

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 81

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Chapter 81

He thought Xanthea would come to him.

After hearing Xanthea failed bid to secure the lead role in "Realm of Illusions", to comfort her, Oliver sent her an extensive list of upcoming fashion and film projects from Oli-hea Media directly to her phone.

Xanthea scrolled through the options but nothing really caught her interest. Even though there were some popular shows and potential blockbusters in the mix, none of them could compare to the buzz around "Realm of Illusions". Surpassing Isabella by starring in any of these seemed like a pipe dream.

It seemed to her that the only way to eclipse Isabella was by landing the role of Phoenix in "Realm of Illusions".

Oliver broke into her thoughts, "Xan, how's the hunt going? Found anything you like?"

"Yes, but I still want to play Phoenix."

"You really like that character, huh?" Oliver was in a tight spot, "Even though the script for 'Realm of Illusions' was snatched up by Starlight Media, I could **pull** some strings through my connections in the industry to get you a role. But the lead, Phoenix? That's out of the question. Starlight Media has too many top-tier actors vying for that spot. They'd never hand it to an outsider."

"I know" Xanthea unwrapped a candy bar in frustration; especially with Isabella in the picture, her chances were slim.

Oliver continued, "I can't believe Orion himself stepped in and outbid a young girl for the script. When I read about how you helped him score a rare gem that day, I thought you two were on good terms."

That was it! A lightbulb went off in Xanthea's head, **and** she sprang up from her bed excitedly.

She had completely forgotten that Orion owed her a favor for helping him at the event. He had promised on the plane to fulfill any request she had. That meant she could legitimately claim her role in "Realm of Illusions"!

"Thanks for reminding me, Uncle Oliver. Love you!"

After hanging up, Oliver looked puzzled. What had he reminded her of?

Buzzing with excitement, Xanthea flipped through her contacts only to realize she didn't have Orion's number.

How could this be? They were supposed to be close allies, yet she didn't even have a way to contact him. Surely Samuel would have it!

"Well, instead of finding a way to break in business in showbiz, you're calling **your** dear brother?"

Samuel was inspecting a factory when his phone rang, and he was thrilled to hear from her, "I'm on a business trip. Miss me already after just one day?"

"Samuel, you're away?"

"Xan!"

"Just kidding. Of course, I know you're on a business trip, I'm missing you terribly. Can you give me Orion's number?"

Hearing her real intention, Samuel asked curiously. "What do you need Orion's number for? You're not plotting something, are you?"

"What plot? Samuel, why are your thoughts as dirty as Isabella's!"

"Isabella?" Samuel paused at the **name**, a frown creasing his forehead as if recalling something. "Why bring her up all of a sudden?"

trying to debut, it's normal to run into big names like her." "**You** know her?" Xanthea was surprised, "Well, as I'm

After a brief pause, Samuel replied, "Don't know her. But keep your distance, the industry is complicated, and I don't want you getting mixed up in it."

Surprised by Samuel's usual open-mindedness now showing a hint of prejudice against celebrities, Xanthea nodded, "Got it. Can I have Orion's number now? Theed to discuss some business regarding The Masked Singer

Samuel replied, "I don't have his number"

gstar in the business world, **and you** don't have Orion's contact? "What? Samuel, you're the president of the Nightshade Group, a rising star. Have you been networking all these years without even securing his business card?"

Samuel—chuckled, “Who needs business cards at that level? Everyone knows who they are.”

Xanthea sighed, “Right.”

“Besides, you seemed quite chummy with him. Don’t you have his number?”

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“He asked me for it, but I played it cool and didn’t give in Xanthea boasted, “Alright, if you don’t have it, I ask someone else. Gotta go

now

“Wat I don’t have his business card, but I do have his assistant’s. I think his name is Cedric.”

Cedric?

Xanthea’s eyes lit up. “That’ll work!”

