

Nine Therians and Their Only One Queen

chapter 111-120

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 121

[2,033 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 121 Summary

In Chapter 121 of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” the story unfolds with Emma revealing her lightcore to Lucien, which displays their names as a match, igniting a whirlwind of emotions within him. Lucien is initially stunned, feeling as if all his past struggles and pain have led him to this moment of joy and connection with Emma. Their embrace is filled with a mix of disbelief and happiness, as Lucien expresses his joy at being her match, contrasting with his earlier fears of inadequacy. Emma reciprocates his feelings, and their bond deepens through a tender kiss, marking a significant turning point in their relationship.

As the kiss progresses, Lucien shares a unique bonding method involving a drop of his blood, which triggers a powerful transformation in Emma. She experiences a surge of energy that elevates her rank, leading to the manifestation of a beast mark—a symbol of their bond. This moment is both exhilarating and bewildering for Emma, as she grapples with the implications of this new connection. Lucien, however, is weakened by the act of bonding, revealing the gravity of the situation and the need for Emma to help Edric, her other match, stabilize his abilities.

Lucien’s condition deteriorates rapidly, and he confides in Emma about the challenges ahead, emphasizing the danger she faces if she attempts to assist Edric while still underpowered. His vulnerability and concern for her safety deepen their emotional connection, and Emma, in a moment of desperation, uses her own blood to heal him, showcasing her commitment and strength. This act not only revives Lucien but also solidifies their bond, as she takes on the role of protector and nurturer.

The chapter concludes with Emma feeling exhausted but determined, slipping into bed beside Lucien, who remains unconscious yet restored. Meanwhile, downstairs, Corvin’s anxious demeanor hints at an underlying tension as he watches over the unfolding events, while Silas’s presence adds to the atmosphere of concern. The chapter captures a blend of love, sacrifice, and the complexities of their intertwined fates, setting the stage for the challenges that lie ahead.

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

Chapter 121: Proof

That must be the reason he was unaware. Silas, too, had only discovered that he was her match when he accidentally overheard a conversation between her and Edric.

“I forgot you lost your lightcore. Maybe you didn’t catch the news,” Emma remarked, a hint of concern lacing her voice.

With a swift motion, she retrieved her lightcore, the device illuminating her face as she angled the screen towards him. “Look,” she urged, her voice a mixture of excitement and anxiety.

Lucien’s gaze locked onto the glowing display, his heart racing. There it was, in radiant clarity—his name nestled right beside hers, glowing softly in the dim light.

For what felt like an eternity, he stood frozen, the world around him blurring into insignificance.

It was surreal. As if the very cosmos had conspired to tell him that all the pain he had endured was somehow justified.

Every scar etched into his skin. Every sleepless night spent wrestling with doubt. Every moment of uncertainty that had plagued him.

All of it had led to this.

A grin broke across his face, youthful and bright. “Emma,” he breathed, the sound a mix of disbelief and joy.

He drew her into his arms, holding her as if she were the most precious thing in existence, as if he could never bear to let her go. “I can’t believe this is real. I’m so incredibly happy.”

He was truly her match.

“I thought I’d have to start off as just your follower,” he chuckled nervously, a tremor of laughter escaping his lips. “I figured that after earning your trust and gaining the approval of your other matches, maybe—just maybe—I could prove myself worthy of you.”

Emma looked up at him, her heart swelling with warmth and affection.

“I’m happy too. I couldn’t have asked for a better match,” she confessed, her voice soft yet firm.

With a gentle caress, Lucien cupped her face in his hands and kissed her.

It was a moment he had envisioned countless times but had never dared to turn into reality.

Her lips were as soft as he had always imagined—warm and sweet, like a gentle summer breeze.

His kiss was nothing like Silas’s; where Silas had kissed like a tempest, wild and consuming, Lucien’s kiss was a tender whisper, patient and cautious, allowing her to respond in her own time.

He gave her space, yet she could still feel the steady rhythm of his heartbeat against her skin, a comforting reminder of their connection.

When he finally pulled back, her lips were flushed, slightly swollen from the tenderness of his kiss.

He couldn’t help but glance at them once more, and then he leaned in again, this time with a sense of urgency.

He bit his tongue, pressing his mouth against hers, allowing a single drop of his blood to slip between their lips.

—

A phoenix’s cry echoed in Emma’s mind, reverberating through her very being.

Heat surged within her, a wild energy flooding her veins, igniting every nerve ending with life.

Lucien held her close, one hand resting firmly against her chest. “Don’t panic, Emma. Just breathe. Take it slow,” he instructed, his voice steady yet filled with concern.

He guided her, intertwining his power with hers, steadying the tempest of energy that rushed through her. In an instant, she felt her strength surge, elevating to Rank 5. The residual power pooled within her chest, glowing with an intensity that felt as if her heart was ablaze.

Emma gasped, her chest feeling as if it were on fire.

The heat pulsed deep beneath her skin, spreading outward until it felt like something primal was clawing to break free.

Just as the sensation peaked, she tore her shirt open in alarm, revealing a fiery red phoenix that spread its wings across her chest, glowing like molten gold against her skin.

Her eyes widened as she looked at Lucien, bewildered. “What is this?”

Lucien smiled weakly, his eyes filled with a mix of pride and exhaustion. “Emma, that’s my beast mark.”

Her brows furrowed in confusion.

“Beast marks only manifest when a pair is officially bonded. How did this happen?” she questioned, her mind racing.

He had only given her a single drop of blood.

Lucien’s voice dropped to a whisper, heavy with gravity. “It’s a bonding method unique to my kind—the Aurelias.”

He looked drained, as if the very act of speaking was a monumental effort, and sank onto the bed, his strength waning.

He reached for her, gently pulling her until she was seated on his lap, their connection palpable in the charged air between them.

“Emma,” he murmured, his voice strained yet tender, “I know about your promise to Edric. I never intended to take anything from him.”

He inhaled sharply, gathering his thoughts.

“Edric’s ability is on the verge of collapse. He must level up this month. When he does, you’ll need to help him stabilize,” he explained, his tone grave.

Lucien’s strength was fading quickly. The sacrifice of giving her his blood had drained him entirely. He could barely maintain his human form, slumping against her shoulder, his breath uneven.

“You’re only Rank 4,” he whispered, concern etching his features. “Even if you absorb cores faster than anyone else, you’ll barely reach early Rank 5.”

His voice softened, almost pleading. “But aiding a Rank 10 male to ascend while you’re only at Rank 5... that’s a death sentence.”

His hand brushed against her arm, trembling with the weight of his words. “My blood carries my power. It’s already brought you to the peak of Rank 5. If you keep training, you might just reach Rank 6 before the month ends.”

He managed a faint smile, though his eyes dimmed with fatigue.

“That way, when Edric needs you, you won’t be destroyed in the process.”

“Emma,” he breathed, his voice barely audible, “I’ll likely turn back into Coalball soon. In a few days, take me to the Aurelias. And... one more thing. Aria is my sister. My real sister.”

He thought to himself, So don’t get the wrong idea.

Before Emma could respond, his form shimmered, a sudden transformation that left her breathless. His body shrank in an instant, feathers replacing skin as he fell limp onto the bed.

“Lucien!”

Panic surged through her as she leaned forward, heart racing. In a moment of desperation, she pricked her finger, letting her blood drip into his tiny beak.

She understood what had happened. His sacrifice had drained him completely. His wounds remained open, and his energy was utterly spent.

That was the reason his healing was so slow.

After a few moments, his breathing steadied, and relief washed over her like a tidal wave. Her blood acted as a balm for him.

Without a second thought, she drew a small blade and cut her palm, pressing it to his beak, allowing him to drink.

Her blood was a miracle for therians.

After just a few mouthfuls, the tiny Coalball shimmered once more. His body expanded, feathers melting into skin until he lay before her again—a tall, breathtaking man.

But he remained unconscious.

She offered him a few more drops, stopping only when she felt his energy surge back, vibrant and strong.

Sealing her wound with a healing potion, she swallowed a vial of the same potion, feeling the effects wash over her.

Her head spun, limbs heavy with exhaustion. She stumbled toward the bathroom, splashing cold water on her face, hoping to wash away the lingering traces of blood and heat.

Afterward, she slipped into one of the silky nightgowns Silas had prepared for her. It clung to her body like liquid light, far too revealing for her comfort, but in that moment, she didn't care.

Climbing into bed beside Lucien, she closed her eyes, surrendering to the fatigue that enveloped her.

—

Downstairs, Corvin stood near the staircase, his eyes darting up toward the third floor every few seconds, a mixture of concern and curiosity etched on his face.

Silas emerged from his room, catching sight of Corvin lurking in the shadows. A frown creased his brow.

"It's the middle of the night," he said coolly, his voice slicing through the stillness. "Why aren't you asleep? What are you watching?"

Corvin grabbed his arm, pulling him close, urgency lacing his whisper.

Conclusion

As the chapter comes to a close, Emma stands at a pivotal crossroads, her heart racing with the weight of newfound love and responsibility. The bond she shares with Lucien has awakened a dormant power within her, a manifestation of their connection that she never anticipated. This moment, so charged with emotion and energy, signifies not just the merging of their fates but also the dawning of a life she was once too afraid to embrace. The tender kiss that ignited her transformation was more than just a physical act; it was a promise of partnership, of strength, and of the courage to face the unknown together. Emma's fears begin to dissipate, replaced by a fierce determination to protect what they have forged, even as the shadows of her past loom ominously in the background.

Lucien's sacrifice and vulnerability serve as a poignant reminder of the stakes involved in their journey. With each revelation, Emma is thrust deeper into a world fraught with danger, yet she finds solace in the bond they share. As she lays beside him, the exhaustion of the night settles over her, but it is accompanied by an unwavering resolve. She knows that the path ahead will be fraught with challenges, especially with Edric's impending crisis, but she is ready to confront them head-on. The warmth of Lucien's presence beside her offers a flicker of hope amidst the uncertainty, a beacon guiding her toward a life she once shied away from. In this moment of quiet, Emma realizes that she is no longer just a follower in her own story; she is a powerful force in her own right, ready to embrace the life she was once afraid to live.

