

# Nine Therians and Their Only One Queen

## chapter 81-90

### When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 81

[ 1,934 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 81 Summary

In Chapter 81 of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” the urgency of the situation is palpable as King Maurice discusses the delivery of his son, Prince Marcus, to a young female. Maurice feels a mix of relief and desperation, believing that the union will bring hope and joy. However, he is abruptly reminded that Marcus remains in a crystal coffin, still unconscious after a recent incident. This oversight leaves Maurice frustrated but resolute; he decides to send the prince regardless, determined to ensure that the young female does not return him.

Meanwhile, Emma experiences a moment of solitude at the Interstellar Hunter Alliance headquarters. She discovers a mysterious twig that has transformed into a vibrant blue branch after a drop of her blood fell on it. This twig resembles leaves from the Crescent Divine Tree, known for its extraordinary healing properties. Emma’s research leads her to realize the significance of the branch, which could hold the key to healing and blessings for many. This revelation fills her with wonder and determination, as she understands the immense value of what she has uncovered.

In a contrasting scene, Evie revels in the luxurious gifts she receives at NexusPrime Tech, showcasing her elevated status among the elite of Central Planet. Surrounded by valuable treasures, she feels a sense of pride and excitement. The attention from powerful males, including the founder of NexusPrime Tech, adds to her confidence. Evie is strategic in her approach, planning to secure the affection of this influential man, believing that his wealth and status would be advantageous.

As Evie’s thoughts are interrupted by the entrance of Damian, the founder of NexusPrime Tech, she feels a flutter of nerves and excitement. His presence captivates her, and she is eager to make a positive impression. This chapter highlights the intertwining of hope, ambition, and the emotional stakes involved in the characters’ pursuits, setting the stage for potential alliances and conflicts in their lives.

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

\*\*Chapter 81: Feeding the Divine Tree\*\*

“The young female won’t have the heart to return him once she sees how much we’ve sent her.” The elder’s voice echoed in the grand hall, filled with an urgency that made the air thick with expectation.

Maurice, the king, felt a wave of relief wash over him. He had truly exhausted all avenues with his son. “Thank the Beast God!” he exclaimed, his voice a mix of gratitude and desperation. The thought of finally delivering the boy to the young female filled him with a sense of hope, a flicker of light in a darkened room.

He moved with purpose, his thoughts racing. He had to ensure the boy was packed and delivered to her as swiftly as possible. The elder, observing the king’s hasty movements, hurried to remind him of a crucial detail. “Your Majesty, have you forgotten? Prince Marcus has been in the crystal coffin ever since he leaped into the lake last month and was rescued. He still hasn’t awakened.”

Maurice’s brow furrowed as the reality of the situation hit him like a cold splash of water. “Right—he’s still out cold!” He smacked his forehead in frustration, realizing how easily he had overlooked such an important detail. No wonder the girl hadn’t been able to reach him; she must have been worried sick.

“No matter,” he said gruffly, brushing off the concern. “Have someone carry the crystal coffin over. We’re sending him out today, regardless. And double the dowry—hell, triple it! As long as she doesn’t send him back, we can offer her every exquisite treasure Frostveil has to offer.” The king’s voice held a fierce determination; he would do anything to ensure this union was a success.

Meanwhile, at the Interstellar Hunter Alliance headquarters, Emma found herself in a moment of rare solitude. Seizing the opportunity with Edric absent, she stealthily retrieved a fine needle from her belongings. With a quick, decisive motion, she pricked her fingertip, allowing a single drop of blood to fall onto the dark wooden stick that Coalball had brought back.

Days prior, Corvin had inadvertently toppled the flowerpot where she had planted the stick. While cleaning up the scattered soil and shattered pot, she had cut her finger, and a drop of her blood had landed on the little black twig. At the time, she hadn’t thought much of it; she simply repotted the stick and returned to her other tasks.

But what transpired the following day was nothing short of astonishing. The pitch-black twig had straightened, its color transforming into a deep, vibrant blue. Tiny green buds had begun to sprout from the branch, and by nightfall, one of them had unfurled into a

crescent-shaped leaf. A striking blue line ran through the center of the fresh green blade, reminiscent of something sacred.

What left Emma utterly astounded was the striking resemblance the leaf bore to those she had seen on the lightcore—leaves from the Crescent Divine Tree, the twin root of the Beast God. The realization sent shivers down her spine as she contemplated the implications.

Over the past few days, she had immersed herself in research, sifting through the archives of both the lightcore and the Alliance. With each piece of information she uncovered, her conviction grew stronger; this branch was indeed from the Crescent Divine Tree itself.

No wonder Coalball had valued it so highly.

According to her findings, the tree's blossoms possessed extraordinary healing properties. Regardless of the severity of an injury or illness, as long as a person still drew breath, consuming one of its petals could restore them to full health. The Empire frequently made pilgrimages to Divinar to seek blessings from this sacred tree, with its diluted nectar being transformed into medicine that healed countless therians across the globe.

In the opulent guest lounge of NexusPrime Tech, Evie's eyes sparkled with delight as she surveyed the lavish display before her. The attendants had brought forth an array of the latest luxuries coveted by the elite females of Central Planet—exclusive nutrient fluids, rare and exquisite jewelry, the most advanced storage bands, and a myriad of treasures she had once only dared to dream of owning.

Her male mates stood around her, equally astonished. The value of these gifts was staggering, amounting to tens of billions of star coins—nearly equivalent to Evie's entire fortune.

"Ms. Graham, all this... surely it's not all from the mysterious founder of NexusPrime Tech, is it?" one of her mates inquired, his eyes wide with disbelief, unable to fathom such generosity.

This man's generosity is astounding...

Evie slipped one of the new storage bands onto her wrist, a smile of pride gracing her lips. "Of course it's from him. I was saved by the Beast God's Divine Flame, remember? I'm a future high-tier Etherian now. There are already plenty of powerful males vying for my attention. It's only natural that a man of his stature would want to make an impression on me as well."

Since her arrival on Central Planet, Evie had mingled with males of the highest ranks—Rank 7s, Rank Ss, and even the occasional Rank 9 noble. Once, such company had seemed like a distant fantasy.

Now, even the elusive founder of NexusPrime Tech had extended a hand of goodwill, and she was determined not to squander this opportunity. He wasn't just any high-tier male; he was the Empire's golden patron.

"They say males of the Ashenflame Fox clan know exactly how to charm a female," Evie mused, a smug smile creeping onto her face. "I suppose that's true."

She began to strategize her next move. Once she met this enigmatic man, she would mark him first, binding him as her follower—and ultimately, her mate. After all, who wouldn't want the wealthiest man in the Empire by their side?

"Ms. Evie Graham, my apologies for keeping you waiting."

The voice that broke through her thoughts was smooth and melodic, carrying a soothing quality that made her heart flutter. Damian entered, his fox mask glimmering under the soft light, his tall, elegant figure commanding attention.

Even without seeing his face, the sound of his voice and his graceful presence ignited a spark of excitement within Evie.

They say every Ashenflame Fox is handsome... if he sounds this good, he must be a hunk too.

For once, a hint of nervousness washed over her, an unfamiliar sensation that made her heart race. She met his gaze and replied sweetly, "I didn't wait long. Thank you for sending all these gifts. I absolutely love them."

Damian's eyes roamed over the pile of glittering treasures that held little significance for him, yet behind his mask, his foxlike eyes curved as if he were genuinely pleased.

## Conclusion

In this chapter, the emotional arc reaches a poignant culmination as the characters grapple with their intertwined destinies. Maurice's frantic determination to secure a future for his son, despite the looming uncertainty of Prince Marcus's condition, reflects a father's desperation and hope. His willingness to offer everything to ensure a successful union speaks volumes about the lengths to which one will go for love and family. Meanwhile, Emma's quiet yet profound discovery of the Crescent Divine Tree's branch symbolizes her awakening to the possibilities of her own potential. The merging of their stories hints at a greater purpose, as both characters stand on the precipice of change, ready to embrace the lives they once feared.

Conversely, Evie's transformation from a dreamer to a determined player in the elite social landscape illustrates her growth and newfound confidence. Surrounded by luxury and the allure of power, she is no longer the girl who hesitated; instead, she is poised to seize opportunities that come her way. The arrival of Damian, shrouded in mystery and charm, adds an exciting layer to her journey, igniting both ambition and vulnerability within her. As the chapter closes, the threads of hope, ambition, and the quest for belonging weave together, leaving readers anticipating the unfolding of destinies shaped by courage and the choices that lie ahead.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

In the upcoming chapter, readers will be on the edge of their seats as the stakes escalate for both Emma and Evie. Emma's discovery of the Crescent Divine Tree's branch and its miraculous healing properties will propel her into a whirlwind of decisions. With Prince Marcus still trapped in his crystal coffin, the urgency to awaken him will loom large. Will Emma harness the power of the tree to save him, or will she find herself entangled in a web of unforeseen consequences? As she delves deeper into her research, the potential for danger and intrigue will heighten, leaving readers eager to uncover what lies ahead.

Meanwhile, Evie's encounter with the enigmatic Damian promises to be a pivotal moment in her journey. With her heart racing and her ambitions set high, will she be able to charm the elusive founder of NexusPrime Tech? The tension will rise as she navigates the complexities of their interaction, balancing her desire for power and connection. As secrets unfold and alliances shift, the chapter will leave readers questioning the true intentions of those around her. Will Evie find the partnership she seeks, or will the allure of wealth and status lead her down a treacherous path? Prepare for a chapter filled with revelations, emotional turmoil, and the thrill of new beginnings.

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 82

[ 1,438 words ]

## When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 82 Summary

In “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Evie Graham finds herself in a lavish room filled with luxurious gifts, a stark contrast to her previous life. The treasures, including exclusive nutrient fluids and rare jewelry, symbolize the dreams she once thought unattainable. Her male companions are equally astonished by the opulence, realizing that the gifts, worth billions of star coins, are a gesture from the mysterious founder of NexusPrime Tech. This moment marks a turning point for Evie, who feels a surge of pride as she recognizes her newfound status among the elite of Central Planet.

As Evie reflects on her journey, she acknowledges the shift in her life since arriving on Central Planet. She has mingled with powerful males from high ranks, a dream that once seemed impossible. The attention from the founder of Nexus Prime Tech ignites her ambition, and she is determined to seize this opportunity. Evie’s confidence grows as she contemplates her strategy to secure a connection with this influential man, viewing him as a potential mate who could elevate her standing even further.

When Damian, the founder, finally arrives, his presence captivates Evie. Although she cannot see his face due to his fox mask, his voice enchants her, stirring feelings of excitement and nervousness. This encounter is pivotal for Evie, as she realizes the depth of her aspirations and the potential for a relationship that could change her life. Her welcoming demeanor reflects her desire to impress him and solidify a bond that could lead to greater power and influence.

As their interaction unfolds, Evie feels a mix of anticipation and vulnerability. She is aware of the stakes involved and understands that her next steps could determine her future. Damian’s response to her gratitude suggests a genuine connection, hinting at the possibility of a deeper relationship. This moment encapsulates Evie’s journey from fear to empowerment, as she stands on the brink of a life she once feared to embrace, ready to open the door to new possibilities.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

The attendants had meticulously arranged an array of the most exquisite luxuries, treasures that the elite females of Central Planet coveted. Exclusive nutrient fluids, shimmering rare jewelry, the latest in advanced storage bands, and a multitude of other

extravagant items filled the room—each one a manifestation of dreams Evie had once held close but could never hope to grasp.

