Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

Chapter 453

Chapter 453

The place was a wreck. Kian bent down, scooping up the fluffy bunny. He couldn't resist rubbing it once, then blushed, picking up her scattered clothes and jewelry.

The few who hadn't fled the inn were still reeling. They tried to stand on shaky legs, but then a group of young folks in flowing blue robes burst in.

80%

+5

"We heard an evil demon's causing trouble here. We're here to take it down. Uh, evil demon?" Their eyes landed on Nyx, and they all froze.

After a moment, they swallowed hard, hands itching to reach out. "This is the trouble–making demon? Let me teach her a lesson."

What kind of wicked bunny dares to be this fuzzy, this round? She deserves to be locked up and petted a hundred times a day as punishment!' they thought.

Kian warily tucked the bunny close, shielding her. "No, the troublemaker was a black bear demon."

"Yeah, yeah!" the crowd chimed in, emboldened by the immortals' arrival.

"That guy tried to force the lady to drink with him. When bribes didn't work, he got pushy, used some demon trick to trap this guy in a little cauldron, and turned a perfectly good lady into a rabbit!"

"But he just got beat and ran off!"

They didn't catch why Bale really bolted–just thought Kian scared him off. Suddenly, they were all in awe, praising Kian's noble looks and vibe, saying he didn't seem mortal.

The innkeeper, who'd been cold then pimped for Bale, shrank into a corner, not daring to groan, keeping his head down.

The blue–robed cultivators turned to Kian, surprised. "You a cultivator too? Which sect?"

Before they got far, their eyes drifted back to Nyx, practically drooling. "That your spirit pet?"

"Can I borrow her for a pat?"

"Me too!"

"Where'd you catch her? Point me that way?"

"Any more bunnies from her litter?"

Their voices dripped with love. Kian didn't know whether to get mad, feeling torn as he cradled the bunny, heading outside while coolly explaining, "Not a spirit pet. My fiancee."

The cultivators trailed him like puppies, chattering nonstop.

"Oh, fiancee? Can't touch then."

"Sorry, we were rude earlier."

They introduced themselves as disciples of the Celestial's Demon–Subduing Peak, coming to the mortal realm regularly to hunt evil demons and fiends as part of their training.

Kian flicked them a glance, hesitating, then held back.

"That bear demon–was he wearing robes like ours? Big beard?" the lead disciple asked.

Kian nodded, and they fumed. "It's him alright! He stole immortal herbs from the Celestial. We've been chasing him!"

"Kian, wanna come with us" Before he finished, Kian stopped dead, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

80%

+5

Nyx freaked, her fur puffing up. The Celestial disciples jumped, rushing over–some propping him up, others casting spells, one popping pills into his mouth. A female cultivator tried to take the bunny, but Kian wouldn't let go.

After a chaotic scramble, the lead disciple wiped his brow, frowning, "Kian, your spiritual roots, did that bear demon do this?"

Roots ruined, cultivation gone, yet his spiritual sense was insanely strong–deep as an abyss.

He shouted in shock, "You ate the Violet Soul Pill! How are you alive?"

The herbs that bear stole were key to making that pill. He actually pulled it off, only for someone else to snag it–total bust.

Thinking back to how the inn folks said Bale stuffed Kian in the cauldron, the lead disciple muttered, "Serves him right."

"You're spitting blood because your body's too weak to handle your spiritual sense. It's backlash," he said, then clicked his tongue.

With injuries that bad, he should've collapsed ages ago, but Kian had held on for so long. Surviving the Violet Soul Pill- maybe it was sheer grit too.

"Heavy injuries?" Nyx's heart clenched, her teary eyes peering up.

"No, no, not that bad!" they soothed her. "Physical wounds are no big deal–just pop some pills and rest up!"

Injuries were routine for Demon–Subduing Peak disciples. They always carried healing pills and had stuffed Kian with a bunch already.

"As for your ruined roots, we can't fix that, but it's not hopeless." The lead disciple mused. "If you're up for it, I can take you to the Celestial Elder Magnus of Pill Cauldron Peak might help."

With sect disciples guiding them, there was no need to climb the endless steps of Sacred Mountain.

Nyx perched in Kian's hand, curiously watching the disciples chant spells to activate a portal. The scene shifted in a flash.

A massive gate loomed in the clouds, "the Celestial" carved in bold, flowing script, radiating spiritual energy so intense it was hard to look at.

