

# **Nine Therians and Their Only One Queen**

## **chapter 1-10**

### **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 1**

### **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 1**

[ 2,409 words ]

#### When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 1 Summary

In the first chapter of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Emma Tibarn demonstrates her fierce determination and resilience in a fantastical world filled with danger and opportunity. As she battles a massive beast in Astralis Forest, her triumphant victory and the acquisition of a valuable beast core reveal her ambition to rise in a society where women are revered and possess unique powers. Emma’s excitement at the prospect of collecting nine mates fuels her drive, but beneath her bravado lies a deep-seated fear of inadequacy and loneliness, stemming from her past as an ordinary girl who found herself lost in this alien realm.

Emma’s journey to adapt to her new life is fraught with challenges. The harsh reality of being alone in a world where females are scarce and highly valued weighs heavily on her. She recalls her initial days filled with terror and uncertainty, battling ferocious beasts while striving for power and resources. Unlike other females who had the support of families and clans, Emma has had to carve her path alone, leading her to confront her fears head-on. The memory of her old life and the desire to avoid being matched with unattractive mates propels her into the heart of danger, where she fights not just for survival but for a brighter future.

The chapter culminates in a thrilling encounter with a formidable beast, showcasing Emma’s growth and combat skills. As she swiftly defeats the creature, her confidence surges, and she relishes the thrill of victory. However, her encounter with a wounded male, Kael Auris, introduces a new dynamic. Despite her initial focus on her own goals, Emma’s compassionate side emerges as she tends to his injuries, highlighting her complexity as a character. This moment underscores her willingness to forge alliances

and take risks, setting the stage for future interactions and relationships in this extraordinary world.

Ultimately, this chapter establishes the foundations of Emma's character—her fierce independence, ambition, and vulnerability. As she navigates the challenges of her new life, the reader is left eager to see how she will continue to evolve and confront the fears that have haunted her since her arrival in this fantastical universe. Emma's journey is not just about gaining power and mates; it is about discovering her true self in a world that demands strength and resilience.

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**\*\*When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live \*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1: Somebody Please Save Me\*\***

“Dig it! Dig it out! Come on, give me that beast core!”

F-268, Astralis Forest.

The sun hung high in the sky, casting its golden rays over the pond that sparkled like polished glass. A figure stood confidently atop a massive beast, its size comparable to that of a semi-truck. Clad in a sleek combat suit, Emma Tibarn wielded a 6.5-foot-long blade that crackled with vibrant blue lightning, a testament to her formidable prowess. With a swift, powerful swing, she drove the steel deep into the creature's skull, sending a shower of sparks erupting into the air.

“Ha! Rank 4 beast core!” she exclaimed, her voice ringing out triumphantly among the trees, echoing her exhilaration.

A wild grin spread across her face, her heart racing with excitement. “I'm rich! I'm freaking rich! Just one more of these beauties, and I can walk away with nine smoking hot mates!” The thought filled her with a giddy thrill, a dream she had nurtured for far too long.

With a graceful leap, she descended from the beast's head, her sword still humming with residual energy. The massive fang of the creature hit the ground with a resounding thud, a stark reminder of the battle that had just unfolded.

Emma's mind drifted back to her first day in this strange, new world. Five long years had slipped by, yet the memory remained vivid, haunting her like a persistent nightmare.

It had been the summer following her freshman year. She had returned to her hometown, a bittersweet journey to visit her grandmother's grave. As she descended the hillside, her foot slipped on the slick stone, and the world spun around her. The next

thing she knew, she awoke in a realm that felt utterly foreign. A winged pig charged at her, a bizarre sight that seemed ripped from a twisted cartoon.

Fortunately, fate had smiled upon her that day. A nearby hunting squad had spotted her, rushed to her aid, and escorted her to the nearest city. It was then that the harsh reality hit her: she was no longer on Earth. She had landed smack in the middle of an interstellar empire inhabited by therians, beings she had only read about in fantasy novels.

Once just an ordinary human girl—small, fragile, and overwhelmed—she had often contemplated the absurd notion of smashing her head against a wall, hoping to reset her existence and return home.

But then, a revelation struck her like lightning: in this world, females were revered like queens.

The gender imbalance was staggering. There were far more males than females, which meant that women received the royal treatment—lavish homes, generous stipends, and the most enticing perk of all: the Beastmate System.

At the age of twenty-three, upon awakening their unique abilities, females were assigned nine partners simultaneously. Every two years, they could draft a new selection. The possibilities were endless. If a woman could manage the lineup, she could collect mates as easily as one might gather baseball cards.

Emma didn't need a stadium full of admirers. Nine was more than enough for her petite frame. Anything beyond that might just overwhelm her, especially when it came to the honeymoon phase.

Thus, awakening was not just a goal; it was essential.

The Intergalactic Awakening Division distributed Divine Seeds without charge. Rumor had it that these seeds originated from the very root of the Beast God. Approximately sixty percent of beastfolk who consumed one found themselves ignited with extraordinary powers, earning the coveted title of Etherians—blessed with lifespans extending eight to twelve centuries. The unfortunate remainder? They became Subtherians, cursed with a mere 120 years to live.

Emma had been fortunate. Within a month, her abilities—rooted in lightning and water—ignited like a spectacular fireworks display, filling her with a sense of hope and determination.

Then came the government's decision to relocate her from S-1231, a forgotten corner of the empire, to F-268. She envisioned a life of ease—collecting her allowance, residing in a luxurious home, leveling up at her own pace, all while eagerly anticipating her twenty-third birthday.

It sounded like a dream come true. Nine gorgeous males vying for her attention every night? Yes, she could definitely live with that.

However, that dream quickly turned into a nightmare. She soon discovered that the matching process was based on rank. Low-tier females were paired only with low-tier males. The higher one's rank, the more attractive one's lineup. Some low-tier males... well, let's just say they weren't exactly poster material.

Emma was honest enough to admit it. She could tolerate being broke, but ugly mates? No, thank you.

Thus began her relentless pursuit of power and resources.

To ascend the ranks, there was only one path: she needed to crack open a beast or a Chitinid and claim its core for herself.

Most females in the Empire enjoyed the privilege of family wealth and protective squads. Emma? She was utterly alone—without a family name, without resources, and without any safety net.

Initially, she had tried to align herself with other females, but as soon as they realized she lacked a clan and was merely a rookie who had just awakened, they quickly distanced themselves. No one wanted the burden of a novice.

So, she had no choice. If she wanted cores, she had to brave the forest alone, confront the beasts head-on, and seize what she needed. Scary? Absolutely. But far preferable to sitting idly by, waiting for a miracle that might never come.

The beginning had been pure terror. She had faced razor-sharp teeth, slashing claws, and the sight of blood spilling everywhere. She had come close to death more times than she could count. Yet, the prospect of ugly bedmates terrified her even more than fangs and claws.

Five years later, she stood her ground, scarred yet tougher, just one beast core away from breaking into Rank 4. This would grant her access to Ranks 5, 6, and possibly even 7 males. She had seen a Rank 7 male once; his face was so perfectly chiseled it seemed as if the gods themselves had crafted it.

Just the thought of nine men like that waiting for her at home made her mouth water.

Boom!

A thunderous crash jolted her from her daydream. Her battered Gravicar jolted violently before losing power and plummeting to the ground like a stone.

Emma's instincts kicked in. She conjured a water bubble, cradling the vehicle gently to lower it safely. Without hesitation, she leaped out, her sword already alight with energy.

A roar erupted from the depths of the forest. A blond male stumbled into view, drenched in blood, desperately trying to evade the massive beast that pursued him.

Her gaze locked onto the creature, a monstrous rhino-like beast, four times larger than its earthly counterpart, with a horn glowing a fierce red and flames spewing from its gaping maw.

Perfect! A Rank 4 beast. Emma couldn't help but smirk. Well, aren't you a delightful surprise?

Without a moment's hesitation, she charged forward.

The blond male froze, astonished. A female?! Here?

"Y-" he gasped, but Emma was already in motion.

Her water bubble surged ahead, transforming into a barrage of tiny blades that sliced through the beast's hide. The creature howled in agony, shaking the ground beneath them. Emma propelled herself upward on a column of water, her sword pulsating with lightning. She descended like a bolt of thunder, cleaving its skull in two.

Five seconds later, the beast collapsed to the ground, headless.

Kael Auris, the blond male, could hardly believe his eyes. A petite woman, barely five feet tall, stood triumphantly over the carcass of a creature twice the size of a rhinoceros. "Fierce" didn't even begin to describe her.

Before he could utter a single word, Emma had already extracted the beast core from its skull, stripped away the hide, bones, and meat, and stowed everything into her Stasis Band—just another day at the office.

With the beast core and materials in her possession, she was set to pocket another small fortune. Her grin widened, the thrill of victory coursing through her veins. Oh yes, today was a jackpot. Another 100,000 star coins, easy.

Finally, she turned her attention to Kael. He lay sprawled on the ground, one arm bent at an unnatural angle, blood caking his face.

Emma frowned and nudged his leg with her boot. “Hey. You still breathing? Need a hand?”

His eyelids fluttered open slowly. With great effort, he lifted a trembling hand, palm facing upward. Nestled in his palm was a glowing Rank 3 beast core.

“Save me...”

Smart move. Always pay upfront. Emma pocketed the beast core, retrieved a healing potion from her Stasis Band, and pressed it to his lips.

“This is all I’ve got. Please don’t die on me. I’ll fix the Gravicar and get you to a hospital.”

She had no idea what calamity he had encountered, but it didn’t matter; a deal was a deal.

With practiced ease, she repaired the Gravicar, settled him into the seat, and sped away from Astralis Forest, ready to face whatever came next.

## Conclusion

In this chapter, Emma Tibarn emerges as a fierce warrior, having transformed from a frightened girl into a formidable force within the interstellar empire. The thrill of victory she experiences after defeating a powerful beast reflects her growth and determination to seize control of her destiny. The exhilaration of claiming the Rank 4 beast core symbolizes not just her ascent in rank but also her defiance against the odds stacked against her. The dream of gathering nine stunning mates is no longer a distant fantasy; it is a tangible goal that drives her forward. Yet, beneath this bravado lies the haunting memory of her past and the loneliness that accompanies her journey. Emma’s willingness to help Kael, despite her own ambitions, reveals a glimmer of compassion, hinting at the emotional complexities that will shape her path.

As she speeds away from the forest, the weight of her choices begins to settle in. Emma is no longer simply a survivor; she is a woman on a quest for power, yet she grapples with the isolation that comes with it. The chapter closes with a sense of anticipation for what lies ahead—both the challenges and the potential connections she might forge. Emma's journey is a delicate balance of strength and vulnerability, and as she faces the unknown, she must navigate the thin line between ambition and the longing for companionship. Ultimately, this chapter marks the beginning of a transformative adventure, where every battle won brings her closer to the life she once feared but now dares to embrace.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

**\*\*What to Expect in Next Chapter?\***

In the upcoming chapter, Emma's journey takes a thrilling turn as she navigates the complexities of her newfound alliance with Kael. With the stakes higher than ever, their fates now intertwined, readers can anticipate a deep dive into their dynamic as they confront the dangers lurking in the interstellar empire. Kael, with his mysterious past and injuries, may hold secrets that could either aid or hinder Emma in her relentless pursuit of power. Will their partnership blossom into something more, or will the weight of their circumstances drive them apart?

Moreover, Emma's quest for beast cores is far from over. With her recent success, she's one step closer to achieving her goal of ranking up, but the looming threats of the forest and the rival hunters are ever-present. As she delves deeper into the treacherous terrain, readers should brace themselves for heart-pounding encounters with even more formidable beasts and unexpected challenges. Each decision she makes could lead her closer to her dreams or spiral her into chaos. Will her fierce determination be enough to overcome the trials ahead, or will she find herself facing a new kind of nightmare? The next chapter promises to be a rollercoaster of emotions, action, and the tantalizing prospect of what it truly means to embrace a life she once feared.

Sara Lili

Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold.

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 2**

[ 1,368 words ]

### Chapter 2 Landed Nine Matches

Three days later, Emma strolled out of her training room, grinning like she'd just hit the jackpot. She had just broken through to Rank 4. She practically skipped to her room, grabbed a quick shower, threw on clean clothes, and sprinted to her Gravicar.

The timing couldn't have been sweeter.

