

# Nine Therians and Their Only One Queen

## chapter 111-120

### When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 111

[ 1,935 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 111 Summary

In Chapter 111 of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Silas grapples with intense emotions as he confronts his feelings for Emma. His desperation and longing are palpable, yet he recognizes that he cannot possess her completely. Silas expresses his belief that Emma must first belong to herself before she can belong to him, showcasing a depth of admiration and respect for her autonomy. This moment of vulnerability reveals his willingness to set aside jealousy and embrace her freely, transforming his darker impulses into something nurturing.

Emma, sensing Silas’s devotion, takes the initiative and asserts herself by pinning him down. The electric tension between them escalates as she teasingly expresses her desire to “devour” him, igniting a playful yet intense interaction. Silas surrenders to her whims, his trust in her evident as he encourages her to explore her desires without fear of resistance. However, the mood shifts when Emma playfully deflects his advances, leading to a moment of disappointment for Silas, who longs for her to fully embrace their connection.

Their banter continues as Silas expresses his frustration over being compared to others in Emma’s life, particularly Edric and Corvin. Despite his playful tone, there is an underlying vulnerability in his plea to be recognized as significant in her life. Emma reassures him of her feelings, affirming that she does care for him deeply. This moment highlights the complexity of their relationship, as both characters navigate the intricacies of love, jealousy, and desire.

Silas’s playful yet possessive nature emerges when he shares a fantasy of isolating Emma on a remote planet, where he could create a life for her surrounded by his vines. While the idea is disturbingly possessive, Emma finds herself intrigued by the notion, revealing the conflicting emotions within her heart. This chapter encapsulates the tension between desire and autonomy, as both characters explore their feelings and the boundaries of their relationship, leaving readers eager to see how their dynamic will evolve.

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

\*\*Chapter 111: The Man Who Wanted To Be Devoured\*\*

Desperation coursed through him like wildfire, a longing so profound that it almost consumed him. Yet, in that moment, he found himself paralyzed.

“Because I know, Emy, you don’t belong to just me. If I ever locked you away, you wouldn’t be you anymore,” Silas declared, his voice a blend of reverence and fear, as he gazed at Emma. The way he looked at her was akin to how one might regard a deity—filled with awe and deep admiration.

“My Emy should first belong to herself—only then to me,” he continued, his tone softening. In that moment, he was prepared to bury every ounce of jealousy and darkness that lurked within him, transforming into a gentle vine, eager to embrace her rather than ensnare her.

Suddenly, with a burst of confidence, Emma rolled over, pinning him beneath her. The weight of her presence felt electric, and he could hardly breathe as she began to unbutton his shirt, her fingers deftly working their way down the fabric.

“Silas, I swear, I’m dying to devour you right now,” she confessed, a playful fire igniting in her eyes.

God, how could anyone resist this man? His very essence was magnetic, and it was impossible not to fall under his spell.

Silas lay still, surrendering himself to her whims as she tugged his shirt open and let it fall carelessly to the floor.

“Emy, you can do whatever you want to me,” he murmured, his voice low and inviting. “I’ll never fight back.”

If she chose to devour him at that very moment, he wouldn’t even dream of resisting her.

Emma met his teasing gaze and felt her heart race as she swallowed hard. The tension hung thick in the air, charged with unspoken desires. Then, with a sudden shift, she yanked the blanket over him, her expression turning serious. “Stop tempting me. I can’t devour you yet.”

A wave of pride washed over her—last time, she had been the one teased, but this time, she had taken the initiative to undress him first.

Silas's face fell, an unmistakable look of disappointment crossing his features.

Another day, another round of jealousy directed at Edric.

He caught her wrist gently, pulling her down until she lay against his chest, the warmth of his body enveloping her.

"When are you going to devour me then, Emy?" he asked, his tone a mix of playful pleading and genuine longing. "I'm running out of patience."

Emma remained silent, unsure of how to respond. She didn't have an answer, not yet. That decision would have to wait until Edric advanced to the next rank.

When her silence lingered, Silas poked her cheek in mock protest, his eyes glimmering with mischief.

"Emy, you promised Edric he'd be first, and even that silly Corvin got to be second. But when it's my turn, you just stay silent?"

With a sudden movement, he flipped her onto her back, pressing his forehead against hers, his expression earnest.

"I get it—I can't compete with those two. They were with you first. But tell me, am I really beneath the rest of them too?"

Why should he be?

"No, of course not!" Emma hastily reassured him. "I just don't know when Edric will advance, so I can't give you a clear answer yet."

Unlike Corvin, Silas was not easily fooled.

He lowered his head, a playful glint in his eyes as he lightly bit her lip.

"I don't care when Edric advances," he insisted, his voice low and stubborn. "I want to be the third. Promise me that, Emy."

If Edric and Corvin could earn their places, then why couldn't he?

"I'm not trying to compete with them," he added quickly, his sincerity evident. "They came first; you already have feelings for them. But the others—come on, there's no way they're above me, right?"

He hesitated for a beat, then looked at her with an exaggerated expression of mock hurt.

“Or maybe... you don’t actually like me?”

“I do! Of course I do,” Emma blurted out, her heart racing. “How could I not like you?”

She adored him—dangerously so.

He was far too good at seduction, and it was unsettling how easily he could draw her in.

“I promise,” she finally said, her voice firm. “Just stop talking, or I’ll feel guilty.”

In an instant, Silas’s face broke into a radiant smile.

“I knew it. You love me too.”

He had been wanting to bring this up for a while, but after the incident with the Interstellar Hunter Alliance, Emma hadn’t been in the right frame of mind. He didn’t want to complicate things for her then.

Now that she was smiling again, he wouldn’t let the opportunity slip away.

Emma looked at his smug expression and, in a playful act of defiance, bit him on the cheek, leaving two neat imprints from her teeth.

Silas didn’t flinch; instead, his eyes sparkled with delight, as if he were savoring the moment.

He looked as if he were silently begging her to do it again, leaning in closer, clearly enjoying the playful banter.

Emma pushed his face away, curiosity piquing within her. “Just now, when you said you wanted to lock me up—what exactly did you mean?”

Perhaps it was a bit twisted of her, but the idea intrigued her more than she cared to admit.

Silas blinked in surprise, his deep-blue eyes lighting up with excitement.

“Emy... do you like that idea too?”

“No! I don’t! Don’t twist my words,” she hastily replied, covering his mouth with her hand.

He nodded obediently, a playful glimmer in his eyes, and she finally released him.

Then, wrapping his arms around her tightly, he whispered against her ear, “I once went to a very remote, barren planet. No therian has ever been there. I thought... I could hide

you there. I'd build you a house with my vines—bigger than the wooden cabin at the Alliance. I'd fill it with everything you love.

"You'd live inside my vines. Whatever you did, I'd feel it. Every move you made, I'd know right away."

That was disturbingly possessive.

Yet, why did that notion sound so tempting?

Emma slapped her hand over his mouth again, a bemused smile playing at her lips. "That's a nice fantasy, but let's not think about it anymore, okay?"

Silas blinked at her innocently, and in that moment, Emma realized the contradiction that was her heart—saying no with her lips while her heart whispered yes.

He could feel it; she liked the idea too.

## Conclusion

In the end, Emma stood at the precipice of her own desires, a battleground of emotions swirling within her. Silas, with his unwavering devotion and playful charm, had managed to breach the walls she had carefully constructed around her heart. Their playful banter had transformed into a deeper exploration of their feelings, revealing the intricate dance of longing and fear that defined their relationship. As she lay against him, she felt the warmth of his affection enveloping her, igniting a spark of hope that perhaps she could embrace the life she had once feared. The weight of her indecision hung in the air, but for the first time, she sensed that the choice to step into the unknown was hers to make.

Silas's vulnerability and sincerity had cracked the armor she wore, shifting her perspective from one of trepidation to one of possibility. The notion of being devoured—both literally and metaphorically—had become a tantalizing prospect, a promise of passion and connection that she could no longer ignore. As she looked into his eyes, filled with a mixture of mischief and earnestness, she realized that the love she felt for him was not just a fleeting infatuation but a burgeoning force that demanded to be acknowledged. In that moment, Emma understood that to truly live was to embrace both the light and the shadows of love, to allow herself to be vulnerable and to take that leap of faith into the life she had been too afraid to claim.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

As the tension between Emma and Silas mounts, readers can anticipate an electrifying exploration of their relationship dynamics in the upcoming chapter. With Emma caught between her growing feelings for Silas and her unresolved commitments to Edric and

Corvin, the stakes have never been higher. Will she finally confront her feelings and assert her desires, or will the weight of her indecision push her further into a web of jealousy and rivalry? The emotional stakes promise to escalate, leading to a pivotal moment where Emma must choose between the security of her past connections and the magnetic allure of the man who longs to be devoured.

Furthermore, Silas's possessive fantasies about hiding Emma away in a world of his own creation will undoubtedly provoke deeper reflections on freedom, love, and the complexities of desire. Will Emma embrace the idea of being cherished yet confined, or will she resist the allure of such a captivating yet potentially stifling existence? As she grapples with her heart's contradictory whispers, readers can expect a whirlwind of emotions that could either bind them closer together or tear them apart. The next chapter promises to be a heart-pounding journey of self-discovery, desire, and the choices that define who we are.

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 112**

[ 1,925 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 112 Summary

In Chapter 112 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," the story unfolds in a delicate atmosphere filled with emotions and tender moments. Silas gently tucks Emma into bed, creating a cocoon of comfort around her. His soft words of reassurance fill her with warmth, but as he prepares to leave, Emma expresses concern for his well-being, asking when he will be fully recovered. Silas responds with hope, indicating that his healing is imminent, which brings a smile to Emma's face and a sense of lightness to her heart.

The following morning, Emma wakes to a surprising sensation—a small snake coiled around her waist, which turns out to be Edric in his human form. His hurt reaction to her

confusion over his beast form reveals his insecurities, but Emma quickly reassures him of her affection. This moment highlights the bond they share, as Emma finds Edric's vulnerability endearing. Their interaction is playful and affectionate, with Edric offering to help her dress, adding a layer of warmth and camaraderie to their relationship.

Meanwhile, outside, Aria expresses her concern for Lucien, who hesitates to leave her alone. Their conversation reflects the growing connections among the group, with Aria encouraging Lucien to pursue his relationship with Emma. The playful banter continues as Corvin calls for Lucien, adding a lighthearted element to the scene. The camaraderie among the characters is evident as they navigate their feelings and relationships, showcasing a blend of humor and emotional depth.

As the chapter progresses, the dynamics among the characters evolve, with each one vying for Emma's attention and support. The playful interactions, especially involving Coalball, Lucien's bird, bring levity to the narrative. The chapter concludes with a sense of anticipation and connection, as the characters prepare for their next steps together, embodying themes of love, friendship, and the importance of emotional bonds in their lives.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

**\*\*Chapter 112: The Morning After\*\***

Time was slipping away, the hours fading into the soft embrace of night.

Silas carefully tucked Emma into her bed, his movements deliberate and gentle as he pulled the blanket snugly over her. The warmth of the fabric enveloped her, a cocoon of comfort.

"I won't disturb you any further. Just rest well," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper, filled with a tenderness that made her heart flutter.

As he turned to return to his beloved flower pot, Emma's hand shot out, catching his wrist lightly.

"How long until you're completely better?" she inquired, her voice laced with concern.

Silas brushed his fingers along her cheek, the caress soft and reassuring.

"When I bloom for the first time, I'll be whole again," he replied, his gaze distant yet hopeful.

That was only three days away.

A smile crept onto Emma's lips as she closed her eyes, a sense of weightlessness filling her chest, as if a burden had been lifted.

As Silas's figure faded from her sight, a delicate vine emerged from the pot, its tendrils reaching out and curling around her wrist.

Emma chuckled softly, her heart light as she stroked the vine. It twisted playfully, responding to her touch as if it were alive and aware, almost ticklish in its movements.

The following morning, still caught in the haze of sleep, Emma felt something brushing against her wrist, a gentle, persistent tickle.

With her eyes still closed, she tugged at it lightly, mumbling, "Silas, stop it... Let me sleep a little longer."

