

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

Chapter 121 Apple .74) J Finished Last time, she had let Harris get away. It seemed he still hadn't given up. Julien stormed out clutching the tuft of fur, so furious he didn't even hear Rosalie calling after him. Inside the shop, Rosalie needed to deal with the rice scattered all over the floor. The past few days of sales had cleared them out, and if they wanted to reopen, it would take at least another three days. From Julien's reaction, he clearly knew what was going on. She would've to question him tonight.

Just as Rosalie was about to get started, Micah guided her to sit aside and refused to let her lift a finger. She suddenly smiled and beckoned Micah over while he was sweeping. He came with a broom in his left hand and a basket in his right, stopping in front of her and half kneeling. Looking at the tall beastman lowering his head before her, Rosalie reached out and brushed his soft bangs, then lifted his chin with a finger as she teased, "Micah, why are you treating me like I'm made of glass? "Is it because you're worried about the baby in my belly?" Micah's clear eyes flickered.

He shook his head hard and blurted out anxiously, "No, Matriarch!" "I'm worried about you. I'm afraid you'll get tired." Rosalie laughed softly, slipped an arm around his neck, kissed his lips, then patted his pale cheek as a reward. She barely used any force, yet Micah's face still flushed pink. "Go on." His Adam's apple moved. He let out a low, rough breath, turned around, and returned to sweeping the rice, slow and careful. Rosalie watched his back with a smile. Ridiculously cute. If it were Cameron, he would've pounced already. After some time, sleepiness crept over her.

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She had skipped her midday nap and overworked her mind. 1/3 11:31 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 121 Apple 白 74 Finished Micah noticed at once, shifted into his beast form, and wrapped a pelt around himself, afraid his cold scales would chill her. Rosalie sprawled over the serpent's body, closed her eyes, and fell asleep comfortably. The moment they arrived home, she felt herself being lifted, opened her eyes halfway, and saw Micah's face above her. He kissed her forehead and murmured softly, "Matriarch, we're home.

Sleep a bit longer." Only then did Rosalie close her eyes again and sink back into deep sleep. When she woke again, dusk was already near. Through the cracked window, a pair of eyes had been staring in without blinking. When Rosalie stirred, Cameron gently pushed the door open and slipped inside. "It's a little hot. Open the window." Cameron obediently went to do so, but worried she might catch a chill, he only opened it halfway. He crept over to the bed. His pocket was bulging with something. Rosalie smiled. "What's in your pocket? "Take it out.

Let me see." Cameron hesitated, then pulled out a big red apple. Rosalie's eyes lit up. Since the end of the world in her previous life, how long had it been since she last saw an apple? Even in the beast world, apples had never appeared. Where did Cameron find it? He shot a cautious glance behind him. There was no sign of Micah. Only then did he continue, "Matriarch, this isn't some dirty wild fruit. "I searched for a long time to find it. It grows on a tree. This one's the biggest. I brought it back." Rosalie took the apple. It had been washed clean.

She bit into it, and crisp, sweet juice burst across her tongue. She squinted happily and took several more bites in quick succession. Seeing her enjoy it, Cameron's eyes curved into a grin. After swallowing, Rosalie lifted the apple to Cameron's lips. 2/3 11:31 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 121 Apple "You eat too." Finished Cameron took a bite. The taste was unlike anything he had known, so sweet his eyes smiled. After just one bite, he refused to eat any more and only urged Rosalie to finish it.

When she had eaten the entire apple, Cameron took the core and whispered secretly, "Matriarch, don't let Micah know." Rosalie sat up and pressed her apple-scented lips to his. The fragrance of the apple flowed between them, and Cameron froze for a moment before leaning in, growing eager as he stole every trace of sweetness from her mouth. When they finally pulled apart, that crisp, sugary scent still lingered on them both. 370 3/3 11:31 Fri, Jan 2 admin

Chapter 122 They Knew Something Finished Cameron's nose was stuffed up, his voice thick and nasal. Flustered and red-faced, he rushed out. "Matriarch, dinner's almost done. I'll go take a look!" That night at the table, Julien and Gael were both absent. Cameron ate while complaining under his breath. "Gael ditched halfway through the job. No idea where he ran off to." Rosalie ate a little, then went to Leon's room to talk for a while. On her way back, she glanced at Julien and Gael's room. It was completely dark. Clearly, they still had not returned. Rosalie pondered it carefully.

Those two definitely knew something. The next day, Rosalie took some tiger fur to the rice shop and asked the beastman who owned it, "Do you know anyone else around here whose beast form is a tiger?" "The owner of House of Delicacies, Harris!" The beastman blurted it out. Rosalie frowned. "Aren't Julien and Gael the owners of House of Delicacies now?" He nodded and continued, "They are now, but before them, Harris was the owner. I remember it clearly. "But later, for some reason, he suddenly disappeared one day, and the ownership changed." "Have you seen Harris in person?" Rosalie asked.

