

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 211

Posted by **AdminHR**, 1539 Views, Released on May 16, 2024

A cold, **deep** voice called from inside, "Come in."

Holding a folder, Hans entered the office. "Mr. President, you instructed us to intercept any negative media exposure concerning Miss Xanthea. Today, the company intercepted a set of photos, but I'm not sure if they qualify as negative **news**?"

At the mention of "Xanthea," the man signing contracts behind the desk suddenly paused.

Orion slowly lifted his head, "What?"

Hans took out the photos from the folder, placing them neatly before him.

In the photos, Xanthea was seen giving Benjamin a gift, the two of them looking at each other and smiling: Benjamin courteously shielding Xanthea from a car door, careful not to let her bump her head; at a cast dinner, Benjamin making his way through the crowd, his gaze towards Xanthea filled with ambiguous affection, and more.

Orion picked up the last photo of the two sweetly embracing. His dark eyes brewed a storm, almost piercing a hole through the man's silhouette in the photo.

"Have they been verified?"

His voice made the entire office seem encased in ice, chilling Hans to the bone.

"Yes, they have been authenticated by our tech department. The photos are unaltered originals, and the whistleblower is April, who plays Vivian in the 'Realm of Illusions' series."

The man's low chuckle was hoarse and terrifying, his fingers white-knuckled around the photo.

That night, at Sunset Hills Estates, apartment 3002

"Rule 47, when looking into each other's eyes."

"Isn't this too much?"

Xanthea looked at the notebook full of "key points" she had written, tossed the pen away in despair, and slumped over the desk.

Acting was indeed harder than scientific research!

Why did she ever enter the entertainment industry? Why did she agree to act in a romance drama? She- despised Isabella for this!

Seeing her despondently muttering with her face down on the desk, Benjamin couldn't help but smile, "Rome wasn't built in a day."

"The acting profession may seem glamorous and receives a lot of attention, but it's not easy to excel—it requires continuous learning and practice."

But she didn't need to excel; she just needed to get through this romance scene.

ea in the car, heading to Sunset Hills Estates.

"Click."

April captured the two's silhouettes, flipping through the photos she had collected over the days. "Realm of Illusions had been submitted for review and would soon be aired. It was time to leak these images before Xanthea became a sensation!

At the commercial center of Crestwood CBD, Twin Towers.

"President, Hans—the General Manager of Public Relations for Starlight Media, is at the front desk. He says he has something important to report. May I let him come up?"

"Yes, yes, I understand!"

The receptionist put down the phone and smiled politely at Hans, "You may go up now, our president is in his office.",

"Thank you!"

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ttered her startled chest, exhaling a relieved breath, "What a coincidence, I finally managed to get a break from the film set, and here you are!"

"It's only ten o'clock, still early. Can I come over to your place for some late-night snacks?"

“What are you holding? Do you have work tonight?”

It had been

days since she last saw him, and upon seeing him, Xanthea chattered joyfully, only to notice after a while that the man in front of her had a dark, ominous look on his face, his presence chilling like eternal ice, sending a shiver down her spine.

“Orion, what’s wrong? Did something upset you?”

“So everyone can, but not me, is that it?”

Orion looked at her; his gaze was piercing and cold, reminiscent of the chilling sharpness when he first saw her body in that old crypt.

Xanthea was both puzzled and frightened by his stare, “What do you mean by ‘can’ or ‘cannot’? Orion, what are you talking about?”

However, he didn’t answer her, brushing past her with a chill that felt like a blade slicing through her cheek. As he was about to enter Room 3001, Xanthea grabbed his arm, “Hey, what do you mean by that?”

“Ms. Nightshade, as a fiancée, do you think it’s appropriate to have a secret rendezvous with another man in the middle of the night?” Orion turned around, his dark eyes suddenly bursting with a chilling intensity that seemed to devour her alive.

Xanthea was stunned by his shout, with a look of total bewilderment on her face.

Why was he calling her Ms. Nightshade again?

Wait, the main issue seems to be “secret rendezvous with a man in the middle of the night”?

