitterness. He couldn't help but smile.

He thought. How could someone so grown-up still act like a child?

He didn't immediately agree, instead offering a half-hearted compromise to soothe her. "Let the imperial doctor check you first. If there's nothing wrong, then of course you won't need any medicine."

As he spoke, he raised his hand to signal for the maids to leave, then quickly changed into his own clothes.

Nyx's attention was naturally drawn to him.

To her surprise, Pale Wolf's outfit was the same color as hers, made from the same material, and even the embroidery patterns were identical.

"It's from the same batch of fabric and embroidered by the same workers," Erik said, his ears turning slightly red as he tried to explain it away as a coincidence.

In reality, Nyx's clothes had been prepared in advance by the estate.

But his outfit was a matching set, hurriedly made by the embroiderers these past few days to match Nyx's, for which he had generously rewarded them.

Nyx didn't point it out but teasingly glanced at him and said, "Oh"

She thought. If he wants to wear matching clothes with me, he should wear them proudly. Why the need for all the secrecy? I won't laugh at him."

The other servants, naturally, wouldn't dare mock their master and mistress and instead showered them with compliments, calling them a perfect couple, a match made in heaven.

Erik listened to the words, feeling quite pleased, and waved his hand, handing out another pile of rewards.

Nyx couldn't help but joke, watching his extravagant gesture. "Why don't you reward me a little?"

She was rather poor at the moment

The Voss family hadn't given her any dowry, and she couldn't sell off her jewelry or fabrics for money, leaving her virtually penniless.

Erik was momentarily stunned by her words, then immediately felt guilty. He raised his hand and called for Arlong. "Go get two thousand taels of silver notes, put them in the cabinet"

"There are several boxes by the bed, filled with silver ingots. You can use both the silver notes and ingots as you wish," he continued, taking out a key and handing it to Nyx.

After a moment's thought, he also called the seamstress to bring a pouch, filling it with small silver coins and tying it to Nyx. This is for your pocket money"

"It's not a reward for you," he added, letting out a sigh of relief after completing these tasks. He looked at Nyx, who was still



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stunned. said solemnly. "Now that you're married to me, my belongings are yours. If they aren't enough, tell me at any

time

Although he said this, he had made up his mind not to let Nyx have to ask him for money again.

This time it was his oversight,

From now on, he would make sure to fill the boxes by the bed and her pouch every day.

Nyx stood in a daze for a moment, then squeezed the pouch full of silver coins, feeling deeply moved.

"Thank you, Pale Wolf," she said, standing on tiptoe to wrap her arms around his neck and bury her face in his chest.

In truth, she didn't have much use for money, at least not at the moment.

But she could feel how much Pale Wolf cherished her, he cared not only for her needs but also for her dignity.

As Nyx's soft body close to him, Erik's ears subtly reddened.

He found an excuse for himself, worried that Nyx might fall, and gently wrapped

his arms around her waist. Without saying anything, he tacitly accepted the title "Pale Wolf."

This way, he would be the one appearing in Nyx's dreams, not some wild wolf or bad wolf with a big tail.

After some delay, the carriage finally arrived in front of the Voss family's house, just as it was nearing noon.

The Voss family had been waiting impatiently for a long time.

Joyce sat at the table, sipping her tea, and casually commented. This child has always been like this, procrastinating. No matter how many times we've taught her, it doesn't work."

Hearing this, Kohan, whose face was already grim, became even gloomier.

He thought, 'She really did get bold after marriage-she got independent now. She dared to be late for her return visit and made me, her father, wait.

If not for the fear that there might be someone from the Duke's residence accompanying Nyx, I wouldn't have waited for so long. When Nyx returns, I'm going to give her a proper scolding

Mila and Kaya, sensing the storm brewing in the air, carefully glanced at their father, who seemed ready to explode. They whispered to each other, "Do you think Nyx won't come back?"

"No way, she's so timid and submissive. How could she not follow the rules?"

Just as they finished speaking, a servant came in to announce that the Duke's carriage had arrived.

Immediately. Mila and Kaya exchanged a glance, a spark of malicious excitement flashing in their eyes.

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## **Of The Bea 354**

### Chapter 354

Mila and Kaya had been terribly bored ever since Nyx got married. They were suffocating with frustration, having built up a lot of ill-will, and now they were eagerly waiting for this opportunity to vent.

As soon as they thought that there was going to be a good show, they could hardly wait.

Rohan remained seated in the main chair, his expression unreadable. There was no hint of joy, no expectation of a family reunion, nor any intention of greeting her personally. He waved his hand and dismissed the servants. "I know, po bark."

He was waiting for Nyx to come and greet him herself.

The Voss Manor wasn't large, and the distance from the main gate to the main hall was only a few dozen steps. The family had been waiting for half the day, but Nyx hadn't appeared, making them even angrier.

Rohan, unable to tolerate it anymore, slammed his hand down on the table, almost smashing the cups and vases. "If she doesn't want to come back to this family, tell her to just roll back!"

"Alright, my lord, don't be angry, Joyce gently soothed from the side, secretly laughing in her heart. "Maybe something happened... Maybe she's feeling unwell? Having trouble moving?"

Joyce thought. After all, Nyx married that crippled, violent man. She has such a submissive, unappealing personality, so getting beaten might be an everyday occurrence for her!

Joyce had already prepared herself for Nyx to return crying, ready to complain.

And all she needed to do was casually mention that the Voss family couldn't compete with the Duke's. The Duke's had the upper hand, and they had no way to demand an explanation, so they could cover it up.

In the meantime, they could use this opportunity to spread rumors about Erik's cruelty, damaging the Duke's reputation, which would earn them favor with Banon.

The more Joyce thought about it, the more pleased she became, already envisioning a future of success.

Hearing her words, Rohan couldn't help but share her thoughts. His gaze shifted slightly, and his expression relaxed a little.

He thought, 'In that case, Nyx isn't completely useless after all'

While he was contemplating this, a series of footsteps suddenly rang out outside.

At the sound, everyone instinctively looked up, their eyes widening in astonishment.

A few strong bearers were carrying a luxurious, soft palanquin, walking slowly toward the main hall. Each of them moved steadily, in perfect unison, clearly experienced and well-trained.

They carefully set the palanquin down at the entrance.

A servant woman immediately hurried over, briskly lifting the palanquin curtain and helping the person inside to step down

Everyone thought, 'Is that someone from the Read family?'

Rohan swallowed and exchanged a glance with Joyce.

There had never been such a display in the Voss Manor's courtyard before.

He thought. With such a grand occasion, could it be that Erik has come in person?"

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Not just the four members of the Voss family, but even the servants were tense, barely daring to breathe.

In the stillness, the person in the palanquin finally leaned out, revealing themselves under the gaze of the crowd.

When they saw that familiar face, the tension immediately eased, and the Voss family members even felt a bit angry at being made a fool of

"Nyx. Rohan snapped angrily, sneering, "You really know how to make a big show of things.

