

Nine Therians and Their Only One Queen

chapter 91-100

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 91

[1,839 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 91 Summary

In “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Emma finds herself in a complex emotional situation involving Corvin, who seeks comfort and closeness. Corvin, with his soft fur and vulnerable demeanor, asks if he can sleep in her room while they wait for Edric’s return. Emma is torn between her desire for companionship and her apprehension about the implications of sharing her space with him. Despite her reservations, she ultimately agrees but sets a condition for him to transform into a smaller, more manageable size, which reflects her internal struggle with intimacy.

As Corvin eagerly complies with her request, Emma grapples with her feelings of attraction and anxiety. She experiences a mix of frustration and attraction as Corvin’s earnestness and charm shine through. The playful banter between them reveals the underlying tension, as Emma worries about losing control and succumbing to her desires. The scene is filled with a sense of warmth and vulnerability, highlighting Emma’s conflicting emotions as she navigates her feelings towards Corvin, who is both a source of comfort and a potential threat to her self-control.

While Corvin prepares to join her, Emma’s thoughts shift to Silas, the Divine Tree, indicating her sense of responsibility and care for others. She tends to Silas, demonstrating her nurturing nature, while also reflecting on the toll that their shared dreams may have on him. This moment underscores her deep emotional connections, contrasting with her playful interactions with Corvin. Emma’s actions show her commitment to those she cares about, even as she grapples with her own burgeoning feelings for Corvin.

When Corvin returns, dressed in a way that draws Emma’s attention and heightens the tension, the dynamic between them shifts further. His eagerness to be close to her is palpable, and Emma’s heart races at the sight of him. However, she remains resolute in her decision to keep things platonic, fearing the consequences of crossing that line. The night progresses with a mix of playful teasing and a deepening bond, leading Emma to a place of comfort despite her earlier anxieties. Ultimately, she falls into a deep sleep,

only to be jolted awake the next day by unexpected noises, leaving her in a state of confusion and anticipation for what lies ahead.

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

****Soft Fur, Warm Trouble****

Corvin enveloped Emma in his embrace, his soft fur brushing against her cheek as he nestled closer, seeking warmth and comfort. With a hint of vulnerability in his voice, he asked, “Ms. Tibarn, since Edric hasn’t returned yet, would it be alright if I sleep in your room? I promise, once he comes back, I’ll retreat to my own space and let him stay with you. I won’t put up a fight.”

He certainly had a knack for strategy, knowing how to concede a little to gain something more significant in return.

Emma’s mind raced as she observed him—whether it was Corvin, who appeared like an innocent, obedient kitten, or Silas, who exuded an air of politeness and sophistication—both were deceptively soft on the surface but sharp and cunning within. In contrast, her little snake was the only one who seemed genuinely sincere.

“Ms. Tibarn, is that okay?” Corvin pressed, his hopeful eyes searching hers. When she hesitated, his tail brushed against her waist, a gentle reminder of his presence. “I promise, I’ll just sleep.”

The assurance was as convincing as the age-old line, “Just the tip. I promise.” Yet, despite her better judgment, Emma found herself unable to refuse him.

“You can sleep in my room, but under one condition: you have to shift into your beast form. About this size.” She gestured with her hand, illustrating a size that resembled how he had been as a cub, perhaps a tad larger.

Corvin’s expression shifted, as if a light had flickered on in his mind. “So, that’s what you prefer.”

“I don’t! Don’t jump to conclusions!” Emma retorted, her voice sharper than intended.

It wasn’t that she preferred a cub-sized cat; it was simply that a creature of that size was the most delightful to hug. And the thought of lying next to a handsome man she could snuggle with—who wouldn’t be tempted to kiss him? Emma felt a flutter of anxiety at the possibility that one night, she might lose control and... well, defile him.

“Ms. Tibarn, you don’t need to clarify anything. I understand completely.” Corvin’s earnest expression made her feel both frustrated and speechless.

With a sigh, Emma tugged the blanket up over him, wrapping him in its warmth once more. “Go put on some clothes. Then come back to sleep.”

Corvin glanced down at the blanket cocooning him, clearly hesitant to move. “Ms. Tibarn, if I shift, clothes or no clothes won’t matter.”

True, he had fur, but the reality was that Emma only wanted to send him away so she could tend to Silas’s needs.

“Just go put on clothes. You don’t need to shift tonight,” she insisted, her tone firm.

A spark of realization lit up Corvin’s face, and he practically glowed with excitement at the thought of being allowed to sleep beside her in his human form. He sprang off the bed, his movements so swift that he nearly brushed against her cheek.

“Oh! Ms. Tibarn, I’m sorry! I’ll go change right away—just wait for me!” he exclaimed, darting out of the room.

As soon as he was gone, Emma leaped out of bed, urgency propelling her to the desk where the Divine Tree—Silas—stood quietly in his pot, his two leaves drooping slightly.

A frown creased Emma’s brow as she pondered whether Silas had visited her dreams earlier. Given his injuries, it was possible that such exertion had drained his power, causing him to leave the dream abruptly and leaving his body in a state of distress.

Believing this to be the case, she pricked her finger and let several drops of her blood fall onto the small branch.

Instantly, the leaves perked up again, and Emma exhaled in relief.

So, she was right—Silas must have exhausted his abilities while in her dream.

She carefully applied a healing salve to the small wound on her finger before placing a Rank 7 beast core into the pot. Edric had generously given her all the beast cores he possessed, and now she had an abundance to spare.

By the time Corvin returned, fully dressed and brimming with anticipation, Emma had already settled back into bed.

He approached her slowly, leaning down, his clear eyes sparkling with a softness that bordered on tenderness. It was evident he was playing a strategic game.

He had chosen a sleeveless V-neck shirt, the neckline dipping low enough to reveal his collarbones and a generous expanse of his chest. Yet, he still seemed dissatisfied, as if wishing he could flaunt his abs too—so Emma could hold onto them while they slept.

“Ms. Tibarn, do you think this looks good on me?” he asked, his voice laced with eagerness.

“It looks good. It looks great,” Emma replied, her heart racing.

Who had taught him to dress like this? Seriously!

Corvin slipped into bed, immediately pulling Emma against him, guiding her hand to rest on his chest. “Ms. Tibarn, feel free to touch. If you think the shirt is a hindrance, I can take it off.”

“No. No need,” Emma quickly retorted. She absolutely could not be tested like this; she would fail without a doubt.

“It’s late. Let’s get some sleep,” she declared, shutting her eyes firmly.

That night, she felt as though she had stumbled into a den filled with beautiful men. After all the chaos, exhaustion washed over her, and she fell into a deep slumber.

She slept soundly, so deeply that the loud banging noises outside—like explosions—were what finally roused her the next day.

Emma slowly opened her eyes, pushing herself upright, confusion clouding her mind.

Conclusion

In the quiet aftermath of the night, Emma found herself at a crossroads, teetering between the comfort of companionship and the trepidation of vulnerability. Corvin’s presence beside her was a gentle reminder of the warmth she had long denied herself, yet it also stirred a whirlwind of emotions she had tried to keep at bay. As she lay there, wrapped in the soft cocoon of their shared space, she realized that the life she had been afraid to live was unfolding right before her eyes. The fear of intimacy and the potential for heartbreak loomed large, but so did the promise of connection and understanding. Emma’s heart raced not just from the closeness of Corvin but from the realization that perhaps, just perhaps, she was ready to embrace the chaos of her feelings.

The loud banging outside served as a jarring wake-up call, pulling Emma from her reverie and thrusting her back into the reality she had momentarily escaped. Yet, as she pushed herself upright, a newfound clarity washed over her. The journey ahead would be fraught with challenges, but for the first time, she felt a flicker of hope igniting within her. Emma understood that to live fully meant accepting both the joy and the pain that came with opening her heart. With Corvin by her side, she was no longer just a passive observer in her own life; she was ready to step through the door she had once feared and embrace the unpredictable adventure that awaited her.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter of “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” readers can expect to delve deeper into the tumultuous dynamics between Emma, Corvin, and Silas. With the dawn of a new day, the mysterious banging noises that interrupted Emma’s slumber hint at impending chaos, perhaps signaling the arrival of new challenges or adversaries. Will these disturbances threaten the fragile peace Emma has just begun to establish in her life? As she navigates her relationships, the stakes will undoubtedly rise, forcing her to confront not only external dangers but also her own feelings and desires towards the enigmatic beings surrounding her.

Moreover, the chapter promises to explore the consequences of Emma’s decision to allow Corvin to sleep beside her. The tension between them is palpable, and as they awaken to a world that seems to be shifting around them, will their bond deepen or become strained? Emma’s internal struggle with her feelings for Corvin, juxtaposed with her responsibilities towards Silas, will likely push her to make choices that could alter the course of their lives. As secrets unravel and truths come to light, readers will be left on the edge of their seats, eager to discover how Emma will reconcile her heart’s desires with the reality of her circumstances. Will she embrace the life she has been afraid to live, or will the weight of her fears hold her back? The answers await just around the corner.

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 92

[1,696 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 92 Summary

In “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Emma is thrust into a chaotic and dangerous situation as she witnesses a fire and explosions outside their cabin. The ominous black smoke and the sounds of destruction evoke a sense of panic

and urgency within her. As she rushes to find Corvin, she experiences a wave of relief upon seeing him safe, despite the chaos outside. However, her concern quickly escalates when she learns that Edric's family is involved in a violent confrontation with the alliance, leaving her anxious about Edric's safety.

Corvin explains the dire situation, revealing that Edric is on his way back to help them but has instructed Corvin to protect Emma in the meantime. Emma grapples with her feelings of helplessness as a Rank 4 fighter, aware that she could be more of a burden than a help in such a volatile environment. The tension builds as Corvin accesses the alliance's surveillance system, displaying the devastation caused by the conflict, including bloodied fighters and a massive serpent, Sulien Lachman, who poses a significant threat to the alliance.

As Emma learns more about Sulien, she realizes the gravity of the situation and the need to take action. Despite Corvin's admission of being outmatched, Emma feels a spark of determination. She recalls the black crystal given to her by Drake, which gives her a sense of confidence. The chapter closes with Emma's resolve to protect herself and Corvin, as she grapples with the brutal reality of the violence unfolding around them. The emotional turmoil of fear, urgency, and a burgeoning sense of agency marks a pivotal moment in Emma's journey as she confronts the life she once feared to embrace.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

Outside the expansive floor-to-ceiling window, a sinister plume of black smoke twisted and danced against the horizon. It rose ominously, casting a dark shadow over the landscape.

"Fire?!" Emma's heart raced as she pressed her palms against the cool glass, her eyes widening in disbelief. She could see flames licking at the edges of the forest, while billowing clouds of smoke enveloped the area surrounding their cabin. Panic surged through her veins.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The relentless explosions echoed in her ears, each one reverberating like a drumbeat of impending doom.

What's happening? What on earth is going on out there? The questions spiraled in her mind like a whirlwind.

Without a moment to lose, Emma hurriedly donned her combat suit, the fabric hugging her body as she moved with urgency. She dashed into the living room, her heart

pounding, only to find it empty. “Corvin? Corvin!” she called out, her voice tinged with anxiety.

“Ms. Tibarn. I’m here,” came Corvin’s calm voice from the kitchen.