The loud slam of the door startled Xanthea, and. She quickly realized what he meant—could it be Benjamin?

Did he think she brought Benjamin to Sunset Hills Estates for a secret rendezvous, and he caught them red-handed?

His thoughts are so vile!

“Bang, bang, bang!”

“Bang, bang, bany!”

Xarhea, frustrated, kept banging on the door of 3001, shouting, “Hey, Orion, come out and explain yourself! Who’s having a secret rendezvous in the middle of the night?”

“It was only ten o’clock, how is that considered the middle of the night?”

“And, Benjamin was just here to discuss the script with me, and you twisted it into an affair? Don’t you think you’re being a bit paranoid?”

Although, the way Benjamin touched her head before leaving was weird. Orion couldn’t have

misunderstood just because of that, could he?

“Orion, sometimes what you see isn’t always the truth. As a leader of a corporation, don’t you know that?” “Open the door, open the door right now!”

Behind the door, a man engulfed in jealousy and despair, his gaze distorted with madness, listened to her urgent cries. His knuckles turned white and creaked ominously on the door handle, yet he didn’t open the door.

His jealousy was driving him insane, fearing that a moment of lost sanity might lead him to irreparably harm her.

“Fine, you won’t open the door, huh?”

Xanthea looked down, entering a series of numbers, “Luckily, I was prepared—having secretly memorized your password, otherwise I might have been wronged tonight.”

“Password is correct-”

With a click, the smart door opened.

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Chapter 213

“You scared me to death. Orion, is that you?”

“When did you get back? How come I didn’t hear a thing?”

Xanthea patted her startled chest, exhaling a relieved breath, “What a coincidence, I finally managed to get a break from the film set, and here you are!”

"It's only ten o'clock, still early. Can I come over to your place for some late-night snacks?"

"What are you holding? Do you have work tonight?"

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As soon as Xanthea opened the door, she was met with the grim face of the man inside. Fearing he might kick her out, she quickly raised the voice recorder in her hand.

“He’s just here to coach me on my acting, it’s not what you think—I have proof!”

Proof?

Orion's gaze lingered on the voice recorder in her hand. Without hesitation, Xanthea pressed "play"—

"Are you ready? Once you are, we'll start."

"Sure, go ahead."

"The first point is to use the emotional fluctuations in your lines to act out the character's feelings

Slow,

deep tones often move the audience more than quicker, louder ones."

Thank goodness she had not only taken notes, but also recorded everything with the voice recorder. Otherwise, she would never have been able to clear her name!

"Did you hear that? He was kindly giving me a tutorial, and you twisted it into something else. That's just too—"

"So, you're defending him?"

"Am I?" Xanthea puffed out her chest, her tone defiant as she saw no change in the ominous look in Orion's eyes. "I'm just stating the facts here, you're the one who's wronging me!"

"Wronging you?" Orion's lips twisted into a mocking sneer, his gaze dripping with irony. "And what about 'Ben'? You do call him quite affectionately."

"What's wrong with 'Ben'? How is that affectionate? Isn't it normal for colleagues and friends to call each other by their first names? We can't exactly be calling each other Mr. Jones or Ms. Nightshade while working together every day, can we? If it bothers you that much, I could start calling you Ori, Ori—"

Halfway through her sentence, Xanthea stumbled over her words, her face inexplicably heating up.

Why was it that saying someone else's name came so easily, but uttering his felt so awkward, even shameful?

Orion caught the fleeting signs of guilt and panic on her face, his grip tightening on the folder in his hand until it buckled, causing dozens of photos to spill out.

"What's the matter? Ms. Nightshade can't continue her story?"

Following the sound, Xanthea's eyes widened in shock as she saw the photos scattered on the floor, depicting her and Ben in various poses together.

She bent down, picking up one of the photos.

Even though Benjamin's image in the photo was punched through with a big hole, it was clear they were hugging!

Her eyes widened.

Where did these photos come from? When had she ever hugged Benjamin? Not even for a scene—could this have been photoshopped?

