

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 91

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

Chapter 91

“Why?”

Xanthea's brow furrowed, and before he could reply, Isobelin's mocking laughter rang out, her expression one of ridiculous amusement. It seemed she found the notion of Xanthea's aspirations ludicrous.

Standing haughtily behind Orion, just as she had at the auction, the scene was a bitter parody. Why, indeed?

Because the role in “Realm of Illusions” was tailor-made for Isabella from the start. Why then stage this whole open audition char-

mock her?

Watching her exhaust every resource, striving desperately for a script that was never truly within her reach, did they find it amusing, laughable even?

Xanthea's gaze turned icy in an instant. She jerked her hand away from Orion, who was applying ointment to her wounds, and stormed off, “Hypocrite.”

With a sharp snap, the white bottle in the man's hand crashed to the floor, chattering into pieces, some of which sprayed onto Isabella, causing her to yelp and hop back, lifting her skirt, “Xanthea, are you insane?”

“Get lost!” Orion's deep, resonant voice boomed, startling Isabella into silence.

“Ms. Nightshade, Mr. Lockwood didn't mean it like that.”

Cedric tried to follow her to explain, but Xanthea was already speeding away, not even glancing back.

How could this happen? Her motorcycle was completely destroyed in the explosion. How did she escape unscathed?

Miranda rushed to the roadside, incredulous as she watched the Bentley speed away, her long nails digging into her palms in fury. What a charmed life she led!

“Why did Ms. Nightshade leave?”

“Nathan, is the chairman dissatisfied with Ms. Nightshade? I thought her performance was stellar today, in terms of appearance, demeanor, and skill. She seemed like the perfect embodiment of Phoenix, the novel’s heroine. The project team even scored her a 9.9, unanimously agreeing she’s like Phoenix come to life.”

“Enough, let’s discuss this later.”

The crowd by the riverside was noisy, and soon dispersed. Cedric, failing to catch up with the car, returned helplessly.

Back by the riverside, he saw Orion bending down, picking up fragments of the shattered bottle, some of which had embedded into his fingers, drawing blood.

“Boss, please stop. You’re hurt!”

But this minor pain was nothing compared to the agony of Xanthea’s accusations of being hypocritical.

Even if Ms. Nightshade **couldn’t** see the depth of his feelings, how could she call him “hypocrite” after he had dashed into the exploding wreckage to save her?

“Why didn’t you let Ms. Nightshade be a part of Realm of Illusions?” Cedric couldn’t help but ask, understanding everything when he saw Orion tightly clutching the shards.

Ms. Nightshade had chosen such a dangerous way to audition for the role of Phoenix, nearly dying in the process. Orion must have been terrified, unwilling to put her in danger again.

feel

“But from Ms. Nightshade’s perspective, having invested so much only to have it dismissed in a moment, she must feel wronged, and might even hate you.”

Hated him? Throughout her life, she **had** always despised him the most. Otherwise, why would she take such a huge risk instead of seeking his help?

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“Xan, are you alright?!”

As **soon** as Oliver heard about the motorcycle explosion on the audition set involving Xanthea, he immediately called her in a panic.

"I'm fine, Uncle Oliver, it's just your beloved Tron light cycle got destroyed."

"Never mind about the bike, as long as you're safe. I was nearly scared to death when Ryan called!"

Oliver rambled on, still shaken, and then his tone turned serious, "Xan, don't worry, I'll get to the bottom of what caused the explosion and make sure we sort this **out!**"

"Okay"

"So, how did the audition go today?"

At his question, Xanthea fell into a long silence, "Not so good."

"Not so good? How come?" Oliver was puzzled, "Ryan told me you were brilliant today. Your performance stood out among a dozen actresses, and the staff from the 'Realm of Illusions' project seemed really impressed. You should have the role in the bag!"

What did that matter? No amount of effort or high scores could trump the whims of the high and mighty chairman.

"Uncle Oliver, I'm a bit tired. I don't want to talk about this anymore."

"Tired? Well, you better rest up, and if you feel off, make sure you go to the hospital for a check-up!"

"Okay, and let's not tell Mom, Dad, and my brothers about the accident at the set. I don't want them to worry."

After hanging up, Xanthea glanced down at the oversized men's suit she was wearing and peeled it off in annoyance.