"What, do you think that because you married into the Duke's family, you're now part of the Read family and can show off

in front of us?"

Before Nyx could respond, the servant woman and a few of the bearers showed expressions of anger, glaring at Rohan. He was left feeling guilty, instinctively closing his mouth.

After a few seconds of stiff silence, he finally realized that these were just servants, nothing to be afraid of. But once the momentum faltered, it was hard to regain.

Kaya, still fearless and unrestrained, pointed at Nyx and harshly scolded, "Did you hear that? Are you deaf? Aren't you going to apologize to Father?"

Meanwhile, Mila eyed Nyx's head full of expensive jewels and her equally expensive clothes, unable to stop the rising imitation and jealousy inside her.

After all, she had married into the Duke's household, and the difference in quality of food, clothing, and other luxuries was

clear.

Such beautiful clothes and jewelry-she had never owned anything like them. And now they were adorning Nyx.

Maybe it was just her impression, but she felt that Nyx looked even healthier and more radiant than before. Her already stunning face looked even more dazzling, and the luxurious clothes and jewelry only accentuated her beauty, unable to overshadow her presence.

Not just her appearance, but even her aura had changed. Standing there elegantly, even without speaking, she no longer had the weak aura she used to, and it made her seem strangely unfamiliar.

After studying Nyx for a while, Mila couldn't suppress her jealousy and sarcastically said, "On such an important day as the homecoming, wearing so improperly, I wonder if she's cursing someone on purpose."

Before she could finish, a cold laugh suddenly rang out.

The air instantly fell silent.

The wooden wheels creaked as Arlong pushed Erik's wheelchair, and both master and servant emerged from behind the palanquin.

When Rohan saw who it was, he sharply inhaled.

He thought, 'He's here? Erik has actually come in person.'

He almost jumped up, rushing forward in a few quick steps. His angry expression disappeared as if by magic, replaced by a beaming smile. "Erik, what brings you here?"

"Oh?" Erik said, half-smiling. "Is today not the homecoming day? Did I get the date wrong?"

Rohan awkwardly laughed a few times. "You must be joking."

On the third day after the wedding, newlywed couples should indeed return to the bride's family home for the traditional

visit.

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Rohan thought, 'But Erik didn't show up even on their wedding day-why is he suddenly so proper today? It couldn't be that Nyx las

om him down and gotten him to come along, could it

Most likely, Erik is unhappy that I have married off my worst daughter, and today's occasion gives him an excuse to demand an explanation from me!

Rohan wiped the sweat that had formed on his forehead. But fortunately, he had already come up with a plan to handle it.

While making small talk, he led Erik to the main seat, eager to assist him but unable to touch even a hair. Arlong stepped in and blocked him, so he could only awkwardly stand to the side, offering an awkward smile.

Given the vast difference in their statuses, he wouldn't dare act like an elder or take advantage of his father-in-law status to lord over Erik.

A few days ago, he had looked down on Erik a little due to his injury, but in the past two days, after the Read family caused him some trouble, he had realized how easily they could crush him, like stepping

on an anit.

To go toe-to-toe with the Read family, one would need to be someone like Banon, not a nobody like him.

Erik glanced at the seat that had been sat in, gave a faint hum of amusement, and turned to sit somewhere else.

Even though he sensed the faint insult, Rohan dared not express his anger. He didn't dare sit back in the prominent seat either and could only awkwardly find another place to sit

Joyce sat in the secondary seat, unsure whether she should rise and move.

The familiar spot she usually sat in today felt like it was on fire, making her restless and uneasy.

The vibe was awkward and subtle.

Both her parents looked obviously defeated, and Mila and Kaya weren't completely oblivious to the vibe either. They lowered their heads, no longer daring

to speak.

But they couldn't help their curiosity and stole glances at Erik.

As the rumors said, Erik was indeed an extraordinarily handsome and poised young man. Even sitting there, his tall and graceful figure was undeniable. He was nothing like the servants they'd seen in the household or the men they'd casually encountered during outings.

Mila and Kaya were momentarily dazed, their hearts racing, and they couldn't help but feel a tinge of regret.

They thought, 'If it were us marrying him, we would be the ones enjoying such splendor today, not Nyx. Such a handsome man, even with a slight leg injury- what does that matter? There would always be servants to care for him, so we wouldn't have to worry about it.

"Even if Erik could no longer go to war, the Duke's household has endless wealth and luxury. We could live as noble wives, never needing to serve the in-laws. Such a great marriage, how did we let Nyx have it?

What were we thinking then? But... if we could still win him over now, it wouldn't be too late.

As daughters of the Voss family, we could easily replace Nyx and marry into the Duke's household. Or perhaps go further and persuade Erik to divorce Nyx and marry someone new.

Once Nyx becomes a divorced woman, we'll just watch and see how arrogant she still is.

Mila and Kaya, feeling somewhat impatient, eagerly tried to catch Erik's attention, winking at him from across the room and sending flirtatious glances his way. Joyce noticed her daughters' actions first, exchanged a look with her husband, and opened her mouth, but then hesitated,

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unsure of what to say

Their behavior was too reckless and frivolous, it truly tarnished the image of unmarried women.

But since today was a family dinner and there were no outsiders, whatever happened here wouldn't spread outside.

If Mila and Kaya wanted to marry into the Duke's family, they didn't need to be stopped. It was their decision after all.

It was because they were unwilling to marry that Nyx had taken their place. Nyx had taken a seat beside Erik and was concernedly inspecting his leg, worried that his injury would cause him pain on this trip. She didn't notice Mila and Kaya eying her husband.

However, Erik was very alert and quickly noticed the two intense stares. His brow furrowed coldly.

He thought. With ME sitting here. how dare they try to bully Nyx?

They keep their mouths shut, but their eyes are anything but honest. They're openly sending unfriendly looks toward Nyx, clearly not well-intentioned. Those old fools ignore it completely, failing to discipline them. Truly, a nest of hard

seeds all

around.

"If your eyes have issues, Arlong knows a bit of medicine and can take a look,"

Erik spoke coldly.

The air grew suddenly still.

Nyx, puzzled, lifted her head, not understanding the situation, unsure of who he was talking about.

Arlong looked just as confused. He thought. 'Me? When did I learn medicine?'

At most, he could dress a wound, but when it came to eye ailments, he knew nothing at all.

But he quickly realized what his master meant, zeroing in on Mila and Kaya, stepping forward. Arlong said. "If you two ladies don't mind. I am willing to try and treat you."

He didn't know much about healing, but when it came to ways of tormenting people, he had plenty of methods.

Besides, these two women weren't really sick. Once they felt the pain, they'd naturally behave.



He didn't care about pampering them. He would just follow his master's orders.

Besides, he had no love for these two women. Beneath their beautiful exteriors were venomous hearts, and they had bullied Nyx for many years. Avenging Nyx was his duty.