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Suddenly it clicked. Orion's accusations stemmed not only from seeing Benjamin leave her apartment, but because of these fabricated photos!

"Orion, where did you get these photos?"

Xanthea looked up at him, realizing his high and distant gaze was filled with bleak darkness, evidently not wanting to listen to her justifications anymore.

"You don't believe **me**?"

Her brows knitted together in frustration. "There's nothing beyond professionalism between me and him, and certainly not what you're imagining. This hugging in the photo—it's fake!"

"They've already undergone technical authentication."

"Great, such great 'authenticated'! So in the end, you just won't believe me."

Xanthea, biting her lip, grabbed the photo and pushed the door, intending to leave.

As he watched her resolute departure, every shred of anger and suspicion in Orion evaporated, replaced by a deep sense of panic.

He feared she might cut him off for good this time, that the distance they had managed to close would be reset to square one, that he would become the person she despised the most...

He no longer wanted her to explain, nor was he greedy; having her treat him as she did was enough. He couldn't bear the days without her; it would be the death of him.

He reached out to stop her, but in the next moment, Xanthea turned and enveloped him in a tight embrace.

The warmth of her soft body and the gentle scent of irises collided with his icy exterior, melting the frost around his heart and clearing the panic from his dark eyes, leaving his mind blissfully blank.

As Xanthea hugged him, she tilted her head up slightly, her forehead barely reaching his chin, rubbing gently.

"I thought about having it authenticated again, but it seems unnecessary now."

"Orion, did you see?"

"I'm 5'7", you're about 6'2", right? Me hugging you like this, I can hardly reach your chin. But in this photo, I'm nearly as tall as Benjamin. You saw him earlier; he's just a couple of inches shorter than you. Does that seem right to you?"

She lifted the incriminating photo for him to see.

"Clearly, this photo is a fake. Even if it hasn't been photoshopped, it was intentionally shot to mislead. There was a distance between me and him when it was taken."

Orion's gaze slowly dropped to the photo, his unfocused eyes sharpening as they fixed on the image, gradually lighting up.

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Chapter 215

Was the photo meant to misguide?

So it was actually like this.

He should **have** seen it, but when those photos were laid out in front of him, raging jealousy completely burned away his reasoning. Seeing the man walk out of her room, tenderly stroking her hair, he was seized with the desire to tear him apart alive!

"Xan."

"I'm so sorry, Xan."

“Orion frowned, holding her tightly with waves of remorse flooded over him, drowning his entire **heart**.

Hearing him call her by “Xan,” Xanthea knew he believed her now.

She had intended to let bygones be bygones, but recalling his frightening demeanor just moments ago, she couldn’t help but pout, feigning tears.

“I had such a tough day at the drama set, struggling with the emotional scenes, getting scolded by the director, and then listening to lectures all night long. My head’s spinning, my body’s exhausted, and now I have to endure your baseless accusations. Why is this happening to me....

“Xan, **I’m** sorry, so sorry.”

Orion cupped her distressed little face, mechanically repeating his apologies.

“I was wrond.”

“I must have been crazy to say those things. Can you forgive me? I’ll do whatever you ask. Could you? Xan”

His deep, dark eyes shimmered with unmatched regret, as if he’d rip his heart out for her forgiveness.

Xanthea lowered her hands, captivated by the earnestness in his gaze, “Really?”

“Really.”

“Will you ever misunderstand me again?”

“Never again. From now on, I’ll only listen to Xan, only believe Xan.”

Is he really being so good?

A smile broke across Xanthea’s face, “Well, I might just find it within me to forgive you.

“Xan.”

Orion closed his eyes, hugging her deeply, longing to merge her into his essence.

His Xan, how she could be so wonderful.

“By the way, where did these photos come from?”

“Someone from your crew named April took them. I’ll make her regret it.”

His chilling sinister voice made Xanthea’s skin crawl.