How foolish she had been! To think, because of Orion's inexplicable actions at the cemetery and his past deeds, she had considered him an ally.

Even though she couldn't fathom why he'd do that, she had thought, perhaps in his heart, she was at least someone he didn't despise.

But what was the truth? He was just toying with her!

Perhaps the brawl years ago **was** long forgotten by him, and he didn't even remember he had saved her that day. Rescuing her from the bottom of the lake at her coming-of-

age ceremony might have just been him acting on impulse, so he didn't bother to speak to her directly.

Seeing how grateful she was afterwards, bending over backward to help him win the chairman position at the gemstone auction, even obtaining medicine for his wounds and applying it herself, he must have found her cheap and laughable.

Like today at the "Realm of Illusions" audition, she foolishly thought she could compete against Starlight Media's top star, Isabella! She shouldn't have been so presumptuous, so full of wishful thinking. She should have stayed as far away from him as before.

At the Lockwood Group's headquarters, in the top floor office.

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Jacob walked into the CEO's office, approaching the man standing in front of the large window, who was gazing intensely at a piece of black bandage clutched in his hand, lost in thought. He asked cautiously, "Chairman, did you need something?"

"Investigate the cause of today's audition explosion. Leave no stone unturned, check everyone who entered the Glory Building and any suspicious traces at the scene, especially anyone who had contact with her."

Her? Ms. Nightshade?

Jacob replied, "Right away!"

"Hold on."

Jacob paused, "Anything else, Chairman?"

Orion slowly rubbed the soft black bandage in his hand, "Send the head of the 'Realm of Illusions' project to me."

Back at Lakeside Manor,

As **soon** as Xanthea got home, she headed straight for the bathroom, letting the warmer water wash away the lake weeds and the faint scent of pine from the man's suit that lingered on her skin.

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Exhausted and seething from a day's audition, Xanthea flopped onto her bed and fell asleep almost instantly. When she woke, her first instinct was to call Isabella

She was done with their six-month bet

If the playing field were level, Xanthea might have a shot at outshining her, but with Orion backing Isabella, she didn't stand a chance. Instead of wasting time hoping on others, she decided it was better to find another way to gather evidence of the deceitful pair.

Just as she was about to make a call, her phone rang first; it was Isabella.

Why would Isabella call her? To gloat as the victor?

"Hello"

"Xanthea, I really misjudged you! I thought you were just a bit haughty, but it turns out your character is just as rotten!

All those years of dating really taught you something, huh? Be harsh one moment and offer consolation the next; playing the victim, using every trick in the book to bewitch Chairman Lockwood into losing his senses over you. You're quite the player!

Flirting with Matthew while seducing Chairman Lockwood? How dare you call Matthew a jerk when you're double-dealing? **You** two are a perfect match; neither of you has any right to talk!

Congrats on snagging the lead in Realm of Illusions with your sly tricks, but don't celebrate too soon. I'm about to start filming 'Come with Love', which is one of the year's most anticipated projects. With me in it, it's going to soar. When our shows compete, don't cry yourself to sleep in the CEO's arms when my ratings crush you!

I'm calling to tell you, no matter what dirty tricks you use, you'll never beat me!"

Xanthea hadn't even spoken a word before Isabella unleashed her tirade and hung up, not giving her any chance to retort

Was she out of her mind?

Staring at her phone, Xanthea tried to call back, only to be declined. She tried a few **more** times, and then it went straight to voicemail. [I have no clue what you're on about, or why you're freaking out, but get some help if you need it. Don't delay your treatment.]

Sfie texted back, dropping her phone as Isabella's accusations echoed in her mind. The claims of her playing games with Orion, making him dizzy with desire.

Was Isabella projecting? Even if she wanted to slander someone, why target her? it was clear as day that Orion openly favored and secretly protected Isabella. It really was like blaming on others while herself was to be blamed.

Fuming, Isabella ended the call and then received the message; as she read it, she almost had a meltdown.

“That Xanthea! Not only does she take advantage without gratitude, but now she dares to insult me!”

That day, she had indeed seen Xanthea drenched, clinging to Orion, her arms locked around his neck. That curvaceous form, the intimate pose, her dewy eyes as long as the pitiful expression, she looked just like a little fox seeking comfort from its owner, her allure undeniable. Any man would find her irresistible.

