

# Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Novel

Chapter 101 Level 3 & 75 Finished Rosalie stepped forward and gently wrapped her fingers around Monica's icy hand, trying to pass a little warmth into her. "I ... probably won't make it. But having you as my friend, I'm really happy. "It's just a pity about my mother ... I haven't stayed by her side for long, and now I'm leaving her already." Monica's gaze was going unfocused as a single tear slipped from the corner of her eye. Rosalie brushed that tear away and curled her fingers tight around it in her palm. Her voice rang out, firm and unshakable.

"Monica, I am absolutely not letting you die." Rosalie first slipped a pill between Monica's lips, buying a little more time for her life. Then, she carefully checked her condition from head to toe. Rosalie's brows knitted tight; Monica had two babies in her belly, and one of them was in the wrong position-turned breech-which was why the birth had completely stalled. Rosalie frantically searched her mind for a solution, but could only pull up a detailed theory- no real hands-on skill to back it.

In the calm space of her thoughts, she asked, "System, is there any way for me to learn the actual procedure?" "Once medical proficiency reaches Level 3, simple surgical procedures will be unlocked." Right now, Rosalie's medical proficiency was still stuck at Level 2, twenty points short of Level Twenty points didn't sound like much, but she'd have to personally brew twenty batches of medicine to get them. And each batch took at least half an hour; Rosalie glanced at sweat-soaked Monica and knew she clearly wouldn't last that long.

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Rosalie worriedly bit down on her lip as she tried to think of a way out, chewing until the corner of her mouth broke and bled. Gael stepped in, tugged her lip gently free from her teeth, and murmured, "Matriarch, don't panic... you're hurting your lips." J 11:27 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 101 Level 3 "Hurt..." Rosalie's eyes lit up at once as an idea snapped into place. Finished She yanked out a bone knife and, in one clean motion, sliced a long gash across her own arm-blood immediately burst out in a hot spray.

Gael smacked the knife from her hand with one palm, breathing a little hard as he demanded, "Matriarch! What are you doing?" Brow furrowed, Rosalie gritted through the pain, rummaged through Sabrina's medicine chest for herbs, wiped away the blood, packed the wound with the herbs, and finally wrapped it tight with a beast-hide band. Gael still had no idea what she was trying to do when, in the next heartbeat, she snatched the bone knife back up from the floor and slashed open a fresh cut on her other arm. Then she repeated the same steps all over again.

By the third time, when Rosalie turned the knife toward her leg, Gael intercepted it midair; the sharp edge sank into his palm as he grabbed it, bright red blood sliding along the blade and

dripping onto the floor. Gael locked eyes with Rosalie, brows drawn tight, but his grip on the bone knife didn't loosen at all. From blood loss, Rosalie's face had gone pale, and her lips were completely drained of color, but this was the only way she saw. Bandaging an injured person gave her five points of proficiency each time; she still needed ten more.

Just two more rounds and she'd reach Level 3-and then she could save Monica. Rosalie's gaze turned flinty. "Let go Gael tightened his grip on the blade itself and, clenching through the pain, wrenched the knife out of Rosalie's hand and flung, it aside. Blood sprayed with the motion of the knife, and Gael's hand was already drenched in red "Gael!" Rosalie yelled, panic spiking in her chest. But Gael reached behind himself and drew a second blade, its color and texture completely different from the bone knife-it was iron, clearly sharper and deadlier.

His emerald green eyes were filled with nothing but grim resolve. 674 1177 Fri, Jan 2 Finished Rosalie's heart lurched as Gael calmly drew the blade across both his palms, splitting them open And that will wasn't enough-he slashed both of his forearms with a practiced motion, leaving himself standing there soaked in blood, like some walking blood-shadow. Rosalie snatched the knife away and stared at him in disbelief. "Are you insane? Gael's lips curved into a faint smile, peaceful and just a little bit unhinged, If someone has to get hurt, let it be me?

Rosalie's heart gave a hard jolt, her pupils trembling; she'd never imagined Cael would far. go this Behind them, Monica's breathing grew weaker and weaker; Rosalie gave Cael one long look, then quickly cleaned and bandaged every one of his wounds. When she checked again, her medical proficiency had finally ticked up to Level 3. The solution appeared in Rosalie's mind automatically, clear and precise. 370 3/3 11:27 Fri, Jan 2 Apocalypse? Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market admin

Chapter 102 Prodigy 7 Finished She turned to Sabrina. "Sabrina, please boil a big basin of hot water and brew some bone broth." Sabrina nodded and hurried outside. Rosalie placed both hands gently over Monica's swollen belly, feeling carefully for where the babies were lying. Her hands moved with the ease of someone who'd done this a hundred times, pressing and guiding, kneading and nudging until she turned the baby into the proper position. Monica let out a scream of raw pain, salty sweat soaking her hair and blurring her vision.

Rosalie was sweating from the strain herself, but her hands stayed rock-steady, not making a single mistake. Only after the baby inside Monica's belly had completely shifted into place did Rosalie finally release a slow breath. She scooped up a spoonful of bone broth and fed it into Monica's mouth, then dipped a piece of beast hide into the hot water and wrapped it around her icy joints. Some clarity returned to Monica's eyes; she could feel a bit of strength seeping back into her body. Rosalie clasped her hand and said steadily, "Monica, you need to push with everything you've got.

