

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Novel

Chapter 71 A Deal in the Snow Finished All Rosalie could see was endless white. Snow filled her vision, and she moved forward on nothing but willpower. The wind howled around her. In the storm, she thought she heard a cat meowing. Once. Then again. Far away, a flash of bright red moved toward her. Her lashes were coated with ice. Even blinking took effort. Only when the person came closer did she finally see who it was. Her lips were stiff with cold. She struggled to open her mouth and croaked, "Gael?" She forced her eyes to focus. Green eyes. It really was Gael.

There was no time to ask why he was here. Her thoughts were slow and scattered from the cold. She blurted out whatever came to mind. "Lend me some money. I need 600 coins within three days." She knew this was the worst moment to talk about money, but her frozen mind could not think straight. She simply blurted out what was on her mind. Gael lifted a hand and pressed it gently to her cheek. A strange smile curled at his lips. His voice slid into her ear. "Then you have to agree to have to agree to my condition." "I'll agree to anything," Rosalie said without hesitation.

Gael raised his tone on purpose. "Anything?" Rosalie nodded heavily. Gael laughed. "Then, from now on, you'll be our matriarch. When the chillwave ends, we'll hold the wedding." Rosalie nodded again. Then her body went limp. She collapsed into the snow with a dull thud. Micah fell forward with her, landing on her back. Another figure emerged from the storm. Gael turned around and said, "Julien, she agreed." Julien lifted Micah onto his back. "It's too cold out here. Get the Matriarch home, now." Gael nodded eagerly. All his calm and steadiness from earlier was gone.

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Rosalie burned and froze at the same time. One moment she felt like ice, the next like she was on fire. She drifted in and out of awareness, mumbling nonsense. 1/3 12:05 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 71 A Deal in the Snow C 4 Finished Leon dipped his fingers in water and gently wet her cracked lips. Then he soaked a piece of animal hide and laid it across her forehead to cool her down. On the way back, the cat vanished. Thinking of how much Rosalie cared for Sixto, Leon searched through the heavy snow for a long time. The storm was too strong.

Afraid something might happen to Rosalie, Leon turned back. He soon spotted her and Micah lying not far from home. Sixto was curled in her arms. Rosalie was wrapped in red animal hide. It stood out sharply against the white snow. Otherwise, Leon would have taken much

longer to find her. She had no idea how long she slept. When she woke up, her head throbbed. Her eyes felt dry and sore. Her lips moved weakly. She looked around, then fixed her gaze on Leon. Her voice was hoarse. "How is Micah?" Leon poured a bowl of warm water. He helped her sit up and pulled her gently against his chest.

He fed her the water slowly. "He woke up, took his medicine, and went back to sleep." Rosalie took a few sips. The burning in her throat eased at last. Leaning against Leon's broad, warm chest, she looked up at him. His chin rested lightly on her forehead. "You have a fever," Leon said softly. "Your throat hurts. Don't talk." Rosalie nodded. Then, barely whispering, she said, "I want to see him." Leon wrapped her tightly in a thick quilt. Not a single draft could get in. Then he lifted her straight up in his arms. Rosalie did not resist. She let Leon carry her into Micah's room.

Wrapped up like a cocoon, she twisted in the air, signaling him to put her down. Leon only shifted his position. He dropped to one knee and let her sit on his leg, still keeping her wrapped up and not letting her out. Rosalie opened her mouth, but her throat hurt too much. She could only glare at him. Leon acted as if he saw nothing. "He's sick," Leon said. "Don't let the illness pass to you." 2/3 12:05 Wed, Dec 31 M... Chapter 71 A Deal in the Snow Finished Rosalie pressed her lips together. What nonsense was that? They were both sick. What was there. about?

to worry Annoyed, she turned to look at Micah and spoke in her mind. "System, check Micah's condition." "Micah's physical condition is stable. He only has a mild cold." Rosalie frowned. "Then why did you say he was about to die?" She still didn't understand. She had been giving Micah medicine every day. He had been getting better. How could his condition suddenly worsen so badly? Then it clicked. Micah's strange behavior finally made sense. He had wanted to leave because he thought he was dying and didn't want to trouble her. Rosalie's eyes turned red. What a fool!

