

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market

Novel Chapter 7 - Chapter 7

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Chapter 7 Little One, We'll Meet Again Sebastian's gaze deepened as he stared at the sleeping girl. Who is she? Why is she investigating me? Could she be connected to the people who tried to kill me? No-impossible. Her eyes were clear and pure. Her presence radiated innocence. This little one didn't have the ruthlessness of a killer. If she truly had anything to do with his enemies, she'd had more than enough chances to finish him off. Why bother saving him at all? In those brief seconds, a thousand thoughts flashed through Sebastian's mind.

It was rare for anyone to capture his interest, and now-by pure coincidence-it turned out this girl was interested in him, too. Curiosity surged. He almost reached out to wake her and ask everything. But when he looked at her peaceful sleeping face, he couldn't bring himself to disturb her. The faint scent of medicine lingered in the cave. As he followed her steady breathing, Sebastian slowly drifted off to sleep himself, deciding to question her in the morning.

And in that quiet moment, a strange thing occurred-soft blue light shimmered from both of their chests, pulsing gently, like a pair of phoenixes calling out to one another... At dawn, sunlight spilled into the cave. Sebastian snapped awake. It took a second to recall the events of the night before. He immediately scanned the cave-but the girl was gone. He frowned. Not even a trace. When did she leave? And how did I not notice? He looked down and spotted a small ceramic vial by his side. The one she had used on him. Of course-it could only have been left by her.

His lips curled into a faint, helpless smile. "That heartless little thing." Just then, footsteps sounded at the cave's entrance. Sebastian's expression immediately returned to its usual cold aloofness. He said sharply, "Come in." A tall man in black stepped into the cave and dropped to one knee. "Mr. Sebastian, I arrived too late. My delay placed you in danger. Please punish me." Sebastian stood, his shirt wrinkled and bloodstained, his appearance a far cry from his usual polished self. Even so, nothing could dim his innate air of nobility. "Hm." Sebastian responded absently.

Foster remained kneeling, waiting for his judgment. But nothing came. Curious, he finally glanced up-and froze. Sebastian was staring blankly at the tiny medicine bottle in his hand... and smiling? Foster was stunned. Was the cold-blooded Mr. Sebastian... smiling at a bottle? Then he noticed the bloodstains and quickly said, "Sir, you're injured. I'll have the hospital prepared immediately-" Sebastian glanced down at his abdomen. The terrible wound had already scabbed over and was beginning to heal. The recovery was shockingly fast. He knew how bad that injury had been.

It should have taken weeks to mend-yet the healing had already begun. He thought back to the girl's skilled hands, her mysterious medicine... She's no ordinary healer. His curiosity about her only grew. He tucked the little bottle into his pocket and looked around the cave. "Seal off this place. I don't want anyone else to find it," he ordered. For some reason, he couldn't bear the thought of anyone else stepping foot in there. "Yes, sir," Foster responded immediately. ... In Ravenshire, a lavish estate basked in the afternoon sun.

Sebastian stood by the floor-to-ceiling windows of his study, one hand in his pocket, the other swirling a glass of red wine. The liquid shimmered like blood against the crystal. Every movement carried the elegance of European nobility. The disheveled man from the cave was gone. Now he wore a tailored black suit with gleaming diamond cufflinks. A one-of-a-kind Patek Philippe graced his wrist, understated yet unmistakably luxurious.

A voice, smooth and magnetic, rang out: "What did you find?" Behind him, Foster answered solemnly, "We've confirmed-it was the Claria family." "The Claria family..." Sebastian's eyes darkened. A sneer twisted his lips. "I was going to leave them a way out, but they insist on provoking me again and again. How exhausting." "What are your orders?" Foster asked respectfully.

Sebastian took a slow sip of wine and replied calmly, "If they've thrown away their last chance, there's no reason to let them live." "Understood, sir." Golden light spilled in through the windows, casting his profile in a shadowed glow. Sebastian's voice was soft and cold. "There's one more thing. Find out everything you can." Foster waited. "There was a girl in that cave. She must've entered the forest in the last few days. Black tracksuit, backpack, about fifteen or sixteen years old," Sebastian said quietly. Foster froze, then nodded. "Yes, sir.

I'll find out who that little-" He caught Sebastian's icy stare and quickly corrected himself, "-that young lady is." The study door shut with a soft click. Sebastian reached for the ceramic bottle on the desk-the same one Lilian had left behind. He traced its delicate curves with his fingers, as if remembering something. A sly smile tugged at his lips. "Little one... we'll meet again." admin

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