It's almost over." Monica nodded, her eyes bright as she looked straight at Rosalie. Monica drew in a deep breath, while Rosalie stood at her side, braced and ready for anything. Outside, Yuna and Monica's husband paced back and forth in a panic; her husband, in particular, was so terrified he could barely stay in human form, his tail lashing restlessly

behind him. "Awoo—" A newborn's bright wail seemed to blow the roof right off; Yuna's tears fell in a single streak as she shoved the door open and rushed inside.

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Rosalie was wiping Monica's face with a strip of beast hide when Yuna saw her daughter's eyes closed, and her heart seized. "She just used up too much strength and passed out," Rosalie explained. "There's no need to 1/3 11:27 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 102 Prodigy panic." : 420D Only then did Yuna finally exhale, moving closer to gaze tenderly at Monica's pale face. Finished The two tiny cubs-a boy and a girl-had already been born; Sabrina cradled one in her arms, while Monica's husband held the other, his eyes red as he stared down at his child.

At that moment, Cameron and Leon burst in, faces dark; the thick scent of blood in the air had filled them both with dread. Only when they saw Rosalie still standing there in one piece did their tightly strung hearts finally ease. But as soon as Cammo's gaze dropped to her bleeding arms, he rushed straight over, staring at her in heartache. "Matriarch, how did you get hurt?" Leon's eyes swept the room and finally locked onto Gael, who was just as bloodied; his voice turned glacial. "Matriarch, who did this?" Rosalie quickly stepped in front of Gael. "It was my own carelessness.

Gael only got hurt because he was helping me." Suddenly, she felt a warm weight slump onto her shoulder; Rosalie turned to find Gael's eyes closed-he'd passed out against her. She struggled to hold him up as his tall, solid frame sagged heavily over her. Rosalie called over to Yuna, "Mrs. Sherman, I'll come visit Monica another day. I have to take him back first!" Yuna wiped at her tears and said gratefully, "Thank you for saving Monica's life.

Once she's recovered, we'll come thank you properly." Rosalie half-dragged, half-carried Gael toward the door; Cammo finally couldn't take it anymore-what was Gael doing, rubbing his lips against the Matriarch's neck while "unconscious"? He hauled Gael away and slung him over his own shoulder in one smooth motion. Leon shifted back into his beast form as well; after spending so much energy, Rosalie was starting to feel drained. She walked over to the black panther, who crouched down to let her climb on. Rosalie turned and flashed Sabrina a tired smile.

"Thanks for your help today." 2/3 11:27 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 102 Prodigy Finished "I agreed to what you asked. Next time I come by, I'll head straight to the clinic to find you." Sabrina nodded eagerly. "Next time, you have to tell me exactly what technique you used to save her today-every single step!" Rosalie promised she would, then climbed onto the panther's back, looping her arms around his neck. The black panther rose and sprinted off, carrying Rosalie away until she vanished from Sabrina's sight. Sabrina stayed rooted to the spot, eyes blazing with excitement.

Rosalie was a true prodigy; earlier today, Sabrina had been sure Monica was doomed, yet somehow Rosalie had pulled her back from the brink. Next time, she was definitely going to make Rosalie teach her. Sabrina stood there muttering to herself over and over, too fired up to stop. 370 W 3/3 admin

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 103 For the Rest of My Life 475 Finished The black panther's fur was soft beneath her; Rosalie lay draped over his warm back, feeling waves of heat rise under her and even catching the steady thud of his heartbeat. With that soothing rhythm in her ears, Rosalie slowly let her eyes drift shut. When she woke again, the sky was already dimming; Rosalie blinked her eyes open to find a dark silhouette sitting silently at her bedside. Focusing, she saw Leon holding a bowl in both hands, the medicine inside long since gone cold.

She tried to move, only to realize her injured arms were wrapped so carefully and thickly in beast-hide bandages she could barely twitch them. Staring at Leon's rigid, silent back, she pushed herself up and asked in a hoarse little voice, "Leon ... have you been sitting here this whole time?" Her throat was so dry that every word came out rough and rasping. Leon picked up a bowl of water, filled the spoon, and brought it carefully to Rosalie's lips. "No need, I can drink it myself!" Rosalie protested, but the spoon stayed stubbornly at her mouth.

She parted her lips and obediently swallowed a few spoonfuls, finally feeling her throat ease a little. Clack. The bowl bumped against the table; Leon picked up the now-cold medicine, dipped another spoonful, and held it to her mouth with a clipped command. "Drink." The bittersweet scent of the decoction curled under her nose; Rosalie wrinkled her brow, turned her head away from the spoon, and stared at Leon. "What is going on with you?" Leon was acting really strange; from the instant she'd woken up, he'd done nothing but stare at her without a word.

His whole demeanor felt distant, wrapped in that same chill she'd seen the very first time they met. Bang! Leon snatched up the bowl, tipped a mouthful of medicine between his own lips, and slammed 1/3 11:28 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 103 For the Rest of My Life B 75 Finished the bowl back down on the table, his anger written clear in the sharp sound. Then, he cupped the back of Rosalie's head, crushed his mouth down on hers, and forced the warm medicine past her lips.