Hearing this. Mila and Kaya slowly realized Erik was talking about them. Their faces turned as dark as thunder.

Trying to flirt only to be told they had "eye problems" made them feel both humiliated and angry. It was a blow to their pride.

If it had been anyone else, they would have already retorted, but facing someone they couldn't afford to offend, they kept their mouths shut, swallowing their anger, their faces turning red with embarrassment

After a few seconds, when Arlong didn't hear any refusal, he assumed they agreed and stepped a little closer.

Mila and Kaya immediately panicked

In their extreme panic, they lost their usual sharp tongues and couldn't think of a way to refuse.

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They thought, We couldn't possibly reject him, could we? This person is Erik's personal servant, and he follows his orders. If we reject him, it would be like slapping Erik in the face. We don't have the courage to do that.

In the critical moment, it was Joyce who bravely spoke up to save her daughters. Thank you for your concern, Erik, but they've already seen a doctor and are taking medicine. There might be a conflict between the two treatments, so we'll let

be for now," When Erik said they had eye problems, she had no choice but to accept it and

admit that her daughters did indeed have eye

issues.

Though it was unpleasant to hear, she had no other choice, or she wouldn't be able to explain why they kept blinking so much. If Erik pressed further, she couldn't just outright say they were trying to flirt with their eyes.

"I see. Erik nodded and spoke indifferently. "If the medicine isn't effective and you

want to try a different treatment, just send a message to the Duke's residence. I can send Arlong over"

Erik thought, 'If they dared to make eyes at Nyx again, they'd better not blame me for being impolite."

Even though they were both angry and scared, Mila and Kaya had no choice but

to bow their heads and thank him. Under the table, they clenched their fists so tightly their nails almost broke.

Seeing their frustrated and resentful expressions, Erik's expression turned even colder, and he felt it still wasn't enough.

Before he appeared, he had already heard all the insults and slanders aimed at

Nyx. Every word had fueled his rage. He couldn't imagine what kind of life Nyx must have lived before.

"Just now, I vaguely heard someone criticize my wife for being too extravagant

and demanded an apology?" He didn't name names, but he raised his gaze and stared directly at Rohan, making him break into a cold sweat. "Uh, this... Rohan was extremely embarrassed and had no way to deny it.

After all, he hadn't known Erik was also present. His voice hadn't been lowered, and it was clear for anyone inside or outside the room to hear. Kaya, who had pointed her finger at Nyx and demanded an apology, had lost all her arrogance. She hung her head, too afraid to look up.

After an awkward silence, Rohan organized his words and tried to make excuses. "It's all a misunderstanding. Our Voss family is humble and poor, our courtyard is cramped,

and we've never had the habit of using palanquins. When we saw one today, it was inevitable that-

"I see," Erik interrupted him before he could finish his excuse.

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## **Read Of The Bea 355**

### **Of The Bea 355**

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Me Vos is hopal and simple, which commendable and worth coulating Frik said with a light laugh, speaking dowly When From Filmmake me spread your pood mame I'm sure both your colleagues and the common people will h rape slow Mr. Voss walks to and from count on foot

In the market area and near the royal city, horse drawn carriages were probabited, and his land was vast Rohan was a middle-aged man with a frail borly, walking back and forth would surely exhaust him.

He had only said that he didn't use a palanquin at home. He never said he didn't use one when going out

However, Ink had comered him with just a few words. Rohan had no way to argue and could only awkwardly force a smile and got his teeth, silently accepting i

From what he knew of brik, once Erik said something, he would make it happen. Erik would undoubtedly spread the word

far and wide.

From now on, when going to court, Rolian would probably be watched by a crowd. Countless eyes would follow him. He wouldn't be able to have people carry him anymore, and he would be forced to walk, which would tire him out. He would have to wake up early to avoid being late for court.

The thought of this hopeless future made Rolian's face turn ashen.

Erik, however, wasn't ready to let this go. He kept his sharp gaze on him, speaking slowly. "Mr. Voss is so frugal, but I can't

emulate that.

"Now that my legs are injured, I can only travel by carriage or palanquin. Even at home, I rely on them," Erik said, his tone calm and unremarkable, but there was an underlying pressure.

"Since my wife is now married to me, she should follow my lead in everything and not stick to her family's old customs. Don't you think so?"

Hearing him mention his injured leg, Rohan shuddered nervously, feeling a cold sweat down his spine. He feared that if he said the wrong thing, he would provoke Erik's anger. He nodded repeatedly. "Yes"

"That's good. Erik nodded in satisfaction. "It seems that Mr. Voss is not an unreasonable person."

His words were blunt, offering no face to Rohan, and could even be considered humiliating.

Rohan, however, dared not voice his anger. He remained silent, pretending not to understand, and gritted his teeth, forcing himself to endure.

Rohan thought, "This young man, full of vigor and arrogance, relies on his family background, achievements, and the emperor's trust to act this way...."

"When Baron rises to power one day, the Duke's residence would certainly fall from grace. Let's see if he dares to act this arrogantly then. The humiliation I suffered today, he would repay a hundredfold in the future!"

Erik glanced at Rohan's expression, recognizing what he was thinking. A cold smile curled at the corner of his lips, though the smile didn't reach his eyes. "What's wrong with Mr. Voss? You seem to be sweating a lot?"

Before Rohan could deny it, Erik made his own judgment. "At middle age, it's normal to feel weak. If something's wrong, you shouldn't avoid seeing a doctor."

"Otherwise, small illnesses can turn into big ones. If something really happens, would you blame my wife and me for our return visit today?"

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## Chapter 355

Mila stiffened all over. She had been hiding like a turtle for a long time, thinking she had escaped the situation, but she found out she wasn't let off the hook. Seeing her father's grim face, she regretted making that snide remark earlier.

She had originally wanted to provoke her father into punishing Nyx, but now she was the one who suffered. After the guests left, she feared her father would vent his anger on her.

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But she couldn't really blame herself for this. Never would she expect Erik to show up in person. And he was even wearing clothes almost identical to Nyx's

"This fabric is a new snow satin supplied by Windham this year, His Majesty gave me two rolls." Erik gently brushed the cuff, the fabric gleaming delicately, with faint dark patterns appearing and disappearing

Td imagine the officials and people in Windham wouldn't be bold enough to curse His Majesty, so surely what His Majesty bestowed upon me isn't anything unlucky."

He spoke slowly, and beads of sweat appeared on Rohan's forehead, quickly soaking his back.

Rohan thought. Offerings... royal gifts... how can they be defamed? This isn't a small matter, but it's not a huge one either-it all depends on how the Emperor sees it

The problem was, in the past couple of days, some memorials criticizing him had reached the Emperor's eyes.

The Emperor already had a poor impression of him, and if Erik seized on this kind of flaw, made an issue of it, not only could he lose his official job, but it wouldn't be surprising if his entire family ended up in prison.

Rohan's face went red, then pale, then red again. He slammed his hand on the table and suddenly stood up, pointing at Mila. "Go reflect on your actions!"

