

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

Chapter 111 Gone 75 Finished Before he could finish, Rosalie collapsed into Gael's arms, utterly spent. Only then did he realize she was covered in blood from head to toe. Rosalie's voice shook, but she tried hard to keep it steady. "Save Leon-he's in danger!" Gael and Julien exchanged a look, their faces hardening. Rosalie lay sprawled across Sixto's back, with a majestic lion running alongside them. Julien had originally wanted Gael to take Rosalie straight back to the tribe, but she flat-out refused and insisted on going with them.

Only Rosalie understood that if they were even a second too late and the venom fully took hold, no matter how many pills she bought or how much she spent, nothing would bring Leon back. She had to go. Following Rosalie's directions, the two beastmen raced through the forest. The smell of blood grew thicker, and the trees around them snapped and leaned at all angles. The more they saw, the worse the sense of dread became, and the spot where Leon and Ziven had been was long deserted. Gael sniffed the air, then headed deeper into the woods.

From afar, Rosalie saw the towering serpent's body reared up, fangs glinting as it struck toward the black panther's neck. Her heart leapt into her throat. On impulse, she grabbed Gael's paw and pressed it to her own neck, tightening her throat as she screamed, "Ziven! Help me!" Ziven froze and whipped his head toward Rosalie, and in that split second of distraction, the lion lunged and clamped its jaws around his snake body. Ziven let out a tortured hiss as his tail slackened. The badly mauled black panther tumbled to the ground and lay there, unnervingly still.

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Over there, Ziven and the lion were locked in a vicious struggle, too busy to care about anything else. Rosalie stumbled and dropped to her knees beside the panther-and in the next heartbeat, her blood ran ice-cold. 1/3 11:29 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 111 Gone The system's cold voice echoed in her mind. "This beastman has no remaining vital signs." : For a moment, Rosalie's mind rang like a struck bell and went blank. A7 Finished The panther on the ground shifted back into human form. Blood streaked Leon's sharp nose, and countless wounds crisscrossed his body.

Rosalie pressed her head to his chest, refusing to believe he was simply gone. Suddenly, the faintest tremor stirred under her cheek, snapping her back to attention. She quickly exchanged for a Life-Saving Pill in the system, shoved it into her own mouth, then pressed her lips to Leon's and passed the medicine to him. Staring at Leon's motionless, tightly closed eyes, Rosalie gritted her teeth, placed her hands on his chest, and started doing CPR. She counted under her breath as she pressed down again and again, pausing only to give him breath.

Even when her arms burned with exhaustion, she refused to stop. Beads of sweat dripped from her chin. Looking down at Leon, still showing no response at all, her nose stung and her eyes throbbed with pain. But she couldn't break now. This wasn't the time to cry. She needed Leon to wake up. She didn't know how long she kept going, only that she went on until Micah finally noticed something was wrong, followed their trail out of the tribe, and found her kneeling there, still pressing on Leon's chest. She looked as if she'd been dunked in water, drenched from head to toe.

Micah took in the chaotic scene around them and hurried to kneel beside her. "Matriarch, what happened?" he asked, breathless. Rosalie shook her head, tears flicking off her lashes. Meanwhile, deeper in the woods, Gael and Julien were still locked in battle with the massive snake. The serpent's fangs were venomous, forcing them to fight with extreme caution. Every exchange was hard-won. "Ziven turned into a black snake. Gael and Julien are still in there. Go help them." Micah hesitated, but Rosalie said quietly, "I'm fine.

Go, "I want Ziven to pay for this." 2/3 11:29 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 111 Gone 白 75 Finished Her words were raw with fury and grief. Only then did Micah shift forms, his white snake body shooting into the forest. It didn't take long before Ziven emerged, looking utterly defeated, dragged along by Micah's tail. They were both serpents, but Micah's venom was far more domineering, overwhelming Ziven's by a margin. Rosalie glared at Ziven with pure hatred. "How do we cure your poison?" Ziven tugged at the corner of his mouth in a mocking smile. "My venom can't be cured.

"Don't you already have a snake husband? He should know that. "Your husband got hit with my venom. Let him wait for death." Rosalie turned to Micah and saw him slowly shake his head, offering no denial. 370 B 3/3 admin

Chapter 112 Strange Feeling 75 Finished Micah's tail coiled tighter and tighter around Ziven, bones creaking audibly under the pressure. Rosalie kept compressing Leon's chest until her arms went numb. Only then did she stop, dropping to her knees as the cold wind brushed against her face. Looking at Leon lying lifelessly on the ground, she felt like someone had ripped her soul out. The pain crashed over her, finally condensing into a single tear that fell onto his face. Hoarsely, she whispered, "Leon, wake up." Suddenly, Leon's pinky twitched.

Rosalie thought she'd imagined it-until a second later, he lurched and spat out a mouthful of blood. Rosalie's heart leapt, and she immediately resumed CPR. The system's pill could deal with the venom in his body-it was his shut-down organs that were the real problem. Now that Leon's body was rejecting the snake poison, all she had to do was shock his stalled heart back into working. Rosalie didn't dare waste another second. Never mind that he'd just coughed up blood-she sealed her mouth over his and breathed for him. At last, Leon's eyelids fluttered open a crack.

