

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Novel Chapter 51 - Chapter 51 (English Translation)

Chapter 51 A Deal on the Table Rosalie felt like she had just uncovered a huge secret. Her mind exploded with shock. So even in the beastman world, split personalities could exist? Finished She turned her head and ran straight into a pair of flowing blue eyes. She called softly, "Julien." Julien lifted a hand and gently brushed her brow. "Rosalie, your eyes are beautiful." Bang! Leon set the plate of rice down on the table with a heavy thud. At the same time, Cameron scooped Rosalie up around the waist and threw her over his shoulder. The sudden movement startled her.

She slapped Cameron's firm back hard and shouted, "Hey! Put me down!" Cameron snapped at Julien in a harsh tone, "Food's ready. Eat. "And where are the cotton seeds?" he added. "Hand them over!" He gripped Rosalie's waist too tightly. She bit his shoulder in protest, and only then did he finally put her down." Rosalie fixed her messy hair and shot Cameron an angry look. Then she turned to Julien and said politely, "Sorry, Julien. My husband doesn't know better. any "Go ahead," she urged. "Try the rice." Julien didn't hold a grudge. He took a bite, then set his spoon down.

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"Where did you get this?" Rosalie had expected this. A merchant like Julien would never ignore rice. "I found it in the forest," she said. She stopped there on purpose. Julien followed up calmly, "What do you want?" "I want to work with you," Rosalie said. "I'll supply the rice. You provide a storefront. I want to open a rice shop." Julien raised an eyebrow. "Do you know how much money it takes to run a shop? "Your rice tastes good, but not everyone will like it. 1/3 12:01 Wed, Dec 31 M...

Chapter 51 A Deal on the Table : 白 Finished "This is a risky business for me." Rosalie knew he wouldn't trust her so easily. "I did my homework before coming," she said calmly. "The pork stew and erratic poultry dishes I made doubled the profits of the inn. "If I can make one dish that popular, I can make many more. "If you agree, I'll provide one new dish every month. "And I'll split the rice shop's profits with you fifty-fifty." Her eyes shone as she spoke. She laid everything out clearly, doing her best to earn Julien's trust.

Anyone could see she was nothing like the bossy, incompetent Rosalie from a month ago. Leon watched her quietly. His gaze was different now. The current matriarch could stand on her own. Leon was more than willing to support her from behind. No matter what Rosalie chose to do, he would be there. He didn't find that shameful at all. Watching her grow stronger and more confident was the greatest luck of his life. Julien looked at Rosalie for a long moment. She met his eyes without fear. Business deals should never be rushed. That was Rosalie's rule. After a while, Julien smiled faintly.

The sharp look in his eyes softened as he reached out his hand. "Rosalie, happy to work together." Rosalie shook his hand firmly. "Julien, happy to work together with you." Julien handed her the cotton seeds. As he left, Rosalie turned around and gave him a playful wink. "Julien, next time I won't mistake you for someone else!" This solved only half of her worries. The bigger problem remained. Growing rice and cotton would take many workers. In the beast world, most men survived by hunting. Where was she supposed to find labor?

As Rosalie was thinking, a man suddenly stumbled and fell at her feet. She jumped back in shock. Cameron instantly stepped in front of her and shouted, "Who are you?" 2/3 12:01 Wed, Dec 31 M Chapter 51 A Deal on the Table : (5) Finished The beastman had a pretty face and tear-filled eyes, but his pupils darted around, sharp and calculating. He wiped his tears and cried, "My family wants to sell me. I refused, so they beat me. "Please, have mercy and take me in!" "No!" Cameron snapped. There was no way he would allow a random man to get close to Rosalie. 360 admin

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 52 A Very Useful Stranger Finished No one expected Rosalie to smile. The corner of her lips lifted slightly. "Sure," she said. "What's your name?" The beastman didn't expect things to go so smoothly. A flash of joy crossed his eyes before he quickly hid it. "My name is Brock Sherman," he answered honestly. Rosalie spoke like it didn't matter at all. "Fine. You'll do. Come home with me." Cameron panicked behind her. "Matriarch! You can't do that!" Leon reached out and pressed Cameron down.

"She has her reasons." When they got home, Rosalie pointed toward the kitchen. "There's no extra room here. You can either build yourself a small shack or sleep in the kitchen." Brock glanced at the kitchen. There wasn't even a window. At night, cold air would pour in from everywhere. He asked, "Matriarch, can I live with you instead?" Rosalie glanced at Leon. He took the hint, quickly stepped forward at once, and shoved Brock back. His voice was sharp and cold. "You haven't even been accepted into this house, and you dare to call her Matriarch? No manners at all.

"Your punishment," Leon said, pointing, "is to chop all that firewood over there." Leon clearly wasn't someone to mess with. Brock had no choice but to look at Rosalie, eyes full of grievance. Rosalie ignored him. She walked over to Leon and placed a light kiss on the back of his hand as a reward. "Teach him properly." Brock's heart sank. It was clear now. Rosalie had no intention of backing him up. Looking at the towering pile of firewood, Brock gritted his teeth, grabbed an axe, and started chopping. Rosalie and Micah stood inside the house. The window was cracked open just a little.

