

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Novel

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Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market If wheat and rice could be grown on a large scale, they could be harvested in bulk. Then we would no longer have to live on corn oatmeal every day. Rosalie picked the ripe crops and headed back. When she arrived, Micah had just finished cooking the pork stew and was getting ready to go to the bazaar with Elijah. Rosalie picked up a basket filled with erratic poultry. "I'll go too," she said. "The matriarch should rest at home," Micah replied. "There's no need for a woman to work outside.

Selling pork stew is something we already know well." Rosalie smiled and said, "It's fine. I'm feeling much better now. Besides, I was planning to visit the House of Delicacies anyway."

"Alright then," Micah agreed. Once they entered the city, many beastmen were already waiting at Rosalie's usual stall, bowls in hand. When they saw her after several days away, they greeted her warmly. "Hey, Rosalie, long time no see!" Rosalie smiled and replied to them one by one. She stood at the stall selling for about half an hour.

When there wasn't much left, she let Micah and Elijah continue selling while she went to check out the House of Delicacies. Not far from the stall, a beastman walking in a hurry bumped into her. He quickly apologized, but when he saw Rosalie's face, his expression lit up. "Lady! It's you!" Rosalie didn't recognize him at all. She was sure she had never seen this beastman before, so she stayed alert. The beastman laughed and explained, "I work at the House of Delicacies. My boss tasted your pork stew and wants to talk to you about cooperation." "Are you busy now?

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"Would you have time to come with me?" Rosalie nodded. She wanted to visit the inn anyway.

The House of Delicacies was a two-story building. Inside, there were only a few beastmen eating. The dishes on their tables were nothing more than plain roasted pork. A strong, raw pork smell filled the room. 1/3 11:51 Wed, Dec 31 M Rosalie frowned slightly as she followed the beastman upstairs. She stopped outside a room. From inside, she could faintly hear the sound of something being smashed, followed by sudden silence.

"Boss, she's here," the beastman announced. "Come in," a deep voice replied. Rosalie stepped inside. A silver-haired, green-eyed beastman was sitting on a chair, smiling as he looked at her. Rosalie was startled. It was her first time seeing such a striking beastman. His skin was pale silver, while his lips were bright red, like wild berries. A shimmering gold chain hung at his waist. A thin, sheer fabric draped over his upper body, revealing the firm muscles beneath. His green eyes were fixed on her. So this was a rich man, Rosalie thought. Sheer cloth like that was rare.

Every beastman she had seen before wore animal hides. She looked him over calmly. The beastman moved his lips and said, "I like you. I want you to be my matriarch." Rosalie's heart jolted. What was going on? In just the past few days, people kept confessing to her one after another. Now even a stranger was saying the same thing. She was starting to feel allergic to the words "I like you." She forced an awkward smile. "You must be joking. I already have five husbands at home. I really can't handle more." The beastman tilted his head, clearly confused.

"No one ever said a woman can only have five husbands. "Or do your beastmen lack tolerance?" "It's fine. Once I marry in, I won't be jealous. I won't make things hard for you." Rosalie took several steps back. Her expression turned cold. "Stop playing with me. If you're not interested in

cooperation, I'll leave now." The beastman's light green eyes flickered, and he started to rise from his seat. "Boss, someone is here to buy pork stew sold at the bazaar," a servant called from the doorway. 2/3 11:51 Wed, Dec 31 ... Chapter 13 An Unexpected Proposal Rosalie turned her head without thinking.

+5 Pearls Behind her came the sound of a chair scraping the floor. She turned back, ready to say goodbye, only to see the beastman already standing and looking at her. Wait. Weren't his eyes blue just now? Why were they gold now? Did she see it wrong? Rosalie looked at him uncertainly. His golden eyes shone brightly, but there was now a calm steadiness in them. The beastman grinned a little and said, "I was too forward just now. I shouldn't have rushed things."

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For some reason, even though he looked the same, Rosalie felt as if he were a different person. She put on a polite smile again. "How do you want to cooperate?" "You provide pork stew from 10 pigs a day, plus 100 erratic poultry," Julien said calmly. "We split the profit. Seventy-thirty." Rosalie thought for a moment, then shook her head. "That's too much. I only have one pot.

