

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Novel

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Apocalypse? 1 Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Micah set down his fork and took a bite of the steamed rice. The moment the rice touched his tongue, he felt how different it was from corn oatmeal. It was soft and smooth, with a light sweetness that came out the longer he chewed. He swallowed and looked at Rosalie with a gentle smile. "It's really good." The rich sauce from the skillet beef and peppers soaked into the rice. It was salty and spicy, hot enough to make sweat bead on your forehead. One bite made you want another.

Even Elijah, who usually didn't eat much, finished two full plates of food. The skillet beef and peppers were a hit. The candied tomatoes Rosalie made later were just as popular. Even the green peppers were gone, scraped clean from the plate. As the head chef of the household, seeing every dish emptied filled Rosalie with pride. She left the beastmen to clean up the table. Then she picked up Sixto, rubbed his soft belly, and looked at his empty bowl. "Good boy, Sixto. You ate everything." Night fell. After washing up by the river, Rosalie looked back and saw light glowing from her house.

Candlelight flickered, casting the tall shadow of someone inside. Thinking it was Micah, she smiled and pushed the door open. "Micah, you're here-" The moment she saw who it was, she froze. Heat rushed up her neck and burned at her ears. Cameron stood inside, shirtless. A strip of animal-hide cloth hung low at his waist. A few bright pink flowers were tucked behind his ears. Flower petals were scattered across the bed, and he lay there in a teasing pose, looking

seductively at her. Cameron already had sharp, hunter eyes. When he focused on someone, it was hard to look away.

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Right now, he was clearly flirting with her on purpose. He was pale, his firm waist catching the candlelight. Rosalie's eyes drifted lower- She turned her head at once, heart racing, and swallowed. "W-what are you doing?" Cameron chuckled softly. The sound alone made her chest tighten. He got off the bed and 1/3 11:54 Wed, Dec 31 M... He hooked a finger around a strand of her hair and twirled it slowly. With his other hand, he gently squeezed her burning-red earlobe.

"Rosalie," he said lightly, "don't you like my look?" His voice sounded the same as always, but it made her face grow hot. Rosalie lifted her head and met his eyes. They were overflowing with warmth; there was so much of it that she felt like she might drown in it. The candle crackled. It felt as if something exploded in her mind, leaving it blank. She couldn't think. She could only see him. They stared at each other in silence. Just as Cameron lowered his head and leaned closer to Rosalie- "Meow!" A sharp cry cut through the air.

Sixto shot forward like lightning and scratched Cameron's arm, leaving a thin line of blood. He landed between them. Under Cameron's angry glare, Sixto jumped straight into Rosalie's arms, licking his fur as if nothing had happened. Rosalie snapped back to her senses. She lowered her head and pushed Cameron out the door. "It's late. Go to sleep!" With a loud bang, the door slammed shut. Cameron stood alone outside, grinding his teeth. That stupid cat had ruined everything. Inside, Rosalie leaned against the door, her face burning.

She didn't know why, but just now it felt as if her mind had gone completely blank while looking at Cameron. To be honest, her first impression of him had been simple. Cameron was cute and a little foolish. He could forget all the hurt she once caused him, just because of a few good meals. Rosalie had always pampered Cameron. She treated him as a younger brother who wanted her attention. But just now, she realized he was much taller than her. When he stood close, his presence felt strong and unmistakably masculine. She finally understood.

Cameron was a grown man, not just a child who liked to act cute. 2/3 11:54 Wed, Dec 31 M.... Her thoughts tangled as she stroked Sixto's fur and muttered, "Sixto, what am I supposed to do with that fox?" Sixto only looked at her and licked her hand. Rosalie tossed and turned in bed for a long time. She finally fell asleep when the sky began to pale. But when she woke, the cat in her arms was gone. In his place was a man. It was Gael. 360 3/3 admin

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"No beastman has the right to interfere with a matriarch's choices. 2/3 "You don't need to worry about this." Rosalie buried her face in her knees and spoke softly. "I know." A light breeze cooled the sweat on Elijah's body. Sunlight filtered through the leaves, scattering across him. Suddenly, Rosalie asked, "Do you still hate me?" Elijah didn't expect the question. He looked at Rosalie, who was curled up, hiding her face from him. In a gentle voice, he answered, "No. I don't." 。 360 H Sa admin

