

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 111

Posted by **AdminJ**, 2202 Views, Released on May 15, 2024

Chapter 111

Xanthea looked at him with gratitude. "Then I should thank you, Movie King, for thinking so thoroughly"

"It's fine, we're partners after all, Benjamin said, standing up with a smile. "But Xan, you're still so formal"

He deliberately emphasized the nickname "Xan," making Xanthea suddenly remember the age he had reiterated the last time. She quickly apologized. "Oh, sorry! I forgot!"

"By the way, it's my first time participating in a launch event. Should I change into something more formal?"

She had assumed the event was just about going through a simple procedure and **had** casually worn a set of leisure clothes over, not expecting there to be so much etiquette involved. Seeing Benjamin in a tailored white suit made her feel underdressed by comparison

"No need, you look pretty good like that."

Benjamin scanned her from head to toe.

The last time he saw her, she was wearing a dark long dress, paired with her radiant and captivating face, stunning everyone. Today, in simple casual wear, she looked like a vibrant girl straight out of a comic book, pure and lively, a sight for sore eyes.

"Uncle thinks you look great too. It's all because our Xan is naturally beautiful, even a burlap sack would look good on you!" Oliver affectionately ruffled her hair. "We should head to the launch event now, it's getting late."

"Okay!"

On the drive there, with Ryan behind the wheel and Oliver in the passenger seat, Benjamin pulled a coffee-brown gift box from his bag and handed it to Xanthea. "Xan, this is a little something for the event. Open it up and see."

"Uh?"

Xanthea hesitated, somewhat slow in accepting the gift.

Did the male and female leads need to exchange gifts for the start of a new film? Why hadn't her uncle mentioned this? unprepared.

Hearing this, Oliver also looked surprised at Benjamin through the rearview mirror.

She

e was utterly

From their last meeting, he sensed Benjamin took a special interest in Xan. Not only did he eagerly accept the role in "Realm of Illusions," but he also offered to coach Xan in acting. Now, he was giving her a gift.

Rumors had it that Benjamin was a rarity in the industry, maintaining a professional distance from all his female co-stars and avoiding personal affairs, which was the reason he had zero scandals throughout his career. Yet, his behavior with Xan was unusually warm, could it be

Xanthea opened the gift box. Inside was a round crystal globe containing seaweed, an octopus, a tiger shark, shells, pearls, and a glowing orb, resembling a miniature ocean ecosystem

"It's beautiful!"

Crystal globes were common, and she had collected several as a young girl. However, the colorful pearls and the central glowing orb in this one looked incredibly real!

If they were real, this gift was extraordinarily valuable.

"I'm glad as long as you don't find it tacky. I DIYed this myself while resting at home recently. It turned out too fantastical for my room, so I thought you might like it."

"**You** made this yourself?" Xanthea was surprised. "Then these materials inside couldn't be real, could they?"

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"Yeah, had I known I was going to give it to you, I would have picked something more special"

“I can’t accept this,” Xanthen pushed the crystal globe back, leaving Benjamin puzzled. “Why not? Don’t you like it?”

“No, it’s too precious, and you made it yourself, right? It must have taken a lot of effort”

Benjamin replied. “That’s what makes it meaningful. It’s not like those generic gifts from corporations or brands. Every time you see it, you’ll think of me”

“But I wasn’t aware of this tradition and haven’t prepare anything for you.”

Tradition?

Benjamin paused for a moment, then laughed, “Xan, you’ve got it all wrong. This isn’t some unspoken rule about colleagues exchanging gifts. It was just me wanting to give you a gift to make you a friend”

“Xan, just accept Benjamin’s gift,” Oliver chimed in. “If there’s the need, your uncle can help you return the favor!”

“Alright then.”

Xanthea finally accepted the gift he persisted in offering, considering their long-term collaboration ahead, which would provide ample opportunities to reciprocate.

Inside the

crystal globe’s box was a square mirror. As Xanthea closed the lid, she unintentionally saw a reflection of a white van parked behind them, adorned with colorful letters

She had noticed this van when they first got into the car and now, after walking a bit, it was still following them. **Was** it a coincidence?

“Ryan, is someone following us?”

“Following us?”

Ryan glanced in the rearview mirror just as the white van switched lanes.

“Nope.”

Oliver turned around, confused, “What’s up, Xan?”

