

# My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

## CHAPTER 131

Posted by **AdminJ**, 1756 Views, Released on May 15, 2024

### Chapter 131

Xanthea turned her face towards Leonard, and for a moment, the sheer beauty of her presence left him utterly stunned. He coughed awkwardly, his tea almost spilling in a most ungainly manner.

He finally understood why Orion had fallen so deeply for her!

Growing up among the elite, Leonard had encountered all sorts of celebrities and heiresses of prestigious families. He thought he was immune to beauty, but he had never seen true allure until now.

He had to look away!

If he kept staring, he might start coveting his friend's woman!

Had it been anyone else, he might have pursued her without any moral consideration, but not with Orion. Orion would kill him.

"You're strikingly beautiful. So much so, I'm afraid to take you to the party."

"Why? Is your girlfriend going to be there? Should we **go** separately?"

"That's not it!"

Leonard shook his head, mainly worried about attracting unwanted attention from wolves in sheep's clothing that might compel Orion to confront him..

At the back hall, an animal-themed party was in full swing.

As Xanthea made her entrance, her radiant and graceful figure immediately captured the attention of

every guest.

Almost every man was mesmerized, lavishing praises upon her, while the women, envious yet curious, speculated about her identity.

Leonard had just entered the party when the butler informed him Anthony wanted him in the study.

He nodded and before leaving, cautioned a group of eager-looking men, "This lady here is Miss Xanthea Nightshade from the Crestwood family—a distinguished guest brought by Mr. Lockwood today."

He emphasized "distinguished guest" to clue in his friends immediately.

What a pity! Such a beauty, yet already spoken for!

Considering Orion's reputation, some men shook their heads reluctantly and walked away, although a few couldn't resist approaching her with a glass in hand after Leonard left.

"Please, Ms. Marlowe, don't cry. Your eyes will swell."

"Get lost! Leave me alone!"

an away t

Queenie sat by the riverbank, sobbing loudly and servants trying to console her.

"Irritating, all of you! Just stay away from me!"

She ran towards the bad hill, seeking a quiet place to continue her crying, but unexpectedly, she saw Xanthea at Leonard's animal-themed party.

There Xanthea was, a real fox in a striking red dress, surrounded by a group of men, laughing flirtatiously.

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The whole party seemed to be under her spell, with even high-profile celebrities and business moguls vying for her attention..

In a fit of rage, Queenie screamed.

She thought, "That cunning vixen, not satisfied with having Orion, was blatantly flirting with others! How could she be worthy of someone as good as Ori!"

Determined, Queenie snapped several photos of Xanthea mingling with the men, then triumphantly walked towards the center of the party.

"Vixen!"

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## **CHAPTER 132**

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### Chapter 132

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A familiar voice rang out, and Xanthea looked up to see Queenie storming towards the m, clutching her smartphone like a weapon.

Oh, wasn't she just a sobbing mess, gasping for breath, and now she's bounced back so quickly?"

"Ms. Marlowe?"

Several men looked at her quizzically as she made her way directly to Xanthea, slamming her phone down in front of Xanthea, "Everyone back off, I need a word with her alone!"

"Alright then."

As the crowd dispersed, Xanthea gracefully lifted her wine glass, gently swirling its contents, "Ms. Marlowe, it seems that you have taken quite a blow, crying yourself hoarse like that."

"You vixen, don't get too smug just yet. Look at what I have here!"

She lit up her phone, and Xanthea, rather than showing any hint of fear or panic, simply smiled at the images displayed. –

"I don't know whether to compliment you on your photography skills or to praise my photogenic face. Even these blurry shots look unbelievably gorgeous."

"Flaunting yourself around other men like that behind Ori's back, and you still have the audacity to say such shameless things? Just wait until I send these photos to Ori and see how you argue."

"Make sure to send me a copy too; I quite like this set."

Xanthea took a sip of her wine, cutting her off.

"What did you say?"

Queenie looked at her incredulously, her face showing evidence of Xanthea's flirtatious encounters, yet Xanthea seemed utterly fearless. Was it all an act?

"Aren't you afraid that Ori will see this and dump you?"

Xanthea laughed heartily, her laughter shaking like the leaves of a seductive enchantress.

"Ms. Marlowe, perhaps I wasn't clear enough earlier in the hall. Orion and I are hardly the couple madly in love."

What?

Queenie paused, a hopeful gleam returning to her eyes.

She had thought as much. How could Ori possibly choose someone like Xanthea as a girlfriend? Xanthea must be making it all up!