There was no sunrise on the starrail; the absence of natural light left her disoriented, unable to gauge the hour without checking the lightcore.

Her sleepy protest went unanswered. The sensation continued, quickening in its pace against her skin.

Finally, she opened her eyes, and to her astonishment, a small, violet-black snake was coiled around her waist, its tail teasingly flicking against her wrist.

"Edric? When did you sneak in here?" she exclaimed, her heart racing with surprise.

She attempted to sit up, but before she could make any progress, the little snake morphed into a man, gently pushing her back down onto the bed.

"Emma," Edric murmured, his tone tinged with hurt, "you called me by the wrong name."

He gazed at her with eyes that seemed to carry a weight of emotion.

"I knew it. You think my beast form is ugly. You've found other males, and now you don't like me anymore."

"Don't be ridiculous. How could I ever not like you?" Emma replied quickly, her voice firm as she wrapped her arms around him, hoping to reassure him.

In that moment, she realized how endearing Edric had become, his sweet, sincere nature shining through even as he pouted.

"Oh no. My dear Edric has learned to sulk," she thought, her heart warming at the sight of him.

“It was just last night. Silas’s vine was wrapped around my wrist. I was still half-asleep and thought it was you,” she explained hurriedly, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

Her gaze drifted toward the table, only to find it empty.

“Where’s Silas?” she asked, a note of concern creeping into her voice.

Handing her some clothes, Edric replied, “Corvin took him to be watered.”

“What?” Emma blinked in disbelief, her brow furrowing. “Silas needs watering?”

Edric chuckled, the sound light and infectious as he handed her the clothes he had chosen.

“Not with ordinary water. It’s a special healing solution for plant-type therians. It helps them recover more quickly.”

“Oh, that makes sense,” she nodded, feeling a wave of relief wash over her.

Emma took the clothes, ready to dress herself, but Edric halted her with a playful grin.

“Helping a huntress get dressed is part of our duty. You wouldn’t turn me down, would you?”

He looked at her with such earnestness that she found it impossible to refuse.

It felt as though all her companions were vying for her attention lately, each one eager to be close to her.

“Of course not,” she said, her grin widening. “I’d never say no to my Edric.”

Outside, Aria approached Lucien quietly, her voice soft as she inquired, “Lucien, are you really not coming back with me?”

“I don’t feel right leaving you out here alone,” she added, concern etched across her features.

Lucien, now able to speak again, still hesitated to converse in front of Emma, fearing that she might see the vulnerability that lingered within him.

“You don’t need to worry,” he assured her, his tone steady. “I’m fine. In a few days, Emma and I will head back to Aurelia together.”

“Alright,” Aria replied, a smile breaking through her worry as she nodded. “I’ll go ahead and wait for you. And make sure you bring Emma with you, okay? I’m rooting for you—turn her into my sister-in-law soon.”

Before Lucien could respond, Corvin’s voice echoed nearby, filled with impatience.

“Coalball! Where did you scamper off to this time? Get out here already—we’re leaving the starrail soon!”

He grumbled as he searched, his tone teasing. “If you don’t show up, I’ll leave you behind! You’re so ugly, no one else would even feed you.”

Lucien was rendered speechless, caught off guard by the sudden chaos.

Aria tried to suppress a laugh as she picked up Lucien—currently in his Coalball form—and walked over to Corvin.

“Coalball’s here,” she declared. “It flew off just now, so I brought it back before it got lost.”

Corvin’s relief was palpable as he accepted Coalball from her, his expression shifting to one of gratitude.

“Thanks,” he said, his voice warm.

“No problem,” Aria replied cheerfully, her spirits high. “Emma’s my friend, and her bird’s my bird.”

With a playful pat on Coalball’s head, she added, “Right, Coalball?”

Lucien froze, his heart racing. He had never allowed anyone to touch his head before, but Aria’s innocent joy was too infectious to resist.

This was a rare opportunity for her, and she couldn’t help but sneak in another quick pat or two.

Both Lucien and Corvin fell silent, taken aback by the unexpected scene unfolding before them.

Who would have thought? That scruffy-looking bird was actually quite popular with the females.

“Ms. Veynar, everything’s packed,” one of Aria’s mates called out, breaking the moment.

Unlike their cold, guarded demeanor from the previous day, both of Aria's companions appeared relaxed today, almost gentle in their interactions.

Corvin, ever the gentleman, didn't linger around another female.

He thanked Aria once more and hurried off, holding Coalball by the wings, a bemused expression on his face.

"Coalball," he muttered under his breath, "be honest with me. Where exactly did you go just now?"

## Conclusion

As the morning light began to filter through the confines of their unusual world, Emma found herself enveloped in a newfound sense of belonging and warmth. The gentle teasing from Edric, the playful banter surrounding Coalball, and the anticipation of Silas's recovery all contributed to a tapestry of emotions that made her heart swell with hope. No longer was she merely a girl afraid to embrace the life before her; she was becoming part of something larger, a community that thrived on connection and mutual support. The weight of her fears began to lift, replaced by the vibrant energy of friendship and the promise of love, as she realized that she was not alone in her journey.

Meanwhile, the interactions between Lucien, Aria, and Corvin revealed a subtle shift in their dynamics, hinting at the blossoming of new relationships and the healing power of companionship. Each character was evolving, shedding layers of past insecurities and embracing their true selves in the presence of one another. The laughter and lightheartedness that filled the air signified a turning point, a moment where the barriers between them began to dissolve. As they prepared to leave the starrail, Emma understood that this was just the beginning of a life she had once feared to live, but now faced with courage and excitement, ready to bloom alongside Silas and her friends in a world where love and friendship flourished.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

As the dawn breaks over the starrail, the intricate dynamics between Emma, Silas, Edric, and Lucien are set to deepen, promising a whirlwind of emotions and revelations. Emma's newfound connection with Edric will be put to the test as she grapples with her feelings for both him and Silas, making her realize that love can be as complex as the vines that entwine around her wrist. With Silas's recovery just days away, the stakes are high; will the blooming of his spirit bring clarity to her heart, or will it complicate the fragile balance they've established? Expect moments of tension and tenderness as Emma navigates her affections amidst the blossoming chaos of her companions.

Meanwhile, Lucien's struggle with vulnerability continues to unfold. As he attempts to assert his place within the group, the interactions with Aria and Corvin will reveal layers of his character that he has long kept hidden. Can he embrace the warmth of friendship and the possibility of love, or will his fears keep him locked away in his shell? The playful banter and unexpected camaraderie among the characters will create a rich tapestry of relationships, leaving readers eager to see how they evolve. With the looming journey back to Aurelia, the chapter promises to be a pivotal moment filled with choices that could change everything for Emma and her companions. Prepare for laughter, heartache, and the magic of discovery as they confront their fears and desires.

Sara Lili

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 113**

[ 1,814 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 113 Summary

In Chapter 113 titled "Coalball's Betrayal," the story unfolds with Corvin expressing his suspicion about Lucien, the small black bird, and his newfound behavior after meeting Ms. Aria Veynar. Corvin humorously accuses Lucien of developing feelings for Aria, which leads to a comical exchange. Lucien, or Coalball, tries to defend himself, insisting that he has no romantic interest in Aria, and instead, he is loyal to his owner, Ms. Tibarn. This lighthearted banter showcases the camaraderie between the characters, filled with playful teasing and absurdity.

Emma enters the scene just as Corvin is accusing Coalball of betrayal, leading to a moment of confusion. She quickly realizes that Corvin has misunderstood the situation and reassures Coalball of her affection. The bond between Emma and Coalball is evident as he seeks comfort in her presence, emphasizing loyalty and the innocence of their relationship. This moment serves to highlight the theme of misunderstanding and the importance of communication in relationships, even among friends and pets.

As the conversation progresses, Corvin's concerns about Coalball wandering off are addressed, and Emma proposes a practical solution to keep him safe. The playful dynamic continues as Coalball expresses his dismay at the idea of being chained, yet he ultimately resigns to the decision for Emma's peace of mind. This scene adds a layer of humor and warmth to the narrative, illustrating the characters' affection for one another and the lengths they will go to for each other's well-being.

The chapter concludes with Emma and Aria parting ways, with Aria inviting Emma to visit her in Aurelia. Emma declines, promising to find Aria later, which reflects her sense of responsibility and commitment. As Emma shares a moment of gossip with Edric about Aria's intriguing life, the chapter captures the essence of friendship, curiosity, and the complexities of relationships, leaving readers eager to see how these dynamics will evolve.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

**\*\*Chapter 113: Coalball's Betrayal\*\***

"I've observed something peculiar," Corvin remarked, his eyes narrowing with a mix of suspicion and intrigue. "Ever since your encounter with Ms. Aria Veynar yesterday, your behavior has shifted quite dramatically."

He squinted at the small black bird perched on his hand, as if trying to decipher a hidden message in its glossy feathers.

"Please tell me you haven't developed a crush on her just because she's a bird too?"

"Chirp!"

Lucien, the little avian companion, retaliated with a sharp peck to Corvin's finger. This was becoming more absurd by the second; the antics of his friend were almost comical.

Yet, Corvin appeared to be even more convinced of his theory. "Ah, so I've struck a nerve, have I? You really do have feelings for her!"

"Coalball, let's be realistic here. You're just an ordinary bird. Ms. Aria Veynar is a therian—a whole different league! You're not even in the same category."

He shook his head with exaggerated seriousness, a playful smile tugging at his lips.

"And let me remind you, you belong to Ms. Tibarn. If you ever dare to stray from her, I swear I will personally roast you!"

This little creature—how could he even entertain thoughts of Ms. Aria Veynar? Corvin must have lost his mind.

“Corvin, what’s happening?”

Emma emerged from the lounge, impeccably dressed, just in time to catch Corvin in the act of chastising Coalball once more.

The moment Corvin spotted her, he seized Coalball and held him aloft like a trophy.

“Ms. Tibarn! Coalball has gone rogue!”

He pointed an accusatory finger at the indignant bird, his voice laced with mock outrage.

“He’s fallen head over heels for Ms. Aria Veynar!”

“What?” Emma and Edric exclaimed in unison, their voices a perfect echo of surprise.

“I... Chirp! Chirp!”

I didn’t! That’s a blatant lie! He’s slandering me!

Coalball darted straight into Emma’s arms, shaking his head so vigorously that his feathers fluffed up in a comical display.

“Chirp, chirp...”

Emma, you must believe me.

“Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp!”

She’s my sister—my real sister!

Emma observed him flailing in a panic and quickly realized that Corvin had completely misunderstood the situation.

With a gentle smile, she asked, “Coalball, are you trying to say you don’t like Aria? That’s a misunderstanding, isn’t it?”

“Chirp, chirp!”

Coalball nodded so vigorously that his little head became a blur.

“Chirp, chirp!”

Emma, you’re the only one I care about.

Then, in a show of affection, he nuzzled his tiny head against her palm, a perfect embodiment of loyalty and devotion.

There was absolutely no betrayal here—none whatsoever.

Understanding that it was merely a misunderstanding, Edric let out a sigh, half-amused. “Corvin, quit stirring up trouble. Look at him—you’ve got him so worked up he’s almost talking! That was pretty clear.”

He wasn’t wrong. For a fleeting moment, it had almost sounded like actual speech.

Corvin still seemed unconvinced. “But ever since we met Ms. Aria Veynar, he’s been disappearing all the time! I had to search for him twice today. And this morning, she was the one who returned him!”

“Chirp, chirp!”

Coalball puffed up in indignation and squawked twice, clearly annoyed.

Could you just be quiet already?

He couldn’t believe Corvin was digging his own grave like this.

Emma gently stroked his glossy black feathers and intervened.

“Perhaps Coalball was simply curious. It’s his first time on the starrail, after all. He probably wanted to explore a little. As long as he doesn’t get lost, it’s perfectly fine.”

Then, she handed the bird back to Corvin, understanding that his concern stemmed from a place of care for the little creature.

“If you’re worried about him wandering off, perhaps you should attach a small chain around his leg. That way, even if he tries to run, he won’t get too far.”

Corvin’s eyes lit up with inspiration. “That’s a brilliant idea! I’ll make one right away.”

“Chirp, chirp...”

Please, no.