Chapter 72 The Debt She Woke Up To 4D Finished "The system only detected two different poisons in his body," the system said. "They mixed together and struck his heart, draining his strength and blood. As for the exact reason, the Host can ask him after he wakes up." Even the system did not know the full cause. Rosalie could only wait until Micah woke up and ask him herself. Micah's face was now flushed with color. Rosalie finally relaxed. Earlier, his face had been pale and frightening. She had truly thought he was going to die.

After watching him for a while, Rosalie reached out from under the blanket and gently patted Leon's thigh. Leon lifted her up and carried her outside. As they passed the corner of the room, Rosalie caught sight of a bright red animal hide. She quickly tapped Leon to stop and stared at it. "When we found you, Matriarch," Leon said, "that hide was covering both of you." Rosalie's overheated mind slowly pieced things together. Her thoughts drifted back to the snowy field. The more she remembered, the paler her face became. Oh no. What the hell had I promised back then?!

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Rosalie buried her face in the blanket and let out a painful, muffled groan. Leon jumped in shock. He quickly carried her back inside, changed the damp cloth on her forehead, and

asked nervously, "Matriarch, where does it hurt?" Under Leon's worried gaze, Rosalie patted her chest. Invisible tears streamed down her heart. Her mouth opened, but only a silent cry came out. Her heart hurt. In just a short time, she had a 600-coin debt, and on top of that, she had brought home another husband. She remembered everything now.

To save Micah's life, she had borrowed money from Gael and agreed to his conditions. admin

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"Matriarch!" Finished Cameron burst in like a cannonball and rushed to her bedside. His voice could be heard from far away. His eyes were red as he grabbed Rosalie's hand and pressed it to his cheek, talking nonstop. "You scared me! "Next time, don't push yourself like that, okay?" With a noisy fox chattering by her ear, Rosalie's heavy mood eased a little. As he kept talking, her eyelids slowly drooped. Sick people got tired more easily. Leon finally chased Cameron out and went to the kitchen to cook dinner. Rosalie had just closed her eyes when the door opened again. It was Declan.

He walked to her bedside with his hands behind his back, head lowered. After hesitating for a moment, he pulled something out and placed it into her arms. It was warm and still giving off heat. Rosalie touched it. A hot water bottle? She smiled at Declan and pointed at her throat, signaling that she couldn't speak well right now. Declan tucked the blanket around her, then said quietly, "Get some rest. I'll come check on you later." Then he turned and left. Holding the warm bottle, Rosalie's eyelids grew heavy. She soon fell asleep. Sometimes she felt hot. Occasionally she felt cold.

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Someone stayed by her side, pulling the blanket over her again and again so her illness wouldn't worsen. In her hazy state, Rosalie found something cool. She pressed her face against it and refused to let it go. Elijah sat by the bed, letting her cling to his hand. Rosalie half-opened her eyes and murmured without thinking, "Elijah so cool ... Don't go." Elijah placed his free hand on her forehead. His voice was calm and cool. "Sleep. I'm not going anywhere." Rosalie tilted her head and fell asleep again. "Matriarch, wake up.

"It's time to drink your medicine." : M Rosalie slowly opened her eyes. Leon was holding a bowl of oatmeal. He scooped up a spoonful, carefully blew on it, and fed her. 4 Finished After she finished the warm oatmeal, Declan came in with another bowl. This one held dark herbal medicine. Rosalie's eyes fell on the bowl. Declan took Leon's place, scooped up a spoonful, and brought it to her lips. Rosalie looked at him with wide, questioning eyes. None of them knew how to make cold medicine; only Micah did. So who had brewed this? Rosalie said nothing. She just stared stubbornly at Declan.

Declan explained calmly, "Micah woke up. He made the medicine himself." Hearing that, Rosalie turned her head, wrapped herself tighter in the blanket, and refused to drink. 360 3/3 12:05 Wed, Dec 31 M... admin

Chapter 74 Make Me Yours 3 白 Finished Only then did Rosalie's expression soften. If she had not made him swear, Micah would never have cared. He had already dared to face death.

How could he worry about his health? She opened her arms. Micah stepped into her embrace. She could feel him trembling, all because of the vow he had just made. Rosalie gently rubbed his back. After a long while, Micah finally lifted his head. The corners of his eyes were wet as he looked at her. "Matriarch, was it you who healed me?" Rosalie nodded.