Her male companions stood there, equally taken aback by the sheer opulence before them. The collective value of these gifts soared into the tens of billions of star coins—an amount that nearly equaled Evie’s entire current wealth.

“Ms. Graham, all of this... it can’t all be from the enigmatic founder of NexusPrime Tech, can it?” one of her mates inquired, his eyes wide with astonishment, as if he had just witnessed a miracle unfold before him.

The generosity of this man is simply mind-boggling...

Evie, feeling a swell of pride, slipped one of the sleek new storage bands onto her wrist, admiring its fit. “Oh, it is indeed from him. Don’t forget, I was saved by the Divine Flame of the Beast God. I’m on my way to becoming a high-tier Etherian. There are already powerful males vying for my attention. It only makes sense that someone like him would want to impress me as well.”

Since her arrival on Central Planet, Evie had found herself in the company of males from the highest echelons of society—Rank 7s, Rank Ss, and even the rare Rank 9 noble. Once, mingling with such distinguished company had seemed like a distant fantasy, an unreachable star in her sky.

Now, the elusive founder of Nexus Prime Tech had reached out, offering a gesture of goodwill, and she was determined to seize this opportunity. He wasn’t just any high-tier male—he was the Empire’s golden patron, a figure of immense power and influence.

“They say that the males of the Ashenflame Fox clan possess an innate ability to charm females,” Evie mused with a self-satisfied smirk. “I suppose there’s truth in that.”

With a strategic mind already at work, she began to plot her next step. Once she met this enigmatic man, she would mark him first, binding him as her follower—and eventually, her mate. After all, who wouldn’t want the Empire’s wealthiest man by their side, basking in the glow of his affluence?

“Ms. Evie Graham, I apologize for the delay in my arrival.”

With that, Damian stepped into the room, his fox mask shimmering under the ambient light, his voice a soft melody that resonated with both steadiness and comfort.

Even without the luxury of seeing his face, the sound of his smooth voice and the sight of his tall, graceful figure sent a rush of excitement through Evie, making her heart skip a beat.

They say every Ashenflame Fox is strikingly handsome... if his voice is this captivating, he must be quite the sight as well.

For the first time, a flicker of nervousness danced within her. She met his gaze directly, her expression sweet and inviting. "I didn't wait long at all. Thank you for all these wonderful gifts. They're absolutely perfect."

Damian's eyes roamed over the dazzling assortment of trinkets that held little significance for him. Yet, behind the mask, his foxlike eyes crinkled at the corners, suggesting a genuine smile that radiated warmth and sincerity.

## Conclusion

In the culmination of her journey, Evie stood at the precipice of a life she once deemed unattainable, her heart a whirlwind of exhilaration and trepidation. The opulence surrounding her was no longer just a distant dream but a tangible reality, crafted by the hands of fate and her own burgeoning power. As Damian entered the room, his presence ignited a spark of hope within her—a promise of connection and potential that transcended mere material wealth. The nervous flutter in her chest was a testament to her growth, a sign that she was ready to embrace not just the luxuries of her new life, but the emotional depths that came with it. Evie was no longer the girl who shied away from her desires; she was becoming a force to be reckoned with, ready to forge her destiny.

With each passing moment, Evie recognized that her aspirations were evolving beyond the allure of wealth and status. The genuine warmth emanating from Damian reminded her that true power lies in the bonds we form and the authenticity of our connections. As she gazed into his eyes, she felt a sense of belonging that had long eluded her. The gifts, once symbols of her dreams, transformed into mere stepping stones toward something far greater—a partnership built on mutual respect and understanding. In this pivotal moment, Evie chose to step through the door of her fears, embracing the life she was afraid to live, and ready to weave her narrative alongside Damian, the enigmatic founder, and the promise of a future filled with both challenges and triumphs.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

As Evie stands on the precipice of a new chapter in her life, the arrival of Damian promises to unravel the intricate web of emotions and ambitions she has woven. With the enigmatic founder of NexusPrime Tech now in her presence, readers can anticipate a thrilling dance of power dynamics and romantic tension. Will Evie's bold strategy to bind him to her succeed, or will the charm of this mysterious Ashenflame Fox clan member lead her down a path she never expected? The stakes are high, and the allure of wealth and status will collide with the complexities of genuine connection.

Moreover, the chapter will delve deeper into Evie's internal struggle as she navigates her newfound status among the elite. The intoxicating blend of fear and excitement she feels towards Damian will challenge her perceptions of love and ambition. Will she be able to maintain her identity amidst the dazzling world of opulence, or will the seductive pull of power cloud her judgment? As secrets begin to unfurl and the true motivations behind Damian's gifts come to light, readers can expect a whirlwind of revelations that will keep them on the edge of their seats, eager to discover what lies ahead for Evie in her quest for love and dominance.

Sara Lili

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 83**

[ 2,319 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 83 Summary

In Chapter 83 of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Evie Graham encounters Damian, who presents her with six opulent vials containing high-tier serums derived from Rank 9 beasts. These serums promise to elevate the rank of her remaining mates, who have been living in fear after the tragic loss of their companions. Evie's initial skepticism transforms into hope as she considers the potential of the serums to not only strengthen her and her mates but also prove their worth to the Empire.

As Evie and her mates consume the serums, their excitement quickly turns to confusion when they collapse, having been subjected to a deception orchestrated by Damian. He had used a sedative to induce a brief sleep while maintaining an air of calm. Upon awakening, Evie learns that the serums come with a hefty price tag of 100 million star coins, leaving her stunned and frustrated. The realization that she has been manipulated deepens her feelings of betrayal and anger, leading her to storm out with her mates, who are equally bewildered by the turn of events.

Meanwhile, Damian's demeanor shifts from charming to sinister as he reveals his true intentions, having successfully extracted the funds from Evie. His actions are cold and calculated, showing no remorse as he drinks a vial intended for himself, which erases memories related to the Divine Flame. The narrative also shifts to Edric, who is dealing with his own challenges, including a confrontation with Kael, who is eager to see Emma. Edric's disdain for Kael's incompetence is palpable as he deals with him harshly, further emphasizing the themes of power and manipulation that run throughout the chapter.

As the chapter concludes, Edric reaches out to Emma, showcasing a softer side amidst the chaos. His concern for her well-being contrasts sharply with the actions of Damian and the turmoil surrounding Evie and her mates. Emma's joy upon receiving Edric's call highlights the emotional connections that persist despite the darker elements of the story, suggesting a glimmer of hope amidst the challenges faced by the characters. The chapter encapsulates a blend of betrayal, manipulation, and the enduring bonds of care and affection among the characters.

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

**\*\*Chapter 83: The Fox's Trick\*\***

"These little baubles? They are nothing but trifles. They hardly suit someone of your esteemed stature, Ms. Evie Graham. I have something far more exquisite in mind for you."

As he spoke, Damian reached into his storage band, producing six vials that gleamed with an air of opulence. The lavish packaging alone spoke volumes about their worth, hinting at treasures contained within.

"What are these?" Evie inquired, her curiosity igniting a spark in her eyes.

Though the intricate labels were indecipherable to her, the sheer elegance of the vials suggested they housed something extraordinary. The mere sight of them hinted at the rarest and most precious materials used in their crafting. If the exterior was this lavish, surely the contents were nothing short of remarkable.

Damian offered an explanation, his voice smooth and reassuring. "These are high-tier serums derived from the cores of Rank 9 beasts, meticulously crafted by Nexus Prime Tech. When ingested, they can elevate a therian's rank within a mere three days, and remarkably, without any adverse effects."

Evie's heart sank at the mention of her fallen mates. "I heard that since your arrival on Central Planet, several of your companions have tragically passed away. I was deeply saddened by this news and thought these vials might offer you some solace."

More than ten of her mates had perished, and now only five remained, all of them living in a quiet state of dread. One by one, their brothers had succumbed to mysterious fates, leaving the survivors feeling helpless, their only recourse being to grow stronger and pray they wouldn't be the next victims.

So when Damian spoke of the serums, the air around them shifted from fear to a palpable desire.

"Can these truly raise our rank?" one of Evie's mates asked, his voice barely concealing the glimmer of hope that flickered within.

Damian nodded, a confident smile gracing his lips. "Ms. Evie Graham is under the Empire's direct protection. If I were to deceive her, I would be sealing my own fate."

Evie considered his words carefully. A man of his standing would not risk lying to someone of her significance. With a sense of determination, she accepted the vials and began to distribute them among herself and her remaining mates.

"I trust you, Mr. Voss," she declared, lifting her vial with a self-assured grin before uncorking it and swallowing its contents in one swift motion.

The serum was precisely what she had longed for. If it could quickly elevate her rank, it would serve as undeniable proof to the Empire's elite that her strength was genuine. The timing of this gift could not have been more fortuitous.

Her mates, witnessing her boldness, followed suit with eager anticipation.

Damian observed with a calculating gaze as each of them consumed the serum, one after another, before their bodies went slack and they collapsed at his feet. The smile that had adorned his face vanished, replaced by a cold, sinister sneer as he silently counted the seconds until they would awaken.

Five minutes later, Evie jolted awake, her vision swirling as she focused on Damian, who sat across from her with an air of calm indifference. Her mates were slowly regaining consciousness, their expressions mirroring her own confusion.

"What... what happened to us?" she asked, rubbing her temples as she tried to shake off the remnants of disorientation.

Damian's tone remained steady, almost congenial. "Ms. Graham, you and your companions have just experienced one of our company's latest innovations—a formula designed to induce a restful sleep and alleviate mental turbulence. You've merely enjoyed a brief respite."

A formula that calms mental unrest? Evie frowned, casting a skeptical glance at her mates.

Yet, they nodded in unison. “Ms. Graham, our mental clarity does feel more stable now,” one of them chimed in.

Of course it did, Damian thought with a faint smile. He had indeed incorporated a mild sedative to ease their mental strain—just enough to lend credibility to his fabricated narrative.

“These serums come with a price tag of 100 million star coins,” he stated casually. “How would you prefer to settle the payment?”

“You... you’re charging me?!” Evie exclaimed, her eyes wide with disbelief.

“Is there an issue?” Damian’s voice was soft yet unwavering. “You’ve just consumed Nexus Prime Tech’s latest high-tier product. Out of respect for your status, I’ve already offered you a 50% discount, Ms. Graham.”

Evie found herself momentarily speechless, grappling with the shock of the situation.

Before she could gather her thoughts, Damian gestured toward the array of jewelry and gadgets. “If any of those catch your eye, I can extend the same discount to you.”

A surge of frustration coursed through Evie, her jaw tightening in response.

Ten minutes later, she stormed out of the building, her heels clicking furiously against the polished floor, her mates trailing behind in a state of disbelief.

Damian watched her retreating figure with a bemused expression, amusement flickering in his eyes. He then activated his lightcore, transferring the funds to Edric.

‘Transferred one hundred million star coins.’

The auto transaction alert chimed in, and he followed up with a text message.

“Job done. Here’s the money I owed you—plus interest.”

After sending the message, he retrieved the last vial—the one intended for himself—and drank it down in one swift motion.

Fortunately, Edric hadn’t stripped him of all his memories. The serum had only erased everything related to the Divine Flame, leaving his memories of Emma intact.

At that very moment, Edric was grappling with Kael, who stubbornly refused to leave.

To Edric’s relief, Kael revealed himself before Edric had to search for him, sparing him the effort.