I can't handle that volume." She paused, then added, "But I can teach your chefs how to make it. The spice blend, however, must come from us. That will be charged separately. "And seventy-thirty split won't work. I want sixty-forty. I take forty. You take sixty." Julien fell silent. His eyes stayed on Rosalie as his fingers rubbed against the edge of the table. After a long time, he smiled. "Deal." The heavy weight in Rosalie's chest finally lifted. She hadn't expected him to agree to such a high share. Julien stepped forward and held out his hand. Rosalie froze.

Do people here shake hands too? Seeing her hesitation, Julien explained, "This is a custom in Westland. And I still don't know your name." Only then did Rosalie reach out and take his hand. "Rosalie Bennet." She tried to pull away, but his grip was firm. Julien's thumb brushed lightly over the back of her hand suggestively. His eyes, bright like polished gems, stayed on her face. "Rosalie," he said softly. "We all admire you. 1/3 11:51 Wed, Dec 31 M. The heat of his palm made her fingers numb. Her eyes stung.

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Rosalie suddenly pulled her hand back and turned to leave, tossing a sentence behind her.

"Prepare the ingredients yourself. The spice blend will be delivered every morning." Julien leaned back, both hands braced on the table. His voice turned cold. "Come out." A small cat with a broken tail jumped out from behind the table. After shifting into human form, he revealed a pair of clear, bright green eyes. Gael complained at once. "Julien! Why didn't you let me keep talking?" Julien shot him a sideways look. "Do you want to scare her away? "You need patience," he scolded.

"You're not a kid anymore. Still acting reckless. "With that attitude, how are you going to serve your future Matriarch?" Gael crossed his arms, sulking. He thought today might be the day that soft, sweet female would take him home. Julien sighed. He reached under the bed and dragged out a struggling male. He was tightly bound, his eyes burning with hatred as he stared at the two brothers. Julien looked at him coldly. "Uncle Harris, you didn't really think stealing my father's things would make them yours, did you?" His gaze swept across the room. "And you cut off my brother's tail.

That debt isn't going unpaid." His voice was cold as steel. Gael crouched in front of the man, a sharp blade flashing silver in his hand, reflected in the man's terrified eyes. "Arrghhh!" The

scream tore through the air. Rosalie walked back toward the stall. The farther she went, the more crowded it became. A group of people had formed ahead; something had probably happened. She pushed her way inside-and froze. Micah stood there, his face covered in blood. A furious female was jabbing a finger into his chest. 2/3 11:51 Wed, Dec 31 M...

Anger exploded in Rosalie's chest, especially when she saw the bright red stains against his pale face. She grabbed the woman's arm and slammed her to the ground. The woman cried out. A beastman beside her helped her up and shouted at Micah, eyes wide with rage. "You ungrateful child! You just stand there while your mother is bullied?" That woman on the ground did look like Micah-especially her eyes, clear as water. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she accused him through sobs. "Micah," she cried, "I know you're suffering.

That's why I brought money to buy your freedom." 360 3/3 1 admin

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Rosalie caught the whip with one hand. The force made half her body go numb, but she stared at Themis with cold fury. "Micah was wrong to hit you," Rosalie said. "But there are rules. Once a male is married, he is under his Matriarch's authority.

"And you struck my husband without my husband without my knowledge. "You bullied someone under my protection." Her voice rose sharply at the last words. Themis froze, frightened by the pressure rolling off Rosalie. Rosalie yanked the whip away and slammed it to the ground. Dust flew up around them. She stared at Themis and questioned, "You bullied Micah. Why shouldn't I hit you?" Her voice rang out clearly. Many people around them nodded

in agreement. "That's right. He has a Matriarch now. Of course everything falls under her authority." Others frowned and argued back.

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"But she's still his birth mother. She's worried about him and even willing to spend money for him. This feels too harsh." Themis seized the moment. "Rosalie, should I tell everyone about what you did in the past?" She was sure Rosalie wouldn't dare to oppose her again. Micah couldn't take it anymore. Themis could insult him all she wanted. He was used to it. But he would not allow her to humiliate his Matriarch. He stepped forward and shouted, "Mother! That's enough!" A smug smile crept onto Themis's face. She kicked the beastman beside her. "Go. Pick up the whip.