Yet the moment she heard she wouldn't get the part as “Phoenix“, Xanthea flipped, shattering the bottle that led to her being publicly shamed and kicked out of the “Realm of Illusions” project!

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This Xanthea had claimed confidently that she didn't seduce the chairman; turned out she was adept at playing hard to get secretly, which enthralled the chairman and made him unconditionally give her the lead role. So despicable!

Wendy!”

“H'm here. What's wrong?”

Isabella questioned, “Tell me, did Xanthea seduce the chairman that day?”

“Y-Yes, she did!” Wendy replied firmly.

That day she ran pretty fast, and by the time she arrived at the lakeside, she saw the chairman carry Ms. Nightshade, his coat wrapped around her tightly, their gazes intertwined with an undeniable attraction, their attractive figures matching, which made her unwittingly ship them

Moreover as the top actress in Starlight Media, Isabella had never got wronged by anyone; that day, just because she and Ms. Nightshade had a bicker, the boss snarled at her. Now she couldn't even dare to think back that horrible scene.

"Did she use connections to get the role in "Realm of Illusions?"

"Well, about this."

Wendy paused, grappling with her conscience, her voice practically a murmur, "Actually, even if the chairman hadn't given the role to Ms. Nightshade, the director team had already scored her the highest."

"Zip it! Why don't you just go and be her assistant!"

[By the way, about the bet I took with you a few days ago, let's just..]

While Xanthea was texting, she received Oliver's call.

"Unde Oliver

"Xan, there's a good news I need tell your

"What good news?"

You can play Phoenix!"

Xanthea's moving hands paused in an instant, "I can **play** Phoenix? Why?"

"Didn't I say, that your performance's extraordinary in the audition. You not just got the highest point, but the entire crew spoke highly of you; they all think you're actually Phoenix."

"Is that so? But Orion doesn't think so."

Before she finished, Oliver **cut** her off, "Don't worry, I've heard what happened at the audition, which is just a misunderstanding. Mc Lockwood recognized your performance, and suggested you play Phoenix"

What? Xanthea's brows furrowed abruptly at the words.

Orion also recognized her performance, and was now backing her for the role? What was he up to this time?

He was the one who publicly eliminated her at the audition, and now he was sending this resource to her?

Did he think acting so fickle to fool her around would amuse him? Or did he think he found her pitiful and was doing some kind of charity? No wonder when Isabella called, she seemed furious.

"I don't need it! **Uncle** Oliver, tell him for me that I don't need this resource, nor do I want his pity!"

It was the first time Oliver'd ever seen her speaking in such an exasperated tone.

Mr. Lockwood had surmised that she'd get angry and no longer accept it, let alone forgive him.

"But I've already **bought** the rights to 'Realm of Illusions, including the production team."

"What?!" Xanthea was stunned. "Uncle Oliver, why didn't you tell me before doing that?"

"Don't you like this novel? So I bought it without talking with you"

"How much did you spend?"

"Well," while Oliver was signing the free transfer agreement, he replied according to what Orion had said, "2 mil."

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Upon hearing this, Xanthea shot up from her bed and exclaimed, "That swindler doubled the price on you, Uncle! **You** fell right into his trap. **You've** got to cancel the deal!"

Oliver smiled, "It's too late for that the contract is already signed. Xan, your role obediently, I'll earn back the money.

as long as you *pl*

night?"

The money could be earned back, but the indignation remained!

Xanthea's perfectly manicured nails left deep marks on the edge of the bed. Orion, having targeted and toyed with her for so long was one thing, but to actually swindle money from her uncle was utterly despicable and abhorrent!

She was seriously considering adding him to her blacklist, right after Matthew and Miranda!

“By the way, Xan, the police have already started investigating the explosion of the audition, but the motorcycle was so badly **damaged** that no traces were left. According to Ryan, he had it thoroughly checked at the shop before he even suggested using the Tran light cycle. The detailed proof and the test ride videos by the shop staff are still on file at the company. There was not a single problem.”

“Not a single problem? How is that possible? The clutch, brakes, and the smell of the oil were all problematic.”

“What? Even the clutch and brakes were problematic? Those are **basic** checks, the shop staff couldn’t possibly overlook them.” Oliver frowned, “The motorcycle must have been tampered with after it arrived at the Glory Building. Xan, among the actors competing for the Phoenix role with you, has anyone ever had a conflict with you or hold a grudge?”