Right after she broke through, her lightcore buzzed with a system alert.

'Dear Ms. Emma Tibarn, this is a system notice. You've turned twenty-three today. Please report to the Imperial Female Consort Pavilion in F-268 before 5 p.m. for mate matching. Please be advised that late arrivals will result in a fine of 10,000 star coins, which will be automatically deducted from your account.

Emma smirked, thinking this was perfect. She decided to level up first and celebrate her birthday afterward. It couldn't have been more perfect. Losing 10,000 star coins? Not a chance.

Ten minutes later, her Gravicar rolled to a stop outside the Imperial Female Consort Pavilion. She slipped it into her storage band, adjusted her jacket, and marched in.

She kept three storage bands: one packed with beast materials, one for valuables, and one dedicated to her Gravicar. Priorities mattered.

Inside, a staffer greeted her. “Ms. Emma Tibarn, your identity and rank have been verified. We’ll need a drop of blood. Please place your finger here.”

They held out a sleek scanner. Emma pressed her finger down, waited three seconds, and it was done—no pain, not even a mark.

“Congratulations, Ms. Tibarn,” the staffer stated. “You are now officially a Rank 4 Etherian. The Beastmate System will assign you nine mates. Typically, they will fall between Rank 5 and Rank 7. In rare cases, you could be matched with Rank 8, 9, or even 10. Is this clear to you?”

Emma’s jaw dropped. “Wait. Rank 9 or 10? Is that possible?”

The staffer gave a smile. “Rare, but yes.”

Her heart raced. High rank means hotter, right? That part I like. What if I can’t handle them, though?

“What happens if I can’t comfort a male that strong?” she asked, worry slipping into her tone,

“Don’t be concerned,” the staffer explained. “After matching, you and your matches have three months to adjust. If either side chooses not to continue, you can file for dissolution. It’s designed to be fair.”

Emma’s lips twitched. A three-month trial with a get-out-of-jail card? Cute. I’ve been so busy chopping monsters, extracting their cores, and leveling up just to survive that I don’t have time to read the Empire’s love manual.

She nodded. “Got it.”

The staffer continued, “If you do succeed in three months, you’ll receive the Beast God’s blessing. That means one million star coins transferred directly to you, along with your mate’s assets.”

1/4

12:16 Tue, Nov 4 MG.

Chapter 2 Landed Nine Matches

Emma’s eyes almost bulged. Hold up. If one of them’s loaded. I’m basically winning the lottery overnight.

She forced her expression into something calm. "Understood."

Finished

The staffer wasn't done. "Once bonded, you will hold full authority over your mates. They will depend on your mental comfort and gain strength from the effort you invest in their advancement.

"In return, your mates are bound to remain loyal and assist you in reaching higher ranks. Should they betray you, all you need to do is break their beast mark, and the Beast God will deliver punishment."

Emma nodded along. She knew the rules but figured this was part of the formal spiel.

The staffer smiled. "We will process your matches now. Results will be delivered to your lightcore within five minutes. All suitors assigned by the Beastmate System have clean records. For the first three months, you and your suitors will only see each other's names, ages, and contact information. Everything else will unlock once the bond is confirmed."

Emma almost laughed. So that's all I get? No job titles, no background, no hint of how rich they are-just a name and an age. Honestly, it feels like opening a mystery box. A little risky, sure, but also kind of exciting.

Ding. Her lightcore chimed. Emma flipped it open and scanned the new message.

Dear Ms. Emma Tibarn, your nine mates have been successfully matched. Their contacts have been added to your lightcore.

She huffed. So the system just friended them for me?

Up until now, she'd only had five contacts-four merchants she bought gear from and sold beast cores to, plus one neighbor who was ten years older than her and bragged about having twelve partners.

Nine new names showed up one after another, each with a blank avatar. Emma squinted. Really? Not even a profile picture? This is starting to feel like a mystery box dating app.

She pulled up the profiles in the lounge.

Damian Voss, twenty-eight; Edric Lachman, thirty-two; Lucien Veynar, thirty-one; Silas Hamblin, twenty-nine, Malrik Ashen, also twenty-nine; Corvin Draemont, twenty-six; Kael Auris, thirty; Marcus Crowe, thirty-three; and finally Drake Smith, thirty-five.

That was it-just names, ages, and lightcore ID.

Her eyes stayed on the last one: Drake Smith. He was thirty-five, twelve years her senior. Yet, given their lifespan of over a century, that age difference was hardly significant.

According to the staff, these nine males would show up one at a time over the next three months. She could either wait or start chatting with them online.

Meanwhile, over at Cloudspire Medical Center, Kael, the blond male, sat upright in bed.

His golden eyes filled with impatience as Adam Johnson, his assistant, just entered the room.

12:16 Tue, Nov 4 MG •

Chapter 2 Landed Nine Matches

“Well? Did you find her?” Kael asked sharply.

Finished

Adam shook his head. “Mr. Auris, F-268 is enormous, housing over 20 billion therians. While Rank 3 females are rare, thousands still exist. Without a name or ID, finding her in a day is nearly impossible.”

Since Kael woke up that morning, he had been searching for Emma, the one who took him to the hospital three days before.

He rubbed his temples, frustration hammering behind his eyes. Why didn't I ask her name? Why didn't I get her lightcore ID?

Three d\*mn days, and she's still all I see. That tiny frame, fearless, ripping through a beast like it was nothing. Plus, that scent... It's haunting me, poisoning every thought, clinging to me like a curse. I can't shake it. I don't even want to.

I have to find her and ask if she already has a mate. If she does, I'll take whatever I can get. I'll be her follower, her shadow, whatever it takes.

“Keep looking,” Kael ordered firmly. “We have to find her.”

In their world, females could take followers. If a follower swore a blood pact and stayed by her side for five years, he could become her mate. Five years was nothing for an Etherian lifespan.

Kael would wait fifty if he had to.

Ding. His lightcore chimed. He glanced down at the notification.

'Dear Mr. Kael Auris, the Beastmate System has matched you with a female Etherian at 4:35 p.m. today. Her info has been sent to your lightcore. You must visit her within three months. Failure will result in a five- million-star coin fine and a ban from matchmaking for one hundred years. Voluntary dissolution carries the same penalty.'

Kael's jaw tightened. "Why now?"

"Mr. Auris, what happened?" Adam asked, looking surprised with stormy eyes. Internally, he couldn't shake the thought. Mr. Auris really got played this time. He's not only badly injured but also dropped to Rank 4... That's a humiliation he'll never swallow easily.

"The system matched me," Kael muttered.

He pulled up the info. His golden eyes flickered as he read.

Emma Tibarn, 23, Rank 4 female Etherian.'

The name meant nothing to him. Whoever she was, he didn't care. The only one he wanted was the young female who had dragged him out of the forest.

Therians were simple that way. Once they fell for someone, that was it. No backups or replacements; not even death could alter their feeling.

Adam's eyes went wide, then lit up. "That's amazing! You're injured, and your mental power is a mess. With her mental comfort, you'll heal twice as fast."

"I already have someone I want," Kael replied coldly. His decision was made. He forwarded Emma's address to Adam. "Go find her. Ask what she wants to dissolve the match."

Sara Lili

Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold.

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# When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 3

[ 2,470 words ]

## When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 3 Summary

In “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” the story unfolds in a throne room where a dark-haired male, exuding authority, learns he has been matched with a female as part of the Beastmate System. Despite the grandeur surrounding him, he expresses disdain for the idea, viewing females as distractions that could hinder his ambitions. The Grand Elder, Sebastian Varun, urges him to consider the match for his own mental stability, as his immense power comes with the risk of instability. The male’s reluctance stems from his deep-seated loathing for females, yet Sebastian convinces him to entertain the idea of a trial period with the chosen female, Emma Tibarn.

Meanwhile, on the Central Planet, Damian Voss, a wealthy male, reacts with disbelief upon learning of his match with Emma. His initial laughter turns to irritation as he contemplates the implications of the Beastmate System. Damian is determined not to let any female access his wealth, concocting a plan to manipulate the situation to his advantage. He decides to play the role of a charming suitor, intending to let Emma break off the match willingly to avoid any repercussions from the Beast God.

On F-268, Emma is excitedly celebrating her twenty-third birthday, which coincides with her match notification. Her friend, Laura, shares in her joy and encourages her to embrace this new opportunity. However, Emma’s excitement is dampened when she realizes that none of her nine matches have reached out to her yet. Laura, sensing something amiss, reassures Emma to take charge and not let the males slack off, highlighting the importance of asserting herself in this new chapter of her life.

As the story progresses, the contrasting emotions of the characters are evident. The male’s struggle with his identity and reluctance to embrace the match, Damian’s arrogance and scheming, and Emma’s blend of excitement and disappointment create a rich tapestry of conflict and anticipation. Each character is on the brink of significant change, facing their fears and desires as they navigate the complexities of their intertwined fates.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

**\*\*When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live \*\***

The throne room sparkled with an otherworldly brilliance, the throne itself resembling a dragon’s treasure trove, overflowing with a dazzling array of gems that reflected light in

every conceivable hue. A dark-haired male reclined upon it, exuding an air of authority as if the entire universe was his to command. He lounged there, half-buried in the glittering wealth, his gaze languidly drifting toward the subordinate who knelt before him, clearly intimidated.

“What was that? Congratulations? On what exactly?” His voice dripped with a heavy indifference that filled the air like a thick fog.

The subordinate quaked under the weight of his presence, each word a struggle against the oppressive atmosphere. “Your Majesty, the Imperial Female Consort Pavilion has just sent word. You’ve been matched.”

Perfect! The male’s mind raced with thoughts. His Majesty had just taken a significant step forward, and the surge of mental energy was spiraling out of control. If a female could provide him with the mental comfort he desperately needed, perhaps it would stabilize him. Without that, the consequences could be catastrophic.

“A female?” The male’s slender fingers curled into fists, and with a swift, decisive motion, he crushed a rose-colored gem into a fine powder between his palms.

“I don’t need one.” His lip curled in disdain, his voice heavy with contempt. Females were nothing but distractions, obstacles that would hinder his ambition to unite the stars.

Sebastian Varun, the Grand Elder, stood rigidly at the periphery of the throne room, his heart racing like a drum in his chest. He forced himself to speak, his voice trembling but steady. “Your Majesty, I understand your reluctance to be tied to anyone. However, your mental power is faltering. A female could provide the stability you require.”

The male’s lazy, menacing gaze shifted to Sebastian, sending a chill racing down his spine. Cold sweat trickled down the back of his neck, and every instinct screamed at him to retreat into silence, but he knew that would be even more perilous.

Everyone within the palace walls understood the truth: their sovereign harbored a deep-seated loathing for females and detested the Beastmate System. Yet, the burden of possessing immense mental power came with a significant price—the higher the rank, the more unstable the mind. Without the balance a female could provide, even the mightiest male risked collapsing into a mindless beast.

Sebastian steeled himself. “Your Majesty, you don’t have to keep her indefinitely. There’s a three-month trial period. Allow her to stabilize your mind, and then you can dissolve the match.”

The male tilted his head, contemplating the suggestion. “You think she’ll just agree to that?”

Females are delicate, greedy creatures, he mused. Once she discovers my true identity, will she really be willing to let go?

A hint of a smile crept back onto Sebastian's face as his confidence surged. "This one will, Your Majesty. Her name is Emma Tibarn, currently residing on F-268, Rank 4. She's twenty-three years old, without family or wealth. She has exhausted all her resources just to level up. Offer her a sufficient amount of star coins, and she'll gladly walk away."

To the Drakonids, wealth held little significance. Star coins and treasures were as abundant as the air they breathed.

When the male did not voice any objections, Sebastian pressed on, "Your Majesty, your mental power has been slipping for weeks. If you permit it, I'll make arrangements immediately. We should head to F-268 at once."

They could not simply abduct the girl. Females were revered as the Beast God's chosen—untouchable. To seize one by force would invite divine retribution, ranging from the loss of power to death itself. Even a matched female could not be coerced into the palace against her will. They would have to navigate this situation with care... at least for now.

If negotiations failed, that would be a different story.

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On the Central Planet, within the opulent confines of Nexus Prime Tech, the Starrift stood as a testament to wealth and power. On the top floor, a white-haired male stretched his arms wide, reveling in the sight of beast cores piled high in glimmering mounds. His eyes sparkled with pride as he surveyed the floors adorned with tiles made of pure star coins.