Seeing Rosalie's normally upbeat, confident face soaked in tears, he moved his lips, the words slurred and indistinct-but she understood. He said, "Matriarch, don't cry." Seeing that he was finally conscious, Rosalie only cried harder. Still sobbing, she hoisted Leon onto Gael's back and climbed onto Julien's herself, and the whole group bolted for home. When they reached the house, Cameron and Elijah-on guard duty-were stunned by how wrecked everyone looked.

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Rosalie ordered Cameron to boil water and had Ziven thrown into the woodshed and locked. She stripped Leon out of his shredded, filthy clothes and used a wet piece of beast-hide to wipe every trace of grime from his face and body. The basin of clear water turned blood-red. A massive gash ran across his firm abs, flesh torn open; with a wound that big, she had no choice but to stitch it up. 1/3 11:29 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 112 Strange Feeling 75 Finished Rosalie exchanged for medical needle and thread from the system, steadied her hands, and sank in the first stitch.

Leon's muscles twitched, and cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Rosalie bit down on her lip and steeled herself, stitching the rest of the wound in one go. Leon trembled with pain, and Rosalie was drenched in sweat. Once she'd finished with the front wound, Rosalie carefully rolled him onto his side to deal with the two punctures in his back. She packed the bites with medicinal herbs, then wrapped a special beast bandage from his back around to his chest, binding it all tight. After tending to every last injury on Leon's body, Rosalie had the system run a full check on his condition.

It reported that he was stable now, just extremely weak. The healing tonic outside had finished boiling as well. Ignoring the bitterness, Rosalie took a mouthful and fed it to Leon, one sip at a time. When she was done, she wiped the cold sweat from his brow and trudged toward the door on heavy legs. She headed for the river, ready to change and wash. She couldn't stand the stench of sweat clinging to her anymore. She undressed and stepped into the river, but the icy water shocked her already frayed nerves. Her body swayed-and she slipped, falling straight in.

Someone who'd been hiding in the shadows shot out, scooping her up from the water and pulling her against his chest. Elijah looked at Rosalie's bloodless lips shining faintly under the moonlight, then leaned down to press his mouth to hers. He tasted the faintly salty sweetness of river water. His expression was complicated, the usually sharp curve of his mouth drooping, his eyes filled with confusion. Why did he care this much about Rosalie? Had he ... actually fallen for her?

Elijah shrugged off his own beast-hide and wrapped the naked Rosalie in it, then carried her back to the house step by step. At the doorway, Micah blocked his path, smiling without warmth. "You can hand the Matriarch over to me." 2/3 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 112 Strange Feeling : Elijah lowered his gaze and passed Rosalie into his arms. M 75 Finished The door closed in front of him. Elijah didn't understand what this tight, uncomfortable feeling inside him was. He wasn't one of Rosalie's husbands-just someone who could be thrown out at any moment.

Because of that, she could smile freely at Micah, tease that childish fox, cry her heart out for Leon, and still turn around and treat the two newcomers kindly. 370 (1) 1 admin

Chapter 113 Pregnant The only time her eyes ever landed on him, they were full of fear. 4173 75 Finished Elijah's chest ached with a sour, heavy ache. He clenched his fists, turned on his heel, and walked into the woodshed. His gaze turned dark and chilling as he stared at the black snake sprawled on the floor. The next day, when Rosalie woke up and headed to the

woodshed, she found Ziven lying there, barely clinging to life. His teeth had all been ripped out; he couldn't even hold his human form anymore-just a palm-sized black snake curled weakly on the ground.

Cameron dumped a basin of cold water over him, and only then did Ziven slowly come to. He opened his mouth with effort, and Rosalie was startled to see that every single tooth had been pulled. When Ziven's gaze landed on Elijah, he visibly shuddered. Rosalie shot Elijah a glance, then looked down at the snake on the floor and said, "Reva is dead." No matter how badly he'd been hurt before, Ziven's expression had always stayed faint and detached-but at those words, he clearly froze. Rosalie went on, "She was pregnant. About a month along." Ziven didn't move at first.

Then, he suddenly lunged at Rosalie, only to be slammed to the floor under Elijah's boot. All he could do was thrash wildly on the ground, letting out pained, ragged hisses. "Before my mother died, she asked me to let you two go. "If you hadn't kidnapped me yesterday, a few months from now, your child would've been born." Ziven's harsh hissing slowly broke into a low, wailing sob. His shoulders shook uncontrollably. That morning, she'd had Cameron carry Reva's body back, and the system had immediately detected that Reva had been pregnant. Rosalie had rushed to tell Ziven the news.

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She wasn't nearly kind enough to spare him. Ziven had almost killed her husband-if he'd made her suffer like that, she was going to return every ounce of that pain. All of a sudden, Ziven's body convulsed violently, so hard that Elijah almost couldn't hold him down. 1/2 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 113 Pregnant 白 尽 75 Finished Afraid Ziven might try something else, Rosalie hurriedly grabbed Elijah by the wrist and pulled him behind her, watching the man on the ground with sharp, wary eyes.