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The sharp, bitter liquid slid down Rosalie's throat; she stared at him, wide-eyed and stunned, their faces so close she could see every flicker in his gaze. Leon's eyes were open too, his expression dark and shadowed, a banked fury burning underneath as his hot breath fanned across Rosalie's neck. They stared at each other in a charged, locked intimately until Leon finally let go; Rosalie clutched the blanket to her chest and scrambled back toward the corner of the bed, flustered and panicking. "Wait! "What are you doing?

"What are you mad about?" Rosalie might be slow on the uptake sometimes, but even she could tell Leon was seriously off. Leon still didn't answer. He lifted the bowl and downed the rest of the medicine, then climbed onto the bed on his knees, closing the distance in two strides until Rosalie's back hit the wall and he was looming over her. He pressed his mouth to hers again, forcing the remaining medicine into her mouth.

When the fierce "feeding" finally ended, Leon still didn't move away; he stayed half-kneeling on the bed, long frame braced, his tall, solid shadow wrapping completely around Rosalie. The air between them was thick with his raw, masculine heat; the outer corners of his usually

cold, sharp eyes had gone red, and his voice shook. "Matriarch ... no matter what I do, you still can't accept me, can you? "You'd rather bring another beastman into the house, get hurt for him... than actually choose Leon's whole body was trembling as he looked at her, his gaze heavy with grief.

Rosalie's heart lurched painfully; she rushed to protest, "That's not what this is!" But Leon stripped off his shirt without answering; Rosalie slapped her hands over her eyes, yet through her fingers she could still see the old scars crisscrossing his solid chest. 2/3 11:28 Fri, Jan 2 ... 0: Chapter 103 For the Rest of My Life Finished Lost memories snapped back into place-back then, whenever she'd been in a bad mood, she'd taken a whip to Leon again and again; these scars were the marks she'd left on him.

The thought hollowed her out; her hand drifted unconsciously toward the scars, only for Leon to catch her wrist. She snapped back to herself and blurted, "I'm sorry-I didn't mean to!" Leon guided her hand to rest flat over his heart; heat rushed to Rosalie's ears as she looked up at him. A single fat tear slid from his lashes and splashed onto the back of her hand, scalding all the way into her chest. "Matriarch, I don't want you getting hurt. "I, Leon, like you. I want to be your husband for the rest of my life.

"Even if you never truly accept me, I'll still stay right here by your side." 370 H 3/3 admin

Apocalypse? 1 Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 104 Sixto Rosalie felt scared by the heat in Leon's eyes-and he was right. No matter what happened, Leon had always been the one quietly standing behind her. And somewhere along the way, she'd gotten used to having him there. 8200 Finished Leon's head hung low; Rosalie cupped his face and pressed soft kisses over his sorrowful eyes.

The repeated brush of her lips tickled; Leon's lashes fluttered as he looked up at her and said in a low voice, "Matriarch." Rosalie hummed in answer, struggling to move her sore arms as she looped them around his neck, her gaze suddenly fierce and possessive. "You're the one who insists on sticking around, so listen up-if you ever dare sneak off without my permission... "I'll chase you to the ends of the earth and drag you back." Leon's eyes lit up; he gave a low "mm," swept an arm around her waist, and pulled her down onto his lap.

Their bodies pressed together; even with a thin layer of beast hide between them. Rosalie could feel the heat and tension humming through his chest. Leon kissed her with almost reverent care; it was their third kiss-the first two had been just to feed his beloved medicine, but this one was pure declaration of ownership. Their tongues tangled in a fluid dance, even the last traces of bitter medicine turning oddly sweet as their uneven breaths tangled together.

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After a long while, Rosalie stared at Leon through misted eyes, while he pressed his lips together and tried to calm the wild rise and fall of his chest. Leon rose, pulled the covers up around her, and spoke in a rough voice. "Matriarch, you need to focus on healing." With that, he took the bowl outside. A moment later, he came back with a piece of candied fruit between his teeth, leaning down so Rosalie could bite off half while the rest stayed in his own 'mouth.

Using the candy as an excuse, they stole another long, lingering kiss until both of them were wrapped in a faint, sugary scent; only then did Leon finally let her go. 1/3 11:28 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 104 Sixto M 75 Finished Leon brushed her damp hair back from her face with his fingertips and let her curl into his arms, where she drifted into a deep sleep. At dawn, Rosalie opened her eyes to Leon's handsome face filling her vision, and the sheer impact of his looks startled her. There was a smile in Leon's eyes as he leaned in to give her a soft good-morning kiss.

Rosalie's cheeks flushed; when Leon chuckled, she buried her face in his chest and huffed, "What are you laughing at!" Knock, knock, knock! Someone knocked on the door, and their playful tussling came to an abrupt halt. "Matriarch, are you awake?" It was Gael's voice from outside. Worried his injuries might have gotten worse, Rosalie nudged Leon off her and said calmly, "I'll go check." Gael's arm bandages were hanging loose, the wounds on his hands split open again, blood sliding down along his fingers. Rosalie hurried over, concern written all over her face.