"Ahh." Damian sighed, intoxicated by the scent of riches.

Suddenly, a sharp tone erupted from his lightcore, shattering the moment of bliss. He glanced down, annoyance flickering across his face.

"Matched? With a female?" His laughter echoed through the room, a sound tinged with disbelief. D\*mn it, the Beast God has a twisted sense of humor. Do they really think I'll allow some woman to siphon my wealth? Over my dead body.

He strode purposefully out of the room, summoning his assistant. "Find this Emma Tibarn, Ryan."

The Beastmate System may impose restrictions on information, but such limitations meant nothing to the wealthiest male in the interstellar realm.

Just five minutes later, Ryan returned, a hint of apprehension in his voice. “Mr. Voss, I located her. Rank 4, residing on F-268.”

Damian tossed his fiery hair back, a sneer curling his lips. “F-268: That backwater? Figures. The Beast God matched me with a broke female.”

He clenched his jaw, irritation simmering beneath the surface. Not a single star coin of mine is going to some no-name nobody.

Ryan treaded lightly, sensing the tension. “Mr. Voss, will you go to her? The system states that if you’re late or break the match, you’ll incur a fine of five million star coins and be banned from future matches for a hundred years.”

Five million? That’s chump change to Mr. Voss. What truly matters is the ban—no matches for a century. Now that’s a punishment.

Still, knowing him, he’ll throw a fit regardless. The man clings to his star coins as if they were his firstborn. If five million were yanked from his account, he’d react as if someone had ripped his heart out.

“Of course I’m going,” he declared, mischief dancing in his eyes. “Otherwise, she’ll think she’s about to get her hands on my star coins. Dream on.”

Ryan hesitated, weighing his words carefully. “Mr. Voss, if you bond with her, all your assets will transfer to her account.”

Damian erupted into laughter. “Bond? With her? Not a chance.”

He had already devised a cunning plan in his mind. I’ll play the role of the charming suitor, letting her believe she has a chance. Then, I’ll let her dump me herself. Once she does it willingly, not even the Beast God can punish me.

A smirk spread across his face. “No rush, though. I’ll keep her on a string through lightcore first.”

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Meanwhile, on F-268, Emma parked her Gravicar and tucked it away into her band. Just as she was about to step inside, Laura Jones appeared, leaning into her mate’s embrace as they approached.

“Emma!” Laura’s voice rang with warmth and excitement. “I just woke up, and it hit me—today’s your twenty-third birthday! That means your big day has finally arrived!”

She gently extricated herself from her mate's arms and hurried to Emma, her delicate fingers curling around Emma's slender arm. Her silver eyes sparkled with affection, and a smile softened her features as if she were gazing at a beloved younger sister.

Emma's heart swelled with joy. "Laura, I just came back from there!"

She squeezed Laura's hand, bubbling with excitement. Laura looked stunning, her lavender dress flowing gracefully, her hair elegantly pinned up, radiating a soft beauty that Emma adored. In that moment, Emma felt as if she had finally found the sister she had always longed for.

"The system matched me with nine males!" she exclaimed, her grin widening with each word.

Just uttering it made her heart race. Nine! I actually get nine.

Laura couldn't help but laugh along, her chest swelling with warmth at Emma's uncontrollable joy.

Their friendship had blossomed three years earlier, shortly after Laura and her mate had moved in. That day remained etched in Laura's memory—she and her mate had ventured into the Astralis Forest to hunt a Level 6 beast, and everything had gone disastrously wrong.

Her mate had sustained severe injuries while protecting her, their supplies had dwindled, and fear had begun to creep in. Just when all hope seemed lost, Emma had appeared, providing a healing potion that had saved his life.

From that moment on, Laura's gratitude had only deepened. Over time, their bond had grown stronger until Emma became more than just a neighbor—she was like the little sister Laura had always wished for. Laura understood the struggles Emma had faced and admired the resilience she had shown. All she ever wanted was to see Emma truly happy.

Now, witnessing Emma embark on this new chapter of her life, Laura's heart brimmed with pride and joy. "I'm so glad for you," she said sincerely. "The system already added them to your contacts, right? Have any of them messaged you yet?"

Emma pulled up her lightcore, revealing nine names sitting silently in her friends list. She shook her head, disappointment creeping in. "Not yet."

Laura's brow furrowed with concern. That's odd. The system usually pings the males immediately, and they typically reach out first. Sure, maybe one or two might get caught up in something, but all nine of them are silent? That's just rude.

She squeezed Emma's hand reassuringly. "Don't worry. Perhaps the alerts are delayed. Give them until tonight. If they still don't contact you, send the first message. Remember, you're the one in charge now. Set the pace. Don't let them slack off."

Inside, Laura's patience was wearing thin. How could they not make the first move? It wasn't just careless—it felt downright disrespectful.

## Conclusion

As the chapter draws to a close, the emotional arcs of both Damian and Emma begin to intertwine, setting the stage for a transformative journey. Damian's initial disdain and reluctance to engage with Emma reveal a deep-seated fear of vulnerability and connection, as he grapples with the potential loss of control over his wealth and autonomy. The laughter that once filled his space now echoes with a hint of uncertainty, hinting at the cracks in his bravado. Meanwhile, Emma stands at the precipice of a new beginning, filled with hope and anticipation, yet tinged with the shadows of her past struggles. Her friendship with Laura serves as a beacon of support, illuminating her path as she prepares to navigate the complexities of the Beastmate System and the unexpected challenges that may arise with her future match.

In this moment of convergence, both characters are on the brink of self-discovery, driven by their contrasting motivations and fears. Emma's determination to seize her destiny contrasts sharply with Damian's initial reluctance, suggesting that their journey together may lead to unforeseen growth for both. As they prepare to face the unknown, the narrative hints at the potential for healing and transformation, inviting readers to ponder the power of connection and the courage it takes to embrace a life once feared. The door to their intertwined fates has been opened, and with it, a world of possibilities awaits—one that could redefine their understanding of strength, love, and the true meaning of partnership.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

**\*\*What to Expect in the Next Chapter?\***

As the tension between the powerful males and the unsuspecting Emma mounts, the next chapter promises to delve deeper into the intricate web of emotions and ambitions that intertwine their fates. With the stakes escalating, readers can anticipate a thrilling exploration of Emma's journey as she navigates the complexities of the Beastmate System. Will she rise to the challenge and assert her newfound agency, or will the weight of her circumstances force her to retreat into the shadows? The clash of wills between the dark-haired male sovereign and the arrogant Damian Voss will set the stage for a riveting confrontation, one that could alter the course of their destinies forever.

Moreover, the chapter will likely introduce unexpected twists as Emma's past and present collide, revealing secrets that could either empower her or threaten her very

existence. As the clock ticks down on the trial period, the pressure mounts on both the males and Emma to make their intentions known. Will the male sovereign find the mental stability he desperately needs, or will his disdain for females lead him down a path of destruction? And what cunning plans does Damian have in store for Emma, who may unwittingly become a pawn in their high-stakes game? The tension is palpable, and readers will be left on the edge of their seats, eagerly awaiting the revelations that lie ahead in this captivating tale of power, choice, and the courage to embrace a life once feared.

Sara Lili

Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold.

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 4**

[ 1,863 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 4 Summary

In Chapter 4 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Emma returns home after a long day, eager to prepare a comforting dinner for herself. She takes pride in her cooking, creating a meal that stands in stark contrast to the nutrient fluids most beastfolk rely on. The aroma of her homemade tomato soup and fried cutlet fills the air, evoking feelings of warmth and satisfaction. Emma reflects on the scarcity of such meals in her world, where culinary skills are rare, and the thought of consuming the vile nutrient fluids makes her grimace.

After enjoying her dinner, Emma shifts her focus to her training, determined to strengthen her Rank 4 abilities. Following a refreshing shower, she checks her messages and is disheartened to find nine matches but no greetings. However, her spirits lift when she receives a message from Damian, her top match, who apologizes for his late reply. Emma feels a mix of curiosity and caution, deciding to respond in a way that keeps her from appearing too eager.

Meanwhile, Damian, on the other side of the galaxy, is intrigued by Emma's calm demeanor and sees an opportunity to exploit her kindness. He concocts a sob story about losing all his star coins to a friend and expresses his desire to meet her, subtly hinting at needing financial help for travel. Emma, however, feels a surge of skepticism as she processes his message. The abrupt request for money before they even meet strikes her as inappropriate, leading her to consider her options carefully.

As Emma's doubts grow, she contemplates the three-month decision period provided by the Beastmate System. The prospect of being matched with someone who immediately seeks financial assistance feels disheartening. With a resolute mindset, she decides that if Damian continues down this path, she won't hesitate to dissolve their match, reclaiming her agency in a situation that feels increasingly dubious. The chapter captures Emma's internal struggle between hope for a connection and the harsh realities of navigating relationships in a world fraught with challenges.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

**\*\*When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live \*\***

**\*\*Chapter 4: Matched With a Freeloader? – Part 1\*\***

As soon as Emma stepped through the threshold of her home, she kicked her boots off with a soft thud against the wall. The lightcore device was tossed carelessly onto the counter, its soft glow flickering momentarily before settling into a steady light. She had no time to waste; dinner awaited her, and it certainly wasn't going to prepare itself.

The menu for the evening was simple yet comforting: a warm bowl of tomato soup, crispy fried beast cutlet, and a jar of her own homemade pickles—each item crafted with care and love. On paper, it might have seemed basic, but as she set the table, the rich, savory aroma wafted through the air, making her mouth water in anticipation.

In this part of the world, meals like this were a rare indulgence. Most beastfolk had little to no culinary skills, surviving instead on thick, sludgy nutrient fluids that tasted like a blend of misery and despair. Emma grimaced at the thought; she loathed those concoctions. The taste was so vile that it lingered on her tongue for hours, a constant reminder of the drudgery of survival. During hunting trips, she begrudgingly carried some, swallowing them down with a grimace, each gulp a battle against her own senses.

There was another variant of nutrient fluid, designed specifically for females, which was made from fruits and vegetables. It had a slightly more palatable flavor—more akin to juice—but it was far beyond her financial reach. The mutated crops that produced such sustenance were fiercely guarded by vicious beasts, and the effort to create just one vial drained a mountain of produce.

Emma's mind raced as she recalled the price: nearly 800,000 star coins for a single vial. Each time she saw one, she mentally crunched the numbers. I could work my fingers to the bone for a week and maybe scrape together 100,000 star coins. A whole month of grueling labor, and I still wouldn't have enough for even one.

With fruit nutrient fluids being impossible to obtain and meat nutrient fluids utterly repulsive, she was left with only one viable option—her own cooking. Thankfully, she had honed her skills since childhood, and the act of creating meals brought her genuine joy.

After enjoying her dinner to the fullest, she allowed her smart robot to handle the cleaning duties while she slipped into her training room. There, she focused on reinforcing her newfound Rank 4 strength. A long, refreshing shower followed, and she finally sank onto her bed with a contented sigh, flicking open her lightcore to check her messages.

Her heart sank as she saw nine matches listed, but not a single ping or greeting awaited her.

Emma tapped her fingers rhythmically against the mattress, contemplating whether to swallow her pride and send the first message. Just as she was about to make that decision, her screen lit up, revealing a name that made her heart skip a beat—Damian, her lucky number one.

His message read, 'Hello, Ms. Tibarn. I'm Damian Voss. I apologize for the late reply. Something came up earlier, and I couldn't reach out until now. Please forgive me!'

Emma blinked in surprise at the courteous tone. At least he seems polite. Maybe he really did get caught up in something. Without hesitating, she typed back, 'No worries. Take care of what you need to first. I'm not in a rush.'

See? Totally reasonable. No way I'm starting this whole "mate" thing by coming off as clingy.

Meanwhile, across the galaxy, Damian stared at her response, a frown creasing his brow. What kind of female doesn't ask questions? Aren't they supposed to be demanding, curious even? He shook his head, bemused, and typed again.

'Glad you're not upset, Ms. Tibarn. You're sweeter than I deserve. I wish I could teleport straight to you.'

To emphasize his point, he added a sticker of a puppy with big, pleading eyes.

Just moments later, a new message popped up.

'The truth is, something serious came up. I'll need a little time before I can come to you. You're not upset, right?'

