

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Novel

Chapter 61

Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 61 Level Up Finished Declan clenched his fists and stepped forward, one step at a time. Brock's legs shook. He hid behind Reva, too scared to move. "Declan, stop scaring them," Rosalie said. At her order, Declan immediately stepped back and stood behind her. Rosalie walked up to Reva. She looked at her with a faint, cold smile. "You really think no one knows about your secret deal with Ziven?" Reva's eyes flickered in guilt, but she forced herself to deny it. "What are you talking about?"

"I don't know anything!" Rosalie moved closer. Her gaze locked onto Reva's face. "Reva, if you dare come looking for trouble again, I'll tell Mother about you and Ziven." She didn't stop there. "Not just Mother. I'll make sure everyone in Vaford knows you were involved with your mother's husband. I'll make sure people turn their backs on you and curse you." Reva couldn't even breathe. Her chest tightened as panic hit her.

"If you touch my husband again or cause me trouble," Rosalie said calmly, "I'll let you taste what that kind of shame feels like." The moment those words landed, Reva collapsed to the ground. Her eyes went unfocused. When had Rosalie found out about her and Ziven? And what about the poison they gave Carina? Did Rosalie know about that too? Reva was trembling all over in fear. She bit her lips until they turned pale. Rosalie watched her for a long time before she finally straightened up. Just moments ago, Reva had felt like she was suffocating.

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Her head had gone light, as if she might pass out. Rosalie hadn't mentioned the poison. Reva's fear eased just a little. As long as Rosalie didn't know about that, it was fine. Last time, Rosalie had discovered the poisoning by accident. Reva had barely managed to lie her way out of it. 1/3 12:03 Wed, Dec 31 M ... Chapter 61 Level Up 4 Finished She even tricked the tribe into driving Rosalie away. After a short time leaving the tribe, Rosalie came back like a different person. Simple lies no longer worked on her. Reva gritted her teeth and shoved Brock away when he tried to help her up.

"Get lost!" Rosalie was smarter now. She couldn't let Rosalie find out anything else. Reva's eyes were full of hatred, mixed with a cold, quiet cruelty. Julien called over a server and said flatly, "The woman on the floor and her husband are banned from the House of Delicacies."

Permanently." That was final. The server fixed Reva's face firmly in his memory and nodded. He would carry out Julien's order without question. Reva was dragged out in disgrace. As she disappeared through the doors, a green-eyed man walked up to Julien with a troubled look.

Gael glanced at Julien's lips, clearly annoyed. "Julien, the Matriarch kissed you. What did it feel like?" Julien touched his lips lightly. The soft warmth still seemed to linger. He smiled faintly. "Gael, you chose a good one." Gael's eyebrows shot up with pride. "Of course I did. My judgment is never wrong." "So," Gael added eagerly, "when are we marrying her?" Julien answered gently, "Take it easy. Soon enough." Yuna moved fast. By the next day, those who were sent from different tribes were already waiting at the city gates. Leon led one group to plant and harvest raw rice.

Another group followed Cameron to plant cotton. Based on Rosalie's experience, rice could be harvested about every five days. Cotton took around seven days. The beastmen who were forced to work could use the raw rice they earned to trade for food. With nearly a hundred people planting, the workload was massive. Just processing the rice each day kept Rosalie busy for hours. One day, Rosalie checked her system panel. Her cooking skill was almost level 3. It had grown slowly since she'd been busy farming. 2/3 12:03 Wed, Dec 31 M

Chapter 61 Level Up : But her planting skill had jumped all the way to level 4. That surprised her. Did managing other people's work also count as her progress? Even more unexpected was her combat skill. It had also risen to level 4. M Finished Rosalie raised her arm. Lean muscle had formed along it, smooth and strong, not bulky at all. It looked powerful and pleasing to the eyes. She felt a rush of joy. Her hands moved even faster as she stripped the husks from the rice stalks. 360 (1 3/3 admin

Chapter 62 Opening Day As Rosalie's other skills improved, she didn't notice much change at first. 4 Finished But her strength was different. Very different. That night, while making dinner, she grabbed Cameron by the collar and tried to push him out of the kitchen. She barely used any force. The next second, his top ripped apart. Cameron froze, bare-chested, his face turning bright red. He gave her a flirtatious look and teased, "Matriarch, you're into this? You like it rough?" Rosalie answered by grabbing him and tossing him straight outside. Rosalie's farming work kept growing.

Bundles of harvested rice stalks were delivered to her home every day. She spent her time pounding rice, picking cotton, and fluffing it. She was so busy she wished she had eight hands. At first, she worked in her backyard. But the polished rice still had to be carried all the way to the rice shop, which was far. In the end, Rosalie moved all her work to the shop. One day, she ran into Reva in the city. She glanced at Rosalie, then quickly lowered her head and hurried away. It seemed the warning last time had worked.