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If it were anyone else, she might have dismissed it as an empty threat, but having murdered, she knew he was capable of making it a reality.

witnessed him commit

“Don’t do that, she’s playing Vivian in ‘Realm of Illusions, and the **shoot** isn’t even finished yet. We can’t afford any mishaps.”

“Fine, we’ll wait until the shooting wraps up, all according to Xan’s wishes.”

“I didn’t ask you to **do** anything bad! Just follow the legal procedure after a thorough investigation. I’m **just** puzzled, I have no quarrel with her.”

As Xanthea was about to examine the photos again, she noticed she was still in Orion’s tight embrace, close their chests almost blended.

“?!?”

Why was she still hugging him?

She

recoiled and tried to push him away, but he was too strong.

“What’s wrong?”

Orion sensed her movement **and** looked down with a slight confusion.

Taking advantage of his loosened grip, she moved back, keeping a safe distance, “Nothing, just a bit hot, no, I mean, hungry.”

Strange, why was her face so hot, and her tongue tied in knots, utterly uncontrollable?

“I’ll whip up some snacks.”

“Oh, you don’t have to, I’ve got snacks at home. I’ll just go back.”

Before Xanthea could object, he was already setting instructions on the smart screen—
“Master instruction received: Child **lock** enabled.”

Her eyes widened as he finished setting it up and headed to the kitchen.

“Watch TV for a bit, I’ll be quick.”

Wait, what does that mean?

Did he think she was blind? So this so-called smart door lock feature was deliberately set by him?

And here he was, setting it right in front of her, outright ignoring her presence!

Although she hadn’t planned on leaving anyway.

Xanthea grimaced towards the kitchen, then picking up the photos scattered on the floor .

From her first day on set giving Benjamin a gift, to today’s ride with him to Sunset Hills Estates, every Interaction had been captured. This April sure put a lot of effort into it.

They had no grievances, why did she do it?

Was she trying to sabotage her? Planning to release these photos to ruin her reputation once the show aired, then overshadow her with the role of the second female lead?

Weil, that’s pretty low. Fortunately, Orion had intercepted them.

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But why did Orion intercept these photos?

Starlight Media was a titan in the industry, renowned for its eagle-eyed PR department that missed nothing within the circle. Any whisper of news or exclusive scoops had to pass through its review before being released.

Could it be that Orion had specifically instructed someone to intercept all her “scandalous leaks”? Otherwise, how could the photos April took with so much effort not be published immediately, and instead fall into someone else’s hands, becoming leverage?

As she pondered, a sweet thrill fluttered in her heart, and she began to playfully roll around with the photos in hand.

“Xan, come have some late–night snacks.”

Orion stepped out of the kitchen, seeing the girl rolling on the carpet like a kitten, corners of his eyes crinkling slightly, “Don’t lie on the floor, you’ll catch a cold.”

Xanthea scurried over, “It’s fine, there’s a carpet. But your carpet is short–piled; it’s a bit rough on the skin!”

“Alright, we’ll get a plush one tomorrow.”

Xanthea bit her lip. She had only made a casual remark. This was his room; why would he consider changing his carpet for her?

“Oh, I like the pure wool ones.”

Orion seemed to notice something and slowly lifted his head, and Xanthea quickly added, “Orion, thank

you.”

“Thank you?”

“For intercepting these photos. If they’d leaked online, all my recent efforts would have been for nothing. I could have been blasted out of the industry, not just failed to trend.”

“That won’t happen.”

“What do you mean ‘it won’t’? Nowadays, people only believe what they see online, they don’t care about explanations.”

As she spoke, she noticed his slight pause and waved her hand, “Don’t get me wrong, I’m not talking about you. But what did you mean by saying anyone can but you can’t at the elevator door?”

Normally, wouldn’t someone confront her directly after seeing those photos? Why did he say something so odd?

Orion’s eyes darkened, a shadow cast by his thick lashes.

Why had he spoken so carelessly?

“Everyone can disbelieve you, but I cannot.”

Xanthea: “Do you think I believe that?”

His gaze had been so intense, it felt like he could tear her apart—where was there even a hint of belief in her?