Just as Xanthea got hold of Cedric’s business card and was about to make the call, an entertainment news alert popped up – #Starlight Media officially announced the adaptation of the hit urban fantasy “Realm of Illusions”, rated as the top project of the quarter, S+, with a first-class team in **charge**, now recruiting actors and actresses on the net#

Recruiting actresses?!

She was stunned, clicking through to see that the newly registered “Realm of Illusions” official account was indeed calling for auditions!

Orion had invested a fortune to secure the novel rights, and the production team included top-tier directors, screenwriters, and producers. The project was rated S+, and shockingly, they weren’t assigning roles directly to Starlight Media’s artists but were open to auditions on the net!

Could she have been wrong about Orion? Maybe he wasn’t doing this for Isabella after all but was genuinely interested in turning “Realm of Illusions” into a high-quality production!

This was fantastic! It felt like finding a light at the end of a dark tunnel!

No need to beg anymore, nor give Isabella a chance to claim she was mingling unclearly with Orion again. Even if she had secured the rights herself, it would have been tough to assemble such a stellar production team.

Xanthea tossed Cedric's business card aside, thrilled, and clicked on the casting link where the lead role – Phoenix – was listed.

*Actor requirements: Age 18, Height 5'6", Weight 99 lbs, Long curly hair, Laugh lines and dimples when smiling. Slender waist."

Reading through, Xanthea felt the role was tailor-made for her.

Every detailed characteristic matched her perfectly, it was as though she and Phoenix were destined to meet, an unbreakable bond!

"What? The company rated Realm of Illusions" as 5+ and set up a top-notch production team, and they're recruiting openly?" Isabella exclaimed, her makeup half-done as she rushed out of her room.

Wendy nodded. "Yes, and your 'Corner with Love' got downgraded. The company said to ensure quality, only one project can be S+ during the same period, and they've chosen Realm of Illusions."

"Corner with Love" was among the top anticipated IPs,

s, and it was odd fo

for the company to downgrade it in favor of "Realm of Illusions". This decision must have come directly from Chairman Lockwood, especially since he personally **bid** for the rights.

That day at the auction, Xanthea had desperately wanted this IP even bidding up to a million dollars to compete with the chairman. Now, with "Realm of Illusions open for auditions on the net, she wouldn't miss this chance!

"Tell Michelle, I'm not doing 'Corner with Love'. I'm going for Realm of Illusions?"

"What? You're auditioning for Realm of Illusions?" Wendy was shocked, "But didn't you say 'Corner with Love' was the hit of the summer, and nothing else could compare? Especially not Realm of Illusions".

"But it was personally acquired by the chairman. Are you questioning his judgment?"

“Absolutely not! Wendy hastily said, “But, ‘Realm of Illusions just announced open auditions. Even if you want to participate, you’ll have

to audition.”

“So? I’ll **audition**” Isabella picked up her mirror, “Everyone starts somewhere, right? Are you afraid I can’t compete?”

Wendy uttered, “Of course not, Isabella, you’re a fantastic actress! But I just checked the casting details, and you don’t exactly fit the profile for Phoenix.”

“Not fit the profile? Are you kidding? I’m basically

lly the living embodiment of a novel’s lead!”

Isabella stretched her hand, “Hand me the phone. Let me see which traits don’t match!”

Wendy

passed the phone, mumbling. “Well, you’re 5’5“, weigh about 104 lbs, have medium-length hair. Mainly, you don’t have dimples. when you smile.”

Hearing that, Isabella nearly threw her mirror “I have eyes; you just keep quiet!”

Wendy covered her mouth, but before silencing herself added,

“But since you’re the top actress of Starlight Media, maybe they’ll make an exception for you”

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“Isn’t it obvious?”

Isabella scrutinized the requirements carefully, her brow furrowing in thought. These descriptions, why did they **sound** like they were describing a specific person?

At the Lockwood Group’s headquarters, on the top floor.

Cedric entered the CEO’s office, placing the iPad with the audition form in front of the man.

“Boss, the “Realm of Illusions project is all set according to your instructions. We currently have a dozen actresses signed up to audition for the lead role, including Ms. Nightshade. Auditions are scheduled for tomorrow at 2 PM, north side of the Glory Building?”