As long as Reva behaved herself, Rosalie had no reason to look for trouble with her. Seven days passed in a blink. It was the opening day of the rice shop. Before the doors even opened, a crowd had already gathered. Every tribe had sent people out to farm-some grew rice, others grew cotton. But those who had tried planting rice complained. The grains were yellow, and when they picked one and tasted it raw, it was bitter and rough. As for cotton, it looked soft and pretty, but nothing special stood out. Creaaak! The doors of the rice shop opened wide.

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Two strong beastmen stood on each side of the entrance, guarding the door to stop troublemakers. 1/3 12:03 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 62 Opening Day Finished Rosalie stepped forward. Someone recognized her and shouted in surprise, "It's the pork stew stall owner!" "No wonder we haven't seen her lately; she's opening a rice shop!" Rosalie's pork stew was famous. For two weeks, some people couldn't buy any at all. Later, when she stopped selling at her stall, the only place to get it was the House of Delicacies. But their pork stew was limited and much more expensive.

Many families could only afford a few bites when their female really craved it. Someone laughed and called out, "Boss! You made such a big scene. What does a rice shop even sell?" "Yeah! I tried that rice. It was bitter and awful. You can't eat it!" Voices overlapped. A few people argued back, customers who had eaten rice at the House of Delicacies. Rosalie raised both hands slightly. "Everyone, please be quiet." The noisy crowd fell silent, all eyes turning to her. "I'll answer every question. Be patient. "First, rice is a staple food.

What you tasted was bitter because the outer husk can't be eaten. It must be processed and cooked. "Second, today is our opening day. Anyone who buys ten coins worth of rice today will receive one cotton quilt for free." The beastmen, who had only ever eaten corn oatmeal as their main food, stirred with interest. A new staple food was tempting. "And anyone who helped with planting can tell me their name," Rosalie added. "I have a list. You'll get rice for free." With that, Rosalie stepped aside. The crowd surged in.

Inside the shop, baskets were neatly lined up, each filled with clean white rice. A table stood nearby with instructions carved into it, showing how to cook rice step by step. Simple drawings were added so even those who couldn't read could understand. A beastman who already knew the smell of cooked rice slammed a pouch of coins on the table. "Ten baskets of rice!" The crowd gasped. "It's not even meat, and he's buying that much?" 2/3 12:03 Wed, Dec 31 0... Chapter 62 Opening Day Finished To her surprise, the very first customer was so generous.

Rosalie lifted her hand, and ten full baskets of rice were neatly placed in front of the beastman. She added calmly, "That's a lot. You won't be able to carry it all by yourself." 360 3/3 12:03 Wed, Dec 31 M... admin

Chapter 63 A Busy First Day Finished The beastman had come prepared. Six or seven others followed behind him, each carrying one or two buckets. Together, they managed to take everything in one trip. Rosalie handed over a thick quilt as a free gift. The beastman did not care what the free gift was. All he knew was that he had bought rice. Once his matriarch tasted it, she would surely praise him. This time, he was certain he could win her back from that smooth-talking skirt-chaser. Some beastmen had only come to watch the excitement.

When they saw others buying, they cautiously bought a basket or two as well. Even if it did not taste good, they would not lose much. That day, Rosalie's business was booming. By nightfall, half the rice stored in the backyard had been sold. Rosalie knew this was only because it was the first day. Many people bought rice out of curiosity. Tomorrow, there would be fewer customers. Still, that rice was enough to last about a week. During that time, more

rice would keep being planted and harvested. That was more than enough to keep the rice shop running smoothly.

Only two or three quilts were given away as gifts. Large buyers like that were rare. Rosalie was not worried. Once someone felt how warm the quilt was, they would come back just to buy one. The next day, Rosalie only visited the rice shop in the morning. Just as she expected, there were fewer people than yesterday. After that, she went to the inn to check the accounts with Julien. Today's Julien had green eyes. He rested his chin on his hand, smiling at her. Rosalie understood at once and called out, "Gael, I'm here." Gael stood up and walked over.

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He wrapped his hand around Rosalie's wrist and leaned close to her ear, sounding affectionate, as if they had not met in a long time. "Rosalie, it's been a long time. I missed you so much." They met a few days ago. Rosalie felt confused at first. Then, she realized that this side of him truly had not appeared for a long time. In that sense, it really had been a while. Gael held her hand and gently pressed their index fingers together, feeling the warmth at their fingertips. Rosalie smiled as she looked at him. After seeing the two personalities so many times, she could now tell them apart.

1/3 12:0 Wed, Dec 31 Chapter 63 A Busy First Day J Finished Julien had blue eyes and a calmer nature. When he did not smile, he looked cold and distant. But when it came to business, he was sharp and clever. It was impossible to take advantage of him. Gael was completely different. His green eyes stood out, and his personality was much livelier. He smiled more, acted sweet, and always stared at her as if she were the only person in the world. Rosalie had more patience with the childlike Gael. After letting him play with her fingers for a while, Rosalie pulled her hand back.