The lead disciple greeted the gatekeepers, explained, and got Kian and Nyx visitor passes to enter the top sect. Along the way, people waved warmly at the Demon–Subduing disciples. "Senior brothers and sisters, you're back?"

After small talk, they zeroed in on Nyx, eyes gleaming. "Did you pick up this bunny? So cute! Can I have her? I'll trade. anything! Oh, she moved! Please let me pet her."

The tall Kian got totally ignored–like he was just the bunny's ride. Nyx burrowed into his shirt, hiding between his pecs, shutting out the world. Peace at last.

"It's your fault for being too cute," the disciples grumbled, finally realizing how annoying they'd been, chuckling awkwardly at Nyx.

Kian quietly touched his chest. Being cute wasn't Nyx's fault. He was too weak to protect her. If he were stronger–just a bit more–no one would dare show their interest in Nyx so openly.

When his roots got wrecked and the genius fell, all the mocking and pitying whispers didn't faze him much. But now, he'd never hated being useless more.

林含80%

The disciples didn't know why he suddenly seemed so intense. They shrank back, lowering their voices. "Up ahead's Elder Magnus's cave. He's strict, hot–tempered–be super respectful."

With their pointers, Kian kept it all in mind, flawless in every move. He stood outside, bowing humbly yet confidently to the elder.

After a long, quiet wait, two figures appeared. One had wild silver hair, stern and cold. The other wore bright green, looking friendly.

The Demon–Subduing disciples bowed again. The lead one blinked, surprised. "Elder Cyan, you're here too?"

The green–robed elder nodded with a cheerful smile. The silver–haired elder urged impatiently, "Did you all come looking for me for something?"

The disciples didn't dare dawdle and quickly reported Kian's situation to the elder. His spirit root had been destroyed. He ate a Violet Soul Pill and didn't die.

As Magnus listened, the impatient look on his face faded, a flicker of irrepressible astonishment flashed in his eyes, and he reached out to grab Kian's wrist.

After a long silence, he let go and said, "Come with me." This meant he was taking on this patient and was willing to treat

him.

The disciples of Demon–Subduing Peak were thrilled for Kian, silently celebrating with their eyes before turning to say their goodbyes.

They still had to head down the mountain to hunt evil demons and vanquish wickedness–perhaps they'd meet again if fate allowed.

Before parting, Nyx stretched out a little paw, letting them each shake it one by one.

Both elders' gazes were drawn to it, quietly staring at that fluffy, short–legged paw without showing any reaction. When Kian turned back to them, both had already swiftly looked away.

As an esteemed elder of the sect, Magnus's cave dwelling was surprisingly simple–the courtyard was already desolate enough, and inside, there were only a meditation mat for cultivation and a few alchemy cauldrons of various sizes.

"Your spirit root–it was destroyed by a demonic cultivator, wasn't it?" he asked, though his tone was certain, clearly having already made his judgment.

"Your Star Bone was dug out, your spirit root ruined along with it, and the spiritual energy in your meridians is sluggish and hard to circulate.

"I'll first purge the demonic energy from you, then assist with a medicinal bath, using my spiritual power to flush your meridians," Elder Magnus said in a flat tone, laying out the harsh truth upfront.

"This process will be extremely painful. If you don't think your willpower is strong enough, you can leave now and not waste my time."

Seeing Kian stand firm without the slightest wavering, he felt a slight satisfaction, said no more, and waved his sleeve to pull herbs from his storage pouch.

Hearing the sound of pounding medicine, Nyx poked her little head out from his collar and eagerly hopped over, saying, "I'll do it, I'll do it."

Someone willing to help Kian rebuild his spirit root without hesitation–she figured she'd better butter them up a bit.

Precisely because he didn't trust others' techniques, Magnus always prepared medicine himself, but in the brief moment he was stunned, Nyx took the pestle from him. The palm–sized rabbit propped herself up on her hind legs, clutching the pestle

with her front paws, bouncing up and down, left and right, like a springy ball of sticky rice cake.

Magnus was speechless and in awe. 'Hmm, she was actually pounding it pretty well, he thought.

He watched Nyx for a while, unable to be more pleased, and said, "How about I take you as my spirit pet?"

80%

Though called a spirit pet, she could also be raised as a disciple–this little rabbit was so clever, obedient, and talented, she'd surely pick up alchemy too.

Nyx froze, her cars drooping. "N–No thanks, I think."

Sure, she wanted to curry favor with Magnus, but she hadn't planned on selling herself to be someone's pet. Along the way, she'd already heard countless people say they wanted her as a spirit pet–even an elder was also like this.

