

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Novel

Chapter 221 Fight to the Death Boom! The tree snapped in half. Luckily, Gael moved in time. Otherwise, he would have been crushed flat like a pancake. Finished He led the bear in circles through the forest a few more times. Then Gael stopped. His eyes were red. He stood there, panting hard. He couldn't run anymore. The black bear's body steamed with heat as it spoke in a mocking tone. "Run. Why did you stop running?" Gael's body suddenly grew larger. He forced out the last of his inner strength, drawing on his wild instincts. At last, he became nearly as big as the black bear.

But the bear's broad chest and thick limbs showed overwhelming power. Compared to it, Gael was still far too thin. His long fur fluttered in the air. "Hiss—" Gael opened his mouth and let out a sharp, threatening sound. This time was different. There was no hesitation left in him. Only resolve. Gael knew this was probably the end. He had never regretted choosing Rosalie as his matriarch. As her mate, dying for her felt like an honor. The only regret was that she had just begun to trust him more. He hadn't even had the chance to live a good life by her side.

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A tear fell and vanished in the cold air. Gael clenched his teeth and leaped forward. The black bear was caught off guard and raised its arm to block. Gael's sharp claws ripped across the bear's arm, drawing blood. The bear roared in rage and lunged back. They clashed again and again. The bear was stronger but not as agile. It took ten or more swings before it could land one hit on Gael. But that one hit was enough. A long wound tore from Gael's neck down across his left front leg. Flesh split open, blood pouring out and soaking his once-beautiful white fur. They pulled apart.

Gael stared at the bear with fierce eyes. 2/3 13:14 Wed, Jan Chapter 221 Fight to the Death His left leg trembled, almost too slightly to see. One look was enough. The black bear knew Gael was at his limit. The bear lunged again, slashing him, wounding him, but not killing him. It toyed with him. Gael fought back weakly, roaring in pain. His hind legs. His chest. His body. One wound after another. Gael's snow-white fur was now completely stained red. There were too many injuries. He couldn't even tell where it hurt anymore. Only one thought remained in his mind. Hold on one more second.

Just one more second and the matriarch might live. * 31 32 Finished The black bear raised its paw and struck with full force. Gael was sent flying. He rolled across the snow several times, then lay still, unmoving. 1.5K 3/3 W 13:15 Wed, Ja admin

Chapter 222 Snow and Blood Gael had no strength left. His body slowly shrank as he returned to human form. Finished His skin was already pale, but now the injuries looked even worse. The wounds stood out in a terrifying way. The worst one cut across his face, running from his temple down to his chin. Flesh was torn open, nearly ruining his face. "Cough!" Gael tilted his head and spat out a mouthful of blood. The black bear shifted back into human form and

walked over at an unhurried pace. Gael's broken state clearly pleased him. A cruel smile twisted across his face.

"Didn't you like running?" He sneered. "Why aren't you running now?" "Spit!" The bear spat on the ground. He had always hated pretty-faced guys like Gael. Seeing him end up like this felt well deserved. He pulled a bone knife from his belt. "I'll be kind and end it fast," he said. "You should thank me." Just as he raised the knife, something slammed into him from the side, knocking him away. A furious tiger's roar filled the air, followed by the sounds of violent fighting. After a while, the noise slowly faded. All that remained was the howl of the wind and snow.

Gael heard footsteps coming closer. His eyes felt unbearably heavy. He forced one eye open, but blood had already sealed it shut. Everything was red. He couldn't see anything. He could only feel a familiar presence kneeling in front of him. Gael tugged the corner of his mouth into an ugly smile and whispered, "Julien, you're here." The black bear had been killed. Julien had killed him in a single strike to the throat. Julien's tall frame knelt before Gael. Gael's body was covered in wounds, with barely a single uninjured spot left. Something warm fell onto Gael's face.

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For a moment, he thought it was rain. Then cold snowflakes landed on him. It wasn't rain. It was Julien's tears. Gael had never seen Julien cry before. He wanted to wipe the tears away, but his arm wouldn't move. All he could do was smile again, though the smile looked awful.
1/3 13:15 Wed, Jan Chapter 222 Snow and Blood 332 Finished He felt his body growing colder by the second. His lips moved, but no sound came out. Julien understood anyway. Gael was asking him not to cry and took good care of the matriarch. Julien cried silently, his back looking lonely and broken.

