Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

Chapter 451

Chapter 451

$ ◦80%L

Nyx looked up. The private rooms upstairs had curtains blocking the view. She couldn't tell where the stare was coming from, so she frowned and looked away.

Soon, the food arrived. The innkeeper trailed behind the waiter, his earlier grumpiness gone, replaced by a big grin. He bowed to Nyx, lowering his voice. "There's a VIP upstairs who'd like a word with you."

"A VIP?" Nyx set down the fork she'd just picked up, her face serious. "What kind of VIP?"

Could it be the Voss family catching up already? Or maybe that Feather Sun Palace cultivator?' she thought. No wonder she'd felt watched.

Suddenly, Nyx lost her appetite. She wanted to pack the food and bolt. But the innkeeper stepped in her way, raising an eyebrow at Kian, hinting heavily. "That VIP's got deep pockets."

He'd booked the best room, ordered the priciest dishes, tipped the waiter in gold, and wore robes styled like an immortal's- but fancier than most. A real high roller, miles above the broke guy she was with.

Hearing the VIP was loaded, Nyx panicked more. She ditched the food–no time to pack–jumped into Kian's lap, hooked her arms around his neck, and rushed him. "Let's go, quick!"

The Voss family didn't have much, but they had cash. She'd swiped a ton without breaking a sweat. If this rich guy wanted to talk, it had to be the Voss family.

How'd they catch up so fast? Did the Feather Sun cultivator fly them over?' she wondered.

"Young lady, hold up," a gruff voice called from upstairs. Then a figure stepped out of a room, vaulted over the railing, and landed hard. His bulky frame shook the whole inn.

He was built like a mountain, with a rough face and a bushy beard–not someone you'd mess with. Yet he wore the light blue robes of a righteous sect cultivator, complete with a crown, looking totally out of place.

Kian set Nyx down fast, stepping in front of her. The standoff drew eyes. Diners glanced over, curious but cautious. Some timid ones packed up and edged toward the door.

"Name's Bale Black," the bearded guy said, thumping his chest. Then, catching himself, he bowed with a toothy grin. "Don't be scared, young lady. I just saw how pretty you are and wanted you to join me upstairs for a drink!"

Nyx thought, "Textbook thug lines–how could I not be scared?'

She couldn't hide her grimace, grabbing Kian–who was already fuming–and shaking her head. "Sorry, I'm not interested." Bale threw out offers–money, jewels, land, even spirit stones and pills–but Nyx shot them all down, firm as a rock.

Onlookers clucked their tongues. A girl who couldn't be swayed by riches had guts. Others, like the innkeeper, sneered at her high–and–mighty act, jealous they weren't women who could snag a big shot.

"Sir, I've got a daughter. She's young, but-" the innkeeper started, seizing his chance.

Before he finished, Bale's face darkened. His vibe shifted–like a beast shedding its human skin. With a sweep of his huge hand, he sent tables and chairs crashing. The innkeeper flew back, slamming down hard.

"Ow, my butt! My leg! It's broken!" His shaky wails mixed with the sound of smashing furniture. The inn flipped into chaos. The crowd, once eager for drama, went pale, scrambling out.

"He's hitting people!"

14:18 Fri, 21 Mar

Chapter 451

"Quick, call the guards!"

In the mess, Nyx tugged Kian to slip away, but Bale lunged, blocking the door, reaching for her.

80%

"Still trying to run? he snarled, his face twisted. "I wanted to play nice, win you over fair and square, but you keep brushing me off, making me lose face. You're drinking with me today whether you like it or not!"

Kian's eyes sharpened. He caught Bale's hand mid–grab, twisted, and slammed his shoulder into him. A loud "bang rang out. Kian held his ground; Bale's massive frame staggered back half a step, steadied himself, and grinned. "Not bad, kid."

"No wonder you stick with him, he said, rubbing his shoulder, smirking at Nyx. "Didn't expect your little boy toy to have some guts. He's built tough–stronger than plenty of big sect cultivators I've seen!

"Too bad he's got no spiritual roots. He's stuck as a mortal forever. But me, Bale–I'm different–As he spoke, a heavy pressure rolled out, like an invisible force exploding from him, a sudden gust knocking people off balance.

Nyx's eyes widened. Something inside her cracked under the impact.

"Oh? A little bunny, huh?" Bale paused, sniffing the air, his eyes lighting up as he rubbed his hands. "Then you've got even more reason to come with me!"

"Look, I'm a bear–we're both demons!" His head morphed into a bear's, wagging in front of Nyx. "No idea how you ended up in the human realm with zero cultivation, but since I ran into you today, it's fate. Come to my cave, cultivate with me— be my partner.

"AAAAHHH-!" Screams erupted as his human head turned bear, chaos bouncing off the walls.

Even Nyx, who rolled with punches, looked a little green. She couldn't process why he called her a demon too. All she could think about was escape.

If her memory was right, demon clans were born cultivators. This guy clearly had power. Kian probably couldn't take him with his ruined roots and injuries. Even city guards–mortals–wouldn't help.

A hand gently pushed her shoulder. Kian's face was grim but resolute as he stepped forward. "I'll hold him off. Run, Nyx."

010