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They watched Brock work, sweat pouring down his face. Rosalie held a piece of dried fruit. She ate while enjoying the show. "Matriarch," Micah said softly, "this man came out of nowhere. Why did you take him in?" 1/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 52 A Very Useful Stranger 5 Finished Rosalie took another bite and replied calmly. "There were so many people in that street; he just happened to fall right at my feet. "He said his family was

mistreating him, but not a single bruise showed on his body. "And that acting?" she added with a snort. "So full of holes."

His plans were practically written on his face. "If I don't play along," she said, "how am I supposed to catch the person behind him?" Then she smiled wickedly. "And besides, free labor is pretty nice, don't you think?" Micah looked at her with affection. He handed her a glass of water. "Slow down. Don't choke." That entire afternoon, Brock barely caught his breath. After chopping wood, he was sent to plow the fields. When he finally tried to sit down and rest, Cameron yanked the chair out from under him. Brock fell hard onto the ground. Cameron shot him a cold glare.

Cameron wiped the chair carefully with a cloth before putting it back; the insult was clear. Brock's eyes burned red, but when he remembered the tasks his matriarch had given him, he swallowed it all down. That night, Brock really didn't want to sleep in the kitchen. He quietly sneaked toward Rosalie's room. Before he could even touch the door, Cameron grabbed him by the neck and flung him dozens of feet away. The impact sent dust flying across the ground. The door slammed shut. Cameron sat down heavily on a chair, head lowered, eyes red. Rosalie walked over.

She patted Cameron's head and held his hand. She explained everything from start to finish and promised she had never accepted Brock as her husband. Only then did Cameron finally calm down. Brock had worked all day. Now his whole body ached, and he had been thrown again at night. With nowhere else to go, he dragged himself back to the hard, cold kitchen floor. He had only slept a few hours when someone kicked him awake. Brock opened his eyes. Declan was squatting in front of him. His pupils were vertical, locked tightly on Brock. Brock screamed and scrambled into the corner.

Declan let out a soft laugh. "Get up. Chop wood." Brock stumbled outside and saw another mountain of firewood. His vision went black. This time, he really fainted. 2/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 M. Chapter 52 A Very Useful Stranger Finished Rosalie rushed over in a few quick steps. She pressed hard on a pressure point that hurt the most. Brock's face turned pale. He bit his lip until he couldn't take it anymore. He snapped awake, eyes bloodshot. "I'm fine," he gasped. "You can stop now." Rosalie smiled. Free labor couldn't be allowed to pass out. "Don't want to chop wood?" she asked.

Brock nodded wildly. Rosalie gave him a smile that was both mysterious and dangerous. A moment later, Brock stood at the edge of a rice field that stretched as far as the eye could see. His legs went weak. Rosalie placed a freshly sharpened blade into his hands and patted his shoulder. Her tone was warm and full of trust. "Brock, I believe you're the best beastman there is." 360 合 admin

Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 53 Proof of Courage "This piece of land in front of you is proof of your courage," Rosalie said. "Go on." She turned Brock around, left Declan to monitor him, and walked away. 「5) Finished The sun was blazing. It beat down hard, making Brock sweat nonstop. Salty sweat slid into his eyes, stinging so badly his vision blurred. He squatted down, trying to rest for just a moment. The next second, a shadow fell over him. Declan stood there, tall and imposing. His sharp features carried a quiet pressure. "Don't slack off."

Keep going." Brock shuddered in fear. He didn't even know what kind of beast Declan was, but every time he saw him, his whole body trembled. He worked the entire day. His arms ached. His legs throbbed. His once pale, handsome face was burned red by the sun. At dinner, Brock finally sat at the table. Rosalie put a forkful of green into his bowl. "You worked hard today," she said. "Look how dark you've gotten. Eat more greens. They're good for you." 11 Brock chewed the green with a bland taste. His hands were so weak he could barely hold his fork. After dinner, he lay down on the cold floor.

He had never felt life so miserable. Rosalie worked Brock hard for several days in a row. The once lively young beastman grew visibly thinner. It only seemed to confirm her harsh and overbearing reputation. The moon hung high in the sky. Late at night, Brock quietly pushed open the kitchen door and walked deep into the forest. Someone was waiting by the river. Brock stumbled forward and threw himself into her arms, sobbing uncontrollably. Under the moonlight, the face looked somewhat like Rosalie's. It was Reva. "Matriarch, you have no idea how cruel Rosalie is," Brock cried.

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"She put me to work for all day long. I never eat enough, never sleep well. I have to get up 1/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 53 Proof of Courage before dawn to work. "I'm exhausted. I'm going to die from it!" He looked up at Reva with tear-filled eyes, but his face was no longer attractive. 5 Finished Dark circles hung heavily under his eyes, his cheeks sunken. There was nothing left of the handsome look he had before. Suppressing her disgust, Reva patted his back and soothed him. "Keep watching her," she said softly. "You must find Rosalie's weakness." Brock had worked all day.