Having weathered many storms in the entertainment industry, Oliver was accustomed to seeing underhanded tactics for grabbing resources and opportunities. But someone attempting to endanger Xan’s life **was** a new low. He wouldn’t let them get away with it once he found out who it was!

The first person that popped into Xanthea’s mind was Isabella, but it couldn’t be her. Isabella might be petty, but she was upfront about her feelings and never resorted to sneaky tactics. Plus, from the moment she arrived at the Glory Building, she hadn’t taken her eyes off Xanthea.

But other than her, Xanthea didn’t really know the other actors. Who else could want to harm her?

“I don’t know.”

Xanthea shook her head. Oliver solemnly replied, “Don’t worry, I’ll investigate one by one and get to the bottom of this!”

Knock, knock, knock!

“Xan, Xan, open up quickly!”

“Xan, are you alright?”

Suddenly, a series of urgent shouts came from outside the door.

Upon opening it, Xanthea was immediately swamped by a crowd, barely managing to step back before Ethan and Samuel lunged forward, engulfing

g her in a tight hug, “Xan, are **you** okay? We heard about the motorcycle explosion at the audition, it almost scared us to death!”

“Uh~”

Sandwiched so tightly between them like a burger patty, Xanthea nearly suffocated, “I was fine; but now you’re about to squeeze the life out of me!”

Ethan and Samuel quickly let her go..

Xanthea gasped for air, wondering how all these grown men’s first reaction to everything was to pounce—whether it was Ethan, Samuel, or even Orion.

Wait, why did she even think of that despicable wretch!

Shaking her head, Xanthea looked at them in confusion, “Ethan, weren’t you suppose

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“We heard about the explosion at your audition, and it scared us half to death! How could we even think of doing anything else? Let me see if you got hurt anywhere.”

Susanna chimed in, “Yeah, Xan, are you feeling alright?”

“Oh, I’m fine!” Xanthea spread her arms and spun around a few times. “Look, my arms, legs, head—all accounted for, not a single

scratch!”

“Don’t joke about this!”

Ethan tapped her on the head lightly, and Xanthea pretended to yelp in pain. Just then, they heard a gasp from the door.

Curious, Xanthea looked over to see Matthew bending over, clutching his shaky left leg, a pained expression on his face.

“Matt, what happened to you?”

“Miss, Mr. Martinez heard about the danger you faced on set and rushed over here in a panic. While running upstairs, he accidentally bumped into the banister and broke a solid oak spindle, Must’ve hurt a lot!”

The housekeeper supported Matthew, who was ashen as he managed to force a smile. “I’m fine, seeing you safe is all that matters to

Xanthea met his worried gaze, and for a moment she couldn’t tell if his emotions were genuine or feigned.

His acting had certainly improved since his past life.

“I’m okay, but maybe Matt should get that leg looked at in the hospital?”

Matthew shook **his** head, “No need, I’ll be fine in some time.”

“Thank goodness it **was** just a scare.” Christopher sighed in relief. “Dinner’s ready, let’s not gather here any longer. Let’s go downstairs

As they were going downstairs, they happened to meet Miranda coming back.

THE

Miranda dropped her bag, ready to excitedly share her successful audition, only to notice everyone focused on Xanthea, surrounding her with words of warmth and concern, completely oblivious to her presence.

How could she forget? In the Nightshade family, there’s only one beloved daughter. Even if she hadn’t scraped even a bit, that was a million times more important **than** her affairs.

Why was she so lucky? Why hadn’t she perished in that explosion!

“Sis

Just as Xanthea came down **stairs**, she saw Miranda standing at the entrance with a very poor complexion

Hearing Xanthea’s voice, Miranda **quickly** adjusted her expression. “Sis, you’re alright?”

“I’m fine. How about you? How **did** the audition go?”

“I passed the first round, the callback is in two days.”

“You did? Congratulations!” Xanthea smiled, “From your expression just now, I thought you hadn’t made it.”

She must have wished for her failure, right?

Unfortunately for her, Miranda had earned the supporting role on merit alone, while **she** would never get the chance to play Phoenix!

“My upset look was out of concern for you, Sis. After all, your audition performance was so brilliant, you’d have definitely secured the role of Phoenix if not for the accident.”

“Mhm” Xanthea nodded. “No need for concern, I landed it anyway

“What?”

Miranda’s expression froze upon hearing this.