Immediately, Mila turned pale, not expecting things to get this serious. From childhood to now, she had never been punished like this by her father.

"My lord... Joyce, protective of her daughter, rushed to stop Rohan, but before she could say anything, she was pushed back. almost stumbling to the ground. When she looked up, she met her husband's bloodshot, furious gaze. His eyes scared her into instinctively closing her mouth.

"You still have the nerve to beg me?" Rohan seemed to have reached his limit, towering over Joyce. It's your fault for not teaching her properly. Not only didn't you teach them any knowledge, but you also failed to teach them what it means to speak cautiously. Words bring trouble."

After scolding Joyce, he turned his anger toward Mila, the instigator, and Kaya as well, telling both of them to leave, "Go. Get

out."

As the head of the household, Rohan was furious, and Joyce lowered her head. Mila and Kaya didn't dare make a sound.

The servants outside didn't even dare look up, the room completely silent. Erik watched the entire scene, offering no intervention, a smirk on his face as he stared at Rohan. He didn't do what Rohan had hoped, offering him a way out.

The room was silent, and once Rohan had finished speaking, he took a deep breath, feeling awkward.

Rohan thought, I've taken such a strong stance, but isn't a normal person supposed to soften their tone and ease the situation? After all, today is Nyx's homecoming banquet. What's going on with Erik? Is he really going to clash with me all

the way?'

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He furrowed his brows and looked at Nyx, hoping she would say something to smooth things over. But after trying to signal her for a while, his eyes almost popping out of his head, Nyx still didn't meet his gaze, and instead, Erik gave him a warning glance.

**BURGLE**

Slow-witted Nyx didn't catch any of the signals. She was resting her chin in her hand, completely absorbed in her mate, enjoying the sight of Erik single-handedly taking on everyone, unable to hold back a smile.

She thought. This Palle Wolf-he stutters in front of me but is so eloquent outside! Even Arlong was stunned, his mouth hanging open

Having been by his master's side for so many years, Arlong had always known his master was skilled in combat and a genius at leading troops, but he had never realized his master's verbal skills were also so powerful.

After a long standoff, Rohan couldn't find an exit and awkwardly laughed a few times, straightened his disheveled clothes, and sat back down. "I'm sorry you had to witness this...."

To prevent Erik from continuing to pressure him, he loudly called for a servant to start bringing the food out from the kitchen. He thought this terrifying homecoming banquet might as well start and end early.

In the quiet main hall, no one spoke. Throughout the meal, the only sounds were the occasional clinking of plates and forks.

The Voss family members sat silently. Rohan and Joyce didn't speak to each other. Mila and Kaya, who had once been excited about today, now sat as if their mouths were sealed. Any romantic thoughts they'd just begun to entertain for Erik were completely cut off, and they no longer held any fantasies. Eight cold dishes, sixteen hot dishes, plus a few plates of fruits and desserts made up a feast. However, Nyx and Erik sat together, hardly eating anything.

First, the meal wasn't nearly as good as what the Duke's family served, and it didn't suit their tastes.

Second, even if the food wasn't poisoned, it was a disgusting thought to eat from the same plate as someone they couldn't stand.

Erik glanced sideways at Nyx, subtly squeezing her hand under the table.

He thought, "Hurry up and finish. I'm already losing patience, eager to get home and have a private meal with Nyx"

Enduring Pale Wolf's teasing, Nyx fought back a smile and gently scratched his palm with her finger.

Luckily, no one dared to look up at Erik, or they would have noticed his suddenly red cheeks and ears.

At the table, Rohan and Joyce were both distracted.

As lunch neared its end, Joyce pretended to accidentally knock over a soup bowl and used the excuse to change clothes, pulling Rohan into another room to whisper.

"Do we still proceed with the original plan?" Joyce asked her husband, grinding her teeth. "That little slut, Nyx! Who knows where she got the power to make Erik protect her like this?"

Not only did Erik accompany her for the homecoming, wearing the same clothes with Nyx, but he even scolded all of them.

Joyce thought, They've just been married for three days, and Nyx's husband is already defending her like this-is she some kind of seductress? Did she drug Erik?"

Rohan's expression was also unpleasant. His face darkened, and he coldly retorted to Joyce, "Protecting her? He's just using this as an excuse to make trouble for me"

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He didn't believe Erik had any affection or care for Nyx

It was well-known that Nyx wasn't very likable, and Erik was probably dissatisfied with him marrying such a daughter, constantly causing him trouble both inside and outside the court.

"Well proceed as planned, Rolian scoffed and made a firm decision.

After so much preparation, there was no reason to back down now.

"What if Nyx disagrees? Joyce asked cautiously. "Disagree? Roluan spered, waving his hand. "With her submissive nature, she wouldn't dare to disagree. Even if she's married, I'm still her father. How could she dely me?"

Although Joyce still felt a slight unease in her heart, seeing that her husband had made up his mind and she couldn't oppose him, she lowered her head and reluctantly agreed.

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Nyx's nose itched, and she couldn't help but sneeze.

\*99%

"What's going on?" Erik immediately became alert, grabbing her cold hand. Without caring about the situation, he instinctively tried to pull her into his arms. "Arlong, go get a cloak.

"No need" Nyx stopped Arlong, and then gently patted Pale Wolf's chest. I'm not cold"

She felt she hadn't caught a chill, but it almost seemed like someone was whispering about her or plotting against her.

Their eyes met, and without a word, they exchanged a silent understanding. Erik strangely grasped her thoughts.

He tightened his grip on Nyx's hand, narrowing his eyes.

He thought, "The Voss couple are still up to no good. After just being warned, they dare to scheme again. It seems I have been too lenient with them.

He didn't doubt Nyx's thoughts for a second and naturally believed her baseless suspicion.

Nearby, Mila and Kaya heard the commotion and, braving their curiosity, secretly looked up. When they saw the scene before them, they were shocked. They thought, 'How... how does it feel like Erik really likes Nyx? He's even holding her hand? Showing concern for her?

The young couple sat close together, holding hands, both wearing nearly identical clothes. Even without saying a word, there was an intimate vibe between them. They didn't seem like a couple married for only three days; they looked more like a pair of lovers who had been together for a long time.

Mila and Kaya unconsciously rubbed their eyes, doubting whether their vision had blurred or if they were seeing things.

Before they could snap out of it, Nyx quickly withdrew her hand and straightened her posture.

Rohan and Joyce appeared one after the other, returning to the table in their newly changed clothes, breaking the silence.

"Since we've eaten, and it is still early, Mr. Read, would you like to take a walk around the Voss Manor?" Rohan rubbed his hands, cautiously suggesting.

"A walk around?" Erik repeated, coldly laughing as his gaze fell on his injured leg. "Me?"

Rohan accidentally touched a sensitive spot, and he took a sharp breath. He cursed himself inwardly, wishing he could slap himself.