Then she paused and asked, "When I treated you before, your illness didn't seem this serious. Why did it suddenly get so bad?" Micah lowered his eyes. "In my family, everyone is a black serpent. I'm the only white one," he said softly. "They dislike me. They fear me. Because my body carries a deadly poison. Just a few drops can kill a wild beast." He took a slow breath and continued. "But that poison has a price. The longer I live, the more it builds up inside me. My body grows weaker over time. "I could feel myself failing," Micah said quietly. "This illness can't be cured.

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"I didn't want to burden you. I didn't want to make you sad." He looked up at Rosalie, his eyes filled with longing. "When I was lying in the snow, my last wish before dying was to see you one more time. "I never thought you would really save me," he said, a small smile forming. "I'm truly happy." Rosalie pulled him close and whispered, "Silly! You're mine. Without my permission, you're not allowed to go anywhere." They were so close she could smell the faint scent on him. Micah looked at her with dark, steady eyes. Rosalie's gaze turned sultry.

Her cool fingers brushed lightly across his warm throat. He swallowed, his breathing uneven. Her hand slid down, tracing slow circles over his firm chest. His skin was hot beneath her touch. She could hear his restrained breathing close above her. 1/3 "Matriarch..." Micah whispered. His eyes turned red, filled with feelings he was struggling to hold back. Rosalie tried to pull her hand away, but a warm, strong grip caught her wrist. The space between them grew heated, the air thick and sweet. She looked at him deeply and gently kissed his lips. Fireworks going off inside him.

He guided her back onto the bed, kissing her with urgency, yet he cared. Fierce emotion and tenderness mixed together. Rosalie struggled to breathe and pushed lightly against his chest. Micah stopped at once. He looked at her as if she were something precious. "Matriarch," he asked softly, "can I truly become your husband?" Looking at the one who had made her cry, laugh, and worry endlessly, Rosalie answered quietly, "Yes." Rosalie was like a small boat on the open sea, tossed and struck by the waves, unable to escape the vast ocean, hearing only the endless crash of the surf.

Only when dawn began to glow did the waves finally calm. Micah held her tightly, his nose brushing against her ear. Rosalie was so tired she could barely open her eyes. She pushed him weakly and murmured, "Stop. That's enough. I'm exhausted." Micah kissed her cheek gently. "Alright. Sleep." Morning light slipped through the window, falling over their entwined figures. In another room, Cameron lay awake, restless. He had changed into his true form. His fox-like eyes were red as he stared toward Rosalie's room. Did the matriarch refuse him because his fur wasn't pretty?

He buried his head into the blanket and cried quietly. The moans from that room had lasted all night. He heard everything. Yet there was nothing he could do. Rosalie had even thought

of sending him away. 2/3 A fluffy ball rolled across the bed. Up close, his once-white fur was mixed with gray and brown strands, messy and dull, like weeds in a garden. Beastmen had sharp hearing. Everything that happened that night was clear to them all. Apocalypse? 1 Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market admin

Chapter 75 The Morning After 白 Finished The sounds from the night before never really stopped. They left everyone restless in different ways. Declan had already been feeling strange whenever he saw Rosalie. After hearing those sounds, his mood only got worse. He paced the room in circles, unable to calm down. His family had been pushing him to hurry up and seek formal recognition. If he asked Rosalie for help, she would agree without hesitation. That much he knew. But once the recognition was done, a release letter would follow. He would be forced to leave her.

Stuck between his family and staying behind, Declan's head throbbed as if it might split open. Elijah, a peacock by nature, hated the cold no matter how many layers he wore. The noise made him frown. He pulled the blanket over his head and tried to block out the world. Leon, on the other hand, was a black panther. Cold didn't bother him at all. Instead of lying awake, he went outside and chopped firewood all night. Out of sight, out of mind. Pile after pile of logs filled the yard. By the time Rosalie woke up, it was already noon.

She must have sweated during the night, because most of her fever was gone. She pushed open the door and froze. The entire yard was covered in firewood. Leon stood to one side, axe in hand. With one clean swing, he split a log in half. Wood chips flew everywhere. It was an impressive sight. Rosalie walked over, stunned. "Where did all this firewood come from?" "I gathered it last night," Leon replied. At the mention of last night, Rosalie's waist ached slightly. Her face warmed with color. When she realized the others had probably heard everything, she felt shy. Micah stepped up beside her.

