

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market

Novel Chapter 11 - Chapter 11

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Chapter 11 Saved a Pup 9 %] Finished Someone hurried over with tension written all over the face . The wolf pup spotted the newcomer . He sprang forward and jumped straight into the male beastman's arms . His voice cracked with raw joy . " Father . Mother ! " You came at last . " They checked Christopher from head to toe . He had no wounds . They both exhaled like they had been held underwater . They turned to Rosalie with warm thanks , but their eyes went wide the moment they recognized her . It was Rosalie . The female swallowed every question she had . She forced a calm tone . " Ms.

Rosalie , thank you for saving Christopher . " The title caught Rosalie off guard . She froze . " You know who I am ? " The female's cheeks flushed . You may not know me , but everyone in the tribe knows you . " Rosalie remembered the dark stories people spread about her . A faint pulse sparked at her temple . " That version of me is gone . " The female tried to break the uncomfortable silence . She reached into the basket on her beastman's back . She took out a big jug wrapped in hide . She offered it to Rosalie . " Thank you for sheltering Christopher . This is my gift .

" Grace dropped her gaze to Christopher , who tried to shink behind her like a giant bird burying its head in the sand . Her tone snapped sharp and clear . " You wild pup , you wait until we step into that house . I will straighten you out . " Christopher pressed tighter behind his father . Rosalie took the jug . She opened it . A rich soy scent floated up like a warm cloud . Her eyes widened . " Grace , this thing is rare . I have never seen anything like it . Where did it come from ? " Grace gave a small grin . " My husband went to the market today . He helped a Westland beastman .

That man gave it to him . He said it is a type of seasoning . " Rosalie had never imagined something this pricey . She tried to hand it back . " Grace , this is costly . I cannot accept it . You should keep it . " I help any young cub I find . It would not matter if it was your child or someone else's . " Grace felt a shock run through her . People in the tribe mean . Now this woman looked calm and gracious . She ce whispered that Rosalie was harsh , reckless , and oked like a woman with a sincere heart . The rumors had been wrong, Grace stiffened her expression . " Ms. Rosalie , take it .

It is not valuable . No one in my home will use it anyway . " If you stay formal with me , I will get upset . " 1/2 18:16 Tue , Dec 30 Chapter 11 Saved a Pup 9 % Finished Rosalie finally held on to the jug . Happiness warmed he chest . A jug this size would serve her kitchen for a long time . " Grace , I will accept it . " But Grace , please stop calling me Ms. Rosalic . My mother sent me out of the tribe . I am not the heiress anymore . Call

me Rosalie . " The beast world had simple rules and honest ways . Families like Grace's kept old traditions close .

When she saw Rosalie stand there with a soft look and a changed heart , Grace felt moved to her core . Grace grabbed both of Rosalie's and laid her palm over hem . Her voice shook with emotion . " Fine . Since you mean it , Rosalie , come to me whenever you need help . " Grace's gaze lingered on Rosalie , her eyes full of pity . Rosalie wasn't actually thin . She had only lost the puffiness that used to make her look heavy . Her skin was smoother now , luminous like porcelain under soft light . But to Grace , she looked worn down , almost fragile .

" Rosalie , " Grace said gently , " your mother likes to act cold , but she isn't heartless . Your name is still on the tribe's record . " You should stay around for a bit . When the time feels right , go talk to her . If you set aside your pride , she'll let you back home . " Rosalie didn't expect Grace to say that , but she knew she meant well . She smiled faintly . " I get it , Grace . It's late now . You should head home . It's dangerous when it gets dark . " Grace chuckled softly .

Her lips curled into a knowing smile as she gave a few last reminders , then left with her husband and their little wolf cub . Rosalie remained in place , her thoughts knotted like tangled threads . She never imagined her name was still kept in the tribe's records . But going back wasn't an option . Too many people . Too many judging eyes . And that younger sister of hers - always waiting for a chance to tear her down . Inside the house , Cameron sat near the door . It was open just a sliver . He listened quietly to every sound outside .

