

# Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market Novel

Chapter 91 Lie Down on My Back C 9 Finished Cameron walked in and swapped the warm beast hide on Christopher's forehead for a fresh one cooled in water. Rosalie looped her arm around him and gently kissed his lips, smiling. "Cammo, you did amazing today. Honestly, you surprised me." Even Rosalie hadn't expected him to handle everything so smoothly-no impatience, nothing. He boiled the medicine, let it cool carefully, and fed it to Christopher. He even remembered to switch the hide on the wolf cub's head. It was like he'd become a totally different person. Cameron's ears flushed red.

"It was my fault. I should take responsibility." With that, he fled in embarrassment. The wolf cub was still there. He worried he'd lose control, so it was better to back off for now. After all, the idea of having a child with Rosalie had already taken deep root in his mind. Christopher was a beastman. He fell sick quickly, but recovered just as fast. In only one day, he was almost completely better. Cameron stopped hovering over him, and the two of them ended up in a playful snowball fight in the yard. Rosalie watched them with a helpless smile, glancing up at the blazing sun.

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The weather was warming, the chillwave fading. The snow wasn't as thick anymore, and she didn't need to bundle up so much. She called Elijah to join her for a walk in the forest. She wanted to check whether the paddy and wheat had survived the wind and snow. The deeper they went, the thicker the trees became. Less sunlight reached the ground, and the snow didn't melt

easily. Walking became difficult for Rosalie, and Elijah noticed it. He suddenly stopped, making her almost bump into him. He turned around and looked at her deeply.

Then, in a sudden swirl of wind and snow, Elijah transformed into his beast form. A massive peacock stood on the snow-covered ground. His eyes were like black gems, and the feathers on his face shimmered with rainbow light. He looked so beautiful that it was impossible to look away. 1/3 12:11 Wed, Dec 31 M Chapter 91 Lie Down on My Back Finished But his tail was bare, pitiful, and dull. Rosalie felt a sudden ache in her chest. If Elijah's tail were still there, how breathtaking would he be? The peacock called for her to climb onto his back. Rosalie hesitated but then stepped up.

His back was broad, his feathers soft and faintly fragrant. She wanted to bury her face in them and take a deep breath, but she didn't dare. Instead, she sat properly, gripping two feathers to keep her balance. "Matriarch, you can lie down on my back." The familiar voice came from the peacock. Rosalie laughed awkwardly. "No, sitting like this is fine." Suddenly, the peacock surged forward. Rosalie lifted into the air and fell against his back, her face pressed into the shimmering feathers. She inhaled instinctively. Elijah's unique scent hit her. It was strong, dizzying, and intoxicating.

Rosalie stayed perfectly still. The peacock beneath her stopped jolting and kept a steady pace. She felt like she was lying on a soft, cozy bed, almost dozing off. She didn't even notice when the footsteps stopped. All of a sudden, she felt weightless, and then landed in a broad, solid embrace. Elijah had switched back to human form, holding Rosalie in his arms. Her eyes met his calm, clear gaze. They looked just the same as always, yet her cheeks burned. Flustered, she

jumped down and hurried toward the paddy fields, but Elijah caught her wrist. Rosalie didn't dare look back.

"What is it?" His eyes flickered for a moment. "Nothing. The ground is slippery. Be careful." Rosalie shook his hand off. Her face was already flushed. She didn't know why, but the instant he held her, her heart had skipped a beat, worried he'd say something. The cold wind finally helped her settle down. Ahead, the vast paddy fields were completely buried under snow. Her chest tightened. After all the days buried, the crops probably hadn't survived. Once the chillwave ended, they'd have to start planting from scratch. 2/3 admin

Chapter 92 Flatbread 2 Finished On the way to check the wheat fields, Rosalie didn't expect much. But to her surprise, the golden stalks had survived the chillwave. Even with the icy wind, the wheat stood tall and strong, looking proud. She grinned and collected several baskets of wheat before heading home. Back at the house, she had Declan thresh the wheat, knocking the grains off. Then they soaked the grains to wash away the chaff floating on top. What was left were clean kernels, which still needed their husks removed.

Rosalie handled that herself-pounding husks could boost her combat proficiency. Once the husks were gone, she brought out the tool she'd made earlier. The stone mill! It was crude, but it worked. She poured the wheat kernels into the hole at the top and turned the wheel. Slowly, flour came out from the bottom. Just grinding the flour took up the entire morning. Holding the freshly milled flour, Rosalie decided to make something delicious today. She had Leon carve a large wooden basin for her, then poured the flour into it.