“Nothing, must’ve been my mistake.”

A few minutes later, the four of them arrived at the Glory Building, the site for the launch event of “Realm of Illusions.”

As soon as Xanthea stepped out of the car, a deafening scream pierced the air, She hadn't even registered what was happening when massive crowd surged forward, engulfing her and making it impossible for the others to get out of the vehicle.

“Benjamin! I **love** you! I love your

“AAAAHHHH Benjamin! I finally get to see you in person, cah I have **your** autograph?”

“Oh my god, he's so handsome!”

A horde of fans holding flowers and banners, started screaming at the sight of Benjamin in the car, screamed excitedly **and** beat against the car windows. The chaotic frenzy knocked Xanthea away from the car, her footing wobbled, and the crystal globe dropped and rolled away.

As she bent down to pick it up, her arm was fiercely pricked by the thorns of roses that had been thrust at her

“Ah.”

She **cried** out in pain, her face turning pale.

“Xan, Xan!”

Oliver, seeing her disappear into the crowd, panicked and attempted to open the car door, but it was jammed shut by the fans.

“Please, make way! **Make** way!”

“Ms. Nightshade? Is she alright?”

“Xant

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Benjamin looked at her, her long hair slightly disheveled, her face turning pale, and her once pristine white shoes now dirty from being trampled on. A wave of guilt washed over him.

“I’m sorry.”

He murmured softly, then turned to face the crowd of fans with a stern voice, “All you do every day is follow my car, track my fights, and buy my personal info from scalpers. Don’t you have homes to go back to, or schools to attend?!”

“Can you please keep away from my private life and those close to me?!”

“If this happens again, I’ll call the police!”

He tossed

away the gifts forcibly stuffed into the car, grabbed Xanthea’s wrist, and walked away from the crowd, leaving Oliver astonished and the fans incredulous.

Movie King was known for his gentle demeanor, he was always gracious, even to the most critical of reporters. Yet, he had just exploded in anger just now, not only discarding the gifts from his fans, but also threatening to call the police—was it all to protect the beautiful girl by his side?!

Xanthea was startled by Benjamin’s reaction. “Is it okay to talk to your fans like that?”

She might not understand the entertainment industry, but she understood that as a celebrity, one should be cautious, especially when dealing with fans.

“It’s fine, those aren’t fans, they’re overzealous stalkers. There’s no need to be polite to them.”

“Oh

Indeed, which fans would swarm a celebrity so badly that he couldn’t even get out of his car?

“It’s actually my fault you got dragged into this,” Benjamin said with a hint of regret “It’s all my fault for inadvertently revealing our whereabouts and not paying attention to what you were saying in the car”

“It’s okay, just a minor hiccup.” Xanthea shrugged “Let’s head to the launch event.”

“Xan, after the **event**, can i take you out for dinner?”

“Huh?”

Xanthea scratched her head, still feeling a bit jittery from the earlier mobbing.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be careful this time; there won’t be any stalkers following us.”

“Let’s make it another day

“Please, give me a chance to make it up to you. I really feel awful about the incident today.”

Benjamin’s eyes were filled with remorse and sincerity. She found it hard to refuse him. “Alright.”

“Let’s give the warmest applause to celebrate the official start of “Realm of Illusions!”

Though there had been a slight disruption, the launch event went smoothly. When it was Benjamin’s turn to speak, Xanthea stepped off the stage and wanted to deal with her dirty shoes in the dressing room.

group of frenzied stalkers.

But before she reached the dressing room, she encountered the same group

Despite being scolded by Benjamin earlier, they hadn’t left. Were they planning another ambush? She took out her phone, about to call the staff for assistance, but the group surrounded her again.

They looked menacing and aggressive.

“?” Xanthea blinked. “Did you mistake me for someone else?”

“We didn’t. What’s your relationship with Benjamin? Why is he protecting you?”

“Yeah! Benjamin is a film legend, never does TV dramas. This time he’s agreed to act in this small web series—is it because of you?”

“With that flirtatious looks, did you seduce Benjamin?”

“Did you sleep with him? How could he fall for a cheap girl like you!”

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Chapter **114**.

Xanthea listened as the group splashed insults on her, her eyebrows gradually knitting together. She wanted to hit them but was outnumbered, and she didn't want to cause a scene that might disrupt the upcoming film's opening ceremony. So, she pretended to be cheerful and yelled outward, "Movie King, you have arrived?"