He emerged, his hands coated in a sticky layer of dough, his hair a chaotic mess with Coalball, their lazy feline companion, perched on his head like an unbothered hat. The cat’s paws were dusted with flour, adding to the absurdity of the scene.

Seeing them both safe, a wave of relief washed over Emma, momentarily easing the tight knot of fear in her stomach. “Corvin, do you know what’s happening outside? What’s with all the explosions?” she demanded, urgency lacing her voice.

Corvin glanced toward the window, annoyance flickering across his features before he turned back to her, his tone gentle yet serious. “Did the fighting wake you, Ms. Tibarn? Edric’s family came to demand money. Edric refused to comply, and now they’re clashing with the alliance.”

“What?!” Emma’s mind struggled to process his words.

So, they just start fighting when they don’t get what they want? How is that any different from robbery?!

“Where’s Edric? Is he back? Is he out there?” she asked, her voice rising with concern. She hesitated to rush outside without understanding the full scope of the chaos.

The alliance headquarters housed powerful Rank 6 and above therian fighters. Emma, as a Rank 4 beginner, would only serve as a hindrance in such a volatile situation.

Corvin shook his head, his expression grave. “Not yet. The alliance notified him. He’s on his way back. As soon as he received the call, he contacted me and instructed me to protect you.”

So, Corvin had remained inside because the danger hadn’t encroached upon their cabin yet. His sole purpose was to keep Emma safe.

“What’s the situation outside now? Do you have any information?” she pressed, her heart racing at the thought of the destruction unfolding just beyond their walls.

From the sound of the explosions, it was clear that if the fighting continued, buildings would crumble, and the entire base could be reduced to rubble.

Corvin opened his lightcore, quickly tapping into the alliance’s surveillance system. In less than ten seconds, the live feeds flickered to life before Emma’s eyes.

That’s... impressive! she thought, her admiration for Corvin growing.

The scene displayed was one of utter devastation. Most of the vegetation was scorched, the beasts had been captured, and the alliance personnel fought valiantly, many of them bloodied and some missing limbs.

Corvin frowned deeply. "Edric specifically instructed them not to fight with their lives at stake."

Why are they still throwing themselves into the fray? Emma wondered, her heart sinking.

On the screen, her gaze settled on a massive violet serpent wreaking havoc, its dark-purple eyes glinting with a mocking disdain as it surveyed the alliance fighters like they were mere entertainers in a circus.

Atop its head stood a woman, her long hair flowing like a river behind her, dressed in ornate garments that spoke of power and privilege. Behind her, a group of Violet Obsidian therians rallied, and it was clear that this serpent was the strongest among them.

They couldn't allow this to continue. Buildings could be rebuilt, but lives lost were irreplaceable.

"Corvin, can you determine what rank that serpent is?" Emma asked, her voice steady despite the turmoil inside her.

Without hesitation, Corvin replied, "His name is Sulien Lachman. He's Rank 9."

"We can't let him continue slaughtering the alliance. Do you have any means to confront him?" Emma's mind raced with possibilities.

Currently, it was just the two of them. The alliance fighters were primarily Rank 6 and Rank 7, with only a couple of Rank 8 among them. None stood a chance against Sulien.

Corvin lowered his head, embarrassment washing over him. "I'm sorry, Ms. Tibarn. I'm only Rank 8 right now. I'm not a match for him. If I had my mecha, I could obliterate him."

He had been captured while unconscious, leaving his mecha and warship behind.

Emma nodded resolutely. "Next time, we'll bring your mecha and blast him to dust."

But for now, brute force wouldn't win the day. They needed to be clever.

Emma touched her storage band, feeling the reassuring weight of the black crystal Drake had given her still nestled inside. With that, she felt a flicker of confidence that she could at least protect herself and Corvin.

On the screen, another alliance worker fell victim to the chaos, his leg shattered in a brutal display.

Emma couldn't bear to watch any longer. Sulien wasn't merely stealing; he was hunting, torturing, and mercilessly slaughtering the alliance staff.

Conclusion

In the face of chaos and destruction, Emma found herself standing at the precipice of her fears, the weight of her choices pressing heavily upon her. The horrors unfolding outside the cabin mirrored the turmoil within her heart, igniting a fierce determination she never knew she possessed. As she watched the alliance fighters struggle against overwhelming odds, a profound realization washed over her: this was not merely a fight for survival, but a call to action that demanded courage and sacrifice. With Corvin by her side, she understood that she could no longer remain a passive observer in her own life. The door she had once feared to open now beckoned her forward, urging her to embrace the unknown and confront the dangers that lay ahead.

Driven by a newfound resolve, Emma felt the flutter of hope intertwining with her fear, igniting a fire within her that would not be easily extinguished. She was ready to step into the chaos, armed not only with the black crystal but also with the strength of her convictions. As she prepared to confront the malevolent forces threatening their world, she knew that this moment would define her, shaping her into the warrior she was meant to be. The journey ahead would be fraught with peril, but Emma was no longer afraid to live the life she had once shied away from; she was ready to fight, not just for her own survival, but for the lives of those who depended on her courage.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers will be plunged deeper into the chaos engulfing Emma and Corvin as they grapple with the unfolding disaster outside their cabin. With the ominous presence of Sulien Lachman looming large, Emma's resolve will be tested like never before. As the stakes rise, she will be forced to confront her fears and step into a role she never envisioned for herself—one that may require her to harness the power of the mysterious black crystal given to her by Drake. Will she find the courage to wield it effectively, or will the weight of her inexperience hold her back just when she needs to act?

Moreover, as Edric races against time to return to the alliance headquarters, Emma and Corvin must devise a plan that balances strategy with urgency. The tension will mount as they seek to rally the remaining fighters while navigating the treacherous terrain of their own doubts and limitations. With lives hanging in the balance, every choice they make could tip the scales in this brutal conflict. Will Emma discover her inner strength and rise to the occasion, or will the darkness of fear and uncertainty consume her? Expect unexpected alliances, fierce confrontations, and a revelation that could change everything they thought they knew about their world.

Sara Lili

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When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 93

[1,976 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 93 Summary

In "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Emma's fierce determination to protect her alliance staff emerges amidst chaos. As the alliance faces a dire threat, Emma refuses to hide away, recognizing her role as a leader and friend. She summons Corvin, her loyal companion, who transforms into a powerful beast to help her confront the looming danger. Their bond is evident as Corvin vows to follow her into the fray, showcasing the deep trust and loyalty they share.

The scene escalates rapidly as Emma and Corvin arrive at the battlefield, witnessing the horrific actions of a menacing serpent attacking their allies. Emma's instinct to protect her people drives her to use her abilities strategically, attempting to divert the serpent's attention. Despite her lower rank, she showcases courage and quick thinking, demonstrating her commitment to her team. Corvin's swift actions to rescue an injured worker highlight the camaraderie among the alliance members, who prioritize Emma's safety even in the face of their own peril.

As the battle intensifies, the stakes rise dramatically with the appearance of Sulien, a Rank 10 fighter, who poses a formidable threat. Emma's presence ignites a fierce confrontation, revealing the enmity between her and Ms. Adderly, who harbors a deep-seated hatred towards Emma due to her connection with Edric. This personal vendetta adds emotional weight to the conflict, amplifying the urgency for Emma to survive not just for herself, but for the integrity of the alliance and Edric's reputation.

The chapter encapsulates themes of bravery, loyalty, and the struggle against overwhelming odds. Emma's transformation from a hesitant leader to a warrior ready to face her fears is a testament to her character growth. The emotional turmoil

experienced by both Emma and her allies underscores the personal stakes involved, as they fight not only against external threats but also for their bonds and identities within the alliance. The story leaves readers on edge, anticipating the outcomes of these fierce confrontations and the fate of Emma and her companions.

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

****The Violet Serpent's Wrath****

“Corvin, come with me!” Emma’s voice sliced through the tension in the air, a fierce determination igniting within her.

Fury coursed through her veins like wildfire. For days on end, the alliance staff had been diligent, bringing her the freshest produce and the purest beast cores. They had greeted her with bright smiles, affectionately calling her “Boss,” while sharing the latest alliance gossip that danced like whispers on the wind. Emma had reveled in their care, allowing herself to bask in their kindness. But now, with the alliance under siege, hiding away in the cabin like a frightened bird was not an option. She was their leader, their friend, and she could not turn her back on them in their time of need.

Corvin, her steadfast companion, seemed to grasp the weight of her resolve. He nodded with fierce conviction, his eyes gleaming with loyalty. “Ms. Tibarn, do whatever you must. I will follow you—no matter if it leads to life or death.” His words were a promise, a vow that resonated deep within her heart.

Without a moment’s hesitation, Corvin shifted into his beast form, a magnificent creature of power and grace. He swept Emma off her feet and bolted from the cabin, charging toward the menacing serpent that loomed in the distance.

Meanwhile, Coalball, their ever-watchful companion, observed their swift exit but chose not to follow. Instead, he hurried to Emma’s bedroom, flapping up onto the desk, where he pecked twice at Silas, who was deep in thought.

“Alright, alright! I get it, stop pecking at me!” Silas exclaimed, exasperation lacing his voice.

“Chirp!” Lucien, the persistent bird, pecked twice more, as if demanding Silas’s immediate attention.

“Okay, okay! I’m trying to concentrate here!” Silas retorted, frustration bubbling beneath the surface.

He couldn't shake the feeling that Lucien was taking this opportunity to get back at him for something he didn't even remember doing. But he knew he had to act; he couldn't just stand idly by while Emma ventured into danger.

A soft indigo light blossomed along the thin branch of a nearby tree. Delicate green leaves began to unfurl, and a tiny, translucent flower peeked out, its four petals shimmering in the light. Lucien eyed the bloom with disdain, as if it were mocking him.

"Chirp!" He pecked Silas once more, urgency in his tone.

Silas called back, "This is already something! Emy is waiting for you—go!"

Emy? How dare he refer to her so casually! But Lucien had no time for arguments; he swallowed the four-petaled blossom whole and took off into the sky, determined to join the fray.

Emma and Corvin arrived at the chaotic scene just in time to witness the horrific spectacle of the serpent hurling an alliance worker high into the air before its blood-stained maw opened wide, ready to tear the unfortunate soul in half.

"Stop!" Emma shouted, her voice ringing with authority as she unleashed her ability. A powerful column of water surged upward, crackling with blue lightning, and shot straight toward the woman riding atop the serpent's head.

She knew her rank was insufficient to inflict harm directly on a Rank 9 creature, but her strategy was sound—strike the serpent's head, and it would instinctively protect its rider. As she had anticipated, the serpent released the man from its jaws and lunged to shield the woman perched upon it.

Seizing the opportunity Emma had created, Corvin dashed forward, swiftly pulling the injured worker down from the chaotic scene. As he carried the man to Emma, she recognized him instantly; he had been the one delivering produce just that very day.

"Boss, what are you doing here? This place is dangerous—leave now!" The man gasped, his voice strained with pain. His hand had been bitten off, and his legs were twisted at unnatural angles, yet his primary concern was for Emma's safety, not his own grievous wounds.

All around them, the alliance staff lay in ruins, none of them left unscathed. The moment they spotted Emma, their instincts kicked in, and they felt an overwhelming urge to protect her, even at the cost of their own lives.

"Boss, you need to go! We'll hold these bastards off!" one of them shouted, desperation etched across his features.

