

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

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She carried a full week's earnings in her pouch, which made her feel steady and secure. At the bazaar, she bought several pieces of quality leather and a variety of other supplies. By the end, she had filled three large baskets. Cameron strapped two baskets to his back and carried another in his hands. Before leaving, he looked at Elijah with clear distrust. "I'll take these home," Cameron said. "You protect the matriarch." Elijah lifted his chin in reply. Only then did Cameron turn and hurry off. On the way home, neither of them spoke.

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The only sound was their footsteps crunching on fallen branches. Leaves rustled above them. Sunlight filtered through the thick canopy and scattered across Rosalie's hair, warm and gentle. Rosalie broke the silence. "Elijah, once I heal your tail, you'll be free to leave." Elijah's face darkened. He replied sharply, "You? You think you can do that?" Rosalie did not mind. She looked up and smiled at him, sincere and calm. "It may be slow, but it will happen." 1/3 Elijah crossed his arms, snorted, and turned his head away.

Even so, Rosalie knew she was right. At 10 coins a day, she could save 100 coins in less than two weeks. She could buy the medicine needed to heal his damaged peacock feathers. Once that happened, Elijah would be free. He would no longer be tied to her. Suddenly, Elijah raised an arm and stopped her. His eyes locked on the depths of the forest. An eerie wind swept through, stirring fallen leaves. Everything went silent. "ROAR-!" A deafening roar burst from the woods. Heavy footsteps followed, fast and close. Rosalie's expression hardened. A wild beast.

Possibly an unawakened beastman or one that had lost control. Before she could react, Elijah scooped her up and ran. His pace was lightning fast. Dust flew behind them. In the distance, Rosalie saw a female stumbling ahead, running in panic. Right behind her, a leopard charged, closing in fast. Rosalie pressed her lips together. Elijah said, "Matriarch, my duty is to protect you." She knew that in this beast world, interfering was dangerous, but then it happened. The female fell. She curled inward, clearly shielding something. Rosalie looked closer and froze. The female was heavily pregnant.

The leopard crept closer, step by step. Rosalie's breath caught. She shouted, "Stop!" Elijah halted. Rosalie twisted free from his hold and sprinted ahead. A cold flash gleamed in her hand. It was a blade. Just before the leopard could strike, Rosalie threw herself at it with full force. Both of them rolled several feet across the ground. A tearing pain ripped through her left shoulder. The leopard's eyes burned red as it turned its focus on her. Rosalie did not back down. She raised the blade and faced the crazed beast head-on.

The leopard seemed shaken by Rosalie's presence and froze, unable to move. Rosalie didn't wait. She struck first, slashing hard across the leopard's front leg. 2/3 The leopard let out a furious roar and lunged at her. Rosalie flipped the blade in her hand and drove it straight toward the leopard's weakest spot-its belly. A sharp, desperate cry rang out. "Please! Don't kill him! He's my husband!" 360 1 3/3 11:52 Wed, Dec 31 M admin

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Elijah moved so fast that he left a faint blur in the air. He rushed the leopard, tangled with it and in the end leapt onto its neck. One powerful hand forced the leopard's head down. He stood out on his arm from the effort. Even so, his hair was perfectly neat.

He turned his face calmly toward Rosalie. The leopard struggled and roared beneath him. Rosalie stepped closer and activated the system scan. "Host," the system reported, "this leopard appears to be in a berserk state." Rosalie frowned. That part was not hard to fix. One Detox Pill was all it needed. But she looked at Elijah with worry. Elijah had no feelings for her. If he noticed anything strange, he would not hesitate to deal with her. She could not afford to make another mistake. After a brief pause, Rosalie stood and walked toward a patch of thick plants nearby.

"System, scan this area for usable medicinal herbs." The system swept the area like a radar. In Rosalie's vision, several plants lit up with a soft white outline, making them easy to spot. She moved quickly, gathered the herbs, and mixed them according to the system's instructions. Then she returned to the leopard and forced its jaws open. She pushed the herbal paste down its throat. The leopard let out a fierce roar, then slowly grew quiet. That woman wiped her tears and crouched beside the leopard.