What is up with the Celestial sect?' she thought.

Magnus hadn't expected to be turned down. He froze for a moment, his brow furrowing seriously. "Why not?"

He glanced at Kian, then back at Nyx. "There's no spirit bond between you two–he shouldn't be your master yet."

"Oh, um, actually, he's my husband," Nyx said, rubbing her cheeks to set the record straight.

Magnus's frown deepened.

"She already has intelligence no different from a human's–if she doesn't want to be a spirit pet, so be it," Cyan, the green- robed one, chimed in with a chuckle to smooth things over. "If you think she's a good fit, just take her as a disciple."

Not all demon clans cultivated in the mountains–many joined immortal sects as disciples, and some even reached the mastery level, becoming elders or sect leaders.

For example, the current leader of the Sublime was a demon–a rabbit demon, no less.

-The Celestial had plenty of demon disciples too. As long as they had talent, the sect wouldn't turn them away.

But Magnus snorted coldly. "No way! Creatures with fur and horns, born from animals–how could they be worthy of being my disciple? I despise demon clan beasts the most!"

Nyx thought, 'That's a bit racist.

Just a moment ago, he'd been all about taking her in–now she was the thing he hated most. This old man's heart was so unpredictable.

Being insulted naturally upset her, and she couldn't help but perk one ear straight up, almost like she was flipping him off. Kian suddenly stood, scooping the little rabbit into his arms and tucking her close.

"What are you doing?" Magnus exclaimed, shocked. He thought, 'Is he giving up on treatment, abandoning his spirit root?' He seemed like a mild–mannered, patient guy, but a couple of words about his rabbit really set him off.

Kian had already stormed off a good distance, but Magnus blocked him, only to be met with a cold, fierce stare. in his eyes so intense it unnerved even the fearless elder.

resolve

The air grew tense and frigid. Nyx squirmed hard, poking her head out from his arm, grabbed his sleeve in her mouth, and tugged him back.

Healing mattered most–fixing his spirit root was the priority. He shouldn't be stubborn when they needed help. Some racist insults didn't hurt. It was no big deal.

The fact that Magnus agreed to treat Kian without asking for payment showed that he wasn't a bad person deep down. As for

his bad temper, strict rules, and prejudice, she could take in

"How about this'll take the time rabbit demon as my disciple Cyan depped in again, mediating with a suite

This round, adorable, loyal, clever, and charmingly goofy rabbit had caught his eye long ago he'd just been done by Magnus earlier.

He leaned closer to Nyx, unable to hide his grin. Join my seet and cultivate. Your partner can say here with Magnus for treatment–how's that sound?"

That way, everyone would be happy

Of course, Magnus wasn't thrilled, but he just pursed his lips and didn't say anything more

Cyan had come to Pill Cauldron Peak to deliver some herbs and hadn't expected such a bonus, Overjoyed, he carried his new little rabbit disciple back to Herb Peak,

On the way, he coaxed Nyx, "Don't take Magnus's words to heart. He's just got that kind of temper–his words always sound harsh"

When no one was around, he lowered his voice to share some gossip with Nyx. "Truth is, he didn't used to hate demon clans. A few hundred years ago, the demon clan leader of the Sublime tricked his heart, toyed with him, then dumped him. That's why he's so bitter"

Nyx thought, 'Who'd have thought Magnus has such a dramatic past?

Though part of the same Sacred Mountain range, Herb Peak felt quite different from the other peaks.

The moment Nyx stepped onto Herb Peak, her eyes widened–she could feel the air grow fresher by degrees, the whole mountain brimming with spiritual energy that flowed into her through every pore,

Cyan smiled kindly, "Pretty nice, huh? Demon clans should all love it here"

The mountainsides were covered with spiritual plants, and tending them was the cultivation practice for Herb Peak disciples.

The environment was so natural it had even birthed some half–sentient birds and beasts. Demon clans were inherently suited to places like this. But ones like Nyx, who drew in spiritual energy so effortlessly, were rare–or rather, one of a kind,

Cyan thoughtfully rubbed Nyx's head and said, "Looks like you've got a wood spiritual root, huh? And your talent seems pretty high too,"

Thinking about it, he had taken her as a disciple just because he found the little bunny cute, without even testing her spiritual roots or aptitude.

Nyx watched as Cyan flipped his palm, pulling out a glossy, translucent spirit stone that gave off a faint glow,

AD

Comment

Send gift