Today I'll teach him how to respect his mother." She raised the whip and struck hard at Micah. Micah closed his eyes. Words from others could destroy lives. He could not let Rosalie suffer because of him. One second passed. Two seconds. Three seconds. The pain never came. Micah opened his eyes. Rosalie's small figure stood in front of him. Her exposed collarbone bore a fresh red welt from the whip. 2/3 Micah's eyes burned red. The anger he had held back finally exploded. He stared at the woman who had never truly loved him.

"Mother," he said hoarsely, "you say it was all for my good. Then why did you sell me to the woman at the edge of the village? "She married seven husbands; every single one of them died tragically." 360 ◦ 1 admin

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Chapter 34 I Never Blamed You The moment Micah spoke, the crowd exploded. "Gosh!

Marrying your child to such a fierce female! He's bound to suffer!" "Exactly! That mother is way too cruel!" +5 Pearls Themis never expected Micah to expose everything in public. She panicked and shouted, "Enough! Stop talking!" Micah gave a bitter smile. His eyes then turned cold as he spoke slowly, word by word. "Now that I finally have a matriarch who truly loves and respects me, you want her to leave me!" Themis persuaded him gently, "Rosalie is bossy and rude.

I'm only doing this for your sake." Rosalie stepped forward and pulled Micah tightly behind her, blocking Themis's sharp, predatory stare. "I may be a little." poor and struggling," she said firmly, "but I will never mistreat my husband. Not even Her voice rang out clearly. It hit Micah straight in the chest, making his breath unsteady. The males around them looked on with open envy. Most matriarchs they knew were weak and unable to do any hard labor. If they were upset, they used their fists instead of words. But Micah's matriarch had just spoken words like this- steady, strong, and fearless.

Everyone present had seen how capable Rosalie was. She sold meat herself and let her husband rest. That was something no one had ever seen before. As for Themis calling her bossy and cruel, that was ridiculous. If any male could marry a female like Rosalie, it would be a blessing earned over lifetimes. "Mother," Micah asked softly, "do you really hate seeing me living comfortably?" "Do you have to push things until she casts me out?" His head hung low. A mist filled his eyes, and clear tears slid down his pale cheeks. The sight made people's hearts ache.

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At last, the crowd could no longer stay silent. One by one, they stepped forward to speak against Themis. Themis clenched her teeth in anger. She never imagined that after marrying, Micah would 1/ Chapter 34 I Never Blamed You +5 Pearls become so bold and calculating. She even thought bitterly that she should have tied him back then and sent him to that crippled woman's

house and let her torture Micah until his death. Unable to face the rising voices, Themis shot Micah a vicious glare and walked away. up With the main figure gone, the crowd slowly dispersed.

Elijah leaned against a corner; for the first time, he looked at Rosalie seriously. She was so small, but she had taken that whip head-on without flinching. Calm, steady, and full of reason.

Interesting. Much better than the one before. Furious, Themis headed back to the tribe. On the way, she ran into Reva. Themis stormed back in such a sorry state, but Reva showed no disgust. She stepped forward and took Themis's hand. "Themis, what happened to you?" Themis instantly put on a pitiful look. She wiped at tears that weren't there. "Reva, I was worried Micah was suffering.

I brought money today to help him buy his freedom. "But your sister is arrogant and wild. When she heard what I said, she splashed pig blood right in my face. "She insulted me again and again. I'm old, but I had to endure being yelled at by a young woman like her." A sharp light flashed in Reva's eyes. She patted the back of Themis's hand and said firmly, "Don't worry, Themis. I'll report this to Mother. Rosalie will be punished properly for her disobedience." Micah sat on the edge of the bed, holding a bowl of herbal medicine.

His eyes were full of pain as he looked at the injury on Rosalie's collarbone. The wound was badly swollen and looked alarming. Rosalie tilted her head. The animal hide on her shoulder slipped down slightly, exposing her sharp shoulder line. Her pale skin trembled when it touched the cold medicine. "Does it hurt?" Micah asked. Rosalie shook her head gently. "It doesn't hurt." That only made Micah hurt more. He opened his mouth, then lowered his gaze. His voice was

2/3 11:52 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 34 I Never Blamed You quiet and heavy. 0: ४/ "Matriarch, what my mother said is true.

