

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 201

Posted by **AdminJ**, 1556 Views, Released on May 16, 2024

Chapter 201

“Ah.”

Xanthea was taken aback. Just as she was about to push him away, her hands were firmly pinned above her head, leaving her no room to move.

“W—what are you doing?”

The scene, the posture, it was all too reminiscent of that night at the Rlan Hotel, where he forcibly pinned her down when he was drunk, only now they were on the grassy field instead of a hotel bed.

Orion's gaze fixed on her, his eyes swirling with a shadowy intensity as if harboring a storm, “Lately, Xan, you've been sneaking touches and boldly kissing me. Do you have some special feelings for me?”

“No, no! Of course not!”

Xanthea shook her head desperately, her amber eyes wide with innocence as she explained. “The touching thing, haven't I explained that already? The kiss just now was because my legs gave out, I accidentally bumped into you, it wasn't intentional at all!”

“Oh? Such a coincidence?”

“Yes, it's just a coincidence!”

Xanthea felt like crying.

She didn't understand why these past few days he seemed determined not to let herself off the hook for being labeled as a female hooligan.

“Do you think I believe that?”

“You have to believe me!”

Xanthea fluttered her dewy, large eyes sincerely at him, “Can't you see how utterly vulnerable, innocent, and pure I am?”

He could see, she was trying to seduce him.

Orion narrowed his long eyes slightly, his gaze shifting from her delicate face down to her snowy, plump chest, "Vulnerable, yes, but not at all innocent."

Xanthea: "7" She had just come of age, wasn't she innocent? Wait, where was he looking?

She quickly lowered her head, only to realize the buttons on her chest had somehow come undone, revealing a scenery underneath, all of which was under his watchful eyes.

"Ah!!!"

"Orion, let me go! Let go now!"

Her face flushed a deep red in embarrassment in an instant, as she struggled desperately to free herself from himself. But the more she struggled, the darker the man's gaze became.

Orion's gaze was fixed on that swaying white before him, with a hint of uncontrollable desire.

"Stop moving!"

If

It she kept moving, he couldn't guarantee what he might do next.

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"Are you threatening me?"

Xanthea stopped, looking at him incredulously, and Orion's expression softened gradually. "After taking advantage of me so many times, Xan, don't you think it's time to give something back?"

Give something back? How?

Xanthea looked at his eyes, flickering with flames, and the slight movement of his Adam's apple, suddenly feeling a chill breeze blowing through her chest, sending shivers down her spine.

In the blink of an eye, a ridiculous **and** frightening thought crossed her mind, could he be wanting to touch her.

Impossible!

He must be mad!

But why was Orion's body pressing down inch by inch, his hand gripping her waist tighter and tighter?

"Orion, **let** me go!"

"You jerk, you rascal, what do you want to do?"

"Peach blossom."

Just as his imposing form pressed tightly against her petite frame, and Xanthea despairingly shut her eyes, suddenly she heard his hoarse voice.

"21"

She opened her eyes to see **him** gently removing a bright red peach blossom petal from her hair.

He had come close just to take a peach blossom?

Had she misunderstood him yet again?!

"Did you just call me a rascal?" Orion raised an eyebrow, could he be wanting to touch **her**, "And you even closed your eyes. Were you expecting something?"

"I was expecting nothing!"

"You, you did that on purpose!"

Xanthea's face was red as a ripe peach, could he be wanting to touch her.

It seemed clear now; he was just toying with her, leading her thoughts astray, and he was getting worse!

"Let go of me, huh? You?"

Xanthea wriggled her body and suddenly felt something strange. She looked at him with a puzzled

expression.

Orion's body suddenly stiffened.

Seeing his 'stunned expression and a moment of nervousness in his dark eyes, Xanthea quickly took the opportunity to free her hands and reached out to him.

"Xan, no."

The man's voice was low and hoarse. Before he could stop her, Xanthea's hand quickly reached into his **suit** jacket and tore off a piece of the already solidified hand warmer?

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"??" Xanthea stared in shock at the hand warmer in her hand, then at him, "Orion, why are you using hand warmer in the middle of summer? Didn't you have a fever?"

Orion's eyes half-closed, seemingly relieved.

So that was what she was referring to.

"You're better now?"

Wait, even if his fever had subsided, why would he use a hand warmer unless he had been lying to her all along!

Quickly, Xanthea reached to feel his forehead but was swiftly caught by him.