“When will I finally get to see Emma?” Kael demanded, his voice tinged with frustration. “I’ve been waiting for Damian to contact me, but he’s been completely ignoring me.”

He didn’t finish his sentence. Darkness engulfed his vision, and both master and servant collapsed in an instant.

Edric looked down at the two unconscious figures, his voice dripping with disdain. “Pathetic. Truly pathetic.”

The Suncrest lineage had never been renowned for their intelligence, but their obsession with emulating the Enchanter Clan’s endless schemes and internal conflicts only made them worse. Any semblance of wit they possessed was squandered on family feuds.

With a sharp crack, Edric’s dark purple tail struck the ground, leaving a gaping crater six feet wide. He coiled it around Kael’s limp body, tossing him into the pit with a flick of his wrist.

Yet, he wasn’t entirely merciless. He left Kael’s head exposed above the ground, ensuring that when Adam awoke, he would see his master and dig him out himself.

This poison was not the same as the one he had administered to Damian. Damian’s had merely erased memories of the Divine Flame. Kael’s, however, would obliterate all recollection of Emma entirely.

Once everything was set, Edric departed without a second thought.

It had been days now. I wonder if the messages I sent to Frostveil and beyond have reached their destinations.

As the sky darkened, he rubbed his brow in fatigue, seeking a quiet spot to inject himself with a restorative serum. Within moments, the red veins in his eyes receded, and his pallor began to brighten.

Once he was certain no trace of exhaustion remained in his appearance, he summoned the courage to call Emma through her lightcore. He couldn’t allow her to see him looking so worn; it would only cause her unnecessary worry.

Emma had just stepped out of the training room when Edric’s holographic call came through. The moment she saw his name, her calm demeanor transformed, her eyes lighting up with joy. She answered immediately, and his familiar figure materialized before her.

“Emma, did you have a good day? Did you eat? Did you rest properly? What about the fruits and vegetables I sent? Did you enjoy them?”

The flood of questions didn't irritate her; rather, they brought a smile to her face. It felt wonderful to be thought of, to feel cared for.

"I had a wonderful day," she replied warmly. "I ate well, and I got plenty of rest. I loved the fruits and vegetables you sent. I even made some jam and dried fruit! I stored them away, so when you come back, we can enjoy them together."

## Conclusion

As Evie stormed out of the building, her heart raced with a mixture of anger and determination. The fleeting hope that had ignited within her and her mates was extinguished, replaced by the bitter taste of betrayal. The serums that promised strength had instead left them vulnerable, a cruel reminder of their precarious existence in a world where trust was a luxury they could no longer afford. Yet, as she walked away, something shifted within her. The resilience she had buried deep beneath layers of fear began to surface. Evie's resolve solidified; she would not allow herself or her mates to become pawns in someone else's game. The experience had ignited a fire within her—a commitment to confront the dangers ahead and reclaim their power.

Meanwhile, Edric's calculated machinations unfolded in the shadows, revealing the intricate web of deceit that surrounded them all. His actions, driven by a twisted sense of purpose, highlighted the stark contrast between his cold ambition and Evie's burgeoning strength. As he prepared to contact Emma, the warmth of her presence offered a glimmer of hope amid the encroaching darkness. The emotional arcs of these characters intertwined, each facing their own battles—Evie against the treachery of those who would exploit her, and Edric grappling with the remnants of his past and the ties that bound him to Emma. In this complex tapestry of ambition, betrayal, and the quest for strength, the path forward remained uncertain, but one truth emerged: the fight for their lives—and for the lives of those they loved—had only just begun.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

As the tension from Evie's encounter with Damian lingers in the air, the next chapter promises to unravel the consequences of her impulsive decision. With her mates now grappling with the effects of the mysterious serums, Evie will find herself at a crossroads, questioning not only the trustworthiness of those around her but also her own instincts. The stakes are higher than ever as she navigates the treacherous landscape of alliances and betrayals, and the dawning realization that the path to power may come at an unimaginable cost. Will she be able to rally her remaining mates and forge a plan to reclaim their strength, or will the shadows of doubt and fear consume them all?

Meanwhile, Edric's machinations take a darker turn as he grapples with the implications of his actions against Kael. With his own motives shrouded in secrecy, the chapter will

delve deeper into the intricate web of deceit and manipulation that surrounds him. As he attempts to maintain a façade of normalcy while plotting his next move, the tension between him and Emma will reach a boiling point. Will Edric's hidden agenda jeopardize their bond, or will Emma's unwavering faith in him be the key to unraveling the truth? Prepare for a whirlwind of emotions, revelations, and unexpected twists that will leave readers on the edge of their seats, eager to discover how these intertwined destinies will unfold.

Sara Lili

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 84**

[ 2,159 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 84 Summary

In "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Evie Graham encounters Damian, who presents her with luxurious vials containing high-tier serums that can potentially elevate her and her mates' ranks in just three days. Intrigued yet anxious, Evie recalls the tragic losses of her friends since arriving on Central Planet, which weighs heavily on her heart. Despite her initial reservations, the promise of strength and the reassurance from Damian compel her to accept the serums, igniting a flicker of hope among her group.

As Evie and her mates consume the serums, they experience a sudden collapse, awakening moments later to Damian's calm demeanor, which raises their suspicions. He claims they have merely undergone a test of his company's product designed to alleviate mental strain. However, the revelation that the serums come at a steep price of 100 million star coins leaves Evie in disbelief and frustration, especially when Damian offers a discount on additional items, further complicating her feelings.

Feeling cheated and manipulated, Evie storms out, her anger palpable as she grapples with the realization of being used as a pawn in Damian's game. Meanwhile, Damian,

satisfied with his scheme, transfers the money to Edric, revealing his ulterior motives and the darker aspects of his character. The narrative shifts to Edric, who is dealing with his own challenges, including a confrontation with Kael, showcasing the intertwining fates of the characters.

As Edric executes his plan against Kael, the story highlights the themes of manipulation and betrayal, contrasting Evie's desire for strength with the deceptive tactics of those around her. The chapter concludes with Edric reaching out to Emma, emphasizing his care for her amidst the chaos, while also hinting at the complexities and dangers 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 84\*\***

“These trinkets are nothing but mere baubles. They hardly suit a noble lady of your stature, Ms. Evie Graham. What I have prepared for you is something far more exquisite.”

As he spoke, Damian reached into his storage band and retrieved six vials, each one elegantly crafted and beautifully packaged. The opulence of their design was unmistakable, hinting at the immense value contained within.

“What are these?” Evie inquired, her curiosity igniting like a spark in her eyes.

Though the intricate labels were indecipherable to her, the luxurious casing alone conveyed all she needed to know—only the rarest and most costly materials could have been used to create such packaging. If the exterior was this lavish, the contents must be nothing short of extraordinary.

Damian explained, his voice smooth and measured, “These are high-tier serums, meticulously extracted from Rank 9 beast cores by Nexus Prime Tech. When consumed, they have the potential to elevate a therian's rank in a mere three days—without any side effects whatsoever.”

Evie's heart sank as she remembered the grim news she had heard since her arrival on Central Planet: several of her mates had tragically passed away. The thought of it weighed heavily on her, but she had been too preoccupied with entertaining new high-tier suitors to allow herself the luxury of mourning.

The remaining mates, however, were gripped by a quiet dread. One by one, their brothers had succumbed to mysterious fates, leaving them in a state of fear, desperately hoping to grow stronger and praying they wouldn't be next.

So, when Damian mentioned the serums, their fear swiftly transformed into a flicker of hope.

“Can these truly elevate our rank?” one of Evie’s mates asked, his voice trembling with barely contained eagerness.

Damian nodded, a reassuring smile gracing his lips. “Ms. Evie Graham is under the Empire’s direct protection. If I were to deceive her, I would be signing my own death warrant.”

Evie found his reasoning compelling. A man of his caliber wouldn’t dare to lie to someone of her importance. She accepted the vials, distributing them among herself and her mates.

“I trust you, Mr. Voss,” she declared, lifting her vial triumphantly before uncorking it and swallowing the contents in a single, decisive gulp.

The serum was precisely what she had been yearning for. If she could elevate her rank swiftly, she would have irrefutable proof of her strength to present to the Empire’s elite. The timing of this gift could not have been more fortuitous.

Her mates, witnessing her boldness, followed suit with eager anticipation.

Damian observed each of them as they consumed the serum, one after another, until their bodies went limp and they collapsed before him. The smile that had adorned his face faded, replaced by a cold, calculating sneer as he silently counted the seconds until they would awaken.

Five minutes later, Evie jolted awake, her vision swirling as she focused on Damian, who sat across from her with an unsettling calmness. Her mates stirred as well, their expressions mirroring her confusion.

“What... what happened to us?” she asked, rubbing her temples in an attempt to clear the fog from her mind.

Damian’s tone remained composed, almost soothing. “Ms. Graham, you and your companions just experienced a brief test of one of our company’s latest innovations—a formula designed to induce sleep and alleviate mental turbulence. You’ve simply had a momentary rest.”

An agent that calms mental turbulence? Evie frowned, her gaze darting skeptically towards her mates.

Yet, they nodded in unison. “Ms. Graham, our mental power does feel more stable now,” one of them remarked, relief evident in his voice.

Of course it did. Damian allowed a faint smile to grace his lips. He had indeed included a mild sedative to ease their mental strain—just enough to lend credibility to his story.

“These serums come at a total of 100 million star coins,” he stated nonchalantly. “How would you prefer to settle the payment?”

“You... you’re charging me?!” Evie exclaimed, her disbelief palpable.

“Is there an issue?” Damian’s voice remained soft yet firm. “You’ve just consumed Nexus Prime Tech’s latest high-tier product. Out of respect for your status, I’ve already granted you a 50% discount, Ms. Graham.”

Evie was left momentarily speechless, her mind racing to comprehend the situation.

Before she could regain her composure, Damian gestured towards the pile of jewelry and gadgets nearby. “If you desire any of those as well, I can extend the same discount.”

Evie’s jaw tightened in frustration.

Ten minutes later, she stormed out of the building, her heels clicking angrily against the polished floor as her mates hurried to keep pace behind her.

Damian watched her retreating figure with a bemused expression, a hint of amusement dancing in his eyes. Once she was out of sight, he activated his lightcore and transferred the money to Edric.

‘Transferred one hundred million star coins.’

The automatic transaction alert flashed before him, followed by a quick text.

Job completed. Here’s the money I owed you—plus interest.

After sending the message, he retrieved the last vial—the one intended for himself—and downed it in one swift motion.

Fortunately, Edric hadn’t stripped him of all his memories. The serum had only erased everything related to the Divine Flame, leaving his memories of Emma untouched.

At that very moment, Edric was engaged in a standoff with Kael, who stubbornly refused to leave.

To Edric’s relief, Kael appeared before he had to search for him, sparing him the effort.

“When will I finally get to see Emma?” Kael demanded, his voice laced with frustration. “I’ve been waiting for Damian to contact me, but he’s completely ignored me.”

He never had the chance to finish his thought. Darkness engulfed his vision, and both master and servant collapsed to the ground.

Edric glanced down at the two unconscious figures, his voice dripping with disdain. "Pathetic. Truly pathetic."

The Suncrest lineage had never been renowned for its intelligence, but their obsession with mimicking the Enchanter Clan's endless scheming and infighting had only made them worse. Whatever little wit they possessed was squandered on family quarrels.

With a sharp crack, Edric's dark purple tail struck the ground, creating a deep crater six feet wide. He coiled it around Kael's limp body and tossed him into the pit.