Sara Lili

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

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When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 122

[2,046 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 122 Summary

In Chapter 122 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Corvin and Silas engage in a tense conversation filled with worry and sarcasm. Corvin is anxious about Prince Lucien's presence and the potential for him to reveal Corvin's strictness towards him to Emma. Silas tries to reassure Corvin, insisting that Lucien is too proud to complain, which eases Corvin's tension and allows him to joke about their brotherly bond. However, Silas is left with a sense of foreboding, realizing he may have overlooked the unique bonding ritual of the Aurelias and that things could become complicated.

As morning breaks, Lucien awakens to discover that he has healed completely and his power has surged to Rank 11, an unprecedented achievement. He finds Emma asleep beside him and is struck by a mix of awe and concern for her well-being. Their interaction is tender as Emma awakens and expresses her worry for Lucien, revealing that she had given him her blood to save him. Lucien's gratitude is palpable, but he is also fearful of the risks involved in her sacrifice, urging her never to do it again.

Emma's determination shines through as she reassures Lucien of her commitment to him. She recognizes the strength of her blood and its potential to help him, insisting that she will not hold back from supporting him as family. Their emotional exchange culminates in a kiss, symbolizing their deep bond and mutual trust. Emma's resolve to stand by Lucien, despite the risks, underscores the themes of sacrifice, love, and the strength found in their partnership. The chapter closes with a sense of hope and connection between them, even as challenges loom on the horizon.

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

Chapter 122: Worried Matches

Corvin leaned in close, his voice a rapid whisper that barely escaped his lips.

“The huntress kicked you out and let Prince Lucien in. He’s still up there. Guess His Highness knows how to please her better than you do.”

Silas stared at him, his expression one of disbelief, as if Corvin had sprouted a second head right before his eyes.

“I didn’t think that metal skull of yours could gossip this well,” Silas shot back, a hint of sarcasm lacing his words.

Corvin crossed his arms defiantly, his posture rigid.

“I’m not gossiping. I’m just stating the truth,” he retorted, his voice steady despite the anxiety gnawing at him.

Sleep had eluded him entirely.

His mind was a whirlwind of worry, the thought of Lucien spilling secrets to Emma eating away at his composure.

What if Lucien decided to tell her that Corvin had been too rough on him?

Silas let out a sharp laugh, shaking his head in disbelief.

“You’re scared Lucien’s gonna complain to Emma that you bullied him, aren’t you?” he teased, a smirk creeping onto his lips.

“I did not!” Corvin barked, his voice rising in indignation.

“I took great care of him! Treated him almost like my own kid. I was just a little strict,” he added defensively, rubbing the back of his neck in frustration.

“How was I supposed to know he was Lucien?”

Silas clapped a reassuring hand on Corvin’s shoulder, his expression softening.

“Relax. Prince Lucien isn’t the type to tattle. He’s got too much pride for that,” he assured, trying to quell Corvin’s unease.

Corvin squinted, skepticism etched on his face.

“You’re sure? You promise?”

Silas nodded once, his confidence unwavering.

“If he complains, I’ll handle it.”

A grin broke across Corvin’s face, relief washing over him like a warm tide.

“Knew I could count on you, Silas,” he said, his voice lighter as the tension began to lift.

He stretched, allowing himself to finally breathe, the weight on his chest easing.

“Alright, I’m heading to bed. You’re my brother now. Once the huntress treats me better, I won’t forget what you did,” he said with a smirk, his tone teasing.

“I always pay back favors,” he added, a playful glint in his eyes.

Silas smiled lightly, amusement dancing in his gaze. “What a good friend you are, huh?”

“Yeah,” Corvin replied proudly, making his way to his room, the door clicking softly behind him.

Once he was gone, Silas turned his attention to the third floor, his jaw tightening and his eyes darkening with concern.

Damn it.

He had been careless, too caught up in the moment to remember that the Aurelias had their own unique bonding ritual.

He’d prepared for every other possibility, yet somehow, he let Lucien slip through the cracks.

“It’s over,” he muttered under his breath, a sense of foreboding settling in his stomach. “Things are about to get ugly.”

Morning arrived, the first light of dawn filtering through the sheer white curtains, casting a soft golden glow across the bed.

Lucien’s eyes fluttered open slowly, the remnants of sleep dissipating like mist.

The pain that had plagued his body was gone. His injuries had healed completely, and an unfamiliar energy surged within him, brighter and more potent than ever before.

He froze, his heart racing as realization dawned on him. His power had climbed to Rank 11 overnight.

That had never happened in the history of the Empire.

With a swift motion, he turned to his side.

Emma lay beside him, blissfully asleep.

Her small frame curled against his chest, her face pale yet serene, a picture of tranquility amidst the chaos.

Her slender legs rested across his, soft and warm, a comforting weight.

The nightgown she wore clung to her like a whisper, the fabric light as a cloud.

“Emma?”

Lucien’s voice trembled, a mixture of awe and concern flooding his heart.

Seeing her so pale filled him with a surge of guilt and worry.

He gently pulled the blanket over her, careful not to disturb her peaceful slumber.

Yet, she stirred anyway, her eyelashes fluttering like delicate wings.

Her sleepy eyes met his, and a smile broke on her lips.

“Lucien,” she murmured, her voice soft and drowsy. “You’re awake.”

Emma’s mind quickly shook off the haze of sleep, clarity returning as the remnants of the potion she had taken last night faded.

The dizziness that had clouded her mind was gone, but her body still felt heavy, her muscles weary from the toll of the previous night.

She reached out, her fingers brushing against Lucien’s face, tracing the sharp edge of his jaw, a gesture filled with affection.

“How do you feel?” she asked quietly, concern lacing her words.

“Are your wounds better? Is your ability back?”

Lucien’s throat tightened, a lump forming as he struggled to find the right words.

“You... you gave me your blood, didn’t you?”

Even the admission felt like a weight on his chest, a painful reminder of the sacrifice she had made.

He knew how rare her blood was, and she had offered it to him without a second thought.

Emma nodded, her expression earnest.

“Yeah. You turned back into Coalball and passed out. I thought you were dying. I panicked and fed you my blood. Are you okay now? Feeling any better?”

She understood that her blood had the power to heal therians, but she had never truly tested its strength.

She had only given it to Silas once before, and perhaps she hadn't provided enough then, as he hadn't recovered as quickly as she had hoped.

Lucien took her hand gently, his lips curving into a faint smile, relief flooding through him.

“I'm healed. Completely. And I advanced. I broke through, Emma. I reached Level Eleven.”

Her breath caught in her throat, disbelief washing over her like a tidal wave.

That was impossible.

Advancing past Rank 10 was something most therians never achieved, even after decades of relentless effort.

Lucien had been stuck at that peak for years, and now he had done it in a single night.

“You reached Rank 11?” she said, her voice barely above a whisper, filled with astonishment.

“You mean my blood helped you break through?”

Lucien nodded, his expression earnest.

“Yes. It was your blood. Emma, thank you. But please promise me you'll never do that again.”

His voice was firm, yet laced with fear.

He would rather remain trapped at Rank 10 forever than witness her bleed for him again.

Emma blinked, her surprise morphing into understanding.

Now she finally grasped the true strength of her blood.

She must have given Silas too little before, a realization that weighed heavily on her heart.

With determination igniting within her, she threw the blanket aside and climbed over him, straddling his waist.

Her hands framed his face, her gaze steady and fierce.

“I know what you’re thinking,” she said, her voice unwavering. “You’re just like Silas. You don’t want me to get hurt.”

“But you’re my family, Lucien. You’re my partner. If I can help you, why would I ever hold back?”

Lucien’s lips parted, uncertainty flickering in his eyes. “But-”

Emma silenced him with a kiss, her lips meeting his with warmth and resolve, her breath mingling with his.

“No buts, Lucien,” she whispered against his mouth, her voice a gentle promise. “Trust me. I won’t go too far.”

Conclusion

In the quiet aftermath of their shared vulnerability, both Lucien and Emma found themselves standing at the precipice of a new beginning. The weight of their sacrifices and the unyielding bond they forged in the face of danger had transformed their relationship into something deeper and more profound. Lucien’s newfound power was not just a personal triumph; it symbolized the strength of their connection, a testament to the lengths they would go for one another. As Emma’s fierce determination shone through, it became clear that their love was a force that transcended fear and uncertainty, propelling them forward into a life they had both hesitated to embrace.

Meanwhile, Corvin’s earlier worries seemed trivial in the grand scheme of things, as the true battles lay not in petty rivalries but in the emotional landscapes they navigated together. Silas, too, bore the weight of his own concerns, realizing that the stakes had risen far beyond mere friendships or rivalries. The dawn of a new day marked not only the healing of wounds but the dawning of a shared destiny. As they stepped into the light, their hearts intertwined, they understood that the life they had once feared to live was now the very life they were destined to fight for—together.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

As the dawn breaks, tensions rise within the walls of the estate, setting the stage for a dramatic confrontation that could alter the course of their intertwined fates. With Lucien having achieved an unprecedented power level, the implications of his newfound strength will reverberate throughout the Empire. However, the real question looms: how will Emma's sacrifice affect their bond and the dynamics of their relationships with others? The stakes are higher than ever, and the fragile peace they've managed to maintain is about to be tested in ways they never imagined.

Meanwhile, Silas grapples with the consequences of his oversight, and the weight of his decisions hangs heavily on his shoulders. As he prepares to face the fallout from Lucien's transformation, he must confront the reality of the unique bonding ritual of the Aurelias. Will he be able to mend the rift he may have unwittingly created, or will his carelessness lead to irreversible damage? The tension between loyalty and responsibility will come to a head, forcing Silas to make choices that could either protect his loved ones or drive them further apart.

As the characters navigate their evolving relationships, expect secrets to unravel, alliances to shift, and unexpected revelations that will challenge their perceptions of power, sacrifice, and love. The next chapter promises to be a whirlwind of emotions, where every decision could lead to triumph or tragedy, leaving readers on the edge of their seats, eager to discover what fate has in store for them all.