"The fever's gone, but I still have a bit of a cold, the warmer helps keep the chill away.

He said, taking off his suit jacket and wrapping it firmly around her.

"Oh, I see." Watching his gentlemanly actions, Xanthea felt ashamed of her earlier suspicions, "But you shouldn't give your jacket to me. You have a cold, the chill must be uncomfortable."

Orion chuckled.

Looking at her there, he felt far more uncomfortable.

"Are you planning to walk back like this?"

His gaze lightly swept over her chest once more, and Xanthea immediately wrapped the jacket tighter, "Well, thank you!"

"Get up.

Orion stood and offered her his hand.

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On the endless plains under a clear sky, with the sun high and clouds faint, Xanthea slightly lifted her head to gaze at the man standing against the light. His tall physique seemed to be bathed in a faint golden glow by the sun, dazzling enough to cause a light dizziness.

Strangely enough, even though she couldn't see his face clearly, she found him incredibly handsome.

"Xan?"

"Huh?"

Lost in thought, Xanthea didn't grasp his offered hand but stood up on her own instead.

Yet, before she could take a step, a sharp pain suddenly shot through her ankle.

"Ouch!"

She let out a low cry, furrowing her brow, and her faltering body fell into the man's arms the next second. "What happened?"

"My ankle hurts. It must be twisted."

Orion bent down to scoop her up in a princess carry and headed towards a nearby park bench.

"Orion."

"Shh," he said as he gently placed her on the bench, knelt on one knee, removed the shoe and sock from her right foot, rubbed his hands to warm them, and then placed his warm palms on her slightly protruding bone of her ankle, gently kneading.

"Ah, that feels so good."

As he varied his touch—sometimes light, sometimes firm, sometimes quick, sometimes slow—sighs of comfort spilled from Xanthea's throat. However, she noted his eyelashes slightly lowered and his facial contours rigid, his lips pressed into a thin line.

Could it be he wasn't too pleased?

Was it because she had not taken his hand, leading to her twisting her foot again?

“I’m sorry, Orion, for making trouble for you again.”

She bit her lip, feeling somewhat embarrassed. “Don’t you find it odd? Every time I’m in danger or get hurt, you’re there.”

“Do you realize how often you get hurt?”

Orion looked up, his gaze dark and piercing.

“Is it often? Let’s see, since my coming-of-age party, there’s the time I fell into the pool at the birthday party, choke on a fishbone on the plane, and then slipped during an audition, Ah!”

“Ha, ticklish.”

While she was recounting her misadventures, he playfully tickled her foot.

“Stop, Orion, that tickles!”

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“If you get hurt again.”

Orion paused, his gaze lingering on her.

He could just lock her up, so she wouldn’t go anywhere.

If she couldn’t take care of herself, he’d do it.

“What will you do then? You’re not going to take care of me?”

Orion didn’t respond, continuing to gently knead her ankle.

Xanthea observed the Orlov Trotter not far from them, now peacefully grazing alongside a majestic Alpha Stallion.

Had he been riding that prized steed to chase after her just now?

“Orion, how come you were here today?”

Orion stopped his ministrations, pausing for a couple of seconds, "I had a business deal to discuss at Horizon Ventures Ltd."

Hearing Horizon Ventures Ltd., Xanthea immediately remembered the Simon West vintage golf club she saw last night.

"Speaking of which, why did you give Samuel such an expensive pole for his birthday? He was thrilled, so much so that he skipped going to the office today, all eager to try the new pole."

"As long as he likes it, that's good."

"So why did you give it to him? I heard it was made by a renowned general and fetched a high price at an auction, it must be a collectible of your family."

"Maybe because..."

Love her, love her dog.

"Thanks for taking care of me these past few days."

"What?"

Xanthea thought he was referring to the help she provided, but it was for the care in recent days?

"Then you're too polite. I hardly did much, did I? Just checked your temperature, sang some lullabies, that sort of thing. You did the cooking yourself."

Orion smiled as he looked at her, "But I enjoyed it. Could you continue?"

As he said "enjoy," Xanthea felt her foot go numb. She looked down to find his hand enveloping her foot, unconsciously caressing and playing with it in his large hand.

"You're better now, right? Do you still need care?"

His eyes narrowed slightly, a playful threat in his gaze, "Just now, when borrowing the place, you said you'd stay with me for ten nights, a hundred nights. Are you backing out now?"

"I was exaggerating! Who would take it seriously?"