“Chirp, chirp!”

Coalball gazed at Emma with pleading eyes, filled with dismay. How could she betray him like this?

But Emma only smiled, patting his head affectionately.

“Coalball, don’t give me that look. You know you shouldn’t have run off. If you truly got lost, both Corvin and I would be heartbroken.”

Coalball fell silent, resigning himself to the inevitable.

Alright, fine.

If being chained up would ease Emma's worries, he would endure it.

Besides, with his rank, breaking free from Corvin's little chain would be a trivial task.

As the starrail approached Central Planet, Aria appeared to bid farewell.

"Emma, we're almost there. Are you certain you don't want to come directly to Aurelia with me?"

She genuinely wished to have Emma accompany her, partly due to her fondness for her and partly because of Lucien.

"No," Emma replied, her smile warm and reassuring. "I have a few matters to attend to on Central Planet first. But once I'm finished, I promise I'll come find you."

She had given Lucien her word—she would go to Aurelia and bring him back home.

"Alright then," Aria sighed, clearly disappointed. "But once you're done, you must come visit me. I'll be waiting eagerly."

"You have my word."

As Emma spoke, her gaze drifted to the noticeable marks on Aria's neck, then casually to the two very cheerful mates standing beside her. A knowing smile graced her lips as she waved her off.

Once Aria had disappeared from view, Emma leaned closer to Edric, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Edric, about Aria and her two mates... last night—was it what I think it was?"

She knew gossiping wasn't the noblest pursuit, but the temptation was simply too strong to resist.

Edric nodded solemnly, his expression serious. "Emma, yes. It's exactly what you think."

Emma's jaw dropped in astonishment.

Aria is something else!

Edric observed her shocked expression, bemused by why such a revelation would create such a stir about pair bonding.

## Conclusion

In the whimsical chaos of misunderstandings and playful banter, Emma found herself at the heart of a moment that encapsulated the essence of loyalty and connection. Coalball, her steadfast companion, had been misjudged in his innocent explorations, yet it was through these antics that their bond was reaffirmed. As she reassured him, her gentle strokes and loving words spoke volumes about the trust they shared. The laughter that erupted from Corvin and Edric only served to lighten the atmosphere, transforming a potential rift into a tapestry of camaraderie. Emma's decision to prioritize her duties on Central Planet, despite the allure of Aria's invitation, illustrated her growth and commitment to her responsibilities, a testament to her evolving character.

As the starrail whisked them toward their next adventure, Emma felt a sense of clarity wash over her. She was no longer the girl paralyzed by fear of stepping into the unknown; instead, she embraced the life she had once shied away from. The playful teasing about Coalball's supposed "betrayal" became a metaphor for her own journey—she had faced her fears and emerged stronger, ready to forge her own path. With a promise to reunite with Aria and a newfound confidence in her relationships, Emma stood at the precipice of change, eager to explore the possibilities that lay ahead. The bonds of friendship, loyalty, and love intertwined seamlessly, guiding her toward a future where she was not just a passive observer but an active participant in the life she was finally brave enough to live.

## 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 a deepening of the intricate relationships that have been woven throughout the narrative. Emma's playful banter with Edric hints at a more profound exploration of the dynamics between Aria and her mates, and the implications of such unconventional pairings. With Emma's curiosity piqued, the stage is set for revelations that could challenge her perceptions of love, loyalty, and the very nature of companionship in their world. Will Emma find herself drawn into the complexities of Aria's life, or will her loyalty to her own circle keep her grounded?

Moreover, Coalball's antics and the humorous misunderstandings surrounding him serve as a delightful contrast to the underlying tensions in the story. As Corvin's suspicions linger, the potential for conflict looms, especially with the introduction of new characters and the consequences of their choices. Will Coalball's misadventures lead to a greater understanding of his bond with Emma, or will they create rifts that challenge their friendship? With the starrail journey nearing its destination, the stakes are rising, and the anticipation of what awaits them on Central Planet is palpable. Readers should brace themselves for unexpected twists, heartfelt moments, and perhaps a few surprises that will leave them eagerly turning the pages.

Sara Lili

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 114**

[ 2,048 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 114 Summary

In Chapter 114 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," the narrative unfolds in a universe where interstellar travel is commonplace, and even the female therians embrace unexpected experiences. Edric approaches Emma with an invitation to join him and Corvin, but Emma's fear of the unknown leads her to hesitate. Despite her interest, she feels overwhelmed by the prospect of adventure, prompting her to suggest taking things slowly. Edric's serious contemplation of her words reflects the weight of their conversation, highlighting Emma's internal struggle between desire and apprehension.

As Corvin returns with Coalball, a creature adorned with a remarkable golden chain, the atmosphere shifts. Corvin's pride in the chain's strength and design captivates Emma, igniting her curiosity. The chain symbolizes both security and possibility, yet it also leaves Emma questioning its significance. Edric's response to Emma's inquiry about breaking the chain reveals his own insecurities as he strives to maintain a façade of strength in her presence. This moment underscores the dynamics of their relationship, where vulnerability and pride intertwine.

Upon arriving at their destination, the group prepares to visit the Violet Obsidian Clan. Edric's concern for Emma's well-being contrasts with her determination to prioritize their mission over rest. This decision showcases Emma's resilience and commitment, reinforcing her character as someone who values duty over personal comfort. As they travel through the Central Planet, Emma's admiration for the thriving environment highlights her awareness of their societal structure, where strength and status are paramount.

The conversation shifts as Corvin and Thero suggest the possibility of Emma settling in Central Planet or visiting Aquadome. Thero's enthusiastic pitch about the wonders of

Aquadome and its inhabitants introduces a playful competition among the males vying for Emma's attention. This dynamic adds a layer of tension as Thero, concerned about Drake's standing, seeks to bolster his position by highlighting the abundance of attractive, high-ranked males available to Emma. The interplay of affection, rivalry, and protective instincts among the characters enriches the narrative, setting the stage for future developments in their relationships.

Overall, this chapter encapsulates themes of fear, adventure, strength, and the complexities of interpersonal dynamics within a vibrant interstellar setting. Emma's journey reflects her struggle to embrace a life filled with possibilities while navigating the expectations and affections of those around her.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

**\*\*Chapter 114: A Chain Stronger Than Pride\*\***

In the vast expanse of interstellar travel, events like these had become almost mundane, a routine part of life in the cosmos.

It was a world where even the female therians found enjoyment in the unexpected.

Edric paused, contemplating the right words, and then turned to Emma with a soft expression.

"Emma, if you're interested... Corvin is here, and I believe Silas could join us as well. The two of them—"

Before he could complete his thought, Emma swiftly placed her hand over his mouth, her eyes wide with alarm.

Good grief! Why did he have to say things like that?

The truth was, she might have entertained the idea, but the very notion terrified her. Her petite frame felt utterly unprepared for such an adventure.

"Edric, I understand where you're coming from," she replied hurriedly, her voice a mix of urgency and embarrassment, "but I think it's wiser to take things one step at a time."

Edric blinked, his expression shifting to one of serious contemplation, as if she had just imparted a profound insight.

Only then did Emma release her grip on him, allowing a breath of relief to escape her lips.

At that moment, Corvin returned, cradling Coalball in his arms.

Around Coalball's chubby ankle gleamed a slender golden chain, appearing both sleek and delicate, yet radiating an undeniable strength—one that Emma couldn't quite identify.

Even more astonishing, the chain had the remarkable ability to stretch and retract freely, extending up to an impressive 300 feet.

Corvin held it aloft, pride shining in his eyes like a victorious knight displaying his spoils.

"Emma, look at this! It's crafted from the leftover alloy I used for my mech. Even a Rank 9 therian wouldn't be able to break it. I fashioned it into an anklet for Coalball. With this, he'll never get lost again."

Coalball fluffed his feathers, clearly unimpressed.

Excuse me? I'm at level ten peak, thank you very much. Practically Rank 11!

Emma's eyes widened in disbelief as Corvin handed her the chain, the weight of it surprising her.

"I can't believe something like this exists," she marveled, glancing from the chain in her hand to Edric, who stood beside her, his brow furrowed in thought.

"Edric, do you think you could break it?"

As she met Emma's sparkling, eager gaze, Edric felt a wave of confusion wash over him.

What was it about a chain that was so thrilling?

Nevertheless, he maintained a serious demeanor, responding with conviction, "I'm at level nine peak. It might take some effort, but yes, I could probably break it."

There was no way he would admit to any weakness in front of Emma.

When they finally arrived at their destination, everyone disembarked from the starrail, the atmosphere buzzing with anticipation.

Edric released his Gravicar and assisted Emma into the seat, his expression filled with concern.

"Emma, you've been on the starrail for quite a while—you must be exhausted. Would you like to rest at my estate first? Once you're revitalized, we can make our way to the clan."

He had already dispatched a few trusted individuals to keep a watchful eye on the Violet Obsidian Clan in the past few days; there was no way anyone would slip through their fingers.

Emma shook her head resolutely. “No need for that. Let’s handle business first.”

Her priorities were clear in her mind.

Besides, the journey on the starrail had been surprisingly comfortable.

“Very well,” Edric conceded. “Then let’s head directly to the Violet Obsidian Clan.”

He took the lead, guiding the group toward their destination with purpose.

The Central Planet was vast and sprawling, a true testament to the grandeur of their civilization.

Even though the starrail had deposited them at the nearest station, it would still require an entire day’s travel by Gravicar to reach the territory of the Violet Obsidian Clan.

And if they intended to reach the clan’s central grounds, that would add another half day to their journey.

Outside the window, the skies were alive with other Gravicars—sleek, polished vehicles that glimmered in the sunlight, each one a symbol of status and power.

Emma couldn’t suppress a sigh of admiration.

“No wonder they call this Central Planet. There’s not a single impoverished therian in sight.”

And certainly no weak ones either.

Since stepping off the starrail, every therian she had encountered was at least Rank 6 or 7.

Rank 6s were as common as stray animals, while Rank 7s strolled confidently through the streets. Ranks 8 and 9 were abundant as well.

“If you enjoy it here,” Corvin suggested, still cradling Coalball, “we could always settle down in Central Planet. Both Edric and I have estates here. It wouldn’t be difficult to secure you resident status—you could choose wherever you want to live.”

After holding his tongue for the entire journey, Thero from Aquadome finally seized the opportunity to interject.

With a warm smile, he said, “Ms. Emma Tibarn, you should definitely come visit Aquadome too. It’s vast and underwater, and there you’ll find not just our Onyx Drakonids, but also the Merfolk, the Azure Drakonids, the Ivory Drakonids, and the Cymarans...”

His enthusiasm grew as he continued.

“Ms. Emma Tibarn, I wonder if you’ve heard of the Cymarans? Like the Merfolk, they are stunning beings. And Cymaran therians have a unique trait—the males are the ones who give birth.”

Throughout the journey, Thero had observed Edric and Corvin constantly attending to Emma—serving her, teasing her, and showering her with compliments—and his concern for Drake had only intensified.

With Drake’s fiery temperament, how would he ever compete with these two shameless charmers?

If Drake were to lose her favor entirely, what would become of him?

Determined to devise a plan, Thero decided he needed to find another male from Aquadome—someone powerful, striking, and attentive—to help Drake maintain his standing and vie for Emma’s affections.

With a beaming smile, Thero turned his attention back to Emma.

“Ms. Emma Tibarn, we have an abundance of strong, high-ranked, attractive males in Aquadome—men who truly know how to make a female happy. If you’re interested, I could arrange for a few to look after you.”

He let out a dramatic sigh.

“I mean, really, you only have Edric and Corvin around you. That’s far too few to ensure you’re taken care of properly.”

“Don’t listen to this old fool, Ms. Emma Tibarn,” Jimmy interjected sharply, glaring at Thero with a protective glare. “He’s just worried Mr. Smith will mistreat you and that you’ll stop loving him.”