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She asked anxiously, "What's wrong with him?" 1/3 Rosalie helped her up and spoke as gently as she could. "He's fine. I gave him medicine. He'll wake up after some time." She finally calmed down and looked at Rosalie with gratitude. "Thank you. Thank you so much, savior." "No need to call me that," Rosalie said. "Just call me Rosalie." The woman nodded. "My name is Monica Sherman. I was traveling with my husband to visit our family. I don't know why, but halfway here he suddenly went berserk." She lowered her head and touched her belly.

"He almost hurt me and our child. Thankfully, you saved us in time." Rosalie waved it off. She could not stand seeing Monica so upset. "You're pregnant. You shouldn't get too emotional." The sun climbed higher, glaring down on the ground. The light was so strong it made it hard to keep their eyes open. Monica's face looked pale under the heat. Rosalie turned to Elijah and said,

"We're not far from home. Take Monica there and let her get some rest. The sun is too strong. It's not good for her health." Monica had not expected such care and thanked Rosalie again and again.

Elijah stood still with his arms crossed and said coldly, "My only duty is to protect you." Rosalie answered just as coolly, "Your duty also includes carrying out my order." Elijah did not move.

"I'll stay right here and wait for you," Rosalie said firmly. "Nothing will happen. I promise."

Only then did Elijah turn around. He took Monica with him and hurried toward home. Rosalie stayed under the shade of the trees. The unconscious beastman lay beside her. From afar, she saw Reva leading a large group of people, marching toward her home with aggressive force. Rosalie felt a chill in her chest.

This was bad. Reva must not see the leopard. If she did, she would surely twist the situation into something ugly. She dragged the leopard deep into the forest and hid him among the trees, but she herself had nowhere to hide. 21 11:52 Wed, Dec 31 M ... Reva soon spotted Rosalie standing alone in the woods, sweat on her forehead, breathing hard. "Well, well," Reva said with a mocking smile. "Long time no see, Rosalie. Why are you all alone out here? Did you force another beastman again?" Rosalie did not back down.

She sneered and shot back, "You seem very familiar with that sort of thing. Do you often sneak into the forest with beastmen to fool around yourself?" "Bitch!" Reva's face flushed with anger, but she quickly regained her composure. She waved her hand at the people behind her. "Go," she ordered coldly. "Tie her up and take her away." 360 B admin

Several towering beastmen stood in front of her. Rosalie knew she couldn't run. She shook off the hand gripping her arm and shot Reva a cold look. "There's no need to tie me up. I'll walk on my own." "Oh well, I don't mind as long as you know what's good for you," Reva said smugly. Just thinking about what was about to happen filled her with joy. Rosalie was surrounded on all sides; they kept her from escaping. Inside, she calculated quickly.

Whether it was Elijah or Cameron, once either of them returned and found her gone, they would come looking for her. All she needed was to buy some time. She also needed to leave a trail. Quietly, Rosalie pulled out a small blade and cut her forearm. Blood dripped onto the ground, one drop after another. Beastmen had sharp senses. They could follow her by scent later. As they walked, the road began to feel familiar. It was clearly the path back to her tribe. Rosalie didn't know what Reva was planning, but her heart eased slightly.

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There were many people there; no matter what Reva wanted to do, she wouldn't go too far.

Rosalie was pushed into a house. At a glance, she saw Carina seated at the center of the room. Standing beside her was Micah's mother. Everything became clear at once. Themis had taken a loss last time and couldn't swallow it. Now she was back to stir up trouble again. The moment Carina saw Rosalie, her brows shot up in anger. "You ungrateful child! I let you go, hoping you'd change, and this is how you behave? You've only grown more arrogant and gone so far as to bully your elders!" Carina was furious.