Elijah, meanwhile, just stared in a daze at Rosalie's hand gripping his, his gaze then locking on the tilt of her nose and the tense line of her lips. Micah stepped to Rosalie's side and murmured, "The venom sac in his body just ruptured. He won't last long." Rosalie watched Ziven writhe and roll on the floor until, little by little, he went still-two thin lines of blood-tears seeping from the corners of his eyes. She lowered her head in silence, then suddenly spun around and bolted outside, gripping the railing as she retched again and again.

Cameron jumped, quickly patting her back with a gentle hand and bringing her some water to drink. Rosalie threw up for what felt like forever, until she was bringing up bile. Only after a few sips of water and some fresh air did she finally feel a little better. Micah looked at her, worry etched deep in his eyes. Standing there with the two men at her sides, Rosalie felt her heart thud heavily in her chest, and a ridiculous thought surfaced. How long had it been since her last time? Rosalie covered her lower belly. Who was it last time? Cameron ... or Micah?

Tentatively, she had the system run a scan on her body. A few seconds later, its verdict sent her blood surging, heat rushing straight to her head. "Host, you are currently pregnant." Rosalie's face went white. A wave of nausea crashed over her, and she almost doubled over again. Micah wrapped a worried arm around her shoulders, while Cammo stared at her with wide, shocked eyes. Rosalie glanced between the two of them and said softly, "I think ... I

might be carrying a baby." Cameron's mouth fell slightly open, his lashes fluttering like he'd forgotten how to breathe.

"Really?" he asked in disbelief. Rosalie nodded. Micah seemed to short-circuit for a moment, his beautiful eyes blank with shock-then, they lit up with sheer joy as he gently pulled her into his arms. "Matriarch, why 2/3 75 Chapter 113 Pregnant didn't you say so sooner? I'm so happy!" Cameron promptly stole Rosalie out of Micah's arms, scooping her and spinning her in the air several times. up M Finished with strong forearms Micah grabbed Cameron by the shoulders, frowning. "She's pregnant."

Why are you twirling her around?" Only then did Cameron put her down, unable to hide the delight on his face. He cupped her hands in both of his and said, "Matriarch, I wonder how many little fox kits we'll get this time!" 370 3/3 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 admin

Chapter 114 Elijah Reveals Himself Micah shot Cameron a look. "Pretty sure they'd be snakelets," he corrected. M 75 Finished As soon as he said it, both of them froze. The truth was-they had no idea whose child Rosalie was carrying. Snake and fox turned to look at her together. Rosalie gave a wry little smile. She admitted, "I don't know either." Cameron pouted, then muttered after a beat, "Doesn't matter whose kid it is. It's the Matriarch's. I'd like it all the same." Rosalie hadn't expected the little fox to have grown this much.

She smiled with her eyes and leaned in to press a kiss to his cheek. Micah added, "Same here. Even with a child, you'll still be the most important one in my heart." Rosalie refused to play favorites and gave Micah a big, solid kiss as well. Once the news of Rosalie's pregnancy got out, everyone was over the moon-everyone except Elijah, who hovered just outside the circle of joy. Elijah stood alone off to the side, with no place to chime in. Back when Declan was still around, he'd at least had someone to stand with.

Now that Declan was gone, he was the only one who just didn't fit into this home. Gael and Julien arrived when they heard the commotion. When they learned Rosalie was pregnant, their expressions turned complicated, but they still offered smiles and congratulations. Since they were there, Rosalie took the chance to settle the rice shop's accounts with them and paid back 300 coins first. They'd said she didn't need to repay them, but debts should be paid-only then could you borrow again. Husbands or not, she still had to keep her word.

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With the remaining 50 coins, Rosalie exchanged for a medicine in the system to heal Elijah's tail. She'd wanted to buy that pill for a long time, but one mishap after another had kept her in debt until now. Once she finally held the medicine, she didn't give it to Elijah right away. She waited until deep into the night. 1/3 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 114 Elijah Reveals Himself : 白 Z(75), Finished That night, she asked Elijah to meet her by the river. She opened her hand and showed him the pill resting in her palm. Elijah gave her a questioning look.

"If you take this, the feathers on your tail will grow back," she said. Unexpectedly, there was no joy on his startlingly beautiful face. His expression stayed flat, lips pressed in a hard line. Rosalie frowned slightly and pushed the pill toward him again. Elijah flicked his hand, knocking the pill from her palm. His voice was cold and hard. "I don't want it." Rosalie squatted

down, picked the pill back up, and coaxed, "Your peacock tail matters a lot, doesn't it? It was my fault, plucking your feathers before. "Now I can finally pay you back.