A sly grin crept across his lips. Perfect. She'll have to bite on this. The moment she asks, I'll hit her with the sob story and nudge her to part with some star coins. Who knows how much she's sitting on? Hopefully enough for me to squeeze her dry.

Sprawled across his star-coin couch, he radiated smug confidence, eagerly waiting for her to take the bait.

The ping came quicker than he anticipated. 'It's okay, Damian. If it's important, handle it first. Do you want to tell me what's wrong? Is it serious?'

Damian's grin widened, triumphant. Got her! Hook, line, and sinker.

Damian: Ms. Tibarn, I... a friend stole all my star coins. I'm completely broke.

To drive the point home, he sent a sad-face sticker, cartoon tears streaming down its cheeks.

Damian: I want to see you so badly, but I don't even have the fare. I'm stuck on Central Planet, and a starra ticket to F-268 costs 500,000 star coins.

Emma's mind raced as she processed the information. She knew precisely how much that ticket cost. When she first arrived on F-268, she had taken the starrail herself—a space-time teleportation ride that was blisteringly fast and efficient.

Her brows furrowed as she read each line, doubt creeping in with every word.

Oh, you've got to be kidding me. Did this male just ask me for money? Already?

We haven't even met yet, and he's pulling the broke-boy routine. This is like exchanging numbers after a blind date, and the male immediately asks if you can cover his rent.

Yeah, no. Not happening.

She snorted, flipping onto her side, her mind racing with thoughts. Good thing the Beastmate System gives me three months to decide. If this is who I've been matched with, I'll hit that dissolve button so fast, his head'll spin.

Conclusion

As Emma lay in her bed, the weight of her thoughts began to settle, swirling around the complexities of her budding connection with Damian. Initially drawn in by his polite demeanor, she soon found herself grappling with the disheartening realization that he might not be the partner she had envisioned. The stark contrast between her hard-

earned independence and his apparent reliance on her financial support left her feeling vulnerable and frustrated. Yet, within this turmoil, Emma discovered a spark of resolve. She had always fought against the tide of expectation, and now, faced with the prospect of a relationship that threatened to undermine her strength, she felt a renewed sense of determination. The door to the life she had been afraid to live was still ajar, and she was no longer willing to step through it blindly.

In that moment of clarity, Emma understood that her worth was not defined by her ability to rescue someone else, especially not a stranger who had already revealed his intentions. The notion of dissolving the match became less about fear and more about self-preservation. With each heartbeat, she embraced the idea that she could choose her own path, one that aligned with her values and aspirations. As she prepared to make a decision, Emma felt a surge of empowerment wash over her. She was ready to reclaim her narrative, to forge connections that uplifted her rather than weighed her down. The life she had once feared was now within reach, and she was determined to step forward on her own terms.

### What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers can expect Emma to grapple with the unsettling realization that her match, Damian, may not be the charming prince she initially hoped for. As she weighs the implications of his sob story, her skepticism will deepen, forcing her to confront her own vulnerabilities and the precarious nature of trust in this new world of mate selection. Will she fall for his manipulative charm, or will she stand firm in her resolve to not be taken advantage of? The tension will mount as Emma's internal battle unfolds, leading her to question everything she thought she knew about relationships and her own worth.

Meanwhile, Damian's true intentions will come to light, as he becomes increasingly desperate to secure the funds he needs. As he concocts more elaborate tales to tug at Emma's heartstrings, readers will be on the edge of their seats, wondering if his facade will crack or if he will succeed in ensnaring her in his web of deceit. The stakes are high—will Emma's instincts guide her toward the truth, or will she find herself ensnared in a dangerous game of emotional manipulation? The chapter promises to delve deeper into the complexities of their budding relationship, leaving readers eager to discover whether Emma will rise to the challenge or succumb to the allure of Damian's charm.

Sara Lili

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# When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 5

[ 1,836 words ]

## When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 5 Summary

In Chapter 5 of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Emma grapples with the complexities of her match with Damian, a man she suspects may be trying to manipulate her for financial gain. The chapter highlights the stark contrast in the consequences for men and women in their matchmaking system, where men face severe penalties for ending a match, while women have a different set of rules. Emma recalls a warning from her friend Laura about men who might exploit women financially, leading her to question Damian’s intentions. Despite her suspicions, she maintains her composure, determined not to fall for his potential deceit.

Emma’s internal conflict intensifies as she reflects on her own worth and the precariousness of her situation. She recognizes that her hard-earned star coins represent her life’s work and is unwilling to risk them on a match that lacks commitment. The chapter showcases her resolve as she communicates with Damian, subtly deflecting his attempts to press her for money. Emma’s self-awareness shines through as she acknowledges her lack of beauty and high rank compared to others, further fueling her insecurities about being overlooked by men.

The narrative takes a turn when a young man named Adam arrives at her door, claiming to be the assistant of Kael Auris, the gentleman she was matched with. This unexpected visit raises Emma’s curiosity and suspicion, as she questions why Kael did not come himself. Adam’s message reveals that Kael wishes to dissolve the match, leaving Emma in a difficult position. He offers her a chance to name her price for ending the match, hinting at the power dynamics at play.

Emma’s emotions fluctuate between surprise and determination as she processes Adam’s proposal. The chapter ends with her poised to make a decision that could significantly impact her future, reflecting her struggle between fear and the desire for agency in her life. The tension between financial security and emotional vulnerability underscores the stakes of her situation, leaving readers eager to see how she will navigate this new development.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

\*\*When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live \*\*

## \*\*Chapter 5: Matched With a Freeloader? – Part 2\*\*

B

Finished

Here's the kicker: if a man decided to sever a match, the consequences were severe. Five million star coins vanished in a heartbeat, and on top of that, he would find himself blacklisted, barred from forming any new matches for a whole century.

No second chances.

No fresh starts.

But for women? The rules were entirely different.

This was precisely why so many men ended up begging, desperately hoping the woman would take the initiative to end things instead.

Emma's mind drifted back to a warning Laura had once given her, a cautionary tale about certain men who couldn't bear the financial hit. In those cases, they would resort to every trick in the book, siphoning money from the woman first. Once they scraped together their five million star coins, they would sever the match without a second thought.

Could Damian be one of those men Laura warned me about? It certainly feels like it.

There's no way a Rank 5—or higher—could be broke. Even in a weakened state, they could still take down a mid-tier beast and walk away with a small fortune. Hundreds of thousands of star coins in mere minutes. Broke? I refuse to believe it.

Emma wasn't about to fall for his ploy. She maintained her composure, pretending not to notice the subtle hints in his words.

"It's perfectly fine, Damian. I'm not in any hurry. Just focus on gathering your star coins and catching the starrail. As long as you make it here within three months, we're all set."

Every single star coin I possess is hard-earned. It's not just a number in an account; it's my life's work.

If I hand that over and he decides to dump me right after? That would be the end of the game.

I don't mind spending on a man, but only if he's genuinely mine. These matches? Right now, they're just names on a screen: no promises, no guarantees.

Even Laura—who is drop-dead gorgeous, sweet, and the kind of woman every man dreams of—still has matches that decide she isn't worth their time and make her end it. If that can happen to her, what hope do I have?

Emma wasn't naïve. She understood she didn't possess Laura's beauty, nor did she have a high rank. It was only logical that some men would overlook her. She had come to terms with that reality.

Across the chat room, Damian's eyes widened in disbelief as he absorbed her response.

Seriously? What kind of woman is this? Tighter than a locked vault, and that's saying something. Can't even cough up a measly 500,000? Pathetic.

His jaw clenched, frustration bubbling beneath the surface.

"Ms. Tibarn, I genuinely want to see you soon!" he implored, desperation lacing his tone.

He sent a pathetic sticker, his big eyes glistening with feigned urgency.

Emma let out a soft sigh, a hint of amusement tugging at her lips as she typed back, "Yes, I want to see you too. I'll wait for you."

Still, not a word about money.

Damian stared at the screen, silent and brooding, his jaw tightening further.

Just as Emma was about to put the lightcore away for the night, the doorbell rang, interrupting her thoughts. Her smart robot rolled forward, activating the security feed, and projected the image into the room.

Standing outside her gate was a young man in his twenties, his blond hair cropped short and sharp, clad in a sleek black suit.

For a brief moment, her breath caught in her throat. That striking golden hair... Just like the male I pulled out of Astralis Forest and dropped off at the hospital a few days ago. He's already back on his feet?

She quickly shook off the thought. It didn't matter. I saved him, delivered him, and got compensated—end of story.

"Who are you? What do you want?" Emma's voice remained cool as she leaned closer to the feed, curiosity flickering in her mind. Could he be one of my suitors?

Adam raised his gaze to the camera, his tone polite and measured. “Ms. Emma Tibarn, I’m Adam Johnson, the assistant to Kael Auris, the gentleman you were matched with.”

Emma blinked in surprise.

She tapped a command on the smart robot. “Open the gate.”

By the time she reached the living room, Adam had stepped inside, offering a respectful nod. “Ms. Tibarn, thank you for seeing me. Mr. Auris requested that I speak with you regarding the match.”

He chose his words carefully, omitting Kael’s title and any reference to his status.

If she figures out who Mr. Auris truly is, she might start asking for the moon, he thought grimly. Sure, Mr. Auris said she could name her price, but there’s no way I’m fueling that fire. Star coins don’t just grow like weeds.

Emma raised an eyebrow slightly. So, Kael couldn’t be bothered to show up himself. He sends a messenger instead. That screams one thing—he’s hoping I’ll be the one to dissolve this match.

“Why didn’t he come himself?” she asked, her voice steady. “Why send someone else?”

Adam maintained his composure, his tone respectful. “Mr. Auris wanted me to convey that he does not wish to proceed with the match at this time. He hopes you’ll consider applying to dissolve it.”

Emma’s lips parted slightly, though she kept her expression calm and collected.

Adam quickly added, “He understands this places you in a difficult position, so he’s prepared to make it worth your while. Name what you believe is fair. He won’t refuse if it’s within his means.”

## Conclusion

As the reality of Kael’s decision settled over Emma like a heavy shroud, she felt a mixture of disbelief and relief. The weight of uncertainty that had been pressing down on her for weeks began to lift, replaced by a newfound clarity. She had navigated the treacherous waters of her match with Damian, all while grappling with her own insecurities and the fear of being deemed unworthy. Now, standing at the precipice of a choice, she realized that the power to define her worth was hers alone. No longer would she allow herself to be swayed by the opinions of men or the fickle nature of the matchmaking system. Emma was ready to reclaim her narrative, to step boldly into the life she had once feared.

As she considered Adam’s proposition, a flicker of hope ignited within her. This moment was not just about severing a match; it was an opportunity to assert her value and demand respect. With every heartbeat, she felt the embers of her confidence rekindling, urging her to take control of her destiny. Emma realized that the life she had been afraid to live was not one of dependence or vulnerability, but rather one of strength and self-determination. With a steady breath, she prepared to respond, ready to carve out a future that reflected her true self—one that was no longer dictated by the whims of others, but by her own choices and aspirations.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” readers can expect Emma to confront the reality of her situation head-on as she navigates the treacherous waters of her matchmaking predicament. With Adam’s unexpected arrival and Kael Auris’s proposition hanging in the air, Emma must grapple with the implications of dissolving a match that could either liberate her or lead her deeper into a web of manipulation. The stakes are higher than ever, and the tension between her desire for independence and the lure of star coins will force her to make decisions she never anticipated. Will she stand her ground, or will the allure of financial security tempt her to sacrifice her principles?

As the chapter unfolds, anticipation builds around Emma’s response to Kael’s offer. With her hard-earned star coins on the line, she must weigh the risks of severing ties with a high-ranking match against the potential fallout of remaining tethered to someone who may not have her best interests at heart. The reader will be on the edge of their seat, wondering if Emma will find the strength to assert herself or if the fear of being alone will lead her to compromise her values. Additionally, the shadow of Damian looms larger, raising the question of whether his desperation is genuine or simply a ploy to manipulate her into financial submission. Emma’s journey promises to be fraught with emotional turmoil, intrigue, and the possibility of unexpected alliances that could change everything.

Sara Lili

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# When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 6

[ 1,703 words ]

## When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 6 Summary

In Chapter 6 of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Emma finds herself in a pivotal moment as the other party seeks to terminate their agreement. Rather than resisting, she embraces the opportunity, revealing her confidence in a world filled with potential partners. Maintaining a calm demeanor, she playfully negotiates her terms, asking for eight Level 5 beast cores and a million star coins, a request that she knows is quite audacious.