At her words, the group of overzealous fans quickly turned around. There was nothing but empty. When they turned back around, Xanthea had already gone.

"She's getting away, chase her!"

The crowd, furious and aggressive like zombies hungry for flesh, chased after her, Xanthea was scared and ran in the opposite direction of the launch event. A few minutes later, she found herself at a busy street with no crosswalk in sight.

Oh no! A dead end!

As she turned to see the pack of fans almost catching up to her, her mind raced for a solution when a discreetly luxurious black Maybach came to a halt in front of her.

Could this be her miraculous escape?

This was surely a divine car descending from the heaven! And the owner of this car was nothing short of a superhero!

Without a second thought, she yanked open the door and dove in, panting. "Sorry to bother you, but I need a ride—someone is chasing

me"

She gasped for breath and looked up at the man sitting there, only to see Orion?!

Was it a coincidence or fate that whenever she faced danger, she would run into him?

"Ms. Nightshade?" Orion noted her frazzled appearance, her hair messy and a bead of sweat on her forehead, his eyes narrowing slightly. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, it's nothing" Xanthea stuttered, awkwardly brushing her hair behind her ear, trying to appear calm. "I just need a quick lift. if it's not too much trouble..."

Her words were cut short as a series of loud knocks and banging on the car window erupted from outside.

"Open up! Come out, you vixen, stop hiding!"

"We'll smash the car if you don't come out!"

Orion rolled down the window, and Xanthea, in panic, pressed her hands against his. “Don’t open it!”

window of the

But it was too late. The dark, obsidian–like window of the Maybach had been slid down. But the mobs, ready to scold Xanthea, was unexpectedly met with an impeccably handsome face.

They were all speechless, stunned like statues.

Who was this man? So strikingly handsome it’s unbelievable, more god–like than their idol Benjamin.

The man’s sharp features and deep, dark eyes emitted a chilling, intimidating aura, as if he could see right through them, leaving the sweaty fans who’d chased fervently trembling in fear.

Suddenly, someone shouted, “That’s a Maybach Landauet, a limited edition worldwide!”

What?

The fans, who had been pounding on the windows, instantly stopped, looking around in panic. When they noticed a camera pointed at them from the roadside, they scattered in terror.

Damaging such a high–end luxury car could bankrupt them all!

Moreover, the man inside, looking like a formidable figure from the underworld; he was not someone to be trifled with!

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Chapter 115

Xanthea looked at the fanatic fans who had been bold and brash, now scattering and fleeing faster than startled rabbits, a touch of amusement in her tone as she poked her head out of the car window, “Orion, it’s so like you to scare them off just with your presence

“Who are they?”

A deep, chilling voice came from behind her. Xanthea turned to see Drion, his face still holding a trace of frost “Just a bunch of overzealous fans who somehow found out about the launch event of ‘Realm of Illusions and come to cause trouble”

“Didn’t Oli hea Media provide you with bodyguards?”

“Bodyguards?” Xanthea laughed a bit as she looked at him. “My uncle mentioned it, but I didn’t think it was necessary. I’m not some widely known superstar, making such a big **deal** just for stepping outside, plus, those fans weren’t even mine.”

“Right” Orion cut her off before she could finish. “Not everyone is as brave as Ms. Nightshade. Remember the audition here? Even when that blast occurred, Ms. Nightshade was not scared in the slightest.”

His lips curved in a slight smirk, his gaze icy, dripping with sarcasm. Xanthea’s face fell at his reminder.

What did he mean by bringing up that day’s audition?

Did he think she deserved the motorcycle explosion and the fan chase?

Ha, she really was forgetful, having forgotten how cold yet outwardly charming he could be, all saintly on the surface!

If she had known this car was his, she would rather face the wrath of the fans than get in!

“So, I’m pleased, is that a problem?” Xanthea’s eyebrows arched, her tone frosty “Or is it that by getting into Mr. Lockwood’s car I’ve inconvenienced you and spoiled your day?”

Pleased?

Pleased to have gotten herself into this current state?

Orion’s eyes traveled from her disheveled hair to her footprint stained shoes, struggling to keep his emotions in check

“My apologies, I just get out now.”