"I have. Once, someone went to House of Delicacies to cause trouble. Harris got angry, into a white tiger, and threw the guy straight out. "A crowd gathered, so most people know Harris is a white tiger." turned Rosalie smiled at the beastman, warned him not to spread what she had asked, and then left. On her way home, she passed the rice shop. Behind the closed door, a few suspicious shadows flickered. Micah stepped in front of Rosalie to shield her, moved closer, and found nothing. Micah checked every corner inside and out. When no danger was found, Rosalie stepped inside.

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1/3 11:32 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 122 They Knew Something 74) Finished The rice on the floor had already been swept away. Rosalie crouched down to examine it closely and, sure enough, found another tuft of white fur. Rolling the stiff strands between her fingers, Rosalie thought that whoever trashed the rice shop was most likely Harris. Julien and Gael were the current owners of House of Delicacies. Harris was the former one. Rosalie could not help but connect the two. With no further clues, Micah escorted Rosalie home under his protection.

In the distance, a pair of vicious tiger eyes locked onto Rosalie's back. Golden pupils burned with a poisonous light, and a deep scar carved across that face. It looked like a ravine torn through his features, savage and demonic, as if clawed up from hell. His lips moved. His gaze was cold and cruel. A hoarse voice whispered, "I'll destroy everything you cherish." Rosalie felt a chill stab up her spine, like a blade driven between her shoulder blades. She turned, but saw nothing. Micah wrapped an arm around her shoulders, steadying her and filling her with a strong sense of safety.

With the rice shop closed, Rosalie went to check on the silkworm houses. The beastmen worked quickly, and in just two days, they had already built one and a half houses. At this speed, they would finish in less than half a month. After the silkworm house, Rosalie went to check on Elijah's progress. With Julien and Gael gone and no idea where they had disappeared to, all the work had fallen on Elijah and Cameron. When she arrived, Elijah set down his axe and walked over to her, gaze lowered. "Matriarch, what brings you here?" Cameron was carrying a thick log.

He was shirtless, sweat glistening across his chest and sliding over his abs, dangerously eye-catching. He slammed the log onto the ground with a heavy thud, wiped his forehead, and looked at her with sparkling eyes. 2/3 11:32 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 122 They Knew Something "Matriarch!" 74 白 Finished He leaned in to rub against her, but Micah's palm landed squarely on his forehead, holding him back. "You're dirty. Don't crowd the Matriarch," he said calmly. Rosalie took out a waterskin made of beast hide and handed it to Elijah, then passed a clean piece of hide to Cameron.

Looking at the two of them, their upper bodies clearly tanned from the past days of work, she spoke softly, a hint of ache in her heart. "Finish up and head home early." Elijah took a drink. His Adam's apple moved as he swallowed. He kept his eyes lowered, the look in them deep and unreadable. Water spilled out, tracing a line down his strong, working throat. 370 3/3 11:32 Fri, Jan 2 : admin

Chapter 123 She's Blushing Jo Finished Lean arms were wrapped in a light sheath of muscle, shining under the sunlight. Rosalie flushed hard, her heart racing. She didn't even understand why just a few simple movements had her blushing uncontrollably. She tilted her head slightly. Micah pressed a cool hand to her forehead, his voice lowered a notch. "Matriarch, your face is scorching. You feel really warm. Are you getting a fever?" Rosalie leaned into the chill of his palm, forcing herself to calm down. She fought her frantic heartbeat and swallowed. "I'm fine.

It's probably just the sun." The moment he heard that, Cameron stiffened and immediately started waving people away. "Micah, hurry and take the Matriarch home. It's too hot here, and the dust is awful. "The Matriarch is pregnant. Move it-get her back!" Rosalie couldn't

exactly confess that she was flustered because she'd been dazzled by a handsome body. She gave a vague hum, turned around, and left with Micah. Elijah's gaze darkened. He watched Rosalie walk away, the corner of his lips lifting into a teasing smile. That night, Gael and Julien still hadn't come back.

First Declan disappeared, and now Julien and Gael were gone as well. With so many people vanishing at once, the house felt empty to Rosalie. She ate very little at dinner and went straight to bed. Her worries gnawed at her, and she didn't let Micah into the room. For once, she slept by herself. Harris still hadn't shown himself, and the rice shop continued to be targeted. Rosalie had no idea what grudge Harris held against Julien and Gael. But anyone who interfered with her profits needed to be handled. She tossed and turned endlessly in bed.