Just when he didn't know how to handle the situation, Erik spoke up first, "Sure." "Then Arlong can push me around. I'd like to see the place where my wife used to live," Erik said as he propped himself up and moved to sit in the wheelchair.

Seeing Erik agree, Rohan was pleased, but suddenly remembered how shabby Nyx's old residence was, and his smile instantly vanished. He couldn't think of how to stop it, so he closed his eyes and simply gave up.

Rohan thought, 'Forget it... It's not a big deal. The priority is to get Erik out of the way!

Nyx also stood up, planning to walk ahead and lead the way, but suddenly she heard Joyce call her, stopping in her tracks.

"Come with me," Joyce beckoned with a smile, explaining to Erik, "We mother and daughter have some private matters to discuss, and I need to give her something."

The implication was that they needed to talk about women's matters that men shouldn't overhear.

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Erik looked at Nyx, seeking her opinion. When he saw Nyx give a slight nod, he gave a small bow and said, "Alright.

He thought, 'Let's see what this couple is really up to. Either way, it's going to end in a scheming plan

Erik turned around and glanced into the shadows.

Two figures lying in wait in the dark received the order and followed Nyx's footsteps, protecting her.

Not only did Joyce remain unaware, but even Nyx didn't know she had a tail following her.

They walked through the dim corridor and arrived at the back courtyard, where there were no more distractions. Joyce shed her gentle facade and revealed her true self.

She found a chair for herself and sat down, ignoring Nyx who was standing. With a look of disdain and jealousy, she scanned her stepdaughter from head to toe, dressed in gold and jewels. "So, how is it? Shouldn't you thank me now? I've arranged such a great marriage for you."

Nyx remained silent.

Seeing that she was still so quiet and irritating, unchanged since before the marriage, Joyce began to gain confidence.

She wanted to taunt Nyx some more, but considering Erik was still in the house, she worried about long-lasting consequences, so she didn't say anything more. Instead, she got straight to the point. "So, how have you been serving your husband these days?"

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Nyx lowered her gaze at Joyce. She thought. This stepmother would never genuinely care about my post-marriage life, so there must be an ulterior motive behind this question

Unable to figure out why, Nyx vaguely replied, "Very well"

"Very well? Joyce blinked.

Had she heard this answer earlier, she might have believed it, but just now, her husband's words had awakened her.

Joyce thought, 'Compared to Nyx winning Erik's favor, it seems more likely that it's her behavior that has made the Read family dislike her, causing trouble for everyone related to her.

If things were truly good, why would my husband be suppressed by the Read family these past two days?

'Not only has the Read family caused them trouble, but His Majesty has also scolded my husband in court. It couldn't possibly be... that their connection with Banon was discovered? No, it couldn't be

Joyce shuddered, unwilling to consider that possibility.

Their connection with Banon was not very close, and they had always been cautious. It shouldn't have been discovered so easily.

She thought, 'It must be Nyx's fault'

"I didn't expect, after just a few days, you've made such progress, Joyce sneered, hiding her unease, and mockingly examined Nyx. "You've learned how to lie.

Nyx calmly met her gaze. There was no guilt in her eyes, only a hint of scrutiny.

After a few seconds of staring, Joyce lost the staring contest, awkwardly shifting her gaze. Though she tried to keep her composure, she spat and muttered, "Don't think just because he doesn't hit or scold you means he likes you. He doesn't even look at you."

Joyce thought, The Duke's only son, what kind of women hasn't he seen? There's no way he'd fall for Nyx, this little wench who has nothing but her looks."

"He stepped on my dignity today, and it wasn't to please you. In the end, you're just the daughter the Voss family married off. He despises you, and that's why he's taking it out on us." Joyce pointed at Nyx. "You'd better think this through." Nyx couldn't help but want to laugh.

If she were her old self, hearing this, she would have probably believed it and felt devastated. But now, no one knew better than her whether Pale Wolf liked her or

not.

Whether he had his memory or not, she would never doubt any mate's feelings for her.

She looked down at Joyce's performance with a sense of superiority, as if watching a clown dance, saying nothing in response, not countering, just silent, waiting to see what new lie she could come up with.

In the shadows, the two shadow guards were sweating nervously. The thought, 'Oh no... Surely, the lady hasn't believed it? We'll have to report back to the master.'

Seeing that Nyx was silent, a triumphant look slowly spread across Joyce's face, as if she had gained the upper hand.

After laying the groundwork, she finally revealed her true intention with a cough. "Jinx, Jules."

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At her call, two maids appeared from a nearby room and walked up to her.

At first glance, it was clear they were well-dressed and wearing several pieces of jewelry.

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As they got closer, Nyx saw their faces clearly. Both were quite beautiful-one was alluring and seductive, the other pure and charming. They had completely different temperaments, but each had her own unique appeal.

The two of them curtsied to Joyce and then bowed gracefully to Nyx.

Without needing to say anything, Nyx had already figured out what her stepmother was up to.

"You're so frail" Joyce's smile couldn't hide her glee. "After you fell into the water last time, the doctor said your body was ruined. It's likely you'll have trouble bearing children.

"Although I've kept this from the Read family and didn't tell them, people can still tell from the way you look, sickly and weak. It's no wonder they don't think much

of you.

"If you want to stand firm in the Duke's residence, you'll need a child by your side," Joyce softened her tone, adopting a motherly look, and spoke to Nyx with a blend of reason and emotion.

"Jinx and Jules are both well-raised and innocent girls. You can keep them as your maids, and later, find an opportunity to introduce them to Erik. Whether they become concubines or just servants doesn't matter.

"What's important is that they can have children. Once they have kids, you can take them as your own."

After the soft words, she switched tactics and began to threaten. "No matter how much a maid is favored, one she brought from her family will always remember her kindness. "It's far better than letting your husband be charmed by an outside woman, who might eventually pressure him to divorce you once she has power." The smile in Nyx's eyes faded, and her expression turned cold.

Nyx thought, "Theon and Felix, both driven by the instincts of wild beasts, have never betrayed me. How could Pale Wolf possibly be tempted away by someone else?"

She flicked her sleeve coldly, about to refuse, but when her gaze landed on the two maids' faces, she suddenly paused.

They were so young and innocent. They looked no older than fifteen or sixteen, clearly just young girls. In the interstellar world, they weren't even of age yet, carefree and innocent.

But now, they were like two objects without personalities or dignity, controlled by others, their lives no longer their own. With just a wave of Joyce's hand, their fates could be sealed, their whole lives decided.

Even though Joyce said right in front of them that they would be used as breeding tools and their children given away, they didn't show a trace of resentment, as if they had already accepted everything.

Nyx suspected that Joyce wasn't doing this with good intentions, it still didn't stop her from feeling a twinge of pity for them. If she insisted on refusing, Joyce would likely have other ways of dealing with her.

She thought, "What would happen to these two maids who haven't yet served their purpose? Where would they go?"