"I'll have the crew leave right now."

He pretended to stand up, but was immediately pulled back by Xanthea, "Hey, no, I'm not backing out,

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12-10

okay?"

"Really?"

"Really. It's just that the filming schedule has been very tight. I might not often return to the Sunset Hills Estates. But when I do, I promise to be with you!"

"Deal," Orion readily agreed.

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Indeed, he was such a businessman, not only highly valuing promises but also not willing to suffer the slightest loss. It seemed that she must think twice before dealing with him again, lest she inadvertently fell into one of his traps.

Xanthea pouted, clearly annoyed as she pointed at the hand holding her foot with a while, "My ankle doesn't hurt anymore, you can let go now."

Orion looked down at her foot, with toenails faintly tinted pink.

How can someone's feet be so attractive that even they could captivate him.

His gaze darkened slightly as he picked up her socks and shoes, meticulously helping her put them on. Then, bending down, he intended to lift her from the bench, which startled Xanthea, "What are you doing?" "Your ankle just recovered; you shouldn't walk on if you want to continue filming later."

"But, but you can't just carry me." She gently pushed against his chest, "If the crew sees us, they'll misunderstand."

"Misunderstand?" Orion raised an eyebrow. "Misunderstand what?"

"You know what I mean!"

A man and a woman wrapped in each other's arms.

What else could they misunderstand?

“That they might think we’re in an inappropriate relationship.”

An Inappropriate relationship?

So, she would think that way too?

Orion smirked, pleased that she harbored such thoughts, even if just for a moment.

“Do you think we seem to have an inappropriate relationship, Xan?”

His chuckle seemed to Xanthea almost like a scoff, scoffing at something that could never be possible.

What did he mean? Both unmarried and of similar age, how could they not seem like that? Did he think she was not worthy of him?

Well, she might indeed not be a match for him, considering how he had too many advantages on his side!

Thinking this, she felt slightly inferior and inexplicably grew angry, “No, not one bit!”

“What’s wrong?” Orion looked at her furrowed brows in displeasure. “Why are you suddenly angry?”

“Huh?”

Was she angry? What **did** she have to be angry about? She wasn’t angry at all!!

“I’m not.”

“If it really bothers you that much, you can ride a horse back.”

Xanthea looked at the two horses grazing not far away, and in panic, she grabbed his hand and, “No, no, I’m

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12.19

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scared.”

Orion’s body stiffened slightly as he watched her clutching tightly at his fingers, slowly lifting his gaze.

Sitting on the bench, her lips slightly biting her rose-tinted lips, pulling at his fingers gently shaking them, her amber eyes glistening with an innocent charm that could melt hearts.

“When I was younger, I fell off a horse during a riding lesson and had bruises that took months to recover. I thought I was over it after all these years, but today the horse got spooked again. Maybe **our** stars just don’t align, I’m never riding again!”

“Alright, whatever you wish, Xan.”

“Really?”

Xanthea saw the unlimited indulgence in his eyes, and had a spark of thought, “Then could you carry me. back?”

She expected him to refuse, but he turned around without hesitation.

He agreed just like that?

Xanthea blinked in surprise, then immediately wrapped her arms around his neck.

Gently holding her slender, straight legs, he lifted her from the bench.

“Yay! Orion, you’re the best!”

Dangling her feet, relishing the long-missed sensation of being carried, Xanthea’s eyes squinted happily, “I remember the last time. It was when I was sick, and my dad carried me to the hospital. It’s been so many years.”

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CHAPTER 204

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Chapter **204**

“Do you like being carried by Dad?”

“Yeah!”

Xanthea nodded, especially when she was sick, being carried would make her feel safe and reassured.

As she finished speaking, she heard a man's deep and magnetic voice, making her realize she had been tricked. Blushing with embarrassment, she punched his shoulder, "Orion, you're taking advantage of such a small thing? Aren't you being childish?"

"I admit to being childish, you can call me."

"No, no way!"

Xanthea moved her hand from punching his shoulder to cover his mouth, but his suddenly loosened grip

startled her.

"Careful!"

"Ah!"

She immediately clung to him tightly, the plush softness pressed against his back and the silky-smooth

make any

touch in her palms darkened Orion's expression, his Adam's apple bobbing as he dared not

further moves.

"Seriously, Orion! You dare to trick me? Put me down, I won't let you carry me anymore!"