Onon skimmed the document quickly, his eyes landing on the last few words, “Clear my schedule for tomorrow afternoon.

many were eager to be mere

Cedric, looking over the “Realm of Illusions” main character recruitment info, couldn’t understand why so many cannon fodder since the detailed requirements for the lead role matched practically Xanthea’s

At Lakeside Manor, the Nightshade family estate

Zora, I’ve got to head for an audition, won’t make it for dinner, no need to prepare anything.”

Xanthea came downstairs, bag in hand, and **Miranda**, surprised, exclaimed, “Audition? Are you auditioning for ‘Realm of Illusions’ too?”

Too? Xanthea squinted at her

Miranda continued, I’m auditioning too. Can you take me with you. Sis?”

“You’re auditioning for Phoenix too?”

“Of course not! Starlight Media’s blockbuster production, they’ll want a top-tier celebrity for the lead. I’m going for the supporting role of

Vivian.”

Vivian?

In “Realm of Illusions“, she was the male lead’s childhood friend who always acted like “one of the buddies“, but behind his back, she bad-mouthed Phoenix and played dirty tricks, nothing but trouble – a perfect fit for her.

“I’m auditioning for Phoenix.”

“Huh?” Miranda faltered, and then quickly added, “But you’re different, Sis. Even as a newcomer, your talent and beauty stand out among those top actresses. And these days, films love fresh faces!”

Christopher, hearing both his daughters were auditioning for the same film, was delighted. “That’s wonderful if you both get parts, it’ll be great to have each other on **set**.”

Hmph. Xanthea smirked subtly. This angelic bitch sure knew how to play it up for the parents.

“I might not land Phoenix, but you’re a natural fit for Vivian, right? After all, **your** acting has always been **top–notch**.”

at have

Miranda couldn’t tell if she was being complimented or mocked, but seeing her sisters’ usual radiant smile, she decided it must be her imagination.

“You’ll do great too, Sis.”

On **their** way to the Glory Building, Miranda noticed Xanthea’s backpack by her side, stuffed as if she **was** carrying

Why would she take those to the audition? Could they be props?

lots of stuff.

“What scene are you auditioning with for Phoenix, Sis?”

“You’ll see when we get there.”

Xanthea leaned back, closing her eyes, and Miranda, sensing her sister’s reluctance to chat, nervously clutched at her dress. Her visit to the Glory Building wasn’t just about auditioning for Vivian; it was more about her sister.

She absolutely couldn’t let Xan succeed in the audition! She refused to be a sidekick in life and still play second fiddle on screen!

At the north side of Glory Building, on the open–air stage.

The “Realm of Illusions” production team—directors, scriptwriters, producers sat in front of **the** stage, seriously discussing the performances of the auditioning actors **and** actresses.

“Chairman Lockwood has **arrived!**”

“Good day, Chairman Lockwood, Nathan.”

A buzz spread through the crowd as the project team members stood up, and Director Kevin approached with a broad smile, “Chairman

18:59

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Lockwood, Nathan, please, take a seat!”

“Who’s auditioning now?”

“We’re at number eight for Phoenix, five more to go!”

Kevin handed the audition list to Orion, who immediately looked at the last name, number thirteen.

Nathan glanced at the stage where one of the Industry’s current top actresses was auditioning. “Director Smith, all these still auditioning today are quite the sensation. What do you think? Got anyone in mind for Phoenix?”

Kevin shook his head with a sigh, “Although they’re all stunning and popular, none of them is Phoenix.”

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Chapter 84

Nathan asked, “What do you mean?”

“Today, the project team decided on an open-air stage as the venue, and we’ve set no limits on the audition content or scene. The actors are simply asked to perform a segment from a novel about Phoenix, allowing maximum freedom for them to express themselves. We **hoped** for some surprises. But everyone ended up choosing traditional scenes like singing, dancing, or playing the piano, which is all too standard. While it fits the typical image of a well-read, and gentle female lead in movies and TV shows, it’s definitely not Phoenix!