He was soaked in sweat and smelling sour. When he reached out to hug Reva, a wave of stench rushed forward. Reva's throat tightened. She almost threw up. She quickly pushed him away, turned her head, and held her breath. "Alright. I'll leave now," she said. "In a few days, I'll come back for you." When Brock heard he had to stay a few more days, it felt like the sky had collapsed. He stood there crying, his body shaking. Suddenly, a hand landed on his shoulder. "Matriarch!" Brock exclaimed excitedly. "You're taking me with you?" He turned around eagerly.

The moment he saw the face, all color drained from him. Rosalie raised an eyebrow, her tone mocking. "It's me, not Reva. Are you disappointed?" Brock couldn't believe his eyes. He slapped her hand away and ran. After just a few steps, he crashed into a hard chest. Leon stood tall before him, closing in step by step. Brock's legs trembled. He turned and ran the other way, but once he reached the shadows, someone grabbed him by the neck and flung him back out. Elijah emerged from the darkness.

Ignoring Brock's struggle, he locked a strong hand around his throat and dragged him in front of Rosalie. Rosalie's expression darkened. A bone knife flew from her hand and slapped against Brock's face. His whole body shook. "Do you and Reva really think everyone in my household is stupid?" The cold blade slid lightly across Brock's cheek, then down to his throat. 2/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 53 Proof of Courage "Talk," Rosalie said.

"What did Reva send you here to do?" 白 Finished "If you don't speak," she continued calmly, "I'll let you find out just how sharp my knife is." A thin line of blood appeared on Brock's neck. Rosalie pressed the blade down slightly. She only meant to scare him. She hadn't expected Brock to be so weak and passed out from it. With his feet already off the ground, his body went limp and collapsed. Brock was truly unconscious. Rosalie let out a cold laugh. "Take him away." Brock had no idea how much time had passed when he slowly woke up. His shoulder hit the cold ground, and his head spun.

"Talk," a voice said coldly. "You've already been exposed. Stop struggling." 匪 360 (1) admin

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 54 A Tangled Truth Finished Rosalie sat upright in front of Brock. He bit his lip hard. No matter what happened, he would never betray Reva. Grrr! A loud rumble came from his stomach. The sound echoed in the room. Brock buried his face against the ground, too ashamed to lift his head. He was starving. Every day, he worked at least 18 hours, yet all he was given were a few leafy greens. His ribs stuck out from hunger. A rich smell of meat drifted into his nose. Brock snapped his head up, his eyes red with hunger.

He shouted fiercely, "I won't eat! I rather starve to death than take a single bite of your food!" Rosalie calmly set the plate beside him. She waved for Leon and the others to leave. "She told me to keep an eye on you," Brock said, his mouth full of buttery eggs and rice, grease shining on his lips. His words were slurred. "She said I should find your weakness and report it to her." "That's all?" Rosalie asked. Brock nodded quickly.

He handed her the empty plate and asked sincerely, "Is there more?" Rosalie took the plate and scooped up another serving that was full to the brim, but she didn't give it to him. "From now on, when Reva comes again, do exactly what I tell you. As long as you listen to me, you'll have food every day." Brock stared at the bowl like he was under a spell. He nodded heavily. In the end, he ate five full plates of buttery eggs and rice. He only stopped because the pot was completely empty. Once he came back to his senses, his stomach was round and tight.

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He rubbed his belly with one hand and wiped his tears with the other. He couldn't betray his matriarch, but he couldn't betray his stomach either. 1/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 54 A Tangled Truth 5 Finished Rosalie returned to her room. She knew who Brock was working for, but she still couldn't understand why Reva kept targeting her. Buzz! A sharp pain exploded in Rosalie's head. Broken memories flashed through her mind. Reva was lying on the ground while the original Rosalie was kicking her again and again, without mercy. "How could you do this?!"

"Can you face Mother after this?!" That voice of the original Rosalie was furious, shaken, and full of disbelief. Through the fog, Rosalie could only see Reva's eyes, burning with hatred. "Matriarch! What's wrong?" Micah hurried over and caught Rosalie as she swayed. Her body went limp against him. "I had a headache," she said softly. "I'm fine now." Lying in bed, those two lines kept repeating in her mind. What had really happened between the original Rosalie

and Reva? Why did Reva hate her so deeply when they were clearly sisters? Her thoughts were a mess.

Just as Rosalie felt she was about to find the answer, it slipped away again. Brock gave up ate a lot. his act entirely after his cover was revealed. He worked lazily every day, but he Living in the kitchen made things even worse. He shamelessly stole leftovers, cleaning the place out like a mouse. The sugared berries Cameron had left in the kitchen to cool, meant as a snack for the next morning, were gone by nightfall. All that remained was a plate licked completely clean. Cameron exploded. He pointed at Brock and shouted angrily, "Matriarch! What's the point of keeping him?!"