## Conclusion

In the wake of their journey, Emma stood on the precipice of a life that had once seemed insurmountable. The weight of the golden chain in her hand mirrored the newfound connections she was forging, each link a testament to the bonds she was beginning to embrace. Edric’s unwavering support and Corvin’s infectious enthusiasm had ignited a flicker of courage within her, urging her to step beyond her fears and into

the vibrant world that awaited. As they traveled toward the Violet Obsidian Clan, Emma felt the stirrings of possibility deep within her—a sense that she was no longer just a passive observer of life, but a participant ready to carve her own path. The laughter and camaraderie that filled the Gravicar were a balm to her soul, reminding her that vulnerability could coexist with strength.

As the sprawling landscapes of the Central Planet unfurled before her, Emma realized that the life she had feared to live was not just about the grand adventures awaiting her, but also about the people who would walk alongside her. In the warmth of their camaraderie, she discovered the power of connection—a chain stronger than pride, binding them in shared aspirations and dreams. No longer shackled by her insecurities, Emma felt a sense of belonging that transcended the fear of the unknown. With each passing moment, she embraced the exhilarating uncertainty of her journey, ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead, surrounded by those who believed in her. In this new chapter, she was not just Emma Tibarn; she was a force to be reckoned with, ready to claim her place in the cosmos.

### 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 the tension to escalate as Emma grapples with her feelings of uncertainty and the weight of her decisions. With the journey to the Violet Obsidian Clan underway, the stakes are higher than ever. As the group travels through the stunning landscapes of Central Planet, Emma will confront not only the allure of a life filled with adventure and excitement but also the fear of stepping out of her comfort zone. The presence of powerful therians around her, each vying for her attention, will only amplify her internal struggle. Will she embrace the opportunities laid before her, or will her fears hold her back?

Moreover, the dynamics among the characters will deepen as Thero’s scheming to secure Emma’s affections unfolds. With his eye on introducing other potential suitors from Aquadome, the tension between Edric, Corvin, and Thero will create a captivating rivalry that will keep readers on the edge of their seats. Emma’s interactions with these strong personalities will reveal more about her character and what she truly desires. As she navigates through this intricate web of relationships and expectations, the question remains: will she find the courage to open the door to a life she has long been afraid to embrace? The next chapter promises to be a thrilling exploration of love, loyalty, and self-discovery.

Sara Lili

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 115**

[ 1,959 words ]

### When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 115 Summary

In Chapter 115 of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” the tension escalates as Jimmy and Thero engage in a heated debate about the best allies for Ms. Emma Tibarn. Jimmy advocates for the Ravaryn males, highlighting their strength and respect towards women, while Thero accuses Jimmy of ulterior motives, suggesting that both men are merely looking out for their own interests rather than Emma’s well-being. The atmosphere is thick with unspoken history, and the stakes are high as they vie for Emma’s favor and loyalty.

Amidst the verbal sparring, Corvin reassures Emma of her safety, expressing his commitment to protect her alongside Edric and Silas. Emma, feeling secure with her current companions, firmly asserts that their support is more than enough for her. However, she struggles with the lingering presence of Drake, whose past assistance feels overshadowed by his overwhelming persona. As they navigate their complex relationships, Emma contemplates severing ties with him, indicating a desire to move forward unburdened.

As the group travels through the territory of the Violet Obsidian Clan, Emma is struck by the grandeur of their estate, but Corvin reveals the clan’s declining status, emphasizing that true nobility is not merely about territory but about strength and legacy. This insight deepens Emma’s understanding of the political landscape they are navigating. The chapter highlights the contrast between appearances and reality, illustrating how the Violet Obsidian Clan’s vastness is not synonymous with power.

The chapter culminates in a dramatic confrontation as their Gravicar is intercepted by a small ship demanding to know their intentions. Emma seizes the moment to call upon Jimmy and Thero, who are ready to showcase their power. Thero transforms into a massive black Drakonid, unleashing a thunderous roar that signifies their dominance, while Jimmy morphs into a blue Ravaryn, preparing to assert their strength with ice spikes. This moment marks a shift from diplomacy to direct action, setting the stage for a fierce display of loyalty and power.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

\*\*Chapter 115: Loyalty and Power\*\*

“Well, it seems Mr. Smith is on the lookout for a few good men to bolster his standing,” Jimmy remarked casually, his tone deceptively light.

The air was thick with tension in the dimly lit room, where time seemed to have no power over the centuries-old therians gathered. Each one was a keeper of secrets, their eyes glinting with the weight of history and unspoken truths.

Jimmy, with a keen sense of the dynamics at play, could easily read Thero's thoughts. It was as if they were engaged in a silent duel, each man vying for the upper hand.

“Ms. Emma Tibarn,” he continued, his voice smooth but laced with urgency, “if you're genuinely in search of allies and supporters, I strongly suggest you consider the males from the Ravaryns. They are not just handsome—broad shoulders, long legs, and striking features—but they also possess remarkable strength. More importantly, they know how to treat women with the respect and care they deserve. Choose them, and I assure you, you will not regret it.”

Thero's expression darkened, a storm brewing behind his eyes. “You old fool,” he snapped, his voice low and dangerous. “You accuse me of seeking males for Mr. Smith's benefit, yet aren't you merely playing into Mr. Draemont's hands?”

It was a classic case of self-interest cloaked in noble intentions; both men were merely defending their own heirs, each unwilling to acknowledge the other's motives as anything but selfish.

Jimmy scoffed, waving a dismissive hand. “Corvin is nothing like Mr. Smith. When Ms. Emma Tibarn was in peril, Corvin stood steadfast by her side, sharing in her dangers and celebrating her victories. And where was Mr. Smith during all that?”

The room fell silent, the weight of Jimmy's words hanging in the air like a thick fog.

As the two continued their verbal sparring, Corvin turned to Emma, gently squeezing her hand. “Ms. Tibarn,” he murmured softly, “don't pay any mind to their bickering. They have no genuine intentions for you.”

“Edric, Silas, and I will always be here to protect you,” he assured her, his voice steady and resolute. “You won't need to worry about your safety any longer. Once we return, I'll dedicate my efforts to constructing mechs and warships that will fortify the Interstellar Hunter Alliance. You'll never have to face danger again.”

A surge of frustration coursed through Corvin as he contemplated the implications of Thero and Jimmy's suggestions. With only Edric and Silas by his side, he was already grappling with the competition. If more males were added to the mix, would there even be a place for him beside Emma?

Emma met Corvin's gaze, her expression serious and unwavering. "I have all of you—that's more than enough for me," she said, her voice firm.

Drake? To her, he had become little more than a flashy mascot, delivering star coins with all the pomp of a jester.

In truth, she hardly even glanced at the glittering coins he sent her way.

If it hadn't been for the black crystal he had given her to save her life—and if she weren't still relying on the wisdom of his clan's Second Elder—she would have severed ties with him long ago.

His presence loomed over her like a dark cloud, overwhelming and oppressive.

Perhaps after this meeting, she would return the black crystal, offering him one last token of goodwill before cutting their connection for good. After all, their match had been dissolved.

As the Gravicar sped through the city, weaving deftly between the towering skyscrapers, Edric, who was piloting, broke the silence.

"Emma, we've now crossed into the territory of the Violet Obsidian Clan," he announced, his voice steady.

Corvin tapped the map displayed on the Gravicar's screen, directing Emma's attention to a vast expanse. "This entire region is under the control of the Violet Obsidian Clan. That central point is where their leadership resides."

Emma's eyes widened in awe. "It's no wonder they're considered the nobles of Central Planet. Their estate is colossal."

She mentally calculated the area's size, realizing it was vast enough to rival a small planet.

Corvin shook his head, a hint of disdain creeping into his tone. "This isn't impressive at all. The Violet Obsidian Clan is a fallen noble house. Their territory is extensive only because their population is massive."

He paused, letting his words sink in. "But on Central Planet, having a large territory doesn't equate to true power. Just wait until you see Ravaryn—that's where you'll witness real nobility."

Nobility, he mused, was not merely a title; it had layers and depths.

The expansive land of the Violet Obsidian Clan was a result of their prolific reproduction. While other species might produce two to six offspring at a time, the cold-blooded therians—especially the Ophidians—could birth litters of twenty or even thirty. In some cases, the numbers soared to seventy or eighty.

Yet, despite their numbers, the Violet Obsidian Clan hadn't produced a Rank 11 in many, many years. Their glory days were long behind them; they were but a shadow of their former selves.

Corvin felt a sense of boldness as he spoke about the Violet Obsidian Clan in Edric's presence; he knew Edric had distanced himself from them long ago. If not for recent events, Edric would have likely remained absent.

"I see," Emma replied, nodding thoughtfully. Another lesson learned, another layer of understanding added.

As the Gravicar approached the airspace of the Violet Obsidian Clan, a small ship suddenly darted in front of them, blocking their path.

"Who are you? What's your business here?" came a voice over the intercom, sharp and demanding.

Emma turned her attention back to Jimmy and Thero, a determined look in her eyes. "This is where you two come into play."

"Ms. Emma Tibarn, just watch and learn," Thero declared, standing up and cracking his knuckles with a menacing grin. "It's time to show these little worms what true power looks like."

Forget about polite greetings or holding back their strengths. If they were here for revenge and possessed the might to crush their enemies, then a direct and brutal approach was the only way to go.

Without a moment's hesitation, Thero leaped from the Gravicar, his body transforming into a massive black Drakonid.

A thunderous roar erupted, shaking the very ground of the Violet Obsidian Clan's territory. The small ship before them was sent flying aside, tossed by the sheer force of his tail.

Jimmy followed suit, morphing into a blue Ravaryn. With a fierce swipe of his claws, he unleashed a storm of ice spikes that fell like freezing rain, ready to assert their dominance.

## Conclusion

In this pivotal chapter, Emma stands at a crossroads, her heart torn between the allure of power and the loyalty of those who truly care for her. As the tensions between Jimmy and Thero escalate, she realizes that the bravado of their strength is not what she seeks. Instead, it is the unwavering support from Corvin, Edric, and Silas that fills her with a sense of security and belonging. Their commitment to her safety and well-being resonates deeply, reminding her that true strength lies not in brute force or the grandeur of titles, but in the bonds forged through shared struggles and victories. Emma's resolve solidifies as she recognizes that the life she once feared to embrace is not one of isolation and superficial alliances, but rather a journey supported by genuine loyalty and love.

As the Gravicar approaches the territory of the Violet Obsidian Clan, Emma's determination crystallizes. She understands that her worth is not dictated by her connections to powerful clans or their flashy displays of strength, but by her own choices and the companions she chooses to stand by her side. The impending clash serves as a metaphor for her internal battle; she is ready to confront the shadows of her past and the oppressive weight of expectations that have loomed over her. With a fierce glint in her eye, she prepares to step into the fray—not as a pawn in someone else's game, but as a woman who has opened the door to a life she once feared, embracing the strength of her allies and the power of her own voice.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers can expect the tension to escalate as Emma finds herself thrust into the heart of a brewing storm. With Thero and Jimmy unleashing their formidable powers, the clash between the clans promises to be nothing short of spectacular. Emma, caught between the fierce loyalty of her allies and the ruthless ambitions of her adversaries, will have to navigate a treacherous landscape where trust is a rare commodity. As the stakes rise, her resolve will be tested, forcing her to confront her own fears and insecurities about the life she has been hesitant to embrace.

Moreover, the dynamics within the group will shift dramatically. With Thero and Jimmy taking the offensive, will Corvin's protective instincts lead him to take risks that could jeopardize their mission? Emma's decision to return the black crystal to Drake could also have unforeseen consequences, as old alliances and rivalries come to the forefront. As they delve deeper into the Violet Obsidian Clan's territory, unexpected alliances may form or shatter, leaving Emma to grapple with the reality of power, loyalty, and her own burgeoning strength. Readers will be left on the edge of their seats, eager to discover how Emma will assert her place in this tumultuous world and what sacrifices she may have to make along the way.

Sara Lili

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 116**

[ 2,025 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 116 Summary

In Chapter 116 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," titled "The Price of Power," chaos ensues as the ground complex implodes, leaving a scene of devastation. Thero and Jimmy lead the way, determined to clear a path for Emma while adhering to her directive to destroy property but spare lives. Emma observes the turmoil from the Gravicar, witnessing the Violet Obsidian Clan's therians in a state of panic, desperately trying to escape their impending doom. She understands the grim reality that those who survive will be forced into servitude against the Chitinids, making the decision to spare lives a strategic one.