"Didn't we wrap these up yesterday? How did you end up like this today?" Gael's hair was a mess, and behind him, Cameron was storming in with an axe in his hands, glaring at Gael. "Matriarch, you have no idea-this guy is a fraud!!" Rosalie frowned slightly. "Put the axe down." Cameron's fox-like eyes went wide. "Matriarch! This guy is Sixto-that cat!" Gael ducked behind Rosalie, and when Cameron saw how unsurprised she looked, the axe slipped from his hands and thudded onto the floor. "Matriarch! You knew already!" Rosalie rubbed at her aching temples.

"I only just found out, too." Cameron ground his teeth, ready to drag Gael out from behind her-this shameless guy had actually pretended to be a cat, spent every day curled up in the Matriarch's arms, even slept in her bed. Truly scheming! 2/3 11:28 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 104 Sixto : : (75 Finished 台 Gael shifted into his cat form and launched himself into Rosalie's arms, where she caught him easily. Looking down at the little broken-tailed cat in her hands, Rosalie said softly, "That's enough, Cammo. Gael's injured.

I'll take care of his wounds." With that, she turned and walked off with Gael in her arms. Cameron stayed planted where he was, eyes round and spinning, one hand pressed to his forehead as he stared up at the ceiling in speechless disbelief. What kind of situation was this? He, a proud fox spirit, actually couldn't compete with a cat? Leon walked up beside Cameron; they exchanged a look and, without a word, both felt the exact same sense of looming danger. Inside the room, Gael sat obediently on the bed, letting Rosalie change the beast-hide bandages on his hands and arms. 370 admin

Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 105 Bonding Ceremony M Gael stared at her openly, not bothering to hide it, and suddenly asked, "Matriarch, our bonding ceremony is in just a few days. Are you nervous?" Finished Rosalie gathered up the scattered herbs and replied, "A little. This is my first time holding a bonding ceremony." "Really!" For some reason, Gael got inexplicably excited and grabbed Rosalie's shoulders. Rosalie wasn't lying; in her last life, the apocalypse had hit before she'd even gotten around to falling in love.

And after crossing into the beast world, she'd suddenly found herself with five husbands under one roof already-there had never been anything like a proper wedding, so this bonding ceremony really was her first. Rosalie rose to her feet, slipping out of his grasp, and asked softly, "Why were you willing to get hurt yesterday just to help me?" Gael's arms were wrapped up like a mummy, and his hands were bandaged thick as clubs; he looked a little foolish like that, but his eyes were absurdly bright.

"Obviously because I like you, Matriarch." So, that was enough reason to slice open his own palms without blinking? Rosalie only asked that in her heart; she didn't dare say it out loud. The system was something she couldn't mention. Rosalie gave him a polite smile. She didn't believe Gael's feelings for her ran that deep; even she still felt he was with her for some ulterior motive.

now, Holding the herbs, Rosalie headed for the door, and just as she reached the threshold, Gael called after her from inside, "Matriarch, you'll come to our bonding ceremony in three days, right?" "I'll be there." Leaving him with that clear answer, Rosalie stepped out the door. The next three days flew by, and Rosalie didn't see Gael again during that time. On the first day, Rosalie went to visit Monica. Monica had already clawed her way back from 1/3 11:28 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 105 Bonding Ceremony ::

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& 75 Finished the brink of death, though her face was still pale; after drinking the chicken soup Rosalie had simmered for hours, the two of them chatted for a while. When Rosalie mentioned the bonding ceremony a few days away, Monica's eyes lit up; she patted her chest and promised Rosalie she'd definitely show up on time. Rosalie didn't know whether to laugh or cry, nudging her back down onto the bed and telling her to go to sleep early instead.

On the second day, Rosalie had Leon make several stone rollers for grinding flour at home, then carted them into town and taught the beastmen at the rice shop how to grind grain into flour. Once they'd gotten the hang of it, everyone spent half the day grinding, and by afternoon the rice shop had a brand-new product on the shelves: flour. Thanks to the success of rice, many people bought flour too-but most of them had no idea what to do with it.

So, Rosalie set up a little stall at the rice shop entrance and did a live demo, kneading the white flour into a springy dough right in front of everyone. After letting the dough rest, she showed them how it could be turned into flatbreads or pulled into noodles. Someone tasted the noodles Rosalie made, then immediately bought a whole basket of flour to take home. Even so, the process of working with flour was still too complicated for some beastmen, so overall, not many ended up buying it.

For the family that snapped up five baskets in one go, Rosalie sent Leon over with a stone roller as a bonus. On the third day, Rosalie went to inspect the rice paddies and wheat fields; everything was running smoothly. On her way back home, she ran into a crowd streaming into her courtyard, their arms full of all sorts of items. She casually lifted one of the covers-inside were baskets of rice and cuts of wild boar. Rosalie was a little confused. Micah stood off to the side, face cool, voice low. "Matriarch, these are for the bonding ceremony-gifts from the husband's side.

You can accept them without worry." 2/3 11:28 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 105 Bonding Ceremony 10 Finished Rosalie finally understood-but even for marriage gifts, this was way too much! Baskets of every size filled the entire yard, and the shabby front gate had been decorated with two huge red flowers, as if someone was terrified the whole world wouldn't know there was a bonding ceremony here. Rosalie touched the red-dyed cloth of the flowers; the fabric was rough, but in the beast world, it was already precious.

