

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

## **- Chapter 1**

Chapter 1 Xanthe was dead.

Her spirit hovered over the graveyard; she was lamenting her tragic fate. Once the heiress of the prestigious Nightshade Group, she had fallen hard for a do uchebag, ending with her family destroyed and herself dead. It was both sad and absurd. Just as her soul was about to dissipate, a strange figure caught her eye.

Underneath the dense pine trees, a sleek, pitch black Rolls-Royce was parked. From it stepped a striking man, who was cradling a bouquet of vibrant, blue-violet irises.

Those bright-colored flowers, vivid and dazzling, were her favorites during her lifetime.

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As he approached, she could see his face clearly.

It was hauntingly beautiful sharp, hawkish eyebrows over deep eyes, a straight nose leading to a chiseled jawline. He looked like a masterpiece crafted by the heavens, flawless in every way.

Wasn't this Orion Lockwood, the prominent heir of the Lockwood Group from Crestwood? What was he doing here, standing by her grave? Driven by curiosity, she watched as he stopped in front of her tombstone, his eyes intently fixed on the inscription, "Heiress of the Nightshade Group - Xanthea Nightshade." His tall frbegan to tremble, his pupils turning a fiery red, his face ghastly pale against his shocking expression, which made him both unfathomable and dreadful.

Suddenly, a terrifying, guttural laugh broke from his throat, sending chills down her spine, Why did he look so maddened? Why did his laughter sound so heartbreakingly hopeless? Before she could ponder further, a shocking scene unfolded. The man got down his knees and began to dig at her grave frantically! "Hey, are you insane?! Stop it! What are you doing? Why are you digging up my grave? Do I even know you?" Xanthea was both furious and frantic, snarling around him, but as a mere wisp of a soul, she went unnoticed. "Mr. Lockwood! Mr. Lockwood!" A frantic flurry of footsteps approached, and a young assistant hurried over from the car, grasping at his arm pleadingly, "Mr. Lockwood, please stop; Ms. Nightshade's already gone." "Get away!" He roared violently, his eyes blazing, terrifying both the assistant and Xanthea, who stepped back in fear.

1/3 "She's not dead. She's not dead." He kept mumbling those words, his knuckles bleeding as they mixed with the dirt, yet unaware of the pain, like a soulless puppet, a sight so harrowing.

The assistant couldn't help but cry, and Xanthea was stunned, trying to recall any past entanglement she might have had with him.

Orion was a business mogul of Crestwood, known for his ruthless tactics that had propelled the Lockwood Group to the top. She barely knew him, only having a few unpleasant encounters.

She remembered once, as a child, he had tried to give her a doll to cozy up to her, which she not only rejected but also stomped into the dirt, vowing never to befriend such a "crazy boy".

As they grew up, his fearsome reputation and skyrocketing status only made her keep her distance. The only connection they might have had was through the news she heard about his pursuit of Miranda Moore, her stepsister, the very one who had hooked up Xanthea's fiancé and pushed her down the stairs! But what did that have to do with her? Why would he unearth her grave? with "Ms. Nightshade, you never so much as glanced at him when you were alive; why torment him now in death?" The assistant tearfully stared at her tombstone, eyes filled with resentment.

Xanthea was baffled; she was tormenting him? Right now, it seemed like Orion was the one desecrating her grave. Wait! Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Orion actually unearth her coffin using just his hands. Just as she was relieved that her coffin, made of durable mahogany, was too sturdy for him to open, he pulled out a familiar-looking Swiss army knife from his coat. That knife looked so familiar; wasn't it the one her uncle had given her for her birthday? How did it end up in his hands? Mouth agape, she watched as Orion pried open her coffin with that sturdy knife. Despicable! Using her own gift to violate her resting place, what a hideous crime! When her body was exposed to the sunlight, the air grew deathly still.

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Xanthea looked at her own body, which had fallen from the twenty-sixth floor. Thankfully, a safety net below had preserved her corpse, and the mortician had applied her makeup beautifully; she looked more asleep than dead.

She was so young; if only she could live again, she'd never be so foolish. Sighing she glanced irritably at Orion, only to be struck by his reaction once more. 2/3 Chapter 1

his As the lifeless, peaceful body of the girl entered his vision, his eyes hollowed out, turning into deep, dark abysses, his lips pale. It was an abyssal expression beyond words. As if his soul had been ripped out, leaving behind an empty shell. As if his entire world had been destroyed.

After a long silence, a painful, beast-like moan filled the air.

Orion, with muddy, blood-stained hands, cradled her face from the coffin, kissing her lips with a reverence as if holding the world's most precious treasure.

Tears streamed down the tranquil, beautiful face of the girl, and Xanthea's soul gasped in shock.

"Xan, it's too cold down here for you, wait for to kill them all, and I'll join you."