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He rested a hand at her waist and gently kneaded the sore spot. "Are you hungry? I'll cook." Rosalie nodded. She had only had some oatmeal while she was sick. Her stomach was empty now. She turned toward the kitchen. Behind her, Leon slammed the axe into the chopping block. The blade sank deep into the wood. His eyes darkened as he watched her walk away. Inside the kitchen, Declan was tending the fire. Dark circles hung under his eyes. He looked 1/3 Chapter 75 The Morning After awkward when he saw her. "Matriarch, I poured water for you. It's still warm.

Go wash your face." M Finished Rosalie did feel sticky and uncomfortable. She smiled. "Thanks." After washing her face, she took a deep breath. The cold air cleared her head. She saw Micah preparing to cook and stopped him. "I'll do it today. You can help by cutting the meat." Micah moved aside to slice the pork. The vegetables she had picked earlier were still dirty, covered in soil. Rosalie picked them up. "I'll rinse these at the river." The door banged open. Elijah walked in. He didn't look as bad as Declan, but he clearly hadn't slept well either.

Seeing her head outside with the vegetables, he asked simply, "Where are you going?" "Wash the vegetables by the river." Elijah took them from her hands and walked out without another word. A short while later, he returned with the vegetables clean and neat. The frozen,

rotten leaves had all been removed. He set them down and turned to leave. "When the breakfast is ready, call me." Out of the corner of her eye, Rosalie noticed his pale hands. They were red from the cold. "Matriarch, the meat is ready." The pork belly was cut into even chunks and set aside in neat rows.

Rosalie cleared her mind and turned to the stove. She added the fattier pieces to the pot first, letting them melt down and release their oil. Once the fat coated the bottom, she stirred in the rest of the pork and browned it well. She seasoned the meat with salt and pepper, then added chopped cabbage and gave everything a slow stir. After pouring in broth and a little water, she dropped in sliced potatoes and carrots. She covered the pot with a lid and let it simmer. Rosalie let out a breath. White mist spread through the air. On a cold day like this, nothing beats a hearty pork stew.

2/3 While waiting, she cracked a few eggs and whisked them in a bowl. The remaining eggs were wrapped in animal hide and buried in the fire to roast. Soon, the pot began to bubble. Rosalie lifted the lid. Steam rushed out, carrying a rich, comforting smell. She stirred the stew, left a little broth behind, and ladled it out. She made a lot, four giant bowls in total. Each bowl was giant-sized. But with this many people in the house, it couldn't be helped. admin

Chapter 76 Ugly Fox Rosalie quickly rinsed the pan and made a simple one-pan dish of braised eggs. When all the food was set on the table, she opened the door and shouted into the yard, "Breakfast's ready!" The food was steaming and filled the table. The kitchen was already small, so there was no way everyone could sit down together. Each beastman took a bowl and stood where there was space, walking over to pick whatever they wanted to eat. Five beastmen with very different styles crowded together, yet the scene felt strangely warm and peaceful.

Micah used his fork to place a piece of pork into Rosalie's bowl and said gently, "Eat more." She took a bite of meat, then a bite of vegetables. The rice soaked in sauce tasted especially good. Cameron, however, looked gloomy. He poked at his rice with his fork and took a long time before eating a single bite. He clearly had no appetite. Rosalie put her bowl down and crouched by the stove. She used a wooden stick to poke around in the ashes and pulled out a few blackened lumps. She peeled off the burnt shells, revealing roasted eggs that smelled rich and toasty.

She peeled one, sprinkled a little chili powder on it, and placed it into Cameron's bowl. Cameron stared blankly as he picked up the egg and put it into his mouth. It burned his lips. "Hiss!" He blew on it for a moment before taking another bite. Watching Cameron's distracted expression, Rosalie tilted her head and exchanged a look with Micah. This felt way too familiar. That fox was definitely hiding something from her. Normally, if there was this much food, Cameron could eat an entire pan by himself.

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Today, he didn't even finish half a bowl of plain rice before putting his bowl down and leaving. Did he have some terminal illness or something? Rosalie's heart tightened. As soon as dinner was over, she headed straight for Cameron's room. She knocked politely. "May I come in?" A muffled voice came from inside. "I'm tired. Matriarch, go stay in someone else's room for a

while." Creak! 1/3 Ignoring his refusal, Rosalie pushed the door open and went in. Cameron jumped in shock and hurried to pull the blanket over himself, burying his whole body under it. Rosalie walked to the bedside.