It had to be something from Gael's hometown-tomorrow she'd have to ask him carefully what else they had back there. For several days in a row, Rosalie didn't catch so much as a glimpse of Gael-not even when she made a special trip to the House of Delicacies-so she figured he was avoiding her on purpose. That night, as Rosalie lay in bed, someone pushed the door open and lay down beside her. Rosalie leaned into his chest and whispered, "Micah." 370 admin

Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 106 Dream 75 Finished Micah twined a lock of her hair around his finger, lashes lowered, voice smooth and gentle. "Matriarch, if you don't want to go through with the bonding ceremony, I can take care of it for you." "It's not that. I'm willing." Micah's fingers stilled. He drew in a long breath and asked quietly, "Matriarch ... is it because of me?" Rosalie lifted her head, her gaze trembling for a split second before she quickly ducked it again.

"It has nothing to do with you." Micah didn't miss that tiny ripple in Rosalie's reaction. On that heavy snow day, he'd been on the verge of death. For so many years, Micah had tried countless ways to cure his illness, but nothing had worked-how could the Matriarch have suddenly healed him in just one night? And ever since that night, Rosalie had been off. Then, she'd suddenly decided to bring a new husband into the house-there was no way that nothing shady had happened in between.

The only explanation he could come up with was that she'd agreed to some condition with that beastman-he'd helped save Micah's life, and in return, Rosalie had taken him in as a husband. Micah's guesses were a bit off the mark in the details, but the conclusion wasn't wrong. Looking at the obedient, sweet Rosalie nestled in his arms, Micah forced down the knot of emotion in his chest. If Rosalie truly didn't have feelings for any of them, then, once the agreement was fulfilled, the bond could be dissolved.

It wouldn't be the end of the world, Micah smoothed a hand over Rosalie's hair, then got up to close the wide-open window. He pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. "We've got an early start tomorrow. I'll come wake you." "Okay." Rosalie closed her eyes and sank into a heavy sleep, mind full of tangled thoughts. In her dream, she saw a dark shadow. 1/3 11:28 Fri, Jan 2 800 Chapter 106 Dream M [��] (75) Finished She crept toward it, testing each step; the shadow suddenly solidified into a snow-pale body covered in wounds, soaked in blood.

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When it turned its head, it was Declan's grief-stricken face. His lips moved, and he called out, "Matriarch, it hurts so much..." Rosalie jolted awake, clutching at her chest in agony, lungs dragging for air as cold sweat streamed down her body. She had no idea why, but a crushing

panic washed over her, as if somewhere far away, out of her sight, Declan really had gotten into serious trouble.

"System, can you locate where Declan is?" "That function is not available." Ever since Declan had disappeared, Rosalie had asked the same question over and over, and the system's answer had always been identical. : Micah pushed the door open, set down the basin of warm water in his hands, and walked over to the bed, asking with concern, "Matriarch, did you have a nightmare?" Rosalie wrapped her arms around Micah's waist; feeling that familiar warmth, the unease pounding in her chest finally began to settle. Micah slowly ran his hand up and down her back.

With her face pressed to his abdomen, Rosalie muttered, "I dreamed of Declan ... he was covered in blood. It felt like he was about to die." Micah's hand paused for a beat, then he soothed her gently. "Matriarch, Declan is a powerful beastman. He'll be fine." "Mm." They stayed like that for a while until Rosalie finally let him go. Outside the window, daylight was already pouring in. Rosalie quickly washed her face, and Cammo carried in an exquisite beast-hide dress.

The dress bared one shoulder, the lower half cut into a half-skirt, adorned with dangling red and green gemstones-far more luxurious than what she was wearing now. Cameron frowned slightly. "That guy sent this over. Said it's for you to wear at the bonding ceremony." Rosalie could only sigh helplessly, close the door, and change into the dress. 2/3 11:28 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 106 Dream All her beastmen were waiting for her outside the room. Creak. The door swung open, and Rosalie stepped out.

M 075 Finished The moment they saw her, Cameron's eyes practically shot out beams of light, and even the usually composed Elijah couldn't hide the flicker of amazement in his gaze. Rosalie's pale neck was long and elegant, a golden chain resting against her skin; as she walked, the ornaments on the hem of her skirt chimed with a soft, pleasant jingle. A gauzy veil was pinned into her hair, a fine layer that obscured her face.

In the sunlight, it shimmered like rippling water, and if you looked closely enough, you could just make out the delicate curve of her lips and the straight bridge of her nose beneath. Micah went up with a smile to steady her by the waist, praising, "Matriarch, you look incredible in this." Leon stepped closer, too, meeting Rosalie's hazy gaze through the veil, his long eyes curving into a faint, hooked smile. 370 admin

Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 107 Twins a #Emished Cameron circled Rosalie nonstop, his excitement practically leaking out of him, but the moment he remembered this was Rosalie's bonding ceremony with someone else, the corners of his eyes drooped again-even though the thrill in them never really faded, "Do I really look that good?" Rosalie's checks flushed pink. Elijah walked over at an easy pace and gently tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear. "You do." More and more beastmen filed into the yard.

Strictly speaking, she should have invited her whole tribe, but since Rosalie had been driven out, all she could do was call the people closest to her. Grace and little Christopher, Monica and Yuna, plus the beastmen from the rice shop and the House of Delicacies had all arrived.