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1/3 11:32 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 123 She's Blushing : A 74 Finished Under the blanket, she felt hot. Without it, she was still hot. Heat gathered and burned in her chest, leaving her whole body sore and weak. It felt strange. She figured it was probably related to her pregnancy. Just then, someone pushed the door open. By the moonlight, she recognized the figure and called softly, "Elijah?" Elijah was bare-chested, revealing a lean waist and defined abs. A loose pelt hung at his hips; his long, taut legs appeared and disappeared with each step as he approached. Rosalie swallowed.

Her heart nearly burst from her chest. Her voice trembled and refused to steady. "Elijah, what are you doing?" He placed one knee on the bed, then the other, until his entire body hovered over her. He locked eyes with Rosalie and suddenly said, "Matriarch, you really enjoyed the view earlier. "Your eyes never left me. "So I came to..." He paused, took her hand, and pressed it against his abs, guiding it slowly. "Give you a private experience." Rosalie was blushing all the way to her ears. She'd never realized Elijah's voice, lowered like this, could be so seductive.

It felt like a feather brushing against her heart, making her chest itch, her hands itch, even her lips itch. The skin beneath her palm was firm and hot, rising and falling with his breaths. She tried to turn her face away, unwilling to meet his dangerous eyes, but his large hand cupped her jaw, unyielding. There was a sharp, unquestionable edge to his movement. His hungry gaze locked onto hers. He leaned down to her ear and murmured, "Matriarch, I'm here to please you. "So don't hide." 2/3 Chapter 123 She's Blushing 74 Finished The moonlight blurred, and they sank into the heat together.

When Elijah went out to get water, Rosalie felt soaked, as though she'd been immersed in a bath. He wrung out the pelt and wiped the sweat from her forehead and collarbone. The cool touch made her shiver. By the time he stood up to close the window, Rosalie had already fallen asleep, her head tilted to the side. Elijah slid beneath the blanket, drew the soft Rosalie into his arms, kissed the corner of her and drifted off to sleep. The next morning, Rosalie woke up late. The moment she opened the door, she saw several people seated in the courtyard. eye, Her heart leapt with joy.

She hurried over. "Monica? When did you arrive? Why didn't you wake me?" Monica sat on a stool with a radiant smile. Her cheeks were rosy, nothing like the near-death pallor she'd had before. 370 (1) 1 3/3 admin

Chapter 124 Intel 74 Finished "I only just arrived. You were sleeping so deeply that I didn't want to wake you." Rosalie walked over to Monica, nodded at the woman beside her, and greeted her. "Mrs. Sherman, you're here as well." Yuna held a swaddled newborn, an impossibly small black panther cub, sleeping soundly, its breathing light and steady. She passed the baby to the beastman next to her, then clasped Rosalie's hand, her voice sincere. "Rosalie, Monica is truly fortunate to have a friend like you." "If it weren't for you, Monica might have-" Her voice caught with emotion.

Even as the city's matriarch, Yuna's eyes reddened and shimmered. "Mom, why bring that up? I'm fine now, aren't I?" Monica stood and moved to Rosalie's side. She placed a hand on Rosalie's stomach, smiling brightly. "I heard you're pregnant too?" Micah set a plate of candied fruit on the table. Rosalie picked one up and slipped it into Monica's palm, and the two of them sat down together. Rosalie nodded. "Mm. About a month along." "Do you know who the father is?" Rosalie shook her head, then dropped her gaze, her hand resting over her belly as she smiled.

"Whoever it is, I'm content." Monica's eyes slid to the side and landed on the faint red marks along Rosalie's pale neck. She teased softly, "Rosalie, you're pregnant now; be gentle for the baby's sake." Following Monica's gaze, Rosalie's face heated instantly. Elijah, seriously? Leaving marks there of all places. They chatted for a while longer before Rosalie suddenly turned to Yuna. "Mrs. Sherman, do you know Harris, the owner of House of Delicacies?" Yuna paused to think, then nodded. "I do.

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What's going on?" 1/3 11:32 Fri, Jan 2 74 Chapter 124 Intel Finished 由 Rosalie explained about the rice shop being wrecked. Yuna frowned deeply and answered carefully. "The first owners of House of Delicacies weren't Harris. It originally belonged to another pair." "The female owner passed away, and her beastman chose to die with her. After that, Harris appeared and took control." "As for anything beyond that, I'm not very sure." She hesitated, then added, as if recalling something, "Oh, right. I've met Harris a few times. He looks... different.

