

Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

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If there was a grudge, he wanted to know what kind, and how it came about. Kian’s dark eyes held a probing look as his fingers lightly brushed the sword hilt, waiting for an answer.

If the person was decent, Nyx might want to reconnect. But if they weren’t—if they’d abandoned Nyx on purpose—he’d protect her and take revenge on her behalf.

Magnus instinctively shook his head to deny it, then hesitated, almost nodding, his face a mess of conflicting emotions. He paced back and forth irritably before finally grumbling, “Not exactly an enemy. Kid, you ever heard of the Sublime?”

Seeing Kian’s blank look, Magnus had to explain, and once he started venting, he couldn’t stop. “Better if you haven’t. Steer clear of them in the future—keep your distance!”

They were the biggest oddballs in the cultivation world. The whole sect practiced a weird technique—male or female, didn’t matter—they all acted flirty and passionate, roping people into dual cultivation, breaking hearts left and right, then ditching without a shred of responsibility.

Even with countless folks falling for their tricks and the sect’s reputation in the gutter, there were still naive fools thinking they’d be the exception—the one to lock down a lifelong partner—diving in headfirst to get burned again.

Some locked away their hearts after the heartbreak and focused on cultivation; others fell apart completely, prodigies crashing down to nothing.

Point is, the Sublime was nothing but trouble. Magnus ranted on, unloading his resentment, and Kian picked up the gist as he listened. “So Fiona is-”

“The Sublime’s sect leader,” Magnus snapped, clearly annoyed.

Getting the answer he’d expected, Kian nodded slightly. So his guess was right. A messy love affair. “Nyx looks a lot like her?”

Magnus had almost forgotten about that. The question caught him off guard, and he nodded after a pause. “Yeah, a lot.”

But their vibes were totally different, and so were their personalities. After spending enough time with the little rabbit, you wouldn’t even think to connect her to that woman.

Having just heard Kian and Nyx’s backstory, Magnus froze. “Wait. no way.”

“The little rabbit couldn’t be Fiona’s daughter, could she?’ he thought.

Given their past fling, Magnus’s first thought was whether he might be a dad. But then he realized—they’d split centuries

ago;

there’s no way he’d be the father.

That realization hit him with a mix of sadness and anger, stirring up old resentment. If that were true, it’d make sense why the little rabbit was so adorable and drew so much attention.

Anyone who joined the Sublime might not have top–tier cultivation talent, but they had to be good–looking and have some innate charm to lure others into dual cultivation.

Fiona didn’t become sect leader for nothing—she wasn’t some ordinary rabbit demon. Rumor had it she carried a trace of ancient great demon blood, with a talent for beguiling hearts. It’d be perfectly reasonable for that to pass down to her daughter.

Magnus’s face flushed with urgency as he grabbed Kian’s wrist. “Don’t you dare take the little rabbit to meet her!”

‘What if she got led astray?’ he thought. Even if he wasn’t her dad, he couldn’t just watch her go down the wrong path.

Kian looked a bit dazed, a tangle of emotions stirring inside. Nyx had already taken Cyan as her master and settled into the Celestial’s Herb Peak. Even if she met her family, it shouldn’t be a big deal.

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But the Sublime, as Magnus described it, sounded terrifying—like even the most upright person would come out drowning in romantic debts. Worst of all, they never took responsibility for feelings.

“You should bond with her as partners first. Being just engaged isn’t solid enough—better to have the Heavenly Law witness it,” Magnus advised, pacing around the alchemy hut, his expression grave as he planned for Kian, “Tie the knot early. Even Fiona wouldn’t be able to do much then.”

“The longer you wait, the more things can go wrong. Do it today!” Magnus was practically ready to force them into marriage on the spot, unable to wait a second longer. “Where’s the little rabbit? What’s she doing? Call her over now!”

Kian reined in his thoughts and stopped Magnus’s overreach. “Nyx is at the main peak attending a lecture.” Though Nyx was part of Herb Peak, she often attended classes at the main peak.

The Celestial’s disciples—inner or outer—could all go to the main peak for lessons once a month, where immortal masters and elders taught basic techniques.

It’d be too much for masters to teach everything one–on–one, so the sect handled it this way—thousands learning together, with comprehension left up to the disciples.

Nyx had a natural curiosity for cultivation and a drive to get stronger to protect her partner, so she was always extra diligent. Whenever she learned something new, she’d eagerly teach Kian and practice with him.

Today’s lecture at the main peak was led by Melina. Before the class even started, Melina spotted Nyx in the crowd, flashed over in an instant, and scooped her up into a hug.

Nyx had been in her human form, and being publicly cuddled like that made her super embarrassed. She curled up her limbs and–poof–turned into a little rabbit.

‘Perfect. Even better.’ Melina thought. A smug smile cracked Melina’s usually stern face as she pulled out a frilly pink dress from who–knows–where and dressed up the little rabbit, pinning two tiny flowers on her fluffy ears.

“Whoa!” Gasps of awe echoed from all around.

Holding the adorable little rabbit softened Melina’s whole demeanor, making the disciples feel less intimidated. The classroom vibe warmed up instantly.

Only Nyx looked utterly done, her ears drooping as her stubby legs pawed at the overly childish dress, trying to tug it off. She’d rather streak.

“Don’t like this one?” Melina didn’t mind at all. Noticing her fussing, she pulled out more little outfits like magic, letting Nyx pick her favorite.

Nyx’s eyes went wide with shock. ‘What, what is all this?’ she thought. ‘Where’d all these little clothes come from? Has Melina made them herself over this time?’

There were all sorts of colors and styles, each one different. If she weren’t the one wearing them, Nyx would’ve the craftsmanship.

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Seeing her just staring without choosing, Melina took charge and swapped her into a red dress. It was a bold, fiery style, but on the chubby little rabbit, it just looked cute.

Melina couldn’t resist sneaking a sniff of the rabbit before starting the lecture with a refreshed air. “Today, I’ll be teaching you about dual cultivation.”

Most of the disciples here were newbies, just a few years into their journey, at the peak of their youthful energy. They burst into a mix of shy and curious cheers at her words.

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