

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 231

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Chapter 231

Xanthea stepped into the front door and saw her sneakers. She headed straight to 3001 after her work and had completely forgotten to change into slippers. Just as she was about to turn around, Orion pulled out a pair of fluffy pink Hello Kitty slippers from the shoe cabinet.

"Xan, try these on and see if they fit."

Were these specifically bought for her? How did he know she liked Hello Kitty?

As an adult, wearing something with Hello Kitty might seem childish, so she only bought such designs for her more private clothing, like her underwear, which no one except family would know about. How could he have known..

Xanthea froze, suddenly remembering the Hello Kitty underwear that had mysteriously ended up on his balcony a few days ago. Orion looked up, interrupting her thoughts. "Don't you like them?"

She shook her head quickly, then nodded. "I, I like them." What was she thinking? That was a creepy! Orion was not that kind of person. "Good to hear."

He then knelt on one knee, reaching for her shoelaces.

Huh?!

Xanthea shivered in surprise, pulling her foot back.

"What's the matter?"

Orion looked up at her, puzzled. Xanthea's eyes widened, her eyes glittering with confusion. He—how come he was asking her what was the matter?

It was one thing to keep a pair of slippers for her in his shoe cabinet, but to personally help her change into them? Was he always this hospitable, or was there something else?

"No, I'll do it myself!"

She dropped the script she was holding, bending over so abruptly she almost bumped into him. Stepping back several steps, flustered, she hastily untied her laces. Seeing that he didn't get up but instead kept his gaze fixed on her feet, as if peeping at something, her toes couldn't help but wiggle awkwardly.

"Emm... Orion, I brought over the script we need to rehearse today, you can take a look first."

Orion took the script, flipped through it briefly, then closed it. "No need, I've already read this part."

"The original?"

"Yeah."

She couldn't help but ask one more question, even though it felt redundant. "The edited copy?"

"No, the online version, the one includes excerpts the author posted on their blog."

Xanthea was puzzled. The online version on the blog? The one including the intimate plots between Maximus and Phoenix!

"That won't work, the script is different from the online version. We should stick to the script."

"But I've already memorized the lines, I don't want to read it again."

Xanthea was baffled. Why not read it again? He had memorized the lines perfectly yesterday, it didn't seem that hard!

"You should still..."

She tried to persuade him, but he cut her off. "Plus, Xan, you're looking for the essence of Maximus, not a parrot of lines, right?"

"Right."

"In that case, using the original would be better for getting into character."

"Well, that makes sense."

Xanthea nodded, unwittingly falling into his reasoning.

"But the original has some..."

Orion noticed the hesitation and conflict in her eyes. “Don’t worry, I’ll keep it appropriate.”

Phew.

That was a relief!

“There won’t what Xan is expecting.”

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He chuckled softly. Xanthea blinked, then jumped up, protesting. “Who, who’s expecting anything? D

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Orion laid out the midnight snack on the dining table, its rich aroma immediately filling the air, making Xanthea involuntarily swallow in anticipation.

“Xan, let’s have some late–night treats first.”

“There’s no need for that!”

Xanthea mustered all her strength just to lift her hand in refusal.

In the past, she would have sat down happily and without hesitation to eat, but now, not only did she have thoughts about the food he cooked, but also about him.

“How about a drink then.”

No need! Let’s just get straight to rehearsal, I only came here to practice today, and I have other things to deal with later.”

have?”

Orion was puzzled by her series of refusals, “What other things do you

“There’s...” Xanthea thought for a moment, suddenly recalling his “corporate secrets” from earlier in the day. Her eyebrows slightly raised, “Are you interested in my personal affairs?”

She raised an eyebrow, her eyes carrying a hint of “none of your business” confusion and a very subtle, extremely secretive anticipation. She thought that with this kind of provocative gaze, he wouldn’t pursue it any further.

However, he looked straight at her, “Yes, I’m very interested.”

With that single statement, Xanthea was thrown off balance. She stumbled over her words, her heart racing, “Then I’ll tell you after we’re done rehearsing.”

“Alright, I’ll just go dry my hair.”

As soon as he turned around, Xanthea couldn’t hide her smile.

She bit her lip hard and pinched her thigh, forcing herself to calm down-

Don’t overthink it, it might just be any casual interest, but then he bought her favorite Hello Kitty slippers and even offered to help her **put** them on...