When the yard finally fell still , he dropped onto the bed , his face full of irritation . Send Gifts admin

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Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market

Novel Chapter 12 - Chapter 12

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Chapter 12 Pouting Finished The bed was just a few wooden planks nailed together . very move made it creak like it was ready to split . At night , he covered himself with fur just to stay warm . He didn't know what was wrong with him . When Rosalie had chased after him before , he couldn't stand it . Now that she kept her distance , he felt like he couldn't breathe . For all his life , his heart had never been this messy . His stomach

rumbled like a drum echoing in an empty oom . He hadn't eaten since the hunt . He bit his lower lip until it turned pale . His eyes burned red .

He'd only skipped one meal , but it felt like he was dying of hunger . " The Matriarch is horrible , " he mumbled . " I'm starving and angry , and she doesn't even care . " A light tapping came from the window . Cameron looked up and reached to push it open . Rosalie leaned out the window , her pale skin catching the moonlight like polished ivory . The light kissed her face , making her look almost unreal . A few strands of her hair drifted in the wind and brushed against Cameron's sleeve , clinging to him as if they refused to let go .

Cameron turned away sharply , his voice laced with jealousy . " You sure had your fun doting on that little wolf cub . Guess you finally remembered I exist . " Rosalie lifted a plate of golden pork chops and a small bowl of roasted soybeans . The scent of smoky fat and warm oil drifted through the air , wrapping around Cameron like invisible fingers . " You've been out hunting all day , " she said softly . " You must be tired . I made this for you . " Cameron's eyes flickered with light for an instant , but he forced his face into a mask . He gave a short , dismissive hum .

If it was made for him , he'd accept it . Barely . He raised a brow , picked up a soybean between two fingers , and tossed it into his mouth . The crisp crunch broke the silence , loud against the quiet night . Rosalie's voice carried through the air , steady but gentle " Don't dwell on what the little wolf said earlier . I told you before , I don't feel anything for either of you Once I've earned enough money , I'll set you both free . " So stop starving yourself over something that doesn't matter . " The soybean caught in Cameron's throat .

His chest tightened as irritation burned through him . Was she trying to make peace with him or drive him out of his ind ? He was a fox , and even when he stood still , there was something dangerous and magnetic about him . Now his anger shimmered around him like heat off hot asphalt . The bowl hit the table with a loud clatter that sliced through the silence . 1/3 18:16 Tue , Dec 30GG . Chapter 12 Pouting ٧ ٩ % ٧ Finished Cameron leaned forward , his palms pressed against the edge of the bed . His hair slid loose , brushing against Rosalie's cheek like a teasing whisper .

His brows knit together , veins tightening under his skin Fury pulsed through him until it filled his golden eyes with a fierce glow . His lips curved into a thin , cruel smile as he stared her down . " Matriarch , " he said quietly , " you think I'm that easy to please ? " You really believe a few plates of food can fix this ? " Not a chance . " Go to bed , Matriarch . I'm done talking . " He slammed the window shut , the sound cutting through the still air . A faint trace of his scent lingered , soft but sharp , brushing against Rosalie's nose as she stood frozen in confusion .

She didn't understand . That fox was angry again , and she had no idea why . When morning came , Grace had already returned to the tribe . She spoke excitedly with the other women , describing in vivid detail how much Rosalie had changed . Everyone listened and nodded . They believed her . They said being cast out must have finally humbled Rosalie . By midday , word of her transformation spread through the tribe like a spark racing through dry grass . Reva heard every word . Her teeth clenched until her jaw ached . As long as I'm still breathing , you'll never have a peaceful day , Rosalie .

" Ding . System upgrade complete . " Rosalie woke to the sharp chime ringing through her head . Morning light spilled across her face as she blinked at the hovering interface . Where her system points used to be , one new word appeared - currency . A giant zero flashed back at her . Her stomach twisted . Every point she had saved was gone . She had spent months fighting her way through the apocalypse , cutting down zombies and earning every single one . Now it had all vanished . The new layout looked sleek but unfamiliar . Four new sill bars sat in the middle of the screen .