Sara Lili

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When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 123

[2,048 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 123 Summary

In Chapter 123 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Emma and Lucien share an intimate moment filled with unspoken emotions. Emma acknowledges Lucien's protective nature and expresses her desire to protect him in

return. This connection deepens as she kisses him gently, feeling the intensity of their bond through the beast mark she bears. The emotions coursing through Lucien—his guilt, devotion, and love—ignite a passionate response within her, creating a powerful sense of intimacy between them.

As their kiss deepens, Lucien's teasing remark about Emma's revealing nightgown introduces a lighthearted moment amid the intensity. Emma feels a wave of embarrassment at her attire, which was chosen by Silas, and Lucien's playful banter helps ease her discomfort. His reassurances highlight his understanding of her character, suggesting that he sees beyond the surface and recognizes her strength. This moment reveals the dynamic between them, where Lucien's calm exterior masks a more complex inner world.

Lucien's protective nature comes to the forefront as he assists Emma in changing her clothes, demonstrating his care and attentiveness. Emma's determination to dress herself is met with Lucien's gentle insistence, and she eventually relents, allowing him to help. This moment of vulnerability enhances their bond, showcasing the tenderness that exists alongside their passionate connection.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Corvin and Silas speculate about Lucien's extended time with Emma, hinting at a playful rivalry and the complexities of their relationships. Corvin's teasing comments about Silas's outfit and his own lack of suitable clothing create a humorous contrast to the emotional depth of Emma and Lucien's interaction.

As Lucien and Emma finally descend the stairs together, Lucien's protective demeanor and concern for Emma's well-being are evident. His insistence that she rest after giving him her blood underscores his deep care for her, while Emma's reassurance that she is fine reflects her growing strength and resilience. Together, they stand ready to face whatever challenges lie ahead, united in their bond and mutual support.

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

****Chapter 123: Promises****

The air was thick with unspoken emotions as Emma gazed into Lucien's eyes, a torrent of feelings swirling between them. "You protect me," she murmured, her voice steady yet filled with an earnest intensity. "You fight for me. You'd give everything for me."

With a tender resolve, she continued, "So let me protect you in my own way."

It was only blood, she reminded herself, a mere physical substance that could be replaced with a few potions. After all, she had spilled far more than this while hunting beasts in the wild.

As her words faded into the stillness of the room, she leaned forward, pressing her lips to the space between his brows—a kiss that was both slow and tender, infused with a warmth that seemed to linger in the air.

Being bonded to Lucien was an experience unlike any other. Now, with his beast mark etched upon her, she could feel the tumultuous emotions coursing through him—his guilt, his unwavering devotion, and the fierce love he held for her. Each sensation pulsed within her chest like a living flame, igniting her very soul.

The intensity of that wild surge hit Emma like a bolt of lightning, electrifying and overwhelming, making it impossible to turn away. Her fingers brushed over Lucien's lips, tracing their shape as if she were trying to memorize every contour.

His crimson eyes flickered with an inner heat, glowing brighter and dimmer like a flame struggling against a fierce wind.

"Emma," he whispered, his voice a low, rough murmur that sent shivers down her spine. "Don't you want to kiss me?"

She could see the muscles in his throat work as he swallowed, every fiber of his being taut with restraint, a tension that made her heart race.

Before she could form a response, Lucien's hand slipped around her waist, pulling her close, their bodies fitting together like two pieces of a puzzle. Their lips met in a soft yet burning kiss, deep and slow, as if they were savoring the moment, drawing it out like the sweetest of desserts.

He laid her down gently, his fingers trailing across her skin, coaxing her deeper into the warmth of their shared intimacy. By the time he finally released her, Emma felt as though she had melted against him, a puddle of warmth and affection.

Lucien's gaze drifted down to her, sweeping over the delicate fabric of her thin nightgown. A faint smirk danced on his lips, teasing and playful.

"This outfit," he said, amusement coloring his tone, "Silas picked it, didn't he?"

Emma blinked, suddenly aware of the scandalous garment she wore.

Her cheeks flushed a deep scarlet, embarrassment washing over her in waves. "That idiot Silas," she thought, mortified. How could he not pack a single normal piece of clothing for her?

Lucien chuckled softly, the sound low and teasing, a melody that wrapped around her like a warm blanket. "I'll have new clothes sent up today. You can keep this one for special occasions. It's not exactly something to lounge around in."

Emma's blush deepened, the heat creeping up her neck. "I wasn't planning to wear it around the house," she protested, the very idea of strutting down the hall in such attire making her want to sink into the floor and disappear.

The thought of facing anyone else in such a revealing outfit was enough to make her heart race with embarrassment.

Lucien's smile softened, his tone gentle as he reassured her. "I know you're not that kind of woman. Silas just has terrible taste. I'll deal with him later."

Though he said it lightly, Emma sensed an undercurrent of darkness in his words. Suddenly, she felt a pang of sympathy for Silas.

In that moment, she realized that Lucien was not as mild as he appeared. He seemed calm on the surface, but beneath that composed exterior lurked thoughts that were sharp and potentially dangerous.

Yet, despite the storm brewing within him, being near Lucien made her feel safe, cocooned in a warmth that shielded her from the world.

As he walked over to the closet, his expression was cold as he surveyed the rows of clothing. So, Silas truly expected her to wear revealing pieces at home and extravagant gowns or battle suits outside?

Lucien pulled out a simple outfit, his brow furrowing slightly as he turned back to her. "Put this on for now. I'll have more made that actually fit you."

Emma shook her head quickly, determination in her voice. "You don't have to do that. I have clothes in my storage band."

Well, except for the nightwear. That was still with Edric, a thought that made her uneasy. She hadn't anticipated Silas's boldness in choosing her attire.

She reached into her ring, pulling out a few sets of clothing, but Lucien immediately dismissed his choice, opting instead for one of hers. He helped her dress, his hands careful and sure, a gentleness that made her heart flutter.

Emma had tried to insist on dressing herself, but after a few soft-spoken words from him, she relented, allowing him to assist her.

Downstairs, Corvin lounged on the couch, flicking through channels on his lightcore screen with a lazy air. Beside him, Silas reclined in his command uniform, one hand resting against his temple, eyes closed as if he were half-asleep.

Corvin glanced at the time, noting that it was nearly ten. Lucien still hadn't emerged from the huntress's room. What on earth could that prince have done to keep her occupied all night?

Could it be that he was even more favored than Edric? A frown creased Corvin's brow, annoyance flashing across his features.

He reached over and jabbed Silas's arm hard, a mischievous grin playing on his lips. "What's with the fancy outfit? Planning to charm the huntress?"

Corvin squinted, a teasing edge to his voice. "Or is this your way of testing if the whole uniform fantasy thing actually works?"

He pondered for a moment, then frowned again. Perhaps he should go change too, but then he remembered what his own uniforms looked like—gray, dull, and utterly miserable. Even he couldn't stand them, and he was certain the huntress wouldn't either.

Silas remained still, a statue of calm, not even bothering to open his eyes. "You'll know soon enough," he replied, his voice slow and cool, a hint of mystery in his tone.

At that moment, Lucien appeared at the top of the stairs, with Emma leaning against him, looking both radiant and slightly disheveled. He guided her gently, one arm wrapped around her waist, offering both support and a sense of security.

When he spoke, his tone was quiet and protective, a soothing balm to the tension in the air. "If there's anything you need, tell me. Let me do it."

"You gave me too much of your blood last night," he continued, concern etched in his features. "You're still weak. You need to rest."

"I got it," Emma replied, offering him a tired smile. He had expressed the same sentiment at least a dozen times, and she knew he cared deeply.

"Don't worry. I'm not doing anything today," she reassured him, feeling a sense of calm wash over her as they stood together, ready to face whatever came next.

Conclusion

In this pivotal moment, Emma stands on the threshold of a life she once feared, transformed by love and vulnerability. The bond she shares with Lucien has deepened, intertwining their fates and illuminating the shadows of their pasts. As she allows herself to embrace her emotions, the weight of her fears begins to lift, replaced by a fierce determination to protect him just as he has protected her. The kiss they shared was not merely an act of passion; it was a promise—a vow to face the uncertainties of their world together, fortified by the warmth of their connection. Emma's heart, once guarded,

now beats in rhythm with Lucien's, a testament to the power of love to heal and empower.

As they descend the stairs, the atmosphere shifts, filled with a new sense of camaraderie and shared purpose. Lucien's protective nature shines through, ensuring Emma feels safe and cherished, while her resolve to stand by him strengthens. The teasing banter from Corvin and Silas adds a touch of levity, reminding them both that even amidst the storm, there is room for laughter and light. Emma's quiet confidence blossoms, signaling her readiness to embrace this new chapter of her life, one where she is not just a huntress but a partner, a protector, and a woman unafraid to live fully. Together, they step into the unknown, their hearts intertwined, ready to face whatever challenges lie ahead.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

In the upcoming chapter, readers will witness the delicate balance between vulnerability and strength as Emma navigates her newfound bond with Lucien. As she grapples with the intensity of their connection, the emotional stakes rise, and the complexities of their relationship deepen. Expect heartwarming moments of intimacy interwoven with the looming shadows of external threats that challenge their fragile peace. With Silas and Corvin lurking in the background, their playful banter may take a more serious turn, revealing hidden tensions and allegiances that could alter the dynamics of their group.

Moreover, the chapter promises to unravel more of Lucien's enigmatic character. While he has shown a protective side, hints of his darker nature will come to the forefront, raising questions about his past and the burdens he carries. Emma's resolve to stand by him will be tested as they confront not only their feelings for each other but also the external forces that threaten to tear them apart. As secrets are unveiled and alliances are forged, readers can anticipate a thrilling blend of romance, intrigue, and the ever-present danger that looms over them. Prepare for an emotional rollercoaster that will leave you breathless and eager for more!

Sara Lili

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When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 124

[2,104 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 124 Summary

In Chapter 124 of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Emma finds herself at a crucial juncture in her life, supported by Lucien, whose concern for her well-being is evident. As they descend the stairs together, the bond between them deepens, creating a palpable tension in the room when Corvin realizes that Emma and Lucien have formed a significant connection. This revelation stirs unease among the other characters, particularly Edric, who enters the scene with exhaustion, only to be confronted with the unexpected dynamics between Emma and Lucien.