Ten minutes later, Orion returned with his hair dried, dressed in a sleek, dark suit, holding a silk tie, and with gold-rimmed glasses perched on his sharp nose.

Seeing him all dressed up, Xanthea’s heart skipped a beat.

He **must** be doing this on purpose, right?

It’s just a late-night rehearsal, why did he put on such dashing looks?

His usual business attire was already quite charming, but now with those gold-rimmed glasses, he looked even more like a sophisticated rogue, cold and ruthless, very much like the character Maximus from the novels, though Maximus was never this

handsome.

Seeing his handsome face flitting before her, especially when she had “certain thoughts” about him, she knew she’d be distracted!

“Xan, are you ready?”

“Yeah.”

Xanthea clenched her teeth and nodded.

“Then let’s begin.”

Orion took her hand and tightly tied her slender wrists together with the silky tie, using a surgeon’s knot just

like **last** time. Xanthea suggested, “There’s no need to tie it so tightly, a symbolic tie would suffice.”

However, he coldly rejected her, “No.”

Why so merciless?

As if **she lacked** professionalism and would **try to** escape **halfway** through **the** performance.

After securing **the knot**, **Orion stood** up/and turned off the lights.

The room plunged into darkness, and **Xanthea** began **to** recall **the** scene and **dialogue** of **the second emotional confrontation between Phoenix** and **Maximus in their story**.

Maximus **had finally captured Phoenix**, **trapping her** in a secret room at **Ignite Camp**, a place unknown to others.

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Chapter 233

Maximus poured out his feelings of longing for the past five years to Phoenix, urging her to abandon her quest for revenge, leave Prescott, and return to Ignite Camp and back to his side. However, Phoenix would rather die than comply, even threatening that if he let her go, she would kill him herself.

The two had a fierce argument and parted on bad terms.

Phoenix remained locked in a dark, sunless cell until two days later, when Maximus once again pushed open the door-

With a sharp “click,” the hallway lights flickered back on, and Xanthea squinted against the harsh light to see the tall, handsome man standing in the doorway.

His expression was calm, his gaze dark, holding a food box in his hand.

“Phee, I heard from the servants that you haven’t eaten in two days.”

“It seems you’re still not getting it.”

Xanthea had thought that her current feelings toward him would make her easily lose focus. But, unexpectedly, with just a few words, he instantly drew her back into Realm of Illusions.

His demeanor, his tone, the oppressive air of superiority—was this not the cold-hearted, ruthless Maximums from Ignite Camp? Seeing him, Phoenix’s lips curled into a slight, mocking smile, and turned her head away, “If you’re here to persuade me again, I’d advise you not to waste your energy.

“No matter what, I will never rejoin Ignite Camp or continue to stand by you, unless you kill me.”

Though a top assassin by training, she had gone two days without food, her voice tinged with frailty, yet her stance remained unyielding.

Orion walked over slowly, eyeing her figure wrapped tightly in a tattered nightgown, like a beautiful but tormented siren, subjected to torture and humiliation yet still refusing to bow. A dark desire flickered through his eyes.

He slowly crouched down, lifting her chin.

But Phoenix jerked away, turning her face coldly, as if she couldn’t bear even to look at him.

“Heh-”

The man chuckled lowly, switching to stroke her hair.

“Phee, you know I could never kill you.

“You know I **care** for you, and you take advantage of that.

“What I love most is this defiant spirit in you, a crazed rebellion that seeps from your bones, stubbornly making one want to break your wings and see you kneel and beg.”

As he spoke, a nearly pleasurable sigh escaped his throat,

Xanthea turned slightly to look at him.

His eyes were half-closed, holding a strand of her curly hair, he leaned down to deeply inhale, his face showing a rabid, obsessed longing that sent shivers down her spine.

Gosh! He’s playing a creep so well!

“Phee, do you know when I started liking you?”

“I liked you from the first day at Ignite Camp, ha...”

“You must think I’m sick, right? We were so young at that time. But you don’t know, you shone so brightly in the crowd.”

“Your smile would light up the world, your tears made me want to kill anyone who upsets you, and those annoying pests always hovering around you were such an eyesore!”

“Wretched pests daring to dream of the brilliant sun, did they deserve it? Make a guess, how do you think they died?”