As Emma makes her bold demand, she feels a surge of anxiety, fearing she may have overstepped. However, Adam surprises her by countering with an even more generous offer of fifty beast cores and five million star coins. This unexpected twist leaves Emma momentarily speechless, but before she can reconsider, Adam swiftly finalizes the deal, transferring the wealth directly into her account. The urgency in his tone reveals his desire to prevent her from having second thoughts, ensuring that she cannot backtrack on her decision.

With the paperwork submitted to dissolve her match with Kael, Emma experiences a rush of exhilaration. The transformation from a stable existence to one of newfound wealth is intoxicating. She revels in her good fortune, feeling empowered and eager to utilize her resources to enhance her abilities. Her fervent prayer to the Beast God for more matches like this underscores her excitement and ambition, as she dreams of a life filled with similar opportunities.

Meanwhile, Kael, recovering in the hospital, receives updates from Adam about Emma’s wise decision to step back. This shift in focus signifies a new chapter for both characters, as they navigate their respective paths. The anticipation of tracking down the woman who saved Kael’s life adds an intriguing layer to the narrative, hinting at future encounters that could further intertwine their fates. Emma’s journey is just beginning, filled with promise and the potential for adventure.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

**\*\*Chapter 6: Sensible Enough to Know When to Back Off – Part 1\*\***

Emma’s instincts had proven correct; the other party was intent on severing their agreement.

She didn't put up a fight. After all, in a world teeming with eligible men, losing one was hardly a tragedy for her.

Yet, when opportunity knocks, it's unwise to slam the door shut.

Reclining in her chair, she maintained a composed demeanor. "Since you mentioned I could set my own terms," she said with a playful lilt in her voice, "I think I'll take you up on that offer."

Adam regarded her calmly, his expression unreadable. "Go ahead. As long as your demands aren't outrageous and within Mr. Auris' financial reach, we can make it happen."

Emma had no clear idea of the extent of their wealth, but anyone who employed a personal assistant likely had deep pockets. She paused, contemplating her options carefully. After a moment's thought, she hesitated slightly before stating, "I want eight Level 5 beast cores, plus 1 million star coins."

To put it into perspective, a single Level 5 beast core was valued at 500,000 star coins. So, eight cores along with that million would total a staggering 5 million.

In her five years navigating the interstellar landscape, Emma had managed to save just over 3 million star coins. What she was asking for was practically highway robbery. Deep down, she wasn't entirely sure they would accept her request, but if they declined, she could always negotiate downwards.

Yet, as soon as the words escaped her lips, her heart raced uncontrollably. She forced herself to maintain her composure, fixing her gaze on Adam with a steadiness she didn't quite feel.

But Adam's brow furrowed, and his eyes glinted with a sharp intensity that made her stomach flip.

Had she been too greedy?

She opened her mouth, ready to retract her request. "If that's too much, I can—"

"Fifty Level 5 beast cores and 5 million star coins. Ms. Emma Tibarn, you must promise—no take-backs."

Emma was taken aback, her mind racing. Did she just hear him correctly? Had he raised the stakes himself?

Before she could fully process what was happening, Adam swiftly produced 50 beast cores from his storage band, linked her Lightcore ID, and transferred the 5 million star coins directly into her account.

“The deal is sealed. Now, can you initiate the dissolution of the match?” Adam asked, his tone urgent, as if he feared she might change her mind.

He had anticipated her to demand a fortune, but instead, she had only asked for a mere eight cores and a million. That was laughable; it would be downright embarrassing for Mr. Auris if word got out.

So, Adam had taken the initiative, bumping it up to 50 beast cores and 5 million star coins. This way, she wouldn’t have the chance to regret her decision later and come crawling back to him.

“I’ll submit the application right away.”

Emma felt a flutter of anxiety that Adam might suddenly retract his offer. Without wasting a moment, she opened her Lightcore interface in front of him and submitted the request to dissolve her match with Kael on the system timestamp: 12:16, Tuesday, November 4, MGW.

Once the paperwork was filed, she turned to Adam, her face lighting up with a bright smile. “Did you see that? I’ve officially applied to dissolve my match with Mr. Auris. I even deleted him from my contacts! The system says it’ll take three months before it’s finalized, so Mr. Auris will have to wait it out.”

The Beastmate System operated under such constraints. Perhaps the so-called Beast God had a quota to fulfill—every dissolution request required a three-month processing period. During that time, one could cancel their application if they had a change of heart.

Cancel? No way, Emma thought resolutely.

Her efficiency seemed to please Adam greatly. Even his previously polite, plastic smile softened into something that almost resembled genuine gratitude. “Thank you, Ms. Emma Tibarn. I won’t keep you any longer. Please take care of yourself.”

With business concluded, he departed in a hurry, eager to track down the enigmatic woman who had piqued Kael’s interest. There was no time to waste.

Once Emma watched him exit through the villa gates, she could hardly contain her excitement. What incredible fortune!

In a matter of moments, she had transformed from a state of comfortable stability to one of immense wealth. Just like that—30 million star coins richer. What a windfall!

If only she could encounter more matches like this... She would be set for life. It felt like cashing in without lifting a finger.

With her hands clasped together, she fervently prayed to the Beast God, “Oh merciful and glorious Beast God, please bless me with more generous matches like this!”

Clutching the 50 shimmering beast cores, she was too exhilarated to even consider sleep. Instead, she made a beeline for the training room. With those beast cores in her possession, she could stabilize her abilities immediately.

Sweet heavens—it felt exhilarating.

Meanwhile, in the hospital, Kael listened intently as Adam reported back to him.

“It appears that Ms. Emma Tibarn is wise enough to know when to step back. Since she has already applied to dissolve the match, we can leave her be. Our focus should now shift to locating the female who saved my life.”

Adam bowed his head respectfully. “Rest assured, Mr. Auris. The hospital’s surveillance system is almost operational again. Once we identify the woman who brought you here, tracking her down will be a straightforward task.”

## Conclusion

In the wake of her bold decision, Emma felt a surge of empowerment that she had never experienced before. The dissolution of her match with Kael marked not just a financial windfall but a turning point in her life—a moment where she chose to prioritize her own desires over societal expectations. With 50 Level 5 beast cores and 5 million star coins now securely in her possession, she reveled in the exhilarating sense of control she had seized. No longer would she be merely a participant in someone else’s narrative; she was the architect of her own destiny, ready to harness her newfound wealth to elevate her abilities and carve a path that was uniquely her own.

As the thrill of her triumph coursed through her veins, Emma couldn’t help but feel a flicker of apprehension lurking beneath the surface. The stakes had been raised, and while she had emerged victorious in this round, the interstellar landscape was fraught with uncertainties. Yet, for the first time, she welcomed the challenge, ready to face whatever came next with unyielding resolve. With a heart full of hope and ambition, she stepped into the training room, determined to transform her dreams into reality. In this moment, Emma had not only opened the door to a life she had once feared to embrace but had also taken the first bold steps toward a future that was entirely her own.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers can expect Emma to dive headfirst into her newfound wealth and the opportunities it presents. With 50 Level 5 beast cores and 5 million star coins now firmly in her grasp, Emma’s journey is poised for a dramatic shift. Will she use her resources to enhance her abilities further, or will the allure of her sudden fortune lead her down a path of unexpected challenges? As she steps into the training

room, the stakes will rise, and the choices she makes could alter the course of her destiny in the interstellar realm.

Meanwhile, the tension surrounding Kael and Adam will escalate as they embark on a quest to find the mysterious woman who saved Kael's life. The urgency of their mission will add an exciting layer of suspense, leaving readers on the edge of their seats. As Emma revels in her triumph, will she become entangled in the lives of Kael and Adam once more? The interplay of ambition, danger, and the unknown will weave a complex narrative that challenges Emma's resolve and forces her to confront the life she was once afraid to live. Expect twists and turns that will keep you guessing and eager for what lies ahead!

Sara Lili

Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold.

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 7**

[ 1,871 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 7 Summary

In Chapter 7 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Emma experiences a surge of confidence after successfully stabilizing her abilities with the extraordinary beast cores provided by Adam. Eager to further her skills, she plans a trip to Astralis Forest to gather fresh produce and practice hunting. However, her excitement is abruptly interrupted when a mysterious man, Drake Smith, arrives at her door, accompanied by Sebastian, the Grand Elder. Emma's heart races as she realizes that this imposing figure is her match, a man she has only heard about in whispers.

Drake's presence is overwhelming, and Emma is struck by his commanding aura, which fills her with both excitement and dread. As he enters her home, she feels the weight of his dominance and questions her ability to engage with him. Despite her anxiety, she recognizes the need to take charge of the situation and considers suggesting the

dissolution of their match. The thought of being paired with someone like him terrifies her, as she is acutely aware of the potential dangers that come with such a relationship.

As the tension builds between them, Sebastian attempts to ease the atmosphere, revealing that Drake wishes to dissolve their match due to his lack of interest in females. Emma quickly agrees, asserting that both of them deserve the freedom to choose their paths. Her response surprises both Drake and Sebastian, as she demonstrates a level of sensibility and strength that they did not expect from her.

Emma's inner turmoil reflects her awareness of her limitations and the risks associated with being matched with a powerful man like Drake. She understands that while interstellar laws protect her, they are not foolproof, and she could easily be vulnerable in his presence. This realization fuels her determination to assert her independence and prioritize her safety, leading her to stand firm in her decision to dissolve the match.

In the end, Emma's encounter with Drake serves as a pivotal moment in her journey, highlighting her growth and resilience. Her ability to navigate this challenging situation showcases her strength and awareness, setting the stage for her continued evolution as she opens the door to a life she was once afraid to embrace.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

\*\*When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live \*\*

\*\*Chapter 7: Sensible Enough to Know When to Back Off – Part 2\*\*

Two days had passed since Emma emerged from the training room, a sense of fulfillment washing over her.

The beast cores Adam had provided were nothing short of extraordinary. With just a single core, her abilities had not only stabilized but had begun to flourish, gaining strength she hadn't anticipated. If she could exhaust all fifty cores and perhaps acquire a few more, she could potentially break through to Rank 5—a milestone she had long dreamed of achieving.

After a refreshing wash, she decided to treat herself to a hearty breakfast before setting out for Astralis Forest. Her pantry was nearly bare, the fruits and vegetables dwindling to a mere memory. The thought of gathering fresh produce excited her, and the idea of hunting down a few Rank 4 or Level 5 beasts for practice sent a thrill through her. She understood that relying solely on beast cores wouldn't suffice; real combat experience was essential for true growth.

With a towel draped over her shoulder, Emma stepped out of the bathroom, her mind racing with thoughts of the day ahead. Just as she was about to make her way into the kitchen, the doorbell chimed, slicing through her anticipation.

The smart robot whirred to life, rolling over to project the surveillance feed.

As the screen lit up, Emma's breath caught in her throat. There, staring back at her, were a pair of languid, yet dangerously captivating eyes that sent her heart racing. What kind of eyes were those? They were lazy yet unreadable, powerful and exuding an aura of dominance that seemed to command respect. Just one glance from him could make anyone feel the urge to bow down before his presence.

The man standing at her door towered over six feet two, his stature imposing even through the digital screen.

His face was partially obscured by shadow, as if sculpted by the Beast God himself—cold, flawless, and utterly untouchable. Emma found herself unable to tear her gaze away from him, captivated by the intensity of his presence.

Outside, Drake's eyes lazily scanned the villa's lush green gate.

Behind him, Sebastian, the Grand Elder, stepped forward with an air of urgency, pressing the doorbell. Although Drake had initially preferred to face this alone, Sebastian felt a sense of unease at the thought of leaving him unaccompanied.

Ding-dong!

Sebastian stood at the gate, his voice polite and formal, "Honorable Ms. Emma Tibarn, your match, His Majesty Drake Smith, has arrived."

Emma felt her heart drop. This man was her match? Drake Smith—the oldest name on her list, a figure she had only heard whispers about.

Without wasting a moment, she hurriedly tapped the control panel to open the gate. "Please, come in!" she called out, her voice trembling slightly with an unexplainable mix of excitement and dread.