Phoenix is a product of the international mercenaries, growing up without the concept of family or friends, only knowing the duty of following orders as a soldier, and the cold, remorseless demeanor of an assassin,

In my mind, she should be spirited and commanding, a beauty that’s fierce and refreshing. Not the delicate and gentle beauty of a high-society debutante, but a raw, unpolished wildness and strength!*

Standing aside, Cedric twitched his eyelid when he heard “high-society debutante” and “delicate and gentle“, his gaze landing on the man Ripping through the casting book, who paused slightly.

Was Director Smith indirectly hitting at Ms. Nightshade with his example? Who else could embody the traits of a high-society debutante and delicate gentleness better than Ms. Nightshade?

Still, the pride in Ms. Nightshade was unmistakable, otherwise, she wouldn't have disregarded Orion for so many years.

"Hahaha."

Nathan laughed, "It's widely known in the industry that Director Smith, you are extremely picky and meticulous, and it's certainly true! Your description just now, it's hard to find such a person not just in the entertainment industry, but in the whole world. After all, novels and reality are different. Could there really be someone who steps right out of fiction?"

Kevin nodded, "Exactly. But thanks to Starlight Media's trust in letting me direct this year's S+ level project, I'm committed to selecting actors who truly fit the characters."

Backstage at the Glory Building.

Isabella had just finished her audition when she saw Xanthea walk into the makeup room with a backpack, followed by Miranda. "Well, well," she strutted over with her arms crossed and her chin up, "just as I expected, you came to audition." Xanthea didn't even bother to look at her, sitting directly in front of the makeup mirror, "Aren't you here because of me?"

Caught off-guard, Isabella choked, and then signaled to her assistant, "So what? I just wanted you to know that in front of me, you are nothing!"

"Exactly!" Wendy chimed in, "Isabella just performed a ballet, a Swan Dance, and received a thunderous applause. The director, assistant director, producer, everyone was praising her, saying the role of Phoenix is tailor-made for Isabella!"

Auditioning for Phoenix with a Swan Dance? Xanthea almost burst out laughing. Had she misunderstood the novel, or had she walked into the wrong set?

"Isabella, what's your obsession with the Swan Dance? Ever since that school performance in middle school, you've been holding onto it, wanting to compete with me again. Too bad, it was just a spur-of-the-moment thing for me back then, and I've forgotten how to dance it now."

Isabella retorted, "What are you babbling about? Who wants to compete with you?"

The makeup artist approached, looking at Xanthea's natural beauty reflected in the mirror, momentarily unsure of where to begin.

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"Ms. Nightshade, what kind of makeup look are you going for?"

Xanthea slightly arched an eyebrow, peering into the mirror at Isabella's furious reflection, "I want a look that could kill her with a glance!"

"Xanthea! You're asking for death."

"Isabella!"

Wendy lunged forward and grabbed Isabella who was charging at **Xanthea**, terrified that a fight would break out any second.

She had seen Xanthea's fight skills firsthand at the Elevation Building, and Isabella's face couldn't afford even a scratch!

"Isabella, our audition is done. Let's **head** to our next appointment!"

"No!"

Isabella shoved her aside furiously, teeth clenched. After a moment, she calmed down and straightened her skirt, "I'm going to see her get eliminated with my own **eyes!**"

Watching Isabella storm off in a rage, Xanthea sneered, "You might be disappointed then."

Miranda, sensing the tense atmosphere, cautiously asked, "Sis, with Isabella targeting you like this, won't it affect your audition?"

"Nope, I've got **a** secret weapon."

A secret weapon? What could it be?

Since she had walked into the makeup **room**, there hadn't been any unusual moves. Even her backpack, stuffed with items, remained unopened.

"All done, Ms. Nightshade. What do you think?"

The makeup artist put down the eyebrow pencil, Xanthea examined her reflection, now transformed with a fierce and sharp look, and nodded in approval, "Perfect, I love it."