Lucien’s announcement of his advancement to Rank 11 takes everyone by surprise, especially Corvin and Edric, who are caught off guard by the implications of this new status. Lucien explains that he bonded with Emma to strengthen her, a move that highlights his protective nature. The room is charged with a mix of disbelief and admiration as they grapple with the reality of Lucien’s ascension and its impact on their relationships. The unique bonding method of the Aurelia family is introduced, emphasizing the rarity and significance of this connection.

As the conversation unfolds, Edric presents Emma with gifts from the Violet Obsidian Clan, showcasing a moment of tenderness between them. Emma’s compassion shines through as she invites Edric to rest by her side, offering comfort amidst the tension. Meanwhile, Corvin grapples with feelings of jealousy and inadequacy as he observes the closeness between Emma and the others. Silas, too, seeks Emma’s comfort, adding to the emotional complexity of the scene.

Lucien takes charge of the situation, asserting his authority and directing Corvin to prepare for their impending move to the Interstellar Hunter Alliance headquarters. Corvin’s reluctance and desperation to avoid the task reveal his inner turmoil and fear of being overshadowed. Lucien’s firm demeanor underscores the shifting dynamics in their relationships, as he establishes himself as a leader while also protecting Emma. The chapter closes on a note of urgency, as Corvin scrambles to adapt to the new expectations placed upon him, highlighting the challenges and changes that lie ahead for all characters involved.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

Chapter 124: Rank Up

“Whatever needs to be done, you’ll handle it.”

Lucien’s voice carried a weight of concern that Emma could feel deep in her bones. She was acutely aware of his worry, a palpable thread that connected them even in silence.

Emma was not the type to overexert herself. She cherished her body, treating it like a sacred vessel, more precious than gold or jewels.

As Lucien examined her pale complexion, a flicker of understanding passed between them. He finally nodded, a look of quiet satisfaction settling on his features.

With gentle determination, he wrapped his arm around her, providing a steadying presence as they descended the stairs together.

“Huntress, you—”

Corvin’s voice faltered, abruptly cut off as he caught a whiff of Lucien’s scent, thick and unmistakable in the air.

His eyes widened in disbelief. “Huntress, you and Prince Lucien... you bonded?”

A sinking feeling gripped his stomach. Wasn’t Edric supposed to be first in line for this? And he, Corvin, second?

At that moment, the door creaked open, revealing Edric, who stepped inside with an air of exhaustion clinging to him like a heavy cloak.

But as soon as the words left Corvin’s mouth, Edric’s demeanor shifted. He straightened, his gaze locking onto Emma and Lucien on the staircase.

“I...” Emma began, ready to explain the situation, but Lucien’s voice cut through the tension with a soothing calm.

“Emma,” he said gently, “let me speak.”

Their eyes met, and in that instant, the warmth radiating from Lucien’s gaze brought a sense of peace to her tumultuous heart. She nodded, a silent agreement to let him take the lead.

With care, Lucien guided her to the couch, ensuring she was settled comfortably before turning to face the others.

His eyes swept over each of them—Edric, Silas, Corvin—measuring their reactions.

The atmosphere in the room shifted dramatically, a palpable tension hanging in the air, thick and electric.

Corvin and Edric stiffened, their expressions a mix of shock and disbelief.

“You... you’re Rank 11?” Corvin stammered, the words barely escaping his lips.

The last anyone had known, Lucien had been teetering on the edge of Rank 10, a position from which no one in the Empire believed he would ever ascend.

Yet here he stood, defying expectations. Only Silas maintained his composure, arms crossed, an unflappable calmness enveloping him.

Lucien’s voice was steady as he spoke, “I advanced because of Emma. I’ll explain that later.”

He paused, his expression inscrutable. “Right now, we need to discuss my bond with her.”

His gaze traversed the room, lingering on each man in turn. “The Aurelia family possesses a unique method of bonding. I’m sure you’ve heard about it.”

His eyes finally settled on Edric.

“Edric,” he said in a low, measured tone, “you’re on the brink of evolving. When that happens, Emma will need to assist you in balancing your power. But at Rank 4, she was still vulnerable. That could have been perilous.”

Lucien’s gaze softened as he looked back at Emma. “I bonded with her to make her stronger.”

Corvin slapped his forehead in frustration. “Why didn’t I think of bonding with the huntress another way sooner?”

He felt like a complete fool for not considering it earlier.

Silas, who had been watching the exchange, finally spoke up. “Because only the Aurelias and the Drakonids can achieve that kind of bond. Even if you had thought of it, it wouldn’t have changed anything.”

That bond was a gift from the Beast God, not something that could be appropriated by anyone else.

Corvin let out a quiet groan, his mood darkening.

He couldn’t bring himself to meet Lucien’s gaze. Leaning closer to Silas, he whispered, “So, does that mean we’re bound to follow whatever he commands now?”

Silas smirked, amusement dancing in his eyes. “You could always refuse.”

Corvin blinked, the thought of defiance sending a chill down his spine. He wouldn't dare challenge Lucien.

Lucien, however, paid no mind to their exchange. His focus was firmly on Edric.

"Edric, have you dealt with the Violet Obsidian Clan?"

Edric nodded, his tone calm yet weary. "It's handled. Thero and Jimmy returned to their clan. Something urgent came up."

He rummaged through his pocket, producing a storage band, and stepped closer to Emma.

"Emma, these are the items I brought back for you from the Violet Obsidian Clan. I hope they bring you joy."

Emma accepted the ring, her heart aching as she noticed the shadows under Edric's eyes.

"Thank you, Edric," she murmured, her voice soft and sincere. "I don't even need to look closely. I know I'll adore them."

She reached out, gently pulling him down to sit beside her.

"Take a moment to rest. I'll soothe you later," she promised, her tone tender.

Edric leaned into her shoulder, surrendering to her warmth without hesitation.

He closed his eyes, inhaling her scent, allowing the tension of the day to dissipate.

Corvin observed them with a low grumble.

Perfect. Lucien had claimed the top rank, and Edric was receiving all her affection.

What was left for him and Silas?

Silas glanced their way, then tilted his head, leaning against Emma's other shoulder.

"Emma," he said quietly, "my wounds still ache. I'm utterly drained."

Emma recognized his feigned exhaustion but chose not to push him away.

She allowed him to stay close, offering comfort in her presence.

Corvin's eyes widened, a surge of envy rising within him.

He wanted to lean in too, perhaps even curl up in the huntress's lap.

Before he could make a move, Lucien's voice rang out, firm and commanding.

"Corvin."

Corvin froze, his heart racing.

"Emma has decided to reside at the Interstellar Hunter Alliance headquarters," Lucien stated, his voice unwavering. "We'll depart for AI in ten days."

"In the meantime, you'll need to clear your lab and relocate everything there."

"I'll have the crew start packing," Corvin replied quickly, desperation creeping into his voice.

Lucien shook his head, his expression resolute. "You'll do it yourself. Others are too slow."

He fixed Corvin with a piercing gaze.

"You have ten days. No delays. Can you manage that?"

Corvin's face lost all color.

Ten days confined to his lab? The thought made him want to weep.

"Perhaps they could do it for me," he suggested weakly. "It might take a few extra days, but it would be fine."

Lucien smiled politely, but there was an edge to it. "Alright. If you're not in a hurry, I'll assign the next batch of warship orders to you. You can complete those first, then move to AI."

"No!" Corvin exclaimed, jumping up so abruptly that his chair nearly toppled over.

"I'll start packing right now! I swear I'll finish in ten days!"

He turned to Emma, urgency lacing his voice as he desperately sought to change the subject before Lucien found yet another task for him to tackle.

Conclusion

In this pivotal chapter, Emma stands at the crossroads of her fears and aspirations, surrounded by the men who have shaped her journey. Lucien's ascension to Rank 11 not only solidifies his commitment to her but also redefines the dynamics of their

relationships. As he takes charge, Emma feels a sense of security in his presence, allowing her to embrace her new reality rather than retreat into the shadows of her past. The tension in the room transforms into a complex tapestry of emotions, where jealousy, admiration, and camaraderie intertwine, illustrating the stakes of their bonds. Emma's nurturing spirit shines through as she offers comfort to Edric and Silas, signaling her readiness to embrace her role as a central figure in their lives, even amidst the chaos of shifting allegiances.

As the chapter closes, the weight of responsibility settles on Emma's shoulders, yet she stands resolute, ready to face the challenges ahead. Lucien's authoritative presence instills a newfound strength within her, empowering her to step into a life she once feared to live. The impending move to the Interstellar Hunter Alliance headquarters marks not just a physical transition but a significant leap toward her destiny. With ten days to prepare, Emma is poised to navigate the complexities of her relationships while forging her own path. The emotional arc culminates in a moment of clarity: she is not just a huntress or a pawn in their games; she is a force to be reckoned with, and the life she was once afraid to live is now unfolding before her, filled with promise and purpose.

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 whirlwind of emotions and revelations as the dynamics among Emma, Lucien, Edric, and Corvin continue to evolve. With Lucien's unexpected rise to Rank 11, the stakes are higher than ever. The tension in the room is palpable, and as each character grapples with their feelings of jealousy, admiration, and uncertainty, Emma finds herself at the center of a brewing storm. How will she navigate the complexities of her newfound bond with Lucien while balancing the affections of Edric and the simmering frustration of Corvin?

As the chapter unfolds, the implications of Lucien's bond with Emma will become clearer, setting the stage for challenges that lie ahead. The looming threat of the Violet Obsidian Clan still hangs over them, and the urgency of preparing for their departure to AI will push each character to their limits. With Corvin's comedic desperation to avoid his tasks and Edric's quiet strength in the face of exhaustion, the interplay of camaraderie and rivalry promises to deliver both laughter and tension. Emma's role as a mediator will be tested, and her ability to bring harmony to the group will be crucial as they face external threats and internal struggles.