Once your tail grows out again, you'll be able to find a wife who suits you better." Rosalie knew male peacocks attracted females by fanning out their gorgeous tails in a display. She'd always felt guilty about how the original host had ruined Elijah's tail. At least now, she could make it up to him. Rosalie brushed the dirt off the pill and offered it to him again. Elijah stared at her intensely, his striking eyes holding an emotion Rosalie couldn't quite read. He pinched the pill between two fingers and slowly raised it to eye level under her gaze, examining it closely.

Rosalie assumed he didn't trust her, that he was afraid she'd poisoned it, so she reached over, took the pill, and lifted it toward her mouth, ready to bite off a piece to prove it was safe. But before it could reach her lips, Elijah grabbed the back of her head and pressed his mouth to hers. He swallowed the pill himself. Rosalie's eyes flew wide, and in the moonlight, Elijah's eyes glimmered like the most precious glass. His tongue was soft, tracing delicately inside her mouth. Rosalie tried to pull away, but his hand clamped firmly at her waist, refusing to let her go.

Elijah's cold, restrained aura wavered. The hand gripping hers loosened slightly. 2/3 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 114 Elijah Reveals Himself Z) Finished In the moonlight, a bundle of beast-hide slipped to the ground as a vast canopy of feathers unfurled above her, casting her in shadow. Feather after feather sprouted in dense succession, fuller and fuller, until they covered the entire tail. The multicolored plumage was breathtaking. Up close, each feather shimmered with shifting light, dazzling and vivid, like a one-of-a-kind treasure.

Only once all the feathers had finished growing did Rosalie truly see what a stunningly rare peacock Elijah was. His eyes were like gemstones, his beak like a delicate golden goblet, and his plumage looked like carved slabs of priceless emerald. 370 3/3 W 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 admin

Chapter 115 Love Declaration ୧୫ (75) 白 Finished Rosalie stared, utterly spellbound. She'd never seen Elijah's beast form before. She'd always known he was almost too pretty in human form-but she hadn't expected his peacock form to be devastatingly beautiful. Even the milky moonlight seemed captivated, willingly tracing a silver edge along the peacock's silhouette. The peacock glanced at Rosalie, as if something inside it had clicked into place. It let out a low, melodious cry, its body beginning to tremble.

Its iridescent tail slowly fanned open, spreading into a dazzling tapestry before Rosalie's eyes. Faced with the full spread of that glorious tail, Rosalie was struck speechless--and a barely believable thought took shape in her mind. The peacock had opened its fan for her. She lifted her gaze to those crystalline peacock eyes. Neither of them spoke, but everything was already clear. When a peacock fanned its tail, it was courting. Elijah had taken her medicine, and then fanned his tail at her-Elijah was courting her. The realization made Rosalie jolt. That couldn't be right.

Had the medicine come with side effects? The system's firm denial left her with no room for self-deception. She'd guessed correctly-Elijah really did like her. The lips he'd kissed still



burned. Rosalie turned her face away and started to leave. Suddenly, a strong hand clamped around her wrist and yanked her straight into the water. She hit the river with a splash, only to be hauled back up and dragged into a firm embrace, Elijah had already reverted to human form. Rosalie spluttered, water burning her throat, and glared at him with wide, angry eyes.

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"What are you doing?" Elijah had been acting strange for days now-barely talking to her before, cold and distant. 1/3 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 115 Love Declaration And today, he'd done nothing but toy with her, going against her at every turn! He formed a circle with his arms around her, refusing to let her go. 75 Finished Rosalie shoved hard at his chest and snapped, "Let go. I'm not playing these stupid games with you!" Elijah stared at her with a kind of feverish intensity, hands locked in place as if frozen-he simply wouldn't move. Rosalie grew more anxious by the second.

The cold wind made her shiver, frustration boiling over as she slapped Elijah across the face. Smack. The sharp crack rang out, but Elijah's face didn't so much as flinch. His eyes remained dark and unreadable. Rosalie stared at her own hand, then at the clear print on his refined features, and her heart skipped nervously. Was he going to snap and kill her in a fit of humiliation? "Um... I didn't mean it." Elijah's tongue flicked lightly over the corner of his lips. "Feel better now?" he asked. Huh? Rosalie stared at him, completely lost. Had the slap scrambled his brain?

He lifted her hand to his cheek, resting his cool face against her burning palm, those soul-stealing eyes fixed squarely on her. "If you're still mad, you can hit me again." Rosalie's heart pounded, and to her own surprise, a tear slipped free. She choked, "Elijah, don't be like this. You're scaring me." Elijah's behavior was so far from normal that it terrified her. She still remembered—last time by this very river, he'd wanted to kill her. What on earth was going on today? Had he lost his mind? Elijah fell silent for a long moment.

Then, the deliberate curl of his lips eased, and his face slid back into its usual, aloof calm. 2/3 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 DUD Chapter 115 Love Declaration :. 74 Finished His gaze lowered, lashes drooping. He threaded his fingers through hers and held on tight, ten fingers interlocked as he said- "Our peacock clan only fans our tails for the female we choose. And we only do it once in our lives. "So, from now on, you are my one and only wife, Rosalie. "You're not allowed to drive me away.

