

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 301

Posted by AdminHR, ? Views, Released on May 25, 2024

Chapter 301

As soon as he voiced his concern, the very person he was worried about appeared before him!

With a crisp "ding" sound, the elevator doors slowly opened to reveal the slender silhouette of a young girl.

She was drenched from the storm outside, her long, curly hair clinging to her body, outlining a figure that was shivering slightly from the cold, as seductive as it was vulnerable.

She slowly lifted her head, her delicate face extremely pale, her thick, curled lashes trembling. Raindrops or tears rolled down her clear amber eyes, creating a misty sheen as she looked up at the man, "Orion."

Her eyes sparkled with tears and her voice was soft, like a fragile little fox lost in the forest, drenched by the rain, looking pitifully at the man. Meeting his gaze felt like a lightning strike, hitting him hard.

Orion, against the light, his deep, dark eyes rapidly trembled and narrowed in the darkness.

"Ms. Nightshade, what happened to you?"

Cedric snapped out of it, quickly grabbing a coat from nearby to drape over her.

Xanthea Nightshade stepped out of the elevator, walking into the dark shadow cast by the man's tall figure, gingerly reaching out to grab his pinky, "Orion, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry..."

Her cold, soft hand touching his finger made his palm tingle and tremble.

He looked down, his gaze warping as if he couldn't believe

she was real, but seeing the deep guilt in her eyes, he was convinced.

Sorry?

Sorry for what? Sorry for making him misunderstand? Sorry for not being able to return his feelings?

Was she here to apologize, asking for his forgiveness, and to let her go? Did she also want him to bless her and Matthew Martinez?

Ha.

Ha ha.

daydreaming!

“1.

As Xanthea began to speak, the man coldly withdrew his hand and walked away.

“Orion?”

“Boss?”

Cedric and Jacob exchanged puzzled looks before following him.

why was he walking away?

Wasn't the boss supposed to be looking for Ms. Nightshade? Now that Ms. Nightshade herself had come, why

“Orion.”

“Orion!”

cold, sinister face from view. Xanthea ran after him but was just a moment too late. The elevator doors slowly closed, hiding the She saw his last look at her, cold and piercing, filled with intense disdain as if he couldn't bear to see her for another second. Her emotional defenses finally crumbled. Facing the closed elevator doors, she slowly sank to the door and burst into tears.

“I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you, it was never intentional.”

“On my coming-of-age day, I found out about Matthew and Miranda Moore's affair. I hated them. I wanted to ruin them, to kick them out of the Nightshade family, but I had no proof.”

“Isabella Taylor said she had photos of their affair, and if I could surpass her in the entertainment industry, she would give them to me.” “I've been working so hard on acting and appearing on variety shows **just** to get those photos—to expose their relationship in front of everyone on the day of my engagement.

“I thought my heart was filled with hatred, I thought **everything** I was doing was justified , but without realizing it, I fell in love with you.”

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“**I don’t even know** when **it started**. Maybe **it** was during those days you helped me rehearse my scenes, maybe **it** was **that** night at **the Marlowe family’s** house, or perhaps **it** was when you **made** me **the** first meal, **or** maybe it was **on** my coming-of-age day when I looked at **you** for the first **time** and felt drawn **to** you.

The point is, I **love you, I really** love you so much. It’s all my fault for being too slow to recognize my feelings, for not **telling you sooner**, **which led** to me hurting **you** over and over again. I’m sorry, **truly sorry...**”

“**Orion**, please **don’t go**, okay?”

“I was wrong, I truly was. It **won’t** happen again, I promise.”

Xanthea hugged her knees, burying her face in sorrow and crying, unaware that the elevator numbers remained unchanged after the **doors** closed.

“Ding-”

As her last word fell, the elevator doors slowly opened again.

Inside, a man looked down at her with eyes full of unrealistic doubts and an almost frenzied intensity.

Was all of this true?

Not a delusion born from his excessive longing and desperate desire?

His Xan, **did** she like him too?

“Thank **goodness**, thank goodness!”

Behind him, Cedric and Jacob, hearing the exchange, were thrilled.

So, Ms. Nightshade did have feelings for the boss. It had **all** been **a** misunderstanding!

Hearing the sound, Xanthea slowly lifted her tear-stained face, and upon seeing Orion, her eyes lit up with hope again.