" Healer Proficiency : 0 . " Farming Proficiency : 0 . " Cooking Proficiency : 0 . " Combat Proficiency : () , " Four perfect zeros . Rosalie groaned . She hadn't seen numbers this depressing on any test before . " System , " she muttered . " How do I raise proficiency ? " " Perform tasks related to the skill , " the mechanical voice answered , smooth and detached . " Once validated , 2/3 Chapter 12 Pouting proficiency will increase . " Rosalie rubbed her eyes . " And why do I even need to level up ? " Finished " As proficiency increases , skill performance improves .

Reaching the highest level may position you as a leading expert in your field . " Send Gifts . 330 admin

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Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Novel Chapter 13 - Chapter 13

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Chapter 13 Questions 9 % ° Finished The words sent a spark racing through her chest . A leading expert . If she pushed every category to the top , she could shake the entire beast world from the ground up . She reached over , picked up a roasted soybean , and bit down . The shell cracked between her teeth . A soft chime echoed again . " Ding . Roasted soybean detected . Cooking proficiency increased by ten points . " Her eyes widened . So even cooked food counted . Maybe she could just buy meals from others and upgrade that way . The system's tone cut in , cold and matter - of - fact .

" Only food prepared by the Host qualifies for proficiency growth . " It saw through her thoughts . Her hope crashed and burned , but she wasn't disappointed for long . The system already made survival easier . Trying to cheat it would be pointless . She opened the system shop and scanned through the listings . Neat rows of items shimmered before her eyes - seed packets , spice jars , medicine bottles , and polished tools . Every single one carried a price tag she couldn't afford . She closed the shop interface . Seeing nothing hurt less than knowing she was broke .

Rosalie pushed open the door and stopped short . Leon was outside , bare to the waist , his lower half wrapped in a strip of fur . His muscles flexed as he swung the axe , splitting each log with effortless precision . Sweat slid down the lines of his back and waist , gleaming under the morning light like liquid crystal across marble . Her cheeks turned scarlet , and her ears followed right after . He noticed her and paused . Dropping the axe , he wiped his forehead with his forearm and gave her a relaxed smile . " Good morning , Matriarch .

" " Morning , " Rosalie said quickly , her words tripping over each other . She spun around before her voice betrayed her further . She hurried into the kitchen and grabbed a cup , filling it with cold water . She swallowed it in one go , feeling the chill cool her racing heart . She decided a jog through the woods would help . It would keep her fit . The Marrow Cleanse Pill had only purified her system . hadn't done a thing to trim her waist . She hadn't even made it a hundred yards before someone sidled up beside her . Cameron strolled next to her , pouting as he jogged .

His body language screamed annoyance . If the woods weren't full of danger , he would have stayed in bed . Rosalie smirked and gave him a sidelong glance . " Well , ok at that . What a coincidence . " The little fox scoffed and turned his head , refusing to get her eyes . " Don't flatter yourself , Matriarch . This is just a coincidence . " He dragged out the word on purpose , and Rosalie had bite her lip to stop from laughing . 1/3 18:16 Tue , Dec 30 GG . Chapter 13 Questions 9 % !

Finished After two or three laps , they were both back at the house Rosalie was panting , her forehead glistening with sweat . Micah stepped forward and held out a bowl . " Matriarch have some water . It'll help . " " Thanks , " Rosalie said , taking it . She drank deeply , water dripping from her chin and sliding down her neck , soaking the thin fabric over her chest . Micah's gaze darkened for a moment . Then he reached into his pocket , pulled out a soft cloth , and stepped closer to wipe her sweat . Rosalie flinched . She took a step back instinctively . " That's really not necessary .

" Micah's expression faltered . His eyes dimmed like a kicked puppy's . Rosalie exhaled and stopped moving . She let him continue , even though she felt awkward about it . Micah's lips curled up again , his polite smile back in place . Rosalie walked toward the backyard . Her eyes widened when she saw a massive wild boar lying there with several pheasants beside it . The sight made her pulse quicken . That much meat could

fetch a fortune . Still , butchering it would be a nightmare . A sly smile crept onto her lips .

She turned her gaze toward Cameron and lifted a finger , motioning for him to come over . Cameron trotted toward her like an obedient pup . " What do you need , Matriarch ? " " Cammo , how'd you like to eat something really good today ? " She called me Cammo ! The little fox's heart pounded so hard it felt like it might burst . Pride and appetite both vanished . He nodded eagerly , eyes bright . " Then help me out , " Rosalie said . Leon walked up to them . " I need you to burn the pig's hair off and cut the meat into large chunks . " Rosalie pointed toward the corner .