She sprinkled in some hot water, then gradually added cold water little by little, stirring with a fork until the mixture turned shaggy. When the water was just right, she kneaded it by hand into

a soft dough and let it rest. While waiting, Rosalie started prepping the ingredients. She shredded potatoes and minced garlic, then set them aside. Then, she sliced pork into thin pieces with alternating fat and lean meat, washed the green beans and potatoes, and cut them up. By then, the dough had risen.

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She kneaded it again until elastic, rolled it into a big flat sheet, spread lard on top, and sprinkled chopped scallions. Next, she rolled the sheet into a long log and pinched off small pieces, setting the dough portions aside. The next step was rolling each piece into a flatbread. 1/3 12:11 Wed, Dec 31 M. Chapter 92 Flatbread 2 40 Finished While the dough was resting earlier, Rosalie had soaked the shredded potatoes in water to remove excess starch. She then cut the pork into chunks and simmered it in a small pot with braising spices.

By the time she finished all that, the dough had risen perfectly. It had puffed up. Poking it left a deep fingerprint. Christopher stood nearby and asked curiously, "Rosalie, what's this?" She gave him a small piece. He squeezed it happily, shaping it into all sorts of forms. "This is dough. I'll make something yummy for you soon!" Rosalie rolled the dough out again, spread lard evenly, sprinkled scallions, and rolled it into a long strip. After stretching it thinner, she pinched off small dough balls. She dusted the table with flour to keep them from sticking.

Pressing down along the cut side with her palm, she shaped each into a round flatbread. She poured some lard into the pan. When the oil got hot and started to smoke a little, she slid the flatbread in. After frying for a bit, she flipped it over. Once it had browned, she pulled it out. She just kept doing the same thing until all the dough was used. Rosalie had made plenty. Otherwise, it wouldn't be enough to fill all the hungry mouths in the house. By the time all the flatbreads were ready, the pork stew was almost done as well.

She scooped some stew into bowls, then boiled water in the same pot. When it reached a rolling boil, she tossed in tomatoes, a few other ingredients, and some spices. After cooking it a bit, she had a pot of tomato soup. Finally, she stir-fried the shredded potatoes, and the meal was ready. "Food is ready!" Rosalie called out loudly. The little kitchen filled up fast. Christopher grabbed a flatbread, yelped at how hot it was, and dropped it back into his bowl. Cameron picked up another flatbread with a fork, tore it into pieces, and added them to Christopher's bowl.

2/3 12:11 Wed, Dec 31 Chapter 92 Flatbread M ا. 2 Finished "Take it easy. Nobody is stealing your food." He moved gently, but his words still had a bite. Christopher pouted and snorted, but he still obediently said, "Thanks, Cammo!" Cameron tapped his head. "Call me Cameron. I'm your godfather!" Christopher ignored him, too focused on eating the flatbread with shredded potatoes. Were those really potatoes? How could it taste even better than meat? 360 ج 12:11 Wed, Dec 31 M ا(ج) 2 Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market admin

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Finished Micah scooped a bowl of tomato soup, blew on it until it cooled, and handed it to Rosalie. She sipped it while he held the bowl for her, feeling a warm glow inside. Every dish on the table was completely wiped out. Christopher's little belly was round and tight as he rubbed it and said happily, "Rosalie, that flatbread is amazing. I want to eat them again. next time!" "Of course," Rosalie replied with a smile. "I'll make it again for you." The sun grew stronger by the day. Rosalie could finally go outside in just one layer of beast hide instead of bundling up.

Most of the snow had melted, but traveling was still tricky. Melted snow mixed with mud made the roads slippery and messy. Christopher stayed a few more days before Grace came to take him

home. Not long after, Monica showed up, her belly huge and unmistakable. Rosalie felt nervous just looking at her and quickly helped her sit down, not letting her move around too much.

Monica laughed. "Rosalie, my mom said it's all thanks to you for planning the chillwave and coming up with solutions. "Otherwise, many beastmen would have frozen to death this time.

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"She sent me to thank you." "It's not a big deal. I opened a rice shop for myself anyway. Saving people was just a bonus." Even without the chillwave, Rosalie would've opened the shop. She had plans and needed money. A single chillwave wasn't going to stop her. Monica took a sip of water. "My mom also wanted me to check. Are you still planning to plant paddy and cotton?"

Rosalie nodded. "Of course. Rice is filling and works way better than corn as a staple. "But no need to grow too much cotton. Winters in the beast world don't last long, especially in the south.

Temperatures aren't that low." Suddenly, Monica jumped up and grabbed Rosalie's hand.

Startled, Rosalie steadied her and said with concern. "Be careful!" Seeing how tense Rosalie was, Monica chuckled. "Relax, Rosalie. I'm just pregnant. Why are you 1/2 12:11 Wed, Dec 31 M...

Chapter 93 She Shows Up treating me like glass?" Rosalie caught the teasing and blushed. "Your belly is huge. I'm just worried." Finished Leaning closer, Monica whispered, "Rosalie, beastmen get pregnant easily. The strong ones can get a female pregnant with several cubs at once."

