

# My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

## CHAPTER 481

Posted by AdminHR, 673 Views, Released on June 11, 2024

Chapter 481

“Wow, just wow! Breathtaking, truly breathtaking!”

I guess this must be what Xan mentioned at the Celestial Cinema Awards ceremony, the mountain of irises Mr. Lockwood planted for **her?**”

“How romantic is that? Which girl could possibly say no?”

Christopher and Susanna were invited to join Theodore and the rest of the Lockwood family on the raised platform to mingle and chat. Oliver stood off to the side of the stage, silently rehearsing his lines in his head. Ethan and Samuel looked up at the mountain, blanketed with irises, utterly astounded.

“Who would have thought? Orion planted a whole mountain of irises. He really loves Xan.”

“That’s because our Xan is irresistible!”

“Is it time?”

Getting the cue through his earpiece, Oliver picked up the microphone and cleared his throat, facing the **audience**.

“Ladies and gentlemen, dear friends and family, please take your seats in an orderly fashion; the wedding is about to begin!

I’m deeply honored and thrilled to be here today as the bride’s uncle, acting as the officiant for her and her groom’s wedding.

Most of you might not know, but the bride and groom have met when they were just children, their bond forged by chance but deeply rooted in mutual affection.

This bond has weathered storms and basked in sunshine, growing stronger with each passing day, blossoming into the beautiful flower of love we celebrate today.

As an elder, I sincerely and wholeheartedly wish them a life filled with love, happiness, and unity! Now, let’s welcome our adorable flower boys to join the groom”

Down the rose petal–  
covered aisle, a pair of cute little flower boys walked hand in hand.

The guests immediately noticed Sebastian dressed up as a girl, his brown curls bouncing, wearing a lovely pink dress, his pout as comical as Donald Duck's, making everyone laugh with his adorably disgruntled look towards the man on stage.

Oliver glanced at his watch, all three hands pointing to twelve, and loudly announced. "The auspicious moment has arrived

Let's welcome, with the warmest round of applause, the most beautiful bride in the world as she makes her grand entrance!"

As he finished,

all cameras from dozens of angles turned towards the entrance of the aisle.

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The sky was clear, the sun warm and shining, casting a radiant glow on the groom in his sharp, white suit, on his well–shaped brows, deep eyes, and then his chiseled face, making him look almost divine, bathed in light.

His eyes, **filled** with eager anticipation, were fixed on the entrance,

Today, he was marrying the girl he had adored for so many years; a dream would come true. But one second, two seconds, few seconds passed, and the bride had yet to appear

"Why hasn't she come out?"

"I have no idea."

He

Just as the crowd began to murmur a sweet, melodious and resounding voice cut through the air.

"Ori, I'm here to marry you."

Orion turned around to see the girl descending on a round parachute, in a stunning white wedding dress holding a large bouquet of Irises, her smile as bright as the sun, like an angel coming towards him, just like when he first saw her.

He was mesmerized.

Xannie”

Once upon a time, there was someone who loved you for a very, very long time.

## **My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel**

### **CHAPTER 482**

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Chapter 482

Outside the quiet, towering wrought-iron gates of Xanthea Haven Estate, Isabella watched from a distance as Orion and Xanthea embraced lovingly amidst a sea of irises, their sweet kisses painting a scene straight out of a fairy tale, reminiscent of a prince and princess in love. Silently, she put on her sunglasses.

“Xanthea,” she thought, “may your marriage be filled with joy and lifelong companionship.”

“Who’s that over **there**?”

“I don’t know. Let’s check it out!”

Two patrolling security guards spotted her and quickly approached.

“Hello, can I ask who this is?”

“Just passing by.”

Before they could say more, Isabella was ready to leave. The guards exchanged a look and both stepped in front of her.

Today was Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood’s wedding day, and the estate was surrounded by top-tier security. Not a single mistake could be afforded. The person in front of them was cloaked in a baseball cap, a face mask, and sunglasses; aside from her incognito state, she also seemed to have been lurking around and peeking from a distance, which was just too suspicious!