"Gael, the rice shop made very good money yesterday. At this rate, I'll be able to buy the rice shop from you completely very soon." Gael looked at her with a bright smile. "If you want it, I can just give it to you for free." Rosalie rubbed her forehead. These two personalities were truly extremes. One cared only about profit. The other gave things away without a thought. If Gael were always in charge, the House of Delicacies would probably lose everything. "Gael, you're a businessman.

You're not allowed to give things away so easily in the future." After that, Rosalie explained her plans for the rice shop and how the profits would be divided. Gael focused only on playing with her fingers. No matter what she said, he nodded and agreed. "So, can I sell you to work as cheap labor for someone else?" "Mmm." "And I take all your profit share?" "Mm." "And I sold you to another family as someone husband?" At that last question, Gael finally looked up. His big eyes filled with hurt as he stared at her. "I only like you.

I only want to be your husband." Rosalie laughed softly and pulled her hand away. She truly did not understand where Gael's strange attachment to her came from. His feelings were sincere, but she still could not accept them. She already had more than enough beastmen at home. 2/3 12:04 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 63 A Busy First Day :. Finished Knowing that arguing would not help, Rosalie simply smiled and changed the subject. "The weather has been getting colder lately. A chillwave could come any day now.

Be careful." Gael reached out again to grab her hand, but Rosalie calmly stood up and stepped aside. 360 3/3 420 Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market admin

Chapter 64 Let Me Go "I'll be leaving now." Gael bit his lip and watched her walk away. He told himself that one day, he would make Rosalie accept him. Finished Rosalie woke up early that morning. The moment her body touched the cold air, she shivered. Goosebumps rose all over her arms. This temperature was nothing like summer. Her certainty grew stronger; the chillwave was coming. She put on thick fur clothes and felt a little warmer. When she reached into the basin to wash up, she froze. The water was warm. Someone had drawn water early in the morning and heated it for her.

Other than Micah, she couldn't think of anyone else. A soft smile curved her lips. Micah had always been thoughtful-always had been. After washing her face, Rosalie walked into Micah's room. The room was dark. No candle was lit. The air was cold and heavy, pressing on her chest. Micah lay on the bed, his face pale and colorless. Rosalie jumped in shock and rushed to his side, checking his breathing. Micah opened his eyes, but such a simple movement seemed to take all his strength. "Micah, what hurts?" Rosalie asked urgently. The haze in his eyes cleared. He stared at her coldly.

Rosalie's heart pounded. A bad feeling crashed over her. She tightened her grip on his hand. His thin lips moved. "Matriarch, let me go." Her hand loosened and fell limp. She lowered her head and stayed silent for a long moment. When she finally looked up, her eyes were red, tears trembling at the edges, "If you want to leave, you can go after I cure you." Her voice shook, filled with reluctance. The tears might fall at any second. 1/3 12:04 Wed, Dec 31 M Chapter 64 Let Me Go. B 4 Finished "No need," Micah said, shaking his head. "Your poor health has something to do with me.

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Once you recover, I won't cling to you anymore." The cold distance in his eyes felt terrifyingly unfamiliar. It was as if everything they once shared had never existed. "My body had always been weak," Micah said flatly. "It has nothing to do with you. You don't need to take responsibility for me." He turned his head away, unwilling to stay even one more day. Rosalie's throat tightened. She forced out a quiet, "Alright." After that, she turned and walked away, as if on autopilot. The moment she turned, Micah lifted his head and stared hard at her back.

He wanted to remember every strand of her hair and carve her figure deep into his mind. Then the door closed. Her silhouette disappeared. "Cough!" A dull cough tore from Micah's chest. His whole body shook. His mind turned blank. He spat out a mouthful of blood, staining his chest. His already pale face lost all color. Only his red, desperate eyes and the bright blood stood out. Rosalie had noticed Micah's strange behavior lately. She just never expected that the beastman who once softly told her that he had fallen for her would ask to leave her. She wiped her aching eyes.

No matter what, she would not let Micah leave until the chillwave passed. By then, she would have enough money. She could exchange them for medicine and cure him completely. More and more people came to buy rice. Most bought one basket to try it. After tasting it, they came

back for more. Declan was off somewhere again. Only Elijah and Rosalie were in the rice shop. Rosalie also acted as a shop helper. If customers didn't know how to cook rice, she explained it carefully. 2/3 Chapter 64 Let Me Go Frushed Some only wanted to buy a little to try.

