

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market

Novel Chapter 3 - Chapter 3

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Chapter 3 Rebirth It hurt. It hurt so much. Lilian awoke with a pain that tore through her like a blade. Confused, she wondered, Wasn't I already dead? How am I still here? She jolted upright and instinctively looked at her hands. They were small-childlike. Filthy, yes, but perfectly intact. Panicked, she reached up and touched her face. Her skin was smooth and soft. There were no twisted scars, no disfigurement. The shock snapped her fully awake.

She looked around and suddenly realized: this was the very place where she had been imprisoned the year she was kidnapped-when she was eight years old. Could it be... I've been reborn? Reborn on the day I was kidnapped at eight?! At this point in time, she hadn't yet been sent to her adoptive parents. She hadn't yet begun the nightmare of beatings and starvation. Her voice was still hers. Her face, unscarred. None of the tragedy had happened yet-there was still a chance to change everything. But first, she had to escape. Yes. She had to get out of here. She had to rewrite her fate.

Lilian stretched her limbs and climbed off the bed. She crept cautiously to the window to assess her surroundings. Thankfully, no one was guarding the room. The only barrier was a chain locked on the door. They must have assumed a drugged eight-year-old wouldn't wake up so soon. So they'd let their guard down. The room was small, but there were two windows. One, near the door, faced the front yard. Through it, Lilian could see the traffickers playing cards outside. That route was out of the question. Her eyes shifted to the second window. It was open-but high.

For an eight-year-old, it might as well have been a cliff. Still, if she could climb out, she could escape this place for good. Lilian made up her mind. She took a few steps back, inhaled deeply, and sprinted forward, leaping with all her might-her hands caught the edge of the window frame! No time to think. She scrambled up the wall, using both hands and feet. Suddenly, the door creaked open. A man spotted her instantly and shouted to his companions, "Shit! That brat's trying to escape!" He dashed toward her, reaching out. "When did she wake up? Damn it! After her-now!" Lilian panicked.

The height didn't matter anymore. She clenched her jaw and jumped. She hit the ground and ran. No hesitation, no second thought. She ran like her life depended on it-because it did. This time, I won't let tragedy win! She tore down the mountain path, not knowing where she was headed. All she knew was that she couldn't let them catch her again. If she could just get away from this village, she could survive. Her life could finally be different. But the footsteps behind her grew louder. Her legs were trembling. She reached the summit-and froze. A cliff.

Below, she could hear the crashing of waves. The ocean. Lilian gave a broken, bitter smile. "Damn brat!" one of the men cursed. "I lose money gambling all night, and now I gotta chase you down too? I'll skin you alive!" Three or four men had caught up. They were gasping for air, but seeing the cliff ahead, they relaxed. They stood their ground and started hurling insults. Lilian turned to face them, her eyes cold. She took one step back. Then another. Her legs shook. In her previous life, her adoptive father had abused her cruelly.

He had slammed her head into water barrels, nearly drowning her several times. Those childhood traumas left her terrified of water. Even though she used to swim, she never dared to touch water again. But now... she had no choice. "You little b*tch! You dare glare at me? Get over here!" A man lunged, fingers nearly brushing her arm. Lilian's eyes turned fierce. Without hesitation, she spun around-and leapt off the cliff. "Damn it! She actually jumped! How the hell are we gonna explain this to that woman?!" Another man stepped forward and looked down at the raging sea.

He snorted, "She wanted her dumped in some dirt-poor hellhole, somewhere she'd never escape. Well, she's dead now-she's not going anywhere." "No one says a word about this. Got it? We don't need trouble." As far as they were concerned, jumping into the sea was suicide. There was no way that girl could've survived. But down below-Lilian hit the ocean like a stone. The impact nearly knocked her out, but she grit her teeth and held on. The waves swallowed her whole, awakening every nightmare she had of drowning. But her will to live kept her afloat.

She forced her rigid limbs to move, paddling desperately through the water. She didn't know how long she had been swimming. She only had one thought- Stay alive! I have to stay alive! At last, she saw land. Her arms aching, her lips pale, she swam toward it with everything she had left. And at that very moment, far away at Kingston Ravenwood Manor, a man who had been in a coma for months suddenly opened his eyes. As if sensing something deep within his soul, Sebastian whispered under his breath, "Sweetheart..." admin

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