The system showed that Cameron's body was perfectly fine. So what was wrong with him? She asked urgently, "What's going on with you?" "Nothing," he said. Rosalie couldn't believe she'd never noticed how stubborn this fox was. No matter what she asked, he refused to say a word. Seeing him still hiding under the blanket, she reached out to pull it away. Cameron struggled hard, as if the blanket were hiding a huge secret. Grinding her teeth, Rosalie yanked harder. "Let go." Cameron refused. "Matriarch, let go. If this keeps up, someone will get hurt." Rosalie's mind shifted.

She suddenly relaxed her grip and threw herself forward onto the bed. Cameron panicked and instinctively opened his arms to catch her. Worry filled his eyes as he complained, "Matriarch, that's too dangerous!" Seizing the moment, Rosalie flipped the blanket away. A cloud of fox fur flew straight into her face. Rosalie stared at the fur drifting in the air, then at Cameron's red, watery eyes. She hesitated and asked, "You're upset because you're shedding?" Cameron closed his eyes. His body trembled slightly. "I know you've never wanted to accept me, Matriarch," he said softly.

"It's because my fur color isn't pure enough. "If I pull out all the mixed-colored fur, you'll like me then, right?" Rosalie carefully looked at the foxtail he had revealed. Among the white fur, there were indeed strands of light gray mixed in. She burst out laughing. Tears filled Cameron's eyes, ready to fall. 2/3 Chapter 70 Ugly Fox Finished Still smiling, she said, "You silly fox. You're a snow fox. Of course you shed in the seasons!" Cameron froze. What did she just say? Snow fox? "A snow fox's fur changes in spring and fall," Rosalie explained.

"When the weather gets cold, it turns white again." Uncertainty flickered in Cameron's eyes. "Really? You're not lying to me?" Rosalie smiled brightly. "Of course it's true." She never expected Cameron to feel insecure about his fur for so many years. He was a rare snow fox, yet this foolish fox didn't even know it himself. Light flashed in Cameron's eyes for just a moment before he lowered his head again. Still unhappy, he muttered, "What's the point of being rare? No one knows. They only think my fur is ugly." Apocalypse? Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market admin

Chapter 77 The Snow Fox Promise Finished "Wasn't that the reason you didn't want me anymore, Matriarch?" Cameron asked quietly. Rosalie lifted his chin with her fingers and looked straight into his eyes. She spoke slowly and clearly, "When did I ever say I didn't like you?" Cameron froze. He didn't react at first. Then it hit him all at once, like a sudden burst of happiness. "W-what do you mean?" he stammered, afraid he had heard wrong. "I mean," Rosalie said, "I won't send you away. Stay here. Be my husband from now on.

Is that okay?" Before she could finish, Cameron nodded hard, again and again, as if scared she might change her mind. If Cameron weren't a fox, he would definitely be a puppy. How else could someone be this obedient and cute? She reached out and grabbed the tail swaying behind him. "M-Matriarch!" Cameron called softly. He still wasn't used to changing from a mixed-fur fox into a snow fox. Rosalie stroked his fur again and again, carefully and fondly. "I

like fur like this," she said. "This way, you're my one and only fox. Different from everyone else." Cameron suddenly dove into her arms.

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His eyes turned red, full of emotion. "Matriarch! From now on, I'll do whatever you tell me to do. I'll give you all the good food!" "Alright, alright. Get up," Rosalie said. Rosalie laughed and pushed him lightly. She had just been through a long night yesterday, and her waist still ached. She really didn't want to have another round. "Smooch!" Before she could react, Cameron planted a quick kiss on her lips and jumped back at once. His ears burned red. Rosalie grabbed his hand. "Put your clothes on. Let's go build a snowman." 1/3 She rolled a big snowball.

When she turned around, she saw Cameron rolling one even bigger, waving at her proudly. Rosalie stacked the smaller snowball on top. She added two black beans for eyes and stuck in a carrot for a nose. Then she wrapped a scarf around the snowman's neck. The scarf fluttered in the air. Cameron pouted when he saw it but said nothing. Rosalie smiled and pulled out another scarf. She wrapped it around Cameron instead. The outside was sewn with white fur, and the inside was padded with soft cotton. It was warm and gentle. Cameron's face turned pink. His eyes sparkled as he touched the scarf.

