

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Novel

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The kitten let out an unhappy meow, clearly displeased with the name given without much thought. Rosalie gently scratched its soft pink nose and laughed. "Sixto-" "Meow-" Rosalie carried the cat home. Inside, she saw the bright white rice already sorted and neatly placed in a large bucket. Cameron walked up to her with a proud, praise-me look on his face. But the moment he noticed Sixto in her arms, his smile vanished. He pointed at the cat and exploded, "Rosalie! Where did you pick up this little flirt?" "It's not a flirt.

It's a cat," Rosalie corrected calmly. Even though both were furry, Cameron felt an instinctive dislike toward animals too similar to himself. He was so angry he forgot all sense. "No! You can't keep it. There can only be one fox in this house!" Rosalie sighed. "Just a cat, and I've already adopted Sixto." Cameron's eyes turned red with turned red with anger. To make it worse, the cat in Rosalie's arms slowly licked her paw, then stared at him with bright emerald-green eyes. Cameron froze. He swore that cat had a triumphant look in his eyes.

Rosalie turned and walked away with Sixto in her arms. Cameron felt something about the cat seemed oddly familiar, but he couldn't place it. All he knew was that the moment he saw that cat, his whole body felt uncomfortable. The large bucket of rice made Rosalie as happy as if she were staring at a bucket of gold. Ever since coming here, all she has ever eaten daily is either meat or corn oatmeal. Finally- real rice! She scooped out about half the bucket, rinsed it clean, poured it into a pot, and added twice as much water. She started a fire and let it cook.

Next, she sliced the pork and set it aside. She cut the green bell peppers into thick chunks and minced the garlic. Even before cooking, the ingredients filled two large baskets. With so many people at home, and all of them heavy eaters, there was no way around it. 1/3 11:53 Wed, Dec 31 M... When the rice finished steaming, Rosalie removed it from the pot and set it aside. Soft white steam rose into the air, carrying the warm, comforting smell of freshly cooked rice.

She heated the pan and added the fattier pieces of pork first, letting them cook until the oil was released. Then she added the lean meat and stirred, spreading it evenly across the pan. Once the pork changed color, she seasoned it with salt and black pepper. As the meat browned, she added the garlic, then tossed in the green peppers. She cooked everything together until the peppers softened slightly but still held their shape. The skillet pork and peppers were ready. The smoke made Rosalie's eyes burn. She coughed again and again.

Through the haze, Micah walked in and gently took the spatula from her hand, coughing once himself. "Matriarch, go outside. I've got this." Rosalie couldn't take it anymore. She shut her eyes and hurried out. When the smoke cleared, she returned to the kitchen. Micah seemed to be hiding something behind his back. Rosalie glanced at his left hand. Micah smiled gently when he noticed. "Why did you come back in? It's still smoky in here." Rosalie stepped closer, but Micah quietly took a step back. She froze. Micah had never avoided her before. This was the first time.

But his gentle expression looked the same as always. Rosalie hesitated, then decided she was overthinking it. When Elijah and Declan returned from hunting, Rosalie officially introduced the newest family member at the table. A white kitten with a broken tail. Sixto. The beastmen all reacted differently. Only Cameron looked ready to explode. He clearly wished the cat would disappear to the ends of the earth. Noticing Declan's arms looked full, Rosalie asked, "Declan,

what are you holding?" Declan pulled out two pale yellow eggs. Each one was as big as Rosalie's palm.

"These aren't chicken eggs are they?" Rosalie blinked. "They're huge." 2/3 Beast-world eggs were enormous. Rosalie placed them in the kitchen. She planned to make skillet eggs with tomatoes someday- though two eggs wouldn't go far. She'd need to build a chicken coop someday, catch some wild chickens, and raise them just for eggs. Any extras could be sold at the bazaar. Micah stared at the soft white rice on his plate and asked in confusion, "Matriarch, what is this?" "This is rice," Rosalie said with a smile. "It's a staple food.

Much better than corn oatmeal. Try it." 合 admin