Suddenly, he remembered something. He quickly pulled out a pill, pried Gael's mouth open, and fed it to him. When Rosalie left earlier, she was burning with fever, barely thinking straight. Even so, she had forced herself to give each of them a pill. She told them, if someone's life is in danger, make them swallow this. It can save them. Sure enough, after Gael took the pill, he stopped coughing up blood. He was still unconscious, but his breathing steadied. Julien took off his animal hide, wrapped Gael in it, and lifted him into his arms. He carried him away into the distance.

As for the black bear, at least he died quickly. Snow continued to fall, covering the body. It also buried the bloodstained ground. Elsewhere, Bert was chasing after Cameron, with Sienna following close behind. Sienna was exhausted, but she refused to stop. Rosalie and Reid had ruined her life. She had to see them suffer a tragic end. Once they fell into Bert's hands, how they suffered would be up to her. Even though she was female and held little status in Bert's group, Rosalie and the others were outsiders who came later. Teaching them a lesson was still something she could do.

Cameron's group wasn't far ahead. Suddenly, a gust of wind blew past, lifting the animal hide that covered Reid's face. Sienna's eyes widened in shock. She pointed forward and shouted, "Reid!" When Bert didn't react, she yelled even louder, "That's not Rosalie! The one he's

carrying is Reid! "We've been tricked!" Bert stopped in his tracks. He turned his dark, cold gaze on Sienna. "What's going on?" That sinister look alone made Sienna feel like she might be killed on the spot. 13:15 Wed, Jan 7 Chapter 222 Snow and Blood But she was confident; she could not be wrong.

32 Finished She had seen that face for over ten years. That was Reid, no doubt about it. "They must've split up," she said quickly. "These two were just a distraction." Bert stood still, staring into the distance. Good. Very good. That woman had played him for a fool. Now he was truly mad. He lost all interest in chasing Cameron, who was burdened with a pup. With a sharp turn, Bert led his group away in a different direction. 1.5K 3/3 admin

Chapter 223 Turning Back What they didn't know was that Rosalie had already reached the edge of Vaford. It was no longer snowing there. Rosalie woke up to warm sunlight on her face. A light breeze brushed past her skin. She was flying in the sky. She tapped the dragon beneath her. Finished The dragon slowly descended. When it landed, Rosalie jumped down. She was wearing too many layers and felt hot all over. Sweat soaked her back. She took off her outer clothes, but the heat didn't fade. Rosalie touched her forehead. It was burning. She had a fever. That made sense.

After everything she'd been through, it would be strange if she didn't get sick. They had landed in a forest. Rosalie picked some useful herbs and boiled them on the spot to make a cooling herbal drink. While Declan wasn't looking, she quietly added a fever-reducing medicine from the system. When the brew was ready, Rosalie pinched her nose and drank it down. The hot liquid slid into her stomach. Slowly, her cold hands and feet began to warm. She never wanted to feel that again-the frozen snowfields, numb limbs, and the helpless feeling of not being able to move.

After the medicine, she finally broke into a sweat. The pressure in her head eased, and her mind felt clearer. Just then, Declan returned from hunting and brought a chicken. He skillfully plucked the feathers, and Rosalie set the chicken over the fire to roast. She knew she should eat something light while sick, but they didn't have that luxury. They had to make do. The two of them shared the whole roasted chicken. After eating, Rosalie finally felt alive again. She patted Declan on the shoulder. "Let's go. We should head back." Declan shifted into his dragon form.

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"We need to return to Vaford right away. You need rest and a doctor." Rosalie smiled and shook her head. "No. We're not going to Vaford. We're going back the way we came, We're going to find Leon and the others." "What?!" Declan's voice shot up. He turned back into human form and grabbed her shoulders. His brow tightened. "Matriarch, it's too dangerous. You can't go back." Rosalie shook her head again, her expression firm. 13:15 Wed, Jan 7 G. Chapter 223 Turning Back "No. I have to. Bert brought too many people. "They're outnumbered. They can't handle this alone.

I'm going to help, but not by myself. "I'm going to find reinforcements." Elijah didn't run into Bert's group. Instead, he met Julien, who was carrying Gael in his arms. Julien's face was blank, but Elijah's expression turned grave as he stepped closer. Finished A deep scar cut

across Gael's face. It was horrifying. His skin was paler than snow, and he looked like he was barely holding on. Elijah immediately understood how serious it was. Even with a life-saving pill, it wouldn't be enough. If Gael wasn't treated right away, death was the only outcome.