“Sorry, Miss, but we’re concerned about your identity. Could you please show us your ID?”

“You don’t have the right.”

“Then we’ll have to call **police.**”

One of the guards reached for the walkie-talkie to alert the estate’s staff, but Isabella quickly pulled down her mask.

Seeing her face, the guards froze.

“You are Isabella Taylor?”

“I’m from the estate.”

“What estate? **Why are** you standing out here?”

“Ms. **Taylor? Why** aren’t you inside?”

Isabella asked, “Can I go now?”

“Of course, of course!”

Watching her retreat, the guards were left puzzled.

“Wasn’t she here for the wedding? Why hide out here?”

“Could it be she didn’t have an invitation?”

“How could that be? She’s a famous star, even appeared on a show with Mrs. Lockwood. They seemed close. And there are many celebrities here today not nearly as famous as her!”

“What’s going on then? Should we tell Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood?”

“I’ll tell them.”

“Let’s wait until the wedding’s over, and tell Mrs. Lockwood then.”

After leaving Xanthea Haven Estate, Isabella headed straight for an international flight. She spent three months abroad working on a film before finally returning home.

The film turned out great, and her agent arranged a celebration party for her at New Hotel.

“Isabella, take it easy on the drinks. Be careful not to get drunk.”

Wendy saw her sitting in a corner, downing one drink after another and voiced her concern.

Since the end of “Adventure Blitz: Two Days, One Night” and falling out with Xanthea, Isabella had been downeast, hardly ever smiling except when on set. Now, she seemed determined to drown her sorrows in alcohol.

As Wendy put together her previous actions- mimicking Xanthea, acting tough but showing a soft heart in defending Xanthes, silently crying when Xanthea proposed to someone else, and secretly attending Xanthea’s wedding, a bold suspicion arose in her mind. Could Isabella have fallen for Xanthea?!

Coming out was one thing; after all, it wasn’t unheard of in the entertainment industry. But the issue was that Xanthea was not only a

woman but also now a married one!

And most importantly, Chairman Lockwood was the powerhouse behind Starlight Media. Becoming rivals in love with him, wasn’t Isabella just setting herself up for disaster?

“Just leave me be. If I get drunk, I’ll just head back to rest.”

Isabella pushed her away, snapping Wendy out of her wild speculations.

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Shaking off the absurd thoughts, Wendy said, “I’ll book a room for you at the New Hotel then, okay? Just in case you’re too drunk to make it back on your own

Isabella didn’t respond, so Wendy took it as a “yes” and headed downstairs.

## **My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel**

### **CHAPTER 483**

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Chapter 483

As soon as Wendy stepped away, the balding middle-aged man who had been leering over at Isabella seized his chance like a vulture spotting a meal. Clutching his beer, his potbelly leading the way, he sauntered over.

“Isabella, drowning your sorrows in booze all by your lonesome? Come on, lighten up. How about a chat? I’m your biggest fan, you know.”

Isabella, slightly tipsy, turned around only to be greeted by a sleazy grin plastered across a plump, porcine face. Having been around the block a few times, she **could** instantly

tell what he was after. The alcohol in her system only amplified her disgust, and without a second thought, she doused him with her drink, “Buzz **off**”

With a splash, the man’s shirt was soaked half, anger flashing in his eyes as he stood up, teeth clenched, about to slap her, only to find her collapsing onto the bar.

“Bitch! Don’t play dead, get up!

He grabbed her by the collar noticing she didn’t react, seemingly passed out drunk; lascivious thoughts started creeping into his mind.

He had only intended to hit on her, to leave his number, considering how many stars would kill for a chance with a loaded boss like him. But now, not only had he been rejected, but he was also soaked in booze. She had struck first, and he wasn’t about to play nice

anymore!

Looking around and seeing no one paying them any mind, he sneakily propped her up and made his way to the hotel.

“Ugh!”