Yet, he wasn't entirely merciless. He left Kael's head exposed above the surface, ensuring that when Adam awoke, he would see his master and dig him out himself.

This poison was not the same as the one he had administered to Damian. The latter had only erased memories of the Divine Flame, whereas Kael's would obliterate all recollection of Emma.

Once everything was set in motion, Edric departed without a moment's hesitation.

It had been days now. I wonder if the messages I sent to Frostveil and beyond have reached their destination.

As the sky dimmed, he rubbed his brow in exhaustion, found a quiet spot, and injected himself with a restorative serum. Within moments, the red veins in his eyes receded, and his pallor became less pronounced.

When he was certain no trace of fatigue remained on his visage, he finally dared to call Emma through her lightcore. He couldn't allow her to see him looking worn; it would only cause her unnecessary worry.

Emma had just stepped out of the training room when Edric's holographic call came through. The moment she saw his name, her calm demeanor brightened with joy. She answered without hesitation, and his familiar figure appeared before her.

"Emma, did you have a good day? Did you eat? Have you rested properly? What about the fruits and vegetables I sent—did you enjoy them?"

The rapid-fire questions didn't irritate her; rather, they brought a smile to her face. It felt wonderful to be thought of, to know someone cared.

"I had a wonderful day," she replied warmly. "I ate well, and I got plenty of rest. I absolutely loved the fruits and vegetables you sent. I even made some jam and dried fruit. I stored them away, so when you come back, we'll enjoy them together."

## Conclusion

In the aftermath of Evie's encounter with Damian, she finds herself grappling with a whirlwind of emotions. The initial thrill of hope that the serums could elevate her rank is quickly overshadowed by the bitter realization of betrayal. As she storms out, her heart heavy with frustration and disbelief, she understands that the life she yearned for—one filled with strength and acceptance—has been tainted by deceit. The camaraderie she shared with her mates now feels precarious, as the weight of their shared vulnerability settles upon her shoulders. In this moment, Evie stands at a crossroads, her resolve hardening against the backdrop of uncertainty and danger. The door she had opened to a life she feared to live now seems both a gateway to opportunity and a trap of manipulation.

Meanwhile, Edric's machinations unfold in the shadows, revealing the darker side of ambition and power. His ruthless actions against Kael and the calculated betrayal of trust paint a stark contrast to Evie's emotional journey. While she seeks connection and strength among her companions, he embodies the cold, strategic pursuit of dominance, willing to obliterate memories for his gain. As the chapter closes, the juxtaposition of their paths highlights the complexities of loyalty and ambition. Evie must navigate her newfound reality, armed with the knowledge that trust can be a double-edged sword, while Edric's cunning schemes threaten to unravel the very fabric of relationships that Evie holds dear. In this intricate dance of power, both characters are poised to confront the consequences of their choices, setting the stage for a confrontation that will ultimately define their fates.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect a whirlwind of emotions and revelations as Evie grapples with the consequences of her impulsive decision to consume the serum. With her newfound strength looming on the horizon, the question remains: will it truly empower her, or will it plunge her deeper into a web of deception spun by Damian? As her mates begin to awaken, the dynamics of their relationships will shift, revealing hidden fears and ambitions that threaten to unravel the fragile bonds they share. Evie's determination to assert her place among the Empire's elite will be tested, pushing her to confront not only external adversaries but also the internal struggles that have haunted her since she arrived on Central Planet.

Meanwhile, the tension between Edric and Kael will escalate, as Edric's dark machinations come to light. Readers will be drawn into the complex interplay of loyalty and betrayal, as Kael's fate hangs in the balance. Will he regain his memories of Emma, or will Edric's ruthless plan leave him forever altered? As the stakes rise, the chapter will delve into the intricate web of alliances and enmities that define their world, setting the stage for an explosive confrontation that could change everything. With each character poised on the brink of transformation, the next chapter promises to be a gripping exploration of power, sacrifice, and the lengths one will go to protect those they love.

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 85**

[ 1,837 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 85 Summary

In "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Emma radiates joy as she shares her life with her beloved companions, Corvin and Coalball, and her excitement about the growth of the Crescent Divine Tree. Her enthusiasm is palpable as she reveals to Edric the progress of the tree, which she has secretly nourished with her own blood. Despite her hidden sacrifice, she maintains a light-hearted facade, wanting to shield Edric from worry. The bond between them is evident as Emma expresses her hopes for the tree to bloom, symbolizing her love and commitment.

However, the mood shifts when Edric expresses guilt about not being able to be by Emma's side as much as he wishes. His concern for her well-being leads him to reflect on the sacrifices she has made since choosing to be with him. Emma, initially alarmed by his apology, quickly realizes that Edric is entangled in feelings of guilt and self-reproach. In an effort to distract him from his negative thoughts, she feigns distress, playfully accusing him of wanting to end their relationship, which only amplifies Edric's panic.

As Edric reassures her of his commitment, Emma's playful manipulation successfully draws him out of his guilt-ridden state. Their exchange reveals the depth of their emotions, as Edric's heart breaks at the thought of causing her pain. Emma's gentle teasing about his supposed thoughts of dissolution serves to lighten the mood, allowing them both to reconnect amidst the turmoil of their feelings. The mention of the Beast God adds a layer of sincerity to Edric's promises, illustrating the importance of their bond.

In the end, Emma cleverly shifts the focus of their conversation by assigning Edric a light-hearted task: finding a female companion for Coalball. This not only serves as a distraction for Edric but also reinforces their playful dynamic. Emma's desire for Edric to return home and cook with her highlights her longing for their shared experiences, emphasizing the warmth of their relationship. Through this playful banter and emotional exchange, they navigate their insecurities and reaffirm their commitment to each other.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

**\*\*The Snake's Guilt\*\***

With a radiant smile lighting up her face, Emma aimed her camera toward the cozy living room, where Corvin lay sprawled out on the couch, blissfully exhausted after an energetic play session with Coalball. "Look, look!" she exclaimed, her voice bubbling with excitement. "I've been feeding Corvin so well these past few days that he's put on a whole layer of thutt! And Coalball has grown too! I think."

After eagerly showcasing her two beloved companions to Edric, she dashed into the bedroom, her heart racing as she switched the camera's view to the Crescent Divine Tree. "Edric, look! I placed a layer of beast cores under the roots, and it's already sprouted its second leaf!"

Just a few days prior, during one of their video calls, Emma had shared the intriguing tale of the mysterious branch with Edric. However, she had carefully omitted the part about nourishing it with her own blood—she didn't want him to fret over her well-being. Instead, she had spun a story about how she had accidentally dropped some beast cores into the pot, and the branch had absorbed their energy, transforming as a result.

A single drop of blood each day was harmless, so Edric remained blissfully unaware of her secret.

Her smile was tender, and her eyes sparkled with affection as she gazed at the man she longed for every single day. "I did some research," she continued, her voice filled with hope. "It says that for every six leaves the Divine Tree grows, it will eventually bloom a flower."

As Emma animatedly shared her news, Edric felt a warmth swell in his chest. Her love for him radiated so clearly, so genuinely, it wrapped around him like the sun's warm embrace, filling him with joy and longing.

"Edric, when it blooms its first flower, I'll pick it and send it to you," she declared, her eyes shining with determination. Although she had never seen what the flower looked like, she already envisioned the moment of sending it to him. "I wonder what the flower will look like?"

“Emma... I’m sorry.”

The suddenness of his apology caught her off guard. His voice was low, laced with an unmistakable weight of guilt.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, her heart racing with concern. “Did something happen? Are you hurt?”

“No, no, I’m fine.” Realizing that she had misinterpreted his words, Edric rushed to clarify, fearing that she would become anxious. “I just... I feel like I haven’t done enough for you. I can’t be by your side all the time, and now you can’t even leave the Alliance freely.”

Bitter thoughts crept into his mind. Other females could roam wherever they pleased once they had a mate, he mused. But my Emma—she lost her freedom the moment she chose to be with me.

Emma almost laughed in relief at his words, her heart settling. For a fleeting moment, she had feared something dire had occurred.

But as she observed the self-reproach etched on his face, she quickly realized her poor little snake was tangled in a web of guilt. When someone found themselves ensnared in their own thoughts, mere comforting words seldom sufficed. The best remedy was distraction—redirecting those swirling emotions to something else entirely.

With determination, Emma pinched her thigh hard beneath the table. Ow—d\*mn, that hurts!

She blinked rapidly until tears brimmed in her eyes, then looked at him through the screen with a feigned pitiful expression. “So... are you saying you want a dissolution, Edric? You don’t want me anymore?”

“Emma! No—no! That’s not what I meant!”

Edric froze, panic flooding his senses. He hadn’t anticipated that his words would evoke tears—or worse, make her think he wished to sever their bond. Seeing her lying on the desk, tear-streaked and heartbroken, he forgot all about his guilt and self-reproach.

What on earth am I saying?

“Emma, please don’t cry. I’ll never say anything like that again,” he blurted out, his heart racing.

Still sniffing, she looked up at him, her expression a mix of hurt and defiance. “You might not say it, but you’re still thinking it.”

“No, no! I swear I won’t think that way ever again. I swear on the Beast God!”

Her distraught expression shattered his heart into pieces, and he felt an overwhelming urge to punish himself for causing her pain.

The Beast God was real—a divine figure revered by all therians. A male might deceive his huntress, but he would never dare to lie to the Beast God.

“Since you swore, I’ll believe you this once,” she murmured softly, wiping away her tears. “But I’m still mad at you. You don’t get forgiven that easily.”

In that moment, any remnants of guilt that had lingered in Edric’s mind vanished. Now, all he could focus on was how to earn her forgiveness.

“Emma,” he said gently, almost pleading, “what do I need to do for you to forgive me?”

When someone is ensnared in guilt, the last thing you want to do is leave them idle, Emma thought. I have to give him something to do—something safe and harmless, and also distracting.

Her gaze flickered toward Coalball, who had just waddled into the room, and suddenly a spark of inspiration ignited in her mind.

“You mentioned before that you wanted to find Coalball a female, didn’t you? Well, that’s your punishment. You’re going to find him a beautiful and intelligent female.”

“Chirp!” Coalball squeaked in protest, but Emma swiftly pinched his tiny mouth shut before he could voice any further objections.

Turning back to the projection of Edric, she continued, “And you’d better finish up whatever you’re working on soon and come back. There are so many things I want to eat, but I don’t feel like cooking them myself. You’ll have to come home and learn to cook with me—so that next time, you can whip up whatever I’m craving.”

## Conclusion

In the warmth of their shared laughter and newfound understanding, Emma and Edric found solace in each other’s presence, even across the distance that separated them. As the tension of guilt began to dissipate, Edric’s heart swelled with the realization that their bond was not only resilient but also capable of evolving through trials and misunderstandings. Emma’s playful banter and clever distraction served as a reminder that love, even when tangled in complexities, could be a source of joy and healing. The prospect of a future filled with shared experiences—cooking together, nurturing their beloved pets, and watching the Crescent Divine Tree bloom—filled them both with a sense of hope that eclipsed the shadows of doubt.