After escorting Rosalie to the front gate, her husbands released her hands and quietly headed back into their own rooms. Rosalie had to stand at the door to receive her new husband, and as her original husbands, they weren't allowed to be present at the ceremony itself.

Their eyes were full of reluctant sadness as they cracked their windows open just enough to peek at what was happening outside. Rosalie stood at the doorway, nerves knotting in her chest; why did this feel a little like she was the one waiting to welcome a bride? Even though the "bride" she was welcoming was very much a grown man! In the distance, two identical figures walked toward her. Rosalie thought she was seeing double; she closed her eyes, opened them again, then repeated. Only when they drew closer and closer did her mind explode with a loud hum, like a bell being struck.

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How was this even possible! Two perfectly identical faces. 11:28 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 107 Twins : 75 → 85 Finished The two men reached her side and took their places, one on her left and one on her right. Rosalie looked left-green eyes. Gael. She looked right-blue eyes. Julien. So, the "split personality" she'd always suspected... had never existed at all! Rosalie could hardly believe it, but the two of them had already linked arms with her and were escorting her into the courtyard.

Everything that followed passed in a daze; with the veil covering her face, no one noticed anything off about her expression. Only after everyone had dispersed did Monica tip her a wink and murmur, "Rosalie, you're really swimming in good fortune here." Then, she left, closing the gate behind her, and the courtyard fell completely silent. Rosalie stood there, finally piecing everything together. From the very beginning, these two brothers had never planned to tell her they were twins. Instead, they'd given her some vague explanation and tricked her into taking them both in.

It was naked, blatant deception! Rosalie yanked the veil off her head and threw it to the ground, fury blazing in her eyes even as she forced her voice to stay level. "Explain. Now." Leon stepped up to Rosalie's side, shielding her with his body as his gaze turned razor-sharp on the identical brothers in front of them. Julien's eyes darkened as he said, "Matriarch, you gave us your word.

You can't go back on it." Rosalie shot back, voice raised, "I agreed to take in one of you, not two!" Micah stepped forward, seizing on the flaw in that sentence, "What exactly did you ask the Matriarch to agree to?" Rosalie swallowed hard and glanced at Julien, but he kept his mouth shut. Rosalie didn't want to wrestle over the promise itself, so she pressed on. "You're twins. Why didn't you tell me from the start? "You wait until everything's settled, then graciously decide to let me in on the truth-was that 2/3 11:28 Fri, Jan 2 ...

Chapter 107 Twins fun for you?" ↗ (75) Finished She was shaking with anger now. Gael reached for her hand, but Cameron slapped his away. Gael's brows knit pitifully as he shot Cameron a look, his voice turning icy. "Today is my bonding day with the Matriarch. You don't get to stand in my way." Cameron reluctantly drew his hand back and moved to stand behind Rosalie, still glaring warily at this "cat". "They might not be able to, but I can!"

"If you can't give me a reasonable explanation for this, we're signing a letter of release tomorrow." Tossing down that ultimatum, Rosalie turned on her heel, marched into the house, and slammed the door hard behind her. Left standing in the yard, the brothers wore different expressions. Gael looked over at Julien, whose brows were drawn tight, his face shadowed. Elijah, on the other hand, went straight for fists, grappling with the two of them alone-until Leon joined the fray as well. 370 x admin

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 108 At the End M ↗ 75 Finished The whole courtyard was in chaos, dust and gravel flying, bodies crashing into each other with dull thuds. Suddenly, Rosalie's door flew open and she snapped, "All of you, back to your rooms!" Then, she shut the door again. The beastmen all froze. Elijah's lip was split open-courtesy of one of Julien's punches. Julien's eye was ringed in purple, clearly from Elijah landing a solid hit of his own.

The two glared at each other, resentment burning in their eyes, but in the end they both turned and stalked back to their rooms. The courtyard fell completely silent again. Someone, who'd been lurking in the shadows, waited until everyone had gone before sneaking closer. That someone was Reva, who had been missing for a long time. Dark smudges hung under her eyes, her beast-hide clothes torn to shreds. She reached up, grabbed one of the red cloths hanging on the door, yanked it down, and stomped it underfoot. The hatred in her eyes was impossible to hide.

Rosalie had ruined her life and was now riding high again, collecting yet another husband-how was Reva supposed to swallow that? On the day she'd escaped, Reva had wandered for a long time before finding Ziven half-frozen and purple with cold. She'd dragged him to shelter, and the two of them had survived only by clinging to each other for warmth. Ever since then, Ziven had been wanted everywhere, and Reva hadn't dared show her face either. The two of them skulked around like strays, never eating or sleeping well. Reva lived in constant fear, day and night.

She'd lost a lot of weight, and if it weren't for Ziven staying by her side, she might have broken long ago. All of it-every last bit-was Rosalie's fault! According to her original plan, Rosalie's mother should've died quietly by now, Reva should've become tribe leader, and then naturally inherited the position for the next generation without anyone ever suspecting a thing. But now everything was gone. Rosalie, all this pain-you're going to pay it back, every last drop.

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Rosalie returned to her room, took off the ceremonial clothes, changed back into her usual beast-hide, and collapsed onto the bed, slipping into a heavy sleep. 1/3 11:29 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 108 At the End 0: 75 Finished Someone called her for dinner at some point, but Rosalie only cracked her eyes open in a daze, rolled over, and drifted off again. She slept straight through to the afternoon and only woke up because someone was calling her name. A voice shouted her name from far away, drawing closer and closer, until her door was pushed open.