This was a battle meant for the Empire's noble families; the Empire police would not intervene in such matters. The enemy was composed of Rank 9 fighters, and there was no chance the police would stop this massacre.

"You dared to harm my huntress—prepare to die!" Sulien roared, fury radiating from him as he surged forward.

Without a moment's hesitation, Corvin stepped between Emma and Sulien, a fierce protector ready to defend her at all costs. "Emma, I'll hold him back. You need to get out of here!"

As her suitor, Corvin's loyalty was unwavering; he would lay down his life for her without a second thought.

"Go?" Sulien sneered, his serpentine body swelling ominously. "No one is going anywhere!"

A terrifying aura of Rank 10 power washed over the battlefield, and Corvin's face blanched in fear. "Rank 10!" he gasped, realization dawning upon him. No wonder Sulien was so brazen; he had already ascended to Rank 10.

The woman who had been riding atop the serpent glared at Emma with undisguised loathing, pointing an accusatory finger. "Sulien, is she Edric's huntress?"

Sulien nodded, a strange reverence in his gaze. His massive form shifted, condensing into a human shape as he cradled the woman in his arms.

"Ms. Adderly, that's Emma Tibarn, Edric's huntress," he declared, his voice filled with a mixture of pride and malice.

Ms. Adderly leaned closer, appraising Emma with contempt that cut deep. "Edric rejected me for a Rank 4 female? Bring her to me. I will kill her with my own hands. If Edric cannot be of use to me, the Interstellar Hunter Alliance will belong to me."

The stakes had never been higher; if Edric's huntress fell, even without a bond formed between them, Edric would face ruin for failing to protect her.

"Yes, Ms. Adderly," Sulien said, turning his bloodthirsty gaze toward Emma. "I have never tasted a female's blood. After she is slaughtered, I will drain her dry—let's see how female blood differs from that of males."

Conclusion

In the face of overwhelming odds, Emma's resolve crystallized into an unbreakable determination. The chaos of battle raged around her, but she stood firm, embodying the fierce loyalty and love that bound her to her alliance. As she unleashed her powers, the

weight of her leadership became clear; she was not just fighting for her own survival but for the lives of those who had entrusted her with their hopes and dreams. The bond she shared with Corvin and the alliance staff ignited a fire within her, pushing her to confront the darkness that threatened to consume them all. With every heartbeat, she felt their unwavering belief in her, and it fueled her courage, transforming her fear into a weapon against the serpent's wrath.

As the battle unfolded, Emma's heart swelled with a newfound sense of purpose. She realized that she was not merely a huntress bound by her rank; she was a beacon of hope for those who needed her strength. The sight of her comrades risking everything for her safety solidified her commitment to fight back against the impending doom. No longer would she be the frightened girl hiding away in a cabin; she had opened the door to the life she had always feared—the life of a true leader. With her allies at her side, she prepared to face the serpent and its malevolent rider, ready to protect her family and carve her place in a world that had once seemed insurmountable. As she took a deep breath, she felt the indomitable spirit of the alliance surging through her veins, and she knew that together, they would rise to meet their fate.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter of "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," readers can expect a heart-pounding escalation of conflict as Emma faces the terrifying reality of her enemies. With Sulien's ominous declaration hanging in the air, the stakes are higher than ever. Emma's resolve will be tested as she grapples with the weight of her newfound responsibility, not only as a leader but as a potential target for ruthless foes. Will she find the strength to harness her abilities and turn the tide of battle, or will the overwhelming power of Sulien and Ms. Adderly prove too formidable?

As the chaos unfolds, Corvin's unwavering loyalty will be put to the ultimate test. With his transformation into a beast of power, he stands as a bulwark against the encroaching darkness, but can he truly protect Emma from the clutches of a Rank 10 adversary? Expect moments of fierce camaraderie among the alliance staff as they rally to defend their beloved leader, even at great personal risk. Tensions will rise, alliances will be forged in the heat of battle, and the true nature of bravery will be revealed. Will Emma be able to rally her allies and confront the serpent's wrath, or will she be forced to flee from the life she has only just begun to embrace?

With the fate of the Interstellar Hunter Alliance hanging in the balance, the next chapter promises to deliver a whirlwind of action, emotion, and unexpected twists that will leave readers breathless and yearning for more. The question remains: can Emma rise to the challenge and emerge victorious, or will she succumb to the very fears she sought to conquer?

Sara Lili

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When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 94

[1,884 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 94 Summary

In "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," the story unfolds with Sulien reveling in the thought of Emma's demise, a sentiment that exhilarates him. Emma, however, is gripped by fear as she overhears their chilling conversation about her potential death. She clutches a black crystal given to her by Drake, which holds the promise of immense power. Despite her initial disbelief in needing such a weapon, she finds herself facing a life-or-death situation, confronting Sulien's malevolent gaze and realizing her preference for Edric over this monster.

Emma's resolve strengthens as she declares her intention to end Sulien's life, preparing to unleash the crystal's power. Just as she is about to act, a colossal fire phoenix appears, overwhelming Sulien and reducing him to ash. This unexpected ally shifts the tide of the battle, allowing Emma to rally her remaining allies against the Ophidians. Among them, she confronts a defiant female from the Violet Obsidian Clan, who threatens retribution if Emma kills her. Unfazed, Emma swiftly dispatches the woman, recognizing that leaving her alive would invite future danger.

As the battle concludes, Emma and her ally Corvin assess the aftermath. Despite the chaos, Emma remains unhurt, while Corvin expresses concern for her well-being. They reflect on the losses suffered, with ten workers dead and the remnants of their alliance in ruins. Emma's heart aches for those lost, but Corvin reassures her of their resilience and determination to rebuild. He vows to prepare for any future threats, highlighting their commitment to never feeling powerless again.

The story encapsulates themes of courage, loss, and the struggle against fear. Emma's transformation from a state of fear to one of decisive action showcases her growth as a character. The emotional weight of their losses hangs heavy, yet there is a glimmer of hope in their resolve to restore what was lost and face future challenges head-on.

Ultimately, Emma and Corvin's bond strengthens amidst adversity, setting the stage for their continued fight for survival and justice.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

The moment Sulien envisioned that woman meeting her end, he felt a surge of exhilaration wash over him, almost intoxicating in its intensity. The thought of Edric being dragged down into the abyss alongside her sent a thrill coursing through his veins.

As Emma listened to their casual banter about extinguishing her life, a chill ran down her spine. She instinctively reached into her storage band, her fingers brushing against the cool surface of the black crystal Drake had entrusted to her.

When Drake had presented it, his voice had been grave yet hopeful, suggesting it contained something extraordinary. "If you shatter it using your mental power," he had explained, "it will unleash an energy burst equivalent to Rank II. Anyone below Rank 11—be they therian, Chiumid, or beast—will not survive."

At the time, she had dismissed the idea that she would ever find herself in a situation where such a weapon would be necessary.

Yet, here she stood, teetering on the precipice of life and death.

Facing Sulien's twisted, malevolent gaze, a sickening wave of disgust washed over her. In that moment, she realized just how much she preferred her Edric over this monster.

"I don't know if I'll be dying today," Emma declared, her voice steady despite the turmoil within, "but you're definitely meeting your end."

With a determined grip on the black crystal, she prepared to unleash its power when a piercing cry of a phoenix shattered the stillness of the sky.

A colossal fire phoenix erupted into view, its magnificent wings leaving trails of searing heat in their wake, warping the very fabric of the air around it. The pressure it emanated was so intense that the atmosphere trembled in response.

Both Sulien and Emma were at Rank 10, but before the might of Lucien, Sulien didn't stand a chance. In an instant, he was reduced to nothing more than ash, consumed by the flames of Phoenix Trueflame.

As Sulien crumbled, Emma wasted no time. She seized Corvin and rallied the surviving members of the alliance, charging towards the remaining Ophidians with fierce determination.

Among them, the strongest was merely Rank 8, with a Rank 7 trailing behind like a shadow. The rest were nothing but Rank 5 and 6. Corvin alone was more than capable of handling the threats posed by the Rank 8 and Rank 7.

Emma's eyes locked onto a female who had been perched atop Sulien's head, her expression one of defiance.

"You can't kill me!" the woman shrieked, her voice laced with desperation. "I am a female of the Violet Obsidian Clan! I share blood with Edric! If you take my life, the Violet Obsidian Clan will hunt you down!"

A threat? Emma couldn't help but scoff, "So?"

Fear was a stranger to her.

"I'd genuinely love to see how your clan plans to 'not spare me' once you're dead."

With a swift motion, her blade sliced across the woman's throat. Blood erupted, hot and foul, splattering across Emma's face. She grimaced, wiping the crimson liquid away—some therians truly did reek like beasts when they bled.

The moment that woman had ordered Emma's death and spoken of ruining Edric, Emma had made her decision. Allowing an Ophidian like her to live would only sow the seeds of future disaster.

Corvin dispatched the remaining Ophidians with precision and hurried to Emma's side. His eyes widened at the sight of blood on her face, and he nearly panicked. "Ms. Tibarn—are you hurt?"

Emma shook her head, her voice calm. "Not mine. Hers." She gestured toward the lifeless body sprawled on the ground.

Corvin's expression twisted in disgust as he surveyed the deceased woman. "A venomous creature like that deserved worse."

In their world, males were forbidden from killing females. Yet, female versus female combat was not governed by the Beast God—just like male-on-male battles were left unchecked.

As long as Emma remained unharmed, Corvin felt a sense of relief wash over him.

When the chaos subsided, Emma's thoughts turned to the phoenix that had come to their aid. She glanced around, hoping to express her gratitude, only to discover it had vanished. But there was no time to search for it now; too many of their alliance staff were injured, and she and Corvin needed to get them to the hospital without delay.

The injuries were severe, but the Empire's medical technology was advanced enough to regenerate limbs. It would take time, yet they would heal—as long as they survived.

But the ten workers who had perished would never return.

By the time Emma and Corvin made their way back from the hospital, the sun had dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows over the wreckage that had once been their thriving alliance. The remaining uninjured staff were diligently working, attempting to salvage what they could from the ruins.

What had once been a lush and bustling hub now lay in shambles, a poignant reminder of their loss. Emma's heart ached as memories of the fallen workers flooded her mind.

Sensing her sorrow, Corvin gently took her hand, his grip reassuring. "Ms. Tibarn, we'll restore everything soon. They didn't get away with any of our beasts. We lost some plants, but we can gather more and replant them. Tomorrow, I'll have the lab send my mecha and warship here. Next time, even if a Rank 11 comes, we'll be ready."

We will never be this helpless again.

That day had struck without warning, and the sting of their powerlessness lingered in Corvin's bones. He had initially believed they were merely here to steal supplies. Edric had even suggested they give in to their demands to avoid conflict.

But their intentions had been far more sinister—they had come to kill.

"Corvin, I'm okay," Emma reassured him, her voice steady, though her heart still raced with the remnants of adrenaline and fear.