You can tell immediately he isn't from around here. High nose bridge, and his eyes are very striking in color." "Thank you. That helps." Rosalie thanked her and quietly stored the information away. Afterward, she invited them to stay for lunch. It was a rare occasion. Rosalie cooked herself. Simple, light dishes, along with a potato and pork stew. It was Yuna's first time tasting Rosalie's food, and she hadn't expected it to be so good. After the meal, she pulled Rosalie aside and asked cautiously, "Rosalie, if your beastmen ever mistreat you, tell me.

I can step in." Seeing how careful Yuna was being, Rosalie couldn't help laughing. She understood the misunderstanding. Normally, females never cooked, especially not food this good. Yuna had reason to worry that Rosalie might be being mistreated by her beastmen. If

that were the case, as someone whose daughter's life Rosalie had saved, she would intervene without hesitation. Rosalie shook her head. "My beastmen treat me very well.

I just like cooking something tasty for myself sometimes." "And since I'm pregnant, they practically forbid me from stepping into the kitchen." As she spoke, Micah entered from the backyard, scanned Rosalie from head to toe, saw her safely seated with Mrs. Sherman, and finally relaxed before turning away, Watching how attentively Micah hovered over Rosalie, Yuna visibly relaxed as well. Rosalie suddenly remembered something and reached out to grab Yuna's wrist. "Mrs.

Sherman, I'd like to ask you a favor." 2/3 11:32 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 124 Intel "What is it?" :: 74 Finished Rosalie lowered her eyes. "One of my beastmen vanished one night and hasn't returned since. Could you help keep an eye out and see if there's any news of him? I'm worried something might happen to him out there alone." 370 目1 3/3 11:32 Fri, Jan 2 admin

Chapter 125 Bloody M 174 Finished Hearing that it was only about locating someone, Yuna relaxed and asked, "That's no trouble at all. What's your beastman's beast form? I can ask around the tribe he came from." Rosalie caught her breath. The words jammed in her throat. Yuna looked at her in confusion. After a long pause, Rosalie finally forced the words out. "I-I don't know his beast form." Yuna was genuinely shocked. It was extremely rare for a female not to know her own beastman's beast form, almost unheard of. Shame washed over Rosalie.

When she tried to think back, she realized she had never once seen Declan transform. Yuna patted Rosalie's hand gently. "That's alright. Just tell me what he looks like, and I'll have people search nearby." Rosalie described Declan's appearance. Yuna listened closely and promised that once she returned, she would send people to scour the area. Rosalie thanked her earnestly. Micah walked back into the yard, carrying two bowls of water, one for Yuna and one for Rosalie. Seeing Micah come in again and again, Yuna watched Rosalie with a knowing smile. Rosalie's face warmed.

She drank the water in one gulp, feeling a little self-conscious. Micah pulled out a piece of beast hide and gently wiped the water from Rosalie's chin. After noon, Monica and Yuna also took their leave. Once they were gone, Rosalie sat on the bed and sorted through everything she knew about Harris. Still, it felt like one crucial piece was missing. The situation still felt fragmented, impossible to piece into a clear thread. For now, everything hinged on Gael and Julien. The two of them still hadn't come back. Rosalie grew more convinced by the minute that they knew something important.

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As dusk approached, the front door creaked open, and a thick stench of blood poured in. Micah stepped in front of Rosalie to shield her. Elijah and Cameron took positions at the 'doorway, ready to strike. A blood-soaked figure staggered forward, holding someone tightly in his arms. 1/3 11:32 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 125 Bloody 74 Finished Rosalie's pupils shrank sharply. She pushed past Micah and shouted, "It's Julien and Gael!" Gael was drenched in blood from head to toe. His green eyes were dull, only flickering faintly when he saw Rosalie.

He dropped to his knees with a heavy thud, gripping Julien's body as if he would never let go. Up close, Julien was completely unconscious, his breathing barely detectable. Blood had crusted Gael's lashes together. He forced them open once, then collapsed, slamming into the floor. Micah kept Rosalie behind him, careful not to let her get stained. Elijah and Cameron each lifted one of the brothers and carried them inside. Rosalie followed, examined them, and finally let out a breath she'd been holding. They were utterly exhausted.

Aside from a few shallow wounds, most of the blood on them belonged to someone else. Julien, however, was badly hurt, a deep cut carved across his back. Rosalie cleaned blood and pressed medicinal herbs over the wound. The metallic smell filled the room, making her gag. Worried, Micah guided her outside. The fresh air cooled her lungs, and the nausea in her chest slowly eased. She took a sip of water and called out to Cameron. "Cameron, take off their clothes. Anything soaked in blood, throw it away." The beast fur on their clothes had hardened into stiff clumps.