She reached out, her eyes brimming with tears, looking at him so pitifully she seemed like a drenched kitten begging to be taken home. "Orion, **you won't** leave me, will you?"

In the next moment, she was pulled into a fierce embrace by the man who rushed out of the elevator, **as** if he needed

his

to

merge her into

being to **find** peace.

loved him, his Xan loved him, his Xan love him.

He had waited for decades, countless days and nights, and now, this moment was more surreal than any dream.

"Xan, is this real?"

He whispered into her damp hair, his face twisting with pure joy.

"Mm-hmm."

"You're not lying to me this time?"

"No, never again."

Xanthea shook her head, tears falling like rain.

She wouldn't deceive him again, **not** ever.

"**Orion**, do you still **want me?**"

Orion's dark brows furrowed, **his** forehead pressing against her **soft** one, his piercing gaze burning **with** intensity. "Silly girl, how could I **ever** not **want you?**"

"You are the **love** of my **life**, a **treasure** I ache for day **and night**," he **said**, **his** voice thick with **longing**, "**I** want to keep **you** all **to myself**, **so only** I can see **you** every **day**."

The more he **spoke**, the deeper Xanthea's guilt became. **Large**, clear tears streamed down her face, **only** to be kissed away **by him**.

"You don't blame me? **I said so many** hurtful **things.**"

No blame

Not even a little.

Orion kissed **away her tears, trailing kisses along** her **delicate skin**, from **her dark lashes** to **her smooth forehead and her perky nose**. **finally capturing her luscious, rosy lips deeply and tenderly.**

Each kiss **was accompanied by a deep, satisfied hum, like he was** utterly fulfilled.

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She **loved** him, and that was the greatest gift the heavens could have bestowed upon him. He was too busy being grateful to even dream of blaming her.

Look away!

Cedric and Jacob simultaneously turned their heads away, hitting the elevator button to go down in perfect unison.

"Wonderful, fantastic, the boss and Ms. Nightshade are finally together."

After reaching the ground floor, Cedric was still a bit dazed, almost walking straight into a pillar in his excitement. Luckily, **Jacob** was there to catch him.

"Cedric, it's great that the CEO and Ms. Nightshade are together, but do you have to be this happy?"

"You don't understand," Cedric waved dismissively.

Ever since he became the CEO's assistant and discovered his secret, he had been looking forward to this moment. Seeing the two lovers finally come together was a joy beyond compare, even more so than getting a raise or a promotion.

Especially since Ms. Nightshade once again saved the boss from the brink of despair today.

The sky was dark, with torrential rain ravaged the city, and occasional flashes of lightning illuminated the **office** through the large windows, casting light on the tightly embraced couple inside.

Orion held Xanthea on the desk, his hand buried in her drenched hair, pressing the back of her head gently, forcing her to endure his intense and passionate kisses.

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His kiss this time was different from the usual fierce and domineering ones. It carried a hint of tenderness, as if he was slowly savoring her presence, gradually tasting her sweetness and breath, making Xanthea involuntarily close her eyes and **try** to respond.

The girl's cautious and clumsy attempt was like a poisoned hook, igniting a desire within the man, tearing through his gentle facade to reveal a strong and savage side.

Just as he was about to **lift** her shirt, she turned her head away, coughing slightly.

"Come rough, cough."

ound, her cheeks blushed a beautiful shade of red, not sure if it was from the lack of air due to his lengthy and intense kisses, or perhaps a cold.

Orion, noticing her complexion, **came** back to his senses, a trace of annoyance in his eyes.

She had run through the rain, soaking wet and cold, and he had been so lost in his desire that he hadn't considered her condition.

"Are you cold?"

Orion **turned** up the thermostat, took off his coat to wrap her in it, his warm hands constantly rubbing, trying to warm her small hands.

Xanthea hadn't felt cold when she arrived, **only** heartbroken. Now that her emotions were settling, she felt a bit of a chill, though she suspected **it** was from his kiss.

"A little."

She noticed **at** his chest, his shirt clinging to his skin from hugging her **too** tightly and getting wet, and shyly pointed, "Orion, **I think I got you wet.**"

The girl said this with innocent confusion, like a spark in oil, reigniting his just-doused desire.

Orion's deep eyes narrowed slightly, looking at her with an unspoken depth, "So, should I **get** you wet too?"

Huh?

Xanthea **looked** at him puzzled. **What** did he **mean**? Wasn't she already wet from the **rain**?