Conclusion

In the aftermath of the battle, Emma stood amidst the ruins of her once-thriving alliance, grappling with the weight of loss and the stark reality of her choices. The echoes of the fallen lingered in her mind, a haunting reminder of the lives extinguished in the chaos. Yet, as Corvin's reassuring grip enveloped her hand, a flicker of resilience ignited within her. She had faced her fears head-on, confronting not only the monstrous Sulien but also the darker corners of her own heart. The blood on her hands was not just a mark of violence but a testament to her survival and the fierce love she held for Edric and her comrades. The phoenix's arrival had been a symbol of hope, a reminder that even in the darkest moments, strength and courage could emerge from the ashes.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the wreckage, Emma felt a renewed sense of purpose. The path ahead would be fraught with challenges, but she was no longer the woman who had hesitated at the door of her fears. With each step she took alongside Corvin, she embraced the promise of rebuilding, not just the physical remnants of their alliance but also the bonds that had been tested in the fires of

conflict. Together, they would rise stronger, forging a future where they would never again be caught off guard. The scars of the past would serve as a reminder of their resilience, propelling them forward into a life that was no longer defined by fear but by the unwavering strength of their resolve.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect the aftermath of the chaotic battle to unfold as Emma and Corvin grapple with the heavy toll of their recent victory. The emotional weight of loss will linger in the air, forcing Emma to confront not only the physical destruction of her alliance but also the haunting memories of those they lost. As they begin the arduous task of rebuilding, the stakes will rise, and the true extent of the threat posed by the Violet Obsidian Clan will become clearer. Emma's resolve will be tested as she navigates the treacherous waters of leadership, facing the challenge of uniting her remaining allies while grappling with her own grief and guilt.

Moreover, the chapter promises to delve deeper into Emma's burgeoning powers and the mysterious black crystal that Drake entrusted her with. As she reflects on her newfound abilities and the implications of wielding such destructive energy, Emma will be forced to confront her fears and insecurities. Will she harness this power to protect her people, or will it consume her? The arrival of new allies and potential betrayals will add layers of intrigue, leaving readers eager to discover how Emma will adapt to the rapidly changing dynamics of her world. With the looming threat of the Violet Obsidian Clan still hanging over them, the tension will mount, setting the stage for an explosive confrontation that could change the course of their lives forever.

Sara Lili

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When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 95

[1,856 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 95 Summary

In “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Emma grapples with guilt and concern for Corvin, who is visibly exhausted after a long day of fighting. Despite his weariness, Corvin remains supportive, suggesting they head back to their cabin to address her worries about Edric. Emma appreciates his care and leadership, feeling a mix of gratitude and anxiety as they prepare to return. Upon their arrival, they find the cabin intact, but are immediately met with a chaotic scene involving Coalball, who is furiously confronting Silas, transformed into a small plant.

Coalball’s anger is palpable, and Emma and Corvin stand back, bewildered by the confrontation. Coalball’s emotional tirade reveals his frustration at Silas for being reduced to a mere plant, and he feels betrayed for not being able to communicate with Emma before the transformation. Silas tries to calm the situation, explaining his actions and emphasizing that he had no malicious intent. This moment of tension highlights the complex relationships among the characters, revealing layers of loyalty, frustration, and the burden of expectations.

As Coalball’s fury subsides, Corvin takes charge, insisting on cleaning Coalball before Emma makes her call to Edric. Emma feels a sense of relief as she witnesses Corvin’s protective instincts, knowing he won’t leave her alone after the day’s events. The scene transitions to a more intimate moment between Emma and Silas, who reassures her of his recovery. Their connection deepens as Silas reveals his ability to perceive events through plants, offering Emma a glimpse into his world and the bond they share.

Throughout the chapter, emotions run high as the characters navigate their fears and responsibilities. Emma’s journey is marked by a blend of anxiety and hope, as she faces her fears while also relying on the support of those around her. The chapter encapsulates the themes of loyalty, healing, and the complexities of relationships, setting the stage for Emma’s continued growth and the unfolding of her destiny.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

****A Furious Tirade****

Emma felt a pang of guilt as she watched Corvin. The concern etched on his face was palpable; he had fought valiantly all day, and the weariness in his eyes told her everything she needed to know. He had barely recovered, and now he was burdened with her worries.

“Corvin,” she said softly, trying to lighten the mood, “let’s head back to the cabin. Edric has been calling me repeatedly, and I promised I would get back to him once everything was sorted out.”

Corvin nodded, but his brow remained furrowed. “Once we’re back, you should shower first. I’ll handle Edric’s call, and then I can help ease your mind. After that, we can finally get some proper rest. Tomorrow, we’ll join the others in repairing the damage.”

Emma appreciated his unwavering support, and she could see that he was trying to take charge of the situation. She turned to the nearby staff and instructed them, “Everyone, take a break. We’ll deal with the rest in the morning.”

Without hesitation, Corvin transformed into his magnificent liger form, his fur fluffy and majestic. “Ms. Tibarn, the hover vehicle is out of commission. You’ll have to ride on my back—I’m much faster.”

Emma didn’t hesitate; she climbed onto his back, and they sped off toward the cabin. The wind whipped past her, and for a moment, she felt a rush of exhilaration, grateful for Corvin’s presence.

When they arrived, the cabin stood intact, just as they had left it. But the moment they stepped inside, a cacophony of chirps filled the air.

“Is something wrong with Coalball?” Emma’s heart raced, and she exchanged a worried glance with Corvin. Without another word, they dashed toward the bedroom.

Inside, they found Coalball perched on the desk, his claws gripping the flowerpot with determination. One wing was propped on his hip while the other jabbed furiously at Silas, who had taken on the form of a small plant.

“Chirp, chirp! Chirp! Chirp, chirp!” Coalball’s indignation was clear, and Emma could almost hear the fury in his voice.

You useless stick! Is this what you’ve turned into?! That pathetic little bloom! I didn’t even get a chance to speak to Emma before I reverted! Do you have any idea what you’ve put me through?!

“Chirp! Chirp-chirp, chirp! Chirp!”

Don’t pretend you can’t hear me! You did this on purpose, didn’t you?! I risked everything to bring you back, and this is how you repay me?! Silas Hamblin, stop the charade! I know you’re aware of what’s happening!

Corvin stood frozen, astonished by Coalball’s fury. He leaned toward Emma and whispered, “Ms. Tibarn, what on earth did the tree branch do to provoke Coalball? I’m almost certain he’s cursing at it right now.”

Emma nodded in agreement, her brow furrowed in confusion. “I think you’re right. What could Silas have done to make Coalball this furious?”

Neither of them dared to approach the scene unfolding in front of them.

Seeing Emma had returned, Silas finally dropped the pretense of being inert. “Your Highness, please try to calm down. How could I ever deceive you? If I had intended to trick you, I wouldn’t have come all this way with you.”

Lucien remained silent, still processing the chaotic scene.

Silas continued, his voice steady. “If I wanted to harm you, I wouldn’t have risked my own safety to save you from that high-tier Chinoid when it tried to attack.”

Still, Lucien said nothing.

“If I had malicious intent, I wouldn’t have drained my own abilities to assist you in battle,” Silas reminded him, a hint of frustration creeping into his tone. “My current state of being is not my fault; it’s entirely tied to you.”

“If it weren’t for you, I would still be the revered First Commander, respected by all beastkind. Instead, I’m reduced to this—a mere potted plant.”

Lucien was left speechless, momentarily at a loss for words.

At last, silence enveloped the room, and Silas relaxed, allowing his leaves to unfurl slowly.

Yes, he had done it intentionally. And what of it?

Four petals were more than enough for Lucien to defeat that serpent. He had promised Emma he would grow another leaf that day, and he had no intention of breaking that promise.

As Coalball finally quieted down, Corvin seized the opportunity. He swiftly grabbed Coalball by the scruff and headed for the door. “Coalball, you can’t bully Ms. Tibarn’s Divine Tree. If anything happens to it, you’ll be in serious trouble. And you’re filthy! Where have you been today? You look like you crawled through a swamp.”

Coalball’s dirt smeared across Corvin’s hand, and he instinctively pulled his arm away, ensuring that Coalball didn’t brush against Emma.

“Ms. Tibarn, I’m going to wash Coalball. Call Edric first—I’ll join you afterward.” Corvin was resolute; after everything that had happened, he wouldn’t risk leaving Emma alone. What if she had nightmares again?

“Alright,” Emma replied, her voice steady.

As they left, Emma closed the bedroom door behind her, only to feel a warm presence pressing against her back.

“Emy, I can sense the weight of your heart. Were you frightened by today’s events?” Silas’ gentle voice was a soothing balm in her ear.

Emma turned to face him, her heart swelling with relief. He looked just as he had in her dream the previous night, but now there was a softness in his gaze that made her feel safe.

“Silas... you’re healed?” she asked, her voice tinged with hope.

Silas nodded, a faint smile gracing his lips. “Thanks to the blood you provided, I recovered quickly. But I’ve only just stabilized. I can’t maintain this form for long. Emy, from now on, you mustn’t feed me blood again.”

Emma nodded, her agreement immediate and fervent. “I understand.”

Silas had warned her, but she had ignored it, perhaps too willingly.

“You know everything that transpired?” she inquired, curiosity piquing her interest.

Silas nodded again. “As plant-based Etherians, we have a unique ability to communicate with vegetation. Wherever there are plants, we can perceive the happenings around them.”

Conclusion

In the aftermath of the day’s turmoil, Emma found herself enveloped in a profound sense of relief and gratitude. The chaos that had unfolded not only tested her resolve but also illuminated the strength of the bonds she shared with those around her. Corvin’s unwavering support and Silas’s gentle reassurance reminded her that she was not alone in her struggles. As she stood before Silas, feeling the warmth of his presence, she realized that she had opened the door to a life she had once feared—one filled with uncertainty but also brimming with hope and connection. The weight on her heart began to lift, replaced by a burgeoning sense of empowerment, as she embraced the reality of her choices and the love that surrounded her.

With the promise of tomorrow looming ahead, Emma felt a renewed determination to face whatever challenges lay in store. The support of her companions, from Corvin’s steadfast loyalty to Silas’s quiet wisdom, fortified her spirit. No longer would she shy away from the life she was meant to lead; instead, she would step forward with courage and conviction. As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the cabin, Emma understood that every moment of fear had been a stepping stone towards this newfound clarity. She was ready to embrace her destiny, knowing that she had the

strength to navigate the complexities of her world, with love and friendship lighting her path.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect the tension to escalate as Emma grapples with the implications of Silas's recovery and the secrets that linger in the air. With Corvin preoccupied with Coalball's antics and the aftermath of the day's chaos, Emma will find herself at a crossroads, torn between her burgeoning feelings for Silas and the responsibilities that weigh heavily on her shoulders. The delicate balance of trust between her and Silas will be tested as they delve deeper into the mysteries surrounding his transformation and the ramifications of their bond. Will Emma be able to confront the truth about her connection with Silas, or will fear hold her back from embracing the life she has long been afraid to live?

Moreover, as the group prepares for the repairs ahead, the dynamics among the characters will shift, revealing hidden motivations and unspoken tensions. Corvin's protective instincts will clash with Emma's desire for independence, leading to moments of vulnerability and unexpected revelations. Meanwhile, Coalball's outburst will serve as a catalyst for change, forcing Emma to confront the darker aspects of her journey and the consequences of her choices. As the cabin becomes a battleground for emotions, readers will be left on the edge of their seats, eager to discover how these relationships will evolve and what new challenges await Emma and her companions in the days to come. The pulse of adventure quickens, promising a chapter filled with both heart and conflict.