Anticipation builds as readers wonder: What new challenges will arise in the wake of Lucien's ascension? Will Emma be able to maintain her strength and independence while navigating the complexities of her relationships? As the countdown to their departure begins, the next chapter is sure to be filled with unexpected twists and emotional revelations that will leave readers eagerly turning the pages.

Sara Lili

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When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 125

[2,195 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 125 Summary

In Chapter 125 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," the story unfolds with Corvin hastily leaving for the lab, driven by a palpable fear of being delayed. His urgency reflects the high stakes of their situation, as he is keenly aware of the consequences that could arise from lingering too long. Meanwhile, Lucien turns his attention to Silas, who is visibly fatigued but reluctant to leave Emma's side. Lucien encourages Silas to return to his duties as a commander, emphasizing the unfinished work that awaits them. Silas expresses his concern for Emma, promising to stay in touch even as he prepares to depart.

Emma's emotions are a mix of worry and affection as she watches Silas leave. She is torn between her desire to support him in his responsibilities and her fear for his well-being, especially considering his recent injury. Their interaction is tender, filled with unspoken promises and a sense of urgency. Silas reassures her, but Emma's anxiety lingers, highlighting her deep care for him and the weight of their circumstances. The moment is bittersweet, underscoring the sacrifices they must make for their duties.

As Silas exits, Lucien's focus shifts to Edric, who appears drained and in need of rest. Emma, concerned for Edric, suggests he take a break, but Lucien insists on speaking with him privately. This moment reveals the complexity of their relationships and the underlying tensions that Emma has begun to sense. She grapples with her feelings about the bonds between the three men and her place within that dynamic, realizing that her initial assumptions may not capture the full reality of their connections.

The conversation between Edric and Lucien delves into past traumas and the responsibilities that come with their bonds. Edric expresses gratitude to Lucien for saving his life from a dangerous situation orchestrated by his clan. However, Lucien's apology for taking Edric's place as Emma's first bond introduces a new layer of conflict.

The implications of this bond are significant, as it establishes a hierarchy among them that could threaten their family unity. Edric's internal struggle is palpable, reflecting the weight of expectations and the potential chaos that could arise from their intertwined fates.

Ultimately, the chapter captures a moment of emotional complexity as the characters navigate their duties, personal sacrifices, and the intricate web of their relationships. Emma's role as the huntress places her at the center of their struggles, while the men grapple with their identities and responsibilities in relation to her. The calm lake outside serves as a stark contrast to the storm of emotions brewing within, foreshadowing the challenges they will face as they confront their fears and the bonds that tie them together.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

****Chapter 125: Plans****

"Emma, I'm off to the lab now. I'll be back in a few days!" Corvin called out, his voice echoing with urgency.

Without even bothering to change out of his work clothes, he bolted through the door, moving with the kind of speed one might expect from someone fleeing a dire threat. The fear of being delayed for even a moment gnawed at him, a visceral dread that Lucien would impose a warding order on him if he lingered too long. That was a task he had no intention of undertaking—ever.

Once Corvin was out of sight, Lucien turned his focus to Silas, who was still slumped against Emma, his posture exuding a mix of exhaustion and reluctance.

"You shouldn't just sit here like this," Lucien said softly, his tone almost soothing. "The outer battlefield war has concluded, and both of us vanished at the same time. There's a mountain of unfinished work waiting for us."

"You're a commander. You need to go back," Lucien pressed gently, the weight of responsibility hanging heavily in the air.

Silas exhaled a long, weary sigh, his eyes fluttering open as he turned his head to look at Emma. The warmth of her presence seemed to draw him back from the edge of fatigue. He leaned in and brushed a gentle kiss across her cheek, his voice low and smooth, filled with sincerity.

"Emma, I might not have the luxury of time to be with you over the next few days," he admitted, a hint of regret lacing his words. "But if you find yourself missing me,

remember, you can reach out anytime through the lightcore. Or feel free to come see me whenever you wish.”

A soft smile played on Emma’s lips, but deep down, she felt a flicker of doubt. Would she really have the time to miss anyone with everything that was happening? Yet, the worry nestled in her chest refused to dissipate.

“How’s your injury? Are you sure you’re fit to go back?” she asked, concern etched across her features.

Silas offered her a faint smile, shaking his head lightly as if to dispel her fears. “Don’t fret. I know you’ll be thinking about me. I’ll rest when I need to,” he reassured her, though his words did little to quell her anxiety.

Emma frowned, her brow furrowing with concern. “Promise me you’ll take care of yourself. If anything goes wrong, contact me immediately.”

She understood that she couldn’t stand in the way of his duties. He was a commander, after all, and his responsibilities encompassed the safety of the entire Empire.

“Alright,” Silas replied with a firm nod, his resolve palpable. He stood, leaning down to press a tender kiss between her brows, a gesture that spoke volumes of his affection.

“Emma, I’m leaving now,” he whispered, his voice barely above a breath.

“Don’t forget to text me. I want to know what you’re up to,” he added, a hint of urgency in his tone.

“I will,” she replied softly. “I promise I’ll keep in touch.”

Silas managed a reluctant smile, one that seemed to carry the weight of his reluctance to leave. Finally, he turned and walked out, each step heavy with the burden of parting. He was acutely aware that Lucien wouldn’t allow any of them to remain idle for long.

As the door clicked shut behind him, Lucien’s gaze shifted to Edric, who was seated nearby. Emma followed his gaze and noticed Edric’s weary expression, his face pale and drawn from fatigue.

“Lucien,” Emma interjected gently, “Edric looks exhausted. He needs to rest for a bit.”

Lucien’s smile was calm and steady, a stark contrast to the tension in the room. “Emma, I’m not asking him to work. I simply wish to speak with him alone for a short while.”

Edric, who had been listening quietly, opened his eyes and straightened up. He met Emma’s gaze, offering her a small, reassuring smile.

“Emma,” he said softly, “I need to talk to Prince Lucien as well. Don’t worry about me. I’m fine.”

Emma hesitated, feeling a knot of apprehension in her stomach, but she chose not to push. She could already sense the nature of their conversation; it was more complicated than she had initially thought. The bond between them was not as straightforward as she had imagined.

She had believed that it wouldn’t matter if Lucien formed a bond with her in another way, as long as Edric remained her first. After all, they were meant to be one family. But Lucien’s explanation had shifted her perspective entirely.

Since the moment she laid eyes on Edric, she had been contemplating how to broach the subject with him. But now that the two men seemed intent on resolving the matter themselves, she decided it was best to step back. Sometimes, ignorance was the wisest choice.

“Alright then,” she said, rising to her feet. “You two talk. I’ll go prepare breakfast.”

She tucked her hair behind her shoulder, a faint smile gracing her lips as she glanced at Lucien. “Lucien, please lend me a hand once you’re done.”

“Edric, when you finish your conversation, make sure to get some rest. You haven’t chosen a room yet. You can take mine for now—it’s on the third floor,” she added, her tone light but filled with care.

Outside, the lake lay still, its surface as smooth as glass, mirroring the calm before the storm of emotions brewing within the room.

Edric stood across from Lucien, his expression resolute. “I’ve wanted to thank you for saving my life back then. I never got the chance to say it,” he began, the gravity of his words hanging in the air.

Years ago, two elders from his clan had plotted to use him as a subject for their cruel experiments. It was his brother, Ethan, who had begged Lucien to intervene. Because of Lucien’s timely intervention, Edric had escaped the clutches of the Violet Obsidian Clan, alive and free.

Lucien waved a hand dismissively, his demeanor calm. “It was nothing, really. That’s not what I came to discuss.”

His eyes locked onto Edric’s, calm yet piercing. “Edric,” he began slowly, “I owe you an apology. I took your place as her first bond.”

Emma had never fully grasped the weight of that statement. To her, being Edric’s first bond had seemed merely a matter of affection, of who she held in her heart more

dearly. But Lucien—and every therian across the stars—understood the deeper implications.

It didn't matter how the bond was formed; the first bond always held precedence. That mate became the leader among all of the huntress' partners. Every other male would answer to him. It sounded powerful, but it was a burden that came with its own trials.

Therians held strength in the highest regard. Each one was proud, fierce, and obstinate. None of them were inclined to take orders lightly. If the leader couldn't assert control, then his authority was as good as meaningless. They might obey in front of the huntress, but behind her back, they would follow their own instincts.

Such chaos could unravel the very fabric of their family. It could even endanger the huntress herself. Edric's fists clenched at his sides, his silence echoing the turmoil within him.

Lucien's voice remained steady. "I'm apologizing for Emma's sake. But if I had to make the choice again, I would do the same."

"Edric, you can't control them. Not Silas. Not even Corvin. He wouldn't heed your commands."

Conclusion

As the chapter draws to a close, Emma stands at the precipice of uncertainty, her heart heavy with the weight of impending separations and the complexities of her relationships. The emotional arc that began with her trepidation about embracing a life filled with danger and responsibility has transformed into a deeper understanding of the bonds that tie her to Silas, Edric, and Lucien. Each departure carries with it a promise of connection, yet the undercurrents of conflict and unspoken feelings swirl around her, leaving her grappling with the reality of her choices. Emma's resolve to support those she loves, even at the cost of her own peace, highlights her growth from a hesitant participant to a determined force navigating the intricate dynamics of her life.

In the quiet aftermath of their conversations, the air is thick with unexpressed emotions and uncharted territories. Edric's gratitude and Lucien's apology serve as reminders of the sacrifices made and the burdens carried, while Emma's gentle insistence on care reflects her nurturing spirit amidst the chaos. As she prepares breakfast, the stillness outside mirrors her inner turmoil, suggesting that while the world may be calm, the storm of their intertwined fates is far from over. Emma's journey is not just about choosing whom to love but also about understanding the profound implications of those choices. With each door that opens, she steps closer to the life she once feared, embracing the uncertainty that comes with it, ready to confront whatever lies ahead.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers can expect a deep dive into the complex dynamics of relationships that are beginning to unravel in the wake of Lucien's bold admission. As Edric grapples with the implications of Lucien's apology and the weight of his own feelings toward Emma, tensions are sure to rise. The fragile balance of their bonds is threatened, and the question of loyalty will loom large as they navigate the challenges of their intertwined fates. Will Edric find a way to assert his place in Emma's life, or will the specter of Lucien's authority cast a long shadow over their connection?