“Was it you?”

Phoenix caught the hint in his words, her brows furrowed, glaring at him with anger, “You killed them?!”

After so many years of close companionship, she had no idea he was capable of such malice, even capable of killing those brothers who had fought side by side with them!

“Why did you do that?”

“Because they deserved to die!”

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Orion suddenly opened his eyes wide, a sinister, jealous gleam that was chilling to behold.

For a moment, Xanthea was pulled out of the scene.

The jealousy in his eyes was too real, it felt less like acting and more like reality, he acted as if he was Maximus himself, who had been jealous of someone for decades, to the point of wanting them dead.

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Chapter 234

“They’re weak and foolish, and they dare covet you? And why, why are you so kind to them? Why isn’t all this kindness meant **just for** me? I want you all to myself, to be good only to me!”

“You’re insane.”

Phoenix shook his head. Yet Maximus smiled, “Yes, and that’s why Prescott must die.”

The **mention** of Prescott stirred something in Phoenix, but she stifled the emotion, fearing it would draw his attention and truly lead him to carry out his threat.

But no matter how much she tried to hide it, she couldn’t fool Maximus, who knew her too well.

“So you care about him that much? Enough to betray Ignite Camp, betray me, and even risk your life to protect him?!”

He growled lowly, but Phoenix pretended not to hear.

For reasons she couldn’t yet reveal, her betrayal of Ignite Camp wasn’t for anyone else but a personal vendetta.

“I won’t let you die.”

Orion opened a lunchbox, bringing a bowl of soup to her lips.

She turned her head away, clearly refusing, even as he pinched her chin, forcing her to face the bowl, she remained unresponsive, resigned to her fate..

“Not drinking, huh?” Orion scoffed, taking a sip of the soup himself, “Then I’ll just have to feed it **to** you one mouthful at a time.”

“**I’ll** drink!”

Phoenix quickly changed her tune, even moving her hands, “Just untie me, **and** I’ll eat by myself.”

Her sudden compliance caught Orion off guard.

In the original book, Maximus had *to* feed Phoenix a few mouthfuls before she submitted and agreed to eat on her own, but now, she had surrendered without him having to do anything.

He untied the knot, and Xanthea picked up the bowl, taking a sip. This soup was actually delicious—if she was Phoenix, she would have given in sooner.

“Xan, you’ve broke character.”

Xanthea paused, her utensil in mid-air. Was he out of character? That was rare.

“**No**, I didn’t. The ‘forced kiss’ part was cut from the script, so I skipped it.”

Though there was a bit of an argument, she feared that if it dragged on, he might actually kiss her, knowing how deeply he could

immerse himself in the role, as she had experienced just the night before.

“I have my own way of handling this, let’s not waste any more emotions.”

“Alright then.”

Xanthea looked **at** him. He seemed slightly upset about her skipping that part of the scene.

Even though he was just helping her *rehe*

“Got it, let’s start.”

he was surprisingly professional.

Phoenix struggled **to** swallow the soup under his coercion, and Maximus, seeing her finally agree to eat, couldn’t help but smile. “Phee, do you remember the days we spent together **at** Ignite Camp?”

“Remember that time **I messed up and got** punished by the camp **leader**, locked in the **water cell overnight? When I came up I was nearly suffocating**, and you gave **me** mouth-to-mouth. When I woke up, you asked **how I felt; but** all I could **remember was how sweet and soft** your **lips were**.”

And another time, we were on a mission pretending to be a couple, and **I got ‘drunk and clung to you saying I felt awful, which was both true and false. False** because I wasn’t really drunk, **true** because the way **you** were twisting **made me feel uneasy**. I **pretended to be drunk Just to hold you, it was incredibly uneasy, and I even almost** ...

He trailed **off, leaning** close to **Xanthea** and **whispering the last few words in her ear**

Xanther's **eyes widened**
in shock, her **hand trembling with the utensil at his words**.

This must be what **he referred to in the Realm of Illusions blog post**. **How could he say such a**

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The young girl's petite face turned visibly red, much like a tempting peach ripe for picking, her blush spreading from white to a rosy **pink**; her clear, amber-colored eyes widened with panic and disbelief.

Orion stared intensely at her, his heart racing as he beheld the shy, captivating beauty. He knew his words must have shocked her, given her pure and innocent nature. Yet, he found himself unable to restrain the tumult of thoughts and desires, and vented them through the character.

