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Nyx had yet to withdraw her Soul Form. The tendrils still coiled around a few leaves of the Violet Soul Grass. She could hear its delighted cries echoing through the array.

She thought, 'It's much cooler, but still not enough'

After pondering for a moment, she made a slight adjustment to the array. The air, previously chilly, now condensed into white mist, forming frost on the leaves.

Most plants would wither under such cold, but the withered and yellowed leaves of the Violet Soul Grass visibly began to turn green, regaining their vitality. Its once drooping stem gradually straightened.

Taking advantage of the moment, Nyx took out the Snow Dew Bottle and infused the Violet Soul Grass with spiritual energy. The grass swayed joyfully, its leaves unfurling and revealing a tiny bud.

"Look, it's actually going to bloom?" The elders widened their eyes in astonishment, unwilling to blink and miss a single moment. They had never seen a Violet Soul Grass flower before and had assumed it couldn't bloom. Seeing this, they were truly stunned.

It seemed that this rare character stemmed from its unique nature. Once the grass produced a bud, it could no longer adapt to its previous environment, making blooming an exceedingly rare event.

If it weren't for Nyx, the Violet Soul Grass would have perished.

"Elder Cyan, you've taken on an incredible disciple." The elders congratulated Elder Cyan with a look of admiration mixed with jealousy. "Where did you find such a promising disciple?"

The fact was undeniable, and they weren't above swallowing their pride. It was fortunate that the Violet Soul Grass survived and this prodigious disciple belonged to the Celestial.

Even the Herbal Valley didn't have disciples as talented as Nyx. She could communicate with spirit plants. It was an incredibly rare talent.

Overcome with curiosity, the crowd bombarded Nyx, eager to know if this ability was innate or the result of some special

circumstance.

"Back off. Why are you prying so much? Are you jealous because she has better talent than you?" Elder Magnus, as blunt as ever, didn't mince words, but his protective stance toward Nyx was evident.

He extricated Nyx from the crowd and turned to an elder who had covertly tried to stash away the spirit plant. "Hand the Moonlit Beauty over. A bet is a bet."

The elder's face flushed red with embarrassment. After much hesitation, he reluctantly took the softly glowing Moonlit Beauty from his storage pouch and handed it to Nyx. "H-Here. Take it."

Though reluctant, he couldn't renege on his word. After all, it was his own promise. Besides, he had wrongfully accused her earlier and almost come to blows with her. Compensation was only fair. Still, parting with such a precious spirit plant pained him deeply.

The elder stared wistfully at his prized possession, hoping it might show some affection toward him.

He thought, 'Spirit plants have emotions. What is the Moonlit Beauty thinking right now? If it felt any attachment to me, pay any price to reclaim it.

But the Moonlit Beauty showed no trace of longing for him. Instead, it simmered and fawned over Nyx, whom it had just met. In front of everyone, it placed a piece of leaf in Nyx's palm and detached it willingly.

Nyx heard its joyous voice ring out, "This is for you."

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She pinched the thick, resilient leaf, feeling a pang of sympathy for this sentient spirit plant. Through her Soul Form, she asked, "Doesn't it hurt?"

"Nope." The Moonlit Beauty's tone was carefree.

The Moonlit Beauty had no concept of pain, only comfort versus discomfort. Losing a leaf was uncomfortable, but not unbearable. It was just a tiny leaf, after all. As long as it wasn't stripped bare all at once, it didn't mind.

It even added cannedly to Nyx, "Don't worry. This leaf is clean. He hasn't touched it"

Nyx was amused. She awkwardly glanced at the elder, its original owner,

Unaware that his spirit plant was rejecting him yet again, the elder stared at the leaf in Nyx's palm. His eyes turned bloodshot with envy. He thought, 'Why have I never received such a gift?

Meanwhile, the Violet Soul Grass grew jealous, twisting its leaves and clinging to Nyx. It pleaded in a low voice, "I have a gift for you too."

After much effort, its bud suddenly burst open, releasing a small, pinkish-purple flower. Instantly, an indescribable, haunting fragrance spread in all directions.

Even Elder Magnus and Elder Cyan, with their profound cultivation, couldn't help but look dazed.

When heavenly treasures appeared, unusual phenomena often accompanied them. The next second, a deafening rumble echoed from the heavens–signs of a lightning tribulation.

Thanks to the protective arrays set up by the treasure pavilion, there was no immediate danger.