Rosalie's face turned bright red.

Monica grinned teasingly. "Your guys look impressive. Be careful-you might get worn out. You might end up with a bigger belly than mine!" Rosalie shot her a helpless look and lightly punched her. "Don't spout nonsense." Monica laughed loudly, and Rosalie hadn't really hit her anyway. Rosalie felt so embarrassed. In her past life and this one, she'd never been pregnant!

Then she thought about those times with Micah and Cameron. Anxiety crept in. What if she were really pregnant? It hadn't even been a month yet, so she had no way of knowing.

She sneaked a look at her flat belly, still completely normal. After the teasing died down, Monica took a deep breath and got back on topic. "Rosalie, my mom wondered. Could things go back to how they were before, with each tribe sending people to plant paddy?" Rosalie's expression turned serious. She thought for a moment before replying, "Monica, I agree with having people from each tribe plant paddy, but it can't be like before, where working automatically got you free rice. "That was for the chillwave. Now, I can only give workers a discount when they buy rice.

I hope your mom can understand that." "That works. My mom said every tribe has elderly beastmen or those disabled from hunting. They can't hunt, so they don't have food. If they can plant paddy, have something to do, and afford to eat, that's all they need." Rosalie thought for a long moment. "Alright. Alright. Anyone planting paddy can get free rice once a week or trade it for the same value in money." 360 H 2/2 12:11 Wed, Dec 31 M Apocalypse? | Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market admin

Chapter 94 Going Out 2 C2 Finished It was basically giving those beastmen a basic safety net—either food or wages. Even so, it was a huge blessing for them. Monica laughed and called out, "Rosalie, you're the best!" Rosalie chuckled and lightly punched her. "You brat! Stop laughing at me for no reason!" Monica laughed again and said loudly, "I didn't say anything wrong! "You might already be pregnant with a cub!" Thud! Something dropped behind them. When Rosalie turned, she saw Cameron standing frozen. A wooden bowl had fallen into a puddle.

Before she could say anything, Cameron rushed over, scooped her up, and started spinning her around. Monica watched with a teasing grin, making Rosalie so embarrassed that she buried her

face in Cameron's neck. "Put me down right now!" Rosalie gritted her teeth as she spoke.

Cameron set her down gently, his eyes glued to her belly. Forgetting anyone else was around, he leaned in and planted a loud kiss on her cheek. He tried for another, but Rosalie finally slapped her hand over his mouth. "Enough! It's a misunderstanding!" After she explained, Cameron couldn't hide his disappointment.

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He'd really thought she was pregnant. He bent down to pick up the bowl and muttered, "I'll wash this and get another bowl of water." Once Cameron left, Rosalie turned to Monica. "We still need to discuss this. Is your mom free tomorrow? How about we meet at the House of Delicacies?"

Monica smiled and agreed, and they set the meeting for noon at the entrance the next day. 1/3

12:11 Wed, Dec 31 M 2 Chapter 94 Going Out 白 #Finished Rosalie had been itching for a reason to go into the city. Ever since she announced she wanted to marry Julien, her husbands had been glued to her side.

No matter where she went, they were watching. Luckily, Monica came on business. Rosalie could use the chance to get into the city, borrow money from Julien, and track down the owner of that lost sum. Whoever lost that much money must be panicking. The next day, Rosalie slung a basket over her shoulder, filled with ingredients for pork stew- enough to last half a month. She hadn't even stepped out when Leon casually blocked the doorway. His sharp eyes scanned her. "Where are you heading?" She had a solid reason, so she didn't back down. "Monica's mom invited me to the House of Delicacies.

We're talking about paddy planting." Leon studied her for a moment, then called out, "Elijah, Micah! Matriarch is leaving. Stay with her!" The two immediately came to her side. Elijah was on her left, radiating silent pressure. Micah was on her right, calm and gentle. Sandwiched

between them, Rosalie felt like a prisoner. Even while eating, the two sat on either side of her. Rosalie mechanically chewed a bite of food, her eyes dull and unfocused. With them watching that closely, how was she supposed to slip away and find Julien? It was all Leon's fault.

He knew she wouldn't get mad at them, so he deliberately sent them to follow her. Rosalie ate quietly, secretly planning her escape. Suddenly, Monica cried out. Rosalie rushed over. "What's wrong?" Monica clutched her stomach in discomfort and looked at Rosalie for help. Rosalie supported her and led her behind the House of Delicacies, waiting while Monica handled her needs. When Monica came back, she looked apologetic. "Sorry for the trouble.