Xanthea saw the naked jealousy momentarily unshielded in her eyes and smiled lightly. “Oliver knew how much I **loved** that **script**, so he bought the rights directly from Orion.”

“is that so? Uncle really dotes on you”

Miranda clenched her fists, struggling to maintain her smile. After all the twists and turns , she was still just a supporting actress?

Christopher beamed, “Then it’s a double celebration tonight! Let’s celebrate you two **joining** the cast tonight!”

“Why celebrate? I’m still all jittery here!” Susanna looked worriedly at Xanthea. “Xan, do you really want to enter the entertainment industry?”

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Xanthea was poking at the cupcake in front of her. Just half an hour ago, she was ready to give up, but now, with the “Realm of Illusions” nights securely in her uncle’s hands, she felt a renewed sense of purpose.

The indecent photos of Matthew with Miranda, Isabella’s provocations, Orion’s mockery, and her uncle’s high copyright fee of \$20 million— all of these, she must reclaim with her own hands!

“Uh–huh.”

“We haven’t even started filming, and just the auditions nearly caused a disaster. Mom’s really worried. By the way, has the cause of the explosion at the site been figured out?”

“Not yet” Xanthea shook her head. “Uncle said the motorcycle was thoroughly inspected before it was delivered. There shouldn’t have been any issues. It must have been tampered with after arriving at the Glory Building. Uncle’s already started a detailed investigation. He will definitely find some clues.”

Clatter!

As Xanthea spoke of finding clues, Miranda trembled and dropped her cutleries to the ground.

“Oh, I’m so sorry!”

She quickly bent down

pick them up, her fingers trembling as they touched the cold floor.

She had been so careful. To keep the audition secret, the Glory Building hadn’t installed any cameras, and Xanthea’s motorcycle was burnt to ashes in the fire. There couldn’t possibly **be** any trace left, could there?

Xanthea glanced at her inadvertently, and when she saw her pale face, the action of poking the cupcake with her fork suddenly stopped. Was it **her**?!

She had been wondering which actress from the Phoenix auditions might harm her, but she had forgotten that the person who most wanted her dead, and who had actually succeeded, was none other than Matthew and Miranda.

Matthew had an alibi today, but Miranda had been with her all along!

“What? It was sabotage?!”

Who w

would dare to harm my sister with such audacity? Once we find out, I’ll flay him alive

Xanthea tuned out the rest of the conversation at the table. After dinner, she asked Oliver for the phone number of the makeup artist at the audition and made a call.

“Is that Ms. Nightshade? How can I help you?”

“Nothing much. I lost a valuable item in the makeup room today and was wondering if you saw anyone suspicious hanging around after I left, or if anyone left shortly after I did?”

“Suspicious person?”

The makeup artist thought for a moment and then shook her head.

“I didn’t see anyone suspicious, but your sister did rummage through your bag and then left. Oh yes, it seemed like she took something from the makeup table before she left.

It was an eyebrow trimmer! She **had** a bottle of water and a bunch of blades in her hand, which I found odd, so I paid extra attention.” Rummaging through her bag and taking the water and the eyebrow trimmer?

Knowing she **had** brought her motorcycle gear for a motor cross performance today, she must have used the trimmer to cut through the clutch and brake lines, then diluted the engine oil with water. When the motorcycle reached its maximum speed, the watered-down oil pressure in the engine would reach its limit, causing the safety valve to burst open and cause an explosion!

It was Miranda’s doing!

Before the engagement, she had tried to kill her more than once, using extremely cruel methods. Her malice was appalling!

Was this latest attempt because Xanthea had signed with Oli hea Media, stealing her opportunities?

Since it meant so much to Xanthea, Miranda decided to ruin it all!

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“**Xan**, why are you here?”

Ethan’s voice came from behind, and Xanthea pocketed her phone, her eyes lighting up when **she** saw him in his lab coat. “Just getting some fresh air. By the way, Ethan, how did your experiment go today? Can you show me around?”

“**Are** you interested?”

“A bit!”

“Alright.” Ethan affectionately ruffled her hair. “Let’s go, I’ll take you there now.”

In the evening, Xanthea was curled up on the living room couch watching TV when Matt hew walked in with an exquisite gift box “Xan, the apple turnovers are here! I heard you were craving them, so mom went straight to the market to get the ingredients and made them as soon as she could.”

