

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Novel

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On the way, Rosalie asked more detailed questions about the strange snowfall. She asked Monica to think carefully and recall every detail from those days. When they arrived, Monica held Rosalie's hand and said sincerely, "Rosalie, I'm truly grateful to you. From now on, you are my friend." Rosalie liked Monica too. In the beast world, Monica was the only woman who had shown her true kindness. Rosalie smiled and said, "Alright, then. We're friends. Come visit me whenever you can." Monica pressed her lips together, tears welling up in her eyes.

Her husband hurriedly comforted her. "Matriarch, you're pregnant. Don't cry." Monica waved at Rosalie. "I'm going to find my mother. Once we settle down, I'll come see you." "Okay," Rosalie said, waving goodbye. This time at the bazaar, Rosalie had another important task. She needed to find the Westland merchant Grace had mentioned. She wondered if he might have cotton seeds. Earlier, Monica had said that just days before the chillwave, the weather had turned unusually hot. The sun felt heavy and made people restless.

Then, on the morning the chillwave arrived, there had been thunder and lightning, but no rain. Even the animals in the forest had unusually agitated. That made Rosalie believe the chillwave warning even more. That chillwave had happened a month ago. Now it was already September. Even the evening breeze felt cool. Rosalie knew she had to prepare before the next one came. When she thought about the others, her heart sank. She thought of carefree Grace, the adorable wolf cubs, and heavily pregnant Monica. She could not stand by and watch them freeze.

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She had to find a way to save them and save herself. As Rosalie walked, she looked up and saw a sign that read Velvet Bloom. Curious, she turned to Cameron. "What kind of place is this?" Cameron's ears turned red. He started to stammer. "It's... not a good place. Matriarch, you shouldn't go." The more Cameron avoided the question, the more curious Rosalie became. She turned to Leon. 1/3 11:53 Wed, Dec 31 M "Leon, tell me." Leon smiled slightly and stayed silent. Rosalie turned, ready to go inside and see for herself.

Just then, she caught a glimpse of white hair passing across the second-floor balcony. Her heart raced in excitement. A Westland merchant! She hurriedly ran into Velvet Bloom. She was so fast that Leon and Cameron did not have time to stop her. Once inside, Rosalie finally understood why Cameron's ears had turned so red. The lobby was wide and open. In the center stood a raised platform. On it, a beastman danced with his upper body bare. Below, several women sat while the men beside them massaged their legs. As soon as Rosalie stepped in, a beastman moved close.

His large hand landed on her shoulder. He leaned near her ear and spoke softly, his tone suggestive. "What a beautiful woman, care to let me serve you? It'll feel very nice." Rosalie's face flushed bright red. This-this was a pleasure house! A large hand suddenly grabbed the beastman's face and shoved him away. Leon smiled, but his eyes were cold. "Get lost." Leon's expression looked calm, but his eyes held clear disgust. Those filthy hands, touching who knew how many women, dared to get close to Rosalie. Rosalie coughed twice, her face still warm. "I want to go upstairs," she said.

The beastman had seen many women come here for entertainment. But a woman bringing her husband along? That was a first. Did she not fear making him jealous? Choosing to come here

instead of staying home with him? The beastman glanced up and down at Leon. He was tall and well-built, with evenly shaped muscles. His face was distant and refined, like someone far above ordinary crowds. And she still wasn't interested? Maybe his performance in bed was weak. The beastman could think of only one reason. He gave Leon a look full of pity.

213 11:53 Wed, Dec 31 M Leon's voice turned sharp when he noticed that look. "My matriarch asked you a question. Answer her." The beastman quickly replied, "Only honored guests may go to the second floor. You'll need to pay one coin for entry." 360 1 " 11:53 Wed, Dec 31 M....

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After paying, Rosalie headed upstairs. Leon followed close behind her. His face was cold as ice, but he didn't leave her side for a single step. On the second floor, it was exactly as the beastman had said. Every room had a sign hanging outside the door.

There were so many rooms that Rosalie had no idea how she was supposed to find that Westland merchant. It was also possible she had been mistaken. Left with no better option, Rosalie walked in the direction of the balcony she remembered seeing earlier. Now and then, muffled sounds drifted out from behind certain doors. Her heart started to race, though her face stayed calm and serious. "How dare you do this to me!" A door across the hall suddenly flew open. A woman stumbled backward, clearly shoved out from the room.

She pointed angrily at the doorway and shouted, "I was willing to take you in. Instead of being grateful, you threw me out!" Rosalie's attention was drawn to the scene. She looked over without thinking. A beastman stepped out of the room. His skin was pale, almost glowing, and his

emerald eyes were clear and bright, like a deep lake. They were so striking they almost took her breath away. Rosalie murmured his name, barely louder than a whisper. "Julien?" The beastman seemed stunned. After a moment, he turned toward her. Surprise burst across his face, followed by pure joy.