As she watched Drake stride into the villa, flanked by two imposing men, a wave of anxiety washed over her. The pressure emanating from him was palpable, almost suffocating.

His aura was terrifying. As a potential partner? The thought of sleeping next to him felt absurd—she wasn't even sure she could manage a simple conversation without her voice shaking uncontrollably.

Perhaps it would be best if she took the initiative and suggested dissolving their match. A man like him? She could hardly fathom how she would cope.

Since his arrival, Drake had remained silent, his piercing blue eyes sweeping over her with a flicker of disdain before he casually sank into the couch, a throne that seemed to shrink in his presence.

Weak. Far too weak. A woman like this will only slow my march to unifying the interstellar realm.

The couch, nearly seven feet in length, appeared to shrink around him as he settled in, asserting his dominance over the space.

Emma stood frozen, unsure of what to say, the silence stretching uncomfortably between them.

Sebastian, standing loyally at Drake's side, glanced over Emma with a warm smile, attempting to ease the tension. "Ms. Emma Tibarn, there's no need to be anxious. His Majesty is here today because he wishes to discuss something important with you."

Something to discuss? How amusing—this was precisely how Adam had approached her the previous night.

A frown creased Emma's brow, suspicion bubbling beneath the surface. She turned her gaze to Sebastian, whose wrinkled face bore a kind smile. "You're here to dissolve the match too, aren't you?" she asked, her voice steady despite the turmoil within.

Sebastian blinked, taken aback by her perceptiveness. He hadn't anticipated her to deduce their intentions so swiftly. They hadn't even uttered the words yet, and she had already struck the nail on the head.

He chuckled softly, his expression softening further. "Indeed. His Majesty isn't particularly fond of females, so he wishes to dissolve the match."

His phrasing was deliberate, crafted to suggest that the fault lay entirely with Drake's preferences, not Emma's worth. After all, a male requesting to dissolve a match could bring humiliation upon a female. Other women might mock her for it.

"No problem," Emma replied without a moment's hesitation. "I'll apply right away. You can't force something that isn't meant to be. We both deserve the freedom to choose. If you don't want this, then dissolving the match is the right course of action."

The thought of being matched with a man like him terrified her. Yes, the interstellar laws dictated that males could not harm females, and that a match should never bring harm to his lady. But rules were merely words, and people often found ways to circumvent them. Tales of matches engineering "accidents" to rid themselves of their ladies were all too common.

Emma was acutely aware of her own limitations and strength. In a confrontation, she was no match for him. If he chose to end her life, it would likely be as effortless as breathing.

Drake's gaze fell lazily upon her as he absorbed her response. He hadn't anticipated this delicate female to possess such a level of sensibility.

## Conclusion

In the quiet aftermath of their exchange, Emma felt an unexpected sense of liberation wash over her. By asserting her autonomy and recognizing the mismatch between her and Drake, she had taken a bold step toward embracing the life she had always been afraid to live. The fear that once gripped her heart began to dissipate, replaced by a newfound clarity. Emma understood now that strength wasn't merely about physical prowess; it was about knowing when to stand her ground and when to walk away. This moment marked a turning point, one where she chose her own path rather than allowing fear to dictate her fate.

Drake, for all his imposing presence, seemed momentarily taken aback by her resolve. In that brief silence, a flicker of respect ignited in his eyes, hinting at the possibility of a different kind of connection—one built on mutual understanding rather than dominance. Emma realized that she was not just a pawn in someone else's game; she was a player in her own right. As she watched Drake process her decision, a wave of anticipation coursed through her. This was not the end of her journey but rather the beginning of a new chapter, one where she could explore her potential unencumbered by fear or expectation. Emma was ready to step into the life she had once shied away from, and in doing so, she had already begun to transform her destiny.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect the tension between Emma and Drake to escalate as they delve deeper into the complexities of their unexpected match. With the prospect of dissolving their connection hanging in the air, Emma's resolve will be put to the test. Will she stand firm in her decision, or will the weight of Drake's formidable presence sway her thoughts? As they navigate this charged atmosphere, the chapter promises to unveil more about Drake's true intentions and the hidden layers of his character, which may reveal that there's more to him than the cold exterior he presents.

Moreover, the stakes will rise as Emma grapples with her own insecurities and the looming threat of their potential partnership. The allure of power and ambition that Drake embodies may tempt her to reconsider her stance, leading to an internal conflict that could redefine her understanding of strength and vulnerability. As they engage in a battle of wills, readers will be on the edge of their seats, eager to discover whether Emma can harness her newfound abilities and assert her place in a world where she once felt powerless. Will she rise to meet the challenge, or will fear hold her back from embracing the life she has always been afraid to live?

Sara Lili

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 8**

[ 2,233 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 8 Summary

In Chapter 8 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Emma Tibarn finds herself in a challenging situation as she is asked to provide mental comfort to Drake, a powerful Etherian. Sebastian, a representative of the royal court, explains that Drake is in urgent need of emotional support, and they expect Emma to fulfill this role without any prior compensation. Emma grapples with feelings of indignation and frustration, feeling undervalued and treated as a mere servant despite her capabilities. The previous day's encounter with Adam, who offered her a lucrative deal for a match dissolution, adds to her internal conflict as she weighs her worth against the expectations placed upon her.

Despite her reservations, Emma reluctantly agrees to help Drake but sets a high price for her services, surprising both Sebastian and herself. She is aware that her rank as a Rank 4 Etherian limits her ability to provide effective mental comfort, yet she is determined to prove her worth. As she begins the session, she encounters the chaotic turmoil within Drake's mind, which is overwhelming and daunting. Emma's mental power flows into Drake, attempting to soothe his distress, and she experiences the physical toll of her efforts, feeling drained yet resolute in her mission.

As Emma works to calm Drake's turbulent mental state, she feels a mix of fear and determination. The intensity of Drake's internal chaos is unlike anything she has ever faced, and she doubts her ability to make a difference. However, as she perseveres, she begins to notice a shift in Drake's mental landscape, leading to a moment of relief for both of them. Despite her exhaustion, the connection they share during this process becomes a pivotal moment, revealing the potential for deeper understanding between them.

After the session, Emma is left feeling weak but satisfied that she has made some progress. She requests payment for her services and emphasizes her need for rest, highlighting the physical limitations of her mental power. Meanwhile, Drake experiences a profound sense of relaxation for the first time in years, which surprises both him and Sebastian. The chapter concludes with Drake reflecting on the unusual tranquility he feels, hinting at the possibility of a deeper bond forming between him and Emma, despite their initial circumstances.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

**\*\*When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live \*\***

**\*\*Chapter 8: Not a Drop Left\*\***

“No, no, no!” Sebastian interjected with urgency, halting Emma in her tracks. “Ms. Emma Tibarn, allow me to clarify the situation. His Majesty is in dire need of mental comfort at this moment. We hope that during the course of these three months, you will provide the solace he requires. Once his mental state stabilizes, you may then proceed with the application for match dissolution.”

Emma’s mind raced. What was this? He didn’t want her, yet he expected her to work for him without any compensation?

She fell silent, grappling with her thoughts.

So what if Drake towered over her, exuding an intimidating presence—did that grant him the authority to treat her like a mere servant? Did he perceive her as someone who could be pushed around so easily?

Just the day before, that blond man, Adam, had approached her with a request for a match dissolution, offering her a staggering 50 beast cores along with an additional 5 million star coins.

Sebastian, noticing the sour expression that had settled on her face, quickly attempted to reassure her. “Ms. Emma Tibarn, rest assured, we do not expect you to labor without compensation. We will pay you. How many star coins do you require for each session of mental comfort? State your price.”

Emma felt a flicker of indignation. Not every woman could provide mental comfort to a male Etherian. Only those matched through the Beastmate System had the ability to offer such support. If they could find someone of a higher rank, they would have done so already.

She cast a glance at Sebastian’s warm, grandfatherly smile, then shifted her gaze to Drake, who lounged languidly on the couch, seemingly indifferent to the entire situation.

The thought of this arrangement churned her stomach. Yet, the undeniable power Drake possessed loomed over her, making the option to refuse feel nonexistent.

Grinding her teeth in frustration, she extended her hand. “Fine, I’ll do it. But you’ll need to pay me five—”

“Fifty million star coins per session. It’s a deal,” Sebastian replied promptly, without a moment’s hesitation.

Emma froze, her mouth agape. The word “million” that had been poised to escape her lips fell silent, replaced by disbelief.

She wasn’t trying to con them; they were the ones willing to overpay.

Still, she asserted her conditions. “I’ll proceed, but I must clarify that I’m unaware of His Majesty’s rank. I’m only Rank 4, and I can’t guarantee my mental comfort will be effective for him. If it’s acceptable to you, I’ll attempt it now. If it works, we’ll continue as agreed. If it doesn’t, I won’t accept any star coins and will immediately apply for match dissolution.”

Emma was resolute; she wouldn’t take their money without delivering tangible results.

Sebastian nodded approvingly, a glimmer of satisfaction in his eyes.

What a compassionate Ms. Emma Tibarn, willing to assist His Majesty for a mere handful of star coins. If only His Majesty could recognize her true worth—perhaps she would make a splendid match for him after all.

Unbeknownst to Emma, she had already made a favorable impression.

Sebastian and his subordinate stepped aside, allowing her space as they moved into the courtyard.

With a deep breath, Emma approached Drake, who remained sprawled on the couch, exuding an air of nonchalance. “Are you ready? I’m going to begin the mental comfort session now.”

There were two primary methods to provide mental comfort. The first involved allowing her mental power to enter his mind, calming his turbulent mental state. The second, more intimate approach, required the intertwining of their mental powers, which could effectively release all his chaotic energy.

In theory, the latter method was significantly more effective, with the potential to permanently alleviate the risk of mental collapse. However, that could only be pursued after a formal bond. For now, Emma had no choice but to utilize the first method.

She lifted her hand, gently pressing her fingertips against Drake's brow. Waves of her mental power began to flow outward, gradually infiltrating his mental consciousness.

Inside Drake's mind, his mental power roared like a tempestuous volcano—seething, bursting forth, each surge carrying with it a destructive force. His mental landscape was scorched and twisted, leaving him to experience life as though submerged in molten lava, each moment a relentless assault on his flesh, nerves, and soul.

So this is the agony of mental turbulence?

Emma had never witnessed anything of this magnitude. She had no clue about the rank of his abilities, only that his mental consciousness was a terrifying abyss. Doubt gnawed at her—could she truly soothe such turmoil?

Her emerald mental power trickled into his raging consciousness like fireflies daring to dance near a volcano. Each flicker was akin to snowflakes drifting down on a sweltering summer day—threads of coolness weaving through the molten chaos, reminiscent of mountain spring water embracing the heat.

Drake felt as though he were breaking free from the fiery depths, plunging into an icy stream. The frigid water enveloped him completely...

"Mm..." A sigh of relief escaped his lips involuntarily.

Within his mental realm, countless small whirlpools formed, ravenous and insatiable, voraciously consuming Emma's mental power at an alarming rate.

In just five minutes, she found herself utterly drained. Her complexion paled, her energy evaporated, leaving her feeling weak and unsteady.

Yet, as she noticed the chaos within his mental consciousness had subsided, the violent surges calmed. It seemed her efforts had borne fruit, even if she could no longer continue.

Exhaling shakily, she withdrew her hand from his forehead, only to feel his strong grip catch her wrist.

Drake opened his eyes, their blue depths reminiscent of the ocean, locking onto hers with an intensity that sent shivers down her spine. "Continue."

It had been years since he had experienced such tranquility. It felt as if his entire dragon form were soaking in cool water, every scale loosening, his very essence lighter than air. The sensation was intoxicating.

“I’m out of juice,” Emma murmured weakly, her voice barely above a whisper. “Sir, you’ve drained me completely. I don’t have a single drop left. If you want more, you’ll have to wait until tomorrow.”

Unlike physical abilities, which could be replenished by absorbing energy from beast cores, mental power only returned through rest. Given the vastness and ferocity of Drake’s mental consciousness, lasting even five minutes had been a miracle in itself. At least she hadn’t collapsed immediately.

Emma gently pulled her wrist free from his grasp. “I need to rest now. Please ensure that my payment is transferred to my Lightcore star coin account. Thank you.”

Without sparing him another glance, she staggered upstairs, her legs feeling like jelly beneath her.