Rosalie always tried to persuade them to buy more, She had a strong feeling; the chillwave was very close. She was settling the bill for a beastman who had bought ten baskets of rice. He had only planned to buy one, so he came alone. After listening to Rosalie's introduction, the beastman changed his mind and decided to buy ten baskets of rice instead of just one. Now he didn't know how to carry them all. Rosalie could tell how much it troubled him. She called over several helpers. When they were still short-handed, she even pulled Declan in. They planned to deliver all the rice in one trip.

The beastman hadn't expected home delivery just for buying rice. He felt grateful and a little embarrassed. "Sorry to trouble you," he said. "My place is quite far. It might be hard on you" 360 3/3 admin

Chapter 65 Cheap Trick 白 Finished Rosalie greeted them with a warm smile. "You bought so much. It's only right that we help carry it home." Elijah stood quietly beside her and said in a low voice, "Matriarch, you shouldn't be alone." "It's fine," Rosalie replied calmly. "Go and come back quickly. Declan will be back soon." Elijah pressed his lips together. "It doesn't take long. Nothing will happen." As she spoke, Rosalie patted his arm. Elijah finally listened. He turned around, lifted the sacks of rice onto his back, and left with the beastman. After Elijah left, Rosalie stayed at the shop.

She held a handful of rice and let it slip through her fingers, grain by grain. She looked calm on the outside, but her heart ached. Micah was the first husband she had truly shared feelings with. He held a special place in her heart. She couldn't understand why he had changed so suddenly. Questions weighed on her chest. She wanted answers, but Micah kept avoiding her, leaving her with no chance to ask. She was lost in thought when a group of beastmen stormed in. Their voices rang out before they even reached the door. "Who's the shop owner here?

Get out now!" Rosalie froze for a moment and looked up. The beastman in front was tall and broad. The moment his eyes landed on her, he charged straight toward her. He slammed a basket of rice onto the ground and accused, "You scammer! You run a crooked shop. The rice you sold me isn't even edible!" Rosalie raised an eyebrow. So they were here to cause trouble. She stayed calm and smiled lightly. "You need proof. You can't just say whatever you want." When she asked for evidence, the beastman didn't panic at all. He was clearly prepared. With one hand, he lifted the basket and dumped it out.

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Rice spilled across the floor. The top layer looked normal, but underneath were grains that were dark and purple-black. They 1/3 12:04 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 65 Cheap Trick scattered everywhere, looking unsettling. Someone gasped. "What is that?" : 4) Finished Seeing everyone shocked, the beastman sneered. "This is the rice I bought here. Only the top layer is good. The rest is all rotten!" Rosalie frowned. That was impossible. She prepared

the rice herself every day. There was no way the quality was bad. And spoiled rice would never look like this. There was only one explanation.

These people were here setting her up. Rosalie crouched down and picked up a few dark grains. She brought them close to her nose. "System, analyze this rice." When the result came back, Rosalie let out a cold laugh inside. Such cheap tricks. She called over a shop helper and whispered a few words to him. He hurriedly rushed toward the back courtyard. Rosalie crossed her arms and stood tall. She met the beastman's stare without fear. She raised her voice. "Are you sure you bought this rice from my shop?" "There's only one place in the city that sells rice," the beastman snapped.

"If not here, then where?" He sounded confident, and the crowd began to murmur. "What do we do? I just bought five baskets. What if mine is bad too?" "I promised my matriarch this rice would be good. If it's spoiled, she'll be furious!" The doubts grew louder, but Rosalie remained steady. She looked straight at the beastman. "You're sure it looked like this the moment you brought it home?" The beastman scowled and shouted, "Why are you dragging this out? This rice came from your shop! Are you trying to deny it?" "My demand isn't much," he continued.

"Shut this rice shop down." As he spoke, his lecherous eyes slid over Rosalie's body and stopped at her chest. "And make me your husband," he added with a grin. "If you do that, I'll let this go." 2/3 12:04 Wed, Dec 31 0... Chapter 65 Cheap Trick Finished Rosalie's expression hardened. Before anyone could react, the beastman was sent flying. A heavy punch slammed him into the wall. His body stuck there for a moment before sliding down, kicking up a cloud of dust. He screamed in pain, clutching his face. Two blood-stained teeth fell onto the ground. As the dust settled, Declan stood there.

A fierce pressure surrounded him. His fist was clenched, veins bulging along his arm. He turned to Rosalie, worry clear in his eyes. "Matriarch," he asked urgently, "are you alright?" admin

Chapter 66 Black Rice, White Truth Rosalie shook her head. Just then, the shop helper carried in a basin of clean water. Finished She grabbed a handful of black rice and tossed it into the basin. The clear water instantly turned dark and cloudy. That lecherous beastman didn't dare to move because Declan was there. He only spat out a mouthful of blood and sneered, "Your rice turns the water black. And you still claiming this isn't a scam shop? "I just came here to look for justice, and you people actually beat me up!" The crowd buzzed. Some looked at Declan in fear.