After a long silence, Nyx pursed her lips and took a deep breath. "Fine, let them stay with me."

Joyce hadn't expected things to go so smoothly. All the other persuasive threats she had prepared instantly became irrelevant. She was stunned for a moment before finally reacting. "Ah, good, I'm glad you came to your senses."

The goal had been reached too quickly, and she was momentarily at a loss, forcing herself to say a few meaningless words before ordering Jinx to fetch a box from the room and hand it to Nyx. "This is some medicine for toning your body, sent from Wenshire.

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"It's very precious. Take it to Erik, and you can drink some too."

Nyx opened the box and was immediately hit with a strong medicinal smell, narrowing her eyes.

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At first glance, it seemed like it was just nourishing medicine, but she didn't believe Joyce had good intentions. Upon a closer look, she realized something was off.

There were two conflicting herbs inside.

If taken separately, they would indeed be beneficial, but if taken together, they would cause poisoning.

At first, it might not feel like much, but over time, her health would steadily deteriorate.

Nyx closed the box without a word, casting a glance at Joyce.

She thought, 'It's expected that Joyce wants to harm me, but why does she also want to harm Erik? Could it really be that after the humiliation today, she's plotting revenge?'

Poisoning the Duke's only son would come with huge risks. Nyx didn't think Joyce

had enough courage for such a major crime, unless someone else was secretly pulling the strings.

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Sitting in the carriage on her way home, Nyx kept her head down, still thinking about this matter.

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She thought. It's hard for outsiders to control someone like Joyce, a woman deep within the household. The greater possibility is that the entire Voss family is following the orders of a hidden figure-someone who is an enemy of Pale Wolf.

'Does Pale Wolf know about this? If he doesn't, I need to find a way to warn him. But if he does... what does that mean for how he sees me? Does he think I'm an undercover spy? Or does he believe I'm innocent?'

Things had suddenly become complicated, and Nyx rubbed her forehead, feeling a headache coming on.

"What's wrong?" Erik couldn't help but ask, grabbing her hand.

Since they got in the carriage, Nyx had sighed seven times, and he had been counting.

At the thought of the conversation his secret guard had reported to him earlier, Erik's gaze darkened.

He thought, 'Could Nyx be worried about those two maids?'

When he first saw the two maids with Nyx, he had assumed the Voss family finally realized it looked bad, so they arranged for some personal maids to serve her.

But after hearing the report from his secret guard, he understood the Voss family's true intentions.

They didn't just resent Nyx being close to him-they also wanted to take this chance to place two people near him.

Erik couldn't help but chuckle coldly.



At first, he wasn't sure whether Nyx was a pawn trained to seduce him, but now he was certain-she was completely unaware of the Voss family's ambitions. She truly was a pure and pitiful little rabbit.

In Rohan's eyes, she probably didn't even have any value to be used, or else they wouldn't be so eager to replace her with someone else.

Thinking about this, Erik felt even more sympathy. He tightly grasped Nyx's hand and pulled her into his arms. He thought, 'No one loves her? Then I will love her. I am her husband, so I should love her.'

"What are you going to do with those two maids?" he asked carefully, watching Nyx's expression to figure out what she was thinking.

Erik thought, 'Why does she agree to keep them? Is it because she doesn't dare go against the elders? Or is it because she doesn't care about me and isn't bothered by having two more people around?'

Hearing this, Nyx paused for a moment. "There must be plenty of things to do at the estate, right? I don't know much about it; you can just arrange it however you see fit."

She had quietly asked the two little maids if they wanted to be free, and their answer had been no.

But she could understand. In this era, it would be difficult for two young girls to support themselves independently.

Staying at the Duke's estate and doing some light work would be fine. At least she could look after them a little, and it was far better than staying in the messy, troublesome environment of the Voss family.

"They're still young, still growing, so don't give them too much hard work," Nyx added after thinking for a moment.

In a carriage following Erik's, Jinx and Jules sat across from each other. Besides the sound of hooves and the creaking wheels, they could vaguely hear Nyx and Erik talking.

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Both of them were under Banon's command. With their keen hearing, they had been chosen from a young age to gather secrets for their master.

This wasn't their first mission, but it was the first time they had seen Nyx, such a kind-hearted and good person.

They exchanged a glance, their feelings a bit complicated. They thought, 'Why was she being so kind to us?'

Both of them were experienced and could tell from the tone of people's voices whether they were being sincere. They could tell Nyx truly wanted to give them freedom and find them easier work.

It wasn't just Jinx and Jules who were confused; Erik was too.

He cupped Nyx's face, inspecting it from left to right, trying to see if there was any sign of sadness or jealousy.

"Aren't you worried that I'll take them as concubines?" he asked directly, unable to hold back.

He thought, 'If she liked me even a little bit, she wouldn't be so calm, right? Does she really not care about me at all?'

Nyx raised an eyebrow and looked at him, brushing his hand away and then grabbing his face with both hands.

She thought, 'How bold of him! He still dared to think about taking concubines?'

She treated Erik's face like dough, pinching it hard with every word, "No, I don't mind. I trust you."

At eighteen, it was the first time Erik had his face pinched.

He stared in shock, his eyes wide, feeling a dull pain in his cheek, but also the sweet, fragrant scent of Nyx.

His mind went blank, and he felt like a fool.

Nyx pulled her hands away, and he instinctively leaned toward her, clearly still wanting more. Nyx pulled her hands away, ar

-Seeing this silly Pale Wolf, Nyx couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"You won't take concubines. You only like me," she said, her voice firm as she answered his question again.

Her tone was so certain, despite not having received any promises, but she was absolutely confident.

Erik lowered his head, blushing, and lightly mumbled in agreement, not denying

it.

Having Nyx as a wife was enough for him. He was never the type of man to be enamored with beauty. Even if those two maids weren't spies, he would never take them into his household.

As for Nyx's weak body, her cold constitution preventing her from bearing children, if she was carefully nurtured, there might be hope for improvement.

Even if it couldn't be cured, having no children wouldn't be a reason for him to abandon her.

He could always adopt a child from a distant branch of the family or even from common folk-either way, it didn't matter.

Seeing him so obedient, Nyx gave him a playful slap and then gently rubbed his face in comfort.

The carriage stopped in front of the Duke's estate.

Arlong helped his master out of the carriage and immediately noticed the two red marks on his master's face, which looked very strange, almost like fingerprints.

He instinctively opened his mouth to ask, but hesitated and fell silent, too unsure to speak.

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Not far away, Jinx and Jules watched Erik, struggling with his injured leg, reaching out to help Nyx out of the carriage. They couldn't help but let out a soft hiss. They had eavesdropped on the couple's conversation all the way here and for like their teeth might fall out from the

sourTiess

No matter how they looked at it, they could tell this was a pair of lovers who were deeply fond of each other, completely different from the image the Voss family had passed to Banon

How are we supposed to seduce him? thought they

Erik didn't give either of them a single glance throughout the whole process, but

Nyx gave them a concerned look and smiled at them, as if to reassure them and tell them not to worry.