Julien was wrapped in deep grief, yet his eyes held stubborn resolve. If he hadn't arrived in time, the body in his arms would already be a corpse. He had never been a good brother. He couldn't save Gael's tail back then, and now he couldn't protect his life either. But he refused to believe Gael would die like this. As long as he was fast enough, Gael could still be saved. Julien looked at Elijah, his voice firm and final. "I'm taking Gael to get treatment. Right now." Elijah wouldn't risk Gael's life.

He took out the life-saving medicine Rosalie had given him and pressed it into Julien's hand. "Thank you." After they left, Elijah stayed hidden in place. Not long after, he saw Cameron and Reid rushing toward him. Cameron clearly hadn't stopped running once. His face was flushed red. When Elijah stopped him, he finally caught his breath. Reid was set down on the ground. Cameron had never run this far in his life. He collapsed, gasping for air. He looked back, but there was no one behind them. He thought he had been fast enough to shake Bert's group off. Then Reid spoke, his tone serious.

"The footsteps stopped. They're not chasing us anymore." Cameron lit up with relief, but Elijah frowned. The smile on Cameron's face slowly disappeared. 213 13:15 Wed, Jan 7 admin

Chapter 224 Racing Against the Storm Finished Elijah's voice broke the silence. "They stopped chasing you. So who are they chasing now?" The same name flashed through all three minds at once. Rosalie. Cameron didn't know where he had slipped up or how Bert had seen through their plan and decided to give up the chase. What mattered now was this. They were separated. There was no way to warn Leon or Micah. Time was tight. If Bert had beastmen who could fly, catching up to Rosalie would not be hard at all. The only thing they could do now was move fast and get help. They made a quick decision.

Elijah would rush back to Vaford to warn them. Cameron would go find Micah and Leon. Elijah turned and ran toward Vaford. Within moments, his figure vanished into the distance. Cameron took Reid and went looking for the others. Leon had stayed behind to fight the beastmen Bert left behind. The battle was fierce, but Leon was strong. He managed to take down nearly all of them. By the time the last beastman fell, Leon was spent. He leaned against a large tree and slid down to the ground. His body was covered in cuts and bruises. On top of that, he hadn't eaten much since the day before.

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He was completely drained. Suddenly, he heard heavy footsteps. Leon tensed at once. He climbed into the tree and hid among the thick branches. The one leading the group was Bert. Leon's heart tightened. Bert stopped for a moment and glanced toward the tree where Leon was hiding. He didn't stay. He turned and hurried off into the distance. Leon held his breath, staying perfectly still. Only after Bert was completely gone did Leon jump down. He frowned deeply. Bert had definitely seen him. Why hadn't he chased him? Cameron soon gave him the answer.

When Leon heard that Bert was heading for Rosalie, his face hardened. There was no time to waste. The three of them rushed toward Vaford as fast as they could. They could only hope they weren't too late. Meanwhile, Rosalie had reached the nearest city. When she asked to borrow some warriors, the tribe leader hesitated. 1/3 13:15 Wed, Jan 7 Chapter 224 Racing Against the Storm 12 Finished Vaford wasn't far, and it was much stronger than their tribe. Gaining Rosalie's goodwill could mean future protection. At last, Rosalie clenched her teeth and raised three fingers.

She said firmly, "I'll pay three coins for each person." "Deal." Three coins were more than some families earned in a month. Rosalie had conditions, though. She wanted strong fighters, those with fierce beast forms. In the end, she borrowed ten beastmen from the tribe leader. Most were leopards and tigers. To her surprise, there was even a brown bear. With help secured, Rosalie finally felt confident. They didn't stop to rest. As soon as everyone was gathered, they headed back. Halfway there, they saw a lone figure in the distance. Declan went on alert at once.

The dozen beastmen behind him shifted into battle stance. The figure drew closer. He was alone. No one followed behind him. Rosalie narrowed her eyes. Her heart clenched. "It's Julien!" she cried. She ran toward him and immediately saw the person wrapped in his arms. When Rosalie pulled back the animal hide, it felt as if a giant hand squeezed her heart tight. She could barely breathe. Her throat locked. No words came out. Tears streamed down her face. Gael had always cared about his appearance. Now his face was torn and bloody, split by a long, deep wound. It must have hurt so much.