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Chapter **304**

Orion scooped her up into his arms and headed to the bathroom, his actions clearly stating, "Xannie needs a hot shower, or she'll catch a cold,"

"Okay"

Xanthea nodded obediently. It wasn't until he walked into the bathroom and shut the door with a heavy "click," that she heard the door click shut behind them. That's when she realized something seemed off.

Wait, why did he close the door?

He hadn't left yet!

Was he planning to shower with her? A shared shower? That was way too much! So, this is what he meant by he mentioned getting her

wet

Xanthea's face flushed instantly with embarrassment, her heart racing wildly as she felt incredibly shy. "Orion, isn't this a bit too fast for

She had just sorted out her feelings for him, and now...

Orion was adjusting the water temperature, frowning in confusion as he looked at her, "What's too **fast**?"

“Well, just,” she stammered, too embarrassed to even lift her head, her voice barely a whisper, ‘showering together’”

The man chuckled, a charming smile playing on his lips. He leaned in close to her ear, “So, you want to shower with me?”

Huh?

He didn't mean that?

“I didn't mean that at all!”

Xanthea quickly lifted her head, her eyes wide and cheeks burning red. As she spoke, she pushed him out of the bathroom, “You can go out. I can adjust the water temperature myself!”

“Xannie”

At the doorway, his large hand suddenly gripped the handle, his eyes filled with intense longing, which startled Xanthea

She didn't mean that?

“Don't shower for too long. You might feel dizzy”

“Okay”

The bathroom door slowly closed, hiding the sight of the girl with her wet hair clinging to delicate curves, like a flamboyant flower ravaged by a storm Orion's hand tightened around the cold metal doorknob.

He wanted, wanted so badly to join her in that “shower,” but he feared it might be too much for her, especially since she was still recovering from her cold.

“Hey, boss? Cedric suddenly received a call from Orion, “Do you need something?”

“Prepare a set of clothes for Xannie,”

“Got it, right away!”

“And,” Orion glanced outside at the darkening sky, “bring a hot caramel macchiato with sea **salt** foam, extra cream

Cedric paused, then nodded, “Understood!”

The boss had to be one of the few men who knew so much about coffee orders, night? No, more like he knew Ms. Nightshade so well, even her coffee preferences were clear to him. It was almost terrifying!

The storm continued unabated, with clouds like a net covering the sky, blocking out the sun entirely. But inside, the man's heart was clear and sunny.

Listening to the rain hitting the window, harmonizing with the sound of water in the bathroom. He savored the sweetness and pleasure of kissing the girl just moments ago, his heart pounding in his chest.

Xannie was his now.

From now on, every morning, every lunch, every night, he could see her, hold her, kiss her, and even..

The star he had wished upon for years was finally within his reach

It felt like a dream, so wonderfully unreal.

He turned on all the lights in the office, as if making it brighter and brighter would make it more real, more tangible.

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CHAPTER 305

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Chapter 305

-Should she call Orion?

-

Forget it. Once he walks in and sees her like this, there's no telling if he might lose control. After all, he's someone who even reacts to just a hug.

wear first

-Better check if there's anything she can wear first.

Xanthea opened the simple wardrobe attached to the bathroom. Inside were a few temporary men's suits.

A shirt might work. It was a standard 2XL size, and the hem would just reach her thighs. But there was one thing that was a bit awkward. Cedric brought over some clothes. Orion approached the bathroom and knocked gently, "Xannie, you done?"

“Uh, yeah!”

Orion opened the door and was about to hand over the clothes when he saw the slender figure slowly emerging from behind the wardrobe door. His gaze suddenly froze.

Fresh out of the shower the girl's exquisite face was flushed with the warmth of the steam, her skin smooth and soft. Her thick black curls dripped water, which trickled down her long elegant neck, over her well-defined collarbone, and finally disappeared into the white

shirt.

The shirt she was wearing was his.

The oversized men's shirt barely concealed her slender, graceful figure. The thin fabric, illuminated by the bright lights in the room, faintly revealed her captivating curves.

A spark ignited in Orion's dark eyes, burning intensely. He forced himself to look away when he saw the girl shyly wrapping her arms around her chest.

But then, his gaze inadvertently fell to her bare, slender, alabaster legs, peeking out from beneath the shirt's hem. He made a throaty swallow, his eyes burning even more intensely

Xanthea noticed his reaction and, fearing he might think she was deliberately trying to seduce him by wearing his shirt, quickly waved **her** hands to explain, “Don't misunderstand me!”