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"Matriarch!" he called out brightly. "You're here!" The woman's face went chalk white. She had not expected this beastman to already have a matriarch. Worse, he had come to a place like this despite that. He was shameless. She turned and left in a hurry, clearly upset. The moment Leon heard the word "matriarch," his gaze locked onto Julien. 1/3 Julien noticed nothing. He walked toward Rosalie with a sweet smile on his face. "Matriarch, how did you know I was here?" he asked cheerfully.

"Is it because we think alike?" Leon stepped forward, his tall frame blocking Julien's path. There was unmistakable danger in his eyes. Julien stopped. The two beastmen faced each other, nearly the same height. Rosalie reached out and gently squeezed Leon's arm. Only then did Leon step aside. Seeing Rosalie again, Julien smiled. "Matriarch, let's go inside and talk." "We're not that close," Rosalie said evenly. "You shouldn't call me that." For some reason, she felt that Julien had changed. The last time they met, he had been steady and composed.

"All right, all right," Julien said quickly, agreeing without protest. He guided Rosalie toward the room. At the doorway, Julien raised a hand to block Leon. In a soft but firm tone, he said, "You can't come in." The air around Leon turned icy. Rosalie gave him a reassuring look and said, "Wait here. If anything happens, I'll call you." Leon shot Julien a sharp glare. Reluctantly, he stayed outside, standing guard at the door. Julien closed the door. For a brief moment, the two beastmen locked eyes through the narrow gap. Leon narrowed his eyes, his presence dangerous.

Julien stared back, full of challenge. Bang! The door shut completely, making Rosalie's heart jump. She stood in front of Julien and asked, "Julien, may I ask something? Your hometown isn't here, is it?" Julien walked leisurely behind her and guided her down onto a fur rug on the floor. Then he sat across from her. As he moved, the ornaments around his ankle chimed softly. Rosalie's gaze fell on the sheer fabric across his chest and the chain around his ankle. These were things not common here. Could Julien be that Westland beastman? 2/3 11:53 Wed, Dec 31 M...

Chapter 42 The Westland Merchant +5 Pears Julien did not disappoint her. He admitted openly, "My home is in the west. Not here? Rosalie felt a surge of excitement. Grace had mentioned a white-haired, very handsome beastman. It really was Julien. "That's wonderful!" Rosalie said quickly. "Julien," she asked, "do you have any cotton seeds?" Julien looked confused. He clearly did not understand what she meant. 360 。 B admin

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Julien pretended to think for a moment. "I do have Kapok tree seeds, but the fruit can't be eaten, and it's not useful for food. What do you want it for?" Rosalie gave a simple reason. "I heard the cotton it grows is very soft.

I've never seen it before, so I want to plant some at home." "Cotton?" "That's an interesting name." As Julien spoke, he gently curled a loose strand of hair by Rosalie's ear around his finger. His eyes lowered, and his voice turned soft. "If I give you the seeds, how will you repay me?" "I can pay you." Julien let out a low laugh. "I don't want money. I want to be your husband." Julien lifted his eyes. They were calm and gentle, yet full of passion. Rosalie smiled awkwardly. "Anything but that." Julien didn't look disappointed. Instead, he leaned closer.

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They were so near that Rosalie could see her reflection in his eyes. A faint, mysterious scent drifted from him, strangely captivating. His lips moved softly. "Look into my eyes. Do you see them clearly?" Rosalie nodded. "Call me Gael." Rosalie couldn't see anything else now. All she saw were those clear emerald-green eyes, bright like polished amber. She couldn't hear anything else either. Only the distant, hazy voice of a beastman reached her 1/3 11:53 Wed, Dec 31 M. Gael laughed openly.

He placed a large hand on Rosalie's head and rubbed it gently, as if picking a soft bloom. "What are you doing?!" Cameron's angry shout burst in. He shoved the door open, still holding the flowers he had bought for Rosalie. When he saw the scene inside, his eyes turned red with anger. He rushed forward and grabbed Gael's wrist hard. Gael didn't move at all. He only looked at Cameron with an easy smile. For some reason, Cameron hated Gael the moment he saw him. It felt the same as seeing those annoying skirt-chasers back in his clan.

Gael looked straight at Cameron and spoke in a teasing, winding tone. "Matriarch, look at him ..." Matriarch! It was like a bolt of lightning hit Cameron. He froze in place. Rosalie didn't want him and found another skirt-chaser outside? His eyes swept over Gael's clothes. Gael was barely dressed at all. He was clearly trying to seduce Rosalie. So this was her type? Skirt-chasers? But Fox was famous for being a charmer. Why was she still sending him away? Cameron clenched his teeth. His breathing grew fast. His throat felt blocked, and he couldn't say a single word.