With each passing moment, they learned to navigate their emotions, transforming guilt into determination and vulnerability into strength. Emma's gentle teasing and Edric's earnest desire to make amends forged a deeper connection, one built on trust and mutual support. As they envisioned the blossoming flower of the Divine Tree, they also began to see the potential for their own relationship to flourish. In that cozy moment, filled with laughter and dreams, they realized that opening the door to a life they once feared meant embracing not only the challenges ahead but also the beautiful possibilities that awaited them on the other side.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect the stakes to rise as Edric embarks on his unexpected quest to find a suitable mate for Coalball. This seemingly light-hearted task may lead him to uncover deeper truths about himself and the dynamics of their relationship. As he navigates the challenges of the therians' mating rituals, the weight of his earlier guilt may resurface, forcing him to confront his feelings about Emma and the sacrifices they've both made. The journey will not only test his resolve but also bring him face-to-face with the realities of their bond, leading to revelations that could change everything.

Meanwhile, Emma's determination to keep their connection strong will shine through as she finds creative ways to distract herself from her worries. As she tends to the Crescent Divine Tree and nurtures her beloved companions, her resilience will be put to the test. Will she be able to maintain her composure while Edric is away, or will the distance amplify her insecurities? The chapter promises to delve into the emotional complexities of their relationship, revealing how love can be both a source of strength and vulnerability. Expect moments of warmth, humor, and tension as both characters navigate their intertwined fates, all while the mysterious flower of the Divine Tree looms in the background, symbolizing hope and new beginnings.

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 86**

[ 1,876 words ]

## When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 86 Summary

In “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live” , Emma finds herself in a playful yet emotionally charged interaction with Edric, a strikingly handsome figure who is both captivating and intimidating. The story begins with Edric’s humorous demands for Emma to entertain him with singing and dancing, which leads to a mix of embarrassment and determination on his part. Emma, feeling flustered yet amused, ends the call before Edric can see her reaction, highlighting the tension and affection between them. This playful banter serves as a means for both characters to cope with their deeper fears and insecurities.

As the narrative unfolds, Emma takes a moment to connect with Coalball, a creature who seems to express his reluctance towards companionship. Through gentle words, she reassures him that her teasing of Edric was merely to keep him distracted from his worries. This interaction emphasizes Emma’s nurturing side and her desire to maintain harmony among those around her. Meanwhile, Lucien, who observes the exchange, grapples with feelings of envy and longing for Emma’s affection, demonstrating the complexity of relationships and the emotional stakes involved.

The story also delves into Emma’s interactions with the Divine Tree, where she humorously negotiates a deal for its growth, showcasing her playful spirit and determination. This moment reflects her desire for progress and connection with the magical elements of her world. Silas, who is struggling to regain his strength, observes Emma’s light-heartedness and feels a pang of sympathy for his own plight, illustrating the interconnectedness of their experiences and the weight of their individual challenges.

As night falls, Emma’s exhaustion leads her to a dream where Silas appears in a refined and charming form. Their interaction is tender and filled with warmth, contrasting with the earlier playful exchanges. Silas’s gentle demeanor and the intimate moment they share evoke a sense of longing and unresolved feelings, leaving Emma with a profound emotional experience as she awakens from the dream. The blend of humor, affection, and emotional depth in this chapter encapsulates the characters’ struggles and their evolving relationships, setting the stage for further developments in their intertwined lives.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

The world was not going to hand things over easily. When you return, you’ll have to entertain me with your singing and dancing every single night until I drift off to sleep.”

Just imagine it—a stunningly handsome man with a sculpted physique, clad in nothing but a sheer veil, performing for me on an enormous bed that stretches a hundred feet wide. Beneath the lush green canopy, his sleek, dark-purple tail entwines around my leg... oh dear, the mere thought sent a rush of heat through Emma, her nose nearly threatening to bleed.

“Okay, that’s enough of this torment for now.” She snapped the call off before Edric could catch a glimpse of her flustered state.

Sing! Dance!

Those were requests he could manage, without a doubt—but the latter two? Edric’s brow furrowed deeply. Singing was within his capabilities; his pitch was quite decent. But dancing... twisting and writhing like that... especially in front of his beloved huntress? The very thought sent his entire serpentine form flushing crimson with embarrassment. Yet, since it was Emma’s command, he found himself with no other option. After a moment of deliberation, he clenched his teeth and began rummaging through his lightcore for videos of male dancers.

He was taken aback by the sheer volume of options available. Some dancers exuded bold masculinity, others moved with graceful elegance, while some were fiery and downright seductive. A few even stripped away their clothing as they danced—if not for the system’s restrictions, those men would have likely gone completely nude.

As Edric scrolled through the videos, a whirlwind of questions swirled in his mind. What style of dance would Emma find most appealing? Perhaps I should just learn them all...

Meanwhile, Emma had no inkling of Edric’s internal dilemma. After ending the call, she took a moment to steady her racing thoughts, her cheeks still warm. Her gaze drifted to Coalball, who sat nearby, pouting with his mouth tightly pinched shut.

Though she still struggled to decipher most of Coalball’s chatter, their time together had taught her to read his expressions and gestures. “I understand you don’t want a mate,” she explained gently, her voice soothing. “I only said that to keep Edric occupied so he wouldn’t dwell on his worries. Don’t fret; I’m not actually going to find you a female.”

At her words, Coalball visibly relaxed, his body unwinding from its tense posture.

Lucien, who had overheard the call, observed Emma as she pinched her own skin and pretended to shed tears, all in a bid to tease Edric. She concocted those whimsical demands to ease his guilt and reassure him of his significance in her life. And it had worked—Edric genuinely believed that Emma still needed him, that she still loved him.

A flicker of envy stirred within Lucien. I can’t help but wonder... once I’m back on my feet, will she treat me with the same kindness? He dared not hope for too much—if

Emma could show him even a fraction of the warmth she lavished upon Edric, it would be more than enough for him.

“Go on, go play,” Emma encouraged, releasing Coalball, who scampered off in search of Carvin.

Once he was out of sight, she retrieved a thin needle from her storage hand and pricked her fingertip. A single drop of blood welled up, glistening like a ruby, and she allowed it to fall onto the bark of the Divine Tree.

Watching the crimson droplet sink into the wood, she smiled, her fingers brushing over its leaves. “Divine Tree, you absorbed my blood and only managed to sprout two leaves in three days—that’s hardly impressive, you know. How about we strike a deal? One leaf per day instead?”

She paused, her eyes sparkling with mischief. “If you can manage that, you’ll reach six leaves sooner and start blooming. And once you bloom, I’ll reward you with another drop of my blood. Sounds fair, right? You didn’t say no, so I’ll take that as a yes!”

Silas, who had only just regained full consciousness, was left speechless. My dear Ms. Tibarn, while you feel sympathy for Edric, could you spare just a smidge of pity for me as well?

He struggled to maintain his consciousness, let alone transform back into his human form. Growing two leaves in three days was already stretching his limits. One per day? That was an impossible feat.

He watched as Emma left the desk, heading toward the bath, and then gave his two leaves a slight tremor, desperately drawing energy from the beast cores in the pot, hoping to grow at least one more leaf before dawn.

After a long, exhausting day, Emma felt too drained to cook. She took a quick shower, downed a nutrient-rich fluid, and collapsed into bed.

Night descended. Within the confines of the spatial stone, the sun dipped below the horizon, and moonlight streamed through the expansive window. The Divine Tree’s deep blue branches shimmered softly, releasing glimmers of light that floated toward Emma’s slumbering figure.

In her dreams, a striking man materialized before her. He donned a crisp white shirt, the collar slightly open, revealing elegant collarbones. His dark hair framed a gentle, refined face, and a pair of dark glasses perched on the bridge of his nose. When he smiled, warmth radiated from him, a courteous charm that enveloped her.

Emma gazed at him, feeling as though she were wrapped in a gentle spring breeze, a sensation that was utterly delightful.

“Ms. Tibarn, forgive me,” Silas spoke softly, his voice smooth as silk. “It has taken me far too long to see you again—and even now, it is only in this form.”

His voice, calm and gentle, was filled with a quiet grace. He reached out, brushing his long fingers against her cheek before pressing a tender kiss to the center of her brow. A faint, verdant scent surrounded her, and the warmth of his touch jolted Emma awake within her dream.

Ms. Tibarn?

## Conclusion

As Emma navigated the complexities of her relationships with Edric and Lucien, she began to understand the delicate balance between love, duty, and self-acceptance. Her whimsical banter with Edric served as a reminder of the joy they shared, even amidst the weight of their circumstances. The playful requests for singing and dancing were not merely distractions; they were a lifeline, a way for Emma to affirm her feelings for Edric while simultaneously easing his burdens. In that moment, she realized that vulnerability could be a source of strength, allowing her to embrace the life she had been afraid to live. The warmth that enveloped her as she interacted with Coalball and the Divine Tree symbolized her growing connection to the world around her, a world she was slowly learning to cherish.

Meanwhile, Lucien’s quiet longing for Emma’s affection illuminated the complexities of desire and jealousy. His hope for a fraction of the kindness Emma showed Edric revealed a deep-seated yearning not just for love, but for understanding and acceptance. As Emma drifted into her dreams, the appearance of Silas marked a pivotal moment—an acknowledgment of her past intertwined with her present. The gentle kiss he placed on her brow was not just a reminder of what she had lost, but also an invitation to embrace new beginnings. In this chapter of her life, Emma stood at the threshold of transformation, ready to confront her fears and step boldly into the future. The door to the life she had once shied away from was now ajar, beckoning her to walk through with open arms and an open heart.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect a thrilling escalation of emotions as Emma grapples with her feelings for both Edric and Lucien. The dream sequence featuring Silas hints at deeper connections and unresolved tensions that are bound to surface. As Emma navigates her complex relationships, she will be forced to confront her fears and desires, ultimately deciding what kind of life she truly wants to embrace. Will she find the courage to step away from the life that has constrained her, or will she continue to dance on the edge of uncertainty?

Meanwhile, Edric’s comical attempts to master the art of dance will provide levity amidst the tension, but his struggles may reveal more about his character than he realizes. As

he dives deeper into the world of performance, he might uncover hidden strengths or vulnerabilities that could either draw him closer to Emma or push him further away. As the stakes rise, the interactions between the trio will become increasingly charged, leaving readers on the edge of their seats, eager to discover how their fates intertwine. Will Emma's heart lead her to a decision that reshapes their destinies forever?

Sara Lili

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 87**

[ 1,805 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 87 Summary

In "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Emma finds herself in a shocking encounter with a mysterious man who has entered her room without her knowledge. Confused and startled, she learns that he is her suitor, and their interaction quickly escalates into a flirtatious and intimate exchange. Despite her initial shock, there is an undeniable chemistry between them as he playfully teases her, leading to a moment of tension that leaves Emma both intrigued and apprehensive.

As the conversation unfolds, Emma realizes that the man, Silas, is not just any suitor but possibly connected to the Enchanter Clan. This revelation stirs a mix of emotions within her, as she grapples with her growing attraction to him while also feeling a sense of caution. Silas's charm and confidence draw her in, yet she remains skeptical, questioning his identity and intentions. Their playful banter reveals layers of their personalities, with Emma showcasing her intelligence and deduction skills, while Silas maintains an air of mystery.

Silas, who has been gravely injured in the past, reflects on the significance of Emma's actions. Despite being a therian, he understands the preciousness of her human blood and acknowledges the risks she took to save him. This realization deepens his feelings

for her, as he recognizes her bravery and selflessness. Their emotional connection intensifies, culminating in a passionate kiss that leaves Emma breathless and conflicted.