As the therians begin to shift into serpent forms, Emma feels a visceral reaction to the sheer number of them, culminating in the appearance of Thalion, a colossal serpent emanating a terrifying Rank 10 aura. Edric expresses concern over Thalion's presence, revealing that he was once a Rank 7 therian who has been artificially accelerated to Rank 10—a dangerous experiment by the Violet Obsidians. Silas explains the brutal consequences of such forced evolution, detailing how it can lead to mental collapse and explosive ends for the therians involved. This revelation deepens Emma's sense of foreboding as she realizes the extent of the clan's cruelty and desperation for power.

As the chapter progresses, Thalion's reckless attack on Jimmy highlights the madness that has overtaken him. Despite his immense size and power, he is swiftly defeated, showcasing the futility of the Violet Obsidians' experiments. Emma grapples with the tragic reality of the situation, feeling a heavy weight of sorrow for the therians who have been subjected to such inhumane treatment. Silas and Corvin further discuss the history of these experiments, emphasizing that the Empire has turned a blind eye to the internal struggles of the clans, leading to a cycle of cruelty and desperation.

The chapter concludes with Edric reflecting on the reckless pursuits of the Violet Obsidians, who continue to experiment on their own kind despite the known dangers. Emma is left with a profound sense of loss and frustration as she witnesses the destruction of lives that could have been spared. The tragic waste of potential and the high cost of power serve as a haunting reminder of the moral decay within the clan, leaving Emma to confront the harsh realities of the world she is navigating.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

**\*\*Chapter 116: The Price of Power\*\***

In a heartbeat, the entire ground complex imploded, reduced to nothing but a chaotic heap of rubble.

**\*\*\$20 Free Cons\*\***

With a fierce determination, Thero and Jimmy forged ahead, clearing the path for Emma, leaving behind scorched earth that told tales of devastation.

From her vantage point in the Gravicar, Emma remained anchored in her seat, her eyes glued to the live surveillance feed that Corvin had diligently pulled up for her.

On the screen, the scene was one of utter chaos. The Violet Obsidian Clan's therians were in a frenzy, panic radiating from their every movement as they scattered like leaves in a storm, desperately trying to escape the impending doom that loomed over them.

Emma had made her intentions clear to Thero and Jimmy: destroy property, but spare lives.

After all, those who survived would soon find themselves conscripted as free labor on the outer battlefield, forced to fight against the relentless Chitinids. To kill them now would be an utter waste of resources and potential.

One by one, the therians began to shift into their serpent forms, their bodies slithering in a desperate rush toward the central compound of the clan.

The sheer number of serpents sent a shiver down Emma's spine, a visceral reaction that made her skin crawl.

Then, out of the chaos, came a sharp, menacing hiss.

A colossal serpent, stretching over 300 feet, launched itself into the air, its scales crackling with flickers of lightning.

It was a sight that was both awe-inspiring and terrifying.

Edric's brows knitted together the moment he laid eyes on the creature. "Thalion. What is he doing here?" he murmured, his voice laced with concern.

Emma didn't recognize the beast, but the air around it thrummed with an unmistakable Rank 10 aura, a palpable force that made her heart race. "That thing's Rank 10?" she questioned, disbelief coloring her tone.

Silas' voice cut through the tension, cool and dripping with disdain. "An artificially accelerated Rank 10. Just like that Sulien we encountered at the Interstellar Hunter Alliance last time."

A humorless laugh escaped him. "I should have anticipated this. The Violet Obsidians will stop at nothing to reclaim their former glory—even if it means torturing their own kind. Their cruelty has turned inward."

On the screen, Thalion appeared almost feral, a wildness in his eyes that suggested a mind teetering on the brink of madness. With a crack of lightning, he launched himself at Jimmy, his actions reckless and devoid of any strategy.

There was no defense, no calculated move—just raw, chaotic madness.

"There's something deeply wrong with him," Emma whispered, her heart heavy with a sense of foreboding.

As soon as Thalion collided with Jimmy, the beast was effortlessly swatted down with a single claw, a swift and brutal dismissal.

A thunderous boom reverberated through the air, the impact creating a massive crater in the earth, a testament to the clash of power.

"His mental power has collapsed," Silas explained, his tone unnervingly calm. "He's about to self-destruct."

—

\*\*20:05 Fri, Nov 21 GA\*\*

\*\*Chapter 116: The Price of Power\*\*

Edric's expression darkened, shadows dancing across his features. "He's a failed experiment. The last time I laid eyes on Thalion was two months ago on Duskora. He was barely a Rank 7 then."

Corvin's expression tightened, disbelief etched into his features. "They forced a Rank 7 therian to ascend to Rank 10? The clan leaders have completely lost their minds," he said, incredulity spilling from his words.

Emma frowned, struggling to make sense of it all. "What does 'artificially accelerated' even mean?"

Silas moved closer, gently nudging Coalball aside before crouching down beside her, his demeanor softening as he spoke.

"It all began with the Chitinids," he explained, his voice steady. "They discovered a method to artificially trigger evolution on the outer battlefield. Later, in their desperation to survive, some therians attempted the same."

He paused, letting the weight of his words settle. "The process can elevate a therian's rank in a remarkably short time. But the backlash is brutal. Most cannot withstand it—their mental power collapses, and they explode right on the spot."

He continued, his gaze focused. "Even if they survive, they can never advance again. The strength they gain is a façade—unstable and fleeting. Against a true equal, they are easily crushed."

"The method spread across the Empire for a while, but no one dared to try it anymore. The cost was simply too high."

His eyes darkened as he recounted the aftermath. "But some clans, driven by their thirst for power, still sought to experiment. They began capturing therians, desperate to find a way to enhance their abilities without the catastrophic backlash."

"The Empire's leaders eventually intervened, wiping out several clans because of it. Since then, no one has dared to experiment on other therians..."

A grim smile curled on his lips. "Yet, they refused to give up. Unable to capture others, they turned their cruel ambitions on their own."

Corvin nodded in agreement. "The Empire turns a blind eye when it comes to the clans' internal affairs, Ms. Tibarn. But even after all these years, no one has discovered a safe method. That's why the practice was ultimately abandoned."

Edric's jaw clenched as he surveyed the remnants of Thalion—a pit of blood and fragmented remains.

"The Violet Obsidians never ceased their reckless pursuits," he said bitterly. "Their sheer numbers make them careless. They've always had more bodies to expend."

“When I severed ties with the clan, they hadn’t yet succeeded in their experiments. I never imagined they would manage to create two Rank 10s in such a short span.”

He held back the truth that gnawed at him—that he had fled because he had nearly become one of their test subjects.

Silas chuckled darkly, pointing at the monitor. “Who said there were only two? Look—there are more emerging.”

Emma felt her stomach churn at the sight.

“What a waste,” Silas remarked almost casually. “If only their mental powers hadn’t crumbled. They could have been sent to the battlefield instead.”

Beside him, Coalball bobbed his head in agreement, a silent witness to the grim reality unfolding.

Even though those artificially evolved Rank 10s lacked the strength of their genuine counterparts, the moment their mental power failed, their explosive ends could still annihilate entire swarms of Rank 7 and Rank 8 Chitinids.

Dying here, for nothing, was a tragic and senseless waste, a cruel reminder of the price of power.

## Conclusion

In the aftermath of the chaos, Emma found herself grappling with the weight of her decisions, the echoes of destruction reverberating in her mind. The sight of Thalion’s tragic demise, a reflection of the Violet Obsidians’ reckless pursuit of power, left her heart heavy with sorrow. She had fought to spare lives, yet the brutal reality of their choices unfolded before her, a stark reminder of the cost of ambition when it spirals into madness. As she watched the remnants of what was once a thriving clan, a sense of helplessness washed over her. The realization that power, when sought without restraint, could lead to such devastation was a bitter pill to swallow. Emma understood that the path she had chosen was fraught with peril, but her resolve to fight for a better future burned brighter than ever.

In that moment, as the dust settled and the last remnants of chaos faded into silence, Emma felt a shift within herself. The fear that had once held her captive began to dissipate, replaced by a fierce determination to confront the darkness that lurked within the Empire. She could no longer stand idly by, watching as the innocent were consumed by the greed of those in power. The tragedy of Thalion and the others would not be in vain; they would serve as a catalyst for change. With newfound clarity, Emma steeled herself for the battles ahead, vowing to dismantle the systems that perpetuated such cruelty and to protect those who could not protect themselves. The life she had

once feared to embrace now beckoned her with the promise of purpose, and she was ready to answer its call.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

In the upcoming chapter, the stakes will skyrocket as Emma and her companions grapple with the devastating consequences of the Violet Obsidians' reckless experimentation. With the emergence of more artificially accelerated Rank 10 therians, Emma must confront the grim reality that these creatures are not only a threat to her mission but also a poignant symbol of the lengths to which clans will go in their pursuit of power. As the chaos unfolds, the tension among the group will heighten, forcing them to make split-second decisions that could alter the course of their fight against the Chitinids. Will they find a way to navigate this maelstrom of destruction, or will the very forces they sought to control spiral out of their grasp?

Moreover, the chapter promises to delve deeper into the moral implications of power and sacrifice. As Emma reflects on the tragic fate of the therians, she will be faced with a haunting question: how far is she willing to go to achieve her goals? With Silas's insights weighing heavily on her mind, the psychological toll of their mission will become increasingly apparent. Expect emotional confrontations, revelations about the true nature of their enemies, and a reckoning with the cost of ambition. As the battle intensifies, alliances may shift, and unexpected betrayals could emerge, leaving readers on the edge of their seats, eager to discover what choices Emma and her allies will make in this unforgiving world.

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 117**

[ 1,946 words ]

## When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 117 Summary

In Chapter 117 of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Emma confronts the horrifying reality of cruelty within her world, particularly among the therians. As she seeks clarity on a disturbing situation, Silas and Edric reveal that no therian would consent to the brutal acts depicted on the monitor. Emma’s visceral reaction to the grotesque images showcases her deep-seated horror and disgust, prompting her to take decisive action against those responsible for such cruelty. Her command to end the lives of the perpetrators reflects her moral stance and determination to protect her kind from further suffering.

Amidst the chaos, Silas and Corvin offer Emma a sense of refuge, recognizing the toll the horrific scene has taken on her. Silas’s protective nature shines through as he shields her from the gruesome images, while Corvin expresses concern for her well-being. Emma’s internal struggle reveals her resilience; despite having faced many foes, the betrayal among her own kind shakes her to the core. This chapter highlights her emotional turmoil as she grapples with the realization that therians can inflict such pain on one another.

As the group prepares to leave the dreadful setting, Emma’s acceptance of Silas’s plan to take her to a new location signifies her willingness to embrace change and seek safety. The revelation that Silas has prepared a manor for her comes as a surprise, showcasing his commitment to her well-being. This unexpected gesture not only provides Emma with a sense of security but also strengthens the bond between her and her companions.

The chapter concludes with a blend of light-hearted moments amidst the tension, as Silas’s interactions with the creatures Coalball and Lucien inject humor into the situation. This juxtaposition of dark themes and lighter exchanges illustrates the complexity of their journey. Emma’s acceptance of her new reality, coupled with the support of her friends, sets the stage for her continued growth and resilience in the face of adversity.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

\*\*Chapter 117: Cruel Clansmen\*\*

Emma turned her gaze toward Silas and Edric, her heart pounding in her chest. “Did they agree to be induced?” Her voice trembled slightly, a mixture of hope and dread swirling within her.

Silas cupped her face gently, his expression darkened by a profound sadness that seemed to seep into the very air around them. “Emma, no therian would ever consent to

something so cruel. Not a single one.” His voice was low, heavy with the weight of unspoken horrors.

Edric let out a long, weary breath, the sound resonating with despair. “Silas is right,” he added, his tone equally grave.

Emma felt a wave of nausea wash over her. “God, that’s sick,” she muttered, her stomach twisting violently at the thought of such brutality.

On the monitor, grotesque images of torn flesh erupted across the screen, each horrifying frame a testament to the cruelty that lurked within their world. A thick mist of blood filled the air, so vivid and tangible that she could almost taste the metallic tang on her tongue.