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“If you really believed me, you wouldn’t have mentioned the “secret rendezvous with an other man in the middle of the night,” or questioned whether I was being appropriate.”

Xanthea recalled his earlier words and was still a bit angry, especially about Matthew, “Matthew and I aren’t even engaged yet. He’s not necessarily my fiancé. Even if I did meet other men secretly, it wouldn’t be betraying him, right?”

She looked up, startled by his fierce, fiery gaze, “What did you say?”

“I, I said if you really believed me.”

“Matthew is not necessarily your fiancé?”

He spoke deliberately, his deep, resonant voice chiseling into her, eagerly awaiting her answer with great tension.

“Yeah, we haven’t had the engagement ceremony yet.”

“You don’t like him that much?”

Xanthea met his gaze and nodded, “Mhm.”

With her affirmative answer, Orion’s dark eyes seemed as if a vast chasm had been torn open within, abruptly revealing a whirlwind of complex and intense emotions that Xanthea couldn’t decipher.

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It took him a moment before he finally smiled and stood up, heading towards the bathroom.

Xanthea **was** startled by his indescribable, eerie smile.

As she watched his retreating figure, she couldn't help but recall his reaction when she invited him to her engagement ceremony in Willowdale. Back then, he seemed to have suffered a devastating blow, but now he radiated an unbelievable joy.

"Orion, what's going on?"

She hurried after him, only to see a closed door **and** the sound of running water inside.

The cold water drenched his hair, streaming down his well-defined face and onto his broad chest, soaking through his suit and tingling every nerve and cell in his body.

It was true.

Everything was real, not an illusion.

He had always thought Xan loved Matthew with all her life, which is why from their childhood days, she was always glued to him, sharing every sorrow and joy of her life with him, all the thoughtfully planned surprises and gifts were prepared for him alone, and she would shield him from any danger without a second thought.

So he never dared get close to her, never dared hope she would even glance his way.

But now she was telling him, she didn't care for Matthew as much as he thought!

"Bang-

He struck the wall with a heavy punch, stirring up a spray of water droplets.

Extreme regret and joy intertwined, leaving him overwhelmed by his emotions. If only he had known earlier.

Hearing the loud noise, Xanthea grew anxious. She pressed her ear against the bathroom door, "Orion, are you alright? Did you fall?"

On the misty **mirror**, he wiped away the water droplets, revealing a face that had completely for off its disguise and restraint.

From now on, Xan would be his and his alone.

"Orion, if you don't come out soon, I'll just go in."

Xanthea, becoming anxious, was about to open the door when Orion came out.

He had changed into a brand–new white suit, looking fresh and refined, with no hint of anything amiss, except for his slightly damp hair.

“Did you take a shower?”

Why would he suddenly take a shower while eating? And why the impeccable dress–up at home?

It was the first time she saw him in a white suit, and it was somewhat captivating, like a noble prince from an ancient castle, stunningly handsome.

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Unconsciously, Xanthea swallowed,

“Yeah, got a bit of kitchen grease on me.”

So his need for cleanliness had kicked in, no wonder his expression looked so weird. Just like Cedric said. he was a perfectionist for cleanliness.

Orion looked at her hand on the bathroom doorknob, “Xannie, were you trying to come in and join me?”

יילור

Xanthea jolted, instantly releasing her grip, “Who wants to shower with you? I was just worried you might have an accident in there. Quickly dry your hair and come to eat!”

“It’s okay.”

He shook his head and walked towards the dining table, with no intention of drying his hair. Seeing this, Xanthea grabbed his arm, “What do you mean ‘It’s okay’? Wet hair can easily lead to a cold. Have you forgotten how sick you were just a few days ago?”

“Then will Xannie dry it for me?”

He turned, a faint smile playing at the corners of his eyes.

Seeing his triumphant smile, she couldn’t help feeling like she had fallen into a trap.

“Why are you suddenly calling me “Xannie“?”

I like "Xannie"

"Ah?"

Orion: "I like calling you Xannie. Do you not like it?"