She said this and started to push the door open, only to find it locked from the **inside** by Orion.

She looked at him, infuriated and **incredulous**, “What are you doing?”

“They haven’t gone far”

They?

He meant those fanatic fans?

Xanthea's lips curled in disdain. "What does that have to do with you? Don't play the good guy here! Cedric, stop the car!"

"Ah" Cedric, frightened by the argument inside the car, hardly dared to breathe. "Ms. Nightshade, we're about to hit the freeway. We can't stop here."

Then why had he started the car when Orion locked the doors?

Xanthea now thought there was something off about both of them.

"Stop the car!" her voice raised, "I'll cover the fine!"

"That might work, but Ms. Nightshade, you just turned 18 and don't have a driver's license yet, right?"

"Xanthea was fuming. **She** accidentally touched the car's mini fridge on the **side**, causing her so much pain that she involuntarily gasped, "Ah!"

"What happened?"

Orion grabbed her wrist gently, rolling up her sleeve to reveal skin swollen and punctured by what looked like a thorn bush, his dark eyes narrowing sharply.

"Did they do this too?"

His tone was icy, as if ready to shatter something to pieces.

"Mind your own business!"

Xanthea tried to pull her hand away, but the pain made her struggle feeble and unable to break free against the man's firm grip

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Chapter **116**

“Don't move!”

Orion grabbed her wrist and pulled out a first aid kit from the storage compartment.

“I told you, I don't need your help!”

Xanthea's injured arm was firmly in his grasp, leaving her no choice but to use her other hand to push him away. However, as their car passed through the toll booth, it suddenly braked, causing her to lurch forward into him.

“Oof”

The girl's slender, soft body suddenly crashed into his arms, stirring a surge of excitement in the man's heart.

Orion couldn't help but wrap his arms around her.

A familiar scent of pine filled his nostrils, mingling with the powerful, chaotic beating of his heart and a warmth so intense it felt as if it could melt him. Flashes of him rescuing her from dark graves and icy waters flickered through Xanthea's mind.

But in an instant, those scenes shifted to him ruthlessly eliminating her at **an** audition, and just moments ago, sarcastically mocking her for being deserving of stalkers' chase.

These fluctuating, unpredictable faces—which one was the real him?

Deceiving her feelings, making her trust him as the most special friend in her life besides her family, only to douse her with cold reality. Then, as if nothing had happened, showing her with sweet words, feigning concern as if his treatment depended solely on his mood, not right or wrong. Did he really see her as just a pet to play with?

With these thoughts in mind, she opened her mouth and fiercely into his well-defined collarbone.

Her soft, moist lips touched his skin. Orion's body jolted as if electrified, his dark pupils momentarily scattered in sensation. He felt no pain from the bite, **only** tightening his ar

ms around her, wanting to press her deeper into his embrace, deeper until he could embed her into his body

Xan...

With a retaliatory bite, Xanthea thought he would be furious, push her away, and reveal his true cruel nature.

But unexpectedly, he held her down tighter and tighter, so much that she couldn't breathe. While holding her tightly, he gently stroked her back, as if comforting an aggrieved child.

"Cough, cough!"

This despicable man, was he trying to suffocate her?

She pushed him away with force, only to see the man beneath her with slightly closed eyes and a slight smile on his lips. His handsome face showed no sign of pain or **anger**, but rather a deep sense of comfort and pleasure.

Was she seeing things?

Or had he become so enraged that he lost control of his expression?

Orion slowly opened his eyes, his gaze tinged with a mischievous warmth. "Feel better now?"

His tone sounded indulgent and pleased, devoid of any trace of anger.

Xanthea turned her face away, unwilling to pay him any attention.

Was this man made of iron and steel?

He didn't react at all to being bitten. No wonder he had taken that heavy stone for her back then and hadn't mentioned it since.

"If Ms. Nightshade isn't angry anymore, I'll remove the thorn. It might get infected and fester if left too long."

Fester?!

Upon hearing this, Xanthea panicked.

Seeing her place her arm on the back of the chair and obediently remain still, Orion's lips curved slightly. He opened the first aid kit **and** pulled out small tweezers, iodine, cotton balls, and medical gauze.

“Are you sure yo

you can do this?”

Xanthea eyed his orderly actions nervously. Orion looked up, locking eyes with her deeply. “You’ll know soon enough if I can, Ms. Nightshade.”