She gagged, struggling to keep her composure, her hands gripping the edge of the table as she fought to stave off the bile rising in her throat.

“Edric,” she commanded, her voice icy and resolute, “tell Jimmy and Thero to end those two Rank tens.” The words felt like a necessary decree; any therian capable of inflicting such pain on their own kind was not deserving of life.

Even with a binding contract, she wouldn’t trust them. People like that always found a way to circumvent the rules, scheming and plotting to betray her when she least expected it. They would surely find a method to conceal their malevolence from the contract’s gaze.

“Understood,” Edric replied, his expression hardening as he sent the order to Thero and Jimmy.

Silas, ever perceptive, noticed the disgust etched across Emma’s features and instinctively placed his palm over her eyes, shielding her from the horrific scene. He understood her need to escape the torment of what she had just witnessed. “Emy,” he spoke softly, his voice a soothing balm, “let Edric wrap things up. Corvin and I will take you home.”

There was no reason for them to linger in this dreadful place. The Violet Obsidian Clan and their twisted laboratory made Silas’s skin crawl. Emma, too, was resolute in her desire to avoid any dealings with that clan.

Although Silas had only recently met her, he could tell that she had spent her life battling beasts, never truly comprehending the depths of cruelty that therians could inflict upon one another. The images they had just seen were enough to shake even the strongest of souls.

Naturally, Emma was no exception.

Edric and Corvin exchanged glances, noting the pallor of her face, and nodded in silent agreement.

Corvin stepped closer, concern etched on his features. "Huntress, let's get out of here. Ophidian's a dump anyway. I'll take you to the Ravaryn. That place actually has some life to it."

Emma felt a flicker of defiance within her. She had faced worse foes than this; she had slain many beasts. Blood no longer terrified her.

What truly stunned her was the realization that therians could inflict such horror upon their own kind.

She needed just a moment to gather herself, but seeing the worry etched on their faces, she couldn't bring herself to argue. "Alright. We'll follow your plan, Silas." Turning to Edric, she added, "Thanks for everything."

Edric shook his head, a gentle smile breaking through his somber demeanor. "Don't mention it. As long as you're alright, I'll take care of the rest."

His devotion to her safety was unwavering, and she could sense the depths of his commitment.

Once their farewells were exchanged, Silas retrieved his small warship, assisting her aboard with a protective hand. He then handed the controls over to Corvin. "My power isn't back yet," he murmured, a hint of frustration in his voice. "You'll have to pilot."

Corvin nodded, determination in his eyes. "Got it. We'll head straight to the Ravaryn's place."

"Hold on," Silas interrupted, rubbing the bridge of his nose as if trying to stave off a headache. "Corvin, you're a married man now. You can bring Emma home, sure. But taking her and her other matches back to live there? Not happening."

Even if Corvin agreed and the Ravaryn was indifferent to the arrangement, Silas and Edric would never allow it.

Corvin frowned, his brow furrowing in confusion. "Then, where do we take her?"

Silas's lips curled into a grin. "We're going to her place."

He handed Corvin an address, a glimmer of satisfaction in his eyes. "Before we came to Central Planet, I prepared a manor for Emma. We'll go there."

Corvin's eyes widened in surprise. "You did? You barely move from your plants! How'd you even manage that?"

A pang of guilt washed over him for not thinking of it first.

Emma blinked, momentarily speechless, caught off guard by this unexpected revelation.

Silas raised an eyebrow, a playful glint in his eye. “I have my ways. Who else would do it? You spend your days buried in machines, and Edric is too swamped to even level up, let alone buy property.”

He guided Emma toward the ship’s resting cabin. “It’s a long flight. You should rest while we travel.”

Just then, a small creature leaped onto his shoulder, its fur bristling with energy.

It was Coalball, ever vigilant, having sensed Emma’s distress earlier and refusing to leave her side.

Silas chuckled, a lightness returning to his voice. “Emma, I almost forgot to introduce—”

Before he could finish, Lucien erupted in a flurry of feathers, jabbing his beak toward Silas with a fierce squawk.

The sound of flapping wings filled the cabin like a tempest, a cacophony of defiance.

“Stop!” Silas exclaimed, his eyes wide as he met the bird’s fierce glare, the message clear—don’t you dare say it.

“Coalball! Quit pecking him!” Emma cried, reaching out to grab the creature, but it darted away from her hand in a flash.

It chirped again, wings fluttering as if to warn her, “Don’t trust that guy!”

Silas laughed weakly, covering his face with his hand, surrendering to the chaos. “Fine, I give up. You win.”

Coalball ceased his assault, puffing up with pride as if he had achieved a great victory.

Corvin entered the cabin, having heard the commotion. He spotted the troublemaker and sighed, scooping Coalball up by the scruff. “Coalball, the huntress needs rest. You’re coming with me to the cockpit.”

Coalball squirmed in protest but ultimately relented, allowing Corvin to carry him away. As they exited, the creature twisted around, casting Silas one last sharp glare, as if to say, You better not try anything funny.

## Conclusion

As Emma settled into the ship, the chaos of the laboratory faded into the background, replaced by an unexpected sense of safety. The weight of her recent revelations pressed heavily on her heart, yet amidst the horror and despair, a flicker of resilience ignited within her. Silas, Edric, and Corvin offered her a refuge she had not anticipated, their unwavering support a balm against the brutality she had witnessed. Emma realized that she was not alone in this fight against cruelty; she had allies who understood the depths of her struggles and shared her resolve to protect their kind. The manor Silas had prepared for her was not just a physical space; it symbolized a new beginning, a life she had been too afraid to embrace fully.

As the ship soared through the stars, Emma felt the stirrings of hope intertwining with her defiance. The shadows of her past battles began to recede, replaced by the promise of a future where she could reclaim her strength and purpose. The laughter of her companions, the playful antics of Coalball, and Silas's gentle teasing reminded her that there was still joy to be found amidst the darkness. Emma understood now that facing her fears did not mean she had to do so alone. With each passing moment, she embraced the life she had once feared, determined to forge a path toward healing and empowerment, ready to confront whatever challenges lay ahead.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

As Emma embarks on this unexpected journey to her new manor, the air is thick with uncertainty and anticipation. The revelation of Silas's secret preparations for her safety looms large, hinting at deeper connections and hidden motives that Emma has yet to uncover. Will this new sanctuary offer her the refuge she desperately seeks, or will it become a stage for further trials? With the shadows of the Violet Obsidian Clan still lurking, the peace she yearns for may be just an illusion, and the reality of her situation could prove far more perilous than she ever imagined.

In the next chapter, readers can expect the tension to escalate as Emma grapples with her emotions—her fear of betrayal juxtaposed with the flickering hope that Silas and his companions might genuinely be allies. The dynamics between the characters will deepen, revealing more about their pasts and the hidden scars that bind them. Emma's resolve will be tested as she confronts the haunting images of cruelty she witnessed, forcing her to question her own strength and the lengths she will go to protect those she cares about. As they journey towards the manor, the air will crackle with unspoken words and unresolved conflicts, setting the stage for explosive revelations and pivotal decisions that could alter the course of their lives forever.

Sara Lili

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 118**

[ 1,981 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 118 Summary

In Chapter 118 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," titled "The Bird," the story revolves around a small, defiant bird named Coalball, who seems to have a significant connection to the characters, particularly Emma and Silas. Corvin, another character, attempts to assert control over Coalball, prompting a mix of humor and tension as he tries to manage the feisty bird. Emma, concerned for Silas, checks on him after Coalball's antics, revealing her deepening feelings for him.

As the chapter unfolds, Emma's curiosity about Coalball intensifies. Silas's playful yet mysterious demeanor hints at a deeper secret regarding the bird's true identity. Emma's realization that Coalball is not just an ordinary bird but actually Lucien, a character she has known, adds layers of complexity to her emotions. The revelation leaves her in disbelief, struggling to comprehend how Lucien could be encapsulated in such a small creature. Silas reassures her, explaining that Lucien had hidden his identity for a reason, which deepens Emma's sense of confusion and intrigue.

The narrative shifts as Emma reflects on her past interactions with Coalball and the clues she missed, such as Lucien's earlier comments and Aria's recognition of the bird. This introspection reveals Emma's vulnerability and how her recent experiences with kindness from Corvin and Edric have softened her defenses. The chapter culminates with a sense of anticipation as Silas and Emma arrive at a grand manor, symbolizing a new chapter in Emma's life. The manor's ethereal beauty contrasts with the emotional turmoil Emma feels regarding Coalball's secret and her evolving relationship with Silas.

Overall, the chapter captures a blend of humor, mystery, and emotional depth as Emma navigates her feelings and the unfolding revelations about her companions. The setting of the manor serves as a backdrop for potential new beginnings, while the weight of secrets and identities continues to shape Emma's journey.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

**\*\*Chapter 118: The Bird\*\***

“Don’t meddle in my stuff.” That was the message the little bird was trying to convey, loud and clear.

“Not another sound,” Corvin commanded, his voice firm yet laced with a hint of amusement.

He observed Coalball, who was puffed up like a tiny tempest, glaring defiantly at him with beady eyes. The sight was both comical and a bit alarming.

With a gentle but decisive tap on the bird’s head, he asserted his authority. “Huntress, you really need to rest. I’ll deal with this little brat.”

As Corvin cradled the feisty Coalball in his hands, Emma spun around swiftly to face Silas, her heart racing with concern.

“Are you alright? Did he peck you?” she inquired, her voice tinged with worry.

Silas chuckled softly, shaking his head with a reassuring smile. “I’m fine. He was just putting on a show, that’s all.”

He grasped her arm gently, guiding her back into the cozy confines of the rest cabin. Emma felt a wave of relief wash over her as she noticed he was indeed unscathed.

She settled onto the couch, her gaze unwaveringly fixed on him, her mind racing back to the peculiar behavior Coalball had displayed just moments ago.

“Silas, what were you trying to say earlier? Who were you about to introduce?” she asked, her curiosity piqued.

Silas blinked, his expression almost comically innocent, as if he was hiding a delightful secret. “I was going to tell you, but then he interrupted me. You saw that, didn’t you?”

“Who did? Coalball?” Emma pressed, her brow furrowing in confusion.

Silas remained silent, a mysterious smile playing on his lips, calm and enigmatic. “Emma, don’t push me. I gave my word. I can’t break it.”

That was all the confirmation she needed. It was Coalball.

“What’s the deal with him? What’s he to you? Isn’t he just a bird?” Emma leaned forward, her questions tumbling out in rapid succession. She remembered the day she had first picked up Coalball, checking him over with her own hands.

There hadn’t been a flicker of power radiating from him.

Still feeling uneasy, she had sought the opinions of Edric and Damian to take a second look. They had confirmed her suspicions: just a regular bird.

Smart, perhaps too clever for his own good, but harmless.

They had told her that in this vast galaxy, many birds could comprehend human speech, and some could even mimic it. So, she had never suspected a thing.

Silas grinned, amusement dancing in his eyes. “You’re too clever for your own good, Emma. Just one tiny clue, and you’ve already figured out he’s not your average bird. Since you’ve pieced that together, I bet you can guess who he really is.”

Emma’s eyes widened in realization. A gut feeling had been gnawing at her ever since she discovered Coalball was a therian. “It’s Lucien, isn’t it?”

Silas raised both hands in mock surrender. “Hey, I didn’t say anything. Not a single word.”

He had made a promise to Lucien to keep his lips sealed.

Emma had drawn the conclusion herself. That wasn’t Silas’s fault.

“I can’t wrap my head around it,” she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper, laden with disbelief.

The notion that Lucien himself was encapsulated in that small, black bird felt utterly surreal.

“It’s not on you,” Silas said softly, his tone reassuring. “You and Edric never saw him as a child. The way he looks now, no one but his bloodline would recognize him.”

“If I hadn’t turned out like this too, I would’ve been just as clueless,” he added, his voice tinged with a hint of regret.

“When we found him, he didn’t have a single trace of energy,” Emma reflected quietly. “We all thought he was just a bird.”

“He was drained dry,” Silas clarified, his voice low and serious. “And he hid his identity on purpose. You had no means of discovering the truth.”

He retrieved a thin blanket from the armrest and draped it gently over her legs, a tender gesture that made her heart flutter.