"This was the most unique makeup I did today. I hope it helps you ace your audition, Ms. Nightshade!"

"Thank you!"

Her phone rang, and Xanthea stepped out of the makeup room to answer it

Miranda eyed the packed **backpack** left aside.

At the north side of Glory Building, at the track.

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"Ms. Nightshade, over here!" Ryan was standing next to a tron light cycle, waving at Xanthea.

She ran over, her eyes lighting **up** at the sight of the bike, "This is cool! Where did you get it

"This tron light cycle is a limited global edition. It's not something I could just get; it's from the boss's private collection. Heard you needed it, so I brought it over"

"Figures, it's Uncle Oliver's

"Yeah, the boss used to be famous for his love of bikes. But Ms. Nightshade, why do **you** need a motorcycle for your audition?"

Xanthea replied, "You'll see soon enough. Go ahead to the front desk and wait for me; I'm going to change."

"Sure thing!"

As they left, Miranda slipped out from behind the corridor, eyeing the bike curiously. No wonder Xanthea brought an extra outfit.

"Xan," she thought, "you stole my spotlight in The Masked Singer **and** are now taking over my resources at Oli-hea Media. In the Nightshade family, it's either you or me! Don't blame me."

At the audition stage, an assistant handed Kevin a score sheet, "Director, Grace is the twelfth auditionee. According to **your** standards, she scored a 4.5. There's only one left."

“What? Just one more? Kevin took the score sheet, visibly disappointed.

Since the auditions began, even the highest score among the actors, which Isabella achieved, was only 5.5, not even passing. It felt like a waste of time, especially since today Nathan and Chairman Lockwood had come to inspect.

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Cedric felt a bit embarrassed glancing towards Orion, but noticed that the man closed the audition list with a sense of finality, as if the real show was just about to start.

Chairman Lockwood seemed particularly eager for this last auditionee

“Who’s the **last** one?”

Assistant said, “Xanthea.”

Xanthea?

He vaguely remembered her as the surprise winner on “The Masked Singer, stunning in appearance, but her affluent air didn’t quite match the character of Phoenix, and her performance was likely to be just **another** predictable singing act.

“This’s the piece she’s chosen for her audition. It’s about to start.”

Kevin flipped through her profile, and when he saw the “Audition Piece Chosen by Actor” section, perform...

Before he could finish, a deep, resonant roar of a **heavy** motorcycle echoed from a distance.

he was stunned, “She’s chosen to

Everyone looked up to see a futuristic blue halo motorcycle speeding down the track, ridden by a striking young woman in a black tank top and cargo shorts, her arms wrapped in bandages and her ponytail swinging high.

Her tall figure, long legs, and the contrast between her pale, delicate skin and the dark cargo were visually striking!

A circular metal pendant hung at her distinct collarbone, blending perfectly with the otherwise incongruous heavy bike.

Locks of light brown curls fluttered in the wind, brushing over her vivid and well-defined features, adding a bewitching charm to her already intense gaze.

For a moment, everyone on the “Realm of Illusions” project team was spellbound.

In the misty overcast weather, she burst into the world like a bright, shining light, as if a perfect female protagonist from a racing video game had torn through her digital bounds, much like the vivid introduction of Phoenix in a novel truly a sight of “Realm of Illusions”! At first, the roaring sound startled Cedric, but upon closer inspection, he recognized, was that Ms. Nightshade?!

The fierce attire, the untamed aura, the defiant gaze- how was this the sweet Ms. Nightshade known for her gentle charms? She seemed like a completely different person!

He glanced at Orion, and sure enough, the man was also stunned, his eyes fixed unblinkingly on the girl on the motorcycle, either captivated or shocked, even dropping the audition list inadvertently.

Was even the CEO, who knew Ms. Nightshade better than she knew herself, shocked by this transformation?