Reluctant to leave, the crowd took deep breaths, savoring the rare aroma. They felt as though every ailment in their bodies was being soothed and purified.

Nyx sneezed from the overwhelming aroma. Rubbing her nose, she was still disoriented when she heard the Violet Soul Grass' shy voice. "Will you pollinate me? I'll bear our seeds."

The Violet Soul Grass had fallen in love with Nyx, who gave it such a sense of security.

"Ahem, ahem!" Nyx was flustered, choking violently as she shook her head. "No."

Kian, unsure what had startled her, hurriedly patted her back. His brows furrowed with concern. He gently smoothed her back to help her catch her breath.

Nyx grabbed his hand and introduced him to the Violet Soul Grass through her Soul Form. "Look, this is my dual cultivation partner." Setting aside issues of reproductive compatibility, she and her partner were in a stable relationship. She wasn't about to go producing illegitimate offspring.

With thousands of years of life experience, the Violet Soul Grass learned countless things. Though it wasn't particularly smart, it understood some of the rules among cultivators. Hearing this, it drooped its little flower sadly. "Fine."

It scrutinized Kian and thought, thoroughly dissatisfied, 'What does this guy have that is better than me? No leaves, no flowers, no fragrance…

With a mix of rivalry and flirtation, the Violet Soul Grass shook loose its petals along with pollen, adding a few leaves as an extra gift. These drifted onto Nyx's palm with the breeze.

Seeing this, not only the original owner of the Moonlit Beauty but also the other elders stared at Nyx with envy.

Nyx held the offerings like a hot potato, unsure whether to accept or return them.

"Since it's giving this to you, you might as well take it," Elder Magnus said, wiping imaginary drool from the corner of his

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mouth. "You saved its life. It's fair to accept a reward."

Even the treasure pavilion's management elders couldn't deny this. Their greedy gazes fixed on Nyx's palm, urging her to name a price so they could acquire these rare treasures.

The other elders' stares were equally intense, their covetousness barely concealed. "Please sell some to me."

"I'll trade anything you want from my collection."

"Can I owe you? I don't have enough spirit stones right now."

Compared to the wealthy treasure pavilion, they knew they had little chance, but desire drove them to speak up anyway.

It wasn't their fault for being so eager. It was just that the petals and pollen of the Violet Soul Grass were extraordinarily rare.

No one had ever seen them before, and nobody knew when the Violet Soul Grass would bloom again. What if it was another ten thousand years?

Frozen for a long while, Nyx poked the Violet Soul Grass and asked if it would be okay with her gifting these items to others.

Upon receiving an affirmative response, she split the petals and pollen in her palm into two portions and handed them to Elder Cyan and Elder Magnus.

"Xi–What? Is this…" Elder Cyan was stunned, while Elder Magnus looked utterly incredulous. They couldn't help but think, 'Is she giving them to us?'

Nyx nodded in confirmation. Keeping these treasures would only invite endless entanglement. Better to give them to Elder Cyan and Elder Magnus, who could put them to good use.

Everyone around locked their gaze onto Elder Cyan and Elder Magnus, filled with jealousy, and thinly veiled resentment.

Someone thought, 'Why did such a good fortune fall to these two?'

Elder Magnus was stunned for a moment, then suddenly burst into laughter. Despite being the center of attention from so many people, he held his head high and basked in their jealousy.

"Nyx4a, this storage pouch is for you," Elder Cyan smiled with a shake of his head. He took out a storage pouch designed to hold living creatures, filled with numerous rare spirit plants, and handed it all to Nyx.

As her mentor, he couldn't let his disciple come out at a loss.

Seeing this, Elder Magnus followed suit and shoved a pile of medicinal pills into Nyx's hands. He didn't have much else on hand, but he had plenty of pills to spare.

Nyx tried to refuse but eventually accepted them, leaving her with quite the haul. She carefully stored them, thinking the matter was settled.

Unexpectedly, several weeks later, Elder Cyan arrived at her cave dwelling and handed her a plump, glossy purple seed. "The Violet Soul Grass produced two seeds. After some discussion, we've decided to give one to you, and the other will be jointly cultivated by the elders."

Nyx was speechless. She recalled the pleading voice of the Violet Soul Grass, insisting they create seeds together. But she hadn't even bloomed, and she had firmly rejected it.

She thought, 'So, is this a self–pollinated seed? Does that mean I'm raising the Violet Soul Grass' child?'