Emma's struggle between desire and fear becomes palpable as she attempts to resist Silas's advances. The physical closeness between them ignites a mix of excitement and trepidation, highlighting her internal battle. The kiss serves as a turning point, pushing her to confront her feelings and the life she has been afraid to embrace. The chapter ends with a sense of unresolved tension, as Emma grapples with her attraction to Silas and the implications of their connection.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

Did he just call me Ms. Tibarnt?

Emma blinked, her mind reeling as she stood before the man who had just materialized in her room. The shock coursed through her like a jolt of electricity. "You're my suitor? What's your name?"

Her thoughts raced, a chaotic whirlwind of confusion. Just moments ago, she had been nestled under the covers in her own room, drifting off to sleep. How had this stranger entered without triggering the security system? A thousand questions clamored for attention in her mind as she scrutinized him, utterly perplexed.

The man chuckled softly, a sound that sent shivers down her spine. With a delicate touch, he tucked a loose strand of her hair behind her ear, his fingers brushing against her skin. "I'm the one you were thinking about tonight, of course," he replied, inching closer until his cool, invigorating scent enveloped her like a gentle breeze.

As he leaned in, he began to unbutton his shirt, each clasp slowly giving way, revealing glimpses of the skin beneath. His lips grazed the delicate curve of her ear, and his voice, smooth and cultured, contrasted sharply with the teasing intimacy of his actions. "Ms. Tibarn, aren't you happy to see me?"

Emma stood frozen, her voice lost in the shock of the moment. Inside, her mind screamed, What a flirt!

This level of playful banter, this kind of charm—it could only belong to someone from the Enchanter Clan!

A flicker of suspicion crossed her features as she narrowed her eyes. "You're... Malik, aren't you?"

For a heartbeat, Silas stilled, the air thick with tension. Then, without a word, he tossed his shirt aside, stepping closer, his body nearly brushing against hers as he wrapped an arm around her waist. His voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper, sending a thrill through her. “Why would you think I’m from the Enchanter Clan, Ms. Tibarn? Why not Lucien? Or... Silas?”

He had been gravely injured, lying dormant like a withered branch, feigning the stillness of a lifeless piece of wood. Yet, his consciousness had never truly vanished; it ebbed and flowed in and out of slumber.

In those fleeting moments of lucidity, he had overheard Edric and Emma discussing her suitors, piecing together the fragmented details of his fate. He learned that the Beast God had paired him with a huntress—and, by a twist of fate, that very huntress had saved him while he lay in a state of unconsciousness.

He had also gleaned that Emma was human, and he understood the weight of that revelation. To the therian kind, human blood was a sacred treasure; it held the power to elevate a beast to divine status. Yet, despite the peril of exposing her secret, she had chosen to use her own blood to heal him.

Silas recognized that her motivations were not entirely aligned with his desires.

But she still saved me, didn’t she? Whatever her reasons—it doesn’t matter. None of it matters.

He gazed down at her, his deep blue eyes shimmering with tenderness and unspoken affection. The intensity of his stare made Emma’s heart race, and she felt a flush creep up her cheeks as she turned her head away, unable to withstand the weight of his gaze.

How does he do that? Just one look, and it feels like he’s trying to seduce me without even trying!

Clearing her throat, Emma fought to regain her composure, masking her fluster as she responded to his question. “It’s pretty straightforward. I may not have met any of you face to face, but I did look up your profiles on the lightcore.”

“Lucien is the second prince of Aurelia—calm, serious, and rarely smiles. Definitely not like you. Silas is a commander who barely speaks outside of battle, so he’s out too. That only leaves the Enchanter Clan.”

Emma felt a surge of confidence in her deduction. Someone with this much charm and charisma could only belong to the Enchanter Clan.

Silas smiled faintly, an amused glimmer dancing in his eyes at her certainty. “A good guess, Ms. Tibarn. But perhaps you shouldn’t jump to conclusions next time.”

“What do you mean?” she asked, suspicion lacing her words. “Are you saying I’m wrong? You’re not Malrik?”

Silas chose not to respond directly. Instead, he gently pushed her back onto the bed, his movements deliberate. “Do you truly believe that only the Enchanter Clan knows how to seduce, Ms. Tibarn? Personas are merely masks for others to see. The real me—the one who remains hidden from everyone else—is the one who belongs solely to you.”

With that, he leaned down and captured her lips in a sudden, fervent kiss. “Remember this, Ms. Tibarn. I’m Silas. And I’m far more skilled at seducing than any Enchanter alive.”

Silas? He’s Silas?! That’s completely different from what the lightcore said!

Before she could articulate her surprise, his lips silenced her once more. His arms tightened around her waist, drawing her closer until there was barely any space left between them.

Her thin nightdress provided no barrier against his warmth; she could feel every contour of his body, every breath that caressed her skin. Despite his refined appearance, his kiss was anything but gentle—dominant, passionate, leaving her breathless and yearning for more.

Emma struggled against him, attempting to push him away, but he remained undeterred. In a moment of desperation, she bit down on his tongue, the sharpness of her action causing him to pull back, pain flickering in his eyes. Yet, beneath that calm exterior, there was a dangerous glint—something that quickened Emma’s pulse even further.

**\*\*Chapter 88: The Crescent Vine\*\***

## Conclusion

As the door to her past fears swung open, Emma found herself standing on the precipice of a new reality, one that both exhilarated and terrified her. Silas, the man she had unknowingly saved, was not merely a stranger; he was the embodiment of everything she had longed for yet had been too afraid to embrace. The kiss that had stolen her breath away was more than just a physical connection; it was a promise, a declaration that the boundaries she had built around her heart were now crumbling. In that moment, Emma realized that the life she had been avoiding was not just filled with danger, but also with the potential for profound connection and passion. The warmth of Silas’s body against hers ignited a spark within her, urging her to step boldly into the unknown.

Yet, even amidst the thrill, doubt lingered like a shadow, reminding her of the risks that accompanied such intimacy. Emma grappled with the reality of Silas’s duality—the charming enchanter and the wounded warrior—wondering if she could truly navigate the complexities of their intertwined fates. But as she gazed into his eyes, she felt an undeniable pull, a magnetic force drawing her closer to a destiny she had once deemed too perilous to pursue. With each heartbeat echoing in her ears, Emma made a choice: to embrace the life she had been afraid to live, to let go of her fears, and to trust in the strength of her own heart. In that moment, she understood that love, in all its forms, was worth the risk, and with Silas by her side, she was ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead.

### What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, “The Crescent Vine,” readers can expect the tension between Emma and Silas to escalate as they navigate the complexities of their newfound connection. With the revelation of Silas’s true identity, Emma is thrust into a whirlwind of emotions, torn between her instincts and the undeniable chemistry that crackles between them. As she grapples with the implications of being entangled with someone from the therian world, the stakes will rise, forcing her to confront her fears and desires head-on. Will she embrace this dangerous liaison, or will her reservations push her away from the very life she has been afraid to live?

Moreover, the chapter promises to delve deeper into the enigmatic nature of Silas, revealing hidden layers of his character that challenge Emma’s perceptions. As they explore the boundaries of their relationship, Silas’s past and the secrets he harbors will come to light, adding depth to his charm and allure. Readers will be on the edge of their seats, eager to uncover how Emma’s decision will affect not only her fate but also the delicate balance between human and therian worlds. The Crescent Vine symbolizes both the intertwining of their lives and the potential for growth—or destruction. What choices will Emma make, and how will they shape the path ahead?

Sara Lili

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

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# When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 88

[ 1,866 words ]

## When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 88 Summary

In “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Emma finds herself in a tense situation with Silas, who has just lost control of his powers, causing her to fear for her safety. Silas, feeling remorseful and panicked, reaches out to her, seeking reassurance that she is unharmed. His relief when he finds her pulse steadies him, but he is acutely aware of the danger he posed. Emma, while not truly frightened, senses the primal energy within Silas, likening him to a “wolf in sheep’s clothing,” which only heightens her caution.

As Silas attempts to reassure Emma, she feels a mix of emotions—fear, attraction, and confusion. His gentle demeanor contrasts sharply with her instinctual wariness, leading her to push him away and demand he dress. Despite her resolve, she finds herself captivated by him, grappling with the unexpected allure he holds over her. Silas, noticing her internal struggle, smirks, recognizing the tension between her feelings for him and her commitment to another man, Edric.

The dynamic shifts when Silas reveals his true identity as the Crescent Vine, a magical entity that Emma has been nurturing in her flowerpot. Her astonishment grows as she learns that he is not the Divine Tree she expected but a mutated version of it. Silas explains the difference between them, shedding light on his nature and the potential for him to bloom, albeit not as powerfully as the Divine Tree. This revelation deepens Emma’s curiosity and shifts her perception of Silas from a mere man to a being of significance.

Their conversation takes an emotional turn as Silas expresses his desire not to be fed Emma’s blood anymore, recognizing the pain it causes her. Emma, however, is determined to help him heal, understanding that her blood has a profound effect on him. This conflict between their desires highlights the complexity of their relationship and the sacrifices they are willing to make for one another. Emma’s resolve to continue helping Silas, despite his wishes, sets the stage for a deeper connection and further exploration of their intertwined fates.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

As Emma struggled to catch her breath, Silas felt a jolt of clarity pierce through the chaos that had enveloped him moments before. Panic flickered across his features as he reached for her wrist, his fingers quivering slightly as he sought the reassuring beat of her pulse. Only when he felt the steady rhythm did he exhale a long, slow breath, relief flooding through him like a gentle wave washing away the remnants of his earlier frenzy.

“I’m so sorry, Ms. Tibarn,” he murmured, his voice low and filled with remorse. “I... I lost control for just a moment.”

Silas was just beginning to regain his senses, his mental faculties still teetering on the edge of instability. Damn it, he cursed silently, frustration gnawing at him. I nearly harmed her because I couldn’t rein in my own power.

Emma, on the other hand, wasn’t truly frightened—just cautious. Deep down, she sensed something primal within Silas, a lurking danger hidden beneath his polished demeanor. If the term “wolf in sheep’s clothing” had a visage, it would undoubtedly be his.

“Did I frighten you, Ms. Tibarn?” Silas’s voice broke through her thoughts, soft and coaxing as he leaned closer, his gaze earnest. “Please don’t be afraid. I promise it won’t happen again.”

His gentle tone only heightened her unease. To Emma, he suddenly resembled the Big Bad Wolf, sweet-talking Little Red Riding Hood—one charming word away from devouring her whole.

As she noticed him inching toward her once more, Emma swiftly pushed against his chest, her expression firm and resolute. “Behave yourself—and put your clothes back on.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Silas replied with a hint of amusement, adjusting his glasses before reaching for the shirt he had hastily discarded earlier. He began buttoning it up, each clasp a deliberate action, as if trying to restore not just his attire but also the balance of the moment.

Emma found herself unable to look away. As he reached the final button, his fingers hesitated, his Adam’s apple bobbing as he swallowed. The sight was maddeningly alluring, sending an unexpected shiver down her spine.

Gulp. She could almost hear the sound of her own throat constricting in response.

Ahhhhhhhhh!

She felt on the verge of losing her composure. Teasing a naïve man like Edric was one thing, but how was she supposed to withstand the temptation that was Silas? No, no,

stay composed. Breathe. You can't let yourself be distracted by a pretty face. The first one has to be Edric. It has to be Edric.

Silas observed the myriad of emotions flickering across her face and couldn't help but smirk faintly. He didn't need her to articulate her thoughts; her expression spoke volumes. Out of all her admirers, Edric was truly the fortunate one.