Others worried about the coins they had already spent. Rosalie gently stirred the water. Then she scooped up a handful of rice and opened her palm. White rice spilled out between her fingers. "How is that possible?!" someone shouted. The black rice had turned white after a short soak. What was going on? The crowd was stunned. Only the troublemaker's eyes darted around in panic. Rosalie let out a cold laugh. Her gaze turned sharp. "You think dyeing white rice black with crushed flowers will fool everyone?" His trick exposed, the beastman ignored the pain and tried to run.

He slammed straight into a wall of solid muscle. Elijah had just returned. He frowned at the beastman, then glanced at the chaos inside. His eyes finally landed on Rosalie. "Matriarch,

what happened?" Declan stepped forward and slammed a hand around the man's neck. "Starting trouble and trying to run?" Starting trouble? Elijah walked to Rosalie first. When he finally confirmed she wasn't hurt, he turned back to the beastman. In one swift move, Elijah grabbed the man's shoulder and kicked the back of his knee. A sharp crack was heard.

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The beastman screamed in pain and collapsed to the ground, sweat pouring down his face in fear. 1/3 12:04 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 66 Black Rice, White Truth Finished Rosalie lightly patted Elijah's arm and said in a low voice, "Too many eyes here. Take him to the back." Elijah dragged the staggering beastman into the backyard. With the misunderstanding cleared, the rice shop returned to normal. Across the street, on the second floor, Reva stood biting her lip, glaring at Rosalie with hatred. Out front, Rosalie kept directing customers. Then she headed to the back.

The beastman had been beaten, bruised, and swollen, even though Elijah had held back. He suddenly grabbed Rosalie's leg and cried, "Please stop! I know I was wrong!" Rosalie calmly pulled her leg free. "Who told you to do this?" He froze, then wailed, "I just wanted to scam some money! No one sent me!" Declan kicked him hard in the stomach. "Tell the truth!" The beastman curled up on the ground, pretending to pass out. Declan didn't hold back. After a few blows, the man's face turned red from pain. He couldn't take it anymore. "I really don't know!" he cried and honestly revealed everything.

"I only met that person once! That person's face was covered with animal hide. I don't know who that person was!" Elijah questioned him again, switching between threats and promises. The answers never changed. It seemed he was telling the truth. "That's enough. We couldn't get anything else out of him," Rosalie said. "Send him to the authority." Declan dragged the man away. Elijah said he needed to step out as well. Rosalie nodded. After dropping the man off, Declan walked back alone. The wind rustled through the trees. Suddenly, a strong force rushed at him. His mind was distracted.

Before he could react, a large hand clamped around his neck and slammed him against a tree. His clan people had just pressured him again to hurry up and complete his recognition trial. 2/3 12:04 Wed, Dec 31 ... Chapter 66 Black Rice. White Truth Finished They told him not to waste time here. He never expected Rosalie to run into trouble right after. The one holding him was Elijah. His eyes were cold and merciless. His grip did not loosen at all. "Declan," Elijah said flatly, "I don't care what you're planning to do. You are not allowed to drag the Matriarch into it. "You have one month.

After that, leave on your own. Otherwise, I'll help you disappear." He didn't raise his voice, but every word carried a clear threat. Elijah released him and turned away. Declan clutched his neck. For a split second, he truly felt like he was about to be strangled to death. One month should be enough to complete his trial, right? Declan didn't know. He only knew one thing. Right now, he was using Rosalie. 360 3/3 Wed, Dec 31 admin

Chapter 67 Preparation for the Chillwave D Finished Rosalie had always treated him well. Somewhere along the way, Declan realized that his dislike for her had faded. In its place grew a sense of responsibility he hadn't even noticed forming. He was afraid she might get hurt.

More than that, he liked seeing her smile when she felt proud of herself. With his eyes lowered, Declan walked back toward the shop. But the moment he reached the door, his steps froze. There was another crowd outside. His breath caught.

He pushed through the layers of people and rushed inside and saw Rosalie surrounded by a circle of beastmen. Declan's eyes turned red. He charged forward and pulled Rosalie behind him, letting out a sharp roar. "What do you think you're doing?" Rosalie quickly grabbed his arm and explained, a little embarrassed, "Declan, you misunderstood. They're here to buy quilts." Declan froze. He turned back to look at her, his red eyes slowly calming. His rising body heat cooled, and his pounding heart finally slowed. Without another word, Declan pushed through the crowd and headed to the backyard.

Rosalie gave an awkward smile to the others. "My husband is hot-tempered. Please don't mind him." The customer who bought quilts was the same beastman who had first purchased ten baskets of rice and received a free quilt. His matriarch hated the cold. Ever since she started sleeping under that quilt, she has stopped complaining altogether. Because of that, his standing in her eyes had risen quite a bit. This time, he came to buy a few more. He planned to layer them under her bedding so she wouldn't keep saying the bed felt too hard. Rosalie smiled as she sold him several quilts.