Julien's eyes were dry. He had no tears left. "Matriarch," he asked hoarsely, "can you save him?" Rosalie pressed her lips together and turned sharply to the others. "Go back. Now." The tribe leader quickly arranged a room for them. Gael was laid on the bed, and Julien helped remove his clothes. Declan went to heat water. Rosalie began wiping the blood from Gael's body. He looked as though he had been soaked in blood. Basin after basin of red water poured out. They changed his animal-hide coverings three times. 2/3 admin

Chapter 225 Stitches in Silence Finished Rosalie worked very carefully. She barely used any strength at all. Gael's body was covered in wounds. There was almost no unbroken skin left. Flesh was torn open everywhere, and in the deepest places, bone could be seen. As she cleaned the wounds, her tears kept falling. When she finished wiping away the blood, Rosalie slipped her hand into her pocket. In truth, she was taking supplies from her storage space. She took out medical needles and thread. Gael's injuries were too deep. They had to be stitched.

Rosaline held the needle over the fire to sterilize it, then said in a steady voice, "Declan, hold him down." There was no anesthetic. The stitching would be done raw. The pain would be unbearable. Someone had to restrain him, or he might lose control from the pain. Declan was about to step forward when the door opened. Julien walked in. "I'll do it," he said. Rosalie glanced at him. Declan stepped back. Julien pressed Gael down firmly. She took a deep breath and began. The silver needle flashed as it moved in and out of torn flesh, pulling the open wounds closed.

Sweat broke out across Gael's forehead. His face twisted in pain. Every time the needle went in, his body jerked hard. Julien didn't have it easy either. By the time it was over, he was

soaked in sweat. There were three major wounds. Rosalie stitched all three. "That's it. You can let go now," she said. Julien released him. His palms were completely wet with sweat. After the worst injuries were treated, Rosalie sprinkled anti-infection powder over the smaller wounds. She wrapped them with clean bandages, then covered them with a layer of animal hide to hide the injuries.

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The wound on Gael's face was too close to vital nerves. Rosalie didn't dare stitch it. She applied medicine and gently wrapped it with bandages instead. When everything was done, Rosalie pushed the door open and stepped outside, leaving it ajar. The room was thick with the smell of blood and strong medicine. It needed air. Declan was already preparing the group to move. Rosalie handed him several pills. "Give him one in the morning, one at noon, and one at night," she instructed. Julien took them. Rosalie couldn't stay. She couldn't risk bringing trouble to this tribe.

1/3 wed, Chapter 225 Stitches in Silence He looked at her, long and hard. "Matriarch, come back safely." Rosalie nodded. "I will." 21 32 Finished As she hurried along the road, Rosalie suddenly saw someone running toward her at full speed. It was Elijah. When he saw the people behind her, a sharp, dangerous look flashed in his eyes. He thought Bert's men had caught up. He lunged at the person closest to Rosalie, claws aimed straight for the throat. "Wait!" Rosalie shouted. "He's one of ours!" The beastman pinned to the ground was shaking. The fear of death filled his eyes.

Only then did Elijah release him. Elijah gave him a cold glance. The man scrambled away on all fours, fleeing back to the group. "Elijah, don't be so fierce," Rosalie said. Elijah stepped close, carefully checking her from head to toe. When he confirmed she wasn't hurt, he pulled her into a tight embrace. They hadn't seen each other for two months. It wasn't just Elijah who missed her. Rosalie missed him deeply too. After holding her for a moment, Elijah remembered why he had come. He let go and told her that Bert was heading this way. Rosalie's eyes turned icy. Good. Let him come.

She had been wondering where to find him anyway. This time, Bert was walking straight into a trap. Rosalie discussed a plan with Elijah and Declan. Both men rejected her idea. Declan frowned deeply. "Matriarch, you're using yourself as bait again? Absolutely not." Elijah said nothing, but his silence made his refusal clear. Rosalie's voice hardened. "We did nothing wrong, and he targeted us for no reason. Because of him, Gael's life is in danger. How do you expect me to just swallow that?" No matter what she said, the two of them refused to agree. Rosalie was close to giving birth.

If anything happened to her, how could they face the others? At that moment, hurried footsteps sounded in the distance. Cameron and the rest had arrived. 2/3 admin

Chapter 226 The Ambush Cameron, Reid, Leon, and Micah were finally all together. (32) Finished While Cameron and the others were rushing along, they ran into Micah, who had been lying in wait. After hearing what happened, Micah said at once, "If we go the long way, we won't make it. We need a shortcut." So, they took one. They waded through a freezing river and reached Rosalie before Bert did. Now, everyone was here. Bert was on his way.