"I, I don't mind."

Xanthea was a bit puzzled by him, furrowing her brows slightly. Then, he suddenly stepped closer, his tall, commanding figure casting a shadow over her, his gaze intensifying. "From now on, 'Xannie' can only be called by me. Don't let anyone else call you that, okay?"

"Oh."

Few did anyway.

Xanthea noticed something seemed different about him since he came out of the bathroom.

He seemed different, somehow more aggressive?

"Sit down, I'll dry your hair."

"Okay."

Orion sat in front of the mirror, and Xanthea grabbed a dry towel and a hairdryer, first using the towel to dab his hair dry and then switching on the warm setting.

The warm air blew through the man's dark, thick short hair, and as Xanthea ran her fingers through it, she felt the hard texture of his **hair** strands. She remembered her mother once saying that people with hard hair have hard hearts, but she found Orion to be gentle, his nature very gentle, even the way he looked at

her.

Especially now as he sat quietly, allowing her to fuss over him: his tousled hair partly obscured his sharp

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features, softening his usually cold demeanor and making him seem somewhat childlike and adorably compliant.

She wished she could have such a handsome a

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Xanthea carefully dried his hair, with a tenderness, that was **almost** maternal, but the man seated before her, the mirror, his cheeks warmed under her touch.

Her delicate, **soft** hands continuously caressed and teased his hair, stimulating a sensitive area that **had** never been touched before, causing thrilling jolts to surge through his nerve endings, with electric currents racing down to **his** lower abdomen.

He yearned for more than her touch in his hair.

"Orion, is the heat okay? Do you want me to turn it up?"

"No need," he tightly closed his eyes to hide the burgeoning **desire** beneath, "**Xan**, it feels really good.

Hearing his suddenly husky voice, Xanthea frowned.

Just a moment **ago** he didn't want his hair dried, and now he already showed signs of catching a cold!

"You usually live alone, don't you know how to take care of yourself?"

"Yeah."

Yeah? Was there a hint of pride in his voice?

"Why don't you...."

Xanthea had just wanted to ask why he didn't go back and live at home, but then she remembered the early scandals surrounding the Lockwood family and the dark childhood when he was smeared and slandered by journalists.

He probably didn't have any family left a long time ago, right?

Otherwise, he wouldn't be living alone all this time, and his uncle wouldn't have been competing with him for the chairman position of the Lockwood Group.

Compassion halted her words. But in the end, she couldn't help but ask softly, "Orion, are those childhood stories about you in the news true?"

At that, Orion abruptly opened his eyes.

—

"You're a monster! No one raised you! Stay here until your father returns, then I might let you out!"

—"If I could bear my own son, I would have killed you long ago!"

—

"Oh, so you fancy the Nightshade family's little princess, huh? And you even hid her photo. You're such a pervert at your age. Look at all these scars, do you think you deserve her?"

"How dare you push me!"

"Murderer, murderer! Teacher, Orion is a murderer, I don't want to sit with him!"

—"He's a monster, with terrifying scars on his chest."

"It's untrue."

Orion's voice was calm, and Xanthea nodded, "Exactly. These days, unscrupulous gossip media just make things up. Why don't you sue them?"

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"No need. Xannie, do you believe those stories?"

"Of course not! They're obviously fabrications at first glance.

"What if they aren't?"

He cut her off, his dark eyes swirling with deep shadows.

Xanthea's hand, holding the hairdryer, froze.

If they weren't fabrications, then the scars on his chest were indeed from abuse, and he truly had a cruel and dark childhood as **the** news suggested, which would explain why he was so cold and distant now.

She would rather they were all fabrications.

Would she be scared if they were true? Would she want to run away from him? After all, no one wants to be close to a murderer.

Orion broke the heavy silence. "I'm kidding."

"Orion, do you believe me? If I could go back to your childhood, I would definitely protect you!"

She gently placed her hand on his shoulder. Orion's gloomy eyes suddenly lit up, nearly burning her reflection in the mirror.

Xannie, you have already protected me.