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In the driver's seat Cedric was intently steering the wheel when suddenly it felt as if a roller coaster had whooshed past him. Was it an

If you can't handle it, don't use me as your test subject Just drop me off at the hospital up ahead. I still have to shoot later, and I can't afford any Gosh"

The cold touch of the iodine soaked cotton ball gently brushed against her wound, making Xanthea wince in pain. "Ouch, go easy, please"

"Okay"

Onon, looking at her face turning slightly pale from the pain, made his movements even lighter, yet his gaze towards the wound was even sharper than the thorns inside

"How did you get these injuries?"

Xanthea didn't really want to talk to him nor tell him about her situation.

But talking to someone during the painful process of removing the thorns could be a good distraction.

"I got pierced by some roses from overzealous fans by accident"

"At the launch event? Were there cameras around?"

Yes.

Xanthea nodded, puzzled by his line of questioning. Why was he asking these questions?

Was he suggesting she should hold those fans accountable? Even if it was possible to identify them, and even if they were adults accountable by law, their fanatic behavior would likely **get** nothing more than a scolding by the police, hardly worth the hassle of gathering evidence

Onion spoke up. "Bear with it, I'm going to start pulling out the thorns."

Upon hearing about

ut pulling out the thorns, Xanthea immediately clenched her lips, her pitiful demeanor nearly melting hearts

“Don’t be afraid, I’ll be gentle.”

“Mmm, ah-”

Despite his gentlest efforts, the sharp pain of the rose thorns being pulled from her tender skin was agonizing.

“It hurts, Orion, ah!”

“There, there

Orion blew gently on her wound, his tone as soothing as one might use with a child, “Just bear with it a little longer, I’ll be done soon.”

“Be gentler, please!”

She bit her lips tightly, her pretty little face slightly tilted upward from the pain, a fine sheen of sweat breaking out on her forehead. Orion watched, his deep eyes flashing with a fierce, almost ruthless light, as if he wanted to crush something utterly.

He reached into the car’s cooler, took out a lollipop, unwrapped it, and held it to her lips, “Bite on this if it hurts.”

Xanthea bit into the lollipop, her cheeks puffing out, turning her cries of pain into muffled murmurs, “Mmm–hmm,”

“Slow **down**, it’s too fast”

As each thorn was extracted from her arm, Xanthea’s pain caused her to crunch the lollipop into pieces. The sweet taste of peach filled her mouth, seemingly alleviating some of the pain. She looked down to see Orion placing down the tweezers and carefully wrapping her arm with a light gauze bandage.

It was finally over

“Did you **get** everything out? Is there nothing left inside?” She had just started to ask when her phone rang. It was from Oliver,

“Hello, Uncle?*

“Xan, where have you gone? I’ve been looking for you for ages and couldn’t find you anywhere.”

Xanthea glanced at Orion, who was diligently bandaging her and intermittently seemed almost kind, a mischievous idea suddenly popping into her head, "I've been kidnapped."

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Posted by **AdminJ**, 1931 Views, Released on May 15, 2024

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"What You gotta be kidding mal

Upon hearing this, Oliver stopped dead in his tracks, especially after bearing her faintly pained breathing, he became even more convinced that she was not joking

"Who's kidnapped you? Where are you now? Xan, don't you scare your uncle like this!"

Xanthea's ears almost rang with the barrage of anxious questions from Oliver, Just as s he was about to move the phone away from her ear, it was suddenly snatched by Orion

"Hey! Orion, why are you taking my phonet

Onion. "Mr. Lopez it's me"

"Mr. Lockwood?"

Hearing Onion's voice, Oliver's anxiety immediately subsided, "If it's you, then I'm relieved."

Xanthes overheard and was baffled. Why on earth would her uncle feel reassured knowing the kidnapper was Orion? If anything, that should make him even more nervous! He is the most dangerous, even more dangerous than ordinary kidnappers!

Is Xan being mischievous again? Has she been causing any trouble?"

Onion glanced at Xanthea, who **was** making faces at him, and couldn't help but smile, "Not at all, she's been good"

Xanthea rolled her eyes. She was always good; she didn't need him vouching for her goodness!

"That's good. When can Xan come back? I need to talk to her **about** something."

"This afternoon"

"Give me the phone!"