“She’s so kind!” Xanthea chuckled, picking up a piece and biting into it, “Mmm, just as delicious **as** always!”

Matthew watched her nibble on the apple tumovers, her cheeks puffing up like a greedy little squirrel in the forest—utterly adorable.

filh

“When you marry me, I’ll have mom make them for you every day.”

Xanthea paused mid-bite, the sweetness in her mouth somehow diminishing

She picked up another piece, tapping it lightly with her fingernail.

Matthew stared, mesmerized by her graceful movements, and his body instinctively drawing closer. “Xan.”

Just as he was about to grab her hand, Xanthea picked up two pastries. “I just remembered my sister loves these too. Matt, why don’t you take these to her?”

“Oh, okay, sure.

Matthew camed the apple turnovers away

Endurance, just a few more months of enduranc

and Xan would completely be his, then he can do whatever he wanted.

Xanthea watched his retreating figure, a slight **smile** curling at the corners of her mouth.

Sister, is making your dearest person personally dash your dreams considered a form of retribution?

“It

itches! Why is it so itchy?!”

“Blood, there’s blood on my face, help.”

In the dead of night, a piercing scream echoed through the Nightshade family’s detached villa. The lights quickly came on, and Christopher, Susanna, and several servants rushed to Miranda’s room, only to be startled by her disheveled appearance, her face smeared with traces of blood.

“Miranda, what happened to you?”

“Why have you suddenly become like this?”

Miranda scratched her face uncontrollably while speaking incoherently, “I don’t know, my face and body suddenly started itching and hurting, and now even talking hurts my throat. Mom, Dad, please help me.”

Ethan rushed into the room and upon seeing Miranda’s swollen body and dilated pupils with faint traces of foam at her mouth, he quickly pulled Susanna back from trying to help her up.

“Don’t touch her, she might be having a severe allergic reaction or poisoning. Call 911!”

At Lonson Hospital.

“The patient is still in critical condition. There’s widespread sudden edema and rashes all over her body, and some organ functions have been damaged to varying extents. It’s likely chemical poisoning, this is the toxic substance extracted from her blood. We’ll need to wait for the lab results to know the specifics. Prepare for her to be in the hospital for at least three months.”

The doctor handed the medical report to Christopher, who took it, murmuring in confusion, “Miranda’s diet and daily routine have always been with us, she hasn’t been sick or taken any medication lately. How could she suddenly be poisoned?”

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Chemical poisoning?

Ethan looked at the prominent chemical formula on the diagnosis report, as if remembering something, his eyes

gradually narrowing. When Xanthea walked into the hospital room holding a box of apple turnovers. She saw Miranda, wrapped in bandages from head to toe, her face swollen like a roasted pig with scratched skin, **and** almost burst out laughing.

“Mirry,” she knocked and entered, “How are you feeling? Are you feeling any better?”

Miranda lying on the bed, struggled to turn towards the sound. When she saw Xanthea, she tried to speak, but her swollen tonsils made it impossible for her to even open her mouth

“What’s wrong? Can’t you even speak?”

Xanthea’s eyes welled up with sadness as she looked at Miranda. “No wonder when I passed by the doctor’s office just now, I heard him say something about systemic breakdown and organ failure, asking the family to be prepared. So, sis, your condition has become so serious already? What are we going to do?”

What?!

Hearing “organ failure, asking the family to be prepared,” Miranda’s pupils dilated in fear, and she trembled violently.

Seeing her face covered with rashes from fear, Xanthea raised an eyebrow slightly, “Oh, by the way. I’ve reported your condition to the company. Uncle’s been understanding and has canceled all your work for the next year to let you recover properly”

What?!

Who authorized her to speak? Who asked her to report that? it was just a minor allergy, she would recover soon, no need to halt her work! She was a star, who would remember her if she disappeared for a year?

Miranda’s eyes widened with extreme anger. Unable to speak, she slowly raised her hand.

But just as soon as she raised it, Xanthea pressed it back down sharply

Ouch!!!

The excruciating pain was like oil splashed on a scalding iron, yet she couldn’t scream, only tremble in agony.

Xanthea spoke soothingly. “Sis, you’re sick now. Don’t move **around**. Be a good girl and cover yourself with the blanket.”