Ever since I got pregnant, I keep needing the restroom." 2/3 12:11 Wed, Dec 31 M Chapter 94  
Going Out : Finished Seeing her guilt, Rosalie's expression softened. She comforted her gently, "You're carrying a new life. That's amazing. No need to feel embarrassed." Monica's eyes grew slightly red. Then, a gust of wind blew past, stinging her eyes. When her vision cleared, Rosalie was suddenly hoisted over someone's shoulder. 360 3/3 12:11 Wed, Dec 31 M... admin

Chapter 95 Register 2 Finished. Monica froze, panic written all over her face. Because of her, no beastmen were with Rosalie right now. Seeing those familiar teal-green eyes, Rosalie called out to the anxious Monica from a distance, "Monica, don't worry! I'm fine!" Monica didn't even hear her. All she could think about was that someone she didn't know had taken Rosalie. She had to get back and tell her mother. Gael carried Rosalie for a while before finally stopping. The moment her feet touched the ground, his bright grin made her even angrier.

"This is kidnapping!" Rosalie pressed her lips together, fuming. Gael casually draped an arm over her shoulder. "Yep. Kidnapping you to register." Following his gaze, Rosalie saw it clearly- the place where beastmen officially registered their bonds. She hadn't expected Gael to bring her

straight here. Was he really that eager? But it didn't matter. She'd already promised to take him as her husband. Early or late didn't matter. The only thing left unsettled was the money they agreed on. She held out her hand. "What about the money you promised me last time?" Gael grinned.

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"Didn't I already give it to you?" Rosalie froze. She hadn't gotten anything. Then it hit her. She stared at him in disbelief. "That pouch of money in the snow-was that from you?" Gael nodded. She could hardly believe it. In that heavy snow, he'd come just to drop off the money and leave-without even saying hi! She took a few deep breaths to calm herself. Since he'd paid, she had to keep her promise. "Let's go." Rosalie walked ahead, Gael close behind. The registration was quick-just carve both names on a tortoise shell and press fingerprints.

1/3 12:11 Wed, Dec 31 M Chapter 95 Register : 2 Finished When it was done, Gael was officially her husband. He bent down happily and kissed the back of her hand. Lifting his green eyes, he looked at her with deep seriousness and said, "From now on, I'm your husband. I'll stay by your side forever, until death." Rosalie wasn't used to such heavy words, but she nodded anyway. Gael hugged her tightly for a few seconds, then let go and hurried out the door. Rosalie stood there, confused. What happened? He just signed and then left her alone?

Soon, a beastman with light aqua-blue eyes appeared and gently took her hand. As he led her to the registration area, Rosalie was puzzled. Weren't the two of them the same person? Why did they have to register twice? Maybe if one registered and the other didn't, the other would get jealous. Rosalie accepted that logic without much resistance. With a mindset of giving "patients" extra care, Rosalie sat in front of the tortoise shell again- this time with Julien. Julien signed his

name and pressed his fingerprint. But when it was Rosalie's turn, the shell was snatched from her hands.

She turned and saw Elijah holding it, expression bored as he read. "I, Julien, willingly becomes Matriarch's husband. From now on, I'll obey Matriarch in everything-no defiance, no disobedience. "Hmph." The cold snort made the air feel icy. Elijah's grip tightened, and the tortoise shell cracked into pieces. Micah's gaze was just as cold. His usual gentleness was gone as he glared at Julien. Julien chuckled, pulled out a pile of coins, and set them on the desk. "Tortoise shells. Bring me as many as you have.

"Today, I'm registering no matter what!" The clerk quickly grabbed the money and stacked tortoise shells in front of Rosalie. 2/3 Chapter 95 Register Finished Micah slammed his palm down hard on the stack. A deep crack split the shells. He swept his arm across the table, sending the broken pieces clattering to the floor. Julien threw down another pile of coins. They clinked loudly, almost making the clerk's eyes go wide. Just as the clerk reached for the money, Rosalie grabbed his wrist and snapped, "Everyone, stop!" 。 360 B 3/3 admin

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She passed the shell to Julien. "Matriarch!" Micah called out, but Rosalie just gave him a cold glance. He froze under her stare and lowered his head, saying nothing. At last, Julien finished signing. The registration was officially done. Rosalie swept the coins off the table and shoved them into Julien's arms. "You spendthrift," she muttered. Julien smiled a little, hummed in

response, and walked out with her. Monica was waiting outside. The moment she saw Rosalie, she rushed over, hugged her tightly, and started shaking. "You scared me so bad!

What if something had happened to you?" Monica was pure-hearted and simple. What she'd just witnessed had truly frightened her. Rosalie gently patted her back and murmured a few calming words. Once Monica settled down, she lifted her head and noticed a tall, incredibly handsome male behind Rosalie. He gave her a small smile and nodded. Monica's ears flushed. She had never seen anyone that good-looking. She thought the beastmen at Rosalie's home were already handsome enough, but this one felt different. Just standing there, he looked overwhelming.