Additionally, Emma's role will evolve as she remains a central figure in this emotional turmoil. With Silas and Corvin preoccupied with their respective duties, Emma will have to confront her own feelings of uncertainty and doubt. The lake outside, a symbol of calmness, may soon reflect the brewing storm within her heart. Will she step into her own power as the huntress, or will the fear of losing those she loves hold her back? Anticipation builds as secrets are poised to be revealed, and the lines between friendship, loyalty, and love blur even further. The choices made in this pivotal moment 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 126

[2,128 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 126 Summary

In Chapter 126 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Edric faces a daunting challenge as he confronts the overwhelming presence of Corvin's mech and the formidable Silas. Despite his Rank 9 status, Edric feels vulnerable, especially with Lucien as the only one capable of maintaining order among them. Lucien expresses his concern for Emma's safety and warns Edric about the powerful opponents he may face, including Marcus from the Frostveil Wolf Clan. Edric's

love for Emma drives him to challenge Lucien, not for a title, but to prove his worth and determination to protect her.

As rain begins to fall, symbolizing the tension in the air, Edric declares his love for Emma, acknowledging Lucien's superior abilities while vowing to strive for greater heights. Lucien respects Edric's resolve but urges him to focus on his development, offering to look after Emma in the meantime. This leaves Edric in a state of confusion and frustration, feeling sidelined in both his romantic aspirations and his quest for strength.

Meanwhile, in a contrasting scene, Emma finds solace and warmth in the kitchen, preparing breakfast with Lucien. Their interaction is light-hearted and filled with camaraderie, as Lucien engages in cooking and receives praise for his efforts. Emma's joy at the delicious meal and the friendly atmosphere marks a moment of normalcy and happiness, showcasing her nurturing spirit and the budding connection between her and Lucien.

Edric eventually joins them, and the trio shares a meal filled with laughter and warmth, creating a sense of home that has been lacking in their lives. However, the peace is interrupted when Emma receives a message from Drake, indicating that her life is about to take another turn. Drake's conversation with Thero hints at his growing interest in Emma and the potential for new developments in their relationship, leaving readers anticipating how these dynamics will unfold in the future.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

****Chapter 126: Persuasion****

Edric stood tall, a figure of strength at the pinnacle of Rank 9. Yet, even that formidable stature felt inadequate in the face of the looming threat before him.

Corvin's mech loomed large, a mechanical behemoth capable of crushing him with ease. And Silas? The very mention of his name sent a shiver down Edric's spine, a reminder of the insurmountable power he wielded.

Only Lucien possessed the strength to maintain order among them, a guardian of sorts, ensuring that chaos did not reign.

"Emma's other match, the one from the Enchanter Can—he's as powerful as you. You wouldn't stand a chance against him either," Lucien pointed out, his voice steady but laced with concern.

"And don't forget Marcus," he continued, "the Frostveil Wolf Clan, Rank 11. You're not ready for him."

Lucien's tone softened, though the weight of his words remained unyielding. "I don't question the depth of your feelings for Emma. But she's extraordinary, and I can't gamble with her safety. Not now."

As he spoke, Lucien lifted his hand toward the calm waters. A red spark ignited at his fingertips, a flash of raw power that sent ripples through the air. Moments later, rain began to cascade from the barren sky, shattering the tranquility with a fierce hiss as it met the lake's surface.

"Edric," he said, his voice dropping to a hushed tone, "I'll grant you the right to challenge me. If you manage to defeat me, the title will be yours."

Cold droplets of rain splashed against Edric's shoulders, heavy and unwelcoming. Deep down, he had already contemplated this scenario. He was acutely aware of his limitations, and that knowledge had kept him composed when he had witnessed Lucien's bond with Emma earlier.

"I'll fight you," he replied quietly, a steely resolve settling in his heart. "But not for that title."

His gaze hardened as he declared, "I love Emma. Nothing holds greater significance for me than she does."

Edric was painfully aware that Lucien was more suited to the role of protector. He understood that he was outmatched, and yet—

"Lucien," he said, his voice rising with newfound determination, "I will keep striving. I will ascend higher. One day, I will surpass you."

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Lucien's lips, a glimmer of respect shining in his eyes.

"I'll be waiting for that day," he replied, a hint of challenge dancing in his tone.

Every fighter who dared to reach for more deserved acknowledgment and respect.

"Until then," Lucien's voice softened, returning to its steady cadence, "focus on your development. I'll look after Emma."

Edric found himself frozen, his mind a blank canvas painted with confusion and frustration. Lucien had dropped all pretenses; he had sent everyone away, claiming Emma solely for himself.

In the kitchen, warmth enveloped the air, rich with the aroma of fresh herbs and the comforting steam of cooking. Emma stood at the counter, ingredients neatly arranged before her, her sleeves rolled up and her hair tied back in a practical bun.

Lucien entered quietly, having changed into a simple yet comfortable outfit that somehow accentuated his chiseled features, as if he were a statue crafted from light itself.

He approached her with a gentle smile, his voice playful as he asked, “Emma, what would you like me to do?”

Emma brushed a few stray strands of hair behind her ear, a smile breaking across her face.

“We’ll keep it simple today. Oatmeal and cookies,” she replied, glancing past him, her curiosity piqued. “Where’s Edric?”

Lucien’s smile widened, his tone light and airy.

“He stayed up all night. I told him to get some rest. I’ll call him when breakfast is ready,” he assured her, his eyes sparkling with a hint of mischief.

Emma nodded, her heart swelling with warmth as she began to guide him through the steps of their culinary endeavor.

Lucien absorbed the instructions quickly, his movements fluid and precise, each action deliberate and focused. He wasn’t merely observing; he was fully engaged, pouring himself into the task at hand.

Once the biscuits were baked to golden perfection and had cooled slightly, he picked one up, extending it toward her with a hopeful gleam in his eyes.

“Try this, Emma. Let me know if it’s good,” he urged, his voice gentle.

Emma took a bite, her eyes lighting up with delight.

“This is incredible, Lucien! You’re truly talented at this. I can’t believe it’s your first attempt!” she exclaimed, her enthusiasm infectious.

Lucien’s smile broadened, pride radiating from him like sunlight breaking through clouds.

“Then eat up,” he encouraged softly. “The oatmeal is ready too. I’ll get you some.”

“I’ll message Edric and let him know to come down,” Emma said, pulling out her lightcore to send him a quick text.

Afterward, she snapped a picture of their breakfast spread, sending it to Corvin and Silas with a note: ‘Lucien made breakfast. When you’re back, I’ll have him teach you both.’

Emma didn't envision spending her mornings in the kitchen every day, but if she could impart her cooking skills to them, she'd never have to fret over it again.

A few moments later, Edric descended the stairs, his damp hair tousled and a clean shirt clinging to his frame.

Emma's face lit up with joy as she pulled out a chair, her smile warm and inviting.

"Edric, you have to try this! Lucien cooked everything. It's absolutely delicious," she said, her enthusiasm bubbling over.

Lucien placed a steaming bowl of oatmeal in front of him, his demeanor earnest.

"I made plenty. Eat as much as you like," he offered, before serving himself and settling down beside them.

They shared the meal, their voices low and easy, laughter dancing across the table like sunlight on water. For the first time in what felt like ages, the atmosphere was infused with the warmth of home.

Once they finished, Lucien orchestrated the cleaning drones, guiding them as they whisked away the dishes and wiped down the counters with efficiency.

Emma turned to leave, intending to assist Edric with his mental comfort session, but her lightcore buzzed, interrupting her thoughts.

It was a message from Drake.

"Are you free today?"

Emma tilted her head thoughtfully before replying, 'Do you need a mental comfort session?'

Far away, Thero leaned over Drake's shoulder, peering intently at the glowing screen.

"Mr. Smith," Thero said with a sly grin, "did you tell Ms. Emma you're on Central Planet now? Perhaps we should pay her a visit."

His smile widened mischievously.

"I've seen the place Silas chose for her. It's far too small. You should consider getting her something better—something grand."

Then, his grin turned even more playful.

“Actually, invite her to the Aquadome. Let her experience the Thalassian Palace. I bet she’d fall head over heels for it.”

Thero leaned closer, his eyes gleaming with mischief as he watched Drake, who sat frozen, staring at the glowing lightcore as if it had personally offended him.

With a loud sigh, he broke the tension.

“Mr. Smith, you can’t keep doing this. Sure, you’re busy trying to conquer the entire interstellar system, but you still need a personal life.”

He smirked knowingly.

“Beast God has given you a match. A real huntress. You can’t just throw that away and end up like me—single for eternity.”

“Quiet,” Drake snapped, his tone sharp and cutting through the air like a knife. Irritation flashed across his face as he shot a glance at Thero. The man was relentless.

Turning back to his lightcore, he re-read Emma’s message, his fingers hovering over the keyboard as he prepared to type his reply.

Conclusion

In the wake of tumultuous emotions and uncertain futures, Edric’s resolve crystallized into something unyielding. He stood at a crossroads, acutely aware of his limitations yet driven by a love that transcended fear and doubt. The moment he declared his commitment to Emma, it marked a turning point not only in his own journey but also in the intricate web of relationships surrounding them. Lucien, the protector, became a figure of respect rather than rivalry, and Edric’s determination to rise above his current rank ignited a spark of hope. The rain that once felt cold and heavy transformed into a symbol of renewal, washing away the remnants of doubt and fear, leaving behind a clear path toward growth and self-discovery.