However,

Xanthea's next words crushed any flicker of hope Queenie might have had.

"He's the one hopelessly smitten, daydreaming and chasing me relentlessly. If it weren't for his deep adoration and wealth, I would have kicked him to the curb long ago. You have no idea how annoying he can be, always wanting hugs and kisses."

Shut up you wretch!"

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Queenie, red-eyed and tearful, raised her hand to slap her.

She thought, "Ori was a gem, brilliant and unparalleled, his virtues too numerous to count, and she was with him only for his money?"

Xanthea caught Queenie's hand swiftly, splashing the contents of her wine glass across her face, "Wake up, Ms. Marlowe. If you're going to be this aggressive, don't blame me for being rude."

"Aah!"

Wine drenched Queenie's face, ruining her delicate Lolita dress, leaving her trembling with rage and screaming in frustration.

“You wretch, just you wait! Do you really **think** I’d believe a word you say? I’ve recorded our whole -conversation and I’ll hand it over to Ori along with the photos!”

Xanthea’s lips curled into a slight **smirk**, “Whatever.”

After Queenie stormed off furiously, Xanthea became the talk of the entire party.

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### **CHAPTER 133**

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#### Chapter 133

“Xanthea sure has guts to splash wine on Ms. Marlowe. No wonder she’s Mr. Lockwood’s woman!”

“Ms. Marlowe might be the gem of the Marlowe family, but Xanthea is the heiress of the Nightshade Group. They’re both high and mighty, so neither is going to let the other get the upper hand!”

“You’re thinking too much. With Mr. Lockwood backing Xanthea, it’s not just about splashing wine on Ms. Marlowe. Even if Xanthea slapped her, the Marlowe family wouldn’t dare start a feud with the Lockwood Group over it. Let’s just enjoy the show.”

After being cooped up in the car all day, Xanthea had hoped to unwind at the party but ended up becoming the center of gossip thanks to Queenie’s drama. Just sitting there, she could feel the eyes and hear the whispers all around.

Feeling fed up, Xanthea stood and walked towards the serene woods behind the mansion.

“Ms. Marlowe, what happened to you?”

At the mansion’s fourth floor, by the elevator, the butler was shocked to see a disheveled Queenie rushing toward the study.

Queenie, tears streaming down her face, exclaimed, “Louis, I need to find Ori. I have something important to tell him!”

“Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Marlowe are discussing important matters in the study with Mr. Anthony. You can’t go in now. Wait until they are done.”

“No, I need to see Ori now! He can’t be deceived by that wench any longer.”

Louis frowned, seeing that Queenie wasn't listening and signaled to nearby servants. They quickly approached and gently but firmly pulled her away from the fourth floor.

"When will she ever learn?"

"Let me go! Let me go!"

"Can't you see that wench drenched me in wine? Am I not the young lady of the Marlowe family, or is she?" "Why are you all siding with her against me!"

Queenie screamed hysterically, on the verge of a breakdown. A servant, who was usually friendly with her, hurried over, "Miss Queenie, please stop crying. You're only punishing yourself for someone else's mistakes."

"Yes, exact

Queenie thought, "It was all that floozy's fault, deceiving Ori, slandering him. Once I handed all the evidence to Ori, that girl would regret her actions. But having just been insulted and splashed wine, Queenie felt she couldn't let it go; she had her pride as a Marlowe.

Biting her lip, Queenie looked at the servant beside her, a plan forming in her mind. "Linda, I need you to do something for me

Xanthea strolled deeper into the forest, enjoying the fresh air and beautiful scenery, which lightened her mood.

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The woods were alive with colorful flowers and chirping birds, and playful little animals scampered about. She had pocketed some snacks from the party and now sprinkled them on the ground, attracting a group of fluffy-tailed squirrels.

"How adorable," she murmured, squatting down to touch a squirrel's tail when she heard someone calling, "Ms. Nightshade, Ms. Nightshade?"

Turning around, she saw an unfamiliar woman, dressed in the Marlowe family's uniform.

"I'm here."

Linda caught up, smiling broadly when she saw Xanthea, "Oh, Ms. Nightshade, I'm so glad I found you!"

"Is there something I

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"It's nothing serious, **just** that the butler saw you heading into the woods after leaving the party and was a bit worried, so he sent me to check on you. The backwoods are vast and it's getting dark. Even though there are street lamps, it's easy to get lost since you're not familiar with the area, Ms. Nightshade."