His thoughts were bolder than those of Maximus.

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"Phee, I miss the days when we were together. Just observing you from a distance, seeing you laugh and frolic was enough for me. During these past five years, I've spent every day in search for you, dreaming of your smile every night. But then I would wake up to the realization it was all a dream. Thinking of you tormented me; I was haunted by illusions. Do you know how much pain I was experiencing?"

As he spoke, a twisted light flickered in his dark eyes, which Xanthea didn't notice. She was still caught up in the shock of what he had just revealed.

Even if it was part of the original script, he shouldn't have said those things, right? That was creepy! Indecent! Shameless! And he said he would keep it appropriate!

"Phee!"

Caught up in his emotions, Orion suddenly pulled her into a tight embrace.

Xanthea, taken aback by his sudden action, dropped the silverware she was holding. Feeling the warmth from his muscular chest, she tried to push him away and got back into character.

“I don’t need to suffer anymore, nor continue this unrequited love. I want to have you, completely!”

As he spoke, his large hand moved to tear at her clothes. Xanthea, alarmed, recalled the script where Phoenix slapped Maximus hard..

But faced with Orion’s infuriatingly handsome face, she couldn’t bring herself to hit him and instead bit down on his arm.

Her bite was gentle, her pearly white teeth barely pressing into his skin; her soft, moist lips felt more like to a caress than a bite.

Orion’s dark eyebrows twitched violently, driven to the brink by her unintentional provocation. His eyes darkened further, about to escalate the scene.

Until she spoke her line, quelling the demon within him.

“Maximus, you dare!”

“Why wouldn’t I? You were the one who betrayed me first!”

Orion, seeing her clutch her chest, wary and defensive, felt a wave of anger, “What are you afraid of? Afraid that I might violate you, and you couldn’t remain pure for Matthew?”

Wait, what?

Xanthea blinked; she was thrown out of her character once again.

Why did he replace Prescott with Matthew? She was fully immersed in her role; the replacement was unnecessary.

“It’s too late now.”

“What?”

Orion suddenly scooped her up, pinning her against the large window, “See who’s down below?”

Below the skyscraper, a line of familiar black sedans was parked along the curb. Exiting one of them were two figures with the distinctive insignia of the Ignite Camp killers, accompanying someone—it was Prescott?!

“Prescott!”

“Ah!”

As she called out his name, a hand clamped around her neck.

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Although Onion's touch was gentle, almost like a caress, having someone firmly grasp the most delicate and fragile part of her body still sent shivers down her spine, and she felt like her wrist could be broken at any moment.

I don't want to hear his name

"Maximus, what on earth are you doing!"

All the calm, indifferent composure Phoenix had maintained shattered the moment she saw Prescott. Panic started to set in

"I've said it before, all the lowlives coveting you must die, especially him."

His chilling voice echoed in Xanthea's ears, making her skin crawl. "Since you like him, I'll make his death a special one. How about! slowly slice off his flesh?"

Initially, Xanthea thought he was just playing the part of a creep, but after hearing his words, she began to fear that he might actually have a touch of madness hidden deep within him. Could they still be a remnant from his dark childhood?

Hearing his cruel words, a genuine fear arose in Phoenix's heart that he might actually kill Prescott in his rage.

"Please, don't kill him, Maximus. I'll do anything if you spare him,"

She didn't realize that the more she pleaded for Prescott, the more infuriated and violent Maximus became.

"Alright then."

Onion's thin lips twisted into a cold smirk as he leaned into her alluring figure.

His hot, intense breath was just inches away from her sensitive ear, carrying a strong scent of masculinity that quickly caused Xanthea's cheeks to flush, spreading down to her neck. Her mouth went dry, and her heartbeat sped up, especially with her hands bound by him, hinting at an unspoken force

Xanthes couldn't quite figure out what was happening to her.

In that moment, he wasn't Maximus; he was Orion, the man she had unwittingly fallen for.

"Beg me

His low, husky whisper in her ear was irresistibly seductive.

"I beg you"

For Prescott, Phoenix lowered her head for the first time, breaking her noble resolve.

Maximus laughed with a mix of delight and fury.

He was delighted that she was finally submitting to him, but furious that she was doing it all for Prescott!