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"That day, he planned to capture you and send you back to your tribe. That way, he could be free." Elijah meant the day he had held a dagger to Rosalie's neck, when Leon demanded to know who she really was. Just thinking about it made sweat break out on her back. because your

neck "But Leon changed his mind," Elijah continued. "He knocked my blade away because was bleeding." "What are you trying to say?" Rosalie asked. Elijah rarely spoke this much. He pressed his lips into a line. His icy gaze locked onto her.

"Leon has fallen for you." Rosalie's expression turned awkward. Leon had confessed long ago. She had never agreed. "I know," she said. Elijah played with a bone knife in his hand. He tossed it into the air. It spun fast and then landed neatly back in his palm. "You're very charming," he said casually. "Micah. Cameron. Leon. All of them fell for you. "Even I might fall in love with you too." His face stayed cold and distant, but the sweet words coming from his mouth didn't match that look. Rosalie was nearly scared out of her skin. She waved her hands in panic. "No, no.

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Absolutely not." Elijah added flatly, "Just kidding." Rosalie finally let out a breath. She had almost fainted from fright. She truly couldn't imagine Elijah saying sweet things to her. Worried he might say something even more shocking, Rosalie stood up. She stuffed the grain stalks into baskets, carrying two herself and hanging the other two on Elijah. "Let's go. We're heading back." Once home, Rosalie began pounding the grain. The steady system chime-Strength +1- finally calmed her nerves.

2/3 6 After that, she had Elijah sift the rice while she went back into the woods to cut several more baskets of grain. Micah was worried and insisted on going with her. Along the way, Rosalie tried to get answers about his strange behavior, but he kept brushing her questions aside. She grew upset and stopped talking to him for the rest of the walk. When they returned, Rosalie walked quickly ahead of Micah and went straight into the kitchen to cook. She slammed the door shut, leaving Micah standing outside. 360 H 3/3 admin

Micah looked helpless, but he couldn't tell the truth. He didn't want to drag Rosalie into more trouble for his sake. He paused at the door for a moment before leaving. Rosalie set the rice to steam. Then she went outside and threshed the freshly cut grain. She filled two full baskets with rice. She planned to take it to the bazaar tomorrow and show it to Julien. While the rice steamed, Rosalie chopped all the ingredients needed for dinner. Cameron's voice suddenly rang out from outside the kitchen. "Matriarch! I'm back!" The voice came closer.

Cameron pushed the door open and dropped several large wild chicken eggs on the floor, grinning with excitement. "Matriarch, look what I found!" Rosalie didn't hold back her praise. "Well done. I'll make something tasty for you tonight." Cameron's tail almost started wagging again. Leon returned as well, carrying several round vegetables. Rosalie's eyes lit up. cabbages. Those were Leon pressed his lips together and said, "They grow round like this. I wasn't sure if they were edible, so I brought them back anyway." Rosalie hugged a cabbage nearly as big as her head. Of course it was edible.

When cooked well, it was perfect with rice. She set the cabbage aside, planning to tear it up later for sautéed cabbage. Leon stayed where he was, looking at her without speaking. Rosalie looked back at him, confused. Then she seemed to realize something and smiled brightly. "I really like the vegetables you picked. You worked hard today." A faint smile appeared at the corner of Leon's mouth. His eyes softened as he said, "It wasn't hard. It's my duty to serve the Matriarch."

1/3 11:54 Wed, Dec 31 M Chapter 49 A Table Full of Warmth +5 Pearls He walked away.

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Rosalie watched his back, Elijah's words echoing in her mind. Leon knew she was not the original Rosalie, but he had kept it secret all this time. Did Leon truly like her? The rice was

ready. Rosalie heated the pan and poured in the beaten eggs, gently stirring until they were soft and just set. She moved them to the side. She chopped the tomatoes and added them to the pan, cooking them until they softened and released their juice. Then she returned the eggs to the skillet and seasoned everything with a little salt and a touch of sugar to balance the tomatoes.