Ms. Nightshade had changed so drastically that if it weren't for her uniquely stunning face, Cedric would never have recognized her! Was he seeing things? Could this truly be Phoenix, stepping right out of the pages? Kevin rose from his seat in astonishment, his eyes glued to Xanthea on the track.

She swept onto the course like a fierce wind, mastering the heavy bike with ease and beginning a series of high difficulty stunts in the obstacle area.

Each breathtaking 360-degree aerial spin, each risky corner drift was performed with a dashing, heroic poise, far more thrilling than any description in the book, earning applause and cheers from the crowd and spectators alike.

Was that Xanthea? It was actually Xanthea!

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Chapter 87

Isabella, who had come expecting to see Xanthen make a fool of herself, was now gaping to almost drool at the latter's stunning performance and dashing movements; why was she like him that much?

The track **was** alive with cheers and the occasional appreciative whistle from professional riders. Caught up in the excitement, Xanthea unwrapped the black bandage tied around her arm and threw it towards the stunned judges.

The soft fabric landed perfectly on one of the judge's chest, carrying a hint of her light, girlish fragrance.

Onion gently picked it up, held it to his nose, and inhaled deeply. His gaze, filled with deep, unmistakable adoration, seemed to pull her in, as if to engulf her entirely.

Miranda stood at the back of the crowd, her eyes fixed on Xanthen, who shone brightly on the track, almost radiant. A sinister smile slowly appeared on her face.

"Shine while you can, dear sister" She murmured, "For this is the last time you'll be the center of attention!"

After three laps, Xanthea sped up the final incline, wrapping up her audition performance

The scene she had chosen was when Phoenix's reckless younger brother was kidnapped by a biker gang leader threatening to maim him. Phoenix herself stormed in, showed off her motorcycle skills, and rescued her brother.

Having been captivated by this scene in the novel and having learned motorcycling from her uncle, Xanthea was confident she could land the role of Phoenix with her skills.

The roar of the Tron light cycle echoed as it plummeted from the peak, reaching unprecedented speeds, shooting out like a meteor

As she cleared the obstacle course, Xanthea reached to engage the clutch to slow down, but to her surprise, it was unresponsive after a few attempts!

She was stunned, she tapped the brake, but it was equally unresponsive. What was going on? Both the clutch and the brakes were out!

This was unimaginable for a Tron light cycle, a globally limited edition motorcycle known for its exceptional quality.

No matter how she tried, the

e bike wouldn't stop, its speed blurring the trees and spectators into indistinct shadows.

Her only option to stop the bike now was to pull out the key, but at such high speeds, doing that would make her flung away immediately, which would be suicidal.

As the bike's speed approached its limit, Xanthea detected an unusual, strong odor.

The exhaust smelled wrong! Not only were the clutch and brakes malfunctioning, but there was also something wrong with the oil! Continuing like this could be fatal. Realizing the gravity of the situation, she looked around desperately for a way to stop, but everything was a blur at such high speeds.

"What's going on? The performance is over; why hasn't she stopped? Why is she speeding up?"

"She's veering off the track! It's dangerous at that speed!"

"Something seems off with her."

From the sidelines, the crowd and the staff of the "Realm of Illusions" project sensed that something was amiss.

The girl who had been performing effortlessly, as fluid as flowing water now seemed to have lost control, heading straight for the lake beside the track!

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Chapter 88

At the racetrack, suddenly someone shouted in horror, "Oh no! She's lost control of her motorcycle, and it's smashed through the barrier

At the judges' booth for the "Realm of Illusions" project, Orion abruptly stood up, his grip tightening around the black bandage in his hand before he slammed it down to the ground.

Before anyone could react, a loud explosion echoed across the field!

The high-speed motorcycle, having shattered the barrier, left behind vicious skid marks on the track before erupting into a massive blaze, engulfing the sleek blue bike and scattering fiery debris everywhere.

The vibrant image of a young girl vanished in the fierce flames, the scene turning surreal as if it were all an illusion, causing Orion's pupils to shrink to pinpoints, losing focus.

“Ah!”