She angrily kicked her legs, but this time the man tightened his grip, making her utterly unable to move.

"Did you hear me?"

"I heard you I won't do it again."

What?

Xanthea had asked if he heard her request to be put down, but his apology for teasing her caught her off guard, secretly making her heart swell with joy.

"Orion, am I heavy?"

"No."

She was so light, as light as an unrealistic dream—only in dreams could he **dare** to hope for such close

contact with her.

“You’re sensible!”

Xanthea’s eyes curved into a smile, leaning slightly on his back.

His sturdy back muscles conveyed a strong and warm sense of power through the silk shirt, accompanied by a crisp pine scent, making her face resting on it rub against his back again and again, much like a cat fondling mint leaves.

This feeling was nothing like being carried by her dad. Her father’s back gave a sense of stability and steadiness, as if she could fall asleep at any moment, while his embrace was wrapped tightly with a vibrant hormonal scent, making her heartbeat **faster** and faster.

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12:20

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“What’s wrong?”

Orion felt her subtle movements.

Startled by his voice, Xanthea stiffened, then her face suddenly snapped out of a trance.

Right, what was she doing?

suddenly pulled away from his back as if she

“Nothing, I just thought your shirt felt a bit like my bed sheets, so I just...”

Couldn’t help but get closer, right!

Bed sheets?

Orion smiled, “Xan, are you thinking about sleeping with me?”

“Who? Who wants to sleep with you!”

“Stop being so full of yourself, you pervert, or I’ll bite you if you keep talking nonsense!”

Xanthea flared up like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, only realizing after her outburst that he was probably just joking, and her overreaction caused her cheeks heating up embarrassingly.

It was just too embarrassing.

“Put me down up ahead, I think my foot is fine now, I can walk on my own.”

“There’s a peach blossom forest up ahead, want to check it out?”

“Really?”

Xanthea looked up and indeed, saw a lush, blooming crimson peach blossom forest not far away, dazzling and diverse, as beautiful as the morning glow.

“Let’s go see!”

“Alright.”

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CHAPTER 205

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Chapter 205

As they approached the peach blossom forest, a gentle breeze whisked thousands of pink petals off the branches, showering over people, each carrying a whisper of fragrance. It was as if they had wandered into a heavenly scene, which **was** breathtakingly beautiful.

Xanthea reached out to catch a falling petal, “Orion, why are there so many peach trees here? Did you have them planted?”

“No,” replied Orion, “This area used to be a natural scenic reserve full of all sorts of flora. But later, for land auction purposes, the environmental authority had most of them cut down, leaving only this fringe of peach woods.”

“Did it happen?”

His voice **was** low, almost a whisper. Xanthea didn't hear clearly at first. It took her a while to understand, and then she laughed, "How could it? That was such an extravagant, childish fantasy. Not even TV dramas would film it. It was just a kid's silly dream."

At Horizon Ventures Ltd., in the Cherry Zone.

"Could the golf club in Mr. Nightshade's hands be the legendary Simon West wooden metal head putter?" one asked.

"That's the treasure of Horizon Ventures Ltd. I heard it's now worth around 30 to 40 million dollars!"

"It's truly a sight to behold. To witness a guest play with such an expensive club in our lifetime, we are grateful to the young master for this opportunity."

Several caddies surrounded Samuel, all singing his praises.

Samuel looked at several balls go into the holes in succession, playing with the club in his hand with pleasure. Crafted personally by Simon, it was unique and almost divinely helpful in play.

It was too good an opportunity not to show off.

He snapped a photo, posted it on Facebook, and tagged Xanthea in his regular manner, and for once set the viewing permissions to allow sharing by everyone.

"Ding-

club room.

At the seventh floor of Starlight Media, in the makeup

Isabella was sitting with her eyes closed, quietly cooperating with her makeup artist when her "specific friends" notification suddenly rang.

She picked up her phone in confusion, and upon clicking into Facebook and seeing that special notification, she jumped up excitedly, her eyes filled with disbelief.

"It's him!"

"It really is him!!"

The makeup artist, startled by her sudden movement, accidentally smudged her lipstick. "Isabella, what's wrong? What happened?"

“His Facebook is open to me, does that mean something? It must mean something, right?”

Clutching her phone, Isabella paced back and forth in the makeup room, too excited to speak coherently.

A year ago, she had added him through a work acquaintance, sent him many polite greetings, but never got a response. All her messages went unanswered, **and** on Facebook, she was blocked the moment she was added as a friend.