As soon as she departed, Sebastian rushed back inside, urgency etched across his features. “Your Majesty, why did Ms. Emma Tibarn go upstairs? Has she completed the comforting session?”

Drake leaned back against the couch, an air of relaxation enveloping him, his eyes half-closed in bliss. “Mm.”

Sebastian frowned, unease creeping into his voice. “Your Majesty, how do you feel now?”

Was her mental comfort effective?

The Etherian scale ranged from Rank 1 to Rank 15, with the latter said to rival even the Beast God himself. Yet, no Rank 15 Etherian had emerged in millions of years.

Currently, the strongest beings across the Interstellar Empire were four Rank 11s—one of them being Drake, another the formidable Wolf King of Frostveil, with the remaining two residing on the Central Planet.

By all rights, a man of Drake’s caliber shouldn’t have been matched with a Rank 4 female. But the Beastmate System was infallible. Sebastian had always believed this was the will of the Beast God, which was why he had encouraged Drake to give it a chance.

Drake cracked his eyes open slightly, his gaze meeting Sebastian’s anxious one. His voice emerged slow and languid, “Never felt this relaxed in my life.”

The sensation was so novel, so liberating, it almost ensnared him in a trance.

## Conclusion

In the aftermath of their intense encounter, Emma found herself grappling with a whirlwind of emotions. The exhaustion that settled in her bones was accompanied by a sense of unexpected accomplishment; she had ventured into the depths of Drake's chaotic mind and emerged with a victory, however small it may be. The relief she witnessed in his eyes, the way his tension seemed to dissipate under her touch, ignited a flicker of hope within her. Yet, that hope was quickly overshadowed by the reality of her precarious situation. She had entered this arrangement feeling like a mere pawn, and though she had gained a momentary upper hand, the looming uncertainty of her future weighed heavily on her heart. Would she be able to continue providing the solace he needed, or would she eventually be consumed by the very chaos she sought to tame?

As the door to her new life creaked open, Emma felt the bittersweet sting of her choices. Each session with Drake would demand more than just her mental power; it would require her to confront not only his demons but also her own fears and insecurities. She was no longer just a passive participant in her fate; she had taken a bold step forward, one that could redefine her existence in ways she had never imagined. The tension between her burgeoning sense of agency and the oppressive weight of her circumstances created a complex tapestry of emotions, leaving her both exhilarated and terrified. With the promise of a significant reward dangling before her, Emma resolved to navigate this treacherous path with determination, ready to embrace the life she had once feared but now felt compelled to live.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

**\*\*What to Expect in the Next Chapter?\***

As Emma grapples with the aftermath of her first mental comfort session with Drake, the stakes are about to escalate dramatically. With her newfound role as his mental supporter, the dynamics between them will shift, revealing deeper layers of both their characters. Will Emma's resilience be enough to withstand the intensity of Drake's turbulent mind? Or will the weight of his past and the expectations of the monarchy crush her spirit? As she navigates this precarious terrain, readers can anticipate a brewing tension that promises to challenge her resolve and test her limits.

Moreover, the introduction of Adam and his staggering offer for a match dissolution looms ominously over Emma's head. Will she be tempted by the allure of freedom and wealth, or will her sense of duty and burgeoning connection with Drake lead her to reconsider? As the chapter unfolds, the tension will heighten, revealing the intricate web of emotions and desires that bind these characters together. Expect unexpected alliances, hidden agendas, and perhaps even a revelation that could change everything Emma thought she knew about her own capabilities and worth. The next chapter is poised to plunge readers deeper into a world where every choice carries monumental consequences, and the path to self-discovery is fraught with peril.

Sara Lili

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 9**

[ 2,244 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 9 Summary

In Chapter 9 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," the story unfolds with Sebastian, an elder who has lived for six centuries, expressing joy over the positive impact Ms. Emma Tibarn has had on him. He promptly transfers 50 million star coins to Emma, grateful for her ability to provide mental comfort. Meanwhile, Emma, exhausted from the emotional toll, retreats to her bedroom, where she succumbs to a deep sleep, oblivious to the world around her, including missed calls from Edric, her match.

Edric, on a desolate planet, grapples with feelings of frustration as he attempts to connect with Emma through his lightcore. Having spent weeks hunting Level 8 beasts, he realizes that he has not reached out to her since their match was made. As he struggles with the unstable signal, he fears that Emma might be angry with him for his silence. Determined to rectify the situation, he commands his team to pack up and return, anxious about Emma's feelings and whether she would still want him when he finally arrives.

The next morning, Emma awakens revitalized and checks her lightcore, discovering multiple missed calls from Edric and a barrage of messages from Damian, who is attempting to manipulate her emotions. Damian, a schemer, sends her photos from the hospital, feigning injuries and financial desperation to elicit sympathy and money from her. Emma, however, sees through his facade, feeling both rational and frustrated by his attempts to deceive her.

Despite Damian's manipulative tactics, Emma maintains her composure and replies with kindness, assuring him that she will not dissolve their match due to his situation.

This interaction highlights her emotional strength and resolve to not be swayed by deceit. As she navigates her complex relationships, Emma contemplates the unpredictable nature of her matches, reflecting on the chaotic circumstances that seem to follow her. Her determination to remain level-headed amidst the emotional turmoil sets the stage for her continued journey in a life she is still learning to embrace.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

\*\*When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live \*\*

\*\*Chapter 9: Is Ms. Tibarn Mad at Me? \*\*

“Really?” The elder, who had seen six centuries of life, sprang to his feet as if he were a child on Christmas morning, his excitement palpable. “That’s simply marvelous! This means that Ms. Emma Tibarn’s ability to bring mental comfort has truly had an effect on you.”

Without a moment’s hesitation, Sebastian accessed his lightcore and transferred a staggering 50 million star coins to Emma. “Thank the Beast God for guiding His Majesty to the lady who can provide such needed solace.”

Meanwhile, upstairs, Emma stumbled back into her bedroom, her energy utterly depleted. The thought of preparing breakfast felt like an insurmountable task. Instead, she reached for a nutrient fluid, gulped it down, and then crawled straight into bed. The moment her head met the pillow, sleep enveloped her like a warm blanket.

Her mental energy had been drained to the point where she slumbered deeply, oblivious to the chimes of her lightcore that echoed softly in the background. They rang out several times, but she remained in the depths of her dreams, unaware of the world around her.

Far away, on a desolate and unnamed planet, a man with striking deep violet eyes glared at the flickering signal of his lightcore, frustration etched deeply into his features.

He had spent the last month on this barren rock, tirelessly hunting Level 8 beasts. The planet was a technological wasteland; his lightcore struggled to maintain a connection to the network. Whenever it did manage to connect, it was only for fleeting seconds before the signal would vanish again, leaving him in a frustrating silence.

Today, however, luck seemed to be on Edric’s side as he finally caught a stable signal. His heart raced as the notification from the Consort Pavilion’s Beastmate System popped up on his screen.

Cold-blooded therian males had it particularly tough in the realm of relationships. Their beast forms were often too intimidating, causing many female Etherians to shy away from them. Even if they were matched with a lady, the moment she discovered her

match was a cold-blooded therian, her instinct was usually to dissolve the match without a second thought.

That was why, after a match was made, these males would rush to their lady's side, eager to win her over with charm and affection. But Edric? It had been three long days since the match, and he hadn't made a single attempt to reach out to her. He hadn't visited her or even sent a simple message.

Great. Ms. Tibarn must be absolutely furious by now.

Seizing the moment of connectivity, Edric quickly tapped on Emma's contact, initiating a lightcall projection. The call rang several times, but there was no answer.

His stomach plummeted.

Perfect. Ms. Tibarn was definitely mad at him.

He attempted another call, but the signal fizzled out once more.

Edric stared at the lifeless screen, his frustration boiling over.

He leapt from his perch atop a tree, landing gracefully before striding over to his team, who were still busy tracking Level 8 beasts. "The mission is on hold. Pack everything up. We're leaving in an hour," he commanded, his tone brooking no argument.

The journey back from this desolate planet would take at least twenty days. Cold-blooded therian males weren't exactly the most popular figures. By the time he returned... would Ms. Tibarn even still want him?

Emma slept soundly through the night, and when she finally awoke the next morning, she felt a sense of renewal. Her mental power had fully replenished, and her body felt invigorated once again.

Rising from her bed, she washed up, changed her clothes, and before heading downstairs, she decided to check her lightcore.

To her surprise, her usually quiet match list was now buzzing with activity. Besides Damian, the ever-scheming individual who was always looking to extract money from her, another name flashed brightly on the screen. Edric had attempted to reach her through lightcall projection. She had been too deep in slumber to hear it ring.

Nine matches. One had already been dissolved, and she had unfriended another. One more had devolved into a paid arrangement, while the third was perpetually asking her for money.

As the saying goes, lightning never strikes the same place twice. Yet here she was, facing three bizarre matches in a row. Surely, the fourth one wouldn't turn out to be just as chaotic, would it?

She hesitated, staring at the three missed projection calls before finally deciding to call back.

A moment later, the system chimed in, 'Lightcore System: The account you have dialed is currently out of the coverage zone.'

Emma's brows furrowed as she read the message.

The lightcore network spanned over 10,000 planets across the interstellar realm. How could this guy be out of the coverage zone? Was he off-world? It suddenly made sense why he hadn't been able to reach her.

Forget it. He probably wouldn't be able to contact her anytime soon anyway.

Closing Edric's chat window, Emma noticed a series of messages from Damian flooding her screen.

He had texted, 'Ms. Tibarn, I miss you so much. I can't wait to see you, but I don't have any star coins right now to take the starrail to you.'

He followed that with a pouting emoji, as if to tug at her heartstrings.

'Ms. Tibarn, why aren't you replying? Don't you like me?'

Then came another message, 'I've thought of a great way to earn star coins. I'm going to the Dark Forest south of the Central Planet to hunt beasts.'

'Once I kill enough beasts and earn the star coins, I'll come find you.'

Finally, he sent another emoji, this time of an obedient boy, as if to play the perfect role.

Hours later, more messages from Damian arrived.

He first sent a photo of a Rank 3 beast he had slain. Then he texted, 'Look, Ms. Tibarn, I killed a beast. Unfortunately, I'm injured right now. I can't handle high-tier beasts, only those on Rank 3. Ms. Tibarn, wait for me. Once I kill a few more of them, I'll come to you.'

And then, just an hour ago, he sent two more images, this time from a hospital.

Emma stared at the 6D projection, feeling as though he were standing right in front of her.

A man with long white hair was propped up in a hospital bed, clad in a loose white interstellar patient gown. His face was pale, marred by two faint scratches. His vulpine red eyes shimmered with unshed tears, his delicate, androgynous beauty overshadowed by the fragility of his injuries. His long, white hair cascaded messily over the gown, the blood-red tips reminiscent of threads of crimson woven into his vulnerability.

Beautiful. Truly beautiful. Strikingly so—his flawless features held no trace of femininity.

If he weren't constantly scheming to con her out of money, if those calculating vulpine red eyes didn't always seem to be appraising her, Emma might have found herself captivated by him at first glance. Star coins? He could have had as many as he desired.

But alas, his acting skills were atrocious. Emma, having been burned one too many times, saw through his facade of fake injuries instantly.

Sometimes, she despised how rational she was. But more than anything, she loathed being deceived.

Damian had sent those photos, and when she didn't respond, he followed up with more messages.

He texted, 'Ms. Tibarn, don't worry about me. I just got a little careless last night while hunting beasts because of my injuries, and I ended up getting hurt again. Luckily, someone saved me. I'm receiving treatment now and will be out soon. It's just that all the star coins I earned went to my hospital bills. Now I have no way to come see you. What should I do?'

He sent an emoji, attempting to appear as pitiful as possible.

He made no direct mention of money in any of his messages—yet every single message carried an underlying tone of financial desperation.

Emma pretended not to catch the hint. She replied, 'How did you get hurt like that? My heart breaks for you.'

She added, 'Don't rush to see me. Since the Beast God matched you to me, we'll meet eventually.'

Finally, she texted, 'Focus on healing. Once you're better, then come. Don't worry, I'm not going to dissolve the match just because you're late.'

If he was going to dodge the truth, she'd keep playing along. In the end, she wasn't the one who would lose out.