"No worries." Xanthea brushed off her hands and stood up. "I'll just take a quick look at the flowers and head back."

"Alright!" Linda smiled, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "Do you have a favorite type of flower, Ms. Nightshade? I can help you look for it here in the woods."

"**Yes**, but it's quite rare. I love irises."

"What a coincidence!" Linda clapped her hands excitedly. "Just a few hundred yards ahead, there's a cliff, and right at the base, there's a patch of wild black irises!"

"Really?"

Xanthea looked at her, surprised and delighted to find wild irises in the woods, especially rare black ones.

"Let's go take a look then."

"Sure, I'll come with you, Ms. Nightshade!"

Linda followed her for a while but then suddenly stopped, turned around, and dashed off.

In the villa's four-story library.

Anthony Marlowe finished signing a contract and stood up, **shaking** hands with **Orion**, smiling. "Mr. Lockwood, it's a pleasure to work with you. Here's to a successful project!"

"Likewise."

Orion, with his typically cool demeanor, seemed unusually congenial today.

"You seem in good spirits today, Mr. Lockwood. Any particular reason?"

“Is the company of a beautiful lady reason enough?”

Leonard chimed in from the side, causing Anthony to look at Orion in surprise, ‘Really? Mr. Lockwood, do you have a girlfriend?’

Orion glanced at Leonard, “Not exactly.”

Leonard laughed, sensing that it might just be a matter of time, especially with his own meddling.

“How about a game of golf, Orion? It’s been a while since we played together!

“I’m busy.”

“Expected, but you’re too blunt! Ditching your friends for a lady, huh? Well, I always believe in returning a favor. Xanthea at the party in the backwoods. Don’t thank me too much when you see her later!”

In the backwoods.

Xantflea walked about four or five hundred yards and came upon a steep cliff, but there were no black irises at its base.

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Perhaps the plants were too sparse or hidden among the bushes?

She moved closer, parting the bushes, searching thoroughly but found nothing.

“I can’t see them.”

She turned, curious to ask Linda, but found that the servant had vanished without a trace.

A rustling sound came from the bushes, and a strong sense of foreboding suddenly overwhelmed Xanthea.

She was about to leave when she saw a cluster of snakes with menacing patterns slithering out, their heads peeking out and tongues flicking red.

In an instant, her **eyes** widened in utter terror, and she screamed at the top of her lungs.

.

Orion had just arrived at the party when he heard a familiar scream from the backwoods. His expression turned grave, and he ran swiftly towards the sound.

Terrified, Xanthea screamed and ran, zigzagging along the path. Snakes, with their poor vision and patience, struggle with sharp turns due to their linear bodies. She should have been able to lose them with a few twists and turns, but she still felt them closing in, about to wrap around her ankles.

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### **CHAPTER 135**

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Orion dashed to the backwoods, **scanning** the surroundings, but Xanthea was nowhere to be seen.

His expression was sharp, his eyes filled with intense panic and anxiety, as if he could devour the entire eerie, silent forest.

However, the next moment, a breathtakingly beautiful figure sliced through the darkness, rushing straight toward him from the cliff like a sprite of the night.

Xanthea, terrified and disoriented, was running so fast the scenery around her blurred. Suddenly, she saw the tall, striking figure of a man—Orion!

At that moment, she felt as if she had seen her savior, and without a second thought, she dashed toward him.

“Ah

“Orion, save me!!!”

She crashed into his arms like a disheveled, enchanting fox, knocking him back a few steps, his heart skipping a beat.

“Xan,” Orion held her tightly, his heart finally settling, “Don’t be scared, I’m here.”

“Snakes! There are snakes! Ahhh!”

Xanthea screamed, climbing up his body, clinging to him as if he were a lifeline.

Snakes?

Orion focused his gaze and saw a patterned snake swiftly approaching. As Xanthea moved, the snake leaped up.

Fortunately, before it could wrap around her ankle, it found itself in the firm grasp of Orion.

He crushed its life out, its body bursting open, blood splattering, and the two pieces of its writhing body on the ground sent a clear signal to its mates, who quickly entwined and ceased their pursuit.

Orion continued approaching, his murderous eyes and the blood dripping from his fingertips spreading a thick scent of blood through the forest, sending the snakes scattering in a desperate escape.

“Ah ah ah, did you see them? So many, everywhere!”

Xanthea clung to him, her face buried in his chest too frightened to look.

Orion felt the girl in his arms shivering, the murderous intent in his eyes fading away, leaving only a deep, tranquil tenderness, “It’s okay, they’re gone now.”