"You're not allowed to stop wanting me." For no reason she could name, Rosalie caught a faint thread of danger woven through those simple words. She lifted her eyes cautiously, wondering what would happen if she said no. She ran straight into Elijah's icy gaze and wanted to cry. How did this peacock look like someone in love? "Um..." Before she could finish, Elijah let out a soft, indifferent "Hm?" It felt like if her next word was "no," he'd drown her in the river without a second thought. Swallowing her pride, Rosalie nodded. Elijah rewarded her with a light kiss at the corner of her lips.

"What did I just say? Repeat it." 370 admin

Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 116 New Tribe Leader & Co Finmhed Under Elijah's fierce pressure, Rosalie was forced to repeat his words-and in return, she earned one more soothing kiss. Only then did Elijah lift her into his arms. Rosalie's gaze slipped downward and caught sight of something she definitely wasn't supposed to be seeing. She snapped her eyes shut at once. How did this peacock not know what shame was? Shifting forms and not even bothering with clothes afterward! Elijah carried Rosalie back to the room, dried his hair, and lay down beside her.

For the first time in her life, Rosalie thought the bed felt icy cold. It was like a live bomb was lying next to her, ready to go off at any second. She lay perfectly still, stiff as a puppet. Deep into the night, Elijah got up to shut the window, then returned to bed. When she felt a firm forearm slide across her waist, Rosalie's whole body went rigid, about two seconds away from fusing with the wooden plank beneath her. Elijah's large hand instead began to rub gently over her lower belly.

In a low voice, he asked, "Matriarch, the child in here-whose is it?" At the mention of the baby, her tone softened, and her body loosened a little. "Either Micah's or Carmeron's, I guess. I honestly don't know." "Mm." Once she relaxed, Rosalie could really feel the warmth coming from the man behind her. She suddenly asked, "Elijah, once you fan your tail for someone, does that mean you can't fan it for anyone else?" Elijah stayed quiet for a while before saying, "I can fan it for someone else." Ha! Rosalie knew it. It wasn't like anything was physically tying his tail down.

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How could it be impossible to fan it for someone else? So, everything he'd said before had just been Elijah's little trick to fool her! "Unless I die, I won't ever fan it for anyone else. "I'll only show it to you." 1/3 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 116 New Tribe Leader As if he'd read her mind, Elijah dropped that sentence out of nowhere. Only for Rosalie to see. M Rosalie's face flamed. What was with Elijah lately, suddenly knowing exactly what to say? She shut her eyes and muttered, all flustered, "Sleep, sleep, I'm tired." Then, she let out an exaggerated yawn.

74 Finished And, in no time at all, she actually drifted off-maybe it was the pregnancy making her tire out so easily. Elijah gently turned her so she was facing him, then pulled her into his arms, resting his chin on the top of her head. The two of them clung to each other and sank into a deep sleep. The next morning, Rosalie got up at dawn. She went to the tribe and buried her mother's body in the woods beside the settlement. When she returned, every female and even the males who should've been out hunting were lined up in two rows.

Rosalie walked through the middle, feeling all those eyes pinned on her. She stopped when she reached the center of the crowd. "My mother is gone. From this moment on, I am this tribe's leader. "All matters will go through me." The crowd stayed silent for a long beat. Then, Grace was the first to speak, calling softly, "Ms. Bennet." Gradually, more voices followed in a murmur, "Ms. Bennet." Rosalie understood the panic in their hearts. A tribe without a leader was a tribe without direction. A good leader, though, could lead them toward prosperity and away from other clans' attacks.



She lifted a hand and quieted them. "There are things I need to make clear in advance. "If you're unhappy about anything, come straight to me. "But if you try to play dirty behind my back, don't blame my husbands for being ruthless." Elijah swept a frosty glance over the crowd at just the right moment, and a few of the more timid ones immediately shrank back. 2/3 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 116 New Tribe Leader Seeing no one speak up in protest, Rosalie dismissed them. 74 白 Finished Only after most of the people had dispersed did Grace approach her.

She lowered her head and greeted her respectfully, "Ms. Bennet." Christopher clung to his mother's hem, staring at Rosalie but not daring to step closer. Rosalie's furrowed brow eased, and she smiled. "Grace, why so formal? There's no one else around-no need to call me that." Seeing that Rosalie was still the same kind girl she'd always known, Grace finally relaxed. The little wolf cub launched himself at Rosalie in a flying pounce. But he was intercepted midair-Elijah snagged him by the scruff and said coolly, "Your godmother is pregnant.

You can't tackle her like that." Grace's eyes lit up at once. She let out a delighted "Oh my!" and hurried over, gaze fixed on Rosalie's belly. "Congratulations, girl! When did this happen?" 370 1 3/3 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 admin

Chapter 117 Silkworm Rosalie ducked her head, suddenly a little shy. "I only found out a few days ago. "It's probably just been a month." "That's already close, then. Give it four or five more months, and the baby will be here!" (74) Finished Rosalie looked up, mouth dropping open with a startled "Huh?" Wasn't pregnancy supposed to last nine months? Seeing she was clearly a rookie at this, Grace cheerfully explained, "The stronger your husbands are, the shorter the pregnancy. "From what I've seen, yours are pretty capable.