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In the backyard, Declan stood there, scratching his head. He didn't understand what was wrong with him. Why was he paying so much attention to everything Rosalie did? He looked up at the sky. The clouds were dark and heavy, as if a storm was coming. His heart felt just as unclear. The weather kept getting colder. More and more people came to the rice shop not to buy rice, but quilts. 1/3 12:04 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 67 Preparation for the Chillwave : 運 Finished These quilts were far warmer than a single layer of animal hide. They were thicker, heavier, and held heat much better.

The stock that had once piled up in the backyard sold out fast. Rosalie also prepared one quilt for each of her husbands. Even though beastmen had fur to keep warm, no one knew how harsh the chillwave would be. When Monica lived in the north, even strong, thick-skinned beastmen had frozen to death. Rosalie didn't want that to happen to her family. She also had several thick quilts delivered to Grace and her little wolf cub, as well as Monica and Gael. They were enough to help them survive the chillwave. Rosalie spent the whole morning busy at the rice shop.

After that, she went to settle accounts with Julien. Once rent and Julien's share were deducted, her net profit for this period was 200 coins. She split most of it among her husband. After everyone was paid, only 40 coins were left for herself. Without their help, she couldn't run such a large operation alone. Rice and cotton fields needed watching. The shop needed order. Some people also had to go hunting. Before the chillwave arrived, they needed to gather enough game. Only then could they stay indoors during the snow and make it through safely.

With her share of the money, Rosalie bought some high-quality animal hides. She planned to go home and sew a few thick coats. Just yesterday, she had noticed several big holes in

Cameron's shirt. It was worn thin and barely holding together. After buying daily necessities, Rosalie returned to the rice shop and saw Carina waiting at the door. It hadn't been long since they last met, but Carina looked much thinner. Dark circles hung under her eyes. She stood there so frail it seemed a gust of wind could knock her over. When Carina saw Rosalie, her eyes lit up.

She took two steps forward and then started coughing again. Reva supported her from the side. Rosalie let Carina hold her hand and asked, "Mother, why are you here?" 2/3 12:04 Wed, Dec 31 M ... Chapter 67 Preparation for the Chillwave 白 Finished A cold wind blew past, and Carina's coughing worsened, as if she might cough out her lungs. Leon quickly brought over a chair. Only after sitting down and drinking some water did Carina manage to catch her breath. Rosalie frowned slightly. It hadn't been that long; how had Carina's health declined so much? How strong had the dose Reva given her been?

But this was not something Rosalie should interfere with. She lowered her gaze and avoided looking at Carina's withered face. 360 admin

Chapter 68 A Juicy Gossip. Reva noticed Rosalie's calm, distant attitude and finally relaxed. "Rosalie, I want to make a deal with you," she said. Finribed "The quilts and rice from your shop, I want to buy them for the people in our tribe. One set for each family." She paused, then added carefully, "But most people in our tribe are poor." Carina started coughing hard. Her face turned red before she could speak again. "So could you give us a discount?" "There are many families. If we buy in bulk, you won't lose much." Business was still business.

The more people who could afford rice and quilts, the lower the chance of unrest later. Rosalie smiled slightly. "Alright, Mother. "That's my tribe too. I'll give you the lowest price. "Just tell my shop helper how much rice and how many quilts you need. I'll prepare them in advance. Have them come pick everything up tonight. "There are too many people during the day. I don't want others to know I'm giving discounts." Carina's eyes filled with tears as she grabbed Rosalie's hand. "My daughter has really grown up. You can handle things on your own now.

"I used to worry you'd get into trouble, that you'd kill yourself. "But you're living so well now; I'm truly happy." Rosalie pressed her lips together and said nothing. Her throat felt tight. In her past life, her mother had died on the very first day of the apocalypse. In this life, she had been thrown out by her family the moment she arrived. She had once thought Carina hated her. But what mother doesn't love her daughter? Carina was the same. Her love was real but hidden deep inside, never spoken out loud. 1/3 12:04 Wed, Dec 31 M...

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Chapter 68 A Juicy Gossip Reva watched Rosalie closely, afraid she might soften and expose Reva's secret plans. But Rosalie's eyes stayed clear and distant. She showed no sign of being moved. After confirming the number of families and the pickup time, she urged Carina to leave. Reva clutched Carina's arm tightly, desperate to get away as fast as possible. 4(4) Finished Rosalie stood there in silence for a moment. Then a pill appeared in her hand. She turned and waved Leon over, whispering a few words into his ear. Leon took the pill and hurried off in the direction Carina had gone.