On the king-size **bed of** a hotel room, with the harsh glare of the crystal chandelier above and the alcohol churning in her stomach. Isabella woke up feeling nauseous. As she tried to get up to vomit, she saw a blurry figure across the room—a rotund, balding middle-aged man stripping, while she lay on a stark white bedsheet

“AN”

Her scream cut through the silence as she clutched the duvet tightly, sobering up considerably.

Hearing her scream, the man turned, a sleazy smile on his face **as** he rubbed his hands together, “Hey there, beauty, you’re awake?”

“Who are you?!”

“The one who’s gonna make **you** feel good!”

He lunged at her, his quivering mass of flesh and lecherous gaze terrifying Isabella.

“Get off! Get away!”

As she struggled desperately, she managed to grab her phone, hitting the speed dial for her contacts, but before she could make a call, the bald snatched the phone away, tossing it under the bed.

“Stop fighting, darling. Stick with me, and I’ll make sure you get whatever roles you want!”

His bulky frame pinned her down like a mountain, leaving her powerless to resist. Isabel la fought back with despair and tears, her face smeared with them.

As the phone rang, Xanthea was in the middle of a lab demonstration for **her** team. She glanced at the caller ID flashing “Isabella“, her actions momentarily pausing.

Her? Why

? Why would she call her out of the blue? They had long since drifted apart, with almost a year of silence between them,

She reached to disconnect the call but hesitated at the sound of the persistent ringing, eventually answering.

“Hello?”

As soon as the call connected, the sound of a heavy slap **echoed** through.

“You slut, dared to bite me? **You’re** asking for it! Me noticing you should have been an honor for you. Ungrateful bitch, you’ll learn!”

“Get off, get off! Help, someone, help!”

The sounds of insults, a woman’s pleas for help, and the tearing of fabric made Xanthea’s eyes instantly narrow, realizing what was happening.

## **My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel**

### **CHAPTER 484**

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Chapter **484**

“Don’t bother screaming, you’re at the top floor of New Hotel, and even if you scream your lungs out, no one’s gonna come to save your

New Hotel? Samuel was attending a gala there.

Barely minutes after the sleazy bald finished speaking, a series of knocks sounded on the **door**.

He glanced at the woman on the bed, her clothes nearly torn to shreds, and stuffed the bedsheet firmly into her mouth, cursing as he got out of bed. "Who the heck is it? Interrupting me at this hour. Mr. Nightshade?"

His tone changed in fright, his face paling.

"Sorry, sorry, I didn't know it was you, I was out of line, mally out of line!"

Through the crack of the door, Samuel saw the woman lying on the bed and kicked the bald man flying with one swift move.

The bald slammed into the entryway, wailing in pain. Before he could recover, a cold, hard shoe pressed down on his face, nearly flattening out all his features.

"Nick, haven't settled the embezzling and peddling fake mess and you still dare to cause trouble?"

"No, no, Mr. Nightshade, please spare me. Ow! Stop, please stop!"

Isabella trembled all over, tears streaming down her **face** as she curled up in the corner of the bed. At the sight of the man at the door harshly disciplining the bald, she felt like seeing her guardian angel. Her mind raced back to that summer years ago when everyone was pointing fingers and speculating maliciously about her, and he was the only one who came over gently and draped his jacket **over** her.

The bald couldn't withstand the beating and passed out.

Samuel entered the room; glancing at the disheveled Isabella, almost bare, he tossed a towel her way, and took **out** his phone, "What's your assistant's number?"

The woman didn't respond, just stared at him.

Seeing the fear and gratitude in her eyes, Samuel frowned, "It wasn't me who saved you, it **was** Xan"

W-What?

Samuel looked around, picked up a phone from the corner, the call still ongoing

Isabella heard Xanthea's anxious voice.

"Samuel? Is that you?"



“It’s me.” Samuel’s voice was soothing. I’m here. Don’t worry

“Is Isabella okay?”

“She seems fine.”