I'd say four months and a bit, tops." Rosalie's face went crimson all the way, and she dropped her gaze again. Strong? Yeah... they were pretty strong. Ahem. Her mind took a wrong turn for a second. Rosalie shook her head hard, chasing away all the indecent images. Grace didn't stand on ceremony at all as she listed off all the things to watch for during pregnancy. Rosalie nodded along to each point, showing she got it. Just then, Christopher came over, clutching a squirming bug like treasure, and offered it to Rosalie. From a distance, the bug had looked familiar.

Rosalie held out her hand, and Christopher carefully dropped it into her palm. One close look and joy shot through her. Wasn't this a silkworm? Once silkworms formed their cocoons, they produced silk. With silk, she could make clothes- and finally stop wearing these thick, stuffy hides. Excitement bubbled in her chest. She hurriedly asked, "Christopher, where did you find this bug?" Christopher pointed outside. "There's a big tree out there, super big, "The leaves are covered in bugs like this!" 1/3 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 117 Silkworm : 74 Finished Christopher ran ahead to lead the way.

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From far off, Rosalie could already see a lush, emerald- green giant of a tree, its trunk massive and completely out of place among the others. The foliage was so high she couldn't see clearly from the ground, so Elijah simply scooped her up, pushed off with his toes, and deposited her neatly on a sturdy branch. Rosalie focused her eyes and almost yelped. Weren't

those mulberry leaves? Some of the leaves were as big as a human head, full of ragged holes from being chewed. Plump silkworms lay sprawled on them, happily resting.

A quick sweep of her gaze told her there had to be hundreds on this one tree alone. Elijah sat behind Rosalie on the branch, guarding her. Rosalie turned, eyes shining, unable to hide her delight. "Elijah, these bugs are valuable." Elijah glanced at the worms and said seriously, "Matriarch, these can't be eaten." Rosalie smacked his arm, laughing. "Put me down, quickly." Elijah gathered her into his arms and dropped down from the tree. Rosalie turned to Grace and called, "Grace! These bugs are a good thing.

From now on, our tribe is going to raise them specially!" Once Rosalie announced the bug-raising plan to the tribe, many people looked baffled. But when they heard that raising them could earn coin or be traded for rice-much easier work than farming paddies-no one complained. With nothing to object to, they accepted the idea quite happily. Following the huge mulberry tree deeper into the woods, Rosalie discovered several more mulberry trees lined up neatly behind it.

Each mulberry was enormous, three times the size of an ordinary one, With silkworms and mulberry trees secured, all she needed now were a few houses built nearby, especially for raising them. When the worms started cocooning, they couldn't just be left on the branches. They'd need rooms to gather them into, That way, harvesting the silk would be much easier. With the sun sinking low, Rosalie picked out a handful of especially strong beastmen and paid them a few wild boars as their fee to help build the sheds.

2/3 11:30 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 117 Silkworm After agreeing on the plan with them, she and Elijah headed home. The moment she pushed open the door, the fence beside it finally gave up and toppled sideways. 74 Finished She had no idea when this house had even been built. During the chillwave, it had either leaked wind here or let snow in there. They'd patched and fixed and propped it up until now. Once the silkworm houses were done, they'd definitely need to build a new house. She had a lot of people in her household, and they weren't going anywhere. Their home needed to be built right.

Besides, this place had always been a temporary shelter. It was time to put up a home that truly belonged to them. That night, Cameron snuck into her room-such a big fox, yet acting like a kid-pressing his ears to Rosalie's belly, long lashes fluttering as his big eyes sparkled. "Matriarch, what color do you think our baby will be?" 370 3/3 74 Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market admin

Chapter 118 Building a New House "White? "Or gray? "I hope it's white!" M Rosalie laughed. "Silly, you're a snow fox. Of course, the pup will take after you. "And the baby might not even be yours. It might pop out with a snake's guts instead." Finished Cameron snorted, palm stroking her belly like it was the most precious thing in the world. "I just know it's mine." Early the next morning, Rosalie carried a bowl of medicine into the room. Leon still lay there on the bed, eyes closed. Rosalie took a sip, then leaned down to pass the medicine into Leon's mouth.

Ever since the day she dragged him back from death, his heartbeat had returned. Thanks to a beastman's terrifying ability to heal, the deep, bone-baring wounds across his body had

already closed, leaving only faint scars. Rosalie fed him medicine twice a day and had the system check his body regularly, but nothing changed. Lying there, he really did look like some cursed sleeping prince. After she finished, Rosalie wiped the medicine from the corner of his lips and used a damp piece of hide to clean his face. When she was done, she sat by the bed, holding Leon's hand and muttering away.

"Reva and Ziven are both dead. I didn't get hurt. You can relax. "I even fixed Elijah's tail. He can fan it again now. The other night, he fanned it at me and randomly announced he wanted to be my husband. I have no idea what wind got into his head." Rosalie told Leon everything that had happened while he'd been unconscious. She'd heard that talking to comatose patients might stimulate their nerves. Leon lay there in silence. Rosalie went on gently, "There's more good news. I found silkworms.