Late that night, many tribe members gathered inside the rice shop. Grace was there too. Rosalie had already given her plenty before, but if everyone came and she didn't, it would look strange. Elijah stood at the counter, taking money with one hand and passing out goods with the other. After Grace finished buying, she slipped into the shadows and chatted with Rosalie. In the dark, Grace's voice sounded secretive and excited. "Rosalie, want to hear some juicy gossip?" "What gossip?" Rosalie asked. Grace lowered her voice. "I saw your sister with your mother's husband that day.

They were hugging in the woods! "I swear I didn't get it wrong. I even had little Christopher sneak closer to check. It really was your sister. "Christopher said they even kissed!" Grace looked proud, as if she had uncovered something huge. But Rosalie showed no surprise at all, as if she already knew. Grace went on, "Your mother's been sick lately too. I even wondered if the two of them worked together to harm her. "But then I thought that can't be right. A daughter wouldn't hurt her mother. "Still, who knows how long she can hide it? If it gets exposed, that guy-what's his name, Ziven?

-he'll probably be drowned on the spot!" This time, Rosalie really was surprised. How did Grace always manage to stumble so close to the truth just by gossiping? 2/3 12:05 Wed, Dec 31 4... Chapter 6 A Joney Gossip a Finished If Rosalie didn't know Grace was simple-minded, she might have thought Grace was doing this on purpose. Rosalie sighed and smiled helplessly. She pulled Grace close and wrapped an arm around her shoulder.

"My dear Grace," she joked, "now that you know someone's secret, be careful they don't silence you." Down below, Christopher clenched his tiny fist, licked his candied fruit, and shouted fiercely, "Whoever dares hurt my mom, I'll take them down first!" Then he licked the fruit again, his threat completely harmless. Grace laughed and rubbed the little boy's head. "Good boy. I raised you well. You know how to protect your mom." 360 admin

Chapter 69 The Chillwave Arrives "Not only do you have to protect your mom, you have to protect Godmother too." Finished Rosalie took a piece of candied fruit from her pocket and handed it to him. Christopher's eyes lit up. He took it with both hands and sweetly said, "Thank you!" Grace laughed and scolded him playfully, "You're just saying that so you can get snacks from Rosalie, aren't you?" Christopher stuck out his tongue and hid behind Rosalie. By the time most of the shoppers had left, Grace also said goodbye, taking her son with her.

Before they left, Rosalie reminded her again to hunt more in the next few days and make sure they slept under thick quilts at night. Grace agreed again and again, then headed home. Leon stepped up beside Rosalie and spoke in a low voice, "Matriarch, I've done what you asked. No one noticed." Rosalie nodded. She looked at the night sky, dark and heavy like spilled ink, and felt uneasy. "It's cold. Freezing cold." The chill seemed to seep into her bones. Rosalie suddenly opened her eyes. She was wrapped in thick blankets, but the cold still pushed in from outside. She opened the door.

Snow was falling. Thick, white flakes drifted down, and the ground was already covered. As far as she could see, everything was wrapped in silver. It was barely dawn. Elijah had already woken up from the cold. His true form was a peacock, and peacocks were not made for winter. Cameron, on the other hand, relied on his thick fur. He did not even need a blanket. Sixto, sleeping beside Rosalie, was snoring softly. His long, dense fur kept him warm and

comfortable. Rosalie gently rubbed his head. Half asleep, Sixto leaned into her palm and let out a lazy "meow." The chillwave had arrived.

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Instead of fear, Rosalie felt relief. 1/3 12:05 Wed, Dec 31 Chapter 69 The Chillwave Arrives Finished Most people in the tribe had stored enough rice by now. Almost every home had quilts as well. What happened to Monica's tribe before should not happen again. She walked into the kitchen. Cameron was feeding the fire, and a pot of oatmeal was simmering. In the backyard, Elijah and Declan were breaking down the game they'd hunted. Rosalie poured herself a bowl of hot oatmeal. Steam rose into the air. After a few warm bites, the cold in her body slowly faded.

She picked up a forkful of pickled cucumber. It was crisp and savory. She finished two full bowls. Heat spread through her body, and a light sheen of sweat appeared on her forehead. Elijah and Declan came in after finishing their work. One. Two. Three. Four. Only four? Where was the fifth person? Where was Micah? Rosalie looked out the window at the heavy snow. She filled another bowl of oatmeal and added a few chunks of pork stew. In weather like this, Micah's illness would surely flare up again. She pushed open the door and called out with concern, "Micah, it's too cold.

Get up and have some oatmeal to warm yourself." Clatter! The bowl slipped from her hands and shattered on the floor. Leon reacted first. He rushed to Rosalie's side and stared into the room, alert. The room was empty. Completely empty. Even the quilt prepared for Micah was neatly folded in the corner. It looked untouched. Rosalie rushed forward and reached out. Her heart dropped. Cold. Ice cold. He had been gone for a long time. Without hesitation, Rosalie turned and headed outside. Leon blocked her path and frowned. "Matriarch, the snow is too heavy.

