

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 34

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Her offhand comment made the man pause in his vegetable picking before he muttered a low, "Yeah, I don't like it."

Cedric, standing nearby, shook his head discreetly.

Xanthea really was clueless. If Orion didn't like onions, there was no way the private chef would include them. Clearly, Orion knew she disliked them and had picked them out on

purpose.

Xanthea chewed on her sea cucumber, relishing its light, meaty taste, smooth without being greasy. It was like a dance on her taste buds. "This is delicious, Orion. Where did you find this chef? Their cooking is way better than my nanny's!"

"If you like, I can arrange for them to cook for you sometime."

"No need for that, though I'd really like to meet them."

"What for?"

"Just to admire someone who can cook this well."

"You have a thing for people who can cook?" Orion looked up at her, and Xanthea caught a fleeting spark in his eyes, almost like a mirage. "Yeah, I think people who can cook are incredibly charming. Unlike me, I'm all thumbs in the kitchen, no matter how much I try to learn."

"You..."

"What?" Xanthea looked at him, noticing his hesitation.

"Nothing."

You are irresistibly charming, too.

Xanthea didn't press further and continued eating her piece of carp. Mid-chew, Orion placed a tablet in front of her.

Curiously, she picked it up and when she saw the dazzling array of jewelry on the screen, she couldn't help but exclaim, "These pieces are stunning! You can't find these in regular stores; they must be collectors' items for the ultra-rich, right?"

"Last time, your help was crucial in securing a deal with the MJ Group. I haven't had a chance to thank you properly. If you like, all these pieces are for you, Ms. Nightshade."

What? All these pieces? For her?

Xanthea was speechless, just about to respond when a tiny carp bone lodged in her throat, and she dared not speak, her face turning pale.

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Orion noticed her discomfort, his expression immediately sharpening. "What's wrong?"

"Ah."

Xanthea opened her mouth, pain evident as she pointed to her throat. Orion instantly understood, stepping forward to hold her chin. "Don't move!"

His deep, soothing voice seemed to have a magical effect, and Xanthea obeyed instinctively, feeling him gently tilt her head back against the couch, his fingers prying open her jaw before reaching into her mouth.

Xanthea widened her eyes in surprise, but the pain quickly brought her focus back.

Fingers were fine as long as they could remove the bone. It was too uncomfortable stuck in her throat, and his fingers, slender and precise, almost like tweezers.

But she had overestimated her tolerance and underestimated the bone's persistence.

"Ah!Ahh!"

"Stop, it hurts, it really hurts."

"Orion, be gentle, it's so painful!"

"It seems to be going deeper, it's really stuck, what do we do?"

"Slow down, please, just stop! Ohh."

When Orion finally saw the bone, he was confident he could remove it, but the process proved excruciatingly difficult.

Her lips, red as roses, were soft and tempting.

As his fingers entered, they were enveloped in an unexpectedly warm and slippery sensation, sending shivers down his spine.

Orion's body tensed, hearing her intermittent moans, which sounded distressingly enticing. despite her obvious pain.

He tried to focus, but the relentless buzzing in his brain and the overwhelming sensations made him falter again and again.

Nothing had ever been this challenging.

After what felt like an eternity, the bone was finally extracted. Xanthea swallowed a few times to ensure there was no more discomfort or pain and sighed in relief, "Ah! It's out.

That feels so much better."

"Thank you!"

She twisted her neck, looking at Orion, only then noticing his face and neck were flushed, his brow sweaty, his eyes dark and intense, his Adam's apple bobbing with each swallow as if he had endured an excruciating ordeal.

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"What's wrong?" Xanthea muttered under her breath. She'd only bitten into a fish and now her mouth was a battleground where a tiny bone had decided to lodge itself. But it wasn't just the pain that caught her off guard-it was Orion's reaction. The man was blushing furiously, looking for all the world like he had when she had applied some scar treatment lotion on his back at the gemstone auction. Back then, his shyness had a clear cause-her touch. But now?

Her mind replayed the sharp yelp she had let out while trying to dislodge the fishbone. It had been a bit,well, suggestive, perhaps. Was that why he was acting like a shy

schoolboy?

It was almost comical. This was the same man who, at the Rlan Hotel, had seemed almost a different beast-ferocious and intense. How could one person flip so drastically between such extremes?

“You okay?” she finally asked, breaking the awkward silence.

“I’ll just go to the bathroom to take care of this Orion said abruptly, standing up with the offending bone held delicately between his fingers. His voice was oddly hoarse.

“Sure.”

She watched him pause halfway to the bathroom, his silhouette tall and imposing. “Don’t eat any more fish till I get back. I’ll check it for bones.”

Really? Orion was offering to pick her fish clean? Xanthea, the only girl in the wealthy Nightshade family, had been pampered all her life but never to the extent of having someone else check her food for bones. The gesture was sweet, albeit a bit too intimate for their level of acquaintance. It seemed he truly appreciated her help-so much so that he’d even offered her a collection of expensive jewelry as a thank-you.

“Okay,” she replied, not touching the fish dish again. After a while, her stomach full and satisfied, she glanced at the time. Nearly twenty minutes had passed; what was taking Orion so long?

She yawned lazily, sinking deeper into the couch and began scrolling through her phone. Before she knew it, her eyes drifted shut, and she dozed off.

When Orion returned, he found Xanthea asleep, curled up like a small fox in the corner of the couch. The remnants of his earlier frustration softened at the sight. Gently, he draped his jacket over her, his fingers inadvertently brushing through her thick, wavy hair.

Cedric, who had finished his work, stole a glance at his boss kneeling next to the sleeping girl, inhaling the scent of her hair like some scene straight out of a creepy movie.

“Babe,” Orion murmured, then caught himself. He reluctantly let go of her hair and closed his eyes, expecting a sleepless night. Yet, lulled by the soft rhythm of her breathing next to

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him, he drifted into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, Miranda, having returned to her seat, kept checking her watch. After nearly an hour, her patience wore thin, and she made to check on Xanthea, only to be stopped by Cedric.

“Ms. Moore, don’t think I didn’t warn you. Mr. Lockwood let it slide the first time because of Ms. Nightshade, but if there’s a next time, I doubt you’ll have much of a future in showbiz.”

As the plane’s intercom announced their arrival at Willowdale Holiday Resort, Xanthea stirred awake. Feeling the jacket draped over her, she brought it to her nose, inhaling the light scent of pine that was uniquely Orion’s. The dreamy feeling lingered; she had dreamed of running through vast forests.

She sat up, the painting-like peaceful face of Orion beside her a stark contrast to his usually icy demeanor. “Never thought ‘Sleeping Beauty’ could apply to a guy,” she whispered to herself.

As she attempted to return his jacket without waking him, she found her path blocked by his long legs. After hesitating, she decided to carefully step over him, but just as she managed, Orion woke up.

His eyes opened to the confusing sight of Xanthea straddling him.