" And pluck those chickens . Cut them up too . " The thought of plucking feathers made Rosalie sigh . Dolan had always been the fastest at that . Leon accepted the task and got to work without a word , Cameron glared at Micah , who hovered near Rosalie , his voice dripping with irritation . " We're the ones chopping pigs and killing chickens . What's he supposed to be doing ? " 2/3 18:16 Tue , Dec 30 G G Chapter 13 Questions " Micah's not strong . " Rosalie said . " He can sweep . " Send Gifts 330 admin

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Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market

Novel Chapter 14 - Chapter 14

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Chapter 14 Rivalry 9 % Finished Cameron knew Micah was weak . He just hated how the man always played fragile while staying glued to Rosalie . Micah gave the fuming fox a calm glance and let out a soft cough . Rosalie tensed instantly . " You're coughing . Did you catch a chill ? Go inside and rest . " " With you here , Matriarch , I'll be fine , " Micah said quietly . Cameron clenched his jaw . That man had to be part fox No one else could look that alluring while pretending to be sick . Cameron stormed off and leaned close to Leon , muttering under his breath . Leon didn't reply .

His hands just paused for a moment before he went back to slicing through the huge boar . Rosalie kept herself busy . She heated water and gathered the spices she needed . She was going to make pig stew . People in this world ate their meals plain . They roasted meat over fire , ate it once it was cooked , and never cared how it tasted . But everyone longed for something delicious . Pig stew wasn't hard to make , and she had the ingredients . When it was ready , she could take it to the bazaar and see how it sold . Steam clouded the kitchen , thick and hot .

Leon walked in with the cleaned pig meat and froze . Micah stood close to Rosalie , gently feeding her a soybean between his fingers . Rosalie was still chewing when Leon's cold voice cut through the air . " Sorry . My hand slipped . Go change your clothes . " She turned around and saw Micah's fur robe splattered with fresh pig's blood . Leon's face was expressionless , pretending it was nothing . He tossed the meat into the pot , and as he passed Micah , his shoulder slammed into him hard . Micah stumbled back , his eyes narrowing as he glared at Leon's back .

Then he lowered his head and gave Rosalie a small smile . " Matriarch , my clothes got dirty . I'll go change ." Rosalie nodded . " The kitchen's smoky . The air's bad . Stay in your room once you're done . " Micah's smile faltered , but he nodded and turned to leave . The moment he stepped outside , he saw Cameron leaning against the wall . The fox arched an eyebrow , his smirk full of smug amusement . Rosalie turned back to the pot . She sprinkled in salt , dropped in a few herbs , then poured in a dark stream of soy sauce .

The sauce spread over the meat , glistening like ink under firelight . Now all she had to do was wait . Hours passed . The smell reached every corner of the house long before she even lifted the lid . 18:17 Tue , Dec 30 GG Chapter 14 Rivalry 9 % Finished When Rosalie finally opened the pot , the pork gleamed . The fat and lean layers shimmered together . She took a piece , bit down , and almost moaned . The rich , salty flavor burst open on her tongue , flooding her mouth with heat . Cameron was already at her side . He grabbed a chunk and shoved it into his mouth . His eyes went wide .

" Matriarch , this can't be pork . Nothing tastes this good . " Even Leon looked shocked . He took a bite , then another and kept eating in silence . Rosalie's heart swelled . If Leon liked it , the stew would sell for sure . The morning was still young . She decided to take it to the bazaar . Micah stayed home , while Cameron and Leon each carried a basket wrapped in clean hide , filled with the pig stew . They walked nearly an hour before reaching the city . The houses were rough but neat , more polished than those in the tribe .

Rosalie found a spot and set out a bowl of the stew on a clean hide . The scent filled the streets instantly . Beastmen lifted their heads , following the aroma through the narrow alleys . Soon , a few of them spotted her stand . Around her , every other stall sold hides or raw meat . She was the only one selling cooked food - red , glossy , and unfamiliar . Beastmen and females stood at a distance , staring but hesitant to try something new . Finally , one of them stepped forward . " Rosalie , what is that ? And how much does it cost ? " Rosalie flashed a charming smile .