Sara Lili

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When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 96

[1,846 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 96 Summary

In “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Emma experiences a profound moment of connection with Silas, who admires her bravery for standing up for Edric. Their embrace is electric, filled with admiration and loyalty. Silas reassures Emma that she is not to blame for Edric’s struggles, emphasizing that her desire to protect him is commendable. Emma feels a deep sense of responsibility towards Edric, seeing herself as his huntress, intertwined in his battles. Silas’s teasing acknowledgment of her fierce loyalty adds a layer of warmth to their interaction.

As their conversation deepens, Silas asks for a kiss, catching Emma off guard. The kiss is gentle and tender, contrasting the passionate intensity of their previous encounters. Emma feels a rush of emotions as she melts into the moment, experiencing a sense of weightlessness and clarity that she has never felt before. The sweetness of Silas’s gift—a flower that enhances her well-being—creates a bond between them, making Emma feel cherished and valued.

However, the tranquility is abruptly interrupted when Edric bursts into the room, panic-stricken and filled with guilt over not protecting Emma. His frantic concern and self-blame highlight his emotional turmoil, making Emma’s heart ache for him. She comforts Edric, assuring him of her safety and recounting her impressive actions from earlier that day, trying to alleviate his worries. This moment of excitement is overshadowed by the sudden realization of the phoenix, a critical detail she had forgotten to discuss with Silas, leaving her in a state of confusion and urgency.

The chapter encapsulates the complexity of Emma’s emotions as she navigates her relationships with both Silas and Edric. It portrays themes of loyalty, love, and the burdens of responsibility, ultimately leading Emma to confront her own feelings and the implications of her actions. As she balances her fierce protectiveness with the need to support both men in her life, the story leaves readers anticipating the unfolding consequences of her choices and the deeper connections that will develop.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

****A Kiss Like Blooming Light****

In the quiet embrace of the moment, he enveloped Emma in his arms, their foreheads gently touching, a connection that felt electric. “I heard what you did today,” he murmured, his voice low and filled with a mixture of awe and admiration. “The way you stood up and saved someone... the way you acted without a moment’s hesitation—it shocked me, but it also filled me with pride.”

Emma’s heart fluttered at his words, but beneath that flutter was a deeper ache. “Fry, you handled everything as well as anyone could have. Don’t blame yourself. This was

never your burden to carry,” he continued, his voice steady, yet heavy with the weight of their shared history. “It’s an internal struggle of the Violer Obsidian Clan. Edric was simply unfortunate, born into a family of cold-blooded therians where survival was always going to be brutal.”

Emma absorbed his words, but her heart remained unconvinced. She felt an ache for Edric that ran deeper than mere sympathy.

****I’m Edric’s huntress. His problems are my problems. How could this not affect me?*****

It was impossible to separate her from his struggles; they were intertwined like the roots of ancient trees.

Silas couldn’t help but smile at her fierce loyalty. “If Edric heard that, he’d probably start crying,” he said, a teasing lilt in his voice. “I’m genuinely envious of him. Maybe even a bit jealous. That you’d defend him like this, especially now—”

****That snake’s really lucky...****

Silas, with all his cleverness, had never dared to dream that Emma would stand up for Edric with such passion.

“I’m your huntress, and you’re both my suitors. If anything happens to either of you, of course, I’ll stand up for you.” Her voice was firm, a declaration that left no room for doubt.

What was she supposed to do? Sit idly by while another female swooped in to protect her suitors?

With a gentle touch, she brushed her fingers over Silas’ cheek. His skin felt like silk beneath her fingertips, smooth and flawless, a stark contrast to her own. How could someone possess such beauty?

Silas gazed at her, his expression unguarded, a gentle smile illuminating his features. His deep blue eyes sparkled with warmth and affection as he cupped her face. “Then, Ms. Tibarn... may I have a kiss?”

****Where did he even learn to say things like this? How could he be so effortlessly charming?*****

Caught off guard yet exhilarated, Emma leaned in and pressed her lips against his, taking the initiative. His hand found its way to her waist, drawing her closer, their bodies melding together in a perfect fit.

Unlike the passionate intensity of the previous day, Silas was impossibly gentle now, as if she were made of glass, something precious that needed to be cherished. His lips

brushed against hers repeatedly, each caress soft and lingering, coaxing her to surrender to the moment.

As Emma's eyes fluttered closed, she felt herself melting into him, lost in the warmth of his embrace when suddenly, a rich floral fragrance burst onto her tongue. It was cool and sweet, reminiscent of clear spring water, sliding down her throat and spreading through her limbs. Instantly, her exhaustion evaporated, replaced by a rush of mental clarity. Even her heart felt as if it were soaring.

****I've never felt this comfortable in my own skin before—weightless, as if I might just float away.****

"What did you just feed me?" she asked, genuine curiosity lighting her eyes.

"My flower," Silas replied with a soft smile, his gaze unwavering. "Not one from today. One I saved from before. That was the last one."

He just... gave it to me?

The lingering sweetness on her tongue made her chest tighten with an unexpected emotion. "Isn't that a waste on me? I wasn't even hurt."

"Waste? How could giving it to you ever be a waste?" His tone was firm, leaving no room for argument. "You are its best purpose. Giving it to someone else would be a crime. Emy, my ability is almost depleted. I'll need to go into dormancy for a while. But if you need me, just tug one of my leaves. That will wake me."

He pressed a tender kiss to her forehead. "Sweet dreams, Ms. Tibarn."

As his body dissolved into flickering blue light, sinking into the deep blue vine inside the flowerpot, Emma felt a nagging sense of forgetfulness tugging at her mind.

Suddenly, Edric's voice pierced through her thoughts, breaking the moment's spell. "Emma!"

The bedroom door swung open, and Edric rushed in, panic etched across his features. He held her tightly, his chest rising and falling in frantic rhythm. "Emma, are you hurt? Were you scared? I'm so sorry. This is my fault. I didn't protect you. I should have protected you."

Fear, guilt, and self-blame wrapped around him like a suffocating shroud, making him seem as if he might crumble under the weight of it all. His purple-black eyes were bloodshot, dark bruises shadowing the delicate skin beneath. Who knew how long it had been since he had last slept?

Emma's heart ached for him. She wrapped her arms around his waist, pressing her cheek against his chest, letting the rapid beat of his heart speak volumes.

"Edric, I'm fine. Really. I wasn't scared at all. You don't even know how incredible I was today."

She pulled back, her excitement bubbling over as she animatedly demonstrated the motions. "I just moved in, blade up, one clean strike—handled her instantly. I probably looked amazing! Even Corvin said I was impressive. And then I took out the emergency crystal Drake gave me, and suddenly, a phoenix appeared—"

The phoenix!

She froze, realization crashing over her like a wave.

That was what she had meant to ask Silas!

Conclusion

In the aftermath of the whirlwind of emotions that enveloped her, Emma stood at the crossroads of her heart. The warmth of Silas's kiss still lingered, a soft reminder of the connection they shared, while the frantic energy of Edric's arrival pulled her back into the weight of reality. As she held him close, feeling the rapid thrum of his heart, she recognized the depth of their bond—a bond forged through trials, loyalty, and unspoken fears. Emma's resolve solidified; she was not merely a spectator in their lives but an active participant, a huntress determined to protect those she cared for. The ache she felt for Edric was not just sympathy; it was a commitment to share in his burdens, to intertwine their fates as tightly as the roots of ancient trees.

As the dust of the moment settled, Emma understood that she was no longer afraid to embrace the life that awaited her. The kiss from Silas had ignited something within her, a sense of empowerment and clarity that she had long sought. She was ready to confront the challenges ahead, to stand tall as both a protector and a partner. No longer would she allow fear to dictate her actions; instead, she would harness her strength and resilience. With Edric's warmth grounding her and the promise of Silas's support lingering in her heart, Emma took a deep breath, ready to step into the life she had once been afraid to live, with all its complexities and wonders.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect to delve deeper into the tangled web of emotions that binds Emma, Silas, and Edric. With the tension in the air thickening, Emma's revelation about the phoenix will undoubtedly lead to a confrontation with her own powers and the implications of her newfound abilities. What does it mean for her to summon such a creature, and how will it impact her relationships with both Silas and Edric? As the stakes rise, Emma will have to confront not only the external threats

posed by the Violer Obsidian Clan but also the internal conflicts that arise from her feelings for the two suitors vying for her heart.

Moreover, the chapter promises to explore the consequences of Silas's dormancy and how Emma will cope with the sudden absence of his support. Will she be able to harness the powers he has bestowed upon her, or will the weight of expectation become too much? Edric's frantic concern for Emma hints at an impending crisis that may force them all to confront their fears and insecurities. As Emma stands at the crossroads of loyalty and love, readers will be left on the edge of their seats, eager to discover how she navigates the complexities of her emotions while facing the looming threat of danger. Prepare for a whirlwind of action, passion, and self-discovery that will keep you turning the pages!

Sara Lili

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- When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 97

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 97

[1,741 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 97 Summary

In "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Emma excitedly shares her encounter with a phoenix with Edric, speculating whether it could have been Lucien, the elusive second prince. The moment she saw the phoenix, she felt a spark of recognition, leading her to wonder why Lucien had not revealed himself to her despite his apparent presence during her time of need. Emma's confusion grows as she considers the possibility that Lucien might be unattractive, fearing rejection, while Edric reassures her of Lucien's unmatched beauty.

As Emma and Edric's conversation unfolds, she expresses a strong desire to meet Lucien, driven by curiosity about his extraordinary nature. In a tender moment, she encourages Edric to clean up, showcasing her caring side, which surprises him. Their interaction is filled with warmth, and the presence of Silas, who observes their exchange, adds a layer of complexity as he grapples with his feelings toward Emma's affection for Edric.

In the bathroom, as Edric relaxes with Emma, he reveals a troubling encounter with Kael, a member of the Suncrest Lineage who poses a threat to Emma. Edric's protective instincts kick in as he explains that he had to erase Kael's memory of Emma to keep her safe. Emma surprisingly agrees with Edric's decision, highlighting her trust in him and her preoccupation with his serpent tail rather than the dangers posed by Kael.

The scene takes a dramatic turn when Emma's curiosity leads her to touch Edric's tail, triggering a transformation that reveals his true human form. As he pleads with her not to leave, the emotional stakes rise, blending their playful banter with the gravity of their situation. The moment encapsulates the tension between their growing bond and the lurking threats from their respective worlds, leaving Emma torn between her desire for connection and the dangers that surround them.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

The Phoenix and the Prince

Emma animatedly recounted her encounter with the phoenix to Edric, her voice brimming with excitement and certainty. "It was nothing short of pure fire, Edric! It turned that Rank 10 Sulien into ash in the blink of an eye. Don't you think, just maybe, that could have been Lucien?"

The very first moment her eyes had caught sight of that magnificent creature, a flicker of recognition had ignited within her. Could it truly have been the second prince?

I had planned to approach him once the danger had passed. But then he vanished into thin air. Silas had mentioned that Lucien brought him to me, which meant Lucien must have been nearby. Yet, why has he never shown himself to me? It was baffling that he would appear today, just when I was in peril, only to disappear once more.

Emma felt utterly perplexed by the prince's elusive nature.

"Edric," she pondered aloud, "do you think he might be... really unattractive? Perhaps he's too scared to show himself because he fears I might not like him?"