His eyes burned red as he stared at Rosalie in silent protest. Sometimes, silence said everything. Rosalie felt like the next thing Cameron would shout was "Matriarch! Say something!" She cleared her throat and spoke firmly to Gael. "Julien." "No, Gael," she corrected herself. "Don't joke like that. You scared my husband." When Cameron heard it was just a joke, the tension in

his chest dropped at once. He shoved 213 11:53 Wed, Dec 31 M Rosalie grabbed Cameron's wrist and pulled him outside. She left only one sentence behind. "Gael, I'll come back the day after tomorrow for the cotton seeds. I'll take as many as you have." She hadn't expected Gael to be a Westland beastman, or that he would already have cotton seeds. Once she got the seeds, she planned to try planting cotton herself. But after what happened today, a bold guess had formed in Rosalie's mind. On the way home, Cameron kept staring at her back.

In the end, he seemed to make up his mind and quietly encouraged himself inside his heart. They got home early. Rosalie harvested the ripe vegetables in the backyard and planted new ones. She had Cameron turn over a large patch of soil. Half of it was planted with corn and the other half with wheat. 360 1 admin

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After finishing her work, Rosalie asked Leon to take her deep into the forest. She urgently needed to find rice. Corn filled the stomach, but it did not keep people full for long. Rice did. If they could grow rice on a large scale, no one would go hungry during the next Chillwave. This was one of the rare times Rosalie demanded Leon take his beast form. She sat on the back of a black panther, gripping the soft fur at his neck. The forest rushed past them. As they moved, Rosalie scanned the land using her system's detection mode.

She guided Leon toward damp ground. Time passed, but they still did not see a single rice plant. Just as Rosalie began to think they would go home empty-handed, something golden caught her eye in the distance. Tall stalks swayed gently in the wind. Rosalie slapped the panther's back in excitement and pointed ahead. "Leon, over there!" They reached the field within a few seconds.

Rosalie jumped down and stared as if she were looking at pure gold. She picked a grain, peeled off the outer shell, and revealed the white rice inside. Her heart soared.

The field stretched far into the distance, with no end in sight. The grains were plump and large, almost three times the size of normal rice. The only question was how long it would take to grow again after harvest. There was too much to carry, so Rosalie filled only two baskets. She memorized the location and planned to return later. Back home, Rosalie found a huge stone and asked Leon to shape it like a stone mill she remembered. Leon lifted a hammer. His muscles tensed as he struck, carving the stone into shape and drilling a hole in the center for the grain.

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He placed a wooden base underneath and carved it to fit perfectly. Put together, it looked just like a modern stone mill. Next, Rosalie asked Leon to hollow out another large stone. This would be used to pound the rice. 1/3 11:53 Wed, Dec 31 M... She knocked the grains off the stalks and poured them into the stone container. Holding a wooden pestle, she pounded hard. This step was to remove the tough outer husk. Her arms soon grew sore.

Cameron stepped forward and offered, "Matriarch, let me take over." Rosalie was about to hand him the pestle when a sound rang out from the system. "Ding! Strength +1." She checked her attribute panel. Her strength had really increased. She hadn't expected pounding rice to raise her strength. Rosalie shook her head and refused Cameron's help, working even harder. To keep her arms balanced, she switched between left and right hands. By the time all the husks were gone and clean white rice appeared, Rosalie was drenched in sweat.

Only then did she truly understand how hard every grain was earned. She called Cameron over and asked him to sort the rice. Rosalie headed to the river to wash up. She stepped into the icy

water and let the cold soothe her aching muscles. After soaking for a while, she climbed back onto the bank. The grass nearby rustled. Rosalie instantly became alert, her gaze snapping toward the source of the noise. With a quick flick of her wrist, a dagger slid into her hand. Water dripped from her body as she moved forward, splashing dirt aside. She parted the grass and froze.

A small white kitten sat there, its tail broken and short. Rosalie's eyes lit. It was the same kitten she had found injured in an alley days ago. She had thought the injury was too serious for it to survive. Rosalie scooped it up, smiling wide. The kitten rolled over and showed its soft belly, completely unafraid of a stranger. Rosalie scratched the kitten gently under its chin. The kitten let out a soft, happy purr and closed its eyes. 2/3 She had wanted to adopt it the last time they met. Running into it again felt like fate.

When it came to stray cats, hesitation meant losing your chance. Rosalie made up her mind at once and asked softly, holding the kitten close. "Little one, would you like to come home with me?" The kitten let out a few sweet meows, as if saying yes. "Alright," Rosalie said with a smile. "From now on, you're the sixth member of our family. I would name you as Sixto." 360 admin