Then he suddenly picked Rosalie up and spun her in circles. They laughed and played in the yard, loud enough that everyone inside came out to watch. Rosalie laughed until she couldn't breathe. She patted Cameron. "Put me down!" She stood still for a while to catch her breath. Then she turned and saw Leon squatting nearby, neatly stacking firewood. She crouched down and packed a snowball. Smack! The snowball burst perfectly on Leon's head, covering him in snow. Leon turned around slowly. A corner of clothing peeked out from behind the snowman. If it wasn't Rosalie, who else could it be?

He turned back and continued stacking wood. Smack! Another snowball hit his back. Leon stayed patient and didn't move. Smack! A snowball exploded beside him. "Sorry! I didn't mean to hit you," Rosalie said apologetically. T FRIGRICU Leon stood up and looked over. Snow clung to Declan's chest. She had hit him by accident. Declan's face darkened. Of all people, why does she have to hit Leon? She can happily build snowmen with Cameron, but the second she hits me, she's terrified. Does she think I'll bite her? Declan crouched down, packed a snowball the size of a head, and chased after Rosalie.

Why is he so vengeful? It's just one snowball. Does he really need to murder me for that? Rosalie ran wildly around the yard, with Declan right behind her. They were bundled up in thick clothes. After just a few laps, Rosalie was already out of breath. Her foot slipped, and she fell straight into a warm embrace. Elijah was wearing heavy layers. It felt like falling into a pile of padding. It didn't hurt at all. Rosalie looked up at him and let out a silly laugh. 360 ↻ admin

Chapter 78 Snowballs and Sudden News Elijah grabbed her arm and steadied her on the ground before letting go. Bang! M Finished A huge snowball exploded right on Elijah's head. Snow covered his face and hair. His lashes blinked, heavy with frost, and cold air poured off him. Rosalie spun on her heel and ran. She pointed at Declan as she fled. "He did it! Don't

come looking for me!" Yeah, right! Haha! Elijah crouched down, packed an even bigger snowball, and hurled it at Declan. Declan dodged fast. The snowball flew past him and slammed straight into Leon's back. Leon staggered from the hit.

Just from that, it was clear how big the snowball was and how hard Elijah had thrown it. Leon slowly stood up. He scanned the messy battlefield, then made his choice. He joined in. The men dodged and attacked. Snowballs flew back and forth. They hit the ground with loud thuds. White blurs streaked through the air, each throw fierce, like they wanted to knock the other flat. Rosalie stood to the side, laughing as she watched. Micah pressed a warm leather hot-water pouch, filled with steaming water, into her hands. She leaned into his chest.

Even though snow was falling thick and fast, her heart felt warm. How long had it been since she'd lived such a simple, happy day? In her last life, she had struggled through a ruined world. There was never enough food or clothing. Anyone around her could turn into an enemy at any time. Every day felt like walking on thin ice. She never wanted to live like that again. Maybe she had been on edge for too long. That was why even this small warmth meant everything to her. If she could, she wished these days could last forever. Rosalie looked up at Micah.

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He kissed her cheek and said softly, "Cold, Matriarch? Let's go inside and rest." Her heart melted. She followed him indoors. 1/3 Outside, the snowball fight dragged on for a while longer, then slowly came to a stop after Rosalie left. In the kitchen, several beastmen stood around, each holding a bowl. Rosalie used a big ladle and poured everyone a scoop of hot honeyed milk. It was freezing outside. After running around in the snow, they all needed something hot to warm up. The sweet drink slid down Rosalie's throat. Warmth spread through her body. She closed her eyes in comfort.

Cameron finished one bowl and poured himself another. Suddenly, the door burst open. "Rosalie, this is bad! Your mother is critically ill. She might not make it through the night!" Grace rushed in, breathless. Crash! The bowl slipped from Rosalie's hands and shattered on the floor. The milk splashed everywhere. Rosalie turned and met Leon's eyes. He gave a slight nod, almost too small to notice. She understood at once.

Rosalie called out to several of her husbands, "Leon, Elijah, and Declan, you three come with me." She gave Micah and Cameron a calm, reassuring look, then followed Grace toward the tribe. The snow had stopped, but the road was still hard to walk. A trip that should have taken one hour turned into two. Before they even arrived, they heard loud crying. "Mother! If you're gone, what will I do?" Inside the house, the smell of medicine was thick and sharp. It made people frown the moment they stepped in. A closer look showed something strange. Reva's face was dry. Not a single tear.