"All dressed," he announced, fastening the last button with an air of satisfaction. Then, with an elegance that belied his earlier frenzy, he knelt before her, resembling a wild beast that had been tamed, patiently awaiting its master's command. "Emy, may I call you that?"

His voice was imbued with gentleness and a hint of humility, laced with a subtle plea. Emma found herself unable to refuse his request.

"You may," she replied softly, her heart fluttering slightly. But then, a frown crossed her brow as confusion crept in. "But how did you even manage to enter my room without triggering the defense system?"

Every night, she diligently kept her cabin's protective grid activated. It was inconceivable that even someone like Silas could slip in unnoticed.

Silas, still grappling with the fragility of his consciousness, reached out and tenderly caressed her cheek. "Because I've been here all along. I'm the Crescent Vine that Lucien brought back—the one you've been nurturing in that flowerpot."

Emma froze in disbelief. "The flowerpot? The Crescent Vine?" Her eyes widened in astonishment. "You mean... you're the Divine Tree?"

Silas offered a faint smile, tinged with a hint of helplessness. "Not the Divine Tree—Crescent Vine. My true form is a mutated Crescent Vine. We may appear similar, but we are not the same."

Emma's brow furrowed in confusion. "But the data I found indicated that the Divine Tree looks exactly like you."

He moved a fraction closer, his tone calm and patient, as if he were explaining a complex but fascinating concept. "That's because the Divine Tree's original form was also a mutated Crescent Vine. You can think of us as belonging to the same species, but we are not the same individual. The Divine Tree gained its divinity after centuries of being beside the Beast God—that's how it transformed into what it is now."

His explanation began to weave a tapestry of understanding in her mind. She blinked, curiosity softening her expression. "Then... can you bloom too?"

She had been planning to wait for the Divine Tree to flower, hoping to gift one of its blossoms to Edric.

“I can,” Silas replied, a knowing smile gracing his lips as if he could anticipate her thoughts. “My blossoms may not possess the same potency as the Divine Tree’s, but they are enough to save a life.”

He gently took her hand, lifting it to his lips and pressing a soft kiss against the fingertip she had pricked earlier. His deep-blue eyes shimmered with a blend of guilt and affection. “Emy, please don’t feed me your blood anymore. Just a few Rank 7 beast cores in the pot will suffice.”

He didn’t want her to inflict pain upon herself for his sake again.

Emma, however, understood that his body reacted differently. Her blood had undeniably triggered something profound within him—beast cores had barely any effect. Though she remained silent, her mind was already made up. If a few drops of her blood could expedite his healing, why waste time waiting for beast cores?

## Conclusion

In the quiet aftermath of their chaotic encounter, Emma and Silas stood on the precipice of an uncharted territory, both grappling with the revelations that had reshaped their understanding of one another. The air was thick with unspoken words, yet their connection had deepened, bridging the gap between fear and fascination. Emma’s initial apprehension began to dissolve, replaced by a burgeoning curiosity and an undeniable attraction that flickered in the depths of her heart. Silas, once a figure of danger, now revealed layers of vulnerability and a desire to protect her, further igniting the spark of intrigue within her. In this moment, Emma recognized the strength of her own resolve as she wrestled with her emotions, understanding that the path ahead was fraught with uncertainty but also ripe with potential.

As they stood together, hand in hand, the weight of their shared burdens began to lighten. Silas’s gentle plea resonated within her, urging her to reconsider the sacrifices she was willing to make for him. Emma’s heart raced at the thought of defying her initial intentions, of choosing a life that embraced the unpredictable beauty of connection over the safety of her well-ordered plans. In that instant, she realized that true courage lay not in the absence of fear but in the willingness to embrace it. With a newfound determination, Emma resolved to step through the door to the life she had once feared, ready to nurture the fragile bond blossoming between them, even if it meant risking her heart. Together, they would navigate the complexities of their intertwined destinies, forging a path illuminated by trust, understanding, and the promise of what could be.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers can expect the tension between Emma and Silas to escalate as they navigate the complexities of their intertwined fates. With the revelation of Silas's true identity as the Crescent Vine, Emma is left grappling with the implications of nurturing a being that holds such power. Will she be able to reconcile her feelings for Silas while remaining loyal to Edric, the man she has long deemed her first choice? As the stakes rise, Emma's internal conflict will deepen, forcing her to confront her own desires and the risks that accompany them.

Moreover, the delicate balance of their relationship will be tested as Silas's vulnerability becomes more pronounced. Emma's determination to help him heal, even at a personal cost, will lead her to make choices that could alter the course of their lives. Will she heed Silas's plea to stop feeding him her blood, or will her compassion override her judgment? As she delves deeper into the mysteries of the Crescent Vine and its connection to the Divine Tree, the boundaries between friendship, obligation, and love will blur, setting the stage for an emotional confrontation that could change everything. Anticipate a whirlwind of emotions, revelations, and the looming threat of external forces that may seek to exploit their bond.

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 89**

[ 1,862 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 89 Summary

In "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Emma finds herself grappling with her feelings after Silas's mysterious warning. As she questions Silas about Lucien, he suddenly collapses into her arms, leaving her in a state of panic. When she is jolted awake by Corvin's urgent voice, she realizes that Silas has vanished, and she is left to contend with the remnants of what seemed like a vivid nightmare. The

confusion and fear of losing Silas mingle with a sense of relief upon discovering Corvin's recovery, yet the dream's intensity lingers in her mind.

Corvin, now fully healed, expresses his eagerness to bond with Emma, which leads to a moment of unexpected intimacy. His playful demeanor contrasts sharply with Emma's initial shock at his nakedness, creating a mix of humor and tension. As Corvin seeks her approval, Emma feels the pressure of his expectations while grappling with her own emotions. The narrative captures her internal struggle as she navigates her feelings for both Corvin and the memory of Silas, highlighting her vulnerability and the complexity of her situation.

When Corvin senses Emma's hesitation and potential rejection, his vulnerability becomes palpable, showcasing his desire for connection. His attempts to win her over through affectionate gestures, like revealing his fluffy ears and tail, add a layer of innocence and charm to his character. Emma's eventual admission of liking his tail signifies a breakthrough moment, yet it also complicates her feelings further. The joy that lights up Corvin's face is juxtaposed with Emma's conflicted emotions, emphasizing the tension between desire and fear of commitment.

As the scene escalates, Emma's panic rises when Corvin becomes overly enthusiastic about bonding. The sudden appearance of Edric's image, projected by her lightcore, creates a dramatic and awkward moment that leaves all three characters in a state of shock. This unexpected interruption not only heightens the tension but also forces Emma to confront her feelings in a way she hadn't anticipated. The chapter ends on a cliffhanger, leaving readers eager to see how Emma will navigate her relationships and the choices she must make moving forward.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

Emma stood there, her heart racing, as she contemplated Silas' earlier warning. After all, he had mentioned that it was merely a drop of blood each day—nothing that could genuinely inflict harm on her. But the thought lingered in the back of her mind, gnawing at her sense of safety.

“Silas,” she began, her voice tentative, “you said Lucien brought you back and asked me to look after you. When did that happen? I’ve never even laid eyes on him.”

Silas' expression shifted at the mere mention of Lucien's name, caught between sympathy and disbelief. “He's actually—”

But before he could complete his thought, a sudden change washed over him. His body went slack, and he crumpled into Emma's arms, leaving her breathless.

“Silas!” she exclaimed, panic surging through her as she caught his weight. “Silas, what’s wrong? Silas!”

“Ms. Tibarn! Ms. Tibarn, wake up!” Corvin’s voice shattered the silence, urgent and demanding, echoing in her ears like a distant call to arms.

Emma’s eyes flew open, her heart pounding in her chest. Silas was gone—vanished like a wisp of smoke. In his place stood Corvin, now fully transformed into his human form, though still bare and vulnerable.

“Corvin... you’re healed?” she stammered, shock rippling through her. She quickly scanned the surroundings, her mind racing. “Did you see Silas?”

“Silas?” Corvin looked at her, bewilderment etched across his features. “No, Ms. Tibarn, I didn’t see anyone named Silas. You were having a nightmare, though. You kept calling out for something—something like ‘siren.’”

A nightmare? Emma blinked, disbelief washing over her. Could it really have been just a dream? It had felt so vivid, so real...

“Ms. Tibarn, are you all right?” Corvin waved a hand in front of her face, his concern palpable when she didn’t respond immediately.

Emma shook her head briskly, forcing herself to shake off the remnants of the dream. “I’m fine. Just a bad dream,” she assured him, though her heart still raced from the intensity of it.

A smile broke across Corvin’s face, his golden eyes sparkling with relief. “That’s good! Ms. Tibarn, I’ve fully recovered now, so we can bond!”

Before she could process his words, he seized her hand and pressed it against his firm abdomen, his skin warm and inviting.

It took Emma a moment to register the fact that he was completely unclothed.

“Ms. Tibarn, see? My abs are way better than Edric’s,” he proclaimed, pride swelling in his voice.

The moment he regained his strength, he hadn’t even paused to dress—he had rushed straight to her. That night on the floor, he had overheard her mention how much she enjoyed touching Edric’s abs, and it had clearly made an impression.

Emma stared at his earnest expression, her mind racing as she struggled to find the words to refuse him. Finally, she nodded solemnly. “Yes, they’re... defined. Well defined.”

Corvin's face lit up like a child receiving a long-awaited compliment. Elated, he lunged forward, tackling her onto the bed with a playful exuberance. "Since you like me, Ms. Tibarn, let's bond right now!"

Ever since he discovered that he had a huntress, he had devoted every spare moment to learning about the bonding process. If only he hadn't been so weak before, he would have come to her much sooner.

"Corvin, wait—hold on!" Emma pushed against his chest, yanking the blanket up to wrap around him. "Calm down!"

He froze, confusion clouding his features as he stared at the blanket and then back at her, his ears drooping. Was I... rejected? The thought stung, and his eyes shimmered with hurt. She doesn't want me? She doesn't like me?

"Ms. Tibarn, are you rejecting me?" His voice cracked, vulnerability seeping through. "You don't want to bond with me? You don't like me?"

Tugging the blanket away, he revealed his fluffy beast ears, tilting his head toward her in a hopeful gesture. "What about now?"

He remembered how she loved to pet his ears when he had been too weak to move. Surely, this would sway her. Surely, she would want him.

The soft, velvety texture beneath her fingertips made Emma instinctively squeeze them gently. Good lord... whoever claimed that geeks can't flirt has clearly never met Corvin.

Corvin frowned at her silence, determination igniting within him. He decided to unveil his trump card—his fluffy tail. The thick, soft appendage wrapped around Emma's waist as he knelt before her, his eyes glimmering with hope. "Ms. Tibarn, do you like this?"

He recalled how she had enjoyed Edric wrapping his tail around her, and he thought anxiously, Mine's not as smooth as his snake tail, but maybe she'll like it anyway.

"I like it," Emma admitted, her voice barely a whisper. How could she not?

The joy that blossomed on Corvin's face was instantaneous and radiant. Without a second thought, he lunged, pinning her down on the bed with a fervor that took her breath away. "Then let's bond now, Ms. Tibarn! Don't worry, I studied a lot about this—I'll take good care of you! Come on, Ms. Tibarn, let's start!"

"Corvin, wait!" Emma's voice rose in panic as she pushed against him. "I know you're excited, but just give me a second—"

As she raised her hand, her lightcore slipped from her wrist and rolled across the bed, buzzing once before flickering to life, casting a glow that projected Edric's image right beside them.