All he does is eat! He's eating the house empty!" Then he rushed over to Rosalie, grabbed her arm, and shook it back and forth. "Matriarch, I want my berries! I didn't even get one bite-waaaah!" Tears clung to Cameron's long lashes. His big eyes blinked again and again, filled with heartbreak over the lost sugared berries. 2/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 0. Chapter 54 A Tangled Truth : ทรงแ Finished Rosalie patted Cameron's shoulder. Then she turned to Brock. Her sinister gaze made Brock stumble back several steps. "Bring him in. Tie him up." Elijah and Declan stepped forward, fists clenched.

Their solid muscles tensed as they walked toward Brock. Facing the two tall beastmen, Brock's legs shook. His scream echoed through the kitchen. "Hey! What are you doing?!" Thud! Brock was tied up like a bundle and thrown onto the floor. Carina frowned and scolded sharply, "What trouble are you causing now?" Rosalie crossed her arms and looked at Reva, whose face had gone paper-white. "Then you should ask your good daughter what she's been doing." Carina coughed heavily twice. When she caught Reva's guilty expression, she immediately knew the man on the floor was connected to her.

She slammed her hand on the table, the sound booming through the room. Carina stared at Brock and demanded sternly, "Who are you? And what is your purpose?" 360 admin

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 55 Truth Under Pressure 05 Finished Brock trembled as he dropped to his knees and bowed again and again. To everyone's surprise, Reva knelt beside him. Tears streamed down her face as she copied exactly what Rosalie had done that day. "Mother," Reva sobbed, "Brock was originally my husband. "By chance, Rosalie noticed him and forcibly took him away." She gently touched Brock's thin face. "Look at him. Only a few days have passed, and her harsh treatment has already worn him down.

She wiped her tears and looked at Rosalie with deep resentment, as if Rosalie truly were the villain who had stolen her man. Rosalie let a cold laugh. What a clever tongue. Reva could turn black into white without blinking. Over the past few days, Carina had thought her eldest daughter had changed. She clearly hadn't. "Mother," Rosalie said calmly, "the truth is not what my sister claims. "I found Brock at the bazaar. At the time, he was clinging to my leg and crying hard for my help. "He said his family treated him badly and beat him often.

I felt sorry for him, so I brought him home." She spoke plainly and sincerely. For a moment, Carina couldn't tell who was lying. Reva looked as if she had been deeply humiliated. She glared at Rosalie. "Rosalie, this is who you are. Twisting the truth comes naturally to you. It

was you who stole my husband!" Rosalie crossed her arms and stared back. "When I found him, plenty of people on the street saw it. "Mother only needs to ask around at the bazaar to find out the truth." Reva hadn't expected witnesses. Her eyes flickered.

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"And you," Rosalie continued, pressing closer, "keep saying I stole your man. "Then why didn't you ask Mother to stand up for you earlier? Why wait until I show up today to make a scene?" 1/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 04.. Chapter 55 Truth Under Pressure Finished Step by step, Rosalie cornered her. Reva stumbled over her words. "I-I didn't want Mother to worry about you!" Clang! A bone knife swept past Reva's cheek, cutting the air with a sharp gust. The blade sank deep into the ground. "Do you really think Mother and I are fools?" Rosalie shouted, her eyes locked onto Reva.

"Declan, come here!" He grabbed Brock and hauled him up. Next to Declan, Brock's once-handsome face looked dull and plain. "Do you honestly think I would want him?" Rosalie asked coldly. Reva had a mental meltdown. She turned to her mother. Carina was so mad that she started coughing nonstop, as if her lungs might come out. Rosalie frowned slightly. She remembered that Carina hadn't been this frail the last time they met. Reva dropped to her knees again and shuffled closer to Carina, crying hard. "Mother, I was wrong!

I was afraid that Rosalie would do something bad, so I sent Brock to keep an eye on her!" Smack! Carina slapped Reva across the face, knocking her sideways to the ground. Even that single motion left Carina gasping for breath. "Ridiculous!" Carina shouted. "Rosalie already has a husband of her own. Since when is it your place to control her?" "Why are you so upset, Matriarch?" A man entered from the doorway. His voice was deep and steady, and a clean, herbal scent filled the room, calming everyone. Ziven walked to Carina's side and gently massaged her back to help her breathe.

Though he was already forty, he showed no signs of age. His face carried only the quiet steadiness time had given him. Reva glanced up at him. 213 ... 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 M.. Chapter 55 Truth Under Pressure : M 5 Finished Ziven spoke softly. "Matriarch, it's time for your medicine. "The children's matters should be settled by the children themselves." He supported Carina as they walked out. Her steps were unsteady, and her back looked even more bent than the last time Rosalie had seen her. "Wait!" Carina turned back and looked at Rosalie with tired eyes. Lately, she felt exhausted all the time.