“That’s a relief.” Xanthea let out a sigh, “Oh remember, make sure to preserve the evidence, don’t call the cops yet. Have the assistant take Isabella home, let her deal with it once she’s calmer. After all, being a celebrity, we have to consider the implications”

“Got it”

Samuel’s tone dripped with resignation and pampering. Did she forget how much she used to dislike Isabella for the latter imitating her **back** in school? Forgot how Isabella had deliberately targeted her on that variety show?

Now that Isabella was in trouble, she was this concerned

But then again, who else but his sister would be the world’s most innocent and kind-hearted **angel**?

It was Xanthea, indeed Xanthea. Not only did **she** save her, but she was also so considerate of her situation. Why, why had she done all those things to her before?

Isabella filled with utter regret, tears sparkled in Isabella’s eyes as she buried her head in her knees and broke down crying.

Samuel called Wendy using her phone, and upon hearing the news, Wendy rushed over. He briefly explained the situation **and was about to** leave when Isabella stopped him.

“Mr. Nightshade Can I, can I ask you for a favor?”

“I won’t say anything about today”

“**It’s** not about that. Could you arrange a meeting with Xanthea for me? I want to apologize to her face to face.”

At the weekend, Sweet Cafe.

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Xanthea arrived at the rooftop and spotted a figure sitting by the window from afar. The figure **stood** up immediately upon seeing her,

She approached, glancing at her watch

“I have a seminar to catch soon, so I’m pressed for time. Speak your mind. If you’re here to thank me for the New Hotel incident, you don’t have to. Anyone who got that call would’ve done the same.”

## **My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel**

### **CHAPTER 485**

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#### Chapter 485

Isabella looked at her impersonal expression, the light in her eyes slowly dimming.

“**Sorry**, Xanthea, I owe you an apology, a real one.”

An apology? For wanting to surpass her in the entertainment industry, and for the lie about handing over those scandalous photos of Matthew and Miranda?

Initially, she did resent her, for playing her and almost causing her to hurt and miss out on Orion. But, she soon realized that missing Orion was an impossibility, and the one who really hurt Orion was herself all along..

On the contrary, she had subtly hinted at the true nature of Matthew and Miranda’s relationship.

And with that, she let it go. At most, she was just a bit too fond of imitating others, which was annoying.

“No need, it’s not about you.”

“Actually.” Isabella said, slightly lowering her head and clutching the hem of her shirt, “back in middle school, I imitated you **and** competed with you because I had a crush on Samuel.”

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Xanthea’s eyebrows twitched, doubting her own ears for a moment before she finally understood.

Back in middle school, Samuel was the president of the student council, always in the spotlight during school events, known for his charm and flirting around. Half the girls in school secretly had a crush on him, so it was normal for her to like him.

But, she struggled to understand the logic. If she liked Samuel, shouldn't she also like everything associated with him, including her? Why compete and imitate her instead?

"At first, I didn't know you were his sister. I just saw that he ignored everyone but was exceptionally nice to you. I was envious and jealous, so I started imitating you, trying to get his attention. Later, I found out the truth, but she couldn't stop.

Her beautiful appearance, bright and genuine personality, innate charm and elegance – she admired it all, wanting to emulate her, surpass her, to be recognized by her as more than just a copycat, almost like an obsession.

"I'm sorry, truly sorry. My selfishness over the years has caused you so much trouble."

"And the reason you tricked me into the entertainment industry, competed with me on the show, was because of this?"

She nodded. Xanthea was shocked. She had harbored a crush on Samuel for so many years.

"I remember, for Samuel's birthday, he received an anonymous music box with a dancing figurine and handwriting very similar to mine. Was that from you too?"

"Yes."

"Holding onto this secret for so many years, why tell me all this now? Hoping for my forgiveness, planning to confess to Samuel?" "No." Isabella shook her head, "I'm not planning to confess to Mr. Nightshade anymore."

"Why not?"

"He doesn't like me."

Past, present, he never did, and probably didn't even remember her.