“I had no clothes to change into, so I just grabbed one of yours from the wardrobe. Can you help me wait, what are you holding?” “Nothing.”

Orion's voice had, become hoarse at some point. He dropped the bag of clothes he was holding and started walking towards her. Xanthea, seeing his fervent look and intense gaze, panicked, “W-What are you doing?”

“I want”

Want? Want what?

“You don't come any closer!”

In her panic, Xanthea tried to cover herself, but her attempts to evade and refuse had no effect to deter him.

Orion grabbed her wrists, pinning them above her head, and pressing her firmly against the steamy bathroom wall.

He leaned in to kiss her. But just then, she let out a sneeze, “Achoo!”

The air tensed. Xanthea blinked and said awkwardly, “I think I might have a cold”

Orion looked at her wet hair dripping water, and fought his unbearable desire, closing his fiery eyes.

“Don’t move, let me hold you for a bit”

This little temptress, why was every move she made so adorable, and every smile so enticing? Why was every part of her body so beautiful? Beautiful enough that it set him on fire with desire, making him unable to control himself, always wanting her.

Oh, okay!

Xanthea felt his intense yet restrained desire and nodded, asking softly, “Orion, can you...?”

Dont tease me.

xanther: “777” When did she even tease him?

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Chapter **306**

After a few minutes, Orion finally let go of her.

Xanthea glanced down and unintentionally saw a large umbrella propped up high, and she froze. Her eyes slowly moved, and just as she **was** about to ask if he needed the bathroom, she heard him say hoarsely, “Come here and dry your hair”

“Okay.”

She let out a long sigh of relief, stepped out of the bathroom, and saw a cup of salted caramel macchiato on his desk. Her eyes lit up

instantly.

“Salted caramel macchiato?”

my favorite!“s

With extra cream, my

She happily dashed **over**, her wide sleeves fluttering like a butterfly in search of nectar. She picked up the steaming cup and smiled at the man, “Orion, did you have someone get this for **me?**”

Seeing her open the lid, Orion’s voice deepened, “Put it down.”

“Huh?” Xanthea blinked, “Why?”

“You have **a** cold. You shouldn’t drink something so sweet”

“Then why did you have someone buy it? To tempt me?”

“I thought a shower might make you feel better.”

Xanthea. Did he think everyone had the same freaky superhuman recovery abilities **as** him?

The cup of hot macchiato warmed her hands, the lid half-open, releasing the sweet and refreshing scent of sea salt caramel, making her mouth water.

Xanthea couldn’t bear to put it down. She bit her tender lip and tried to negotiate, “How about I drink just half a cup? Just half!”

Seeing he was about to refuse, she walked over, gently tugging at the hem of his shirt, “Please? Just half

She raised her face slightly to look at him, her rosy lips pouting, her smiling eyes sparkling like stars, her innate charm making it impossible for Orion to resist.

He tilted his long eyes slightly, taking the macchiato from her hand, “One **sip.**”

“One sip? That’s too little! No, no, three sips!”

“Just three sips, please. Ori–Ori-”

Her coquettish calling him “On” over and over made his suppressed desires surge once again. His dark eyes narrowed, “If you keep calling this way, and it won’t just be the macchiato I’ll make you have.”

Xanthea choked, as if understanding his insinuation, shaking her head in panic.

“Sit down.

He took the hairdryer, turning on the warm air, and Xanthea compliantly sat on the sofa, curling her legs up and sipping her macchiato with delight

Queenie Marlowe’s tactic seemed pretty effective, but she was careful not to overdo it. She only liked sweet drinks, not salty ones, “Orion, how did you know I like salted caramel?”

“I saw you drink it before.”

“Back when we were on set?”

When they were little.

“Yeah”

The man hummed softly, his long fingers threading through her thick, wavy hair, carefully drying every strand as if handling a rare treasure

“Three sips already

Xanthea Was he a freak? He was really counting each sip!

just. School

Just as she was about to retort she sneezed. Feeling his hand pause, she quickly put down the coffee, I won’t drink it anymore There’s medicine in the cabinet. Take one later

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“No macchiato and now I have to take medicine? How miserable can I be?”

“Who asked you to come in the rain?” Orion’s tone became serious. Xanthea looked a bit wronged, murmuring, “I wasn’t paying

attention.”