Nyx suppressed the strange feeling and set up a spirit–gathering array. She then buried the seed in the soil at the array's center and summoned a gentle spiritual rain to keep the soil moist.

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The Violet Soul Grass seed wasn't as easy to germinate as ordinary spirit plants, but judging by its vibrant vitality, it seemed to be in good condition for now.

In the evening, Nyx rode her immortal crane to Pit Cauldron Peak and mentioned the matter to Elder Magnus. "If I grow the Violet Soul Grass, I'll give it to you."

"Hmm?" Elder Magnus was startled, pointing at himself. "To me?"

"Yeah." Nyx nodded. "Didn't you say you wanted it?" At the time, she couldn't make such a promise, but now there was a glimmer of hope.

Elder Magnus was surprised for a long while as he dredged up the memory of his casual remark. He laughed, "That was just idle talk. You've already given me the pollen and petals. I don't need anything else."

The Violet Soul Grass' pollen and petals had driven the elders wild with desire. Even the Herbal Valley folks were envious, cursing their bad luck for arriving too late and missing out entirely.

As one of the lucky few who had received treasures, Elder Magnus had been practically floating with pride lately.

Nyx scratched her cheek with her rabbit paw. "But you gave me all the pills you made with them."

Pills made from pollen could repair spiritual senses, while those made from the petals could mend spiritual roots.

With Elder Magnus' exceptional pill–refining talent, months of focused effort had yielded only two pills, and he had given them both to her.

Seeing the two pills were exactly what she needed, Nyx hadn't hesitated much before accepting them. She gave Kian the pill refined from the petal. Now that the effect had mostly been absorbed, his body was significantly better.

"I only used part of the materials for the pills. There's still plenty left." Elder Magnus waved dismissively, pretending to be annoyed. "Enough. Take Kian away. He's about to tear all my puppets."

Perhaps due to Kian's extraordinary endurance, his meridians had become exceptionally wide and resilient after the prolonged medicinal baths and spiritual energy regulation. Once his spiritual root was repaired, he began absorbing ambient spiritual energy.

Elder Magnus had never seen anyone like Kian. Fearing Kian might get struck down by relentless lightning strokes, he kept Kian around for a while longer to safeguard his cultivation process.

Now, the commotion had finally subsided, but Elder Magnus couldn't sense Kian's cultivation level anymore. There was no trace of spiritual power fluctuations.

Elder Magnus couldn't help but think, 'Could it be that Kian's overwhelming spiritual sense concealed his cultivation level?' After trying several methods and failing to detect anything, Elder Magnus grew curious and decided to use his puppets to test Kian's strength. As a result, his cave dwelling was now littered with the shattered remains of puppets.

These puppets, the weakest of which were at the Virtuoso stage, couldn't withstand even a single sword strike from Kian.

In battle mode, he exuded an intense, oppressive aura that even stunned Elder Magnus. But once the sword was sheathed and Kian picked up Nyx, he returned to his usual harmless demeanor.

The contrast was so stark as if he were two different people.

Nyx patted Kian's muscular chest with her rabbit paws and said, "Since you can cultivate normally now, do you want to go to Sword Peak to find a master?"

Kian's muscles were still pumped from recent exertion, and under her touch, they tensed further. His ears turned red as he gently grasped her soft rabbit paws and shook his head. "I'll follow you to Herb Peak."

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Kian had already decided this long ago. When he was healing at Pit Cauldron Peak, he could only listen to Nyx recount daily trivialities. Now, no matter where she went or what she did, he could accompany her.

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The senior disciples of Herb Peak saw Kian more often and grew somewhat familiar with him. Their impression of him was decent, and they even prepared gifts to celebrate his recovery and welcome him. However, aside from them, others didn't recognize him very well.

Disciples from various peaks ran in Nyx along the way. Seeing the round, fluffy rabbit, they couldn't help but steal extra glances and approach to greet her. "Long time no see, Nyx."

"This is something new I obtained while exterminating demons on my journey down the mountain. For you. Take it."

"I knitted you a little cloak."

The disciples included both men and women. Their gaze was seemingly glued to Nyx. Despite being mentally prepared, Kian underestimated just how popular Nyx was. Just a year after joining the sect, she had already become the beloved one.

There were always those who eagerly tried to sneak a touch of her fur, only to be sternly blocked by Kian every time. "You are…" The thwarted person withdrew his hands awkwardly, frowning as he scrutinized the unfamiliar man. "Nyx's new servant?"