"Say you're my woman, you're Orion's, and that you'll only be with **me** for the rest of your life."

"Ah

He was too close, his breath too intoxicating. Xanthea's mind was a blur, scarcely noting the swap from Maximus's name to his own, nor feeling the bite on her neck. She simply echoed, "I'm your woman, **I'm** Orion's, and I'll only be with you for the rest of my life."

Her tender voice, **lost** and moan-like, which stirred Orion's desires even more. His restrained breaths grew more intense, and the bite on her neck deepened.

Before Xanthea could even feel the pain on her neck, something felt off.

"Orion."

In the next second, Orion swiftly let her **go** and walked towards the bedroom, as if fearing that delaying even **a** second would expose his fervent desire to devour her.

"That's enough for today, you should go back"

His voice was hoarse as if his vocal cords were strained, increasing Xanthea's suspicions about what lay beneath his surface. Could he

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Chapter **237**

There lingered a tension—
filled aura of ambiguity in the air. A hidden truth was about to burst out.

Xanthea's cheeks were flushed, her heart pounding like thunder. She should have followed his suggestion, grabbed the script, and left.

2 2 1

But whether it was a sudden lapse in judgment or a desire to confirm something, she impulsively stepped forward and grabbed his

hand.

“Orion, there's just one last scene left. Shall we finish it today?”

Her delicate hand unexpectedly caught his fingers, as if clinging to something, making Orion frozen in place

He slowly turned his face towards her, his dark desires and intense possessiveness naked in his gaze

Xanthea shivered as she saw something in his eyes as if something had already been confirmed.

But that wasn't enough.

Suppressing her racing heart, she looked at him with flickering eyes and said calmly, “Let's start”

In the final romantic scene between Phoenix and Maximus, Phoenix seduced Maximus in a desperate attempt to save Prescott. Xanthea was clueless about how to seduce a man, so she just followed the sparse instructions in the script and slowly walked towards Orion.

She lowered her head slightly, her lush lashes fluttering as she bit her rosy lips, and her cheeks flushed embarrassingly red. She raised her trembling, delicate fingers to his suit jacket, hesitantly unbuttoning the first button, and just as she was about to explore his broad, tense muscles, a strong force pulled her fiercely into his embrace.

“Oh Orion”

No need to even seduce him.

She didn't realize how provocative she looked...

Orion's expression was fierce, his eyes bloodshot, his gaze intensely affectionate, which startled Xanthea.

You brought this on yourself, little temptress.

Completely overtaken by desire, Orion bent down to capture her soft lips, his intense kisses landing on her tender and sensitive neck. "Xan, Xan, oh, my Xan."

Caught up in his passion, he called out her name, not Phoenix's, and that confirmed Xanthea's suspicions. Her eyes sparkled immediately.

He held her tightly, making it hard for her to breathe, his seductive whispers in her ear and the fierce kisses on her neck made her moan uncontrollably, her eyes becoming increasingly hazy, her body responding to him.

"Orion."

"Ding dong, ding-dong-

Just as she moaned, a jarring doorbell and a familiar voice echoed, "Xan, are you home? Open up, it's Uncle!"

Uncle?

Uncle!

It took Xanthea a moment to react. She then snapped out of her trance and started forcefully slapping the man on top of her. "Orion, Orion, stop, stop, my uncle is here!"

She slapped him several times and finally bit his shoulder to bring him back to his senses.

"He's at Room 3002"

Orion's eyes, still clouded with lust, leaned in to kiss her again, but Xanthea firmly covered his mouth.

"Even **so..**"

"Ding, ding-

Her phone on the table suddenly rang. Xanthea's **eyes** widened and glanced towards the door, afraid that Oliver Lopez could hear through the door that her phone was ringing in Room 3001

"Let go of me!"

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Xanthea pushed him away forcefully and dashed to grab her phone.

But, no sooner had she moved than Orion caught her from behind, pulling her back into a tight embrace again.

Orion clung to her waist, closing his eyes as he fought the overwhelming desire, his hot lips kissing her hair incessantly.

"Baby, my baby"

The word "baby" made Xanthea's face burn red as if it was heated

Even though she knew he was.....

Could he not hold it back? Orion was right at the door.

It seemed he had sensed her thoughts: Orion's voice was deep and husky, with a plea in his tone, "Give me a moment."