Was it just because she was getting older? Rosalie stepped forward and gently held Carina's wrist. "Mother, winter is coming. Tell everyone in the tribe to store more food." "I know," Carina replied. She patted Rosalie's hand with relief. Her daughter had finally grown up. Behind them, Reva stared at Rosalie's back with hatred burning in her eyes. After leaving the house, Rosalie brought some rice to Grace and asked her to cook it that night and give it a try. She also gave Christopher a large plate of dried fruit.

Christopher was so happy that he ran circles around Rosalie and refused to let her leave. Rosalie laughed and gently patted his head. "Be good. I still have things to do. Come play at my house next time." Z 360 W 3/3 admin

Chapter 56 The Secret in the Woods 5 Finished Christopher hugged Rosalie's leg and grinned at Grace. "Mom, Rosalie said I can go play at her place. You can't stop me this time!" Grace looked a little embarrassed and explained to Rosalie, "Don't get me wrong. I'm just worried this kid is too wild and will cause trouble for you." "It's fine," Rosalie said with a smile. "Let him come. The house will feel livelier." After saying goodbye to Grace, Rosalie headed toward the bazaar. She wanted to talk to Julien about the steps for opening a rice shop.

Just then, a soft but sharp voice came from the woods nearby. "You spent so long pleasing that old hag just now. Don't tell me you've fallen for her!" Rosalie stopped walking. She was about to speak when someone beside her quickly covered her mouth. "Shh. Let's listen." Rosalie already recognized the voice. It was Reva. Free gossip was rare. There was no reason not to listen. "Reva, don't you know how I feel about you?" a man said gently. "What I have with your mother is just for show. You're the one I truly love." Rosalie's eyes widened in shock. The man meeting Reva in secret was Ziven!

This was explosive news. Reva was secretly involved with her stepdad. Rosalie's interest shot through the roof as she kept listening. "By the way," Ziven asked quietly, "did you take care of those things?" Reva nodded with confidence. "Yes. I buried all the leftover herbs after Mother drank it. "If Rosalie hadn't found out I was drugging Mother, you'd already be my husband." At the mention of Rosalie, the hatred in Reva's voice could not be hidden. Ziven pulled Reva into his arms and comforted her. "Once she's dead, the two of us can be together forever." 1/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 M...

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Chapter 56 The Secret in the Woods 5 Finished Rosalie lost all interest in gossip. Reva's strange behavior, those odd memories-everything suddenly connected into one clear line. Reva had poisoned their mother just to get Ziven. She wanted her dead. A chill ran through Rosalie's entire body. She had always thought Reva was just stupid. She never imagined she could be this cruel. The two people in the woods seemed afraid of being seen. After they make out for a while, they hurried away. Rosalie stepped into the spot where they had been standing. The ground was clearly disturbed.

Using her bare hands, she dug it up and pulled out the herbal scraps. After the system checked them, the result made her scalp tingle. Those herbs clashed with each other. Taken over a long time, they would slowly weaken Carina, making it look like she had simply fallen ill and died. No wonder Carina's condition had worsened so badly in just a few days. Earlier, when Rosalie grabbed Carina's wrist, she had quietly checked her body. Carina looked strong on the outside, but she was already hollowed out within. Given enough time, she would become incredibly weak. What a vicious plan!

There was no way that foolish Reva could come up with this on her own. There was only one person behind it. Ziven! Rosalie set the scraps aside and turned to leave. This was not something she should interfere with. Julien picked up a large box filled with fluffy, soft cotton. "Rosalie, this looks nice," he said, puzzled. "But I don't understand what it's for." Rosalie placed a blanket on the table. Up close, it was made from two thin animal hides sewn together, with a thick layer of cotton inside.

The inner lining was rough cloth Rosalie had bought earlier, tightly holding the cotton in place. "This is a cotton quilt," Rosalie said. 2/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 M ... 5 Chapter 56 The Secret in the Woods Finished "Winter is coming. Beastmen have fur to stay warm, but women suffer a lot. With this quilt, they won't be afraid of the cold anymore." Julien immediately smelled profit. In his mind, he could already see how valuable these quilts could be. Winters in the beast world were long and harsh. Many women froze to death every year.

If this quilt existed, any household with women would want at least one. "How do you plan to sell it?" Julien asked. Rosalie shook her head. "I'm not selling it. I'll give it away as a free gift with rice purchases." Julien frowned. "Rosalie, you're a businesswoman too. You know how much profit this could bring. Are you really planning to give it away?" 360 3/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 M. admin

Chapter 57 The Free Food Finished Rosalie looked straight at Julien and said calmly, "This is my decision. I hope you'll support me." There was a sincere light in her eyes. Only then did Julien relax his tone. "You're my partner," he said. "Of course I'll support you." He paused, then added, "But growing rice and cotton takes a lot of labor. Just you and a your husbands won't be enough to run a shop." Rosalie smiled-mysterious and confident. "You don't have to worry about this." "Oh?" Julien raised an eyebrow.