"Emma, I forgot to tell you—" Edric's voice trailed off the moment he caught sight of the scene before him.

There on the bed, Emma wore a delicate nightdress, one strap slipping carelessly down her arm. Corvin's tail was wrapped snugly around her waist, his bare chest pressed against her as she braced a hand against him, caught in an unexpected moment of intimacy.

For what felt like an eternity, silence reigned. No one dared to speak, and even the air around them seemed to hold its breath, suspended in an awkward stillness.

## Conclusion

In that charged moment, the air crackled with unspoken emotions, leaving Emma teetering on the edge of a precipice she had long feared to approach. The vivid dream of Silas lingered like a shadow in her mind, intertwining with the stark reality of Corvin's eager presence. She felt the weight of expectation pressing down on her, a choice looming before her that could redefine her understanding of love and connection. The intimacy of the moment was both exhilarating and terrifying, forcing her to confront not only her feelings for Corvin but also the ghosts of her past that had held her captive. As Edric's image flickered beside them, the tension reached a breaking point, the boundaries of her heart stretching to accommodate the unexpected turns her life had taken.

With a deep breath, Emma realized that this was not merely about choosing between two paths but about embracing the life she had always been afraid to live. The warmth of Corvin beside her, his hopeful gaze, and the soft touch of his tail around her waist ignited a spark of courage within her. She understood now that love could take many forms, and perhaps it was time to let go of the fears that had shackled her for so long. As she met Corvin's eyes, a newfound resolve blossomed within her, igniting a desire to step boldly into the unknown. In that moment of vulnerability and connection, Emma knew that she was ready to open the door to a life filled with possibilities, leaving behind the shadows of doubt and fear that had once held her back.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect the tension to escalate as Emma finds herself caught between two worlds. With Edric's unexpected appearance, the dynamics of her relationships will be put to the test. How will she navigate the feelings that swirl within her, especially now that Corvin has boldly declared his intentions? The air will crackle with unspoken words and unresolved emotions, as both men vie for her attention and

affection. Emma's heart will be torn as she grapples with her past and the new life that beckons her forward.

As secrets unravel, Emma will be forced to confront the truth about her feelings for both Silas and Edric, while also coming to terms with the bond forming with Corvin. The stakes will rise as she navigates the complexities of love, loyalty, and the unknown dangers lurking in the shadows. With Silas's mysterious connection to Lucien still looming over her, Emma must decide what it truly means to open the door to a life she has been afraid to live. Readers will be left on the edge of their seats, eagerly anticipating how Emma will choose to embrace her destiny, and whether she will find the courage to step into the light or retreat back into the safety of her fears.

Sara Lili

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## **When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 90**

[ 1,812 words ]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 90 Summary

In "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Emma finds herself in a tense situation when her feelings for Edric clash with her unexpected encounter with Corvin. As she pushes Corvin away, panic floods her heart, and she desperately tries to explain herself to Edric, who is on the other end of a video call. Edric's calm demeanor contrasts with Emma's turmoil, as he informs her about Corvin's recovery but is clearly hurt by the scene he has stumbled upon. This moment reveals the complexity of their relationships, as Edric grapples with the reality of Emma moving on while still holding onto the bond they share.

Emma's emotional plea for Edric to believe her highlights her commitment to him, despite the misunderstandings that have arisen. She insists that she will wait for him and that her first bond will always be with him. This determination resonates with Edric, who feels both gratitude and guilt for making her wait. Their conversation underscores

the depth of their connection, yet the tension remains palpable as they navigate their feelings amidst the uncertainties of Corvin's presence.

Meanwhile, Corvin wrestles with his own emotions, feeling the sting of being second to Edric in Emma's affections. His vulnerability is apparent as he listens to Emma's promises to Edric, and he struggles with the pain of his unrequited feelings. Despite his heartache, he tries to comfort Emma, showing maturity and understanding of the situation. His gentle approach and the tender kiss he shares with her mark a significant turning point in their relationship, as he seeks to establish his place in her life.

Emma's response to Corvin's request to be the second bond reflects her growing affection for him, as she acknowledges his feelings and offers him a promise. This moment of acceptance brings joy to Corvin, lifting the weight of his earlier sorrow. Their interaction signifies a shift in their dynamic, suggesting that while Edric may be first in Emma's heart, Corvin is not far behind, creating a complicated but meaningful love triangle.

Overall, the chapter captures the emotional turmoil and evolving relationships between the characters, emphasizing themes of love, loyalty, and the challenges of navigating complex feelings. Emma's determination to honor her commitments, combined with Corvin's understanding nature, sets the stage for future developments in their intertwined lives.

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

Emma was the first to regain her senses, her heart racing as she pushed Corvin away with all her might, like a woman caught in a moment of betrayal. "Edric, I can explain!" she blurted out, panic rising in her chest.

"Damn it, not now, mouth! Don't mess this up!" she thought, her inner voice chiding her.

"Edric, please, just give me a moment! It's not what it seems!" she pleaded, desperation lacing her tone.

Corvin, bewildered and hurt, reached out hesitantly, "Ms. Tibarn..."

"Just hold on a second!" Emma waved him off, her attention fully consumed by the need to clarify her situation to Edric.

"It's alright, Emma," Edric's voice was steady, calm, and soothing, like a gentle breeze on a sweltering day. "I only called to let you know that Corvin's recovery is progressing well. He should be back to normal soon."

Earlier, during their video call, Edric had observed Corvin's improving condition. It was a relief, but in the chaos of the moment, he had forgotten to mention it. Now, as he recalled that conversation, he found himself thrust into an unexpected scene.

"Well... I guess you're aware now," he said, his voice tightening as he spoke. "I'll let you two carry on. I wouldn't want to intrude."

The final words of his statement wavered, heavy with unspoken emotions. He had always anticipated this day—the day when Emma would no longer be solely his. Yet, he hadn't expected it to arrive so abruptly.

After a brief silence, he added softly, "Emma, Corvin has just recovered. If he gets too excited, he might lose control, so... please be careful. Don't let him hurt you."

The implication of his words sent a shiver down Emma's spine. It felt so wrong. She wanted to cry out, to protest, "I didn't do anything wrong!"

Seeing the wounded expression in Edric's eyes twisted her heart. "Edric, please believe me! Nothing happened! It's a complete misunderstanding, I swear. Corvin just recovered suddenly and didn't have time to get dressed. You have to trust me!"

She was on the verge of swearing to the heavens, desperate for him to understand.

"I promised I would bond with you first, remember? I meant every word, Edric—you have to believe me!"

Nothing would shake her determination. The first bond had to be with Edric; it was a vow she intended to keep.

Her words struck a chord deep within him. Even now, she clung to her promise. Yet, guilt began to creep in—he hated that she was waiting for him in this way.

"Emma," he said gently, "I might need more time to progress to the next rank. If you're in a hurry, you don't have to wait for me. All of us are your suitors—whoever treats you well... I-I won't mind."

"I'm not in a hurry!" she interjected, her voice firm.

Do I look desperate?

"Edric, don't worry about it. Focus on your advancement; we'll take things as they come. No matter how long it takes, I'll wait for you."

She had made a commitment, and she wasn't about to waver. Edric was worth that much.

Listening to her unwavering faith, Edric felt overwhelmed, gratitude swelling in his heart. “Thank you, Emma. I believe you.”

How fortunate he was to have someone like her in his life.

As the evening wore on, Edric realized it was getting late, and he didn’t want to keep her any longer. Before he ended the call, he added, “Emma, Corvin’s abilities are still unstable. Have him spend some time in the training room over the next few days to help stabilize them.”

“I will,” Emma replied with determination. “I’ll make sure he does.”

As Edric’s image faded from the screen, she let out a sigh of relief. Thank goodness. He’s easy to calm down.

Yet, beside her, Corvin sat with his head bowed, his expression one of deep sorrow. He had remained silent while she spoke to Edric, but the conversation had struck him like a dagger—especially when she mentioned that she would bond with Edric first.

He knew he had no right to feel upset—after all, he had come into her life later. Emma had developed feelings for Edric first; it was only logical that she would choose him.

But it still hurt so much.

His eyes shimmered with unshed tears as he looked up at her, vulnerability etched into his features.

Emma turned to him after hanging up, guilt settling heavily in her chest. The poor feline looked as though he might burst into tears at any moment. She quickly draped the blanket over him again. “Corvin, I know it must have stung when I said I couldn’t bond with you yet, but I—”

“Ms. Tibarn, please don’t,” he interrupted softly, wrapping his arms around her in a comforting embrace. “You don’t need to explain. I understand. Edric came before me—it’s only fair that he’s first. I won’t fight him for it, and I don’t want you to feel pressured.”

He lowered his head, pressing a gentle, tentative kiss to her lips. When she didn’t push him away, he felt a wave of relief wash over him, and he dared to whisper, “Ms. Tibarn, can I... can I be the second?”

In that moment, it was just the two of them and Edric. He didn’t know about the others, but second place didn’t seem unreasonable, did it?

Looking at the gentle, hopeful expression on Corvin’s face, Emma found herself unable to refuse. She nodded solemnly. “Alright, I promise.”

Instantly, Corvin's gloom lifted, replaced by an infectious joy. If he had been in his beast form, he probably would have been rolling around the room in delight.

"I knew it," he purred happily. "You're the best, Ms. Tibarn!"

## Conclusion

In the aftermath of the emotional upheaval, Emma stood at the crossroads of her heart, torn between the lingering shadows of misunderstanding and the bright promise of connection. The weight of her commitment to Edric felt both daunting and liberating, yet the tender exchange with Corvin revealed the complexities of her affections. She realized that love wasn't a competition but a journey—one that could embrace both the past and the present. With each promise made, she felt her resolve strengthen, solidifying her determination to navigate this intricate web of relationships with care and compassion.

As the evening settled into a comforting quiet, Emma found solace in the fragile joy that blossomed between her and Corvin. The warmth of his embrace and the sincerity in his eyes reassured her that she was not alone in this endeavor. Their shared moment was a testament to the bonds they were forging, even amidst the uncertainty of their circumstances. With newfound clarity, she understood that her heart was capable of expanding to accommodate both Edric and Corvin, each holding a unique place within her. As she prepared to face whatever challenges lay ahead, Emma felt a flicker of hope igniting within her—she was ready to embrace the life she had once feared, stepping boldly through the door of possibility.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect the tension to escalate as Emma grapples with the emotional fallout of her promises to both Edric and Corvin. The delicate balance she has created between the two will be tested as unforeseen complications arise. With Corvin's recovery still in its early stages, Emma must navigate the uncharted waters of their relationship while being mindful of Edric's feelings. Will she be able to maintain her commitment to Edric while also nurturing the bond she has begun to forge with Corvin? The stakes are high, and the emotional turmoil is palpable as the dynamics of their relationships shift.

Moreover, as Emma delves deeper into her connections with both suitors, the arrival of new characters and challenges is imminent. An unexpected rival may emerge, threatening to disrupt the fragile harmony she has worked so hard to establish. Secrets from the past could resurface, forcing Emma to confront her fears and desires head-on. With each decision she makes, the path ahead becomes increasingly uncertain. Will she have the strength to face the life she has been afraid to live, or will she retreat back into the safety of her old ways? Prepare for a whirlwind of emotions, revelations, and the heart-wrenching choices that lie ahead as Emma stands at the crossroads of love and loyalty.

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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