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Once they start spinning, I can make you new clothes, so hurry up and wake, okay?" 1/3 11:31 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 118 Building a New House : 74 Finished Still, no movement. Rosalie guided his hand to rest over her belly and finally said, "Leon, I'm pregnant. "It's been a month. Feel for yourself." Suddenly, she felt the hand on her stomach twitch. Rosalie stared down in a daze as a clear tear slid from the corner of Leon's eye and disappeared into the hair by his ear. Realizing Leon could hear her, Rosalie lit up and rambled at him even more, full of joy.

But aside from that one reaction, he stayed lying there, motionless. Disappointed, Rosalie lowered her gaze, picked up the bowl, and left the room. A line of tall, imposing beastmen stood in front of Rosalie, each gripping a sharp axe. Building silkworm houses wasn't much different from building regular houses. They just needed a dry area. Rosalie led a small team of beastmen through the forest. Cameron stalked between her and the others, fox eyes narrowed in constant vigilance.

Ever since Rosalie had taken in two more husbands, he'd been on edge, convinced some random vixen would jump out of nowhere to seduce their Matriarch. Rosalie could only look helpless, but she let him fuss. Soon enough, they found a clearing behind a towering mulberry. The huge trees were spaced far apart, their dense leaves forming a broad swath of natural shade. A house would fit perfectly between each cluster of mulberries. Rosalie nodded in approval, and the beastmen scattered to their tasks. They were all seasoned lumber-and-building hands in the tribe, with a clear division of labor.

They could pull up a small hut in about two days. While they worked, Rosalie went back home, gathered all her husbands, and made a big announcement. "We're building a new house!" After the cold wave came autumn, and winter wasn't far behind. No one knew if this year's 2/3 11:31 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 118 Building a New House winter would be even harsher. M 74 Finished To guard against another brutal cold snap, Rosalie decided they needed a new home before winter hit. All the husbands agreed. Some of their rooms were too small and dark; others were too far from Rosalie's.

They'd been grumbling about it for a while. Rosalie arranged a rotation: today, Gael and Cameron would chop wood and build; tomorrow, it would be Elijah and Julien's turn. Micah, on the other hand, would stay by Rosalie's side and be responsible for her safety. 370 admin

Chapter 119 Needed Money M Cameron wrapped himself around Rosalie, draping his weight over her to show his dissatisfaction. "Matriarch, why does Micah get to skip building a house?" Finished Micah shot Cameron a sidelong look, picked him up with one hand, set him aside, and took his place behind Rosalie. Rosalie ruffled the fox's head. "Micah's health still isn't stable. I need to keep an eye on him." Cameron curled his lip, muttered an "Oh," and dropped the subject. Once the schedule was set, everyone dispersed. Gael and Julien lingered and came over to Rosalie.

Gael bumped his head against her shoulder like a cat. "Matriarch, why didn't you put Julien and me on the same day?" Julien stood silently beside him, tacitly agreeing. "You two are going to be living here for a while. It's not easy to blend into a new household. "This way, you each get time to get to know everyone." Gael's eyes went wide and watery like a kitten's. Rosalie's heart went soft-it was like looking at poor Sixto again. She could only compromise. "All right. Get used to it for a while first.

If it really doesn't work, we'll adjust later." Gael leaned in and planted a sweet-smelling kiss on her cheek. "Thank you, Matriarch!" Watching Gael's retreating back, Rosalie asked in her mind, "System, is there any way to reattach Gael's tail properly?" "His tail was severed. It cannot regrow." Rosalie hesitated, then asked, "If I can find him a tail, can you attach it for him?" "Yes. Purchase Bone-Fusion Elixir. Only 50 coins." More money. Of course. Rosalie wanted to cry, but had no tears left.

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She still owed Gael and Julien 300 coins and had to 1/3 Chapter 119 Needed Money M 74 Finished pay the builders daily. Everywhere she turned, something needed money. She sighed. She really had to make more money, fast. With construction in full swing, Rosalie spent every morning at the rice shop, only to be forcibly dragged home by Micah at midday for a nap. Ever since they'd learned she was pregnant, all her husbands had been guarding her fiercely- especially Micah, who wouldn't let her touch anything remotely dangerous.

If Rosalie so much as picked up a knife to chop vegetables, Micah would whisk it out of her hand with a pleasant smile and gently shove her out of the kitchen. At noon, he practically stood guard over her nap. If any husband dared get too close, hoping to cuddle, Micah would throw him straight out of the room. After being tossed out for the umpteenth time, Cameron stood at the door, hands on his hips, yelling in outrage. "Matriarch, how does Micah look even remotely sick to you? "He's totally faking being weak!" Bang! The door flew open.