From the beginning to the end, it was just her one-sided affection. Even, he disliked her for imitating Xanthea.

Xanthea said, "You've gone through all this effort to imitate me, carrying the feelings for him for so many years, and now you don't even have the courage to confess?"

"Yeah." Isabella looked down, "Not everyone can be like Orion, who, despite being disliked and rejected, can continue to love and wait unwaveringly for years."

"I've come to terms with it, not losing myself over someone anymore or being an annoying copycat. As for the rest, I'll just let things take their course. Xanthea, will you accept my apology?"

# My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

## CHAPTER 486

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### Chapter 486

"I hope you make peace with yourself and move forward to better days."

Leaning against the **hood** of a Lamborghini by the side of the asphalt road, Samuel caught sight of Isabella crying **as s he clung** to her little sister's hand, taking her sweet time before letting her go.

"What's the matter? After what happened at the hotel, did she have a change of heart and cry for your forgiveness?"

"wasn't that dramatic."

Xanthea felt a pang of regret for Isabella. To harbor a crush on someone for so many years without **even** confessing before giving it all up. She had wanted to subtly inquire if he had any feelings for her, but all she saw was a cold sneer and scorn across his face.

"Samuel, you don't really like her?"

"Of course not. She spent her school days mimicking you, driving you nuts. And just a while back, she deliberately tried to come on that show. I've seen it all. If she weren't a woman, I would've given her a piece of my mind a long time ago."

Saying this, he reached out, pinching her tender cheek

"But you instead, you hold no grudges, even going out of your way to help her. You're truly an angel. Lucky for you, there's a savvy me always here to protect you. So, tell me, you love me right?"

"Not in the way you think," mumbled Xanthea, pulling his hand away. "But what if she hadn't mimicked me or targeted me? Would you have liked her then?"

"If none of that had happened, she wouldn't even be on my radar

It was probably for the best that Isabella never confessed. Hearing “I would’ve given her a piece of my mind” or “she wouldn’t even be on my radar” might have broken her heart

“Alright, enough about her.”

Samuel fiddled with **his** car keys, “I’ve recently stumbled upon an amazing restaurant. How about we go check it out?”

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“I can’t, I have a meeting.”

“What meeting? I’ve already canceled it for you.”

“Hey!”

After **the** meal, Xanthea received a message from “Unsatisfied” SlyFox.

[Xannie, did you meet with Isabella?]

[Orion, are you spying on me?]

[Ran into her agent by chance.]

Ha, what a fast talker. If she hadn’t already figured out he had people watching her every move, she might have believed him!

[Yeah, she thanked me for helping her out last time. Oh, and she spoke highly of you to me.]

After sending the message, Orion, who usually replied instantly, took a while before responding this time.

Busy with a meeting? Xanthea puzzled, about to put away her phone when **his** reply came through.

(I’m not close with her)

It took Xanthea a few seconds to catch his drift, bursting into laughter afterward. This survival instinct in a married man.

Really? But you just happened to run into her agent and asked about her schedule.]

(I was keeping tabs on you)

In the northern areas of Crestwood, at a scientific research Institute, in Lab 01, Xanthea was collaborating with her team members on an experiment.

Outside the window, a tall silhouette quietly approached, casting a long shadow

At the lab bench, the girl's hair was tied up high, safety goggles resting on her nose bridge. The transparent glasses slightly reflected the light outside, casting a glow on her thick, curled lashes, making her eyes even more captivating and alluring

## **My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel**

### **CHAPTER 487**

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#### **Chapter 487**

Even in a standard lab coat, she managed to stand out, capturing attention at first glance and making everything else around her seem like a mere backdrop.

Her serious and focused demeanor at work added a layer of mystery and allure to her presence. In the **cold** and formal lab, she was both pure and tempting, making one desperate to tear away the loose white coat to discover the stunning figure hidden beneath. Orion watched her intently, her beautiful face focused on her work, her pale, slender fingers gently shaking a test tube. His deep gaze darkened, his Adam's apple bobbing dryly, as if parched with thirst, almost as though he wanted to devour something fiercely.