Xanthea blinked her innocent eyes, aware of what he needed a moment for

"It's odd"

At the door of Room 3002. Oliver tried calling Xanthea again but couldn't get through. He muttered in confusion, "Didn't Ryan say Xan was at Sunset Hills Estates? Maybe she went back home on a

whim?"

Room 3001 opened.

He hung up the phone Just as he was about to call Samuel, "Ding- the door of Room

Oliver saw a well-dressed man coming from inside. The man had a suspicious flush on his face, as if he had been interrupted in the midst of something pleasant, and looked quite displeased. Oliver was taken aback “Chairman Lockwood? You live here too?”

“Mr. Lopez, are you looking for Ms. Nightshade?”

“Yes, yes!”

His voice was calm, but it barely masked the roughness underneath. It was clear that he had been immersed in something before being abruptly disturbed

“Did I interrupt your sleep. Chairman Lockwood?”

“No, I just got back I saw Ms. Nightshade dining downstairs earlier, shall I take you here?”

Oliver replied. “That’s too kind of you, just tell me the name of the restaurant!”

“I forgot it’s late now, I better take you there.”

Checking the time and seeing it was nearly eleven, with Xan not answering her phone, Oliver grew anxious and nodded, “Okay!” As he stepped into the elevator with a man with the undefinable air of tension and emotion, his mind raced with thoughts. Chairman Lockwood liked Xan, that was clear from their interaction at the Realm of Musions event, and Xan seemed to **have** feelings **for** him as well. He had noticed it last time, but he couldn’t figure out when they became neighbors, whether it was coincidental or intentional, and how far their relationship had progressed.

He had to ask Xan when he saw her

Five minutes later, with no more sounds from outside, Xanthea slipped into Room 3002 **and** dove into her bed.

She covered her burning cheeks, embarrassed by the scenes that they had just rehearsed.

When she was getting flustered about her feelings for Onion, it turned out he liked her too!

And it seemed he really, really liked her, otherwise, he wouldn’t have called her name with such passion, and just from a hug he was.

She used her Hello Kitty plush to cover her face, and couldn’t help but smile.

When had he started liking her? During the Realm of illusions rehearsals? At the time when she took care of him while he was sick? Or before that....

In her past life, he was clearly infatuated with Miranda Moure, even spending a fortune to support her career in the entertainment industry

This time around, was it because she had meddled with Miranda and altered her course, leaving no time for them to get together, and with her constantly around, that he couldn't resist her charm. Ha ha!

Xanthea giggled like a fool, when she suddenly realized something serious and sat up abruptly.

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Chapter 239

She almost forgot!

Orion still thought she was engaged to Matthew, didn't he? Could it be that he had been holding back because of that? She needed to clear things up with him as soon as possible....

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"Knock, knock knock"

"Xan, are **you** back?"

"Uncle!"

She bolted off the bed **and** swung the door open. Oliver was finally relieved as he saw her, "Xan, you're home! You scared the heck out of me!"

"Why didn't you answer when I was knocking?"

"I just got back from dinner."

As Xanthea finished, her eyes caught the man standing behind her uncle.

His dark, obsidian-like eyes were intensely fixed on her, as if, were it not for her uncle's presence, he could devour her whole. His gaze made her avert her eyes and her heartbeat raced.

The wind downstairs must not have blown him sober yet.

"Alright." Oliver stepped inside and turned to give Orion a grateful smile, "Chairman Lockwood, sorry to bother you for tonight."

"It's Okay."

Orion responded, his gaze unwaveringly fixed on Xanthea, and there was no attempt in hiding it.

Oliver paused. Seeing this situation, Xanthea quickly tried to close the door, only for it to be stopped abruptly by the man's firm hand. "What what was he doing?"

"Ms. Nightshade, goodnight."

Orion fixed his gaze urgently on her, saying "goodnight" with an extremely slow pace. His eyes seemed to say—I love you.

Xanthea's heart skipped a beat as she met his eyes, which were almost overwhelmed with emotions; and she nodded, "I, no, you too, goodnight."

With a "thud," she abruptly closed the door, her cheeks burning red.

She almost said "I

"I love you too!

front of her uncle!

This Orion, he even dared to flirt with her right in front of

Distracted for a moment, Xanthea met Oliver's knowing gaze, "Xan."