You've always been protecting, always been the purest angel, the most radiant deity.

"All done, it's dry now!"

Xanthea turned off the hairdryer and tiptoed to put it away in the cabinet.

Orion watched her slender and tantalizing waist, barely a handful, and it took all his strength not to pull her fiercely into his arms.

He wanted to hold her, kiss her, be with her.

As Xanthea turned around, she inadvertently caught his fierce expression and was startled. She reached out to touch his head, but he dodged.

"Orion, you're not getting sick again, are you?"

"No, just a bit 'hungry.'"

"Then let's go eat, wait a second!"

Xanthea paused, looking up at the wall clock. The clock struck midnight, it was already a new day!

"Oh no, it's already midnight, and I haven't yet reviewed those acting techniques for romantic scenes Benjamin showed me!"

At the mention of "Benjamin," Orion's expression darkened.

I don't have time for a midnight snack now, I need to go back and practice right away. Orion, you eat slowly!"

As she turned to leave, she was unexpectedly pulled back by the man, his firm grip pulling her into his

“What are you doing?”

2/3

Chapter 218

She looked up at him, puzzled.

Orion gently held her waist, his eyes softening, “Romantic scenes?”

“Yeah, didn’t I tell you? I was criticized by the director today for **not** performing well in the romantic scenes, so Benjamin is helping me with some techniques. I took lots of notes but haven’t practiced them yet. If I don’t practice, I might perform poorly tomorrow!”

“If you don’t perform well, will he keep teaching you?”

“Uh, probably.”

Xanthea saw his lips tighten and felt inexplicably guilty.

My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 219

Posted by **AdminHR**, 1475 Views, Released on May 16, 2024

Chapter 219

“Which part?”

“Huh?” Xanthea looked confused. “What do you mean ‘which part’?”

“The part you’re struggling with?”

“It’s the scene between Phoenix and Maximus.”

Orion said, “Give me the script.”

“What do you need the script for?”

Although Xanthea didn’t understand, she still pulled out her phone and handed him the script, “Here, this

romantic scene.”

As an urban drama, “Realm of Illusions” primarily centers on the female lead, revolving around Phoenix’s business adventures and family vengeance, with only a hint of romance. Even her relationship with the male lead, Prescott, felt more like a brotherly affection than a romantic one, starting with friendship and evolving into respect.

The most intense, emotionally charged romantic scenes in the entire story were during the period when she was trapped in a basement by the supporting male character, Maximus.

Originally from an affluent family in Skyville, Phoenix was the legitimate heiress. But tragedy struck at the age of three when her family was massacred. Kidnapped by the enemy, she was sent to the Ignite Camp and molded into a deadly assassin.

From her earliest memories, her world was filled with harsh training, dangerous missions, cold commands, and the lives she took, along with Maximus.

She knew nothing about Maximus’ background or his real name; all she knew was that like her, he had been taken to Ignite Camp at a young age and trained to become a lethal weapon.

The camp leader chose them, the two finest assassins, pairing them as partners and naming them Phoenix and Maximus after the mythical birds fated to unite. Over decades of bloodshed and darkness at Ignite Camp, Phoenix and Maximus became each other’s only shield and slowly developed feelings for one another.

But before they could address their feelings, Phoenix learned that the camp leader was the very man who had murdered her family. Out of anger, she escaped from the Ignite Camp and began to contact trusted allies of her family, continuously honing her abilities, with the sole purpose of one day being able to kill the head of the camp and avenge her family.

During one attempt to assassinate the camp leader, she walked right into a trap set by Maximus and was captured, then locked in a secret room.

By that time, Maximus had become Ignite Camp’s sharpest blade and the likely successor as camp leader. Their roles had shifted from closest partners to mortal enemies.

The scene Xanthea kept failing in was the long-awaited reunion between Phoenix and Maximus in the secret room after five years.

Orion quickly scanned the script and put the phone down, “Don’t let Benjamin come over anymore; I’ll help you practice.”

12:24

“Uba

Xanthea blinked in surprise. “You’ll help me practice?”