"Xanthea, this set of data has been tested repeatedly. There's no problem, We'll continue with the rest tomorrow, okay?"

"Yeah, you guys head home. I just finish up recording this last set of numbers."

As the lab emptied out, Xanthea prepared to record the last set of data before leaving.

Suddenly, she was tightly embraced from behind. Startled, she grabbed the nearest instrument, ready to strike, only to hear his deep, hoarse voice, "Babe, it's me."

"Orion? You scared the life out of me!"

He had entered silently, wrapping around her like a sinister snake, giving her goosebumps, making her fear a freak had grabbed her!

"I called out to you, but you didn't respond."

"When I'm working, I'm really focused, don't you know that?"

“I know. So focused I just want to rip your clothes off, bit by bit.”

Listening to his cruel words and the hoarse voice filled with obsessive desire, an indication of him being sexually aroused, Xanthea swallowed nervously.

This overly energetic and clingy SlyFox had just worn her out in the AV room last night, and **now** what?

“Orion, what do you

now?”

“Want you so bad, so much so...

She quickly covered his mouth, silencing the provocative words, “This is a sacred lab, watch your language.”

But that only made it more thrilling for him.

“Who asked you to seduce me and touch me at your

**972**

work?”

Xanthea looked utterly wronged and innocent, “Orion, don’t make false accusations. When did I touch you?”

Orion accusingly glanced at the test tube on the table.

Xanthea was like: There was no saving this man’s twisted mind!

“Xannie, Xannie, Xannie.”

Unable to resist any longer after touching her soft body, like a man driven by an intense craving. Orion tore her lab coat apart. Poor Xanthea, with her petite frame, had no chance to fight back.

“Hey, hey, Orion, stop it! That’s a new coat. I just got it!”

Just call me hubby, and I’ll let you **go**.”

“Jerk, pervert, scum, hubby, hubby, please spare me.”

Liar, calling him “hubby” only spurred him on even

# My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

## CHAPTER 488

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### Chapter 488

On the lab bench, a beaker filled with liquid inside a set of sophisticated equipment was trembling wildly, and in a short while, it crashed to the ground with a snap, sending the clear solution splashing all around, drying up completely after a few hours, while the equipment continued to shake incessantly.

In early August, a groundbreaking experiment spearheaded by Fred and his team started showing preliminary results, earning them a nomination for the 13th "National Science Award". Upon hearing the news, Xanthea couldn't wait to share her excitement with Orion.

At the headquarters of the Lockwood Group, on the top floor.

"President Thomas, the marketing proposal your company submitted last quarter performed exceptionally well. We hope you'll maintain this high standard so our collaboration in the second half of the year will run smoothly."

Leonard closed the proposal, and Roxanne responded with a smile, "It's an honor for M R Group to work with both the Lockwood Group and the Marlowe. We'll put our best foot forward in every aspect to ensure perfection."

"That's great to hear. Looking forward to a fruitful collaboration!"

"Yes, to a fruitful collaboration!"

"Shall I walk you out? My car's just downstairs."

"Okay, thanks."

Roxanne followed him to the door, then suddenly stopped.

"Mr. Marlowe, I just remembered some details about the plan I need to report to Mr. Lockwood. Maybe you should go ahead?"

Leonard, noticing her sneaky glances filled with adoration towards Orion, raised his eyebrows slightly.

He had hinted at her numerous times **that** Orion was already married and deeply in love, showing no interest in anyone else, but she seemed determined to learn the hard way. If that was what **she** wanted, he would let her be.



“Alright”

Leonard stepped out of the office, thoughtfully closing the door behind him, and also pressed his ear against the door.

Roxanne gazed at the man behind the desk, the latter engrossed in the data reports, his striking features glowing in the bright morning light, exuding a magnetic charm she found irresistible.

She nervously clenched her fists and approached him.