"And how do you plan to do it?" Rosalie simply let out a mysterious smile, but she said nothing. At that moment, a beastman pointed at the menu and asked about the new dish. "What's this skillet pork and peppers?" "That's our new dish," the server explained. "It's a bit spicy. If you don't like spicy food, you can try the skillet eggs with tomatoes below." "Then I'll take both," the beastman said without hesitation. He had heard for a long time that the House of Delicacies was famous for its pork stew. Unfortunately, he arrived too late today. Only these two new dishes were left.

Soon, hot food was brought to the table. Along with the dishes came a plate of rice-each grain white, glossy, and perfectly shaped. The beastman stared at it in confusion. "I didn't order this." "This is our complimentary staple," the server said. "It's called rice." Since it was free, the beastman didn't think much of it. Free food was free food. He picked up a forkful of meat and placed it over the rice. As soon as he took a bite, the rich meat juices mixed with the rice and bursted in his mouth, sending warmth straight to his head.

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Nearby, other beastmen who had ordered the new dishes cried out in surprise. "This is ridiculously delicious!" Their eyes lit up as they ate. This thing called rice was soft, fragrant, and slightly sweet. It tasted 1/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 ... Chapter 52 The Free Food Ø 5 Finished far better than the corn oatmeal they usually consumed. Mixed with skillet pork and peppers or skillet eggs with tomatoes, it was even better, more satisfying than eating big chunks of meat alone. As soon as one customer finished eating and paid, he rushed to the counter.

"Where can I buy this rice?" Behind the counter stood a woman with gentle features and a warm smile. Rosalie stepped forward to answer. "In one week, a rice shop will open across the street from the House of Delicacies." "And the price?" another beastman asked quickly. Not every family was wealthy. Most traditional households lived by hunting. If the rice was too

expensive, few people would buy it, and the shop wouldn't survive. Rosalie had already thought this through. "You can help me plant and harvest it," she said. "We split the rice half and half. "Or you can buy it directly.

One coin per large basket." The crowd gathered around her, asking questions one after another. Rosalie answered them patiently. When the crowd finally dispersed, five beastmen chose to grow rice themselves. The rest decided to wait until the rice shop opened to see how things went. They agreed to meet the next morning at the entrance of the bazaar, where Elijah would come to pick them up. Julien stood beside Rosalie, looking down at her. "So this is your plan? "Rice isn't like pork stew," Rosalie said. "You can't taste it unless you take it home and cook it yourself.

"For something new like this, not many people will buy it at first. These few are enough." Rosalie was about to ask Julien more questions about the rice shop when someone on the stairs waved excitedly at her. "Rosalie! What a coincidence to see you here!" 2/3 12:02 Wed, Dec 31 M.... Chapter 57 The Free Food Finished Monica hurried over, not even caring about her belly, and hooked her arm around Rosalie's, Julien's presence was impossible to ignore. Monica glanced between him and Rosalie, blinking with a teasing smile, clearly enjoying the scene. "Is this your new husband?" she asked.

Rosalie was drinking water and almost choked when she heard that. She frowned and denied it, "No! Don't talk nonsense!" Julien calmly took out a cloth and wiped the water from the corner of her mouth. Monica's eyes lit up even more. You claim there's nothing's going on? He's already wiping your mouth! Rosalie leaned back slightly. Her gaze stopped on the cloth in Julien's hand. Suddenly, she grabbed his wrist and asked excitedly, "Julien, where did this cloth come from?" Julien looked at her in surprise. "This is something precious from Westland," he said.

"If you like it, I can give it to you." 360 admin

Chapter 58 Warning Signs. M 5 Finished When Rosalie heard that such a small piece of cloth was so valuable, she couldn't help feeling a little disappointed. The rough fabric she had sewn inside the blanket was only meant to hold the cotton in place. Beast hides were too thick. If she stuffed the cotton straight inside, it would shift around and fail to keep anyone warm. "Rosalie, someone's here," Julien said. Rosalie finally realizes she was still holding his hand. She quickly let go, feeling a bit awkward. Monica linked arms with the newcomer and introduced her sweetly.

"Mother, this is Rosalie, the one I told you about before. She's the one who saved my life." Yuna was an elegant woman, calm and dignified, with a quiet authority that didn't need anger to feel strong. She gave Rosalie a gentle smile. "You're a good child. You saved my daughter. Our family will not forget this kindness." Julien lowered his head slightly when he saw Yuna. "Greetings, City Lord." Yuna nodded at him. It was clear she recognized him. City Lord?! Rosalie was thunderstruck. Monica's mother is the City Lord? The tribes around the main city were spread evenly.

Carina's people all answered to Vaford. The bazaar and every business in town were under the City Lord's control. Rosalie never imagined that when Monica said she was staying with

relatives, she meant the City Lord. Rosalie was stunned for only a moment. She quickly composed herself and said calmly, "Saving Monica was a small thing. I couldn't stand by and watch two living beings die." Since Rosalie didn't flatter her or act nervous because of her status, Yuna looked at her with new respect. Her expression softened.