She was only crying for show. Rosalie let out a cold laugh. "Why are you putting on a show now? Now that Mother is dying, aren't you the happiest one here?" Reva glanced at Carina, who lay on the bed with her eyes shut. Then she turned and glared at Rosalie. "What nonsense is that!" 2/3 She lowered her voice and shouted angrily. Rosalie walked to the bed and reached for Carina's wrist. Reva quickly shoved herself between them, blocking her path.

She was clearly afraid Rosalie might find something. "Don't touch Mother! You ungrateful daughter!"

You drove her to her grave-you never stopped pissing her off!" Reva rambled on. Rosalie didn't argue. She stepped back and waited in the corner for the healer from the city to arrive. Before long, a woman carrying a medical case walked in. Many people from the tribe followed behind her. The small room filled up fast, leaving no space to move. Everyone made room around the healer without being told. In the beast world, medical care was poor. If someone was badly hurt, they usually just waited to die.

Only healers could treat minor internal injuries or recognize useful herbs; because of that, healers held a very high status in the beast world. 360 R admin

Chapter 79 Who Poisoned the Matriarch? 白 Finished The healer pressed her ear to Carina's chest. Then she gently opened Carina's eyelids and let out a long sigh. "She's barely hanging on," the healer said quietly. "You should prepare yourselves." Reva dropped to her knees with a heavy thud. Her wailing was so loud it felt like it could tear the roof apart. Low sobs spread through the room. People whispered to each other in fear. An older, respected woman from the tribe stepped forward and helped Reva to her feet. "Now is not the time to fall apart," she said firmly. "Your mother is gone."

The tribe still needs a leader." As she spoke, her eyes turned toward Rosalie, who stood in the corner. Everyone looked at Rosalie. Reva had always wanted the position of tribe leader. She had already ruined Rosalie's reputation; how could it possibly be Rosalie's turn? Rosalie, however, had no interest at all in leading the tribe. She walked straight to the healer and spoke calmly. "May I ask," Rosalie said, "does my mother have internal bleeding that won't stop?" The healer looked surprised and looked at the young woman. "Yes. That's exactly her condition."

How did you know?" "I know a little about healing," Rosalie replied. "May I take a closer look? There might still be a way." The healer stepped aside. Rosalie checked Carina's pulse. She lifted her eyelids and examined them carefully. Then she turned to face the crowd. "My mother didn't fall ill naturally," Rosalie said. "She was poisoned." Her words hit the room like a bomb. Gasps broke out. People whispered in fear. Reva's face grew pale. Her teeth clenched tight as she tried not to show panic. "How can you tell?" someone asked.

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Rosalie couldn't exactly say she had learned the truth by overhearing gossip. Instead, she spoke with confidence, "Everyone, look at my mother's hand. Her fingernails are dark purple." 1/3 B Finished She lifted Carina's hand and showed it to the crowd. Sure enough, the strange color was clearly visible. "And my mother is the leader of the tribe," Rosalie continued. "She was a respected woman. She rarely left the tribe, and she had no reason to get hurt."

So how could she suddenly suffer internal bleeding for no clear reason?" She turned and asked one of her mother's husbands, "You serve my mother. Was she injured recently?" He shook his head. "No. The Matriarch rarely leaves the tribe. We handle all daily matters for her. There was no chance for her to get hurt." Facing the noisy crowd, Rosalie dropped a

conclusion that sent chills through the room. "My mother was poisoned." The healer was shocked. She hadn't expected someone so young to notice such details and correctly judge Carina's true cause of death.

Her eyes lit up as she stared at Rosalie, as if she had discovered a rare treasure. Someone like this had to be taken back to the Healers' Guild. The people below began guessing wildly. Someone even mentioned Reva's name. Reva panicked. She pointed at Rosalie and started twisting the story. "It was you! You hated Mother for driving you out of the tribe, so you poisoned her!" Rosalie replied calmly, "If I were the one who poisoned her, would I really announce that she died from poison? That would only invite trouble for myself." She then looked at Reva.