“Mrs. Lockwood, you’re here? Shall I inform the president?”

“No need, I want to surprise him!”

Xanthea scampered up the stairs, pondering how to boast about her achievements, only to find Leonard eavesdropping at the office **door**

Sneakily listening in, what gossip was he trying to get? She tiptoed closer, curiosity getting the better of her, and pressed her ear against the door.

Leonard was bracing for the sound of a heart breaking when he suddenly saw **a** face of stunning beauty, momentarily dumbfounded. Who was this enchantress? She was breathtakingly\_ Wait!

Just as Xanthea put her ear close to the door plank, she heard a strange female voice, “Mr. Lockwood, I have feelings for you.”

Her eyes widened in an instant, along **with** Leonard who almost let out a yelp.

“Xan\_”

Xanthea swiftly covered his mouth, her fierce/gaze warning him that any sound would seal his fate!

Just a few days away, and some siren was already making her move, daring to encroach on her territory!

Leonard went silent, thinking, “Fine, I’ll stay quiet. Or he’d **look** like on lookout duty for Orion. She’d understand everything once listening to the conversation inside

“I know you’re married. The wedding was a global sensation, a lavish ceremony unlike **any** other, envied by many, including me

Ms. Nightshade is indeed remarkable, born into a prestigious family, intelligent, stunningly beautiful, once a well-known actress in the entertainment industry, now a rising star in the scientific community. She's truly your match."

## **My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel**

### **CHAPTER 489**

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#### **Chapter 489**

"Tsk." Xanthea's brows arched in amusement, murmuring, "Knowing I'm a **catch**, and yet here she is, daring to steal my husband?"

Leonard glanced at her self-satisfied smirk, quite perplexed.

Another woman was pouring her heart out to her man, and here she was, looking all proud. What was up with that?

She must have only caught the "intelligent and stunningly beautiful" part, huh?

"I know

I shouldn't disturb you, but I just can't control my feelings. I'd be willing to be with **you**, even without any official **title**."

Roxanne blurted it all out in one go, noticing he was still fully engrossed **in** the reports before him, seemingly oblivious to her confession, she couldn't help feeling a bit embarrassed.

**In** terms of age, family background, or looks, she really didn't hold a candle to Xanthea, but.

"Actually, we share the same kind of childhood trauma.

Even though I'm the heiress to the MR Group, I've been embroiled **in** family power struggles since I was little, enduring endless torment from stepmothers and relatives. Surviving till today was all due to my inner strength and a burning desire for revenge.

Such feelings, **such** lifelong scars and shadows, I bet someone who's been the apple of everyone's eye from childhood like Ms. Nightshade could never understand.

Not only do I understand you, but **I** can also support you in business."

Before her voice tailed off, Orion set aside his reports and took off his headset.

Roxanne's heart pounded unceasingly at his actions, only to meet his slowly lifted gaze, icy and piercing, as if he something inanimate.

Was looking at

Meanwhile, outside the door, two eager eavesdroppers pressed their ears tightly against the wood, holding their breath, waiting for his reply.

After what seemed like an eternity, they only heard him say, "You're blocking the sunlight."

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Xanthea was confused. What was that? Were they even talking about the same thing? Leonard was just as baffled. What sunlight? What was he talking about?

In the office, Roxanne was also taken aback, taking a few seconds to realize he was referring to a potted plant on the desk, quickly stepping back.

As she retreated, it dawned on her.

The plant on the desk was an iris. The flower Xanthea proposed with during the Celestial Cinema Awards ceremony, the one widely reported by major online media and newspapers at their wedding – their love's emblem.

His words meant she wasn't even worthy of standing in **front** of a flower casually given by Xanthea.

This immense humiliation hit her like a ton of bricks, leaving her utterly mortified.

"Mr. Marlowe, Mrs. Lockwood, what are you doing leaning at the door?"

Suddenly, Cedric's loud voice rang out behind them, startling Xanthea and Leonard so much they accidentally pushed the office door open and stumbled in due to the momentum.