Not long ago, people had told her Rosalie had changed, that she was gentle and kind now. Who would have thought she was still this stubborn? She had even considered letting Rosalie bring her husband back to live in the tribe. Before she could decide, someone had already come running to complain. Rosalie let out a cold laugh. "I was already driven out. Is it necessary for

the tribe leader to care about those who were cast out?" Reva stepped forward; her voice was sweet, but her words were sharp. "Rosalie! How can you talk to Mother like that? You'll break her heart!" 1/3 11:52 Wed, Dec 31 M...

The cold in that gaze sank straight into Reva's bones. Carina slammed her hand on the table. "Enough!" 360 3/3 admin

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Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Things were heading in the wrong direction; Themis reached out to grab Carina's arm. Carina stepped aside and avoided her. Carina glanced at Rosalie, who was crying and holding Micah tightly. Then she shot Reva a sharp, warning look. After that, she turned to Themis and said coldly, "Themis, since your son has already left home and chosen a matriarch, we mothers should not interfere too much." Themis understood at once. Carina was trying to smooth things over and handle the matter quietly.

This time, there was no way she could take that bastard away. Themis clenched her teeth and forced a stiff smile. "You're right, tribe leader. I was foolish." Although Themis was not from this tribe, she knew better than to challenge the tribe leader. "Then I'll take my leave." Supported by her husband, Themis walked away, her back filled with resentment. wupt wh Carina then looked closely at Rosalie. She finally noticed how thin her daughter was. There were injuries on her arms and collarbone. She could imagine how hard life must have been for Rosalie outside the tribe. Her heart softened.

Perhaps it was better to forgive her and let her return to the tribe. With a sorry look on her face, Carina said, "It's getting late. You should stay here for the night." Suddenly, Rosalie passed out

and fell in Micah's arms. At that moment, Cameron rushed into the room in a panic. On the verge of tears, he shouted, "Matriarch! What's wrong with you?" Carina jumped up, about to step forward, but Reva grabbed her arm. Reva's heart was pounding. She could not let Rosalie return to the tribe. If she did, her secret would be exposed.

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"Mother," Reva said quickly, "Rosalie must be overwhelmed with emotion. Let her go home and rest." At some point, Elijah had also entered the room. Without a word, he lifted Rosalie into his arms and walked away. Carina was furious at these unruly, careless beastmen. She scolded them angrily, "None of you 1/3 11:52 Wed, Dec 31 M ... Cameron cried as he chased after them.

Only Micah remained; he bowed slightly and said calmly, "Tribe leader, I'll take the matriarch home now." Carina waved her hand and collapsed back into her chair, fuming. Out of all of them, at least this one knew proper manners. After they had gone far from the tribe, Elijah said in a low voice, "No one's around. You can stop pretending." Rosalie opened her eyes. They were clear and alert, with no sign of tiredness. She had been faking it the whole time. She had no desire to stay in the tribe and chose the easiest way out. She patted Elijah's arm.

"Put me down." Once her feet touched the ground, she smiled with satisfaction. "Cameron, that was some great acting." Cameron's white fox ears popped out and swayed happily, showing his good mood. Laughing and chatting, the group returned home. Inside, Monica sat beside the leopard, worry written all over her face. The leopard was still unconscious. When she saw Rosalie, Monica asked anxiously, "Rosalie, why hasn't my husband woken up yet?" Rosalie stepped forward and checked the leopard's pulse. Then she smiled gently at Monica. "He used too much strength today. He's just sleeping.

He'll wake up tomorrow. "It's already dark," Rosalie added. "You and your husband can stay here for the night. I hope you don't mind that my home is simple." Monica smiled gratefully. "That would be wonderful. Thank you so much." Noticing Monica's fair skin and her foreign accent, Rosalie grew curious. "Monica, your accent doesn't sound like it's from around here. Did you come from far away?" Monica nodded. "I'm from a northern tribe. I came here to seek shelter with my mother." Her expression dimmed for a moment before she continued. "The northern tribes are cold to begin with.

Only a few months a year feel warm. "No one knows why, but one day it was unbearably hot.