Rosalie stepped between them and said, "Monica, this is my new husband, Julien." Hearing that such a handsome beastman was now Rosalie's new husband, Monica immediately gave her a teasing glance. Rosalie awkwardly looked away. Yuna was also surprised to see Julien. She walked closer and said to Rosalie, "Congratulations. Julien will be a good husband." Julien had done business before and had met Yuna in the past. He nodded politely and replied, "Thank you, City Lord. I'll take good care of the Matriarch." 1/3 12:14 Wed, Dec 31 M...

Chapter 96 New Husband 2 Finished He glanced at Rosalie and added, "In a few days, we'll hold our bonding ceremony. If you're free, I hope you can come." Rosalie snapped her head toward him, stunned. When did they decide that? Why hadn't she known? Yuna smiled warmly and said she would attend once the date was set and she was informed. After Yuna left, Rosalie finally lost it. She glared at Julien. "What bonding ceremony? Why didn't I know anything about this?" Julien's aqua-blue eyes reflected her face, shimmering softly.

"Matriarch, you said that day you'd agree to whatever I asked." Rosalie choked. She had said that, but she never agreed that he could decide things on his own! That felt like acting first and

explaining later. Frustrated but unable to argue, she could only glare at Julien. He just smiled softly back at her. Finally, Rosalie gave in, letting out a breath. "Fine. Once the date is set and everything is arranged, just let me know." Though she agreed, she wasn't about to waste time on those formalities. There was no real feeling between them-it was purely ceremonial.

Still, if Julien cared, she didn't mind playing along. Julien took her hand and kissed the back of it. After sending Julien away, guilt crept in as Rosalie headed home. Not only had she slipped out secretly, but she'd even brought a beastman back. On top of that, she'd snapped at Micah during the signing. She glanced back and saw him smiling. His eyes, though, were cold, with a hint of loneliness hidden inside. When they got home, Leon took one look at Micah and Elijah and knew what had happened. Elijah stepped close and whispered a few words to him.

Leon's face hardened, his sharp gaze flashing straight at Rosalie. Rosalie twisted her mouth, gave a dry laugh, and rushed back to her room. By dinner, the mood at the table was tense and awkward. Cameron ate just a few bites of rice before looking at Rosalie with a deeply wronged expression. 2/3 admin

Chapter 97 Zoran 2 Finished Rosalie let out a sigh, set down her bowl and fork, and announced,

"We'll be welcoming a new member into our little family very soon." Everyone at the table stopped eating. Cameron spoke up first. "Matriarch, is it because we haven't done enough?"

Rosalie shook her head and offered the most reasonable explanation she could. "Julien helped me before, so I owe him a promise. "And now it's time for me to make good on that promise."

Cameron lowered his head in disappointment. Micah shot Rosalie a long, searching look but stayed silent.

Declan slammed his bowl onto the table with a loud bang, his brows knotted, his tone practically sparking. "If there's no real feeling involved and it's just a promise, then after he's registered, you can still sign a letter of release for him, right?" His sharp gaze pinned Rosalie in place. She froze for a second-because technically, he wasn't wrong. Leon gently ladled soup into Rosalie's bowl and said lightly, "Then, there's no issue. When the time comes, give him a letter of release and let him go." That reminded Rosalie of something. She turned to look at Declan and Elijah.

"Right-there's only one month left until March. The rice shop's doing well now. I'm guessing in less than a month I'll be able to sign letters of release for you two as well." Leon set his soup down and quietly edged toward the corner, hoping Rosalie wouldn't notice him. But Rosalie's eyes were sharp as ever. She locked right onto where he was sitting. "You too. I promised I'd let you go first, and it's been delayed this long." Declan's face went from red to purple, his chest heaving, before he smacked the table with a loud crack. "I'm done eating!" he burst out, furious.

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He stormed off and slammed the door behind him, clearly livid. 1/3 Chapter 97 Zoran Elijah's face, by contrast, was expressionless. He just said coolly, "Do as you like." Finished But if you looked closely, you could see a faint heat smoldering between his brows-barely held in check. Back in his room, someone tapped on Declan's back window. He grabbed a stool and hurled it at the wall, the crash echoing loudly. He broke down and shouted inside the room, voice cracking. "To hell with this so-called dragon ascension! I'm done with it! "I'll stay a damn flood dragon!" Smack!

A palm cracked across his face, jerking his head to the side. Blood beaded at the corner of his mouth. Declan clenched his lips hard, chest still heaving, his eyes bloodshot as he glared at the man in front of him. The older male, Zoran Mistruck, beard already white, frowned at Declan's

useless outburst and snapped coldly. "Yelling that loud-are you trying to tell the whole world that real dragons still exist? "Do you want to be skinned alive and torn apart?" At the mention of that terrifying existence above them, Declan's gaze darkened.