Meanwhile, in the warmth of the kitchen, Emma found solace in the simple act of sharing a meal with Lucien and Edric. Their laughter and camaraderie painted a picture of a home filled with love and friendship, a stark contrast to the chaos outside. As she navigated her own feelings and the complexities of her relationships, the prospect of new beginnings loomed on the horizon. The playful banter between Drake and Thero hinted at adventures yet to come, while Emma’s willingness to embrace the unexpected signaled her readiness to step into a life she once feared. Together, they stood at the threshold of their intertwined destinies, poised to face whatever challenges lay ahead with courage and resilience, united by the bonds they had forged and the love that would guide them forward.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

In the next chapter, the tension between Edric and Lucien is set to escalate as Edric prepares to confront the reality of his feelings for Emma. With Lucien's protective instincts firmly in place, readers can anticipate a gripping showdown that will test not only Edric's resolve but also his understanding of love and sacrifice. Will he be able to rise to the challenge and prove himself worthy in Lucien's eyes, or will he falter under the weight of his own limitations? The stakes are higher than ever, and the emotional turmoil promises to be as intense as the physical confrontation.

Meanwhile, Emma finds herself at a crossroads as her relationships with both Edric and Lucien deepen. As she navigates her feelings amidst the brewing conflict, the arrival of Drake and Thero adds a new dynamic to the mix. Will their playful banter lead to unexpected revelations, or will it complicate matters further? The allure of the Aquadome beckons, hinting at an adventure that could change everything for Emma. The chapter is poised to weave together themes of love, rivalry, and self-discovery, leaving readers eager to see how these intertwined paths will unfold. As the rain falls and tensions rise, the question looms: who will emerge victorious in the battle for Emma's heart?

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 127

[1,883 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 127 Summary

In Chapter 127 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," the story revolves around Emma and Drake's complicated relationship, highlighted by a series of text messages. Drake, unable to shake off thoughts of Emma after their last

encounter, reaches out to her with an invitation for dinner, proposing she cook the meal. Emma, however, is taken aback by his expectation and responds defensively, feeling overwhelmed by the idea of catering to him. In a swift act of defiance, she transfers back the money he sent her and requests that a gift he gave her be returned, signaling her desire to distance herself from him.

As Emma navigates her feelings, she finds solace in her bond with Edric, who is plagued by insecurities about his worth compared to others. Their interaction is tender, filled with reassurances as Emma comforts Edric, affirming her love for him despite his doubts. This moment highlights the emotional depth and connection they share, contrasting with her earlier frustration towards Drake. Emma's nurturing nature emerges as she uses her mental powers to calm Edric's anxieties, showcasing her strength and the deepening of their relationship.

Meanwhile, Drake is left in a state of confusion and frustration after Emma's abrupt rejection. His attempts to reach out are thwarted when he discovers she has deleted him from her contacts, leaving him grappling with the implications of her decision. The chapter ends with Drake's friend, Thero, expressing shock and concern over Emma's actions, raising questions about what might have transpired to cause such a rift. This emotional turmoil sets the stage for potential conflict and character development as both Emma and Drake confront their feelings and the consequences of their choices.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

****Chapter 127: Messaging****

“This isn't just some session for mental comfort. I promised you dinner, and I intend to keep that promise.”

His fingers hovered over the screen for a moment, hesitating as if weighing the gravity of his words.

Since the moment Drake had left, Emma's image had been etched in his mind, a haunting presence he couldn't shake off.

He found himself consumed by thoughts of her, an inexplicable pull drawing him back to her.

All he wanted was to see her once more, to bask in her presence, even if just for a fleeting moment.

When she took longer than expected to respond, he hastily typed out another message. “I've got a bounty of fresh ingredients. Would you be willing to cook them for me?”

Cooking was something she adored. Surely, that would bring a smile to her face, right?

Emma stared at her screen, her brow furrowing deeply in confusion.

What did he mean by that?

He was inviting her to dinner, yet he expected her to prepare the meal herself?

What kind of nonsensical logic was that?

“No time. I’m busy!” she shot back, her fingers flying across the screen.

With a quick flick, she opened her account, mentally counting the star coins Drake had sent her, assessing how many remained.

In a sudden burst of determination, she transferred every single coin back to him.

“Transfer complete. Sorry, but I won’t have time to cook for you anymore. Here’s the remainder of your money!”

With a decisive tap, she hit send, swiftly deleted his contact information, and powered off her lightcore. Then, she reached into her storage band, retrieving the black crystal that Drake had given her.

Handing it over to Lucien, she said with a calm exterior, “Drake gave me this. Please return it to him. Let him know I owe him one mental comfort session. If he needs it, he can come find me himself.”

Her tone remained steady, but a flicker of annoyance danced in her eyes.

The thought of seeing Drake again was unbearable.

Did he really believe she would cook for him?

Lucien and Edric had always treated her like royalty, never allowing her to lift a finger in the kitchen.

She was no longer that broke, desperate girl who once felt she had to please everyone.

“Alright,” Lucien replied, a soft smile breaking across his face as he examined the crystal. “I’ll make sure it gets sent to him right away.”

Emma felt a sense of relief wash over her.

“Good. I’m heading upstairs to assist Edric. Call me if you need anything.”

As she ascended the stairs, she found Edric sprawled across her bed, his shirt absent, and his serpent tail lazily coiling around the sheets like a contented cat.

The moment she stepped inside, he panicked, yanking the blanket over himself as if caught in a scandalous act.

“Edric, why are you still awake?” she teased, stepping closer with a playful grin.

She perched on the edge of the bed, leaning down to place a gentle kiss on his lips.

“I couldn’t sleep without you,” she whispered, her voice barely above a murmur.

His tail shimmered with a vivid purple hue as it slithered out from beneath the blanket, wrapping securely around her waist.

“Emma,” he murmured, his voice low and tinged with uncertainty, “I don’t have a powerful family like Corvin. I’m not as intelligent as Silas. And I’m nowhere near as strong as Lucien.”

His gaze dropped, a shadow of doubt passing over his features.

“You won’t ever tire of me, will you?”

Poor Edric. Always caught in the web of comparisons, forever questioning his own value.

Before he could voice another thought, Emma enveloped him in her arms. “I could never hate you,” she assured him, her voice a mix of firmness and tenderness.

“If that’s the case, then I must be the most useless one here. Are you saying you’d hate me too?”

Edric’s eyes widened in disbelief as he shook his head vigorously, the motion almost comical. “Emma, you mean everything to me. I could never harbor hate for you.”

She wrapped her arms around his neck, locking eyes with him.

“Edric, they all possess something unique. So do you.” Her tone softened, filled with affection. “I love you. Not because of any power you might wield. I love you simply because you are you. You are mine, and I am yours.”

He drew her closer, holding her tightly against his chest as if afraid to let go, as if she might vanish if he loosened his grip.

“Thank you, Emma,” he whispered, his voice thick with emotion.

She lifted a hand, her fingertip gently pressing against his forehead.

A surge of her mental power flowed into his consciousness, calm and steady, like warm water cascading through still air.

This time, his mental chaos quieted, the storms of anxiety dissipating into a gentle calm.

Finally, she released a breath she hadn't realized she was holding.

Once the connection faded, she sipped a rejuvenating potion and nestled beside him, curling into his embrace.

She traced lazy patterns along his serpent tail, her eyelids growing heavy as she succumbed to sleep.

Her body felt lighter, stronger, as if the weight of the world had been lifted.

One more potion today, and she would be back to her best self.

She planned to rest for two days, then she would offer Edric her blood.

If her blood could help Lucien ascend to Rank II, perhaps it could elevate Edric to Rank 10.

Meanwhile, across the stars, Drake sat motionless, fixated on Emma's last message.

She had previously agreed to dinner with him.

What had caused her to change her mind?

He sat in silence, grappling with confusion, unable to decipher her sudden shift.

Finally, he typed out a new message, desperation creeping into his words.

"Is something wrong? Do you need help?"

Moments later, his screen flickered with a system message.

"User is not your contact. Message cannot be delivered."

Drake froze, the weight of silence enveloping him like a shroud.

Thero, observing him, tilted his head, concern etched across his features. "Mr. Smith, what did Ms. Emma say? Did she agree to visit Aquadome?"

Drake's jaw clenched, frustration bubbling to the surface. "She deleted me."

“What?” Thero gasped, his eyes widening in disbelief. He nearly stumbled over himself as he shot up from his seat. “What did you just say?”

His voice cracked, laden with incredulity.

“Ms. Emma deleted you? Your huntress deleted you?”

Shock twisted Thero’s face, leaving him momentarily speechless.

What on earth could Drake have possibly done to provoke such a reaction from Emma?

“Mr. Smith,” Thero stammered, urgency lacing his tone, “what did you say to her? What happened?”

Conclusion

In the end, Emma’s decision to sever ties with Drake marked a pivotal moment in her journey of self-discovery and empowerment. No longer shackled by the expectations of others, she embraced her true self, fortified by the love and support of Edric. The warmth of their connection provided her with the strength to confront her past and the uncertainties that lay ahead. As she nestled beside him, tracing patterns on his serpent tail, she felt a sense of liberation, a weight lifted from her shoulders. The echoes of doubt that once plagued her were silenced, replaced by the soothing rhythm of her heart, steady and resolute in its newfound purpose.

Meanwhile, Drake’s bewilderment at Emma’s abrupt withdrawal served as a stark reminder of the consequences of misunderstanding and miscommunication. His desperation to reach out to her highlighted a growing chasm between them, one that could no longer be bridged by mere words or promises of dinner. As he grappled with the reality of her decision, the silence that enveloped him became a reflection of his own inner turmoil. This chapter closed not just on Emma’s journey but on Drake’s as well, leaving both characters at a crossroads. While Emma stepped boldly into a life she had once feared, Drake was left to confront the repercussions of his actions, a lesson in vulnerability and the complexities of human connection that would echo through the stars.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers will be taken deeper into the emotional turmoil brewing within both Emma and Drake. Emma’s decision to sever ties with Drake will have repercussions that ripple through her life, forcing her to confront the fears she thought she had buried. As she delves into her relationship with Edric, the stakes will rise, and the complexities of love, loyalty, and self-worth will come to the forefront. Will she be able to fully embrace her feelings for Edric, or will the shadow of her past with Drake loom too large? Expect moments of vulnerability as Emma grapples with her identity and the choices that define her.