Her gaze was so pure and gentle. Jinx and Jules instinctively looked away, lowering their heads, both feeling uneasy inside.

"Follow me." Arlong guessed his master's intent and arranged for the two beautiful maids to stay in the flower room, which was the farthest from the master's

residence.

The work wasn't too much and was very easy. The other staff were all friendly, and once they finished their tasks, they could

slack off.

The only downside was that they probably wouldn't get to meet the mission target

for the rest of their lives. Jules lay on the bed, staring blankly, and grabbed Jinx's arm. "Why don't we just stay here and not go back?"

The food here was good, and the work was easy, much better than at Banon's place.

Anyway, the chances of completing the mission were slim, so they might as well just lay back and do nothing

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"No." Jinx's expression was conflicted.

If she could, she wouldn't want to hurt Nyx, but she wanted to stay alive.

"We can't get any useful information, so we won't get the antidote." She tightly gripped Jules' arm. Her voice was soft, but her tone was urgent. "Once the Moonshade Poison takes effect, we'll both die painfully."

Banon controlled his subordinates with ruthless methods. If they had family, he would use them as leverage; for those like them, who had no family, he used poison to control them.

From the moment they were selected and trained, they were fed a poison called Moonshade Poison, and they had to take the antidote every three months. If they didn't, they would burn with an internal flame, their blood would go haywire, and they would slowly die in endless agony.

"We have no choice." Jinx slowly wrapped her arms around Jules. Her voice trembled. "I want to live, and I don't want you to die."

They had both witnessed the horrific deaths of people who had died from the poison.

Banon made sure to gather his subordinates and have them watch the fate of traitors.

For them, the best ending was to commit suicide before the poison took effect. Once it did, life was worse than death.

Jules sat up in silence after a long time. "I understand."

In fact, she was already tired of being manipulated like this and thought that dying might not be so bad.

Since childhood, when she was chosen, she had been treated as a useful tool to be trained. She could only follow orders and lived each day in a daze. Today, it was the first time she felt like someone was actually treating her like a person.

Nyx had shown her kindness and was willing to give her freedom without expecting anything in return.

After experiencing what it was like to be treated as a human being, now she had to step on Nyx and become a slave again to a villain. It was a different kind of life worse than death.

She was tired and wanted to escape this cage, even if it meant paying with her life. But she didn't want to drag Jinx down with her.

The two of them had once sworn to be sisters. Now that they were on the same mission, if she betrayed Banon, Jinx would also be doomed to die.

For Jinx's sake, she could only continue enduring and follow Banon's orders.

"But... you saw it too. Nyx and Erik have a good relationship," she sighed in frustration. "Do we really have to seduce him?"

Even if they succeeded, she couldn't imagine doing something so shameless. She thought, 'What would Nyx think of me? Would she regret being so kind to us, these two ingrates?'

Jinx also felt frustrated. "Let's try first," she said, conflicted.

It wasn't that they had to succeed in seducing him, but being a concubine would give them more access to secrets. If seduction didn't work, at least they could gather some other information to complete the mission.

Suddenly, they heard footsteps outside, getting closer.

The two of them had sharp hearing and immediately stopped talking, closing their mouths.

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There were three knocks on the door, and Arlong politely asked, "May I come in?"

Jinx went to open the door and found Arlong standing outside, holding two thick blankets. He flashed them a friendly smile. "These are from the lady. The weather's getting colder, and it's chilly at night, so she sent thicker blankets to keep you from catching a cold."

As he spoke, Arlong kindly helped them arrange the blankets on the beds,

Once he was done, he didn't linger but before leaving, he reminded them, "The lady remembers that you're new to the house and unfamiliar with everything, so if you ever need anything, don't hesitate to ask her."

Jinx and Jules were speechless, standing there in shock.

They thought, Usually, it's the master who gives us troublesome tasks, so when did it become our turn to bother the master? Just being able to share such a large room together already makes us feel fortunate, and now Nyx even remembers that we might be cold and specifically has someone send thick blankets.

'How can someone's kindness be so overwhelming? When Nyx finds out that we are spies, she will surely be heartbroken'

The two little maids felt more and more

them as mere playthings, they didn't feel guilty at all when they harmed them. Those men who treated them badly and their hearts

heavy as if they were two drooping ass

But Nyx, with her innocent and gentle nature, was the first person they had met who made them unsure how to act around

her.

Arlong left the servants' quarters in the flower house, walking briskly through the entire Duke's residence to report back to

his master.

"The bedding has been delivered, and Jinx and Jules have been settled in. They didn't say anything else," he reported to Nyx first, then secretly exchanged a glance with Erik.

Sending bedding to two maidservants wasn't something that required Arlong to go personally.

However, since the two maidservants had been sent by the Voss family, and there might be some connection to Banon, Erik had secretly given Arlong instructions. He was to use the opportunity to deliver bedding and investigate them.

The two maids had a sharp sense of vigilance and didn't give him anything to work with.

But that didn't mean their identities were innocent. The shadow guards had already started investigating.

Until they obtained solid evidence, they couldn't act against them yet. Even with the evidence, Erik was still conflicted about how to handle them.

He lifted his gaze and stole a glance at Nyx. Nyx seemed to care about the two maidservants quite a bit.

He thought, 'If I lock them up for interrogation or even kill them, how will I explain

it to Nyx if she asks? Should I lie or tell

the truth?'

After having the second round of lunch, Nyx was sitting with her head down, peeling an orange as dessert.

She didn't want to stain her fingers with juice, so she carefully placed a handkerchief under her hands and slowly peeled the

orange.

The orange peel tore open, releasing a burst of juice and a fragrant aroma. The sound was very soothing. Her fingers, delicate and pale, made each movement particularly pleasing to the eye.

Erik's gaze lingered on her, and before he knew it, he was completely mesmerized, unable to look away. Even when Arlong cleared his throat a few times to remind him, he didn't snap out of his trance.

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It wasn't until a cold, soft object unexpectedly pressed against his lips, startling him, that he snapped back to reality.

It was a freshly peeled orange segment, fed to him by Nyx herself.

Erik's face turned bright red with embarrassment.

Although embarrassed, he couldn't bear to refuse the offer, and he obediently opened his mouth, taking the orange segment. But in the process, his lips brushed against Nyx's fingertips, which made the heat rise even more.

"Is it sweet?" Nyx asked.

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She had long gotten used to Pale Wolf's innocent, bashful look and chose not to tease him, not wanting to make him more embarrassed.

Erik couldn't find his voice and just nodded stupidly.

Seeing him like this, Nyx found it hard to reconcile this bashful side of him with the image of the man she had seen at the Voss family, who had been so combative and confrontational.

She couldn't help but stifle a laugh, breaking a segment of the orange and popping it into her mouth.



As soon as she tasted it, her smile froze on her face.