You can't even see the road." Rosalie clenched her teeth. "Then why did he leave without saying a word?" She tried to push past him. Leon grabbed her wrist and said firmly, "Matriarch! I can't let you 2/3 12:05 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 69 The Chillwave Arrives take this risk!" 4 Finished Rosalie shook his hand off hard. Her voice rang clear and strong. "Micah is my husband. I'm going to find him. Move!" Her resolve was absolute. Leon had no choice but to step aside. The others heard the noise as well.

Leon went with Rosalie, while the remaining three split up and searched in different directions. Snow lashed against Rosalie's face like tiny blades. She could barely keep her eyes open. She trudged forward, one uneven step at a time. Each step sank deep into the snow, past her calves. She raised her hand to shield her eyes and searched desperately. "Micah! Where are you?" She shouted with all her strength, but her voice was swallowed by the roaring snow, unable to travel far. Only icy snowflakes filled her mouth in return. 360 B admin

Apocalypse? 1 Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Chapter 70 New Debt and Dead Husband 4 C Finished Leon walked silently in front of Rosalie, using his body to block the wind and snow for her. "Meow!" A small cat's cry reached her ears. Rosalie thought she had imagined it. "Meow!" It came again. Rosalie looked down, and her heart almost stopped. When did Sixto climb onto her shoulder?! This was madness. The snow was falling hard. If

she slipped for even a second, Sixto could fall into the snow and disappear forever. Rosalie quickly grabbed Sixto and lifted him down.

Ice had formed on the kitten's long eyelashes. He blinked slowly, looking at her with wide eyes. Her chest felt tight with anger, but she could not scold a cat. She tossed Sixto to Leon. "Take Sixto home," she said. "He's still a kitten. He can't handle weather like this." Leon frowned. "Matriarch, I can't leave you here alone." Rosalie caught his icy hand and gave him a steady look. "I'll wait right here. Come back for me. I promise I won't wander off." Leon stared at her for a long time. Then he took Sixto. His voice was low and heavy with worry.

"You must stay here and wait for me to come back." Rosalie nodded. The wind howled, cutting into her face like knives. She saw a large tree not far away. Lowering her head, she walked toward it. At least it could block some of the wind. She struggled behind the tree. When her foot landed, it stepped on something soft. Her heart jumped. From the snow, a pale hand was visible. Rosalie dropped to her knees. Ignoring her frozen fingers, she clawed at the snow again and again. 1/3 12:05 Wed, Dec 31 M..

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Chapter 70 New Debt and Dead Husband 4D Finished When she finally saw his face, it felt as if her heart had torn open. Cold air rushed through that hole, sharp and cruel, stealing her breath. A hot tear fell onto the snow and melted a small hollow. Rosalie pulled Micah into her arms. There was no warmth at all. He had been lying there for a long time-long enough for snow to pile thickly over his body. With shaking hands, Rosalie tore open the heavy fur coat and hugged him close. It was like holding a block of ice. She could not feel his breathing and heartbeat.

"System, do you have any medicine?" she cried. "I'll pay anything. Anything to save him!" The system's voice was cold and calm, urging her to give up. "Host, the beastman you are holding was already near the end of his life. His illness kept getting worse. Today was meant to be his final day." Rosalie no longer cared who might hear her. She broke down and screamed, "I don't care! I want to save him! No matter the cost!" "The price will be very high. Are you sure?" the system asked. "I'm sure!" A green pill appeared, floating in the air.

"This pill will remove all hidden damage in his body," the system said. "The cost is 300 coins. If you borrow the money, you must repay 600 coins within three days." The amount was huge, but Rosalie did not hesitate. "I'll borrow it. Give me the medicine. Now!" The pill became solid and dropped into her hand. Micah's lips were tightly closed. She could not get the pill in. Her eyes turned red with panic. She put the pill into her mouth, pressed her lips to Micah's icy ones, and pushed the pill into him in a single breath.

The moment it went in, the system confirmed that Micah's body was slowly showing signs of life. 2/3 12:05 Wed, Dec 31 M Chapter 70 New Debt and Dead Husband (2) Finished Rosalie felt relief and then anger. In the end, she almost laughed through her tears as she stared at his face. Through clenched teeth, she scolded him harshly, "Micah, I'm your matriarch. How dare die without my permission?" you The snow fell harder. Cold wind slipped into her clothes again and again. Her lips turned pale as she looked down at Micah. She gritted her teeth and stood up, lifting him onto her back.

Micah was much taller than her. She could only drag and half-carry him toward home. With his weight, every step was a struggle. She gasped for air. Her throat burned like it had been cut, and her lungs felt ready to burst. Still, she held tightly to Micah's hand and refused to let go. She would bring him home. No matter what. "Meow!" 360 W 3/3 12:05 Wed, Dec 31 M...
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