Micah stood there, face frosty, and tossed a pile of wild fruit into Cameron's arms. "The Matriarch is pregnant," Micah said icily. "Stop bringing her these unwashed, dubious things." "You-!" Cameron stared down at the fruit he'd painstakingly picked, then glared up at Micah, grinding out, "The baby in her belly is my child too. Don't get cocky so soon!" Bang! The door slammed shut right in his face. Cameron hopped madly in the courtyard, fuming, while Micah stayed inside with their Matriarch, all gentle affection. That morning, Rosalie stayed at the rice shop longer than usual.

There was no making it home for her nap, so she headed up to the second floor of House of Delicacies instead to grab some sleep. Ever since she'd taken up with Gael, the hall had

become one of Rosalie's regular haunts. 2/3 11:31 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 119 Needed Money ๗๗ 74 Finished The second-floor room was layered with thick animal pelts. At midday, when sunlight poured through the windows, it turned into the warmest, coziest spot for a nap. Today, Gael was home, chopping wood. Only Julien was in the hall.

Micah couldn't very well throw the owner out of his own place, so Julien was allowed to stay in the room. She'd gotten used to napping lately, and once noon rolled around, Rosalie's eyelids started fighting to stay open. Julien lay beside her and said softly, "Matriarch, if you're sleepy, just sleep." Through the haze of drowsiness, Rosalie glimpsed Micah standing off to the side. Her brain didn't connect, and the words slipped right out. "Micah, come nap with us, too." He always lay down with her at noon anyway. To Rosalie, nothing about that invitation felt the least bit strange.

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Chapter 120 Wrecked M B 74 Finished If she had not ignored Julien lying beside her, she would have known that no beastman wanted to share his Matriarch with anyone, especially not Micah. Micah crouched down, gently patted Rosalie's back, and murmured in a soothing voice, "Matriarch, go to sleep. I am here." Rosalie finally allowed her eyes to close. Once she was asleep, Micah lifted his eyes to Julien and said coldly, "Leave." Julien lifted a brow, his tone provocative. "And if I don't?" There was no smile on Micah's face at all. He had no patience for this newly accepted beastman.

"If you refuse to leave, I don't mind throwing you out. "If you want to wake the Matriarch, feel free." Micah's pupils flashed gold, narrowing into dangerous slits. His fangs pressed against his lips in a wordless warning. Julien met his stare without backing down, unleashing the full pressure of a king of the forest. The pressure from the two made Rosalie frown uneasily. Only then did they both restrain themselves at the same time. "Boss! Something's wrong!" Just as Rosalie was about to fall asleep again, a hurried shout came from outside the door. The door was flung open.

Micah immediately stepped in front of Rosalie, frowning toward the entrance. Julien sprang to his feet and slammed the door shut with a heavy bang. The sound shook the room. Rosalie woke, pushed Micah's hand aside, and called toward the hallway, "What happened?" The beastman outside worked at the rice shop. If it were not serious, he would never come to the House of Delicacies to look for her. Intimidated by the fierce aura pouring from the two beastmen inside, he froze for a moment, 1/3 11:31 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 120 Wrecked then stuttered, "The rice shop, it was wrecked!" What?

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Rosalie stood up at once, and she felt her chest tightening. M 74 ๗๗๗ Finished Fully awake now, she forgot about resting and hurried to the rice shop with the two beastmen. When they arrived, a crowd of beastmen surrounded the entrance. She pushed her way through them. At the doorway, she saw the front door torn off and tossed aside. Inside, it was total chaos. The neatly stacked rice had been scattered everywhere, the floor buried under blinding white grains, and the wicker baskets used to store rice were smashed to bits. The sight was unbearable. Rosalie stared at the rice on the ground.

Food was life, and this was pure destruction. She called over the beastman who worked there and asked if he had seen who did it. He thought for a while, then said, "A group of beastmen suddenly rushed in and chased everyone out." "I got shoved outside too. All I could do was watch them hack and smash everything." "Do you recognize them?" He nodded, then shook his head, his brows creasing in frustration. "They looked kind of familiar, like I'd seen them before."

But when you really look, something felt off." Seeing that he truly had no answer, Rosalie wrote a notice on a wooden board and hung it on the door. "Closed for three days!" She told the crowd to disperse, gave several beastmen time off, and closed the shop. Inside, she searched for clues, but there was nothing except the vast spread of white rice. Was it a rival? The idea surfaced, then she dismissed it. She was currently the only one selling rice, with no competition at all. 2/3 11:31 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 120 Wrecked Or an enemy? 74 Finished But Reva and Ziven were already dead.

No matter how she thought about it, Rosalie could not come up with anyone who still wanted revenge. She stepped into the backyard. The rice stored there had also been churned into chaos. Her gaze caught on a tuft of white fur stuck in a corner. She picked it up. The fine hairs gave no clue as to what animal they came from. Rosalie showed the fur to Julien and Micah. Micah was a snake and could not identify it. Julien sniffed it, and his expression changed instantly. Rosalie straightened, fully alert. Julien's face darkened.

"Tiger fur." Julien took the tuft, already nearly certain of its owner. 370 - 3/3 11:31 Fri, Jan 2 admin