## Conclusion

As Emma navigated the complexities of her relationships, a newfound sense of clarity washed over her. The whirlwind of missed calls and desperate messages from Damian contrasted sharply with the silence surrounding Edric, leaving her at a crossroads. She had spent so long being wary of emotional entanglements, yet here she was, faced with two very different men who represented the duality of her fears and desires. The warmth she felt for Edric, despite his absence, ignited a flicker of hope within her—a hope that perhaps, just perhaps, she could embrace the life she had once feared. The thought of letting someone in, of allowing herself to be vulnerable, began to take root in her heart, urging her to step beyond the confines of her self-imposed barriers.

Meanwhile, Edric's determination to reach Emma, despite the obstacles he faced, spoke volumes of his commitment to their connection. His frustration transformed into a fierce resolve, propelling him back to her side, even across the vast emptiness of space. The contrast between Damian's manipulative charm and Edric's earnestness became clearer to Emma, illuminating her path forward. As she prepared to confront the challenges of her entangled feelings, she recognized that the door to the life she had been afraid to live was slowly creaking open. With each decision she made, she felt empowered to choose authenticity over deception, connection over isolation, and love over fear, ready to embrace whatever awaited her on the other side.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers can expect an electrifying shift as Emma grapples with the tangled web of her matches and the unexpected arrival of Edric. With her curiosity piqued by the mysterious cold-blooded therian who has yet to make his move, Emma finds herself at a crossroads. Will she give in to the allure of Edric's enigmatic charm, or will Damian's relentless pursuit and cunning schemes continue to entrap her in a whirlwind of emotional turmoil? As she navigates the complexities of her relationships, the stakes are higher than ever, and Emma must confront the question: what does she truly want from this chaotic interstellar romance?

Meanwhile, Edric's journey back to Emma is fraught with challenges and self-doubt. As he battles the elements on his way home and reflects on the nature of his beastly form, readers will witness his internal struggle to connect with a woman who may not be able to see past his intimidating exterior. Will he arrive in time to salvage their budding connection, or will he find that the distance—both literal and emotional—has created an insurmountable rift? With tensions mounting and hearts on the line, the next chapter promises to be a thrilling exploration of love, vulnerability, and the courage it takes to embrace a life one is afraid to live.

Sara Lili

Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold.

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 10**

[ 2,073 words ]

### When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 10 Summary

In "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live", the story begins with Damian Voss, a man of authority and respect, grappling with his frustration over Emma, a woman in distress. Recovering in a hospital bed, Damian's anger boils over as he struggles with the thought of failing to help her. His assistant cowers in the corner, witnessing a side of Damian rarely seen: one filled with rage and urgency. He declares his intent to visit Emma, emphasizing his determination to confront the challenges she represents.

Meanwhile, Emma awakens to find unexpected guests in her home, three men who have been waiting for her. The Grand Elder explains how her previous kindness aided His Majesty's recovery, and they express gratitude for her hospitality. Despite her initial disbelief and reluctance, Emma learns that His Majesty will be staying with her, and the offer of a substantial payment for her accommodation takes her by surprise. Faced with the reality of her financial struggles, she reluctantly agrees to house the royal figure, masking her true feelings with a forced smile.

As the story progresses, Emma's simple desires clash with the extravagant world of the Etherians. She is portrayed as a diligent and resourceful woman who, despite living in a modest villa, maintains her home with care. However, her financial woes are starkly highlighted when she learns that the payment for housing His Majesty is a staggering sum far beyond her means. This moment emphasizes her struggle between wanting to help and the overwhelming weight of her circumstances.

Emma's hunger becomes a recurring theme, symbolizing her longing for a more fulfilling life. When she prepares a meal for Drake, His Majesty, the contrast between her humble cooking and the extravagant world of the Etherians is palpable. Drake's unexpected offer of ten million star coins for her noodles shocks her, revealing the vast

differences in their lives. The story culminates in Emma's astonishment at the sudden influx of wealth, hinting at a potential turning point in her life.

The narrative encapsulates themes of frustration, resilience, and the stark contrasts between wealth and poverty. Emma's character emerges as a relatable figure, struggling against the odds while navigating her unexpected connection with the royal figures. As she opens the door to a life she was previously afraid to embrace, the story hints at the possibilities that lie ahead, filled with both challenges and newfound opportunities.

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**\*\*When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live \*\***

Damian sat upright in the sterile confines of his hospital bed, his gaze fixated on the message that illuminated his lightcore screen. The words seemed to taunt him, each letter igniting a firestorm of anger within.

"D\*mn it! What is wrong with Emma? She's utterly impossible! Does she not comprehend human language at all?" he roared, his voice echoing off the sterile walls, leaving his assistant cowering in the corner, visibly shaken. It had been ages since anyone had witnessed Mr. Voss in such a state of fury.

With a forceful motion, he drove his fist into the pillow, the soft fabric offering no solace. "Prepare the ship! I'm heading to F-268!" The urgency in his voice was palpable. If he couldn't manage one single, broken woman—one without family or resources—then who was he, really? He was Damian Voss, a name that commanded respect and authority.

Meanwhile, Emma finally made her way down the staircase, her eyes widening in disbelief at the sight of three men still lounging on her couch.

"You can't be serious... you've been here since yesterday?" she exclaimed, incredulity lacing her voice.

The Grand Elder nodded, his expression a mix of pity and admiration. They had not anticipated that she would sleep for this long. Etherians typically required only five hours of rest each day, yet she had managed to sleep through an entire day and night.

Still, he maintained a warm smile. "Ms. Emma Tibarn, the comfort you provided yesterday was incredibly beneficial for His Majesty. We are truly grateful."

Emma shrugged, a hint of nonchalance in her demeanor. "I took your star coins. I was merely fulfilling my duty."

Just then, her stomach growled audibly, a reminder of her own needs. All she wished for was to usher them out and raid her kitchen for something substantial.

But Sebastian stood firm, his expression resolute. “Actually, we discussed this last night. To facilitate matters for you... and to aid in His Majesty’s recovery, he would like to remain here with you. Just for a little while.”

The villa, one of the Empire’s welfare perks for female Etherians, spanned five hundred square meters and boasted three stories. However, it was furnished in the government’s standard package—nothing bespoke or lavish. The place felt almost stark, a far cry from the opulence of the Thalassian Palace.

It was evident that this woman lacked significant savings. Yet, she had a diligent spirit—her villa was immaculate, every corner meticulously organized. Allowing His Majesty to reside here was undoubtedly a downgrade, but given the current circumstances, they had little choice.

Emma’s brow furrowed. “You want to live in my house?”

“Not us,” the elder quickly clarified, waving his hands in a gesture of reassurance. “Only His Majesty. And of course, he won’t be staying for free. One hundred million star coins a month. What do you think?”

Emma nearly choked, her eyes widening in disbelief. She had toiled and sacrificed for five long years to scrape together a meager three million. These men were tossing around a hundred million like it was loose change.

What option did she have? She had no choice but to bow to the whims of the wealthy sovereign himself.

“Absolutely no problem at all,” she said, forcing a smile that sparkled with feigned sweetness. “I’ll take the third floor. The first and second floors have nine spare rooms. Choose whichever you prefer, and stay for as long as you wish.”

The elder’s face brightened instantly. “You are truly a kind and generous mate.”

He could see it clearly now—this little female had a soft spot for star coins. As long as they continued to pay her, she would remain an angel in their eyes.

Drake opted for the largest room on the second floor, and his men set to work rearranging the space, adding an interstellar-grade shield—unbreakable and indestructible, save for Drake himself.

“Your Majesty, the room is ready. Please take some time to rest.”

The elder's heart ached at the thought of their master's discomfort. Since Emma had left them the previous night, they had refrained from entering her home, spending the entire night anxiously waiting in the living room while their leader remained sleepless.

Finally, Drake lifted his head, his gaze locking onto Emma with an intensity that made her heart skip a beat. "Comfort," he declared.

He had been anticipating her presence. Their previous session had yielded remarkable results, but she had slept through the entire day instead.

Typical of her kind—so delicate. Just five minutes of soothing him, and she had been out like a light.

Emma yearned to complete the task at hand, yet her stomach was protesting with cramping hunger. "Look, I can't comfort you on an empty stomach. Let me eat first, and then I'll be ready. Just give me half an hour."

If she ended up feeling drained and weak like the day before, she would collapse on the floor. And she adamantly refused to choke down yet another nutrient drink.

Hungry?

Drake's long fingers twitched, and a green vial floated toward her, suspended in the air.

The elder quickly interjected, "Ms. Tibarn, this is a nutrient elixir from the Aquadome, derived from deep-sea plants. It's far tastier than the beast meat elixirs. Please do give it a try."

Emma grimaced at the thought. Nutrient drinks never satiated her hunger. She was human, after all. She craved real food. Even after five years in the interstellar realm, she couldn't shake that habit.

"I don't like drinks. Just half an hour. That's all I ask."

Without waiting for a response, she strode purposefully into the kitchen, determined to prepare something satisfying.

Emma didn't bother with elaborate dishes. She simply whipped up a bowl of fried beast cutlet noodles, topped with a perfectly cooked beast egg and a handful of greens.

The aroma wafted through the air, nearly causing her to drool in anticipation.

"What is that incredible smell?" the elder asked, his eyes widening in astonishment. "She can cook?"

Even the finest chefs on the Central Planet couldn't create food that smelled so divine.

Drake's attention shifted toward the kitchen. In an instant, he rose from the couch and made his way inside.

Emma had just placed her steaming noodles on the table and was turning to grab some pickles when the light dimmed. She looked up, meeting Drake's dark, penetrating gaze. "What do you want?" she asked, her tone a mixture of curiosity and suspicion.

"Ten million star coins." His voice was deep and unwavering, leaving no room for negotiation.

She blinked in confusion. What on earth was he talking about?

The elder stepped forward, eager to clarify. "Ms. Emma Tibarn, His Majesty wishes to enjoy your noodles. He's offering you ten million coins for them. Is that sufficient?"

Emma nearly swore aloud in disbelief. This man... was simply perfect.

With a professional smile that could charm anyone, she placed the fork before him with grace. "It would be my honor if you enjoy my cooking. Please, help yourself."

"Ms. Emma Tibarn, your account has just received a deposit of 110 million star coins."

Emma's jaw dropped, her eyes widening in shock as she turned to Drake, her heart racing with excitement.

He's definitely like a rich uncle to me!

## Conclusion

As the initial chaos of their unexpected living arrangement settled, Emma found herself grappling with a whirlwind of emotions. The weight of the hundred million star coins felt both liberating and suffocating. It was a lifeline thrown into her turbulent existence, yet it also served as a stark reminder of the disparity between their worlds. In the moments spent cooking for Drake, she discovered a flicker of joy amidst the uncertainty—her culinary skills igniting a connection that transcended their vastly different lives. Each bite he took was not just a transaction but a bridge being built, one that hinted at the possibility of something deeper than mere obligation.

For Damian, the urgency of his mission to F-268 transformed into a moment of reflection as he considered Emma's resilience. In his pursuit of control and authority, he realized that true strength lay not in commanding respect but in fostering genuine connections. The fury that once consumed him began to dissipate, replaced by a burgeoning understanding of vulnerability. As Emma embraced her new reality, navigating both her fears and newfound wealth, Damian too was faced with the challenge of opening his heart to the life he had long avoided. Together, they stood on

the precipice of change, ready to confront the lives they were afraid to live, each step forward a testament to their evolving bond.

### What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect a whirlwind of emotions and unexpected developments as Emma grapples with her newfound wealth and the complexities of living with a royal. As she navigates the challenges of hosting His Majesty, the dynamic between her and Drake is bound to intensify. Will she continue to see him as just a wealthy sovereign, or will the layers of his character begin to peel away, revealing a deeper connection that transcends their initial arrangement? The stakes are high, and Emma's life is about to take a turn she never anticipated.

Moreover, Damian's impending arrival at F-268 looms ominously over the narrative. His fury and determination to confront Emma will undoubtedly set the stage for a dramatic showdown. As he navigates his own vulnerabilities and the weight of his expectations, readers will be left on the edge of their seats, questioning how this confrontation will alter the course of both Emma and Damian's lives. Will Emma stand her ground against the man who embodies her fears, or will she find strength in her newfound circumstances? The tension is palpable, and the chapter promises to unravel secrets that could change everything for both characters. Prepare for a blend of humor, tension, and unexpected alliances as the story unfolds.

Sara Lili

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