There was no time to waste. They had to make a plan, fast. But the more people there were, the more people objected to Rosalie's idea. Rosalie was pregnant.

She couldn't risk getting hurt. Even though she wasn't pregnant, with so many husbands around, how could they let a woman be used as bait? The argument went nowhere. No one was willing to give in. Then a soft voice spoke from below. Reid reached out his hand. "Rosalie, I'm about your size. Let me be the bait." "No!" Rosalie rejected him sharply. Reid had already acted as her stand-in once during their escape. If she had known then, she never would have agreed. Reid was still a pup. If he were caught, he would be killed. How could she ever use a child like that? All the ideas were rejected.

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In the end, they made a choice. They would stop hiding. They would fight. All her husbands were here now. Were they really supposed to be afraid of someone like Bert? They spread out and hid. Because of his status and his strength, Declan stayed close to Rosalie to protect her. Rosalie hid far away. The others lay in ambush along the road. There was no snow here, and it wasn't cold. The trees were thick with leaves. A person could hide in a tree and never be noticed. About an hour later, heavy footsteps echoed through the woods. Reid, hiding near Rosalie, stiffened. His voice was low.

"They're here." Bert walked into the forest and tore off an animal hide from his body. The two areas weren't far apart, yet one was buried in snow while this place felt hot. 1/3 13:15 Wed, Jan 7 Chapter 226 The Ambush With his upper body bare, he finally felt more comfortable. He had chased them this far and still hadn't seen Rosalie. Bert frowned and looked at Sienna. She shivered at once. "You're sure they came this way?" Sienna nodded. "I can smell the pup. I think we're close." Finished In truth, Sienna's sense of smell wasn't that sharp.

It was more like a strange feeling, as if she just knew Reid and the others were nearby. Bert wiped the sweat from his head and glanced behind him. The group that once had dozens of fighters was now down to just over ten. Well, it looks like Rosalie's husbands are strong. No matter how strong they were, Bert believed he could kill them all. Bert's blood burned hot. His pupils narrowed, turning dark red. The forest went eerily quiet. Only the rustle of leaves in the wind could be heard. Bert walked in the center of the group, already thinking about what he would do once he caught Rosalie.

Breaking a woman as stubborn as her would be satisfying. Just then, several beastmen leaped down from the trees. In an instant, a few of his group who hadn't reacted in time were taken out. Panic spread through Bert's group, and the scene exploded into chaos. Leon, Elijah, Declan, Cameron, and Micah stepped forward together to face Bert. A crushing pressure rolled off them. Any normal beastman would have gone weak in the knees. But Bert only smiled. Because now he was certain-Rosalie was here.

He licked his lips, his gaze cutting through the crowd and locking onto the place where Rosalie was hidden. The next second, a massive snake tail slammed down near him. Micah, now a giant white serpent, raised his head. His pupils were thin and sharp. His fangs flashed as he let out a thunderous hiss. The others shifted into their beast forms as well. Only Elijah stayed human. A bone knife flashed in his hand as he moved through the crowd, striking down

enemies in the chaos. His beast form wasn't suited for combat, but with that knife alone, he was deadly enough. 2/3 13:15 Wed, Jan 7 admin

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 227 Clash in the Sky 12 Finished Bert flashed aside in a blur. Even facing four opponents at once, he did not lose ground. He did not even shift into his beast form. Though he was already wounded, he stayed calm. He moved smoothly, handling every attack with ease. The group exchanged a quick look. They could not stall any longer. They had to finish the battle now. With that silent agreement, the black panther struck first, leaping straight at Bert. Bert dodged cleanly.

In the next instant, a massive white serpent wrapped around him. The huge body tightened again and again. Bones twisted with a sharp cracking sound. Bert's eyes turned red. The pain did not weaken him; it excited him. A deep cry thundered through the mountains. The white serpent was blasted away, smashed into a tree, and sent dust flying everywhere. Declan had a bad feeling about this. That sound felt far too familiar. A long, powerful shape appeared in the sky, circling once before diving straight toward Rosalie. Declan's pupils shrank. A dragon? This can't be right.

Before Rosalie could see what it was, Declan wrapped around her and pulled her away. He clutched Rosalie with one arm and Reid with the other, running at full speed. Bert was fast. Declan stopped and instantly transformed into his dragon form. Reid froze in shock. He thought dragons were only legends. Yet, here one was, alive and real. He and Rosalie quickly climbed onto Declan's back. "Hold tight," Declan said. He shot into the air. Bert followed close behind, his huge dragon eyes glowing red. When he realized Declan was also a dragon, his excitement exploded. A dragon. No.