She snatched the phone back, sounding utterly wronged, “Mr. Lopez, whose uncle **are** you really, mine or Orion’s? How can you trust him so much, aren’t you afraid he might actually kidnap me?”

Oliver burst into laughter, “Why would Mr. Lockwood **be** as mischievous as a child like you?”

Hmph, he just doesn’t know him well enough!

“By the way, I heard Benjamin invited you for dinner?”

“Yeah”

“He was also asking when you’ll be back, which restaurant and type of cuisine you prefer. Want to discuss it with him?”

“No need, it’s too much hassle.” Xanthea glanced at her bandaged arm, “Just not too spicy, let the Movie King decide the rest.”

When the words “Movie King” fell, the hand Orion was using to wrap the bandage slightly paused.

Oliver said, “Alright then, see you when you get back. And remember, no more mischief, don’t cause any trouble for Mr. Lockwood!”

“Got it-”

Xanthea unhappily hung up the phone. **What** did Uncle mean by **that**?

It sounded as though only Orion was the one being serious, **and** she was just a mischievous little kid!

“Movie King?”

Orion raised his eyes, looking at her.

When Xanthea met his unfathomable gaze,

she momentarily paused, then thought he was surprised that a low-budget web series like “Realm of Illusions” could secure a legendary figure like Benjamin, and immediately felt proud.

“Yeah, you heard right. The one and only Benjamin—Movie King himself, with 50 million followers on Twitter, winner of countless best actor awards, and

a box office phenomenon exceeding five billion dollars! He's decided to **star** in "**Realm of Illusions** **as** the lead. Ah!"

Mid-

sentence, Xanthea winced from pain in her arm and then glared at him, "Can you be a bit gentler, please?"

"It seems Ms. Nightshade got too excited, pulling at your wound."

"Of course, I'm excited! 'Realm of Illusions' was promising to start with, and now with Benjamin, a titan of talent and looks, joining the cast, it's just icing on the cake. Ah!"

She grabbed Orion's hand, which was bandaging her wound, "You're doing this on purpose, aren't you?"

His earlier efforts to remove a thorn had been so delicate, yet now he was being careless with the bandage—it **was** obvious he was miffed—miffed that he'd undersold a **small**—time show that was now showing signs of a major comeback, even a hint of going viral!

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Orion narrowed his eyes, staring unwaveringly at her, "Ms. Nightshade, you are happy about having dinner with him, right?"

Xanthea frowned, bewildered by his train of thought. She was no fan of his; why would dinner excite her? Perhaps.. was he jealous that their film crew not only had big stars but also got along well?

"Yes, the Movie King is not only a gentleman but also charming and exceptionally handsome. Most importantly, he's responsible. He cares a lot about 'Realm of Illusions.' I bet he invited me to dinner tonight to discuss the script."

"Oh?"

Orion released his bandaged arm and leaned in close, his lips curling into a mocking smile, "Handsome? How handsome?"

As the man's tall and striking figure loomed closer, with his unparalleled handsome face, Xanthea was startled, finding herself unable to

move.

Her first impulse wasn't to push him **away** but rather to acknowledge his unparalleled handsome visage. Indeed, Benjamin's looks seemed rather ordinary in comparison.

This face, stunning from afar and breathtaking up close, was so perfect that it left no room for dispute over anyone's looks.

"What are you doing?"

As he closed in, leaving only inches between them, Xanthea could feel their mingled breaths.

Xanthea couldn't help but place her hand on his chest, turning her head slightly, "Alright, I admit you're more..."

Click. The sound of a seatbelt fastening echoed.

"?!" Xanthea was startled, only to realize that Orion had fastened her seatbelt. So, his leaning in was just to buckle her up.

"What am I more than him?"

Orion looked down, his eyes showing a flicker of interest. Xanthea pushed him away, "You're more pretentious and self-righteous than he is!"

"Is that so?"

The anticipation in Orion's eyes faded, leaving a semblance of cold indifference, "Unfortunately, Ms. Nightshade, you can't have dinner tonight with the considerate and charming Movie King."

"Why is that?"

Xanthea looked at him curiously.

Orion closed the medical kit, "This highway leads directly to Everglade. It'll take five hours, and by the time we arrive, it'll be night. Plus, there's no transportation back."

"I don't need to go there. Just have Cedric drop me at a gas station or rest stop ahead!"