Deep down, she believed that his reluctance to bond with her wasn't due to a lack of interest. After all, he had come to her aid during such a critical moment. The only conclusion she could draw was that he must be dreadfully unappealing.

A chuckle bubbled up in Edric's throat, breaking through the tension that had previously held him captive. "Emma, I assure you, Prince Lucien is not ugly in the slightest. Anyone who has laid eyes on him would tell you he is simply unmatched in beauty. Even I fall short in comparison."

Emma's eyes widened in disbelief. "But you're incredibly handsome! Are you saying he's even more attractive than you?"

What kind of breathtaking beauty could he possess?

In that moment, a strong desire surged within her—a need to meet this prince, to see for herself what made him so extraordinary.

Noticing the tension in Edric's shoulders dissipating, Emma reached for his hand, gently guiding him toward the bathroom. "Edric, look at yourself! You're a complete mess. How many days has it been since you last had a proper wash? I was about to shower anyway. Why don't we go together?"

Edric, who had just begun to relax, suddenly froze again, his eyes wide with surprise. "Emma, I—"

Emma cupped his weary cheek, her touch tender and reassuring. "Don't worry. I promise I won't tease you."

He fell silent, utterly taken aback by her unexpected affection.

Silas, perched silently on the table and observing the scene, was equally astonished.

She still doesn't realize I can hear everything. Perhaps I should suggest moving me somewhere else tomorrow.

Watching her display such warmth toward another male was enough to drive him to distraction. He envisioned tying Edric up in knots and tossing him out the nearest window.

In the hallway, Corvin stood with a freshly bathed Coalball in his arms, listening intently to Emma's voice filtering through the door. He glanced down at the disgruntled little bird, pressing his lips together in contemplation.

"Come on, Coalball. Ms. Tibarn doesn't need us around tonight."

In the bathroom, Edric reclined in the tub, his long serpent tail draping over the edge, allowing Emma to nestle comfortably against him. His slender fingers moved in gentle, soothing motions across her shoulders.

“Emma, there’s something important I need to discuss with you.”

“What is it?” she asked, her eyes fluttering shut, casually toying with his tail, twisting it around her fingers as if it were a plaything.

Edric hesitated, the weight of his words pressing heavily on his chest. “It’s about Kael. I encountered him outside. He insisted on seeing you and wouldn’t take no for an answer. I had to use an agent on him to erase all memory of you.”

“The internal conflicts within the Suncrest Lineage are too perilous, and their history of harming human females makes them a significant threat. I feared that if he continued pursuing you, he would expose you.”

He held his breath, anxiously awaiting her reaction.

The Violet Obsidian Clan had its own share of tumultuous infighting, but Edric could sever his ties with them if necessary. He belonged to Emma, and if his clan posed a danger to her, he would not hesitate to eliminate them. But Kael was bound to his lineage forever. That was the crux of the matter.

Emma, surprisingly, found herself in agreement with his decision. “That definitely saves us a lot of hassle.”

Truthfully, she had nearly forgotten about Kael’s existence. But her curiosity about Edric’s serpent tail was far more captivating.

Just then, her fingers grazed over a spot where the scales felt oddly firm, and—shockingly—they began to lift. She gently slid her fingers underneath them, intrigued.

Edric let out a sharp hiss. “Emma, don’t—”

Before he could finish his warning, Emma noticed something beginning to emerge beneath the scales. Panic surged through her, and she quickly dropped his tail, attempting to scramble out of the tub.

But in a swift motion, the curve of her leg was ensnared. The serpent tail coiled around her, pulling her back down—slowly but inexorably—into his lap.

As she settled back, the purple-black tail transformed into two strong human legs beneath the water.

“Emma.” His voice, deep and gravelly, enveloped her like a warm, velvety embrace, rich enough to intoxicate anyone who listened.

“Please don’t go. I feel terrible...”

Conclusion

In the aftermath of the revelations and the warmth shared between Emma and Edric, a profound shift began to take root within her. The fear that once held her captive—of embracing a life filled with magic, danger, and love—began to dissipate like mist in the morning sun. As she nestled against Edric, feeling the strength of his presence and the depth of his care, she realized that the life she had been afraid to live was not one of isolation but of connection and possibility. The elusive prince, Lucien, remained a mystery, but her heart was now open to the adventures that awaited her, a journey not just of self-discovery but of forging bonds that transcended the boundaries of their worlds.

Edric’s gentle reassurances and the unexpected transformation of his tail into legs symbolized not only his willingness to protect her but also the merging of their destinies. Emma understood that love could bloom in the most unexpected places and that

vulnerability, rather than weakness, was a strength that could lead to deeper connections. With the specter of Kael now behind them, she felt a renewed sense of agency and courage. The door to the life she had been afraid to live was now wide open, revealing a path illuminated by the promise of love, friendship, and the thrill of the unknown. Emma took a deep breath, ready to embrace whatever lay ahead, her heart beating in tandem with the rhythm of a new beginning.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

As the tension between Emma and Edric deepens, readers can anticipate a pivotal moment that will forever alter their relationship. With Edric's transformation from serpent to human, the stakes are raised, and Emma's curiosity will inevitably lead her to uncover more secrets about Edric's past and the true nature of his lineage. Will she embrace the complexities of his world, or will the revelations push her further away? The delicate balance between their burgeoning connection and the looming threats from the Suncrest Lineage promises to keep readers on the edge of their seats.

Moreover, Emma's thoughts of Prince Lucien linger, creating an undercurrent of anticipation that begs the question: Will she finally confront her feelings about him? With Edric's protective instincts ignited by the mention of Kael, the tension in the air is palpable. As Emma grapples with her growing feelings for Edric while being drawn to the enigmatic prince, the next chapter will delve into the emotional turmoil that accompanies such choices. Expect unexpected twists, heartfelt confessions, and perhaps a confrontation between these powerful figures that could change the course of Emma's life forever. The door to the life she was afraid to live is ajar, and with every turn of the page, the possibilities become more thrilling.

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 98

[1,800 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 98 Summary

In “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Enuna experiences a moment of intense connection with Edric, where their emotions and desires intertwine. As they share a kiss, Edric is overwhelmed by his feelings, struggling to maintain control. Despite the heat between them, he refuses to take their intimacy further, fearing he might hurt her. This moment is charged with both passion and restraint, showcasing the complexity of their relationship as Edric battles his primal instincts.

After their intimate encounter, Emma steps away, sensing Edric’s need for space. She quickly changes into fresh clothes, feeling a mix of embarrassment and concern for Corvin, whom she had promised to comfort. When she finds Corvin engrossed in his work with Coalball, the scene shifts to a lighter tone, highlighting Corvin’s determination to create mechanical wings for the bird. Emma’s warmth and eagerness to support Corvin shine through as she offers him mental comfort, demonstrating her nurturing nature.

As Emma connects with Corvin in his juvenile beast form, she realizes the challenge of soothing his chaotic mental state. The experience is draining for her, but she perseveres, ultimately finding success as Corvin drifts into a peaceful sleep. This act of

compassion reflects Emma's strength and dedication to those she cares about, even as she navigates her own emotional turmoil.

Upon returning to Edric, Emma seeks solace in his presence, attempting to ignore the tension from earlier. She climbs into bed beside him, feeling exhausted but safe. Edric, still grappling with guilt and tenderness, watches her sleep, wishing he had been more careful to protect her. This final moment encapsulates the emotional weight of their relationship, marked by longing, guilt, and the hope for a deeper connection as they navigate their fears and desires together.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

****Heat Beneath the Water****

Enuna turned around, her heart racing as she caught sight of Edric's flushed face, a mask of restraint and barely contained desire. Taking a moment to steady herself, she inhaled deeply, the scent of warm water and soap mingling in the air, and then leaned in, pressing her soft lips against his.

At first, Edric was frozen in place, as if time itself had paused. But soon, as if a dam had burst within him, his hands encircled her waist, pulling her closer with a fierce longing that sent shivers down her spine. His rough, calloused palms roamed over her body, igniting a fire within her, yet he held back, trembling on the precipice of losing control.

As the moment stretched on, Emma began to feel the strain of their position. She pushed gently against him, a playful smile dancing on her lips. "Edric, this angle isn't working. Why don't we... take it to the bed?" she suggested, her voice low and inviting.

She had always embraced intimacy, never one to shy away from what she desired. But Edric's response was immediate and firm, a stark contrast to the heat between them.

"No, Emma." His voice was thick with emotion, his arms tightening around her as he battled the primal hunger that threatened to consume him. "Right now... I'll hurt you."

With that, he buried his face in the curve of her neck, breathing deeply—once, twice, three times—before finally releasing her, as if letting go of a fragile thread. "Give me a moment. I just need to calm down."

Understanding the storm raging inside him, Emma chose not to press further. Instead, she carefully climbed out of the tub, wrapping herself in a soft towel, and stepped away. If she lingered, she knew Edric would never find his calm.

Soon, muffled sounds echoed from the bathroom—strained breaths and stifled groans that were impossible to ignore. Emma felt her cheeks flush with embarrassment as she

hurriedly slipped into fresh clothes, her heart racing. She had promised Corvin earlier that she would provide him with mental comfort, and she couldn't let him down.

When she arrived, she found Corvin engrossed in his work, surrounded by a chaotic pile of metal parts, his brow furrowed in concentration. Beside him, Coalball was squirming, clearly unhappy with his predicament.

"Coalball, don't move! I need to measure precisely," Corvin admonished, frustration creeping into his voice. "You're too fat! Your wings and the fake ones Edric made can't possibly lift you. I'm crafting you mechanical wings that will let you fly! Anywhere you want. Just a few thousand miles, and it will only cost one Rank 1 beast core."

Let me go! Coalball chirped, twisting in annoyance. He was nearly healed and didn't need mechanical wings at all.

"Stop moving!" Corvin tapped the bird's head lightly. "Move again, and I'll pluck you bald."

At last, Coalball fell silent, resigned to his fate.

With the door wide open, Emma stepped inside, her gaze falling on Corvin as he tinkered with the various parts. "Corvin, are you free? I came to give you mental comfort," she asked, her voice filled with warmth.

Corvin immediately dropped everything, tossing Coalball aside with a quick motion. "Yes, Ms. Tibarn. I'm always free for you," he replied, his eyes lighting up with eagerness.

Coalball, unceremoniously thrown to the floor, flared up in indignation, launching himself toward Corvin and biting his shin. "Chirp!"

"Ow! That actually hurt!" Corvin exclaimed, subtly kicking Coalball away. When the bird attempted to protest, Corvin swiftly pinned him down with his mental power, ensuring there would be no interruptions.

He led Emma to the bed, shifting into his juvenile beast form, a small, pale-blue kitten with serious, earnest eyes that gazed up at her.

"Ms. Tibarn. I'm ready," he announced, sitting obediently before her.

Emma felt her heart swell at the sight of him. She leaned down, touching her fingertip to the kitten's forehead, allowing her mental power to flow gently into his consciousness.

However, Corvin's mental state was far more chaotic than Edric's or Drake's. It felt hot and turbulent, pressing against her like a wave. The moment her power touched his, it felt singed, and she realized it would be much harder to soothe him.

Minutes passed, stretching into what felt like an eternity. Half an hour slipped by, and Emma's mental energy began to wane, leaving her feeling almost drained. Finally, she sensed a slight cooling in Corvin's mental turmoil.