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Bert looked closer at Declan's scales, and his excitement grew even stronger. A true dragon. A real one still existed in this world. Rosalie no longer mattered to him. He wanted to tear this true dragon apart. Strip the scales. Break the 1/3 13:15 Wed, Jan 7 Chapter 227 Clash in the Sky bones. Drink the blood. Eat the flesh. When that happened, he would become the one and only true dragon alive. Bert had clearly gone mad. 99 Finished He had no idea that there was no shortcut like eating flesh and drinking blood to reach true power. Bert chased hard. Declan flew faster.

The two dragons circled endlessly in the sky. Boom! A deafening crash split the air as lightning struck near Declan. Rosalie watched a massive bolt explode beside them and gasped in shock. Declan was shaken as well. Just how far has Bert evolved? He could actually call down lightning? Only true dragons could do that. Even then, it took great strength and carried serious risk. If control slipped for even a moment, the lightning could strike its user instead. Declan was supposed to be the only true dragon in the world. No one else should know this power. There was only one explanation.

Bert was evolving toward becoming a true dragon. That was why he could summon limited lightning. Thunder flashed again and again across the sky. This was far too dangerous. If even one bolt struck Declan. Rosalie and Reid on his back would be hurt as well. And if Declan failed to hold on and fell from such a height, it would be fatal. With no choice left,

Declan began to descend. That was exactly what Bert wanted. His goal had always been to force them down. Rosalie finally saw Bert's dragon form clearly and was stunned.

She remembered Declan once telling her that all dragons in the world lived within his clan. Declan clearly did not recognize Bert. So where had this dragon come from? No wonder Bert had shown no fear when facing so many beastmen. As Declan landed, he let out a long roar. It was a call to summon his people. He did not know where the others were. He could only hope they would arrive in time. If it were a one-on-one fight, Declan would have full confidence. 13:15 Wed, Jan 7 Chapter 227 Clash in the Sky But now, he had to protect Rosalie and Reid while facing Bert. That divided his focus. Boom!

Declan hit the ground, sending dust everywhere. Using the thick dust as cover, he rushed toward the mountains with Rosalie and Reid. 1.5K 。 admin

Chapter 228 The Sick Believe 32 Finished They sprinted uphill at full speed. As they ran, Rosalie asked, "Declan, is Bert's beast form a dragon?" Declan nodded. "By rights, all dragons should belong to my clan," he said. "There shouldn't be any I don't recognize. Bert may be the one exception." He glanced back, tense. "Matriarch, he didn't come with good intentions. We have to be careful. "I've already sent out a call to gather my people," Declan continued.

"If we can hold out until they arrive, this danger will pass." After that, they would take Bert back to the clan and find out exactly who and what he really was. Bert was fast. It didn't take long before he caught up to them. Declan shifted slightly, placing himself in front of Rosalie and Reid. Bert's eyes gleamed with wild excitement. "You're a dragon," he shouted. "You've completed the change! How did you do it?" Declan frowned. His sharp eyes caught the scars on Bert's back-long marks, dark and twisted, like they had been struck by lightning. In that instant, he understood.

Bert had tried to become a dragon too. He had failed. That was why he stood between forms, neither fully dragon nor fully something else. Declan had seen it before. As a child, he had watched elders attempt the same transformation. Some died. Others lost their minds. Bert was clearly one of those survivors. "Matriarch, hide," Declan said firmly. Rosalie pulled Reid to seek shelter behind a large tree. The next second, Declan and Bert clashed. Declan's pupils narrowed into sharp slits, glowing a powerful gold. The eyes of a true dragon.

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Bert's eyes burned red, not with strength, but with excitement. Declan struck first. The two fought in human form, but their hands had already changed into sharp dragon claws. They did not take on full dragon shapes. Dragons were beings of immense power, and the world did not allow them to appear freely. That was why only one true dragon had emerged in hundreds of years. If they transformed fully, the disturbance would be massive and the consequences far worse. 13:15 Wed, Jan 7 Chapter 228 The Sick Believe Both of them understood this. They fought in silence.