Cameron grimaced as he pinched them up and dumped the whole bundle down the back slope. Rosalie brewed two bowls of bitter medicine and had Elijah hold their noses while he poured it in. Even unconscious, Gael grimaced at the taste. Elijah showed no mercy, finishing one bowl before moving on to the other. As for washing the blood from their bodies, that wasn't Rosalie's task. Once they woke up, she had plenty of questions waiting. Perhaps because of worry, Rosalie slept restlessly that night. When her leg twitched, Elijah pulled her close and gently rubbed her back.

When the tension finally smoothed from her brow, he allowed himself to fall asleep again. 2/3 11:32 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 125 Bloody At first light, Rosalie rubbed her drowsy eyes and opened the door, only to find the two brothers kneeling upright at the threshold. 370 Finished: 3/3 admin

Chapter 126 The Truth ZA Finished Elijah stood there shirtless, towering over the two brothers with cold eyes. His voice was sharp. "You show up at sunrise just to be a nuisance." Julien raised his gaze slightly, avoiding Elijah entirely, and spoke to Rosalie with genuine remorse. "Matriarch, I was at fault." Gael quickly followed, "Matriarch, we made a mistake." Elijah snorted, his sharp brows and piercing eyes locking onto them like blades. He said coldly, "Matriarch, these two disappeared for days without giving a single reason. "I say we end it.

Let them go." Gael's head shot up, eyes blazing with defiance, then he turned to Rosalie with a pleading look. "Matriarch, I can explain." Rosalie tugged lightly at Elijah's hand, her eyes sparkling mischievously, almost coaxing. Elijah exhaled, his voice low and rough. "Put on a shirt. Why are you heating up the room so early?" Then he walked away. "Get dressed. Then come to my room." Rosalie's tone was sharp and cold as she gave the command and stepped inside. Gael and Julien exchanged a glance, quickly got dressed, and returned to stand beside her bed.

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One stood to her left, the other to her right, heads bowed low. They knew they had seriously messed up. Rosalie's anger was palpable. "Speak. What do you know about Harris?" Hearing

the name, Gael jerked his head up, blurting without thinking, "Matriarch, how do you know Harris?" Rosalie smiled coldly as her voice rose with authority. "You thought keeping me in the dark would stop me from finding out?" "We wanted to protect you from worrying," Gael stammered. Rosalie slammed the bed with a sharp crack, furious. "You're my beastmen!"

When something 11:34 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 126 The Truth happens, you don't tell me and take matters into your own hands! (74) Finished "And then? Did you solve anything? You came back drenched in blood. Do you even recognize me as your Matriarch anymore?" She had seen them return covered in blood, and now their hesitation proved nothing had been fixed. Gael lowered his head, guilty, and stayed silent. Rosalie's voice turned cold. "You can remain silent. I won't force it. "Regardless, what we have is just an agreement.

After breakfast, we'll finalize the release." Seeing Rosalie's calm, unyielding expression, Gael panicked and glanced at her. She was serious. He could only look to Julien. Slowly, Julien lifted his head and met Rosalie's eyes. "I'll speak. "The ones who caused havoc at the rice shop were Harris' doing. "Harris is my second uncle." Rosalie's eyes widened slightly, surprised by the connection. Julien continued, "Long ago, our parents moved here from the Westland. They opened the House of Delicacies and several other shops, selling Westland goods that quickly became popular.

"They made a fortune. Later, my mother returned to the Westland and discovered she was pregnant. "Gael and I were still young. She stayed there until we grew up before planning to come back here. "But Harris found out about their wealth and secretly followed her back. "Soon after, my mother died unexpectedly, and my father passed away not long after. Being my father's only relative, Harris naturally claimed the estate and all the shops under my mother's name." At that point, Gael's eyes darkened as he took over the story. "We always suspected our mother's death was suspicious.

Only recently did we manage to uncover the truth about Harris. "We thought punishing him back then was enough, but it seems he still targeted you, Matriarch. 2/3 11:35 Fri, Jan 2 admin

Chapter 127 Making Amends "So all this time you've been dealing with Harris?" Rosalie asked. 白 Finished Julien nodded grimly. "We didn't expect Harris to bring the entire Westland tribe with him. The other day we only managed to take care of a few of his subordinates. As for Harris himself, we still haven't located him." As soon as he finished, Gael ignored Rosalie's anger, dropped to his knees at her side, rested his head on her lap, and pleaded, "Matriarch, we were terrified Harris would target you. We feared for your safety, so we tried to handle it on our own.

"Please don't send us away." Julien glanced at his brother's dramatic gesture. His calm eyes stayed fixed on Rosalie, clearly trying to show he wasn't lying. Rosalie hadn't expected such a tragic story behind all of this. She recalled the beastman at the rice shop saying that when the female died, the male followed in grief. That clearly referred to Julien and Gael's parents. Even knowing their reasons and how sad the story was, Rosalie wasn't ready to forgive them so easily. She gently pushed Gael's head back and softened her tone. "I understand. "But I'm not ready to forgive you yet.