“The bike exploded! It exploded!”

“Ms. Nightshade is still on it!”

“Someone, help, quick, call 911! Call 911!”

Panic, chaos, and cries for help erupted from the crowd, everyone immersed in the sudden, horrific accident. Only a tall, imposing figure rushed into the fire like a whirlwind.

“Mr. Lockwood!

“Chairman Lockwood, the explosion is still ongoing: you can’t get near!”

“Stop him; the fire’s too i

intense.”

Cedric, terrified, immediately chased after him, while Isabella, watching the monstrous flames as if they were special effects from a horror movie, felt her legs give way beneath her, “That big fire, can Xanthea still be alive” Could she still be alive?

Finally, it was all coming to an end! She would soon be the rightful heiress of the Nightshade family, the leading actress of Oli-hea Media, the center of everyone’s attention.

No one would compete with her anymore! From the back of the crowd, Miranda watched the scene unfold with a gleam of thrill in her

eyes.

The Tron light cycle’s blaze lasted only a few seconds. When Orion reached the site of the explosion, all that was left were scattered remnants and not a trace of the girl.

The sight of the blackened destruction made the man’s eyes seem bottomless,

His mind went blank, a buzzing sound filled his ears, and a wave of nausea surged through him, choking any words he might have tried to say, reminiscent of a massive fire years ago.

Then, he saw a black hair tie lying quietly beside the still-burning engine cover. His whole being emptied, as if his soul had been instantly extracted, leaving him unable to react.

Suddenly, the sound of water came from a lake beside the track.

Xanthea emerged from the water, gasping for air like a fish out of water, brushing her wet hair back from her face.

What a stroke of luck! If it weren't for the lake beside the track, she might have had to say goodbye to this beautiful world with her second miraculous lease on life!

She barely opened her eyes, about to climb ashore, when she saw a tall, striking figure near the center of the explosion. Orion?

Why was he here?

It was strange, every time danger struck, he was the first to rush to her side. Memories of school and Lakeside Manor flashed through Xanthea's mind, and she couldn't help but call out, "Orion?"

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Chapter 89

The melodious call struck the man like a celestial sound, halting his towering near six-foot-three frame in its tracks.

The chaotic, noisy world seemed to hush around him, descending into a profound silence. He slowly turned around.

When he caught sight of the girl half-submerged in the lake, her eyebrows knitted in confusion, her wet hair disheveled, and her captivating form blended with the shimmering reflections on the water, she looked like a mermaid from a dream. At that moment, his eyes froze, and a strange smile crept across his lips.

For some reason, Xanthea felt a **shiver** of fear at his reaction.

His eyes were vacant, as if he was looking at something unreal, and that eerie smile reminded her of the way he had grinned at her tombstone back in the cemetery, hardly the expression of a sane human, utterly chilling.

Could it be he thought she was dead? That this was all an illusion?

Indeed, any normal person who witnessed a massive motorcycle explosion would surely believe the rider had perished, given the intense energy and heat released in that instant – far beyond what any ordinary organic being could withstand.

But she had planned her escape route well before the explosion, steering the bike towards the lake and diving into the water at the moment of impact with the bomber, thus avoiding the blast. It was a stroke of luck that she hadn't been thrown onto the road instead.

“Ah!”

Lost in her thoughts, she was suddenly embraced forcefully by the man who had, unbeknownst to her, jumped into the lake.

“Xan! Xan, Xan, Xan!”

He held her so tightly it felt as if he was trying to merge her into his body, making it hard for Xanthea to breathe. She coughed and pummeled his back with her fists, “Orion, I can't breathe.”

Her weak struggle soon ceased amid the sound of his pounding heart and the raw, ragged tone of his voice.

Why was his heartbeat so frantic and fast?

And again, he called her “Xan”, just like he had in front of the gravestone in her past life, with a voice full of near-desperate agony, his body shaking as if he had lost the most vital thing in life, which made her want to soothe and comfort **him**.

Unexpectedly, Xanthea felt a maternal instinct kick in.