His whole posture collapsed, shoulders slumping as if the strength had been drained out of his spine. He bowed his head and said quietly, "Mr. Mistruck, I really don't want to become a true dragon." Zoran was, in fact, the leader of the dragon clan. Without obtaining the destined title from a fated person, Declan had no way to complete his transformation. With things stalled for so long, of course, Zoran had come to check on him-only to find this ungrateful brat declaring he didn't want to ascend at all. Zoran looked utterly exasperated, voice rough with earnest anger.

"Have you really forgotten our dragon clan's vow that's lasted for thousands of years? "If you refuse to ascend, you're failing your mother's last wish!" Declan clutched his head in agony.

"Stop talking!" 2/3 "What were your mother's last words to you? She told you that you must become a true dragon. Do you really want to spend your whole life as nothing more than a flood dragon?" "I said stop!" Declan roared, his shout layered with a thunderous dragon's cry that left ears ringing. Zoran let out a long sigh and patted his shoulder lightly.

At the end of the day, he was still just a young dragon. "You're not just doing this for yourself-you're protecting that female you care about. You know how many dangers lurk in this world where she can't see them. "If you never ascend, how are you going to protect her? Do you really think a mere flood dragon can stand against them?" Those beings were so terrifying that even Zoran didn't dare speak their name aloud. Declan's body trembled uncontrollably. At last, he forced out a barely audible reply. "Got it.

I'll get that title as soon as I can." Only then did Zoran nod in satisfaction and slip away into the shadows. 360 3/3 Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market B admin

Chapter 98 Intense Kiss Creak- The door swung open, and Declan stood in the dark, his back as familiar as ever, yet carrying a sudden bleakness, as if he might fade into the night the moment you looked away. Rosalie pushed open the window, letting the moonlight spill into the room and chase back a little of the gloom. She picked up the overturned chair in the corner, set it in front of the table, and said softly, "You didn't eat anything tonight-you've got to be hungry.

"Have some food, okay?" As she spoke, she lifted a steaming bowl of rice piled with hot stir-fried dishes and held it up in front of Declan's face. In the still night, the rising steam blurred Declan's vision and made his eyes sting. He grabbed the bowl with one hand and set it down on the table with a dull thud, while his other arm suddenly wrapped around Rosalie's slender waist, yanking her hard against his chest as if he meant to pull her into his very bones. His mouth crashed down on hers, their teeth knocking together, and Rosalie let out a muffled gasp.

Declan brushed a kiss over the spot he'd hurt, then swept in and plundered her mouth, stealing every last breath from her lungs. At first, Rosalie's hands braced against his chest, but before long, they went slack, resting limply around his waist. The clean, wild scent of Declan's body dragged her under. Rosalie had no idea how long it lasted before Declan finally let her go, a thin silver thread of saliva stretching between them, glinting in the moonlight. Heat and tension swirled thick between them, leaving Rosalie's throat dry. Declan gazed at her, eyes full of raw reluctance to let go.

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After a long moment, he released her, turned, and dropped into the chair, burying himself in the food until the bowl was completely clean-then silently handed the empty bowl back to her. 1/3 B Finished "It was great. Thanks." Rosalie took the bowl, utterly confused. "You don't have to thank me." She opened her mouth to ask something more, but Declan simply pushed her straight out the door. Back in her own room, Rosalie clutched at her wildly pounding heart, face burning as she wondered why Declan had suddenly kissed her like that.

The next morning, Rosalie couldn't find Declan anywhere-not at home, not even in the hunting grounds he frequented. She searched for three days straight, but Declan had vanished into thin air, leaving not so much as a trace behind. Rosalie kept her expression neutral, but inside, she was a mess. How could he kiss her like that and then just disappear? She sighed, and Cameron shoved a wild fruit into her hand, crunching loudly on his own as he mumbled, "He's a big, tough beastman. What could possibly happen to him?" Crunch, crunch... "Don't worry, Matriarch.

Maybe he'll just stroll back in one of these days!" Leon added, "Declan's strong. Ordinary beastmen aren't a threat to him. You really don't need to worry too much, Matriarch." Rosalie hummed in acknowledgment, but a faint crease of worry still lingered between her brows. She could tell herself all that logic, but she'd grown used to Declan's presence; with one person suddenly gone and his life or death unknown, the empty space gnawed at her. After finishing the fruit, Rosalie stood, stretched lazily, slung her basket onto her back, and headed for the door.