"You said it was sweet?" She took a deep breath, a dangerous smile creeping onto her face. "Are you lying to me?"

She had never eaten such a sour orange before. Never.

Arlong's eyes widened, then quickly closed again, unable to bear watching.

He thought, 'Oh no. Master. Danger.

## **Of The Bea 360**

Chapter 360

Chapter 360

"I-I didn't... I didn't mean to lie to you..." Erik stammered, his mind in a whirl. Just as he had finally gotten rid of his bad habits, now he was back to stuttering in panic.

His mind was completely consumed with the feeling of Nyx's fingers touching his lips, and he couldn't think about whether the orange was sweet or sour.

Nyx looked at his panicked expression, finding him both cute and pitiful, so she decided to forgive him.

Even if he was a little clumsy, he was still her mate, and it wasn't anything worth getting truly upset about.

She waved her hand. "Forget it."

She picked up a piece of peach, which was sweet, and without forgetting, fed a piece to Erik, to help ease the sour taste in her mouth.

As for what to do with the leftover sour orange, throwing it away would be wasteful, but eating it would be torture.

Arlong listened carefully, but hearing no slaps or shouting, he cautiously opened one eye. He saw that his master's face was intact, no new red marks or fingerprints.

He let out a long sigh and turned his gaze toward the culprit, the sour orange, frowning. "Madam, let me handle this."

"You like sour things?" Nyx asked curiously, looking at Arlong who was holding the tray of oranges.

In that instant, Arlong felt the cold, piercing gaze of his master fall on him, making him shudder involuntarily.

"N-no, I don't like sour..." he forced himself to respond, "But I know someone who does. I'll take it to him right away."

He would make sure that the sour orange, along with purchasing it. Not a single one would be left.

with the whole batch, was consumed by the person responsible for

Not daring to linger, Arlong quickly made his exit.

The room was left with just the two of them, the air quiet except for their breathing.

Erik couldn't hold it in any longer. He spoke sourly, "Why didn't you ask me if I like sour things?"

He thought, 'I am her husband, so why should she care about someone else?'

"No need to ask," Nyx glanced at him meaningfully, smiling, "I know you like them."

When they were in the stars, he was a little more restrained, but now that she was with him, his possessiveness was no longer hidden. His jealousy had only grown stronger.

She teased Erik a little more, then ate a few more peaches, leaving the rest for him to clean up. She stood up and went to the bedside to retrieve a medicine box.

"This was given to me by my stepmother," she said as she placed the box on the table. With a click, she opened the lock and showed Erik what was inside. "She said it's a tonic and told me to brew it for you."

Erik, happily eating the peaches Nyx had left for him, paused at her words.

He knew it. He had already received reports from his shadow guards.

He had planned to secretly swap out the contents of the box when Nyx wasn't looking, but she boldly showed it to him, catching him off guard.

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## Chapter 360

The bitter, medicinal smell hit Erik's senses, and his expression turned icy.

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He didn't understand medicine, so he couldn't tell what the ingredients or effects were. However, he was sure that the Voss family had no good intentions.

Once the medicine reached Nyx's hands, after she handled it, if he were poisoned later, it would be her fault. The Voss family could easily deny any wrongdoing, and Nyx would be the only one who could be punished.

Before Erik could think of a way to convince Nyx, she spoke first, "This medicine is poisonous."

Erik couldn't believe what he was hearing. "You..."

He thought, 'How did she know?'

The strange thoughts he had deliberately ignored in the past resurfaced in his mind.

Nyx had been confined to the Voss family's backyard for twenty years, never receiving an education and unable to read, yet her speech and behavior remained refined.

Not only could she draw, understand mechanisms, and embroider better than the finest seamstresses in the house, but now she could even detect poison in medicine.

Erik could no longer deceive himself into pretending that his wife had no issues.

However, it was undeniable that the Voss family had treated her badly, and today they had sent two young maids to replace her. She shouldn't be involved with Banon's forces.

The logic didn't add up. Erik furrowed his brow and simply asked directly, "Do you take orders from Banon?"

He had heard that Banon used poison to control his subordinates. He thought, 'Could Nyx have been poisoned with the poison known as Moonshade Poison?'

If that were true, by revealing the poison to him, Nyx would be betraying Banon. If things went wrong and the antidote wasn't found, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Thinking about the people who had died from the Moonshade Poison, Erik felt his heart tighten, his breath labored.

He couldn't let Nyx meet such a tragic end.

"Banon?" Nyx looked confused and shook her head, then gently moved some of the herbs around. "I've never heard of him. I don't know him."

"Is Banon your enemy?" she asked, examining Pale Wolf's grim face. With her understanding of him, it was easy for her to guess, "Isn't the Voss family connected to Banon?"

Her two consecutive questions were spot on. Erik thought it was clear that she knew everything.

Erik was dumbfounded as he grabbed her hand, unable to understand why she wouldn't admit to being a subordinate of

Banon.

Nyx had already prepared an excuse. She had been thinking about this troublesome matter all the way home and had come to a decision after much contemplation.

"Actually, I'm not Nyx," she cleared her throat and said something shocking.

In that instant, Erik's mind raced with countless possibilities.

He thought, 'If she's not Nyx, then who is she? No matter who she really is, since she married me under the identity of the Voss family's daughter, she is mine now. There is no way to back out.'

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Nyx, not knowing what he was worried about, began to speak nonsense seriously. "A while ago, the original Nyx drowned and died. I'm just a wandering soul, a ghost from the nearby area, who took the opportunity to occupy her body."

The truth of crossing from another world was hard to grasp, and with the idiot Pale Wolf's intelligence, he probably wouldn't understand. It was easier to explain using ghostly lore-something people could accept more readily.

As expected, Erik lowered his head and remained silent for a while before speaking in a muffled voice, "Then, what is your name? How... did you become a ghost?"

He seemed to have already accepted Nyx's explanation, and his acceptance was surprisingly strong.

He understood now why Nyx knew so much and her temperament was different from the rumors.

If it were anyone else, he'd think that a wandering soul occupying a body was trouble, and he would've called monks or priests to deal with it.

But with Nyx, he actually felt a kind of immoral relief. If the original Nyx hadn't drowned, he wouldn't have met her.

"If I pray devoutly, is it useful?" He couldn't help but ask, tightening his embrace around Nyx, afraid that the person in front of him might disappear into nothingness like a wisp of smoke. "I'll set up a memorial for Nyx and worship

her."

He thought that if he prayed devoutly, it might allow her to rest in peace, so her ghost wouldn't come back to demand her body.

Nyx's face stiffened. This didn't sound very auspicious.

She regretted telling that lie, but once the words were out, they couldn't be taken back. She could only awkwardly clear her throat. "I gave her the chance to be reincarnated. She's already gone to reincarnate."

A clumsy lie required more lies to cover it up, and she had just shot herself in the foot.

"What's your name?" Upon hearing that no one would take her body back, Erik sighed in relief, continuing his persistent questioning.

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