“Orion, what's wrong? I'm **okay**.”

As she gently patted his broad back and moved her hands up through his short hair, it seemed to trigger something in him, and suddenly, his voice and movements halted.

Her fingers paused briefly, and then he suddenly let go of her, staring into her eyes as if trying to confirm if she was real or an illusion.

Just as Xanthea was about to speak, a thunderous roar of anger shook her.

“Why did you choose such a dangerous way? Why did you choose such a dangerous way! Why, why?”

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His eyes were tinged with red, his face deathly pale without a trace of color; he gripped her shoulders with hands that seemed to loathe her, repeatedly questioning her in a crazed fury, devoid of any of his usual graceful composure.

At that moment, he was more like a madman.

Stunned by his outburst, Xanthea gazed at him, his fearsome and formidable presence making her fear that one wrong move might provoke him to tear her apart.

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 90

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

Chapter 90

Orion suddenly let out a low chuckle, sounding like the collapse of a sob or the relief of having survived a calamity.

He thought she was dead; he thought she was gone.

Xanthea felt a tight grip on her heart as his laughter echoed, and as she tried to say something, a sneeze escaped her uncontrollably

The lake water was too cold.

“Ah!” Suddenly, she was lifted into his arms and carried towards the shore.

Xanthea instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck, her gaze fixed on his sharp jawline, reminding her of the day she nearly drowned at Lakeside Manor. He had carried her up in a similar hold, his chest radiating the same burning warmth, yet he had disappeared by the time she woke up.

Many questions magnified endlessly in her mind at this very moment.

Why was he always there when she was in danger? Why did he seem so heartbroken thinking she was gone? Did her life mean that much to him? Was there something special they shared that she **had** forgotten?

“Oh my God, she’s alright!”

“Is this a miracle? The motorbike burned to ashes, and she’s unscathed?”

“Thank heavens, if something had happened to Ms. Nightshade.”

Spectators and staff from the “Realm of Illusions” team rushed over and **sighed** in relief when they saw Xanthea and Orion safe and sound on the shore.

Xanthea was set down, her arms slightly hugging her body, feeling a bit cold and worried about revealing too much in front of everyone. Without hesitation, Orion took off his suit jacket and draped it over her.

The oversized jacket covered her down to her thighs, both warming her shivering body and perfectly hiding the curves outlined by the wet fabric

“Thank you, Xanthea looked up at him gratefully, clutching the jacket tightly.

Ogon, however, was focused on her fingers, which were oozing fresh blood, his brow furrowed in concern.

Following his gaze, Xanthea noticed the cuts on her fingers, quickly releasing the jacket, “I got these when I was thrown from the bike, brushed against a willow by the lake. Don’t worry; I won’t stain your suit.”

Before she could finish, he grasped her index finger, seemingly **about** to bring it to his mouth

Xanthea reflexively pulled back; he paused, and then pulled out a small bottle from his jacket.

A scar treatment cream? How did he always carry it with him? And it was such a small jar, not even 20 grams – had he still not finished

“Orion, you still haven’t finished this cream? Haven’t you been applying it morning and night like I told you?”

Xanthea tiptoed trying to see the crescent-shaped scar on his neck, when a sharp **roar** suddenly erupted from the crowd, vibrating her

ears

“Isabella, Isabella, calm down.”

“Mover

Isabella stormed through the crowd, her presence fierce as she approached, “Xanthea, have you lost your mind? You’re risking your life just to beat me?!”

Xanthea, seeing her furious and thunderous expression, felt an unexpected surge of competitiveness, “Yes.”

“You think by risking your life, you can beat me, take the leading role in “Realm of Illusions?”

“That’s what I thought, but the final decision still depends on the director and...

“No.”

Her words were cut short by Orion’s cold Interjection.

“What?”

She looked confusedly at

the

man who was now applying the cream to her wounds, as Orion slowly lifted his gaze, his eyes devoid of warmth. “You can’t be in Realm of Ulusions“.”