Meanwhile, Drake's desperation will lead him to uncover the truth behind Emma's abrupt withdrawal. With Thero's incredulity fueling his determination, Drake will embark on a quest to understand what went wrong. As he navigates the tangled web of emotions, readers will witness his struggle between wanting to reconnect and respecting Emma's boundaries. The tension will escalate as he faces the possibility that he may have lost her for good. Will he find a way to bridge the gap, or will Emma's decision to cut him off be the final nail in their already fragile relationship? Prepare for a whirlwind of emotions, revelations, and unexpected twists that will keep readers on the edge of their seats.

Sara Lili

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When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 128

[1,986 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 128 Summary

In Chapter 128 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Drake finds himself grappling with a tense situation after inviting Emma Tibarn to dinner, only to ask her to prepare it herself. His friend, Thero, is incredulous at Drake's lack of understanding regarding the implications of his request, highlighting the rarity and value of women like Emma. Thero's frustration mounts as he attempts to guide Drake towards recognizing the gravity of his faux pas, emphasizing that expecting a woman to cook for him, especially after she has deleted him, is not only inappropriate but bewildering.

Drake, confused by Emma's reaction, reflects on their past interactions, recalling how she had cooked for him before and seemed happy to do so. However, Thero challenges him, pointing out that Emma's willingness to cook was tied to her need for financial support, which Drake had failed to consider. As the conversation unfolds, the emotional weight of the situation becomes evident, with Thero urging Drake to acknowledge Emma's independence and the pressures she faces.

Despite Thero's insights, Drake remains defensive, insisting that he never intended to bond with anyone and that his ambitions lie elsewhere. Thero's frustration peaks as he implores Drake to stop reaching out to Emma, suggesting that he should let her live her life while he pursues his own goals. The tension between the two escalates, with Drake's icy demeanor reflecting his refusal to accept Thero's advice as anything but mockery.

Ultimately, the chapter captures a moment of profound misunderstanding and emotional turmoil. Drake's struggle to comprehend the complexities of his relationship with Emma highlights his inner conflict, while Thero's attempts to provide clarity reveal the emotional stakes involved. The chapter ends with Thero firmly stating that Emma has made her stance clear by deleting Drake, leaving him to confront the reality of his actions and their consequences.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

Chapter 128: In Disbelief

Drake pressed his fingers against his temple, trying to alleviate the tension that had settled there like a persistent cloud.

His voice emerged, low and measured, a stark contrast to the storm brewing within him.

"I didn't say anything inappropriate. I merely invited her to dinner."

With a flick of his wrist, he activated his lightcore, the screen illuminating his face as he angled it toward Thero.

Thero's gaze darted across the chat log, and he felt his jaw tighten involuntarily, a reaction to the absurdity of the situation.

The muscles in his jaw clenched so tightly that it appeared almost painful, a physical manifestation of his disbelief.

"Mr. Smith," he said, each word deliberate and slow, as if he were trying to guide Drake toward some elusive truth, "what possessed you to invite Ms. Emma Tibarn to dinner, only to request that she prepare it herself?"

Drake blinked, his expression serious, devoid of any hint of the gravity of his faux pas.

"Because her cooking is phenomenal."

Thero froze, momentarily at a loss for words.

Then, a short, sharp laugh escaped him, almost catching in his throat.

He was flabbergasted, left grappling with the sheer absurdity of it all.

She had deleted him, and honestly, she was justified in doing so.

Drake frowned, confusion knitting his brow.

“What’s wrong with that?”

Thero inhaled deeply, as if bracing himself against the urge to scream.

“Mr. Smith, women are rare and invaluable. While I may not have a huntress of my own, I’ve never encountered a man who expected his huntress to cook for him.”

The esteemed Mr. Smith, the pride of the Drakonids, had truly outdone himself this time.

Drake tilted his head, his confusion palpable.

“She used to cook for me on F-268. She seemed genuinely happy to do it.”

And that was a fact he couldn’t dispute.

He was at a loss to understand why her anger had flared up this time.

Females, he mused, were a complicated puzzle he had yet to decipher.

Thero’s eyebrows shot up in disbelief.

“Wait. You made her prepare a meal for you during your very first encounter?”

He rubbed his temples, feeling the weight of the situation pressing down on him.

“What precisely did Ms. Emma Tibarn say back then?”

She must have been courteous, he thought, trying to piece together the remnants of that initial interaction.

And this fool truly believed she enjoyed it.

Drake paused, gathering his thoughts before he began to recount the events.

Under normal circumstances, he would never divulge such personal details to anyone beneath him in rank.

But frustration and confusion gnawed at him, a relentless itch he couldn’t ignore.

“I sent her star coins,” he explained. “She appeared happy and agreed to cook for me.”

His brow furrowed deeper, the realization dawning on him.

“Perhaps she’s upset because I didn’t send any this time.”

He hesitated, the pieces of the puzzle swirling in his mind.

“But then why did she return the star coins to me? She sent them back, deleted me, and left without an explanation.”

Thero simply stared, utterly exasperated, as if he were witnessing a train wreck in slow motion.

“Mr. Smith,” he murmured, almost in a whisper, “you’re the one who ended the match. Your mental power is stable now. So why are you still reaching out to her?”

He threw his hands up in exasperation.

“And asking her to cook once more? What did you expect her to do—thank you?”

He sighed, his tone shifting to one of resignation. “Maybe you should try being single like me. Sure, you miss the warmth of a huntress beside you at night. No one whispers sweet nothings to soothe your mental power. But at least you’re free. No one holds sway over you. That’s a kind of peace, isn’t it?”

Honestly, Ms. Emma Tibarn was a saint for not unleashing her frustration on him.

Just deleting him was a surprisingly generous act.

Drake narrowed his eyes, irritation flaring within him.

“What are you implying?”

His expression darkened. “Are you suggesting that I was in the wrong?”

If Thero hadn’t been engaged in a conversation with his commander, he would have stormed out in a fit of anger.

“Mr. Smith,” he said slowly, choosing his words carefully, “you wield great power, but your understanding is sorely lacking. You should have paid more attention to your huntress.”

He leaned in, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “You mentioned that Ms. Emma Tibarn was happy when she accepted your star coins and agreed to cook for you. Did you ever consider why that was?”

Drake's gaze fell to the ground, the memories flooding back.

He recalled her modest home, the bare cupboards, the threadbare furniture that spoke of her struggles.

His voice softened, almost a whisper.

"Because she needed the money."

Thero pointed at him, exasperation etched across his face.

"Exactly! You've known that all along. You just didn't delve deeper."

He groaned, the weight of the situation pressing heavily on him. "You were her first match, Mr. Smith. Everything was stacked in your favor. How could you fail to see what truly mattered?"

Drake's eyes darkened, his tone becoming low and sharp as a blade.

"When I met her, I could sense immediately that she was fiercely independent. She didn't require anyone to take care of her. Least of all me."

He crossed his arms, his voice steady and resolute.

"And I never intended to bond with anyone. My focus lies in uniting the entire interstellar system."

Thero inhaled sharply, his tail flicking in agitation, the scales along it twitching as if he were on the verge of snapping.

"Oh, splendid. That's just wonderful."

He threw his hands up in frustration.

"Mr. Smith, if your ambition is to conquer the galaxy, and Ms. Emma Tibarn clearly doesn't fit into that grand design, then do both of you a favor. Stop reaching out to her. Allow her to live her life, and you pursue your glory."

Drake didn't respond immediately, his expression hardening into an icy mask.

He locked eyes with Thero, a fierce intensity in his gaze.

"You're not advising me. You're mocking me."

Thero forced a thin, nervous smile, the tension palpable in the air.

“I wouldn’t dare.”

He wanted to roll his eyes into another dimension, but the desire to remain alive held him back. With a resigned sigh, he continued, “Mr. Smith, Ms. Emma Tibarn has already made her stance clear. She deleted you because she wants nothing to do with you.”

Conclusion

In the aftermath of their conversation, a profound shift began to take shape within Drake. The weight of his ambition, once a driving force that propelled him forward, now felt burdensome, a chain tethering him to a reality he had long ignored. As Thero’s words echoed in his mind, the realization dawned that his pursuit of glory had blinded him to the needs and feelings of those around him, particularly Emma. The moment he recalled her modest home and the struggles she faced, the facade of his indifference crumbled. He understood now that her happiness was not merely a byproduct of his generosity but a reflection of her resilience—a resilience he had unwittingly taken for granted. This epiphany carved a path through the fog of his disbelief, illuminating the emotional chasm that had formed between them.

Drake’s heart, once encased in the armor of ambition, began to soften as he contemplated the implications of his actions. He had been so focused on the grand design of uniting the interstellar system that he had overlooked the intricate tapestry of human connection woven into the fabric of life. The pain of Emma’s absence settled heavily within him, a reminder that true strength lies not in power but in understanding and compassion. With a newfound clarity, he resolved to confront his shortcomings, not just as a leader but as a man capable of nurturing the bonds that enrich life. As he stood at the precipice of this emotional awakening, he knew that opening the door to the life he had been afraid to live meant embracing vulnerability, allowing himself to be seen, and, ultimately, seeking forgiveness from the woman he had inadvertently hurt.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can anticipate a deepening of the emotional turmoil surrounding Drake and Emma’s fractured connection. As Drake grapples with the fallout of his misguided invitation, the narrative promises to explore his internal struggle between ambition and vulnerability. Will he finally confront the reality of his actions and the impact they’ve had on Emma? Expect a pivotal moment where Drake must decide whether to continue pursuing a woman who has made her feelings unmistakably clear or to heed Thero’s advice and let her go. The tension will heighten as he reflects on his past interactions with Emma, leading to a critical realization that could alter the course of their relationship.

Moreover, Emma’s perspective is set to emerge, offering insight into her feelings of betrayal and disappointment. Readers will delve into her thoughts as she navigates the aftermath of their last encounter, revealing her own vulnerabilities and the complexities of her independence. Will she find the strength to stand firm against Drake’s advances,

or will the pull of their shared history compel her to reconsider? As the chapter unfolds, expect a clash of wills and emotions, setting the stage for a confrontation that could either mend their rift or drive them further apart. The stakes have never been higher, and the outcome remains uncertain, leaving readers on the edge of their seats, eager to discover what lies ahead for both characters.

Sara Lili

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