The kitten lay on his back, his soft belly exposed, gently drifting into sleep. Emma pulled her hand away, her heart lightened as she checked on him—his breathing was steady, and his abilities stable. Only then did she quietly exit his room.

By that time, Edric had emerged from the bathroom, draped in a deep violet silk robe that clung to his form. He leaned against the headboard, his eyes half-closed, as if he were resting. The long purple-black tail swayed lightly across the pink sheets, a striking contrast.

The moment Emma entered, his eyes snapped open, and he sat up quickly, his handsome features still tinged with a hint of red as he avoided her gaze.

She definitely heard... earlier. Didn't she?

"Edric, all done?" Emma asked, climbing into bed beside him, her heart racing. Without hesitation, she hugged his tail, seeking comfort in his presence. "I just finished giving Corvin mental comfort. I'm completely exhausted. Let's sleep."

Not wanting to acknowledge the earlier tension, she chose to ignore the bathroom incident entirely. Her eyelids grew heavy, and she closed her eyes almost immediately, surrendering to the exhaustion that enveloped her.

Emma fell asleep the instant her head touched the pillow, her breathing soft and even.

Edric watched her peaceful face, his heart twisting with a mix of tenderness and guilt. If only he had been more careful, she would never have had to face such danger that day.

Conclusion

As the night deepened, the air in the room settled into a comfortable silence, punctuated only by the soft sound of Emma's breathing. In that moment, Edric felt the weight of his emotions settle heavily upon him. The fire that had ignited between them earlier lingered like a ghost, a reminder of the boundaries he had almost crossed. He gazed at Emma, her vulnerability evident in her peaceful slumber, and a wave of protectiveness washed over him. He understood now that the life he had been afraid to embrace was not just about the desire that simmered beneath the surface; it was about the responsibility that came with it. The tenderness he felt for her was laced with the fear of failing to keep her safe, and that realization sparked a new resolve within him.

Meanwhile, Emma's heart had begun to heal, not just from the emotional turmoil she had faced earlier but from the quiet moments shared with those she cared for. As she nestled closer to Edric, she found solace in the warmth of his presence, a stark contrast

to the uncertainty that had plagued her. She had opened the door to a life filled with both passion and peril, and though she still felt the echoes of fear, she also sensed the strength that came from connection. With Edric by her side, she was ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead, knowing that together they could navigate the complexities of their intertwined fates. In the cocoon of their shared warmth, the promise of tomorrow felt less daunting, and for the first time in a long while, she allowed herself to dream of a future where love and courage intertwined.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

What to Expect in the Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers will be thrust deeper into the emotional turmoil that surrounds both Enuna and Edric. As they navigate the aftermath of their charged encounter, tensions will rise as unspoken feelings and unresolved desires simmer beneath the surface. Will Edric be able to confront the vulnerability that comes with his feelings for Emma, or will his fears continue to hold him back? The stakes are high as the fragile balance between their friendship and burgeoning romance hangs in the air, leaving readers eagerly anticipating the choices they will make.

Moreover, the chapter promises to explore the deeper connections between the trio—Enuna, Edric, and Corvin. As Emma continues to provide solace to Corvin in his chaotic mental state, the dynamics within their unique bond will shift, revealing unexpected layers of loyalty, trust, and perhaps even jealousy. With Corvin's transformation and his newfound abilities, will he become a catalyst for change, or will his struggles create further complications? As Emma grapples with her own desires and responsibilities, the reader will be left on the edge of their seat, wondering how these intertwined fates will unfold in the face of looming challenges.

Sara Lili

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When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 99

[1,887 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 99 Summary

In “When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live,” Edric tenderly cares for Emma, cocooning her in warmth as he prepares for the challenges of the following day. He faces the daunting task of returning to his clan, where the elders await with their rigid traditions and expectations. The weight of their ambitions and the events of the day create a storm of anxiety within him, compelling him to devise a strategy for the confrontation ahead.

As Edric finds solace in Emma’s presence, a mysterious blue light catches his attention, leading him outside to meet Silas, the Divine Tree. Silas reveals troubling news about the elders of the Violet Obsidian Clan, who have been engaging in dangerous practices, including the forced growth of a Rank 10 Sulien. This revelation heightens Edric’s concern for the clan’s ambitions, prompting him to share his own plan involving allies like Jimmy and the Ravaryn to counter the elders’ influence.

Silas challenges Edric’s approach, suggesting that mere intimidation won’t suffice against the elders’ relentless ambition. Edric’s frustration grows as he grapples with the urgency of his situation and the limitations of his current power. Silas encourages him to take decisive action and presents him with a powerful command seal, which could summon warriors to bolster Edric’s strength in the impending conflict. This seal represents both hope and anxiety, as Edric understands the risks involved in his plan.

Determined to act swiftly, Edric resolves to find a Rank 10 Drakonid to join his cause, understanding the stakes of the battle ahead. Silas reassures him about Emma’s connection to Drake, emphasizing that their bond will remain intact. With renewed determination, Edric steps into the night, ready to confront the challenges that await him and secure the future of his clan. The story captures Edric’s inner turmoil, the weight of responsibility, and the fierce determination to protect those he loves while navigating the treacherous dynamics of clan politics.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

Edric tenderly wrapped the blankets around Emma, ensuring she was cocooned in warmth, and adjusted his tail so that she could snuggle against it more comfortably. The peacefulness of the moment was almost surreal, but the weight of the impending day loomed over him like a storm cloud.

Tomorrow, he would return to his clan, and there would be questions—questions that demanded answers from the elders steeped in their ancient traditions and rigid beliefs. The events of the day had stirred a tempest within him, and he knew he could not face them without a plan.

As he held Emma close, the rhythmic sound of her breathing lulled him into a state of tranquility. Just as he was about to surrender to sleep, a faint ripple of energy caught his attention, emanating from the desk across the room. A shimmering streak of blue light danced through the open window, illuminating the night with its ethereal glow.

With a glance at the serene face of the sleeping Emma, Edric quietly slipped out of bed, curiosity propelling him forward.

Outside, the cool night air wrapped around him like a shroud as he stepped into the darkness. There, silhouetted against the moonlight, stood Silas, leaning against a gargantuan tree trunk so wide that it would take three grown adults, arms linked, to encircle it. The sheer size of the tree seemed to echo Silas's own formidable presence. As Edric approached, Silas adjusted his glasses, the lenses catching the moonlight.

Emma had already told him that Silas was the Divine Tree, so there was no need for pretense or secrets between them.

"What did you bring me out here for?" Edric asked, his voice low and cautious, aware of the gravity of their conversation.

Silas plucked a fallen leaf from the ground, twirling it between his fingers as he spoke. "The elders of the Violet Obsidian Clan have been up to no good. They secretly raised a Rank 10 Sulien, but it was a forced growth—unstable and weak. Lucien dispatched him easily, turning him to ashes with a mere flicker of flame."

Edric's heart sank at the news. The elders were relentless in their ambitions. "But their desire to seize the Interstellar Hunter Alliance from you isn't going anywhere. What happened today is just a prelude. So, what's your strategy for tomorrow?"

He had already formulated a plan in his mind. "I spoke with Corvin. I'll take Jimmy with me. With him and the Ravaryn backing me, I can suppress those two Rank 10 elders in the clan. I'm on the verge of breaking through to Rank 10 myself. Once I do, I'll eliminate them."

In his mind, he knew that only the dead could be truly silenced.

Silas dropped the leaf and fixed his deep blue gaze on Edric, unwavering and intense. "That's too gentle of an approach. Just intimidation won't extinguish the ambition of those two old snakes."

Edric felt a twinge of frustration. He understood that his solution wasn't the most ruthless, but it was the only one he could execute swiftly. In the advanced star systems like AI, Rank 7 or Rank 8 therians could be hired with the right incentives, but Rank 9s were a rarity. Rank 10s were almost exclusively the elders of major noble clans, loyal only to their own bloodlines.

His connection with Jimmy had been secured through Corvin's influence, a stroke of luck in a world filled with treachery.

"If I had more time, I could break through soon," Edric confessed through clenched teeth, the urgency of his situation weighing heavily on him.

Silas stepped closer, placing a reassuring hand on Edric's shoulder. "Don't rush this. Your breakthrough is inevitable. What I'm advising you is how to deal with the clan. Since you're heading back, make sure it counts. Make them pay for their actions."

With that, Silas produced a fire-red command seal, its surface glinting like a precious gem, and pressed it into Edric's palm. "A Rank 10 Drakonid powerhouse has arrived on AI for a vacation just two days ago. Bring him into your fold. With him and Jimmy at your side, you'll possess enough strength to take down those two elders."

Edric's mind raced as he considered the implications. After that, use Prince Lucien's command seal to summon every male of Rank 3 and above within the Violet Obsidian Clan to the outer battlefield within three days. Let them face the Chitinis.

It wasn't the most merciful approach, but it was undeniably effective. Why waste perfectly capable warriors? Better to throw them into the fray where they could at least die for a cause that mattered.

"I remember you have an older brother serving under Prince Lucien," Silas continued, his tone steady. "If you're not interested in managing the clan, let him take over later."

The seal Silas had given him was the Phoenix Command Seal. With it, he could deploy any therian below Rank 9 to the outer battlefield at will.

Edric stared at the seal in disbelief, his mind racing. "Why do you have the prince's command seal?"

"He dropped it. I merely picked it up," Silas replied with an air of sincerity, but Edric felt a flicker of skepticism. Still, it didn't matter.

What truly mattered was that this seal could send the young fighting males of the Violet Obsidian Clan straight to the battlefield. It would cripple the clan's ability to nurture new power for decades—perhaps even centuries—granting Edric the time he desperately needed to ascend.

He tightened his grip around the seal, a mix of hope and anxiety swirling within him. One worry nagged at the back of his mind—the Rank 10 Drakonid might refuse his request.

Silas, unaware of Emma's connection with Drake, had no knowledge of the pact they shared. Edric felt compelled to mention it.

“I know,” Silas waved off the concern. “Whatever the relationship between Emma and Drake is now, as long as their bond remains intact, she is still his huntress. Just stick to the plan.”

“Then I’ll leave at once,” Edric declared, determination coursing through him.

He didn’t bother returning to bed. With the command seal firmly in hand, he stepped into the night, the moon guiding his path as he moved toward the location Silas had provided, determined to find the Rank 10 Drakonid and set his plan into motion.

Conclusion

As Edric ventured into the night, the weight of his decisions pressed heavily on his heart. He was no longer the uncertain young man who had hesitated at the threshold of a life filled with danger and ambition. The warmth of Emma’s presence had ignited a fierce determination within him, propelling him to confront the shadows of his clan with a strategy that was as ruthless as it was necessary. The shimmering command seal in his hand felt like a talisman of hope, a symbol of the power he would harness to protect not only himself but also the future he envisioned with Emma. He could no longer afford to be gentle; the stakes had risen too high, and the time for action had come.