12 Finished Then Bert did something unpredictable. He didn't strike with his claws. Instead, he lunged forward and bit down hard on Declan's shoulder. His teeth pierced deep. Blood burst out as a chunk of flesh was torn away. Declan cried out in pain. His face went pale as his shoulder shook violently. Rosalie's eyes widened in shock. Bert tore away a piece of flesh and, to her horror,

brought it to his mouth, and began chewing. He kept eating until the entire chunk was gone. Blood smeared his lips, making him look like something dragged straight out of a nightmare. Rosalie couldn't take it.

She turned aside and retched, her stomach burning. By the time she steadied herself, the fight was already raging again. The pain didn't slow Declan down. With a sharp motion, he drove his claw into Bert's abdomen and tore away a piece of flesh in return. Bert staggered but did not fall. He clutched his stomach, staring at Declan with greedy, unblinking eyes. Suddenly, Declan remembered something Zoran had once said-a theory so extreme it had sounded absurd. It was said that some failed dragons believed that eating dragon flesh and drinking dragon blood could purify them.

If they consumed enough, they thought, they could one day become true dragons. Declan's brow tightened as he looked at Bert's clouded eyes. Could he really be one of those? Then Declan noticed Bert's lips moving; he was mumbling something. He listened closely. "I'll eat your flesh," Bert muttered again and again. "Drink your blood. Then I'll become a true dragon." Declan's heart sank. He had been right. What followed was not fear but deep disgust. Declan despised dragons who harmed their own kind. From the look of Bert, he had already done this more than once.

After a brief pause to catch their breath, the two lunged at each other again. Behind the tree, Rosalie stared in disbelief. When she had first met Bert, he had seemed normal. Polite. Even handsome. But the creature now fighting with madness in his eyes-was this really the same beastman? 2/3
admin

Chapter 229 The Final Fall Rosalie could only watch the fight. There was nothing she could do to help. No matter how strong she was, she could not beat a full-grown dragon. 2 Finished That much was clear. Still, there was some hope. Declan was slowly gaining the upper hand. After all, he was a true dragon; his strength and stamina were far greater. Bert was covered in blood. His fists shook each time he threw a punch, but the madness in his eyes never faded. Declan spoke calmly, his voice cold. "You're too stubborn for your own good." Then his fist slammed into Bert's chest.

Bert shot backward through the air and crashed into a giant tree. The trunk snapped clean in half. It was clear how much force Declan had used. One second passed. Then another. Just as Rosalie thought Bert was dead, his fingers twitched. His body began to shake violently. A fierce wind rose, leaves spinning wildly around him. The next moment, Bert let out a deafening dragon's roar. Using the last of his strength, he shifted into his beast form and charged straight at Rosalie. Her eyes widened in terror. A massive claw grabbed her by the waist and lifted her into the air.

"Matriarch!" Declan's horrifying scream tore through the sky. Bert flew forward, while Declan broke all restraints, shifting into his beast form and chasing after him. Rosalie felt warm drops splash onto her face. It was blood. Bert was clearly at the end of his life. His strength was fading fast, and he did not want to die alone. "Bert! What do you want?" Declan shouted. "I'll give you anything! Let her go!" Even through the cutting wind, the panic in his voice was clear. Bert's strength faded fast. He did not answer. He only glanced back once.

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Then, before Declan's horrified eyes, the dragon wrapped his entire body around Rosalie, Having no strength left, the dragon lost all ability to stay aloft. They fell down from miles up in the sky. "NO!" Declan's cry rang through the sky, filled with despair. With a thunderous crash, Bert hit the ground. 1/3 13:16 Wed, Jan Chapter 229 The Final Fall (32 Finished The earth exploded on impact. A massive crater formed, dust and smoke spreading for miles around. Declan stood in the haze, searching in despair. He could only tell roughly where Bert had fallen. The exact spot was unknown.

Zoran had arrived. At a glance, he saw the deep wounds on Declan's body, some so deep that bone showed through. He frowned. "What happened to you?" Declan explained everything about Bert. Zoran was stunned. Every dragon born to the clan was recorded. A wild dragon should not have existed. Then he looked at Declan's red, swollen eyes and spoke gently, unable to be cruel. "Declan, falling from that height," he said quietly, "and bearing the full weight of a dragon... You need to prepare yourself." Declan pressed his lips together. Deep inside, he still held on to a thin thread of hope.