This was the first post she had seen from him in over three hundred days. Was it deliberately posted for her to see?

After all her hard work, standing on ever greater stages, she had finally caught his attention!

“Wendy, tell Jason to cancel today’s cosmetics ad event. I have some personal matters to attend to.”

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CHAPTER 206

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Chapter 206

Before he had finished speaking, Benjamin leapt onto a horse and galloped off in the direction pointed out, shouting. “Go!”

The Lockwood Group’s private equestrian estates stretched far and wide. Benjamin rode for a good while, taking several turns, yet there was no sign of Xanthea.

Just as he was becoming frantic, a dazzling figure suddenly emerged from the peach blossom grove.

The young woman, holding a peach blossom wreath, playfully placed it on the man’s head before turning to run. Her swift pace almost caused her to stumble and fall, but the man quickly pulled her into his arms. She struggled slightly but was effortlessly lifted by him. He whispered something that made her burst into “a happy laugh.”

The two frolicked and chatted as they walked out of the each blossom grove, sweetly like a couple in love.

Xanthea had said she wasn't in a relationship, that she wouldn't lie to him nor would she get so close to another man. Even with him, she always kept her distance.

Why was Orion the exception?

Clutching the reins tighter, Benjamin's face turned pale under the bright daylight.

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“Wendy, tell Jason to cancel today’s cosmetics ad event. I have some personal matters to attend to.”

“Cancel”

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CHAPTER 207

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Chapter 207

“Isabella, the NovaLux advertisement was something you fought for six monthsonths to secure. Now it has been just one month into the endorsement and promotional activities, you’re thinking about bailing on the **event**? The advertisers will be furious!”

Wendy rushed over to persuade her, but Isabella nonchalantly set down her phone, “Let them be angry. I’ve got more important things to do.”

More important matters? What could that be?

Wasn't her most important task now to maintain her popularity and to prevent Xanthea's from surpassing hers once it airs?

Seeing the sudden change in plans, the makeup artist paused with lipstick in hand and asked, "Isabella, do you still want your makeup done then?"

"Of course! And not just any makeup I want to look stunning!"

"What kind of look do you want? Bold, fresh, or something casual?"

"Let's do a..."

Isabella remembered the Facebook post Samuel had just shared.

@Xanthea, sis, who's hotter? The golf club or Samuel?

"A Xanthea-inspired look."

Wendy: "???"

At Horizon Ventures Ltd., Cherry Zone.

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"Mr. Nightshade, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Abbott have booked a session to play in area D an hour from now. They were wondering if you'd join them; they wish to see your genuine Simon golf club."

"No time," Samuel shook his head, "It's almost noon. After this round, I'm off to check on Xan's filming progress and have lunch with her."

"Alright!"

The lush green of the golf course stretched infinitely under the mild breeze that flirted with Samuel's neatly trimmed hair and tugged at his casual jacket, outlining his athletic build.

Golf club in hand, Samuel leaned forward with a precise and graceful swing. The golf ball arced beautifully through the air and landed squarely in the hole!

"Wow!"

"Nicely done. Mr. Nightshade!"

The caddies around him burst into applause.

Below the green, an uncontrollable female voice rang out, louder than all their claps and cheers combined.

“An eagle!”

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“Typical of our chairman!”

Hearing the voice, Samuel glanced below. He was about to look away when his gaze inadvertently fell

back on her.

She wore a dress identical to Xan’s, a necklace just like Xan’s, even her makeup bore a resemblance.

“Isn’t that Isabella?”

“What’s she doing here? We didn’t get a booking from her!”

“Oh my gosh, she’s my idol! Can I go get an autograph?”

“She really does look better in person than on TV!”

“Mr. Nightshade.”

As Samuel’s eyes met hers, the usually poised and bold Isabella felt her confidence wane, replaced by an unparalleled nervousness.

With a tug of insecurity, she tugged at her dress hem and smiled, “What a coincidence seeing you here!”

Samuel looked at her for a few seconds, frowning. No matter how deliberately she tried to imitate, the difference was clear the moment she spoke.

Noticing he wasn’t engaging, and his gaze merely flicked over her dress and necklace before withdrawing. What Isabella originally intended to say as “Do you remember me?” turned into “Do you know

know me?”

“Who doesn’t know the big star? On my way here, I just saw Ms. Taylor’s ad.”

“I meant from before, from our middle school days.”