Rosalie half-opened her eyes to see Grace's face swimming into view. Grace looked frantic as she grabbed Rosalie's hand and blurted, "Rosalie, I've got something to tell you-brace

yourself. "Your mother... she's not going to make it." Rosalie froze for a second, as if her brain hadn't caught up yet, then swung her legs off the bed and stood up in one sharp motion. "Micah! Come here a second!" The moment she called, Micah appeared at her side. The other beastmen stepped out as well, forming a loose ring around Rosalie. Rosalie gave quick, crisp orders. "Micah, Leon-you two are coming with me.

I don't think my mother has much time left." She glanced at the two brothers left hovering outside the circle and continued, "Everyone else stays home, keeps the house safe, keeps the rice shop running, and checks on the paddies. "As for Gael and Julien, Elijah, you take them with you." With that, Rosalie hurried out after Grace, and just before stepping through the gate, she turned back to add, "Oh-and no fighting at home!" Elijah shot Julien a sideways look and gave a soft, disdainful snort.

Rosalie didn't notice the fallen strip of red cloth on the ground; she stepped right on it as she left. Beastmen from the whole tribe crowded around one particular house, and when they saw Rosalie approaching, they quickly parted to open a path. Every face she passed was heavy with grief and solemnity. Rosalie's heart sank. She walked straight in. The room was thick with the smell of medicine that wouldn't dissipate, and on the bed lay Carina. At the sound of footsteps, the older woman's cloudy eyes shifted weakly toward the door.

2/3 11:29 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 108 At the End : A 75 Finished Her pupils struggled to focus, and when she finally saw who it was, the corners of her eyes lifted by the barest fraction. Rosalie stepped forward, took her mother's icy hand, and whispered, "Mom, I'm here." At the same time, she asked silently in her mind, "System, what's going on with my mother? Can she still be saved?" "This female's lifespan is at its end. Even if you purchase a pill to forcibly extend it, it would only grant one more day." Rosalie's heart dropped like a stone, her expression turning dark.

Apocalypse? Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 109 Reva's Scheme 75 Finished "Rosalie, I'm just glad I get to see you," her mother rasped. "It's enough to make me happy." "Don't talk, Mother." Rosalie's mother barely had any strength left; every word came out slurred and stumbling, but she still fought to express what was in her heart. Rosalie's eyes burned. If even the system couldn't save her mother, there was nothing she herself could do. "Reva is your sister. If she causes more trouble ... I hope you'll forgive her. Just one more time." After a long silence, Rosalie nodded.

There was no point arguing with someone at the end of their life-and as for Reva, as long as she never came after Rosalie again... Rosalie could pretend nothing had ever happened. As the sun set, a warm beam of light fell across her mother's face. Her exhausted eyes slowly slid shut. She drew in one long breath ... and never moved again. Silently, Rosalie pulled the blanket over her mother's body, then pushed the door open and stepped outside. Countless eyes were fixed on her as she parted her lips and quietly announced, "Your tribe leader, Carina Bennet is gone." ...

Soft sobs rippled through the crowd. One clear tear slid down Rosalie's cheek and hit the ground hard, kicking up a tiny puff of dust. Micah stood beside her, steadying her by the shoulders. "Matriarch, are you okay?" he asked gently. Rosalie shook her head, then seemed to steel herself. She lifted her chin to face the crowd and declared, voice ringing out, "From

today onward, I, Rosalie Bennet, will take over this tribe. I am your new tribe leader." No one objected. Reva had already been cast out, and Rosalie was the tribe leader's only daughter. If she wasn't the leader, who else could be?

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Some were pleased and some uneasy, but Rosalie didn't bother to read their faces. She turned and went back inside, unafraid of her mother's body lying there. Night slowly fell, and the people outside dispersed. 1/3 11:29 Fri, Jan 2 ... : (7s), Chapter 109 Reva's Scheme Finished Rosalie walked back to her mother's side and examined her carefully. Something felt off. Last time she'd given her medicine, the illness shouldn't have worsened-so how had it deteriorated into death so suddenly? She suspected someone had meddled in between.

But no matter how Rosalie checked or how the system scanned, nothing abnormal showed up. Maybe once someone was dead, there just wasn't much left to examine. Rosalie asked Micah to stay and watch over her mother's body, while Leon accompanied her to check something out. Leon shifted into his black panther form and let her climb onto his back. Following her directions, he carried her swiftly into a patch of forest. Rosalie grabbed a thick fallen branch and began digging. The soil there was soft and loose, clearly turned over recently.

She hadn't dug far when clumps of fresh medicinal residue came into view. Rosalie pinched a bit of the residue between her fingers, lifted it to her nose, and forced a name out through clenched teeth. "Reva. "Another one of your brilliant schemes!" Rosalie slammed the branch into the ground in fury. The residue was unmistakable-wisteria herb. Reva hadn't even bothered to choose a different spot to hide the evidence, just buried it right here. She really didn't think Rosalie would ever find it. To be fair, Reva probably never imagined Rosalie would connect her mother's death to her.