"Uncle! What brings you here so late?"

"There's something important we need to talk about."

"What is it?"

Oliver opened the folder he was carrying, "I never imagined a top-rated national hit show like Adventure Blitz: Two Days, One Night would invite you to participate in their next episode. They've only invited the hottest rising actors or seasoned

stars before. You're the youngest and least experienced artist they've invited so far, which shows how much they recognize your potential"

"This show is a live broadcast reality show featuring celebrities, and since it aired, it has maintained a top spot in the ratings. Every episode becomes a hot topic, drawing massive viewership that even saved the nearly bankrupt LAKU network, and turned it into the top streaming platform like this today"

"I know you've been eager to make a name for yourself, so I came to you as soon as we got the invitation. But whether you go or not is up to you."

"The production of this show can be extremely demanding. Each episode, the crew flies the guests to a designated location, confiscates their food and phones, and isolates them within the world of Adventure Blitz: Two Days, One Night

Without providing any food or water, guests must complete various challenging tasks. Even if you regret it, there's no escaping because the camp is completely closed off.

This requires you to have some survival skills akin to those needed in the wilderness. There have been guests in the past who, due to a lack of life experience, exhausted a lot of energy and fainted from hunger during the show. Some even suffered psychological trauma from the program team's prank games, and dared not participate in variety shows again.

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Chapter 240

"You've never faced hardship or left home, I'm worried about you."

"I accept the invitation!"

Xanthea raised her hand before he could finish.

—

Oliver had said so much, but all she could hear was top-rated national hit show, with insane viewer ratings!

She wouldn't miss any chance to shine.

“Are you sure?”

“Absolutely”

“But Uncle is worried about you.”

Xanthea tugged at his **sleeve**, her face full of defiance, “Uncle, do you really think I’m that fragile?”

“It’s not about being fragile, you’re a little princess. You grew up coddled and pampered. That place is in the middle of nowhere, and the crew can be merciless—it’s not like here where everyone indulges you.”

This is exactly the opportunity I need to grow!”

“Alright,” Oliver said, indulgently ruffling her hair. “Since you’ve made up your mind, I’ll support you. Let’s pack up and head home. Your mom heard you’re being invited to Adventure Blitz: Two Days, One Night and she wants to tell you something.”

“Now?”

“Yeah, the recording for Adventure Blitz: Two Days, One Night starts the day after tomorrow. You’ll head straight there after wrapping up filming tomorrow afternoon. The show’s private jet will pick you up nearby the film set.”

Xanthea was surprised, “Tomorrow afternoon? Was that so soon!”

“Is there a problem?”

now the schedule was too packed for her to

She was planning to clear things up with Orion at Room 3001, after filming tomorrow, but now spare any time.

“Don’t worry about the filming schedule. I’ve already spoken to Director Smith. He **said** that once tomorrow’s scenes are done, there would be only some minor shots left. He can spare you for a couple of days. With the premiere of Realm of Illusions, appearing on the reality show will also serve as a promotion.”

“Okay!”

Xanthea nodded.

She would just have to talk to Orion after filming Adventure Blitz: Two Days, One Night. If both the reality show and Realm o

f Illusions hit big, she could surpass Isabella in popularity. Then, she could retrieve the photo, explain everything to Orion, and even deal with Matthew once and for all!

“By the way, Xan, how are things going with Orion? Have you established a romantic relationship yet?”

At his words, Xanthea jolted and saw him with surprised looks, “Uncle, how did you...

“You wanted to hide it from me?” Oliver laughed, “With the way you two were looking at each other, did you think I was invisible? Xan, I thought it was strange: you’ve never been one to **play** games, if you’re already with Matthew,”

“Uncle, if you trust me, I’ll explain everything after the show. But until then, please don’t tell anyone, okay?”

“Sure, I’ll always have your back.”

At the Lakeside Manor, the Nightshade family.

Approaching midnight, the Nightshade family of five and Oliver gathered around the dining table for some late-night snacks.

Samuel

flipped through channels with the remote. “There’s nothing good. After Xan’s TV series aired the day after tomorrow, I’m definitely going to watch it five times, ten times, and a hundred times!”

Ethan Nightshade chimed in. “Then enjoy the series yourself. I’ll catch her live reality show in the lab. it’ll be a good break from my usual boredom.”