She hadn't even reached it when a whole crowd surged in through the doorway. Rosalie jumped in surprise; Leon and Cameron instantly stepped in front of her, staring warily at the newcomers. The beastmen suddenly parted down the middle, opening a path as Gael strode out from their ranks. The moment Cameron saw Gael, every metaphorical fox hair on his body bristled; he

bared his 2/3 teeth with a low, warning growl. B Finished Rosalie glanced over the mass of beastmen, then fixed her gaze on Gael. "What exactly are you doing here?" Gael smiled. "We're here to build houses.

Matriarch, you don't have any spare rooms for us to stay in, do you?" Rosalie was momentarily speechless-there really weren't enough rooms at home; strictly speaking, this wasn't even her house to begin with. She mentally bumped "house construction" back to the top of her to-do list. She patted Cameron on the shoulder, and only then did he retract his fangs and step back behind her to clear a path for the builders. Noticing the basket on Rosalie's back, Gael asked, "Where's Matriarch headed? Can I come along?" "To check on the rice shop." "Perfect, I'm heading into the city too.

I'll go with Matriarch!" "Fine." Rosalie agreed, and as they set out, Cameron and Leon flanked her left and right, subtly edging Gael farther and farther away from her. admin

Chapter 99 Join Our Clinic It wasn't until they reached the rice shop that Gael finally had a chance to sidle up next to Rosalie and actually say a few words to her. Ever since the chillwave, even more people had been coming to buy rice-ten baskets, twenty baskets at a time. And the plan Rosalie had discussed with Yuna last time-paying those who grew rice in silver or letting them trade grain for grain-had won a lot of support. Plenty of weaker beastmen who weren't good at hunting had started planting rice instead, which meant their rice supply wouldn't suddenly dry up.

Rosalie flipped through nearly a week's worth of ledger entries; just this week alone, after subtracting labor and loss, the net profit from rice was around 100 coins. Add in her share from the House of Delicacies, and that was 150 coins in a single week. At that rate, she could pay off

what she owed Gael in just two months. Even though Gael was already her husband, Rosalie wasn't the type to spend someone else's money; if she owed, she paid it back. She didn't like being in anyone's debt. Once the debt was cleared, if Gael wanted to leave, she wouldn't stop him.

Rosalie still had no idea why Gael was so dead set on becoming her husband, but aside from their business dealings, there really wasn't much emotion between them. She was still lost in thought when someone suddenly barked her name, loud and fierce. "Rosalie! "You really are here! "Do you have have any idea how long I've been looking for you?" Rosalie looked up on instinct, her expression freezing. Sabrina strode over with a medicine chest on her back, storming right up to Rosalie. "Didn't you promise to come find me at the clinic last time?" Rosalie gave an awkward little laugh.

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"I just never found the time ... then kind of forgot." Sabrina was a female as well, with bold, dark brows and wide, round eyes; when she frowned at 1/3 someone, it somehow managed to look both stern and comically endearing. "The clinic treats its people really well. Come with me, and you'll see for yourself!" Before Rosalie could refuse, Sabrina grabbed her wrist and towed her toward the door. Cameron was in the back hauling sacks of rice, and Leon was tied up with a customer, which gave Gael the perfect chance to slip in and follow right at Rosalie's side.

The clinic was a fair distance from the rice shop; the moment they stepped inside, a thick wave of herbal scent hit Rosalie's nose. Steam bubbled up from pots inside, and someone was hunched over a small stove, boiling something down. "Bleh, bleh, bleh!" The person scooped up a spoonful of the brew, stuck it in his mouth, and spat it out immediately. "Nope. This formula is wrong!" Noticing Rosalie's interest, Sabrina led her over to inspect the failed concoction. The

taste on the air felt oddly familiar; Rosalie dipped a fingertip into the liquid and put it to her tongue.

The system instantly pulled up the complete formula for the medicine. Rosalie quietly recited the recipe out loud, and when she finished naming the last herb, the man scratched his head, face twisted in frustration. "Yeah, those are exactly the herbs I used, but it still failed. I just don't know which one I got wrong." "Elderberry extract." Rosalie's healer proficiency had already reached Level 2; the name just flashed across her mind on its own. Sabrina blinked, then pulled a dried herb from her chest and handed it over-it was exactly elderberry extract.

Rosalie sliced the dried elderberry extract into thick pieces, added it back into the recipe in place of the last herb, and tossed in a bit of sugar on top. Then, she turned the fire up and let it boil; soon, a sweet-bitter medicinal aroma drifted 2/3 Chapter 99 Join Our Clinic through the air. M Finished The scent was completely different from before. The man couldn't wait-he yanked the lid off, took a sip, and then the spoon hit the floor with a loud clang. "That's it. This is exactly what I was trying to make!" Sabrina's gaze on Rosalie turned downright blazing.