But the moment she saw the residue, Rosalie knew-it was the wisteria herb that had sped up her mother's death. She ground her teeth. She hadn't thought Reva could be this vicious, but the woman hadn't spared even her mother. She really was determined to wipe them all out. Suddenly, a chill ran through Rosalie. A bleak, rustling presence stirred in the woods behind her, sending cold prickles down her spine. Leon wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her into the shelter of his chest. "Matriarch, it's cold. Let's head back." 2/3 11:29 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 109 Reva's Scheme :

M 75 Finished Rosalie nodded, wrapped the herb residue in a scrap of beast hide, and tucked it into her belt. As they left, she glanced back at the eerily cold forest. The pitch-black trees looked like a gaping maw, ready to swallow her whole. Rosalie lay draped over the black panther's back when, out of nowhere, a brutal force slammed into them from the side, hurling her through the air. Leon was smashed straight into a tree. The trunk snapped in half with a thunderous crack and crashed to the ground.

The black panther coughed up blood, then shifted back into human form in an instant, putting himself between Rosalie and the threat. Rosalie quickly exchanged a pill from the system and shoved it between Leon's lips. Then, she yanked her bone knife from behind her back and stared warily into the depths of the forest. 370 1 admin

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 110 Battle in the Dark 75 Finished The night wind howled as the leaves whispered and shook. Dust hung in the air, and the eerie crunch of footsteps on dry leaves drew closer-step by step. Only when the haze cleared did Rosalie see it clearly-a massive cobra looming in the dark. Its reptilian eyes gleamed with a cold light, and its scarlet tongue flicked in and out without stopping. It didn't look like an ordinary snake; its sheer size made it more like a beastman.

A sharp thought flashed through Rosalie's mind, an unbelievable possibility surfacing. She tested it, calling out, "Ziven? Is that you?" The snake's pupils narrowed into slits at once, and it let out a piercing hiss. It really was him! She hadn't expected Ziven's beast form to be a snake. Ziven didn't waste time talking. His enormous tail swept toward them, and Leon reacted fast, shifting back into a black panther and sprinted toward the tribe with Rosalie on his back. If it were just him, he might have stayed to fight-but with Rosalie to protect, he didn't dare gamble.

He needed to get back to the tribe, link up with Micah. The giant black snake that was Ziven slithered close behind them. Rosalie could practically feel the rank, fishy breath on her back. The black panther's strides were swift, but suddenly a vine whipped out of the shadows, stretching across the path. Leon didn't manage to stop in time and went down hard. In that split second, he shifted to human form and wrapped Rosalie in his arms, shielding her completely so she didn't so much as brush a speck of dirt.

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They rolled across the ground several times and only stopped when they slammed into a large boulder. Leon braced himself over Rosalie as the huge snake head lunged after them, its fangs sinking deep into his shoulder. His shoulder trembled with pain, but he didn't budge, still shielding Rosalie with his own body. Feeling drops of sweat falling onto her face, Rosalie asked urgently, "Leon, are you okay?" 1/3 11:29 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 110 Battle in the Dark & 75 Finished Leon's teeth chattered as he forced the words out. "Matriarch, his fangs are venomous. I can't hold out for long. "Run.

Go back and find Micah-you'll be safe with him." Ziven lifted his head, his forearm-length fangs pulling free. Leon let out a guttural, agonized growl as blood gushed from the twin punctures in his back like it was worth nothing. Leon shifted back into a massive black panther, beast eyes blazing. With a roar that shook the mountains, he cast one last look at Rosalie and shouted, "Matriarch! Go!" Rosalie gritted her teeth so hard her jaw ached, tears slipping from the corners of her without her even realizing. eyes But this wasn't the time to break down.

The only chance Leon had was if she ran back, found Micah, and brought reinforcements. She turned and sprinted away, refusing to slow down even as her strength waned-only to have someone stroll lazily into the middle of the path, blocking her with a hateful stare. Rosalie's eyes were bloodshot as she glared at Reva, standing in her way and shouted, "Move." Reva glared right back, about to spit out some vicious line, but Rosalie kicked her flat before she could finish. Reva fell, clutching her aching side, then gritted her teeth and scrambled up to chase after her.

Shamelessly, she latched onto Rosalie's leg and refused to let go, no matter how hard Rosalie struggled. Ziven's venom only needed one hour to fully set in. Once Rosalie's beloved husband was dead, Reva wanted to see if she could still keep that proud, untouchable air. She wanted to watch Rosalie cry. Watch her regret. Reva was still lost in that fantasy when a sharp pain exploded in her chest. She looked down at the bone knife buried there, then up at Rosalie's face-only to see a flash of ferocity and raw killing intent. Reva's body went rigid as she toppled to the ground.

Rosalie yanked the knife free and ran for the tribe without looking back. Reva gasped, unable to catch her breath, eyes locked on Rosalie's retreating back, Only one thought echoed in her mind. Rosalie really dared to kill me. Weren't we sisters? Rosalie ran, lungs burning, until she spotted two figures in the distance-it was Gael and Julien. 2/3 11:29 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 110 Battle in the Dark Finished Seeing her, both of their expressions shifted. Gael lowered his head and called out, "Matriarch, we shouldn't have deceived you.

But we truly want to be your husbands, so please don't drive us away!" 370 3/3 11:29 Fri, Jan 2 admin