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"When you learn to tell me before acting, then we can talk about forgiveness." At that moment, Micah opened the door, his gaze scanning the two tall brothers before resting on Rosalie. "Matriarch, food is ready." Rosalie stood and walked out, the brothers watching closely. "Bro, what do we do now?" Gael looked to Julien for guidance. Julien's eyes darkened. "We follow exactly what she said." Naturally, the two of them were left to make their own breakfast. Julien prepared oatmeal in the kitchen. Gael went to Rosalie's room and knocked.

1/3 11:35 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 127 Making Amends ZOG) 74 白 Finished "Matriarch, Julien and I are making oatmeal." "Understood." After hearing her reply, Gael finally turned and left. Once Rosalie finished her bowl, Julien appeared behind her with an axe slung over his shoulder, his large silhouette startling her. Rosalie steadied her racing heart and looked up at him. "Matriarch, we haven't worked on the house for a few days. Today, Gael and I are returning to the construction." "Understood," she replied coolly.

"I'll come with you." Wild herbs grew abundantly near the site, and Rosalie hoped to gather some to brew something for Leon. He was conscious on some level, but refused to wake. This couldn't continue-she had to find a solution. Julien nodded calmly, and Rosalie stared at him for a moment, dazed. The resemblance between Julien and Gael was striking. If she closed her eyes, she couldn't tell them apart. How had she never questioned their identities back then? Strange. Rosalie murmured under her breath as she grabbed her basket. Today she had Micah stay behind to keep watch.

With Harris still out there, she couldn't leave Leon, still unconscious, alone at home. Someone needed to protect him. With Cameron and Elijah present, Micah didn't argue. He just reminded her to be careful and return early. Micah dipped his head, and Rosalie pressed a kiss to his cheek before heading out. At the site, Gael chopped trees while Julien shaped the logs and started assembling the house. After several days, the structure already had a rough shape. One kitchen. One woodshed for storing firewood over the winter.

2/3 1:35 Fri, Chapter 127 Making Amends Finished The remaining eight rooms still needed construction: Rosalie's large room in the center, and seven smaller ones for each of her beastmen. Rosalie lowered her gaze. When the house was finished, would Declan come back? Thinking of Declan, a sharp ache hit her chest. She had no idea whether he was alive, dead, or how he was doing. 370 (1) 3/3 11:35 Fri, Jan 2 admin

Chapter 128 Blood on the Trunk M (73) Finished If she ever saw Declan, Rosalie really wanted to ask why he vanished so suddenly. Why kiss her and then disappear without leaving a trace? "Ugh." She let out a deep breath. Cameron immediately noticed and stepped closer, fussing. "Matriarch, what's wrong? "Thirsty? Too warm?" He raised a hide water flask to her lips, but she shook her head. "Then you must be tired. Want to head back?" Rosalie smiled, running her hand over Cameron's head. Seeing how tense he was, she realized how much he had grown since they first met. "I'm fine.

Let's go a bit further in." Only then did Cameron relax. "Alright. But Matriarch, if something feels wrong, you need to tell me." "Okay." Rosalie nodded, informed Gael and Julien, then stepped deeper into the forest's shade. Along the way, she spotted a cluster of herbs. With her healer skills

now at level 3, their names and uses came to her instinctively. She gathered some that calmed the mind and improved circulation, plus a few others. Rosalie crouched and started digging. She worked carefully, making sure not to damage the roots so their potency stayed intact.

After some time, the moment she straightened, her legs went numb and gave way. She cried out as she collapsed onto the ground. Leaves rustled deeper in the forest, soft but noticeable. Before she could investigate, a large hand caught her by the waist and lifted her in a single motion. She stumbled into Elijah's broad chest, her nose bumping painfully against his firm muscles. A sharp sting shot through her, and she winced. Elijah reached up to rub her reddened nose. His voice softened. "Did that hurt?" Rosalie shook her head and glanced toward the trees.

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"Elijah, someone's here." 1/3 11:35 Fri, Jan 2 ... Chapter 128 Blood on the Trunk 73 白 Finished Elijah's expression hardened instantly. He barked, "Cameron, stay with her. There's someone out there." Cameron moved to Rosalie's side, shifting into his beast form. Nine tails rose, bristling as a protective barrier. His sharp nose sniffed the air while his eyes scanned the underbrush. Soon, Elijah ran back, shaking his head at her. "No one." Rosalie squeezed one of Cameron's tails. They relaxed, and she continued into the woods with both of them flanking her.