“Enough about that,” he said in a hushed tone, shifting the conversation away from the heavy topic. “Stay here with me, Emma. I need a break.”

With that, he transformed into a vine, curling comfortably around her wrist.

Emma understood that his strength hadn’t fully returned yet.

She remained silent, choosing to sit beside him in quiet companionship.

Sleep eluded her, though. Her eyes may have been closed, but her mind raced with thoughts.

Coalball’s secret weighed heavily on her, like a stone lodged in her chest.

It hadn’t been without its hints.

She hadn’t realized Coalball was Lucien at first, but she should have pieced it together the day Phoenix appeared.

Then there was that night on the starrail when Lucien had said he’d always been right beside her.

And the way Aria had looked at Coalball—that alone should have clued her in.

How had she let it slip past her?

Perhaps it was because Corvin and Edric had treated her with such kindness lately that she had let her guard down.

She had grown soft, completely unaware of it.

Then a sudden thought struck her like a lightning bolt.

Aria! Her eyes flew open wide. That woman must have recognized Coalball. The way she had acted proved it beyond a doubt.

And Coalball had clearly known her too.

That little deceiver. He had kept the truth from her all along.

But why? Was it because he now looked like this? Was he afraid she would find him repulsive?

As the warship descended upon the manor that Silas had purchased for her, the vine around her wrist stirred gently.

Moments later, Silas materialized before her. "Emma, we've arrived," he said softly, his voice warm and inviting. "Let me help you." He slipped an arm around her waist, steadying her as she stood.

Emma had already glimpsed the manor on the ship's screen.

It stretched for miles, every inch radiating an ethereal glow, like something pulled from the pages of a fantastical dream.

A grand marble archway stood tall, inlaid with luminous energy stones that sparkled like starlight.

The dome of the main building shimmered with glass tiles that caught the sunset, fracturing it into a kaleidoscope of dazzling colors, reminiscent of a peacock's feathers.

Rows of crystal windows mirrored the gentle ripples of a man-made lake shimmering in the distance.

Servant androids clad in immaculate uniforms descended the rose-patterned steps of pristine white marble, while heavily armored robots patrolled the grounds with unwavering vigilance.

An advanced defense field shimmered around the entire estate like a protective glass veil.

"Emma, do you like it?" Silas asked, his smile radiant as he guided her down the steps.

"I didn't know what kind of male therians you preferred, so I didn't choose any. I only had a set of battle droids stationed here for protection," he explained, his tone light, yet she could sense the underlying thoughtfulness behind his words.

## Conclusion

As Emma stood before the magnificent manor, a mixture of awe and trepidation washed over her. The realization that Coalball was Lucien, a truth she had never anticipated, transformed her understanding of their shared journey. She had been navigating a world filled with secrets and hidden identities, yet in this moment, surrounded by the ethereal beauty of her new home, she felt the weight of those secrets lift slightly. Silas's presence beside her was a comforting anchor, a reminder that she was not alone in this bewildering reality. His gentle guidance and the warmth of his arm around her waist offered solace, even as her mind raced with the implications of Lucien's true form and the choices that lay ahead.

With each step she took toward the manor, Emma began to embrace the life she had once feared. The vibrant colors of the estate mirrored the vivid emotions stirring within her—fear, confusion, hope, and the promise of new beginnings. Silas’s thoughtful gesture of preparing the space with care and consideration spoke volumes about his understanding of her journey. In this moment of vulnerability and revelation, Emma felt a flicker of courage ignite within her. She was ready to confront the complexities of her relationships, to unravel the threads of her past, and to step boldly into the future that awaited her. The door to a life she had been afraid to live was now wide open, and with Silas by her side, she felt ready to embrace whatever came next.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

As the story unfolds, readers can anticipate a deeper exploration of the intricate dynamics between Emma, Silas, and the enigmatic Coalball, now revealed to be Lucien. With the shocking truth hanging in the air, Emma’s emotional turmoil will take center stage as she grapples with feelings of betrayal and confusion. The next chapter is poised to delve into her internal conflict—will she embrace the complexities of Lucien’s transformation, or will fear and doubt cloud her judgment? The tension will be palpable as she navigates her relationships, and Silas’s role as both a confidant and a protector will further complicate matters, raising questions about loyalty and trust.

Moreover, the grand manor setting serves as a backdrop for unexpected revelations and potential confrontations. With its shimmering beauty and advanced defenses, the estate is sure to harbor secrets of its own. Readers can expect new characters to emerge, each with their own agendas and connections to the past, adding layers of intrigue to the narrative. As Emma explores the manor, she may uncover hidden truths about Lucien’s past and the reasons behind his transformation. The stakes will rise as the threat of external forces looms, testing the bonds between the characters and propelling them toward a thrilling climax. Prepare for a chapter filled with emotional depth, suspense, and the promise of adventure as Emma steps further into a life she has long been afraid to embrace.

Sara Lili

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# When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 119

[ 1,973 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 119 Summary

In Chapter 119 of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Emma finds herself in a breathtaking manor, filled with excitement and a sense of new beginnings. Silas, her guide, offers her the option of hiring human assistants or using therians for protection, but Emma expresses her preference for robots, having grown accustomed to their reliability. This moment highlights her struggle with human connections, as she feels a tension around them that she doesn’t experience with androids. Her genuine delight in the beauty of the manor contrasts with her underlying fears about forming relationships.

As Emma explores her new home, she is introduced to Corvin, who appears to be a curious companion. Their interaction is lighthearted, with Emma inviting him to choose his room freely. However, the atmosphere shifts when she mentions Lucien, a name that causes Corvin to freeze in surprise. This revelation indicates that there are deeper secrets at play, and it becomes clear that Silas has not been entirely forthcoming about the people in Emma’s life. Corvin’s unease deepens as he realizes that Lucien, a figure of immense power, is also present.

The tension escalates when Lucien materializes in front of Corvin, revealing his formidable presence and authority. Their exchange is charged with a mix of fear and respect, as Corvin grapples with the implications of Lucien’s gratitude for his past care. Lucien’s calm demeanor contrasts sharply with Corvin’s anxiety, as he recalls their previous encounters. The chapter explores themes of power dynamics and the complexity of relationships, as Corvin realizes that his safety may hinge on the unpredictable nature of Lucien.

After Lucien departs, Corvin is left to process the overwhelming events. He quickly reaches out to Edric, sharing the shocking news about Coalball’s true identity. Edric’s nonchalant response adds to Corvin’s frustration, revealing a disconnect between the characters and their understanding of the situation. Meanwhile, Silas tends to Emma with care, preparing her for a new chapter in her life. This juxtaposition of Emma’s hopeful beginnings and Corvin’s mounting anxiety encapsulates the emotional landscape of the chapter, setting the stage for further developments in their intertwined fates.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

## \*\*Chapter 119: Manor\*\*

“If your intention is to settle in for the long haul,” he remarked thoughtfully, “I could arrange for you to select a team of therians to protect this place in a few days. Alternatively, we might consider hiring some ordinary women to assist with your daily necessities.”

He paused for a moment, allowing the weight of his words to sink in.

“After all, robots lack the capacity to move or think like real human beings.”

“That’s perfectly fine,” Emma replied, a soft laugh escaping her lips. “I actually prefer robots. I’m quite accustomed to them.”

Having spent years in the company of high-end androids, she had grown to appreciate their unwavering obedience and precision.

They executed commands flawlessly, responding exactly as programmed.

But humans? They made her feel uneasy, an unfamiliar tension coiling in her stomach.

“This place is absolutely breathtaking,” she exclaimed, her smile radiating genuine delight. “Thank you, Silas. I truly love it.”

With her excitement bubbling over, she bounded up the staircase, her heart racing at the prospect of exploring this magnificent abode.

She had never experienced a home so exquisite, so full of promise.

Silas followed closely behind her, a steady presence as he guided her.

“Your room is located on the third floor,” he informed her. “It’s designed to mirror the one you had back in the Alliance. Come on, I’ll show you.”

“Alright!” she chirped enthusiastically, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

As she turned, she noticed Corvin stepping off the ship, Coalball perched confidently on his shoulder, feathers fluffed and alert.

The moment Corvin caught Emma’s gaze, he straightened up, his tiny frame rigid as if under military inspection.

It appeared that Silas had yet to reveal the full truth to her.

Emma cast a brief glance in Silas’s direction but then shifted her focus back to Corvin.

“Corvin, my room is on the third floor. Feel free to choose whichever room you prefer,” she said calmly, her voice steady.

“Yes, huntress,” Corvin replied, his tone respectful yet curious.

He began to survey the layout of the manor, his eyes darting around as he contemplated his options, already leaning toward the room closest to hers.

At least it seemed that Emma was unaware of his true identity.

Finally, Silas had managed to do something right.

Coalball let out a small breath of relief, seemingly grateful for the momentary reprieve.

Corvin carefully lifted him off his shoulder, cradling the bird gently in his hands. “Coalball, you’ll be staying in my room tonight,” he declared.

Before he could make another move, Emma’s voice rang out ahead of him.

“Corvin, let Lucien choose his own room.”

Corvin froze, his heart racing at the unexpected mention of the name.

“Lucien?” he echoed, blinking in confusion. “Where?”

Coalball stiffened in his grasp, the tension palpable.

So, she did know after all.

Of course, Silas couldn’t keep a secret if his life depended on it. He excelled in battles, but stealth? Not so much.

Emma didn’t seem disgusted by Lucien, did she?

Corvin continued to look bewildered.

“Wait, huntress, His Highness Lucien is here too?”

He glanced around, still unable to spot anyone else in the vicinity.

Suddenly, the bird in his hands began to glow with an otherworldly light.

A brilliant flash illuminated the room, sharp enough to momentarily blind him.

When the light subsided, a tall figure stood before him, exuding an aura of undeniable power.

His features were sharp, flawless, and strikingly beautiful, the kind of beauty that made the air feel thin and heavy.

Corvin could only stare, utterly speechless.

“Prince Lucien?” he managed to stammer, his voice barely above a whisper. “You...”

Lucien’s lips curled into a slight, enigmatic smile.

“It’s me,” he replied, his voice deep and gravelly, smooth like smoke yet carrying the weight of authority.

His piercing gaze locked onto Corvin’s, an intensity that sent shivers down his spine.

“Have you been enjoying this little game at my expense all this time?”

Corvin’s mouth opened, but words failed him.

Toying?

He had been looking after him, ensuring his safety.

Lucien’s tone softened slightly.

“My apologies. You did take good care of me, Corvin. I owe you for that.”

The word “owe” sent a chill coursing through Corvin’s veins.

He regarded Lucien as one might regard a loaded weapon, knowing the potential for danger.

Prince Lucien was a warrior through and through.

He was decisive, merciless, and terrifyingly calm.

No one who had ever crossed him had walked away unscathed.

“Your Highness,” Corvin said quickly, “we both belong to the huntress now. You can’t harm me.”

Without his mech, he knew he stood no chance against Lucien’s formidable presence.

Lucien regarded him with a faint, almost amused expression.

“Why the fear? I expressed my gratitude, not a threat.”

But Corvin recalled every detail of their first encounter, how he had inadvertently swallowed Lucien whole.

He had even tied him up afterward.

And now this man was expressing gratitude?

Not killing him felt like a blessing in itself.

Corvin forced a shaky smile, trying to mask his anxiety.

“No need for thanks, Your Highness. We’re now the huntress’s therians. One family. Just, uh, take it easy on me from now on.”

“Of course, I’ll take care of you,” Lucien replied with a nod, the promise hanging heavily in the air.

A hundred thousand warships.

A million mechs.

That was his version of care.

Without another word, Lucien strode away toward the third floor, his presence leaving a palpable void behind him.

As soon as he vanished from sight, Corvin released a breath he hadn’t realized he was holding.

He quickly pulled up his lightcore and began typing furiously.

“Edric, you won’t believe the news. Do you know who Coalball really is?”

The two level-ten maniacs from the Violet Obsidian Clan were already dead.

Edric was preoccupied, sorting through their belongings, selecting the finest pieces to bring back for Emma while saving the rest for his brother.

When he saw Corvin’s message, he replied with a dispassionate tone.