She truly hadn’t noticed. She had been so heartbroken that she didn’t even realize it was raining.

“Where did you run from?”

“Starlight Media.

“Don’t ever do that again.”

Orion gently kissed the top of her head, recalling how she had appeared soaking wet and crying, breaking his heart.

Mhm.”

Why were you at Starlight Media?”

He noted the problem, and Xanthea lowered her head slightly, recalling everything that had just happened. Even the taste of the macchiato in her mouth faded.

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Chapter **307**

Orion noticed her downcast mood, “**What’s** wrong?”

“Orion, I’ve tried so hard and waited so long, but it was all for nothing”

“Isabella didn’t have the photos at all. She lied to me.”

Photos of Matthew and Miranda?”

“Yes,”

After she spoke, there was a prolonged silence.

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Xanthea turned around, puzzled, only to see the unreadable expression beneath his long, dark lashes, “You went out in the rain because of this? Are these photos really that important to you?”

She did care about those photos, but she felt he was misunderstanding her!

“No, na! I went out in the rain because I was heartbroken, and I was worried you’d be even more heartbroken. I wanted those photos to expose their relationship, not because I cared about Matthew’s betrayal. You are the only one I care about!”

Her last words seemed to please him. Orion stopped drying her hair and looked at Xanthea intensely, “Really?”

“Really, I swear!”

“Good.” He slightly smirked, picking up a remote control, “Watch this video,”

A video?

Xanthes looked towards the **large** screen across the room, completely unprepared for what she saw next—
a scandalous clip of Matthew and Miranda entangled in bed. She jumped up from the sofa in shock

“What is this?”

After the initial shock came an unbelievable joy

“Where did you get this video?”

“After the explosion during the Realm of Illusions audition, I had someone investigate the truth behind the incident. I suspected your sister was involved, so I had a PI keep an eye on her. This video was taken the day before you joined that variety show.”

“The explosion during the audition”

He had been secretly investigating all along?

And he even managed to get such crucial evidence for her.

Tears welled up in Xanthea’s eyes, a mix of gratitude and guilt overwhelming her.

“Orion, thank you, thank you so much”

She threw herself into his arms, hugging his solid waist tightly, overwhelmed with emotion.

Orion was momentarily taken aback by her sudden, intimate embrace. He frowned slightly and softly rubbed her hair, “Xannie, if you keep this up, I might lose control.”

Xanthea glanced **down**, glancing down at his perfectly pressed suit pants, then bit her lip and whispered in his ear “Ori, it must have been hard for you to hold back, right?”

At her words, a spark ignited in Orion’s dark eyes, tearing open his tightly controlled desire within him.

Did this little minx know what she was saying?

Orion gripped her chin, but before he could speak, Xanthea tiptoed up, wrapping her arms around his neck to kiss him, "I don't want you to puffer so much"

His dark eyes blazed with a wild fire, which was boiling over, but as he pulled her close **against** him, **he** still managed to restrain himself.

"You've got a cold."

Xanthea's lashes fluttered, her misty eyes shimmering with a seductive glow, "I may have a cold, but there are things we can do that aren't too Ah

She was cut off as he pressed her firmly onto the sofa.

His reason had been teetering on the edge of collapse, and now it was gone.

His hands roamed over her smooth, fair skin, trailing up her breathtaking legs. Then he stopped suddenly and said with a hunky **barely** recognizable voice, "You're hot wearing anything?"

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Xanthea's cheeks burned with embarrassment, "Yeah, it got wet in the rain."

Orion's eyes, dark as pitch, flashed dangerously, nearly ready to devour her whole.

The little vixen, she was just asking for it,

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Underneath the Twin Towers, Isabella was having a tough conversation with the receptionist for the umpteenth time without success. **She** stomped her foot in frustration, "I'm an artist with Starlight Medial Why can't I go upstairs?"

Sorry, Ms. Taylor, only individuals with a Twin Towers employee pass are allowed to enter the building."

"Then why did Xanthea get to go in just now?"

The receptionist remained silent, offering no response to her query.

The CEO's assistant had instructed that if Ms. Nightshade came looking for the CEO, she could take the express elevator straight to the 66th floor.

"Is Mr. Lockwood available?"

can't disclose that information.

ion. If you need to see the CEO

I to see the CEO, you should contact Cedric for an appointment."