He gently parted her back, comforting her as if she was a scared child, his voice soft as he coaxed, “Don’t be scared. With me here, nothing can hurt you.”

“Really? You’re not lying to me?”

Xanthea’s voice trembled as she slowly lifted her head, still afraid to open her eyes.

“When have I ever lied to you?”

That’s right, he hadn’t!

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Reassured by his promise, Xanthea dared to slowly open her eyes.

Just as he said, the fearsome, patterned snakes that had littered the ground were gone. She almost cried with relief, “Ohhh, I was so scared, you can put me down now.”

Hearing her request to be put down, Orion paused.

In his arms, the girl’s dress was disheveled from running and the scare, her shoulder bare, her slender form fitting perfectly against him, every tremble of her soft skin bringing him an incomparable sense of pleasure.

Like a poppy flower, irresistibly addictive, impossible to let go.

“I think

“Ah!”

I just saw another one.”

Before he had even finished speaking, Xanthea clung to him tighter, as if to merge into him, eliciting a low moan from him, “Mmm.”

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### **CHAPTER 136**

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#### **Chapter 136**

Orion’s eyes darkened with a hint of desire as he tightened his grip around the slender waist of the girl in his arms. His prominent nose gently brushed against her pale, soft neck. His long eyes half-closed, savoring this intimate moment.

“Ms. Nightshade, you’re holding on a bit too tight.”

So tight that he was almost losing control.

However, Xanthea, caught in a state of sheer panic, was on high alert and couldn’t hear his unusual tone, nor feel any of his reactions.

“Oh no, this place is just too spooky, Orion, stop talking, let’s get out of here fast. The snakes might come. biting soon!”

Orion smirked, a hint of amusement flashing across his brows, “But the scenery in this forest is quite lovely, think I’ll stay and enjoy it a bit longer.”

What?

Xanthea couldn’t believe her ears.

With the ground crawling with sinister, twisting snakes, he actually wanted to stay and admire the scenery?

“Are you insane?”

Orion said, “I’m not afraid.”

“But I am afraid!”

Xanthea was trembling with fear, her voice quivering, and her eyes tightly shut, not daring to open them even for a second.

She thought, "Oh my god, this guy must be crazy, not even afraid of snakes!"

"Don't worry, I'll protect you."

"Geeze! I'm trembling at the sight of them. Maybe you could escort me out first, then come back and enjoy the scenery with the snakes if you like."

"Hmm," Orion pondered, "that's a good idea."

"Right? So let's hurry up!"

Xanthea was relieved, but then his tone changed, becoming cold and distant, "But why should I do that? Ms. Nightshade, we neither relatives nor friends, and frankly, you even dislike me."

Xanthea was stunned.

What did he mean by that?

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He wasn't planning to leave her here, was he?

When she thought about this, the strong arms that were once constricting her waist began to loosen. "No—don't

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Xanthea screamed in terror, her arms tightly wrapping around his neck, clinging to him like an octopus, her soft chest pressed against him, forcing his eyes to shift.

"Who—who said that! I don't dislike you, not at all!"

"Oh? You don't dislike me?" Orion's eyebrows lifted in curiosity, "Is that so?"

"Yes, yes." In her desperation to survive, Xanthea bit her lip, closed her eyes, and blurted out a lie, "Of course, I like you! I really like you, a lot!"

When she said 'like, Orion's heart skipped a beat, knowing it was a lie, yet he couldn't help but feel overjoyed.

“You like who?”

“You! Didn’t I just say?”

“And who am I?”

Orion pressed further. Xanthea wondered if he was being foolish.

“You’re Orion!”

“Am I?” His voice deepened, “Earlier today in the Marlowe family’s hall, you didn’t seem to call me that.” Xanthea paused, then remembered that earlier today, in the Marlowe family hall, to annoy Queenie, she had playfully wrapped her arms around his neck and called him ‘Ori’.

Damn! This despicable, petty man was actually doing this on purpose, punishing her for teasing him publicly in the hall!

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### **CHAPTER 137**

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Chapter **137**

“Ms. Nightshade, have you forgotten?”

Orion noticed her silence and loosened his grip around her waist by an inch.

“Do you need me to put you down so you can recall properly?”

“No, no, no!” Xanthea squeaked immediately, wishing she could bite his neck off, yet obediently cooed, “I haven’t forgotten, O—Ori, Ori!”

Listening to her melodious voice, tinged with a hint of coquetry, Orion tightened his hold on her waist. “What’s this ‘Ori’?”

