

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market

Novel Chapter 6 - Chapter 6

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Chapter 6 She's Investigating Him? After tending to the wound, Lilian pulled a ceramic vial from her backpack and sprinkled powdered medicine over the gash. At last, the man spoke in a hoarse voice, "Why are you carrying medicine on you?" Unbothered by his suspicion, Lilian answered casually, "I study medicine. This is my own formula-purely herbal, no side effects. So stop being so paranoid. It's safe." A moment later, warmth radiated from the wound. It stung and itched intensely, making it nearly impossible not to scratch.

Lilian caught his pained expression and warned, "Don't even think about scratching it. You'll risk infection. Your hands are covered in bacteria right now. If it gets worse, that's on you." Her warning made the man immediately pull his hand back, though his clenched fists betrayed how much he was enduring. Lilian watched him suffer, a cold smirk curling on her lips. Hurt me, did you? Of course I'd get you back for that. Once she was done, she stood, stretched, and glanced at him with a lazy air. "Consider yourself lucky you ran into me.

Otherwise, you'd be dead by now." Without another word, she turned and left the cave. Sebastian cracked open his eyes and watched her leave, thoughtful. Then he closed them again, conserving his strength. A while later, Lilian returned, now carrying a wild pheasant. Seeing the man resting quietly with his eyes half-closed, she silently set up a spit near the cave wall and lit a fire with her lighter. The firelight cast a warm glow across the cave, cozy in the cold night.

Lilian used a small knife to clean and gut the bird, then rinsed it with purified water, rubbed it down with lemon, and began to roast it. Soon, the entire cave was filled with mouthwatering aroma. The seasoning was simple, but that made the flavor even more authentic. Sebastian opened his eyes and stared at the girl. Her actions were casual, efficient. Her eyes shimmered-sometimes calm, sometimes indifferent, sometimes cunning. They seemed to shift with every breath. He couldn't figure out how a single girl could hold so many sides.

One moment mischievous, the next composed enough to handle everything with ease. And strangest of all-there was something eerily familiar about her... Once the pheasant was done, Lilian tore off a piece and started eating. Catching him staring, she finished chewing and said with full confidence, "You're injured. You can't eat meat." But when the man kept staring at her with a hungry, beast-like intensity, she found herself in an awkward position-eating or not eating both felt wrong. In the end, she sighed, tore off a drumstick, and handed it to him.

"Your body really can't handle oily food right now. This is the limit." Then she pulled out an apple and offered it to him. "Full of vitamins. High in nutritional value. Perfect for someone recovering." Sebastian stared at the apple for a moment, then reached out and took it without thinking. He bit into it. He had to admit-it was the best apple he'd ever eaten. Crisp, sweet, intensely fragrant. Seeing that he was eating quietly, Lilian said nothing more and returned to her roasted pheasant. In the stillness of the night, the crackle of burning wood echoed clearly.

Now and then, a distant animal cry rang from the forest. Sebastian leaned against the stone wall, eyes fixed on the fire. Its glow lit one side of his face, leaving the other in shadow, giving him a wicked, devilish charm. Then he looked over at the girl, curled up nearby, asleep without a care in the world. Maybe even he hadn't expected to one day share a cave with a stranger like this. But he had to admit-the girl, though young, had an extraordinary beauty. Her delicate features, pale skin-and especially those eyes.

They were like the brightest star in the night sky, impossible to look away from. The quiet cave held a strange and wordless warmth. Almost without thinking, Sebastian reached out and gently pulled her blanket higher. As he withdrew his hand, he accidentally knocked over her backpack. The zipper hadn't been fully closed. A few pages of printed documents spilled out-black text on white paper. Sebastian's pupils contracted sharply. She's... investigating me? admin

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