Gathering her courage, Isabella walked up to the green toward him, “Back in middle school, at a dance competition, Xan and I performed a Swan Lake ballet together. Do you remember that?”

She mentioned such a distant memory from their middle school days, something Samuel had long forgotten. They weren’t even in the same year. But when she mentioned Xanthea, it sparked a memory.

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CHAPTER 208

Posted by **AdminHR**, 1408 Views, Released on May 16, 2024

Chapter 208

That day was the middle school dance competition, and he had signed Xan up for it. As the president of the entire student council, he was there on the judges’ panel to cheer her on.

On stage, Xan wore a flowing white ballet dress, her movements graceful and lively, truly resembling an adorable little swan.

Isabella saw the smile on his face and thought he remembered. She continued, “Back then, I barely knew the basics of dance and my performance was far from Xan’s. I only got second place. But after that, I practiced dance relentlessly and found my own style. If it were now

“If it were now, you’d still lose.

Samuel interrupted her bluntly, his dismissive tone dousing her like a cold shower, visibly changing her expression.

At that middle school dance competition, she had indeed lost to Xanthea. However, she had dedicated the next ten years to rigorous practice and had become a highly acclaimed dancer in the industry. Even her detractors couldn’t find fault with her dancing.

She had also appeared on numerous dance reality shows, showcasing her skills in hopes that he would notice her someday.

But why?

“I heard that Ms. Taylor has recently been competing with Xan for the lead role in ‘Realm of Illusions’ and ended up losing just like before?”

“If you keep comparing yourself to her and competing like you did in school, I’d advise you to give up early. Xan has gained millions of fans with just one song. Once the drama she’s filming airs, her popularity will be unimaginable.”

‘She didn’t debut back then, it’s not that she had lost to you. If she had started her career alongside you, there likely wouldn’t be any place for an imitation like you.’

Samuel finished, picking up his golf clubs and leaving without looking back.

Isabella was still reeling from his brutal “imitation” taunt, tears welling up as she gripped her dress so tightly she nearly tore the fabric.

On her first day at Crestwood Middle School, she had fallen for him—the handsome and charismatic senior student council president from the affluent Starlyn family. Surrounded by countless beautiful girls. even though she was a child star, she dared not harbor any fantasies and could only secretly admire him.

One day, during a morning run, her period started unexpectedly, and she panicked at the thought of staining her pants and ruining her chances of stardom. She crouched on the ground, crying and hugging herself, ignoring the pointing and malicious speculation of her classmates until he showed up.

He dispersed the crowd and, without asking why she was upset, took off his jacket and covered her with

1. it.

“Don’t be afraid, no one will see now. Hurry back to the dorm,” he said gently.

Gratefully, she looked up at him and whispered thanks in a barely audible voice.

“It’s okay, I have a cute little sister about your age at home.”

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His voice was so gentle, and his smile was so deeply etched in her heart that she fell hopelessly in love with him from then on, just like the other girls who followed him around. Collecting every piece of information about him, just seeing him from a distance or hearing a few words from him would make her so happy that she couldn’t sleep for days.

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CHAPTER 209

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Chapter 209

Later, the junior high section was to host a dance competition. When Isabella heard that one of the judges was Samuel, she, with no dance background, convinced her mom to hire several dance instructors. For months on end, she trained tirelessly from dusk till dawn, eventually mastering a Swan Dance.

On the day of the competition, she took to the stage both nervous and excited, putting her all into the performance, hoping to showcase her best to him and earning applause from the entire audience.

After her dance, Isabella bashfully made her way to him, hoping to get his feedback, only for another girl performing the same Swan Dance to suddenly appear on stage.

That girl was a hundred times more beautiful than she was, with elegant moves and a charming smile that instantly captivated everyone, including Samuel, prompting him to excitedly applaud. His gaze remained fixed on her throughout the performance, his smiles ceaseless, as if she was the only one in his eyes, a stark contrast to his calm demeanor during her performance.

Isabella learned that the girl was Xanthea, a popular student idol, but she had no idea she was also Samuel's sister.

As Xanthea finished her performance, it was clear she would win. Overheard by Isabella, a fellow judge asked Samuel, "How do you think Xanthea's dance compared to Isabella's?"

His reply was brief: "Worlds apart."

Hearing this, she ran out of the contest crying, her carefully prepared efforts all in vain. She became insanely jealous of Xanthea until one day, seeing them holding hands getting into the same car, did she realize she was actually his sister!