That same night, the temperature 2/3 ملاءع 11:52 Wed, Dec 31 M admin

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The weather felt wrong. Even in the far north, it was impossible for snow to fall in the middle of summer. Could this be the start of a chillwave? This was the South. Winters here were short. Most beastmen's homes didn't store warm clothing or heaters. When winter came, they simply shifted into their beast forms and relied on thick fur to survive. But if a real chillwave arrived, countless beastmen would freeze to death. Rosalie's face went pale at the thought. Whether the chillwave came or not, she had to prepare for the worst.

She made that decision in her heart. From a distance, she saw several beastmen standing outside her door. Rosalie slapped her forehead. She had cleared out a room for Monica, which meant one of her husbands had no place to sleep tonight. That meant she had to choose one person to stay with her for the night. She walked over slowly. All five stood in a neat line. Even Declan, whom she hadn't seen in a long time, was there. The wound at his waist had already scabbed over, but there was a fresh gash across his strong thigh. Rosalie pointed at Declan. "You.



Come inside with me." Ignoring the reactions from those behind her, she walked into the room. The door closed. Micah stood tall in the courtyard. His eyes fixed on the window, unblinking. Inside, Rosalie sat on the bed with her arms crossed. She looked at Declan and sneered, "So you avoided me, huh?" she said. "Why didn't you just avoid me forever?" "Matriarch, I didn't avoid you," Declan replied. He lowered his head and refused to meet her gaze. "Tonight, we're going to talk," Rosalie said calmly. "I'll give you a chance to come clean. If you speak now, I'll help you with whatever it is.

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1/3 11:53 Wed, Dec 31 M... "But if you stay silent and I find out later, I won't forgive you." She was certain that Declan was hiding something. Declan's lips moved. His thoughts battled fiercely inside him. In the end, he simply said, "There's nothing." Rosalie didn't push further. "Fine." She stood up, grabbed a large animal hide, and tossed it onto the floor. "You'll sleep on the ground tonight." "Alright," Declan said. The candle went out. The room fell silent. Rosalie lay awake, unable to sleep. She spoke silently to the system.

"System, can you detect what Declan's beast form is?" She knew the beast forms of all the others. Only Declan had never shown his true form to her. "Unable to detect," the system replied. Rosalie's suspicion deepened. She sensed that his secret was tied to his beast form. Outside, Micah coughed softly as the cold wind brushed past him. He looked fragile, as if the wind might carry him away. Leon stepped beside him and said coldly, "The matriarch can't belong to only one husband." "I know," Micah answered hoarsely.

to swallow anyone In the darkness, Micah's eyes were deep, like a bottomless whirlpool ready to swallow whole. Leon felt as bitter as he did. Who would have thought the first to share Rosalie's bed would be Declan, the one who arrived last? "Ouch! It hurts!" Rosalie's soft cry rang out from

inside. Micah staggered. Leon's eyes turned red. Cameron crouched in a corner by the wall in beast form. When he heard the sound from the room, his heart was aching. Why could everyone else share her bed except him?

2/3 11:53 Wed, Dec 31 Inside the room, Rosalie rolled her shoulder and smiled at Declan.

"Thank you. You put my dislocated shoulder back in place. It feels much better now." Bang! A wooden beam suddenly fell from the roof and hit the floor. Rosalie jumped in shock. She was glad that Declan had helped her earlier. Otherwise, the beam might have hit his face. "Matriarch, go get some sleep," Declan said firmly. "I'll fix the roof." On the roof, several wet bird footprints were pressed into the wood. The troublemaker, however, was already gone.

The next morning, Monica's husband could walk again, though his face still looked pale. Rosalie adjusted the basket on her back and said, "Monica, I'm heading to the bazaar. You can come with us. "The road isn't safe. With me and my husbands around, it'll be safer." Monica smiled at Rosalie with gratitude. Yesterday, she truly believed she was going to die. If Rosalie hadn't saved her, she would have gone. 360 M of an 3/3 admin