Pleage, can't you make an exception? I really have an urgent matter."

Isabella had secretly followed Xanthea to the Twin Towers, her heart heavy as she watched Xanthea looking utterly devastated in tears, as if pushed to the brink of despair. She feared Xanthea might do something drastic.

Now, being blocked in the lobby, her phone drenched and unusable from the rain, she couldn't reach anyone. What should she **do**?

As she anxiously wondered what to do, she noticed a phone on the reception desk,

"May I use the phone, please?"

"Sure."

Her fingers trembled as she dialed the number she **had** committed to heart years ago.

"Hello?"

A few seconds later, a crisp and clear voice came from the other **end** of the line Isabella heard it and her voice trembled with nervousness, "Hello, Mr. Nightshade, it's Isabella....."

"Boom!"

A clap of thunder accompanied by a fierce flash of lightning, suddenly illuminated the spacious office through the floor-to-ceiling windows, revealing the man's contorted yet handsome face on the sofa.

His jet-black brows were damp with sweat, beads of which trickled down from the

corners traces—

and slid slowly down his chiseled face, vanishing into his pure black silk shirt.

of his eyes—marked with deep red

Outside, the storm raged on and the deafening sound of thunder seemed to last forever so long that night had fallen and dark clouds covered the entire city.

“Knock, knock, knock.”

A series of urgent knocks sounded at the door, followed by Cedric’s voice, “Sit Mr. Samuel Nightshade is here. Ms. Nightshade.”

Mr. Samuel Nightshade?

That was Samuel?!

Xanthea snapped out of her dazed and confused **state**, frantically patting the man.

“Orion, Ori, don’t. Samuel’s here!”

“Samuel’s here.”

Her attempts to break free **were** futile against his firm grip.

He says he’s looking for

Orion opened his blood-red eyes and bit down on her soft, smooth neck, holding her like a wolf with a whimpering fax in its jaws. His gaze was fierce and predatory, “Samuel?”

“Yes, Cedric’s knocking outside. He might come in any moment now. Let me go, or we’ll be caught!”

Her fear of being discovered made him even more relentless; his dark pupils became ominously intense, “Are you afraid your family will find out about us? How about I just hold **you** like this when we meet Samuel?”

Xanthea was shocked, her jaw nearly dropped,

What nonsense was he spouting? Had he lost his mind?

Or was he Jealous?

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After all, Matthew had **always** visited the Nightshade family home as he pleased, while she kept Orion hidden away. He must **be** thinking along those lines, this ridiculously jealous man!

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“Wait, no. Orion, don’t get me wrong. It’s not that I don’t want to introduce you to my family. But if Samuel sees us like this, he’ll kill you!” Her words made him pause

Xanthea continued to explain, “Our family has always been super strict. Even though Matthew and I have been dating for years, my parents and my brother never allowed us to hold hands or spend time alone outside. Especially Samuel; he’s super strict with me. If he sees me like this with you, he’d go berserk.”

As if worried he wouldn’t believe her, she added, “If you don’t believe me, you can ask my best friend. She works at a research institute now. And she saw how badly Samuel beat up this **guy** who tried to sneakily hold my hand once! I know he probably wouldn’t stand a chance against you, but I don’t want to see you **guys** **clash**. Don’t worry, once this situation is over, I’ll find the right time to formally introduce you to my family.”

Before she could finish, she heard the man’s deep, magnetic laughter close to her ear.

Xanthea: “?”

“Okay.”

Okay? Did that mean he agreed?

“Samuel is good.”

Huh? “Samuel is good”? Shouldn’t he be saying that she was “good”?

Orion stood up and began buttoning his shirt. The sound of the zipper caught her attention, and Xanthea quickly turned her eyes away, ashamed. She glanced down at her own disheveled state, her clothes in disarray, with love bites across her chest, and several buttons missing. It was just too...

She hastily tidied her clothes and scampered off the sofa, looking around the office in confusion.

“Can I hide in your bathroom?”

“The bathroom lights are motion-activated. They’ll turn on automatically if someone’s inside.”

The wardrobe?”

“The built-in wardrobe is too small to fit you”

“Then, what should we do?”

“Knock, knock, knock.”

The knocking outside grew even more insistent. Cedric repeated his announcement again, this time with an edge to his voice that suggested they **were** barely holding Samuel back and he might burst in any moment now.