Rumors had it that Samuel was overly protective of his sister, ignoring his many admirers. Determined to catch his eye, Isabella decided to emulate Xanthea.

She copied everything from her style to her hobbies, enduring whispers and disapproving stares from schoolmates and Xanthea's scorn for years.

But it was all in vain. No matter how closely she imitated, no matter how hard she tried, he never gave her a second look. She failed to capture his attention, and worse, her actions drove Xanthea to skip grades and advance in her studies, and he transferred as well.

Later, Isabella gradually came to her senses and returned to being herself, but everything had changed except for her love for him, which remained unchanged. She saw him on financial news and her longing grew.

Over the years, to catch his attention, she acted in movies, took on advertisements, practiced dancing, enduring hardships unimaginable to most, and became a top actress in the entertainment industry.

She had thought that appearing before him again in her now glitzy and glamorous persona would earn his favor, but unexpectedly....

After so many years, when they met again, Samuel still saw her as inferior to Xanthea!

Watching him walk away tears marred Isabella's carefully made-up face. If he thought so little of her, she was determined to surpass Xanthea and prove her worth!

A few days later.

On the set of "Realm of Illusions" in the western outskirts of Crestwood.

Xanthea, now as Phoenix in the film, woke up in a dimly lit dungeon. The air was thick with the scent of damp and blood. Splashed with cold water, she grimaced and slowly opened her eyes.

Her hands and feet were bound to a cross, her mouth sealed with tape, her body weakly slumped. Through the flickering candlelight, she saw a familiar figure, her mouth curling into a self-mocking smile—it was Maximus.

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 210

Posted by **AdminHR**, 1456 Views, Released on May 16, 2024

Chapter 210

Wrapped in a midnight trench coat, Maximus blended into the dim surroundings, a sharp military knife marked with a codename tucked at his waist.

He approached Phoenix slowly, taking a moment to admire her stunningly beautiful face, then abruptly tore off the tape on her mouth and gripped her chin tightly. "Phee, we meet again."

"Just get on with it—kill or mutilate. No need for all this nonsense,"

“Cut!”

In front of the camera, Kevin suddenly yelled “cut,” leaving the actor playing Maximus to turn around in confusion. “What’s wrong, Director? I was just getting into the character. Is there an issue?”

“It’s not you, it’s Phoenix,” Kevin looked at Xanthea. “Your expression and tone are too stiff. This is a reunion between Phoenix and Maximus after a long separation. Despite being mortal enemies now, there’s a bond from their years at Ignite Camp. She should be more affected.”

“Okay.”

Xanthea nodded, adjusted her state, and a few minutes later, Kevin called for action again.

“Phee, from the day you stepped into Ignite Camp, I told you, you could only belong to me— Maximus, and me alone. No matter if you run to the ends of the earth or to the deepest depths, I’ll always find you!”

Phoenix scoffed, a defiant sparkle in her eyes. “I’ve said it before, I will always be independent and free. I belong to no one.”

“So…”

“Cut!”

Kevin called out again.

Xanthea stepped out of character, puzzled. “Director, am I too stiff again?”

“This time there was some emotional stir, but it still feels overacted. It appears fake. Once it seems fake,” the audience’s immersion suffers.”

“Then shall I adjust again?”

“Yes.”

Kevin frowned, sensing something off with Xanthea’s performance today but unable to pinpoint exactly what. He continued to observe and after watching a complete take, he finally realized it.

‘Cut!’

“Phew, finally done!”

The actor playing Maximus sighed in relief, about to celebrate, when he heard Kevin say, "This whole segment is cut!"

"Wirat?!"

"Phoenix, come here e moment."

Hearing Kevin call "cut" three times in a row, Benjamin looked worriedly at Xanthea from sidelines. From

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the start, he had noticed her struggle with the emotional scenes, especially those involving romantic elements.

Xanthea, removing her props and walked behind the camera, asking in confusion. "**What's** wrong. Director?"

"Xan, have you never been in love before?"

His sudden question baffled Xanthea.

"No."

She thought she had once, only to later discover it was all just a meticulously crafted deception.

"That explains it!"

Kevin nodded. "You hadn't learned professional acting techniques and rely on natural talent. You've been excellent in other parts because you're knowledgeable and have enough resilience and confidence, which align closely with Phoenix. But when it comes to romantic scenes, your inexperience shows."