“What, you think I’m not as good as Benjamin?”

Orion’s gaze tightened. Xanthea quickly shook her head, “Of course not, you’re exceptional, surpassing him in every way, but everyone excels in different areas. When it comes to acting, he’s better, right?” Her words “he’s better” felt like needles to Orion, his expression turning icy.

Xanthea could clearly see that he was angry. She was about to speak in attempt to appease him, but before she could, she found herself swept off her feet and carried her toward the bedroom.

“Ah!”

“Orion, what are you doing?!”

“Why not give it a try? How will you know if I’m not good?”

My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 220

Posted by **AdminHR**, ? Views, Released on May 16, 2024

Chapter 220

Try? To test his ability? But how?

“Ah!”

Xanthea’s imagination ran wild with alarming scenarios. She started flailing about in his arms, exclaiming, “Orion, I misspoke, I misspoke! You’re the best, absolutely the best!”

“Can you put me down, please? I’m scared.”

“No, let’s not ‘try’!”

“What? Why are you closing the door? You beast!”

Despite her struggles **and** pleas, Orion showed no mercy. He shut the door firmly, tossed her onto the plush bed, and began to undo his tie.

Xanthea watched as Orion started stripping, his presence felt overwhelmingly dominant, like a predator ready to pounce at any moment. She was so frightened that she propped herself up on the bed, her legs shuffling backward as she begged, "No, please no, Orion, I haven't."

As the man's tall and imposing figure suddenly loomed over her, Xanthea turned her head away in despair and shut her eyes. Then, she felt her hands being tied?

Opening her eyes, she saw her hands bound to the bedpost with his tie, cushioned with a silk handkerchief as if to prevent the ropes from cutting into her skin.

"What are you doing?"

Xanthea looked up at him, her eyes filled with indescribable emotions.

"Ready? Let's start the rehearsal."

Rehearsal?

His words left Xanthea utterly confused.

Wait, the "try" and "know if he's good" and binding her hands all part of helping her practice acting, not what she had imagined.

Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment, and she felt herself utterly foolish.

"What else did you expect?"

"I—I didn't expect anything but a rehearsal."

A mischievous smile played at the corner of Orion's mouth as he walked over to the door and turned off the lights, plunging the room into darkness.

Then, a soft sound of the door closing.

Xanthea spent a second, then two, then three, unable to move in her bound state, consumed by fear of the unknown darkness..

"Orion, why turn off the lights for a rehearsal? Are you trying to set the scene that realistically?"

"Where did you go? Come back quickly, I'm scared of the dark!"

1/2

12:24 m

With

With a “click,” the lights were back on.

Squinting against the bright light, Xanthea saw Orion standing by the door, now dressed in a sharp black suit, looking more daunting and distant than before, his features hard and cold, resembling that of Maximus

“Phee, it’s been five years. I hope you’ve been well.”

He approached her slowly, suddenly grabbed her chin, forcing her to look into his eyes—dark pools swirling with longing and joy, “Do you know how much I’ve missed you these past five years? Every year, every day, every minute.”

Xanthea was stunned by his almost frantic expression, and she was instantly drawn into the role.

He truly resembled Maximus—
just a few words perfectly conveyed his dark solitude and deep longing Phoenix.

for

His gaze made her feel as though he wasn’t just reciting lines but expressing his own feelings, prompting her to respond with Phoenix’s lines, “Now that I’m at your mercy, life or death, do as you will.”

“Death?”

Suddenly, the man burst into laughter, a sound filled with wicked delight that sent shivers down Xanthea’s spine.

No wonder he got so mad when she doubted he wasn’t good.

His acting was so lifelike; he truly embodied Maximus. He was so capable that Xanthea could hardly distinguish between reality and the play.

“I couldn’t bear to kill you, my precious, my heart. I want to keep you by my side forever.”

The man suddenly approached her, the increased pressure in his hands and the intense possessiveness in his eyes causing Xanthea to involuntarily moan.

Hearing her own delicate, tender voice