“Also, since you missed the audition for Realm of Illusions as Vivian, the role has fallen into the hands of your old rival, April. She’s been taunting you on Twitter, but don’t worry, I’ve already fired back for you.

“But your fan club disbanded, lots of fans have switched sides. They say without looks, talent, or dedication, they might as well support April.”

“Ah.”

Before Xanthea could finish, Miranda used all her strength to open her mouth and let out a hoarse cry.

Xanthea stepped back and covered her nose with some disgust, “Sis, didn’t you brush your teeth this morning? I’ll go call the nurse for

you.”

Xanthea! Xanthea!

You witch!

Taking advantage of my illness to deliberately provoke me!

Always pretending to be the kind, gentle sister, but now your true colors show, huh?

Miranda glared daggers at Xanthea’s retreating figure, her eyes burning with hatred, as if she wished she could scorch holes in her.

She raised her hand to brush off the things Xanthea had brought, but then she noticed the box of apple turnovers on the table.

Apple turnovers?

Apple turnovers?!

Just yesterday, her accommodations and provisions were exactly like everyone else’s at home, except for these apple turnovers, it was brought to her by Xanthes through Maty!

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CHAPTER 100

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Chapter 100

It’s her! it is her doing!

She must have poisoned her inside, trying to harm her

The thoughts raced through Miranda's mind as she recalled all the recent actions of Xanthea—

stealing her championship, stealing Matt from her, monopolizing her company's resources, and always playing the innocent while subtly tamishing Miranda's reputation in front of the family. It turns out all of this was not **an** illusion but a premeditated plan

Brought back from the orphanage to the Nightshade family in her childhood, she was meant to compliment and showcase her, being her sister in name but in reality, a servant. Now grown up, seeing her progressing and thriving in the entertainment industry became intolerable, wanting to get rid of her!

This hypocritical, two-faced angel of deceit—she was out to get her!

Struggling to sit up in her hospital bed, Miranda saw Ethan enter the room.

“E—Ethan

She opened her mouth excitedly, trying hard to lift her hand.

“What's wrong, Miranda?” Ethan looked puzzled as he followed her gaze to a box of apple turnovers on the table, his expression freezing for a moment.

“Si—sis, she poi—”

Her voice tore with pain as she tried to expose Xanthea's malice.

Ethan approached the nightstand and picked up the box of apple turnovers, sniffing them cautiously

“Ethan, you, you must—

She looked at Ethan full of tears and hope.

However, after sniffing the turnovers, Ethan gently placed them back down, his gaze sharpening alarmingly as he turned back to her “Miranda, you can take your medicine indiscriminately, but you must be careful with your words. Otherwise, your condition may become more severe than it is now”

Miranda's heart raced with fear as her fingers trembled and tears rolled down her cheeks. Was Ethan threatening her?

She hadn't even said anything yet, and he already seemed to know everything. So, he knew everything in advance, right? He knew

was out to harm her! Xanthea was out to harm her! He knew Xanthea

“Alright, you should rest now.”

Ethan picked up the box of apple turnovers and left the room, leaving Miranda to break down in hysterical tears.

She had thought her father and Ethan were the fairest in the family, at least they would treat her as a family member. Yet, she realized that her life was worth less than an ant in the face of Xanthea’s schemes. They might even be conspiring against her

Exiting the room with the apple turnovers, Ethan saw a doctor eagerly following Xanthea down the hallway, asking for her phone number. She seemed annoyed by his persistence, then turned around and cheerily gave him Samuel’s number instead.

Ethan chuckled, glancing at the apple turnovers spiked with a minor dose of poison in his hand and shook his head. “Little troublemaker”

The weekend came, upon returning from a business trip, Oliver called Xanthea “Xan, are you free today?”

“I’m reviewing a script; what’s up, uncle?”

“Stop that for now, I’ve got a surprise for you. Come to the office.”

A surprise?

At the President’s office.

Xanthea came out from the executive elevator, saw Oliver’s office door wide open, and was about to call out to her uncle when she heard a rising and falling cadence of Russian from inside.

She paused, peering in to see a vaguely familiar man lounging on the guest sofa.

He was dressed in casual light wear, with neatly styled black hair, a pair of flat, long, and straight eyebrows, clear and handsome facial features. At that moment, he was reading a Russian script marked with **colored** pens. His gentle and literate demeanor was very much like that of a news anchor, unfortunately his Russian was not very good.