That way, if anyone sprang out, they would take the first hit. She surveyed the area. Indeed, no one appeared. Her chest eased slightly. Perhaps Harris had made her this jumpy, but she had to be careful now with a baby inside her. Then, from the corner of her eye, she spotted a faint smear on a tree trunk-blood, easy to miss. She brushed a finger across it. Wet red stained her skin. Rosalie's expression tightened. She hadn't imagined it. Someone had definitely been there. Not just her imagination. The intruder had probably been observing them and was injured.

When she realized this, they bolted quickly, leaving a streak of blood on the bark. Elijah pressed his lips together and moved to investigate further, but Rosalie stopped him. "Elijah, he's already gone. Don't chase him. "If he came once, he'll come again. There's no need to rush," Her reasoning made sense, so Elijah halted, scanning the woods warily. They had gathered enough herbs. It wasn't safe to linger any longer. Rosalie decided to return home. Back at the house, she cleaned the herbs and laid them out in the sun to dry. The sun was strong today.

By late afternoon, most of the herbs were ready. Rosalie prepared a formula to open the meridians. 2/3 11:35 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 128 Blood on the Trunk 73 40 Finished Leon's body checked fine in both the system shop's tests and her own, yet he still wouldn't wake Rosalie suspected some snake venom remained deep inside him. She poured a bowl of decoction and fed it to him. Leon didn't react at all. Rosalie sighed. This wasn't working. Was she supposed to just wait? She set the bowl in the kitchen and returned to her room. The moment she lay down, someone knocked at the door.

She had no idea yet, but this was the beginning of her nightmare. 370 3/3 11:35 Fri, Jan 2 Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market admin

Chapter 129 Strange Behavior "Matriarch, are you asleep?" It was Gael's voice. M Coming this late? Was it something urgent? Rosalie rushed to the door barefoot and pulled it open.

Gael's head was down, his gaze landing on Rosalie's bare feet. He scooped her up at once. 73 Finished Rosalie yelped and looped her arms around Gael's neck. Only when he set her on the soft bed did she lift her head and stare at him anxiously. "What's wrong? Did you find Harris?" Gael shook his head, his clear eyes fixed on Rosalie. His lips pressed together. "Matriarch, I just finished washing our clothes.

"Now I'm going to sleep." Rosalie blinked at him. They just stared at each other without a word. She thought she'd misheard. Did he really need to report that kind of thing to her? Did Gael want to sleep with her? Her fingers tightened on the blanket. She wasn't that close with Gael yet! But Gael finished talking, turned around, and left, closing the door behind him. Rosalie was full of questions. She lay back down, shut her eyes, and went on sleeping. As she sank deep into sleep, an uninvited guest outside the window was about to climb in.

That shadow moved on tiptoe, terrified of waking Rosalie. He landed without a sound and stood by her bed for a long moment. Wrapped up head to toe, he didn't move much. He just stared greedily at the woman on the bed. In the end, he tore himself away. The instant he swung out the window, someone grabbed him by the collar and dragged him off. In sleep, Rosalie frowned a little, rolled over, and found a comfy spot to keep dreaming. The next morning, before she even opened her eyes, someone knocked.

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She called out, "Come 1/3 11:35 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 129 Strange Behavior in." : 白 73 Finished Gael pushed the door open. Rosalie blinked at him, still foggy, unsure what he wanted. A second later, Gael drew the axe from his back. The icy blade flashed so bright it hurt Rosalie's eyes. She jolted. Was he about to kill someone in a fit of rage and silence her? Her heavy eyelids forced themselves apart. She was just about to tell Gael to chill when his voice came. "Matriarch, good morning. I'm heading out to chop wood and make a fire!" He didn't wait for her to react. He grabbed the axe and left.

Rosalie was left sitting on the bed, palms pressed to her pounding heart, trying to calm down. The scare killed any hope of more sleep. She got up and went to the river to wash. From afar she saw a tall back. Up close, that familiar profile... Her chest seized. Gael? No. Look closer. Blue eyes. His mouth set tight, the corners of his eyes not curved. It was Julien. Only then did she let out a breath. No clue what kind of fit Gael was throwing, but now just seeing him made her tense up. She flashed Julien a smile, but he lowered his gaze and said evenly, "Matriarch, I'm washing my face now.

"After breakfast I'll chop wood and build the house." Rosalie's eyelid twitched. She was helpless. She edged back a few steps, hoping to slip away while Julien wasn't paying attention. Too weird. The two of them were just too weird. Weird words, weird faces. She couldn't be alone with Julien. She had to bail, fast. But then Rosalie's foot slid, and she pitched straight into the icy river. She could feel the cold bite of the water. She squeezed her eyes shut, held her breath, ready to take a freezing bath. Next second, she was scooped up around the waist. Her tense body finally loosened.