Orion glanced at his watch, "I'm afraid that won't work, Ms. Nightshade. I'm on a tight schedule."

"?!" Xanthea stared at him in disbelief. "Your schedule is so tight you can't spare a few seconds to drop me off?"

Orion looked **at** her, “Are you that interested in my affairs?”

“Of course not” Xanthea waved her hands dismissively, “I just care about when I can go back.”

“Since I promised Mr. Lopez, I will ensure Ms. Nightshade’s safe return, but we need to stay overnight in Everglade first.” “Who wants to stay overnight with you?!”

Xanthea blurted out in frustration, then realizing she had spoken incorrectly as she caught Orion’s subtle change in expression. “Who wants to stay overnight in Everglade with you? I have things to do. Hurry **up** and drop me off!”

Turning turned to unbuckle her seatbelt, but then, with a “click,” the seatbelt was locked, just like the car door had been locked earlier.

My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 120

Posted by **AdminJ**, ? Views, Released on May 15, 2024

Chapter 120

“What are you doing?”

Xanthea lifted her head, her eyes wide with alarm, as if she were staring at a ruthless kidnapper:

Ever since she got into the car, he had locked her in without explanation, and now he had her strapped to the seat, planning to take her to some remote area in the Everglades to spend the night. If this wasn’t the behavior of a kidnapper, what was?

She thought crazed fans were scary enough, but he was proving to be even worse!

“It’s dangerous to behave like this on the highway, Ms. Nightshade.”

“I think you’re the dangerous one here! Let me go, drop me off at a rest stop, or else I’m calling my uncle to tell him you’ve actually kidnapped me!”

Orion looked at her, a faint smirk appearing in his deep eyes. “Go ahead, but do you really think Mr. Lopez will believe you, Ms Nightshade?”

Xanthea’s heart skipped a beat, recalling the story of the boy who cried wolf. Especially since her uncle trusted Orion so much, he would surely think she was just playing pranks again. It infuriated her!

She wished she could record his sinister smirk right now and show her uncle what kind of person he really was!

“Orion, are you doing this on purpose? To get back at me for biting you earlier?”

“You’re overthinking it, Ms. Nightshade.”

Orion opened his laptop and began to review some contract documents seriously, seemingly no longer interested in engaging with her. Seeing him disregard her like she was nothing, Xanthea felt a surge of anger and wanted to bite him again, but trapped in his car, she had no choice but to bow her head.

“Orion, if you let me go now, we can call it even. From here on out, we keep to our own paths, okay?”

“Hey, are you even listening to me?”

“I mean, if it helps, I’ll let you bite me back!”

In frustration, she rolled up her sleeve and thrust her arm in front of him.

Her fair, smooth skin glimmered in the light of the laptop, catching Orion’s eye. He traced her arm up to her elegant curved neck, over her well-defined collarbone, and finally rested on the enticing fullness above, his **gaze** darkening as his Adam’s apple bobbed slightly. “The place Ms. Nightshade just bit, it wasn’t here.”

Huh?

Xanthea froze for a moment, looking at the fresh bite mark she’d left on his collarbone. He wouldn’t want to bite her in the same spot, would he?

The scoundrell

She had fallen on him by accident, biting reflexively without thinking much of it. Now, such an intimate **and** ambiguous spot, if left with a bite mark or scar, could easily be misinterpreted as a love bite. She had filming later on, absolutely not

It seemed he was rejecting her offer.

Hypocrite, kidnapper, jerk!

Xanthea silently seethed, cursing him in her mind while forcing herself to close her eyes

.

It's just one night, right? Just wait, once she got through this, she would **find** a way to get her revenge!

The car finally fell into a long silence Cedric curiously glanced in the rearview mirror and saw that Ms. Nightshade had fallen asleep – no wonder,

Arguing herself to sleep amidst a quarrel, Ms. Nightshade was truly a unique character. And joking about letting him bite her back **had** ironically come true.

Actually, his boss hadn't initially

ily planned to take her to the Everglades, he made the decision just because he wanted to keep her away from those obsessive fans.

But unbeknownst to Ms. Nightshade, amidst praising and genuinely admiring the Movie King, she inadvertently stepped right into Inion's no-go zone, which really led to her being "kidnapped" by the President, truly **an** unfortunate turn!