A warm, familiar meal-skillet eggs with tomatoes-was finished. The tomatoes' tang paired perfectly with the soft eggs. It made the mouth water. Rosalie then started on skillet pork with peppers. Ever since she made it once and everyone cleaned their plates, the beastmen had loved it. The kitchen filled with smoke. A woman's voice called out from afar. "Rosalie! I came to see you!" Monica walked through the smoke into the kitchen. Rosalie looked surprised and happy. She gently pushed Monica back out. "It's too smoky in here. Go wait outside," Rosalie said. Monica held her round belly.

It really wasn't nice for her to stay inside. She sat outside while her husband fanned her, since pregnancy made her feel hot. Leon watched quietly, deep in thought. The spicy scent of green peppers filled the air. Rosalie kept coughing, her eyes watering. Warm fingers wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes. She turned and saw Leon fanning the smoke away from her. Rosalie thanked him. She quickly finished the cooking, plated it, and had Leon carry it out. The smoke slowly cleared. Rosalie brought out the final dish.

A plate of golden savory eggs sat on the table, topped with a thin drizzle of sauce and fresh parsley. The eggs looked soft and warm, still gently steaming. She set the plate down and rubbed her fingers together, cooling them after the heat. All the dishes on the table were things Monica had never seen before. 2/3 11:54 Wed, Dec 31 M.... Chapter 49 A Table Full of Warmth 6 +5 Pears Rosalie handed Monica a wooden spoon. She had asked Cameron to make it exactly the

way she wanted. Rosalie placed the savory eggs in front of Monica and smiled. "Monica, try this." eyes lit up.

She grabbed Monica scooped up a bite. The soft eggs melted in her mouth, and her husband's arm and shook it excitedly, then took another spoonful mixed with rice. The fluffy rice and smooth eggs filled her mouth. Monica cried out in surprise. "Rosalie! What is this? It's so good!"

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From a distance, Micah watched Rosalie smiling and laughing. His eyes slowly turned red. After staying for a while, Monica prepared to leave.

Pregnant women tire more easily. Rosalie packed half a basket of rice for her and carefully explained how to cook it. She reminded Monica to bring some back for her mother to try. Monica agreed with a bright smile. Rosalie walked into the House of Delicacies and went straight up to the second floor. She knocked and stepped inside. Gael had changed his outfit today. He wore bright red fur across his upper body, draped diagonally from one shoulder to his waist. The other side of his chest was left bare. The moment Cameron saw Gael attire, he was ready to bare his sharp teeth.

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Rosalie quickly grabbed Cameron's wrist and said softly, "You wait outside. I'll take my things and leave." Cameron refused to go. He only moved to a corner of the room. Leon acted as if he hadn't heard and stood in the opposite corner. Both of them stared at Gael without blinking. If Gael made even one wrong move, they were ready to tear him apart. Rosalie sighed and said to Gael, "They worried too much about me. You don't mind, do you?" Gael raised an eyebrow

slightly. His clear blue eyes rested on Rosalie. "Of course not." He glanced at the basket on her back.

"What's that you're carrying?" Rosalie placed the basket on the table and scooped out a handful of rice for him to see. "This is rice," she said. "Like corn, it's a staple food. But it tastes better and keeps you full longer." Gael was instantly interested. He called a chef up, and Rosalie explained how to cook it. While waiting for the rice to finish cooking, the two chatted about small, unimportant things. Soon, the conversation faded, and the room grew quiet. Gael used to be very talkative. Why did he seem so cold now? 2/3 11:54 Wed, Dec 31 M...

Looking into Gael's eyes-clear like blue seawater-Rosalie finally asked the question she had been holding back. "Gael, why are your eyes blue sometimes and green at other times?" Gael's lips curved slightly. He lifted a hand and gestured for her to come closer. Rosalie walked over. Gael was seated, so she had to bend down a little to hear him. "Rosalie," he said quietly, "sometimes I can't tell who I really am. "When my eyes are blue, I am Julien. When my eyes are green, I am Gael." 合 360 3/3 admin