They split up to search. Declan looked one way. Zoran searched for another. Soon, Micah and the others arrived after hearing the noise. From afar, they saw Declan digging frantically through the wreckage. A sense of dread settled in their hearts. Cameron rushed forward. "Declan! Where is the Matriarch?" Declan lowered his head. Cameron's voice rose in panic. "Say something! Where is she?" Elijah, Micah, Leon, and Cameron stared at him, all waiting. Declan felt as if something was stuck in his throat. No words would come out. He had not cried when his shoulder was torn open and bleeding.

But now, a single heavy tear rolled down his face and fell to the ground. Micah's chest tightened painfully. Ignoring Declan's injuries, he grabbed his unhurt shoulder hard. His usually calm voice broke. "Speak! Where is she?" Declan looked up, his face filled with grief. "Bert took her," he said hoarsely. "They fell from the sky together. I don't know whether she's alive." Micah's hand dropped. It felt like a heavy hammer smashed into his chest. He could not breathe. "Bang!" Elijah's face was dark with rage.

He swung his fist and struck Declan square in the face, knocking him back several steps. 2/3 13:16 Wed, Jan 7 G. admin

Chapter 230 The Darkest Fall Elijah's clenched fists were shaking when you looked closely. He shot Declan a hard glare, then turned and ran to search for people. Micah also turned at once, scanning the area for any sign of Rosalie. Cameron could barely take the blow. 32 Finished Tears streamed down his face as he cried again and again, "Declan, aren't you supposed to be strong? "Why couldn't you protect her? "If anything happens to her, I will never forgive you." Declan stood there, frozen. His blank expression hid deep grief.

He had countless chances to kill Bert, but he wanted to take Bert back to the clan for questioning. So, he kept holding back; that hesitation gave Bert his chance. It was his fault. He didn't argue with Cameron. He only said firmly, "If she's dead, I will not go on living." After that, he and Cameron split up and searched in opposite directions. Rosalie had already guessed what Bert planned while she was still in the air. Her mind raced, trying to think of a

way out. She was trapped in midair. No matter how capable she was, she couldn't do anything.

Then Bert's massive body wrapped tightly around her. Her stomach dropped as she felt the weightless fall. Inside her head, the system blared nonstop warnings. "Warning! Warning! The host's life is in danger!" The sharp alarm only made Rosalie more annoyed. She shouted aloud, "Stop warning me! Think of something useful!" She flipped through the system's shop as fast as she could, but there was nothing she could use. The ground rushed closer and closer. In despair, she closed her eyes. The one thing she regretted most was the child growing/inside her.

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"Boom!" She heard the awful sound of bone and flesh shattering near her ears. After keeping her eyes shut for a long moment, she felt no pain. She opened her eyes. She moved her hands. Then her feet. No blood. No broken body. She was unharmed. 1/3 13:16 Wed, Jan 7 Chapter 230 The Darkest Fall How was that possible? She hadn't done anything. She tried calling the system. There was no response. She tried opening the system shop. It wouldn't open. Finished Looking at her uninjured body, Rosalie guessed the truth.

The system had saved her, but it had used up all its energy and fallen into deep sleep. The system was down, but she was alive. That's what mattered. Rosalie struggled free from the massive dragon body and stepped out, crunching over broken flesh. She waved away the smoke in front of her eyes and realized she was at the bottom of a deep pit. There was no way she could climb out on her own. She called out, "Declan! Reid! Is anyone there?" Only her own echo answered her. With no system and trapped in the pit, Rosalie had no choice but to wait for rescue.

This was the darkest moment of her life. After an unknown amount of time, she heard footsteps above. She jumped up in excitement and shouted, "I'm down here! Please help me!" A rope dropped into the pit. Rosalie grabbed it and called out, "I've got it!" The person pulling her up didn't seem very strong. They had to rest every few seconds. After a long time, Rosalie was finally pulled out. She sat on the ground, her palms raw and scraped from the rope. "You came fast," she said. "Bert is already dead. You don't have to worry about this." She thought it was Reid.

Anyone else among them could have hauled her up easily. But after she spoke, there was no reply. She turned her head, and pain exploded at the back of her skull. Her vision went dark as she collapsed to the ground. 2/3 13:16 Wed, Jan 7 Chapter 230 The Darkest Fall Sienna dropped the stick in her hand. ? Finished She hoisted Rosalie onto her shoulder, not noticing the piece of animal hide Rosalie had dropped on the ground. Behind her, Reid quietly stepped out from behind a tree and followed her at a distance. By the time Micah reached the pit, both of them were long gone.

When he saw the deep hole, Micah jumped straight down without hesitation. 1.5K . (3/3 admin