"But you, little sister, you've been so nervous. You're sweating already. Could the one who poisoned her be you?" Rosalie stayed composed, but Reva clearly wasn't. She was so flustered she couldn't speak. As the suspicious murmurs grew louder, her darting eyes and shaky posture only made things worse. Her lack of confidence was almost a confession. Just then, an arm wrapped around Reva's shoulders. A steady voice spoke up, "I believe Ms. Reva isn't capable of this." Ziven stepped forward. He wore finely tailored animal-hide clothing, far better than what the others wore.

The thick fur looked warm and heavy, clearly something Carina had prepared especially for him. With Ziven beside her, Reva's racing heart slowly calmed. She quietly adjusted her breathing, then raised her voice. "That's right," she said. "She's my mother. How could I ever harm her?" 2/3 Apocalypse refer the Beast Real Market Finished Chapter 80 Sei admin

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Reva added, "And you're not even a healer. Why should anyone believe you?" Ziven lowered his eyes, sighing sadly. "I went out with Matriarch that day. She slipped on the road and felt dizzy after standing back up. I never thought it would turn this serious. This is my fault. I didn't take good care of her." He lifted his sleeve and wiped the corner of his eye, looking completely heartbroken. "Don't blame yourself. This wasn't on you." Someone stepped forward to comfort him. Rosalie sneered inside. What a perfect helper. "I recognize this poison. It's called greenvine.

If someone takes it over time, their body weakens until it causes internal bleeding and death." Reva pointed at Rosalie and yelled, "You know it so well! How can you still say you didn't do it?!" Ziven gently pressed Reva's shoulder, frowning slightly. He couldn't figure out what Rosalie was trying to do. "Even though it's called greenvine, its sap is red," Rosalie went on calmly. "Anyone who touches it will have red stains on their hands. It won't wash off for days. The moment you dip your hands in water, the color shows." She lifted her chin and looked straight at Reva, her tone firm.

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"I brought water. Reva, do you dare put your hands in and prove it?" Leon placed a basin of water in front of Reva. She grabbed Ziven's arm tightly, her fingers digging in as panic filled her face. When she poisoned Carina, she never knew it would leave a stain. It had only been

yesterday. If her hands touched the water now, everything would be exposed. She stood frozen, unable to move. "Maybe I'm thinking too much," Rosalie said suddenly, smiling as the basin was taken away. "We're both Mother's children. Even tigers don't eat their own cubs.

You wouldn't poison her." Reva's heart pounded wildly. Her eyes were full of fear. She had no idea what Rosalie would do next. Then, Rosalie frowned and shouted, "Seize Ziven!" 1/3 Chapter 80 Seize Him M Finished Declan and Elijah rushed in from both sides and pinned Ziven down. Ziven panicked for just a moment, then slowly smiled again, regaining his calm. He asked lightly, "What's wrong, Ms. Rosalie? Accusing Ms. Reva isn't enough, so now it's my turn? "I'm Matriarch's favorite. I would never poison her." Everyone in the tribe knew Ziven was Carina's most favored husband.

It showed in everything he used and wore. "I never said you poisoned her," Rosalie said coldly. "You're being arrested for incest. "You and Reva are having an affair, aren't you?" The words hit the room like oil thrown into a fire. Chaos erupted instantly. No one had ever heard anything so shocking. Reva's chest tightened. She never expected Rosalie to expose her secret in front of everyone without mercy. Some people didn't believe it. How could anyone be so outrageous as to mess around with their mother's husband? Ziven, of course, denied it immediately.

He dropped to his knees and looked up at Rosalie with a gentle smile. "Please don't talk nonsense, Ms. Rosalie. My life doesn't matter, but ruining Ms. Reva's reputation would be a serious matter." As if she'd anticipated that, Rosalie swiftly pulled out a pill and shoved it into Ziven's mouth. Ziven tried to resist, but Elijah dislocated his jaw, forced the pill down, and only fixed it after he swallowed. Elijah and Declan released him. Ziven bent forward, clutching his throat as he coughed painfully. Reva immediately rushed to his side, glaring viciously at Rosalie.

"What did you give him?!" Rosalie crossed her arms and shrugged. "Nothing special. Just something that makes people tell the truth." Ziven took a few deep breaths and slowly stood up. He looked completely normal. "Have you been secretly involved with Reva behind Mother's back?" 2/3 Reva thought Rosalie had gone insane. Asking something so direct wouldn't work. But the next second, her eyes widened as Ziven answered. 360 admin