" Sir , this is pork stew . My husband hunted the boar , and I cooked it myself . " It tastes amazing . Would you like to try it ? " Send Gifts 330 a B admin

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Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market

Novel Chapter 15 - Chapter 15

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Chapter 15 Selling Stew 9 % Finished Rosalie picked up a bowl and held it out . The beastman immediately waved his hands . " I wasn't going to buy anything . " Rosalie's smile didn't waver . " Don't worry about it . It's on the house . Just taste it . " The offer of free food made the beastman freeze in place . Suspicion flickered in his eyes , afraid she might trap him into paying . But her smile looked too genuine to doubt . He hesitated for a breath , then grabbed a piece of meat and bit down . The flavor burst in his mouth like fire and honey .

The meat melted against his tongue , rich and warm . He kept eating , faster with each bite , until the bowl was clean . When he looked down and saw the empty bowl , his face reddened . " Sorry , Rosalie . That was unreal . I didn't even notice I ate it all . How much do I owe you ? " Rosalie shook her head . " No charge . I told you it's on the house , and I mean it . I won't take your money . " The beastman stared at her , impressed . " Then tell me , how much for a full bowl ? My Matriarch's about to give birth , and nothing gets her appetite going . She might like this stew .

" Rosalie smiled with her eyes . " A full bowl's five copper coins . But you'll have to bring your own bowl . I don't have extras . " The beastman froze again . Five coins didn't sound steep but wild boars were everywhere . A whole one only sold for fifty in the bazaar . Her stew was ten times the price by weight . He hesitated . Then the taste still lingering on his tongue made the decision for him . " All right . One bowl . I'll run home for a bowl . " Rosalie filled one high , almost spilling , and handed it over . " You're my first customer today . You can keep the bowl .

" " Thank you , " he said , tossing five coins onto the table before hurrying away . That one taste started a wave . One customer turned into two , then ten . Some only came to try it for free . But after one bite , every single one ran home for their own bowl . Soon , the line stretched halfway down the street . Leon stood beside Rosalie , collecting coins with calm precision . Cameron barked orders at the crowd , trying to keep the line from collapsing . Two beastmen had already thrown punches over whose turn came first . The stew sold fast .

Rosalie's arm throbbed from scooping meat , but watching the pile of coins grow made her smile through the ache . Then the first customer came back , carrying two bowls . Behind him , his brothers and cousins followed , each with two more . He scratched the

back of his neck and grinned . "My Mariarch had your stew and lost her mind over it . She sent all of us back for more . " Rosalie filled every bowl with the last of the stew .
1/2 Tue , Chapter 15 Selling Stew The rest of the crowd groaned . " Rosalie , it's all gone ? " " When are you coming back ? We need more !

" Finished The noise swelled into chaos . Beastmen shoved forward reaching for the baskets . Voices clashed , rising and falling until Rosalie couldn't hear anything clearly . Then Leon moved . His hand shot out , gripping the wrist of a beastman who had lunged toward her . The man's hand was inches from Rosalie's collar . Leon threw him hard . The body hit the ground with a deafening crack . The impact shook the street , sending a ripple through the air like the earth itself had split beneath their feet .

Cameron dropped his usual lazy posture and stepped forward , standing tall in front of Rosalie . His gaze swept over the crowd like a blade , cold and sharp . The beastmen fell silent . Rosalie placed a hand on his shoulder , a quiet signal for him to move aside . She walked ahead and smiled , her tone calm but firm . " That's all for today . The pig stew's sold out . I'll be back in a few days at noon . Even if you didn't get any today , don't worry about it . " The tension broke instantly . Rosalie showed no signs of anger . The crowd loosened , and chatter rose again .

" That idiot got what he deserved , " someone muttered . " Her beastman was right there , and he still tried to grab her . He's lucky to still have teeth . " " My Matriarch went crazy over that stew , " another said . She made me come buy some , but I got nothing . That fox did , though . He's gonna show off about it for weeks . " Cameron's jaw tightened . His tail flicked in annoyance . He snorted , his glare dark and unamused . Send Gifts .
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