She opened her eyes to find herself cradled princess-style in Julien's arms. 213 11:35 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 129 Strange Behavior : Finished Julien was half-submerged, water-blue eyes

locked on Rosalie. Drops clung to his hair, beading along the strands and dripping onto her face like rain. Maybe it was the pregnancy making her more sensitive, or something else entirely, but Rosalie's big eyes blinked and her lashes went damp. Her eyes reddened in a snap. A few tears slid over her fair cheeks. She cried without a sound, the kind of quiet that punches straight to the heart.

Chapter 130 Melted Julien had never seen a female cry before. It melted his heart on the spot. He was a bit at a loss, his voice softer than usual. "Matriarch, why are you crying? "Did I do something wrong?" Rosalie let the tears fall in silence, and they just kept coming. (70 \*\*Finished Julien couldn't free a hand to wipe them. One arm held her tight so she wouldn't slip, so he could only bend a little and brush her salty tears away with gentle kisses. Feeling those light, quick touches on her cheeks, Rosalie slowly stopped crying. The tips of her ears went pink.

Once he saw her settle, Julien stepped out of the water and set Rosalie down on solid ground, then finally let go. He half-crouched, lowering his head below hers, and looked up at her as he asked softly, "Matriarch, what made you so upset?" Rosalie glanced away, refusing to meet his eyes, and calmly told him about the weird thing Gael had done earlier. Julien froze for a beat, then explained, "You said we should tell you everything. "Gael said if we did this, you'd cool off. I listened to him.

I didn't think it would scare you." So that bizarre stunt from the two brothers had come from Rosalie's words the other day. She regretted it now. She spoke in a low voice. "No matter what, you can't scare me like that." Julien caught her soft little hand and, almost like he was coaxing her, gave it a playful shake, then wrapped it in his broad palm and gave a gentle squeeze. His voice was warm and light as he said, "I'm sorry. Please don't be mad, okay?" Heat flared from Rosalie's ears straight across her face, Julien was usually cool and quiet, barely spoke at all.

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It was Gael who always acted cute. Seeing Julien drop his guard like this tugged hard at Rosalie's heart. She melted. She hummed softly. "I forgive you both. But don't you dare scare me like that again. 1/3 : 11:35 Fri, Jan 2 Chapter 130 Melted : M 73 Finished "And if anything big comes up, you tell me before you go, got it?" "Okay." Julien tried it, lifting Rosalie's hand and pressing a kiss to the back of it. Right then, Elijah realized Rosalie still hadn't come back and headed over. He strode in, grabbed Rosalie right out of Julien's arms, and pulled her into his chest.

Where Julien had kissed her still burned, especially her cheeks. The heat hadn't faded yet. Elijah looked down and took one glance at her face. Yeah, Julien definitely pulled something. He cut a look at Julien's bare torso and snorted coldly, "Still not wearing clothes? Is the house missing that one strip of beastman hide?" : Julien gave a quiet, easy smile and shot back without missing a beat, "My body's hot. She likes looking at it. "Unlike someone who can't step out the door without a layer of hide." That was a jab at Elijah's build not measuring up to his.

Elijah's brows pinched, his whole aura turning dark. He dropped a hand to his shirt, ready to rip it off. A bodybuilding contest was about to kick off. Rosalie jumped in fast, heading off a fight before it even started. "Elijah, I'm starving. Let's go eat breakfast." Elijah huffed through his nose, wrapped an arm around Rosalie, and turned to leave. Maybe Julien had already talked to Gael, because after breakfast Gael stood in front of him with his head down, looking like a guilty cat. "Matriarch, I didn't think I'd scare you.

I'm sorry." Looking at the silly cat in front of her, if she didn't know Gael's flighty nature, she might've thought he did it on purpose. But Rosalie was a grown female. She couldn't hold a grudge against a little kitten. She rose on tiptoe and stroked the downcast cat head. "Don't do that again. I'll let it go this time!" Gael's dim eyes lit up at once, and he nodded like crazy. 2/3 11:35 Fri, Jan 2 ... Chapter 130 Melted (73) Finished Rosalie could almost see his cat tail wagging. Then she froze for a second. Right-Gael's tail had been chopped off. What tail?

Thinking that, the tenderness in Rosalie's eyes deepened. Her hand pressed a bit more firmly as she petted Gael. The rice shop opened as usual today. Cameron and Elijah took places at the door, one on each side like guardian statues, keeping troublemakers away. 370 1 3/3 11:35 Fri, Jan 2 Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market admin