"How did you know the last herb needed to be elderberry extract?" she asked, barely containing her excitement. Rosalie herself didn't have much natural talent for medicine; everything she could do came from the system. She had no idea why, but the formula and the correction had just popped into her head. She chuckled. "I took one taste, and the recipe just ... showed up in my mind." "You're a genius!" Sabrina clamped both hands around Rosalie's, gripping so tight you'd think Rosalie might bolt at any second.

"Please, you have to join our clinic!" Her tone was utterly sincere, but Rosalie knew she wasn't truly skilled yet. She didn't trust herself to cure every patient, so she frowned slightly, hesitating,

unsure whether she should agree or not. Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market admin

Chapter 100 Giving Birth Finished Sabrina was one step away from dropping to her knees in front of Rosalie; she spoke so fast her words tangled together as she rushed out a solution. "You don't need to report in every day-just come once a week and help us test the medicine formulas. "You won't have to go on house calls either. Unless it's something really special, we won't trouble you." With Sabrina having laid things out that far, Rosalie really had no good reason to refuse and could only agree. Sabrina lit up on the spot, her thick eyebrows lifting high with joy.

Rosalie had her own calculations, too-the beast world was full of danger, and the medical conditions were awful; even if not for herself, she had to level up her healer proficiency for the sake of the beastmen in her family who were always out hunting. Just then, someone rushed in, panicked and breathless, shouting, "Is there anyone here who can deliver a baby? "A female in my family's stuck in labor-she's not going to make it at this rate!" Sabrina frowned and pointed for one of the healers to go with him.

Rosalie's heart sank as well; in this world, every birth for a female was a brush with death, and if it turned into a difficult labor with heavy bleeding, the beast world's crude medicine basically meant no chance at all. But there wasn't much Rosalie could do yet. The healer, shouldering the medicine chest, asked, "Which family's female is giving birth?" "It's Mrs. Sherman's daughter!" Rosalie went cold all over, her heart squeezed tight like a giant fist had closed around it. She stepped forward, grabbed the man, and asked in a trembling voice, "Your lady ...

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is it Monica?" The man nodded quickly, then led the healer off at a run toward their home.

Rosalie's mind went boom-then blank. Her body swayed, and Gael rushed up to steady her.

Sabrina stared at her in worry; Rosalie took a second to pull herself together, then moved fast 1/3

B Finished to the herb racks in the back, grabbing whatever she might need before hurrying off in the direction of Monica's home. "What's going on?" Sabrina asked, completely confused. "The one in trouble is my friend. I have to go help her!" Sabrina sobered instantly and hurried after Rosalie.

Rosalie moved as fast as she could, but Monica's home was a long way from the clinic; anxiety made sweat bead on her forehead as her heart twisted tighter and tighter. Monica was the first friend she'd made in the beast world. Rosalie refused to accept that anything might happen to her. Gael glanced at Rosalie, pressed his lips together, and threw an arm out to stop her. Forced to halt, Rosalie glared at him with a furrowed brow. Suddenly, Gael shifted into his beast form. Seeing that familiar body and the broken tail, Rosalie clenched her teeth.

"Gael-you're Sixto!" Gael's transformed feline body was huge; he blinked his big eyes and said, "I'll explain to you later, Matriarch. For now, get on my back. I'll get you there faster." Rosalie shot him a look sharp enough to cut, but with things this urgent, she still swung herself up onto his back. As for Sabrina, Gael didn't bother waiting; he bolted off in a streak of fur, leaving her far behind. Rosalie's voice floated back on the wind.

"Sabrina, I'll wait for you at the City lord's estate!" Gael was incredibly fast; in no time, they reached the City lord's estate, and even before they stepped inside, Monica's agonized screams were already tearing through the air. The sound practically shredded her eardrums-it was the kind of scream that only came from pain pushed to the absolute limit. Rosalie hurried inside.

Yuna was pacing back and forth in panic, while the healer who had arrived earlier was wiping sweat from his forehead as he said, "Mrs.

Sherman, this female is carrying multiple babies, and she's already lost far too much blood." 213 "I'm afraid she... "I'm afraid she's not going to make it." Gritting his teeth, the healer announced Monica's likely fate, and Yuna forgot all about keeping up appearances. She let out a raw, keening wail. "Monica! My child!" Rosalie stepped up beside Yuna. "If you'll allow it, let me try." Her eyes were steady and calm, and somehow that alone helped anchor Yuna's panic. At this point, the only person Yuna could bring herself to trust was Rosalie; she nodded and motioned for Rosalie to go in.

The room reeked of blood, heavy and metallic. Monica no longer even had the strength to scream. Her face was ashen, the bedding under her soaked in red; the dim light only deepened the shadow of death settling over her features. When she saw Rosalie, her tightly drawn brows eased a little, and she forced a small smile. "Rosalie ... you're here." admin