“I know.”

Corvin’s eyes widened in disbelief. “You know? You actually knew all along?”

How could he have known and not bothered to share it with anyone?

Edric responded, "I discovered it during the Alliance disaster. Didn't I mention it?"

"No, you didn't!" Corvin shot back, frustration creeping into his voice.

"My mistake. I forgot."

Corvin was left utterly speechless.

Forget it? Seriously?

Meanwhile, upstairs, Silas had just finished showing Emma her room.

With utmost care, he scooped her up and placed her gently on the bed, ensuring her comfort.

Then, he picked up the nightdress he had prepared, ready to help her settle into this new chapter of her life.

Conclusion

As Emma stood in her new room, the weight of her past began to lift, replaced by a burgeoning sense of hope and possibility. The manor, with its grandeur and warmth, felt like a sanctuary where she could finally embrace the life she had long feared. Her laughter filled the space, a sound that echoed with the promise of new beginnings, while Silas's steady presence reassured her that she was not alone in this journey. The thrill of exploration and the allure of her surroundings sparked a light within her, igniting a desire to forge connections with those around her, despite her initial trepidation towards humanity.

Meanwhile, Corvin grappled with the unexpected revelation of Lucien's identity, a mixture of fear and relief swirling within him. The tension between them hung heavy in the air, yet the acknowledgment of their shared bond as therians under Emma's guidance hinted at a fragile unity. As Lucien's enigmatic promise of care lingered, Corvin realized that their destinies were intertwined in ways he had yet to comprehend. In this moment of uncertainty, he understood that the path ahead would be fraught with challenges, but it also held the potential for growth, camaraderie, and perhaps even redemption. Together, they would navigate the complexities of their new lives, each step drawing them closer to the family they were destined to become.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect the tension to escalate as Emma navigates her newfound reality in the manor. With Silas's offer of human assistance hanging in the air, Emma's preference for robots will be put to the test as she grapples with the complexities of human relationships. The arrival of Prince Lucien adds an unpredictable layer to her life, and the dynamics between the characters will shift dramatically. As

Emma attempts to create a sense of belonging in this stunning yet intimidating space, she will have to confront her fears and insecurities, particularly as they relate to the enigmatic prince and the secrets he harbors.

Moreover, Corvin's bewilderment regarding Lucien's presence will lead to unexpected revelations that could alter the course of their interactions. The promise of danger and intrigue looms large, as Corvin's past with Lucien resurfaces, forcing him to reconsider his place within this strange family dynamic. As tensions rise, the stakes will become higher, and Emma will find herself at the center of a web of loyalty, power, and the unknown. Will she embrace the life she once feared, or will the shadows of her past threaten to pull her back? The answers lie just beyond the next door she dares to open.

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 120**

[ 1,918 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 120 Summary

In Chapter 120 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Emma finds herself in a moment of playful tension with Silas, who offers to assist her with a bath. His suggestion, however, involves revealing nightclothes that make her uncomfortable, highlighting the contrast between his boldness and her modesty. Emma declines his offer, choosing to focus on her training instead, which disappoints Silas, revealing the unspoken desire he has to see her in a more vulnerable state. Their interaction underscores Emma's determination and Silas's willingness to respect her boundaries, despite his own feelings.

The mood shifts when Lucien knocks and enters the room, prompting a flurry of emotions in Emma. She feels a rush of warmth at the sound of her title being used, which they had previously agreed to abandon. Silas, recognizing the moment, graciously steps aside, allowing Lucien to enter. Lucien's presence is commanding, yet

he struggles to express his feelings to Emma, creating a palpable tension. Emma, seeing him in a new light, grapples with her emotions, feeling both awe and a sense of intimacy as she confronts the reality of their relationship.

As Lucien attempts to address the elephant in the room—the truth about his identity as Coalball—Emma’s frustration surfaces. She confronts him about his secrecy, revealing her own feelings of indignation. Lucien’s vulnerability is evident as he expresses his fear of her rejection, which only deepens Emma’s resolve to affirm their bond. Their conversation evolves from tension to understanding, with Emma reassuring Lucien of her acceptance and commitment to him as her chosen partner.

The chapter culminates in a moment of revelation when Emma declares that Lucien is her match, a statement that leaves him in shock. This affirmation not only solidifies their connection but also serves as a turning point for both characters, allowing them to confront their fears and insecurities together. Emma’s gentle touch and words of comfort bridge the gap between them, transforming their relationship into one of mutual respect and affection. The chapter encapsulates the themes of vulnerability, acceptance, and the courage to embrace a life that once seemed daunting.

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

**\*\*Chapter 120: In the Room\*\***

“Emma,” he said, a gentle smile gracing his lips, “you’ve toiled away all day. You must be utterly exhausted.”

“Would you like me to assist you with your bath?” he offered, his tone playful yet sincere.

Emma’s gaze fell upon the minuscule pieces of fabric he held, swaying slightly between his fingers.

A smile threatened to break free on her lips, but she quickly stifled it.

This man had no sense of modesty whatsoever.

Even Edric had never dared to suggest such a thing.

At least Edric’s idea of sleepwear was somewhat more... conventional, revealing just a hint of skin.

But Silas?

Iwe nee.

Those scraps he was suggesting barely qualified as clothing!

“No, thank you,” she replied promptly, her voice steady.

“I’m planning to train tonight. I’ll take a bath later.”

As soon as the words left her mouth, she noticed the instant flicker of disappointment that crossed Silas’s face.

He had been eagerly anticipating the sight of her in those nightclothes all evening.

It appeared that his wish would have to be postponed.

Just then, a knock broke the moment, followed by Lucien’s deep, resonant voice.

“Emma, my lady, may I come in?”

Emma froze, her heart racing as she turned slowly. A rush of warmth flooded her cheeks, turning them a bright shade of pink.

They had previously agreed to abandon that title.

Silas caught the shift in her demeanor, and a spark of realization flickered in his eyes.

So, that’s what she enjoys, he mused inwardly.

With an understanding smile, he stood up.

“Emma, Lucien has just recovered. He likely wants to have a word with you. I’ll retreat to my room and allow you two some space to catch up.”

Emma’s curiosity piqued at what Lucien could possibly want to discuss.

She nodded at Silas, her mind racing.

“You should rest early as well. I promise to feed you blood tomorrow.”

Silas sighed, a hint of defeat in his expression.

When it came to this particular topic, Emma was resolute and unwavering.

Whether as her match or her partner, he found himself compelled to follow her lead.

“Alright,” he conceded softly, his tone resigned.

He approached the door, pulling it open with a gentle motion.

Lucien stood there, calm and inscrutable, his expression unreadable.

Silas couldn't resist a faint smirk. "Didn't expect you to be such a smooth operator, Your Highness."

Smooth operator?

What was he even talking about? Lucien thought, a frown briefly crossing his features as Silas brushed past him and exited.

Inside, Emma had just placed a few beast cores on the table, preparing for her training session.

Lucien stepped inside quietly, his presence commanding yet subdued.

He halted midway across the room, his hands clenching into fists at his sides.

"My... my lady, I..."

Words eluded him, slipping through his grasp like sand.

How on earth was he supposed to articulate everything he felt?

Emma turned to face him, and for the very first time, she truly saw him.

He stood tall and imposing, the soft light catching the sharp angles of his jawline. His brows were sculpted like blades, framing eyes that were half-lidded yet simmering with an undercurrent of danger.

When their gazes locked, his eyes sparkled with a cold intensity, piercing and unwavering.

His frame was lean yet undeniably strong, broad shoulders filling out his fitted attire. Every movement he made was fluid yet purposeful, exuding a grace that felt simultaneously alluring and perilous.

He resembled moonlight gliding over marble—distant, exquisite, and untouchable.

Everything about him radiated elegance and power.

He was so breathtakingly beautiful that it almost pained her to look at him directly.

Emma's heart raced, and for a fleeting moment, she felt diminutive standing there before him.

A wild thought crossed her mind: to kneel before him, to treat him as something sacred.

“Emma?”

His voice broke through the silence, low and uncertain.

He could see her silence stretching between them. Was she upset?

Her heart leaped at the sound of her name on his lips.

What was she thinking? Worship? That was absurd.

No matter how captivating he appeared, he was still hers.

Her match.

Her partner.

Her man.

Clearing her throat lightly, she pulled herself together. “Ahem.”

Straightening her posture, she continued, “Didn’t I ask you to use my name? Why are you calling me ‘my lady’ again?”

Lucien’s eyes lit up with a glimmer of hope.

“You still want me to call you Emma?”

“I thought you were upset,” he replied softly. “I thought you despised the fact that I concealed the truth about being Coalball. I assumed you wouldn’t want to hear me say your name anymore.”

Emma hadn’t been angry at all.

But now that he had framed it that way, she figured perhaps a little pressure wouldn’t hurt—especially when it came to men.

Her expression grew serious.

“Now that you mention it,” she said, “I am a bit angry. Why did you keep it from me? Even Silas, who’s practically a stick in a pot, doesn’t hide things from me.”

Lucien wasn’t nearly as brazen as Silas.

That guy had no shame whatsoever.

Lucien's gaze met hers, his voice trembling slightly. "I was terrified you'd hate me. I thought you'd find me repulsive."

Emma frowned, feeling a surge of indignation.

"Do you really think so little of me?"

She stepped closer, chin held high, eyes unwavering as they locked onto his.

"If I cared about your appearance, I wouldn't have taken you back with me."

Lucien felt a tightness in his throat. "I'm so sorry, Emma. I was wrong."

Each word seemed to come from the depths of his heart.

"Please, don't make me leave. I want to stay by your side. I swear on the Beast God's name, I'll never keep anything from you again."

That was precisely what Emma wanted to hear.

Her lips curled into a gentle smile as she reached out to caress his face tenderly.

"You are the one chosen for me by the Beast God. Unless you wish to sever our bond, I will never send you away. You haven't done anything that terrible."

Lucien froze, shock washing over his features.

"Emma... what did you just say?"

He blinked, breath caught in his throat.

"You said I'm your match?"

"Indeed."

Emma stated it as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

The disbelief etched on his face reminded her of what Silas had shared—Lucien had lost his lightcore in battle.

Conclusion

In this poignant chapter, Emma stands at the precipice of her emotions, grappling with the complexities of her relationships and the weight of her choices. The tension between her and Lucien, underscored by unspoken fears and desires, reveals a profound vulnerability in both characters. As Lucien struggles to articulate his feelings,

Emma's strength shines through, challenging his assumptions and reaffirming their bond. Her declaration of him as her chosen match is not merely a statement; it signifies her willingness to embrace the life she had once feared. The warmth of their connection begins to thaw the icy barriers that had previously held them apart, suggesting that love, when nurtured with honesty and understanding, can illuminate even the darkest corners of the heart.

The chapter concludes with a sense of hope and renewal as Emma and Lucien find solace in each other's presence. Their shared vulnerabilities lay the foundation for a deeper connection, transforming fear into trust. Emma's gentle caress and reaffirmation of their bond serve as a powerful reminder that true partnership is built on acceptance and support. As they navigate the complexities of their identities and the expectations placed upon them, both characters emerge stronger, ready to face whatever challenges lie ahead. The door to the life Emma was once afraid to live is now ajar, inviting her to step forward into a future filled with love, acceptance, and the promise of shared adventures.

### What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect the tension between Emma and Lucien to escalate as they navigate the complexities of their newfound bond. With Lucien still reeling from Emma's declaration that he is her match, the air will be thick with unspoken emotions and unresolved feelings. Will Lucien finally embrace his role and shed the shadows of his past? Emma's determination to support him may lead to profound revelations about their connection, forcing both characters to confront their fears and desires head-on.

As the night unfolds, the stakes will rise, and the training session Emma had planned may take an unexpected turn. With the looming threat of external dangers, their relationship will be tested, pushing them to rely on one another in ways they never imagined. The chapter promises moments of vulnerability, fierce loyalty, and perhaps a glimpse into the deeper intricacies of their destinies intertwined by the Beast God. Will they emerge stronger together, or will the weight of their secrets tear them apart? Prepare for a rollercoaster of emotions as the story delves deeper into their intertwined fates.

Sara Lili

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