Xanthea’s heart was racing, her cheeks flushed, and she was as frantic as a cat on a hot tin **roof**. Meanwhile, the man next to her had a gentle, amused smile on his lips, clearly enjoying her predicament.

Noticing his amusement, Xanthea punched him lightly with her fist, “How come you’re still laughing! What should we do? Maybe you should go out and meet him?”

“If he’s here, he already knows you’re with me. Going out will only make it more suspicious—like I’m hiding you,”

“Under the desk.”

Brilliant!

Xanthea’s eyes lit up, and without a second thought, she dived under the desk.

She was too tall to fully crouch under the desk; neither squatting nor lying down worked. After adjusting several times, she finally settled in a cramped kneeling position.

From under the desk, her red, rose-like lips were positioned right where his office chair usually was. It looked as if... Orion’s brows furrowed, his veins pulsing as his suppressed desire surged, his dark eyes blazing as if he wanted to strangle her.

Oblivious to the danger, Xanthea cheerfully said, “Ori, you’ve got this! Make sure Samuel doesn’t find me!”

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 310

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“Bang

No sooner had Xanthea finished speaking than the office door being kicked open with a loud crash. Startled, Xanthea quickly retracted **her** head and hid herself properly.

“Mr. Nightshadel Mr. Nightshade, you can't just go in there.”

“**Get** out of my way!

Samuel shoved Cedric side and stormed into the office, yelling at the tall, imposing figure standing by the floor-to-ceiling window, “Orion, where's my sister?!”

Orion's gaze lifted from the trembling girl **hiding** under the desk. He slowly turned around with an unruffled expression, “Mr. Nightshade, good to see you're well.”

“The crap. Where's Xan? What have you done to her?”

Xan was at the Twin Towers and might be in danger. The news

He had been in a meeting when he got a call from Isabella, saying that X

had him dropping everything and rushing over.

On his way, his mind conjured up all sorts of dreadful scenarios.

Ever since the premiere of Adventure Blitz: Two Days. One Night, Samuel had been following the show. Seeing Orion on the show was a huge red flag. Why would the CEO of a top-tier conglomerate, usually so elusive, participate in a small reality show for the whole online public to see?

Connecting the dots with Orion's attentions to Xanthea both lately and on the show, it had to be that he was there for Xan!

And why would Isabella say Xan was in danger? Could it **be** that Matthew went to Serenwood to pick up Xan this saw them, became jealous and resented, and kidnapped her out of spite?

morning.

and Orion

He couldn't bear to imagine it. How could his frail and delicate Xan resist someone as powerful as Orion? Especially given his reputation as a 'demon' with a history of matricide.

Under the desk, Xanthea's heart skipped a beat at Samuel's furious voice.

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She had just come to see Orion alone, and Samuel was already angry. What if he found out what they had been up to the entire afternoon, wouldn't he really kill someone?

you s Samuel, seething with rage, demanded answers. Orion merely raised an eyebrow, seemingly confused, "Why are you asking like that, Mr. Nightshade?"

"Stop playing dumb, don't tell me Xan isn't here.

Ms. Nightshade was indeed here earlier, but she left after picking something up."

Orion's casual remark suddenly silenced Samuel.

"If you don't believe me, Mr. Nightshade, there's surveillance footage on the ground floor that'll show all the comings and goings in the building. I can personally take you there," He looked at his watch with a slight frown, "Ms. Nightshade left about half an hour ago. Would **you** like to check the surveillance with me, or perhaps go home and check first?"

Samuel stared at Orion's calm and confident demeanor, which was without a hint of deceit.

Was he telling the truth?

His overheated brain gradually cooled and his lost rationality began to return. And Samuel reconsidered,

Orion, well aware of the Nightshade and Martinez families' alliance. Even if he were jealous, he wouldn't act impulsively. Moreover, if he intended to harm Xan, he were jealous, he wouldn't act impulsively, not so blatantly as to let Isabella find out.

After all, he was the business genius who silently acquired the renowned HM Group.

But Isabella, who had opposed Xan since they were kids, probably made the whole phone call up. Why else would she use a public phone and fail **to** provide a clear explanation when asked?

Realizing he'd been played. Samuel felt a surge of anger and a wave of embarrassment.

In his overwhelming concern for his sister, he'd kicked in Orion's door and been rude to him.

After all, this was the man who had once granted him access to the coveted Simon West's club and had helped his sister on numerous