With each step he took, Edric felt the boundaries of his old self dissolve, replaced by a burgeoning confidence that surged through him like fire. The path ahead was fraught with peril, yet he welcomed it, understanding that true strength was not merely about power but also about the courage to act decisively. Tomorrow would bring the reckoning he had long avoided, but he was ready to embrace it, fortified by the love he felt for Emma and the promise of a life unbound by fear. As the moonlight illuminated his way, Edric realized that opening the door to the life he had once feared meant stepping into his own power—one that would shape not only his destiny but also the fate of those he held dear.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

As Edric embarks on his perilous journey to locate the elusive Rank 10 Drakonid, readers can anticipate a whirlwind of tension and intrigue. The stakes are higher than ever, as Edric must navigate the treacherous landscape of clan politics and ancient rivalries. With the command seal clutched tightly in his hand, he is poised to confront not only the challenges presented by the elders of the Violet Obsidian Clan, but also the complexities of his own burgeoning power. Will he be able to convince the Drakonid to join his cause, or will his ambitions crumble under the weight of unforeseen consequences?

Moreover, the chapter promises to delve deeper into the intricate relationship between Edric and Emma. As he grapples with the implications of their bond and the potential

repercussions of invoking Drake, readers will be left wondering how their connection will influence the unfolding events. Will Emma's strength as a huntress provide the support Edric desperately needs, or will it become a point of contention that jeopardizes his plans? The tension between loyalty, ambition, and the harsh realities of their world will keep readers on the edge of their seats, eager to see how these dynamics evolve in the face of impending conflict.

Sara Lili

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When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 100

[2,008 words]

When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live 100 Summary

In "When She Opened the Door to the Life She Was Afraid to Live," Edric arrives at the imposing Drakonid Estate, driven by a mixture of fear and determination. He seeks the help of Thero Smith, a Rank 10 Elder, to confront the Violet Obsidian Clan, who have been causing harm to Emma, the huntress he admires. Initially met with hostility, Edric manages to convey his purpose, and Thero's demeanor shifts dramatically from anger to warmth, revealing a surprising familial bond. This transition highlights the unpredictable nature of the Drakonid Elders, setting a tone of both tension and unexpected camaraderie.

As Edric explains his intentions, Thero's anger toward the Violet Obsidian Clan surfaces, showcasing the protective instincts of the elder. Thero's willingness to help Edric and his eagerness to take swift action underlines the urgency of the situation. The two men quickly establish a plan to confront the clan, revealing the stakes involved and the potential for violence. This partnership forms a crucial turning point in the narrative, emphasizing themes of loyalty and the fight against oppression.

Meanwhile, Drake, another key figure in the story, becomes aware of the situation through Thero. His concern for Emma's safety adds an emotional layer to the unfolding

events, as he grapples with the weight of responsibility for her well-being. Drake's reaction to the news of Emma's safety underscores the deep connection they share, and his authoritative response to the threat posed by the Violet Obsidian Clan establishes his formidable reputation. This dynamic between the characters highlights the complexities of their relationships and the lengths they are willing to go for each other.

As dawn breaks, the narrative shifts back to Emma, who is left to ponder Edric's recent visit and the implications of his plan. Edric's return brings a sense of hope and warmth, as he expresses his commitment to protect her and confront their enemies. His vulnerability in admitting his current limitations adds depth to his character, while Emma's playful response reveals her own strength and cunning. The interaction between them solidifies their bond and sets the stage for their joint efforts against the threats they face.

Overall, the chapter encapsulates a blend of tension, camaraderie, and emotional depth as the characters navigate their fears and responsibilities. Edric's journey toward confronting the Violet Obsidian Clan is not just a physical challenge but also an emotional one, as he seeks to prove himself worthy of Emma's trust and affection. The relationships among the characters serve as a driving force in the story, illustrating the themes of loyalty, bravery, and the complexities of love in a world fraught with danger.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

****Midnight at the Drakonid Estate****

Nestled in the eastern part of the city, the Drakonid Estate loomed large and imposing, a testament to the power and legacy of its inhabitants. The moon cast a silvery glow over the manicured gardens, and the night was thick with anticipation.

Edric stood before the grand gate, his heart pounding as he raised his hand to knock.

Knock, knock, knock.

The sound echoed through the stillness, shattering the tranquility of the night. Almost immediately, a gruff voice barked from within, "Who is it, waking people at this hour? Are you insane?"

Edric swallowed hard, forcing himself to maintain a tone of respect and humility. He knew he was treading on delicate ground, seeking a favor from a Rank 10 Elder. "My name is Edric, I—"

Before he could articulate the rest of his introduction, the heavy gate creaked open, revealing a disheveled old man clad in pajamas, his hair a wild mess. Thero Smith, the second elder, stood there, his expression a mix of confusion and irritation.

“What are you doing here in the middle of the night?” Thero’s scowl deepened, his eyes narrowing as he scrutinized Edric. “You’d better have a good reason, or I’ll kill you.”

Edric couldn’t help but think that the old man had a temper like dynamite, ready to explode at any moment.

With sincerity in his voice, Edric responded, “I’m a suitor to Drake’s huntress, Emma Tibarn. I came—”

“You say you’re a suitor to Mr. Smith’s huntress?” Thero interrupted, his disbelief palpable as he studied Edric’s earnest face.

Edric nodded firmly, “Yes, that’s correct.”

In an instant, Thero’s demeanor shifted dramatically. The scowl melted away, replaced by a wide, welcoming grin that transformed his face. He clapped Edric on the shoulder with surprising warmth, as if they were old friends. “You should have said so earlier! We’re family. Why knock at the door? Just smash it down and come in next time!”

Edric stood there, momentarily speechless, trying to process the abrupt change in the elder’s attitude.

“Did Mr. Smith’s huntress send you? Is she missing him? He’s been busy at the Aquadome, but it’s fine—I can bring your huntress to him right now.”

Realizing that Thero seemed blissfully unaware of the true nature of Emma and Drake’s relationship, Edric felt a wave of awkwardness wash over him. He scratched his nose, trying to find the right words. “Elder, it’s not like that. I came to ask for your help. I was wondering if—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Thero gave him another hearty pat on the back. “Help? We’re family—just say the word. I’ll get it done.”

Edric couldn’t help but think, Are all Drakonids this easy to talk to? It was surprising, but also refreshing.

He quickly laid out his intentions regarding the Violet Obsidian Clan, detailing his plan to confront them. As he spoke, Thero’s expression darkened, and he could see the anger simmering just beneath the surface.

“B*stards! How dare they bully Mr. Smith’s huntress?! They’ve got some nerve!” Thero ground his teeth, his fists clenching at his sides, clearly eager to unleash his fury on the Violet Obsidian Clan. “Kid, I get you. I’ll make a few calls—let’s go.”

With that, Thero hustled back inside, his movements brisk as he activated the lightcore to notify Drake. It was imperative that he be informed that his huntress had been wounded.

The connection was established swiftly, and Thero relayed Edric’s account to Drake with precision. “Mr. Smith, Edric is heading to the Violet Obsidian Clan. He wants me to help take out those two Rank 10 elders and to send all males Rank 3 and above to the outer battlefield to face the Chitinid. You suppose…”

A thought flickered in Thero’s mind, bristling with urgency. Shouldn’t he just kill them all instead?

What good would it do to send those weaklings to the battlefield? They would merely become fodder for the Chitinid. Thero preferred a more straightforward solution: wipe them out now, before they could cause any more harm.

On the other end of the line, Drake’s voice sharpened, losing its usual lazy drawl. “Is Emma hurt?”

“No, no,” Thero quickly assured him, shaking his head emphatically. “I asked Edric already. Your huntress is fine. In fact, word is she even killed a Rank 5 female herself.”

Drake’s tension eased slightly at the news of Emma’s safety. The thought of anything happening to her sent a chill down his spine; she was his anchor, the only one who could provide him with solace amidst the chaos.

Leaning back in his ornate, jewel-encrusted chair, Drake’s voice returned to its familiar, languid tone. “Do as Edric suggests. Tell them if they refuse, there’s no point in their living.”

Such words, spoken by anyone else, might have been dismissed as mere bravado. But from Drake, they carried the weight of law. His reputation for brutality and clan destruction left no room for defiance; his enemies trembled at the mere mention of his name.

As dawn broke, Emma stirred awake to find Edric’s side of the bed empty, the sheets cool where he had lain. She dressed quickly, her mind racing with thoughts of their conversation. Just as she stepped outside, Edric returned, a bright smile illuminating his face.

“You’re up,” he greeted her, taking her hand with a warmth that sent a flutter through her chest. “Good—there’s something I need to tell you.”

He wasted no time, recounting his plan to confront the Violet Obsidian Clan, detailing how he had sought Jimmy's help and secured Thero's support. When he finished, he sank to one knee before her, his expression earnest and vulnerable.

"Emma, I'm sorry. I'm not yet Rank 10. I can't confront them myself. I have to borrow other people's strength to intimidate them, to ensure that the clan can't produce new power in the near term. Please believe me—just give me a little time. Once I reach Rank 10, I will take care of them."

"Why kill them?" Emma asked, tugging him upright with a laugh, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Recycling the useless ones sounds better to me. Silas' plan is good, but killing those two Rank 10s—wouldn't that be wasteful?"

Conclusion

As the sun rose over the Drakonid Estate, the weight of the night's events began to settle within Edric and Emma. Edric, once consumed by self-doubt and uncertainty, now stood resolute, ready to confront the challenges ahead with newfound courage. The warmth of Emma's hand in his was a reminder of the bond they shared, a bond that gave him strength in the face of adversity. He realized that seeking help did not diminish his worth; rather, it was a testament to his commitment to protect those he cared for. The alliance he forged with Thero and the support from Drake marked a turning point in his journey, illuminating the path toward the life he once feared to embrace.

Emma, too, felt a shift within her. The playful banter with Edric, coupled with their shared ambition to confront the Violet Obsidian Clan, ignited a spark of excitement in her heart. She recognized that their destinies were intertwined, and together they could challenge the status quo. Her laughter echoed in the morning air, a sound that signified resilience and hope. As they stood side by side, ready to face the impending storm, Emma understood that sometimes the most profound transformations occur when one dares to step through the doors of fear and uncertainty. Together, they would not only confront their enemies but also carve out a future where they could thrive, unbound by the shadows of their past.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers can expect a whirlwind of emotions and escalating tensions as Edric and Emma's plan to confront the Violet Obsidian Clan takes shape. With Thero's unexpected support, Edric finds himself at the center of a brewing storm, one that could change the dynamics of power among the clans. As they prepare to face off against formidable foes, the stakes are raised higher than ever. Will Edric's strategy prove effective, or will his reliance on others' strength lead to unforeseen consequences?

Meanwhile, Emma's playful challenge to Edric's aggressive approach hints at her own burgeoning strength and independence. As she contemplates a different path—one that

involves recycling rather than eliminating their enemies—the tension between their ideologies will deepen. Will Edric be able to convince her of the necessity of a more ruthless approach, or will Emma’s perspective force him to rethink his own beliefs about power and honor? As the dawn of conflict looms, the chapter promises to unveil not only thrilling action but also a deeper exploration of the characters’ motivations and the bonds that tie them together.

Prepare for an exhilarating ride filled with unexpected alliances, moral dilemmas, and the ever-present threat of danger. The Drakonid Estate may be a sanctuary for some, but for Edric and Emma, it may soon become a battleground where loyalties are tested and destinies are forged. What choices will they make when faced with the harsh realities of their world, and how will those choices shape their futures? The answers await just beyond the next turn of the page.

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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