

Chosen Mate of the Beastmen Empire by Lewis Reed

Chapter 467

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Chapter 467

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For a moment, Kian’s gaze darted away, too nervous to look at the girl in his arms. His hands hovered awkwardly, unsure where to go, and ended up dangling stiffly at his sides.

His brain had completely shut down—he couldn’t get a single word out. Such a shy, flustered reaction reminded Nyx of the days before they got together, stirring up a wave of nostalgia.

She couldn’t help but hug him tighter, nuzzling her face into the crook of his shoulder, her slender fingers tracing lightly along his meridians. “The spiritual energy starts flowing from here, moves from your body into mine, then cycles back.”

Her fingertips brushed his skin, sending tingles through every nerve. Kian’s ears turned red enough to drip blood as he grabbed her mischievous hand.

Nyx grinned and tickled his palm, her tone teasing. “You learn best by doing.”

It wasn’t even dinnertime yet, and it was just the two of them in the cave abode. If they hurried, they’d have time for a full cultivation cycle.

Kian’s chest heaved rapidly, his mind a haze, already on the verge of giving in. Even the most disciplined guy had weaknesses he couldn’t dodge.

He couldn’t help himself, leaning down to kiss.the corner of Nyx’s lips, nibbling softly, his teeth itching. Compared to Nyx, a demon clan member, he felt more like a wild beast—his instincts overpowering his reason.

“Knock knock-“The door suddenly got tapped.

Both of them jumped, their movements freezing. Cyan’s voice carried a hint of urgency, “Nyx, you in there?”

As a Body Integration stage cultivator, he could clearly sense Nyx was inside—her Golden Core—level cultivation couldn’t hide from him.

He was just knocking and asking out of courtesy. Even in a rush, he wouldn’t barge into a female disciple’s abode uninvited.

After a moment, Nyx opened the door. Her clothes were neat as can be, but the flush on her face hadn’t fully faded, and her lips were noticeably swollen.

Cyan’s face flashed with embarrassment as he coughed awkwardly, “Oh, Kian’s here too, huh.”

Whether it was talent or a strong spiritual sense, Kian was great at staying under the radar. Unless specifically checked, even high—level elders wouldn’t notice him.

Cyan had been caught off guard and gave Kian an awkward smile, not daring to think too hard about what he might’ve interrupted. But since he’d already interrupted, he figured he might as well get to the point.

“Nyx, come with me to the Treasure Pavilion quick,” he said, trying to ignore the awkwardness and speaking seriously, “There’s a rare spiritual plant that’s been wilting lately—it’s not looking good.”

The Celestial’s Treasure Pavilion housed tons of rare treasures, including some spiritual plants that were still alive, not yet harvested or processed.

The Celestial took great care of them, usually tended by Cyan and a few other elders with wood spiritual roots skilled in planting.

If a plant withered, its potency would drop drastically. Even if preserved perfectly afterward, its effects would keep fading. Rushing to refine it into a pill might waste it if a better use came up later.

With such a valuable spiritual plant in trouble, everyone was freaking out. The elders had gathered, pulling out all their tricks, but not only did it not help—the plant got worse.

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12:18 Sat, 22 Mar **

Chapter 467

Nyx followed her master to the Treasure Pavilion and saw the plant in question was none other than the Violet Soul Grass. Last time she saw it, it was full of life, even greeting her eagerly. Now it looked half—dead, leaves drooping pathetically.

A lanky elder was using a gourd—shaped artifact to pour spiritual rain over it, sweat beading on his forehead, but he finally shook his head in defeat. “Nope. Still no good.”

He looked up, saw Cyan return, and his eyes lit up. Then he noticed Nyx beside him, and his expression cracked a bit. “Didn’t you say you were getting backup?” His hopes dashed, his tone soured as he snapped, “Why’d you bring your disciple?”

The others around frowned too, feeling like they’d been played.

They’d thought Cyan would drag some old geezer from the Herbal Valley to help—his connections were better than all of theirs combined, after all. Instead, he’d gone back and brought his little disciple.

This was an emergency—time was ticking. If they delayed any longer, the Violet Soul Grass would die. Now wasn’t the time to be teaching a disciple.

Cyan faced a barrage of accusing stares but stayed calm. “I sent a message to Herbal Valley, but their valley master is in seclusion. The other elders won’t reach the Celestial for at least five days.

“They’ve got no experience fixing Violet Soul Grass wilting either—just said they’d come check it out, but there’s no guarantee they can save it.”

Plus, the Violet Soul Grass was declining fast—it might not last until help arrived.

“My little disciple Nyx has a knack for planting. Let her give it a shot first,” Cyan said, nudging Nyx forward, his eyes full of encouragement and hope.

The other elders weren’t so kind, eyeing Nyx skeptically.

“Just a little rabbit demon, huh.”

“Only at Golden Core stage!”

“A kid this young—what does she know about planting techniques? What if she kills the Violet Soul Grass?”

“Cyan, don’t mess this up for everyone—or the plant. If you wanna teach your disciple, go do it back home. Don’t you have a Five—Elements Spirit Branch? Let her play with that.”

The elders didn’t hold back, openly doubting Nyx without hiding their disdain. Even they, with all their years, couldn’t figure out the Violet Soul Grass—it was unlikely a youngster like Nyx could do anything.

Cyan explained patiently, “Her talent’s something special.”

Magnus didn’t have his patience, though. He sneered sarcastically, “Oh, so only you lot know planting techniques! You’ve nearly killed the Violet Soul Grass, and now you wanna pin it on a kid?

“The bamboo shoots Nyx grows have more spiritual energy than your herbs! Even if the Violet Soul Grass does die, it’s on you—not her!”

He’d rushed over from Pill Cauldron Peak after hearing about the grass and watched it lose vitality under their “care.” They didn’t even have real skills and dared to criticize a genius little rabbit.

Cyan gave Magnus a suspicious look. His memory was still stuck on the time he’d brought his little disciple and some radish—beef stew to visit Magnus.

‘What is going on? Didn’t this guy used to look down on Nyx? How come he is sticking up for her now?’ he thought,

12:18 Sat, 22 Mar we

Chapter 467

Despite all the mockery, Nyx’s expression stayed calm—even a bit spacey, like she was off in her own world. She was using her mental power to try connecting with the Violet Soul Grass.

Normally so lively and chatty, the grass now seemed shut off, like it had locked itself away and didn’t want to talk. Until Nyz pulled out her Soul Form.

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