By some twist of fate, Xanthea ended up right **at** Orion's feet.

"Xannie?"

Orion's eyes narrowed slightly, his quick **reflexes** pulling her into his embrace.

Roxanne turned pale as she realized the situation. She had been confessing to Orion, and Xanthea had been listening all **along?**

As Xanthea steadied **herself**, before she could get a good look at Roxanne, the latter dashed out of the office like a **bat out** of hell.

## **My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel**

### **CHAPTER 490**

Posted by **AdminHR**, 626 Views, Released on June 12, 2024

#### **Chapter 490**

**The office fell** into an awkward silence, the **Instigator** Leonard adjusted his clothes, cleared his **throat**, and then **turned and ran**

**Xan**, he thought to himself, "that's your husband. I'm outta here, cover for me!"

"**Hey!** Leonard."

"Xannie, what are you doing here?"

"Boss, I just saw Mr. Marlowe and Mrs. Lockwood."

**Cedric** was about to expose Xanthea and Leonard for eavesdropping outside, but Xanthea cut him off.

**She** pushed Orion away, her slender, beautiful fingers pressed against his chest, taking the offensive, "You have the nerve to ask me **why**

I'm here? If I hadn't come, how would I have discovered you, a married man, flirting with some siren out here?!"

Orion's gaze faltered, confusion knitting between his pretty brows.

"Siren?"

"Mm-hmm."

"Aren't you the siren?"

"Stop playing dumb. I'm talking about that woman who ran off super fast! I heard her whole love confession to you!"

"Confession?"

The confusion in Orion's eyes deepened.

"Still pretending!"

"I have no idea. I **was** on a call."

Orion picked up a tiny Bluetooth earpiece from the desk. Xanthea was stunned at that, "On a call? But I didn't hear you talking?"

"I can vouch for that!" Beside them, Cedric quietly raised his phone.

"The boss was listening to me report last quarto

sales figures for the company. The call ended just a minute ago."

—

### 3

Xanthea saw on his **call** log, indeed, a call that lasted for quite a while and had **just** ended; she was speechless.

So, someone poured their heart out to him, and he didn't hear a word? No wonder his last response was something completely unrelated like "You're blocking the sunlight."

Pfft.

Xanthea wanted to laugh but then remembered what Seb had told her. Many socialites had visited Willowdale hoping to catch his

confession, he asked who they were. Just when they thought the moment was ripe *for*

was just too obtuse!

It was hard to say whether they were pitiful or if he

Even though she knew he **wouldn't** care even if he heard the confession, how could she let go of such an opportunity so easily?

Usually, it was him, cunning **and** petty, catching her **in** traps and then punishing her severely. Now, **it** was finally her **turn** to have the upper hand!

"Hmph!" Xanthea snorted, tapping her finger on his chest, commanding, "Even though **you** didn't hear it, I did. If it weren't for you always attracting those butterflies. Ah!"

Before she could finish, he pulled her tightly into his arms.

Orion gently rubbed his cheek against hers, which carried a faint chill, his laughter clear and charming, “Getting jealous, darling?”

“Yeah, are you proud of yourself?”

Orion didn’t respond, his chest trembling with silent laughter, his brows lightly raised, enjoying her jealousy.

?! Xanthea exclaimed, “You’re really proud? **Feeling** great **because** someone so outstanding confessed to you, huh?”

Yes, but not because of the confession, but because his little siren was jealous

“Not **at all**.”

“Stop pretending, you’re thrilled! I heard it all, she has advantages I don’t have, something about being the heiress of MR Group, the current vice president? She can assist you in business, even help you solve problems you encounter **and** whatnot.”

“I **don’t** need anyone else to **solve** business problems for me.” Orion chuckled softly, his warm breath caressing her sensitive ear, “I **just need** you, my dear, to help me solve physical needs.”

Xanthea’s face flushed with embarrassment, pinching his solid abs, calling him a dirty old man in her mind!