I married you with an ulterior motive." His eyes reddened as he hurried on, his voice breaking. "But now, my feelings for you are real." Micah looked lost, like a small beast that had lost his way home. His eyes were red as he stared at Rosalie, full of fear and uncertainty. Rosalie lifted his face with her soft hand and said gently, "I never blamed you." 360 (11) 3/3 11:52 Wed, Dec 31 M १(/), admin

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Tenderness filled Micah's eyes, deep enough to drown anyone who met his gaze. He called softly, almost reverently, "Matriarch." Micah wrapped an arm around Rosalie's waist. Their warm skin touched, and the distance between them disappeared. Rosalie could feel his hot breath so close to her face. Her cheeks flushed red. Her heart raced as she whispered, "Micah... " ~ She didn't finish her sentence. The rest of her words were swallowed by his warm lips.

Micah moved gently, carefully, as if he were kissing something fragile and precious. He pulled back slightly, his eyes full of longing. "Matriarch, can I become your husband for real?" Rosalie gave a tiny nod and wrapped her arms around his neck. Micah's eyes lit up, filled with pure warmth. His lips brushed past her burning-red ear, avoided her injured collarbone, and finally pressed a kiss to the back of her hand. Suddenly, Rosalie froze. A warm rush swept through her, and she quickly pressed her hands against Micah's chest. Micah looked up at her, confused. Rosalie gave an awkward smile.

"Hmm, I think my period just started." Micah's face flushed at once. The veins on his arm stood out, but he pushed down the desire burning inside of him. He leaned in and kissed her smooth forehead. "Your health comes first." The heated mood faded. They looked at each other, and then both laughed at the same time, wrapping each other in a warm hug. Rosalie wasn't used to the beast world's ash-based supplies, so she quietly exchanged them for modern sanitary pads through the system. While she was there, she checked her stats.

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To her surprise, her cooking skill proficiency had reached Level 2 without her noticing. Her strength had also increased by 10 points. 1/3 11:52 Wed, Dec 31 M... She squeezed her arm. The soft, loose flesh from before was gone, replaced by firm muscle. She touched her chin. It was sharp now, with no sign of the overweight woman she used to be. Suddenly, the door burst open. A figure carrying a large bundle stepped in from the night. Rosalie focused and froze. It was Declan. The animal hide on his upper body was torn to pieces.

A deep wound cut across his waist, blood soaking through. His eyes were fierce, like a wounded beast. Rosalie rushed over, startled. "Why are you hurt so badly?" Declan didn't answer. He was panting heavily; he dropped the bundle from his back. It hit the floor with a dull, heavy thud. "What is this?" Rosalie asked. She opened a corner of the bundle, and golden light flashed into her eyes. Startled, she quickly picked it up and pulled Declan inside. Frowning, she stared at him. "Where did you get so much gold jewelry?" Her eyes were full of doubt and worry as she fixed her eyes on his wound.

"Didn't you demand a fortune in gold?" Declan said. "I brought it for you." He paused, then asked quietly, "Do you like me now?" Rosalie's temples throbbed. She never expected that one careless joke, meant to scare him off, would be taken so seriously. She clenched her teeth and

snapped, "Declan, what do you think my feelings are? "Something you can buy with money?"

Declan looked completely lost. "You said you wanted it. I brought it. Isn't that enough?" Rosalie was certain now. Declan was hopeless when it came to feelings, and there had to be a reason behind this.

She sighed deeply and said helplessly, "I don't want things taken by force or stolen." Declan thought for a moment, then said in a low voice, "Understood." 2/3 11:52 Wed, Dec 31 M Rosalie looked at the pile of gold jewelry on the bed, unsure where to put it. Once Declan healed, she would have him return everything the same way he got it. After agreeing to work with the owner of the House of Delicacies, Rosalie finally had more spare time.

She prepared the spice packets to stew 10 pigs and taught the chefs the full process of making pig stew. 360 admin