

# Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market

## Novel Chapter 2 - Chapter 2

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Chapter 2 I Won't Let You Die A soft, delicate voice rang out just then. A woman in her twenties walked through the doorway, bearing a striking resemblance to Vivian-at least seventy percent alike. She had a pure, innocent face and wore a pale blue dress. Her figure was tall and slender, her presence fresh and graceful. "No. This little b\*tch still refuses to talk," Vivian said coldly, staring down at the woman on the floor in a pathetic heap. No matter how much she tortured her, Vivian couldn't understand why this woman still refused to hand over the Jade Key.

Just like her mother-cheap and stubborn! Chloe looked at the woman lying on the ground. A cold gleam flickered in her eyes as she sneered, "Why bother? If you'd just give up the Jade Key already, you could save yourself a lot of pain." Lilian looked up at them, her smile twisted with spite. When she was six, her mother died in a car crash. Her father brought home a stepmother and her illegitimate daughter, who was barely half a year younger than her. Years later, she accidentally discovered that the crash had been carefully planned-by her stepmother.

When she was eight, she was kidnapped and sold into the mountains by human traffickers-also arranged by her stepmother. At eighteen, she was rescued and brought back to the Sinclair family, only to be ruined again by that "loving" stepmother and "perfect" little sister, her reputation destroyed. At twenty, acid was poured on her face while she slept. Her beauty-gone. At twenty-three, they locked her in this filthy, pitch-dark basement, torturing her in every way imaginable-just to keep her alive. Lilian knew why they wouldn't let her die. It was for her mother's keepsake-the Jade Key.

Thinking of this, her eyes burned with rage, but she let out a shrill, chilling laugh. "Heh... Go ahead. If you've got the guts, kill me!" "What kind of nonsense is that? Why would we kill you?" Chloe chuckled, but her eyes were full of mockery. "I was hoping to invite you to my wedding with Nathan next month. Oh, and he asked me to tell you-he never loved you. He only pitied you. So don't get the wrong idea." Lilian thought her heart had long since turned to ash. But the moment she heard Nathan's name, her chest ached like it had been punched. He was getting married?

To the stepsister who had ruined her life? Memories surged forward like a flood. Her mind filled with images-every single one of them held the face of that gentle, graceful man. He was the one who had once brought warmth into her life. The one who had promised to protect her forever... So it was all a lie? What a joke. Two silent tears rolled down Lilian's scarred face. A broken laugh rasped from her throat. Chloe seemed satisfied with the reaction. "Mom, let's go. We're not getting anything out of her today.

We've got all the time in the world." The basement door slammed shut, plunging the room back into darkness and silence. Lilian pushed herself up with great effort. She reached into her mouth and pulled out a thin thread. Bit by bit, she drew it out. At the other end was a piece of blue jade, shaped like a blue spider lily in full bloom. Vivian would never guess that the key they'd scoured the world for was a piece of blue jade. Lilian stared at it in her palm. Tears streamed endlessly down her cheeks as she whispered hoarsely, "Mom... I can't go on anymore. I failed to avenge you.

Please don't blame me." She had found a lighter and half a bottle of liquor in the basement-left behind by the men who had tortured her. Using the last of her strength, she set the basement ablaze. As flames roared to life around her, she drove the Jade Key into her own chest. Her mother was dead. That key was her mother's most precious possession. It was also Lilian's last stand. Even if it killed her, she couldn't let it fall into the hands of those cruel women. If she had another chance, she would make them pay. Blood for blood. The fire roared, devouring everything in its path.

No one saw the blinding blue light that suddenly burst from Lilian's chest. Through the sea of flames, a tall, imposing figure emerged like a god, carrying a frail, scorched body in his arms. Right before Lilian blacked out, she saw a man's face. It was blurry. She couldn't make out his features, but she could tell from the outline-he was handsome. He kissed her forehead gently, murmuring, "I'm sorry, sweetheart. I came too late." His low voice was full of regret, sorrow, and guilt... Who are you...? Lilian wanted to ask, but she never got the chance.

The man's deep black eyes reflected the blaze around him. He stared at her lifeless face, something bloodthirsty flashing in his gaze. "Sweetheart, I won't let you die. Just wait for me..." admin

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