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"Mother," Monica said eagerly, "the rice and the dishes you ate earlier were all made by Rosalie. She's amazing!" 1/3 12:03 Wed, Dec 31 M Chapter 58 Warning Signs "Oh?" Yuna looked at Rosalie with interest. "You made all of that?" "Yes," Rosalie replied. "I grew and processed the rice myself." 5 Finished She continued, "I also made something recently. It's called a cotton quilt. It helps women stay warm during winter." Rosalie took out the quilt. Yuna pressed it gently, then wrapped it around herself. It was warm right away. "What's inside this quilt? Why is it so soft?" Yuna asked.

Rosalie handed her a handful of cotton. "This is cotton. When it's placed inside animal hide, it becomes soft and very warm. "If you like it, you may have this quilt." Yuna paused. "I shouldn't take your things. But Monica may give birth during winter. Having this quilt would make things easier for her." She added firmly, "I won't take it for free." With a wave of her hand, someone stepped forward and presented a bag filled with silver coins. There was enough inside to open several shops in the city. Rosalie was surprised by Yuna's generosity. Though tempted, she gently pushed the bag back.

"Monica is my friend," she said. "And the child she's carrying has already been calling me Godmother. "It's only one quilt. I can always make another." She hesitated, then continued when she saw no displeasure on Yuna's face. "But ... if possible, I'd like to borrow some manpower from you." Carina raised an eyebrow. "Manpower?" Rosalie nodded. "Could we speak somewhere quieter?" The place was noisy, so Yuna followed Rosalie to a private room on the second floor. Only a few people remained inside. Julien came along as well. Rosalie didn't ask him to leave.

He was her business partner, and sooner or later, he needed to know. Yuna looked confused at such a serious arrangement. Rosalie met her gaze, her brow tight and her tone grave. "A chillwave is coming. We must 2/3 12:03 Wed, Dec 31 M ... Chapter 58 Warning Signs prepare early." : Finished Yuna's lips tightened. Her voice turned sharp. "How do you know? You can't say things like that without proof." "Monica told me that when she lived in the north, there were strange signs before it happened," Rosalie said. "And a few days ago, there were sudden thunderstorms without rain.

The air was heavy and hot. Everything matches what Monica described." Yuna looked down at Monica. Monica's face was pale. Memories of the last chillwave clearly haunted her. She bit her lower lip until it turned red, then nodded slowly. 360 3/3 12:03 Wed, Dec 31 M 4] admin

Chapter 59 A Hard Decision Finished Yuna's expression turned serious at once. "What if it's just a change in the weather?" she asked. "Even if the chillwave doesn't come," Rosalie said, "this year will still be freezing." "Don't you feel it? It's getting colder every day." As soon as Rosalie said that, goosebumps rose on Yuna's exposed skin. Normally, this time of year was

hot. Today, Yuna wore a long fur coat and only showed her arms, but she still felt a faint chill. Yuna finally took the woman in front of her seriously.

She asked gravely, "What do you plan to do?" Rosalie began to explain her plan. At first, she had planned to wait until rice sold well. Then, she would recruit more people to grow rice and cotton. Cotton could also be traded for rice. There should still have been some time before the chillwave arrived. But she never expected Monica's mother to be the City Lord. When Rosalie saw the guards standing behind Yuna, she decided to use Yuna's influence. After hearing the plan, Yuna still hesitated. Rosalie wanted her to send out a notice to nearby tribes.

Each tribe would have to send people to grow rice and cotton. However, to avoid panic, Yuna could not reveal that a chillwave might be coming soon. She could only give orders and bear the pressure herself. If the chillwave came, everyone would praise her as a good city lord. But what if it didn't come? Yuna couldn't let herself imagine the outcome. Rosalie saw through her hesitation; she spoke one sentence, and it shattered Yuna's inner struggle at once. "Monica has already suffered once," Rosalie said softly. "Do you really want her to suffer again?" Yuna's sharp eyes reddened.

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She hugged Monica, whose body had gone stiff, and said in a low voice, "Alright. I'll do as you say." Rosalie felt a little guilty inside, but to convince Yuna, she had no choice but to bring up Monica. Monica was still pregnant, and thinking of painful memories made her upset. Yuna took her 1/3 12:03 Wed, Dec 31 Chanter away Before they left. Rosalie firmly pushed a quilt into Monica's arms. 零館 After Yuna walked far away, Rosalie finally relaxed. A heavy weight lifted from her heart. The labor problem was finally solved.

She turned around and saw Julien leaning against the railing, smiling at her. "Rosalie," he said. "as your business partner, don't you owe me a proper explanation" Rosalie felt awkward and rubbed her ear. "Sorry I didn't tell you earlier. I wanted to wait until everything was settled." She chuckled and smiled in a flattering way, her big eyes darting around. "Julien, you're not going to stop lending me the shop, right?" Julien only looked at her quietly, his face serious. Rosalie panicked. Was he really going to change his mind?

If he did, where was she supposed to find another shop on such short notice? She carefully stepped closer and poked his solid arm with her finger. Julien's light blue eyes were full of laughter. He wasn't serious, simply teasing her. Rosalie's eyes lit up. She smiled brightly and said loudly, "Julien! You've picked up some very naughty habits!" Julien curved his lips and chuckled softly. He didn't dodge her punches, letting her hit him again and again.

They laughed together, and the moment felt warm and easy, Suddenly, a figure shot between them like a cannonball and reached for Rosalie's hand. She reacted quickly and dodged. Rosalie stumbled back a few steps and bumped into a broad chest behind her. At the same time, Elijah grabbed the intruder's wrist, squeezing hard enough to make them cry out. "Ow! Rosalie! Tell your husband to let go of me!" Looking closely, Rosalie saw who it was. It was Reva. Rosalie felt helpless. How did she run into Reva everywhere she went? Did Reva put some kind of tracker on her? 23 12:03 Wed, Dec 31 M....

Chapter 59 A Hard Decision 4 Finished "Let her go," Rosalie said. Elijah flung his hand away. Reva rolled her eyes and deliberately fell toward Julien. Julien sidestepped easily. Reva's waist slammed into the railing, and she cried out in pain. She looked at Julien with a resentful gaze. Julien showed no sympathy at all. He didn't even spare Reva a glance. 360 。 admin

Apocalypse? 1 Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 60 He's My Husband He stepped to Rosalie's side and asked gently, "Did they scare you?" "Someone needs to explain this to me," Julien said, frowning as he raised his voice. "How did a lunatic get into the House of Delicacies?" Reva's face flushed with embarrassment. Finished She was a woman, precious and respectable; how could she be insulted, especially in front of Rosalie? She pointed at Rosalie and gritted her teeth. "What kind of spell did you feed this beastman?" Then Reva suddenly remembered Rosalie's past.

She turned to Julien with a smug smile. "Oh, right. You don't know what my sister used to do, do you? "Once you find out, you won't like her won't like her anymore. "Those things she did were absolutely vile." She stared at Rosalie wickedly, trying to find fear on a face that looked so much like her own. Rosalie stayed calm, her expression unreadable. Anger burned in Reva's chest. She lashed out without thinking. "Everyone knows your husbands were drugged and you forced them to be with you. "And now you've got your eyes on someone else. Planning to drug him too?" Rosalie didn't move.

Reva shouted, "No one's sharing your bed until now, right? "So you feel lonely and came to this place, trying to seduce some other man?" Smack! The sharp sound echoed. Reva's head snapped to the side. She covered her painful cheek and stared at Julien in disbelief. "You-how dare you hit me!" "Matriarch!" Brock shouted in panic as he rushed in. Several beastmen followed behind him, red animal-hide bands tied across their shoulders. Rosalie's eyes darkened. Wardens. This just got complicated. 1/3 Chapter 60 He's My Husband 4 Finished The beast world was harsh, but order still existed.

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Groups like the Wardens protected women and enforced the rules. The newcomers looked grim. They had seen everything. A man striking a woman was a serious offense. The leader was tall and broad. He wasn't someone they could brush aside. Elijah gave Rosalie a subtle shake of his head. The situation wasn't something they could interfere with. "She is a protected woman," the leader said coldly. "Striking her calls for ten lashes as a warning to others." Whip! A barbed whip hit the ground. Its thorns gleamed sharply. Reva lifted her chin in pride and sneered at Rosalie. "See?

Anyone who gets close to you ends badly." She walked up to Julien and lifted his chin with one finger, her voice turning soft. "If you agree to become mine, I can forgive you, and you won't need to face the whip." Julien let out a cold laugh. "You think you're worthy?" "Beat him!" Reva screamed. "Beat him now!" Her eyes burned with rage. She wanted to tear this ungrateful beastman apart. She looked so much like Rosalie. Why did everyone choose Rosalie instead? Why was everything she wanted always taken away?

Ignoring Elijah's warning, Rosalie stepped forward and stood in front of Julien, who had already removed his shirt to accept punishment. Facing the much larger beastman, Rosalie

showed no fear. She lifted her chin and met his gaze. "Julien is my husband," she said clearly. "He did that to defend my honor. If someone must be punished, punish me." The leader hesitated and looked at Reva. But Reva had no intention of letting Julien go. Her face twisted with cruelty. Reva accused, "She's lying! They aren't registered!" 2/3 12:03 Wed, Dec 31 M...

Chapter 60 He's My Husband Finished Under everyone's gaze, Rosalie rose onto her toes and pressed her lips beside Julien's lips. It was brief; she pulled back almost instantly. She said coldly, "Is that proof enough?" The beastman tilted his head and shot Brock a sharp look for causing them trouble. Then he turned to Rosalie and offered an apologetic smile. "Since this is a misunderstanding, we'll take our leave now." Their duty did not include settling disputes between women.

Once those who could back her up left, the only one standing beside Reva was Brock-silent, shaken, and scarred by the previous torture. 360 W 3/3 1 admin