That despicable man, that freak, she had to endure it all!

Xanthea’s hands, clasped behind his neck, silently balled into fists. “I like Ori. I like Ori!”

“Who likes Ori?”

Unable to bear it any longer, Xanthea opened her mouth to bite his neck. "Orion, this is too much!"

Just as her sharp teeth neared Orion's neck, Orion moved his hand slightly, and Xanthea immediately withdrew her teeth. "Me, me, it's me!"

Orion commanded, "Put it all together, say it again."

Hearing his uncompromising tone, Xanthea trembled with anger, biting him was no longer enough to ease her resentment.

Once she got out, she vowed to tear him apart!

"I like Ori, I like Ori, I like Ori, okay? Is that enough? Mr. Lockwood, are you satisfied now? Happy now? Got all your **anger** out?"

She exclaimed thrice, her voice echoing through the vast, desolate valley, rebounding in the dark night into Orion's ears.

Orion's eyes and brows tinged with a serene smile. "Hmm, Xan, I'm quite pleased, indeed quite comfortable."

"Then you can take me out of here now, right?"

Xanthea spoke through gritted teeth, her anger nearly grinding her teeth to dust,

"Of course."

As Orion turned, and Xanthea sighed a heavy sigh of relief, she suddenly felt him halt, her heart skipping a beat. "What now?"

What new trick was he playing?

Orion stared into the distance at a patch of swaying grass on a cliff, his gaze sharpening. "Ahead, there seems to be an iris."

Xanthea was puzzled.

Again? The same excuse? She had been lured by that unscrupulous servant of the Marlowe family to see **irises** and had stumbled into a snake pit, chased by serpents!

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And now he was repeating the same trick, could it be he was in cahoots with that servant?

“I thought you loved irises.”

Orion looked down at her, tightening his grip, **and** without further ado, started walking towards the cliff

with her in his arms.

“No, no, no, you remembered wrong, I don’t like them! Not at all!”

“Don’t go there! There’s a snake pit! It’s full of snakes, so many snakes.”

“Orion, you bastard, you big liar! You promised if I called you ‘Ori’, you’d take me out, liar, liar!”

Xanthea shrieked in fear, her hands pounding his sturdy chest, but no matter how much she resisted, she couldn’t stop his steps or break free from his embrace.

“Waaa.”

She lifted her desperate, beautiful face to the sky and cried out in sorrow, like a hunter, unable to escape.

“Help, someone save me, this freak Orion is going to feed me to the snakes!”

a helpless little fox caught

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### **CHAPTER 138**

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#### **Chapter 138**

“A black **one**.”

Orion placed the iris in front of her.

A faint, familiar scent wafted into her nostrils, cutting off Xanthea’s miserable screams abruptly as she slowly opened her eyes to indeed see a black iris before her.

The flower had six petals, shaped like an orchid, and its green leaves were narrow yet sharp, swaying passionately in the thick night breeze. It added an endless allure to its already captivating presence, drawing Xanthea’s mind into a whirl of fascination.

Xanthea stared at the iris, lost in its beauty, "It's so beautiful."

Orion, too, was mesmerized, "Yeah."

"I can't believe they actually have irises here!"

"Ms. Nightshade, do you know the language of black irises?"

"Of course!"

Proudly sniffing the iris, Xanthea boasted, "I'm a fervent iris aficionado! Among all varieties, black is not only rare but its symbolism is most unique."

As she spoke, she suddenly noticed a milky white snake coiled around an apple blossom branch, raising its head and peeking at them. Its green eyes emitted a terrifying glow in the dark night, instantly turning her face pale.

"Ahhh! A snake, there's a snake!"

"Orion, let's get out of here! Please, I'm really scared, can we go, please?"

"Let's go."

Xanthea, frightened, threw the iris aside and burrowed into his arms like a startled cub, her voice trembling. She started to whimper, clearly her mental defenses collapsing.

Orion, hearing her pitiful sobs, frowned with deep guilt.

"Okay."

"Don't be afraid, it's alright now."

"We'll be out of here soon."

He gently patted her back, soothing her, unable to resist kissing her t

He thought, "I'm sorry, sweetheart."

trembling curls.

Even though he knew he shouldn't scare her, he couldn't resist the temptation to just hold her and keep walking, forever and ever, to the end of time.

But this forest was like a mirage; once they left, it all shattered.

From the cosplay party to the depths of the forest, it was just a fifteen-minute walk.

For Orion, those fifteen minutes passed in a blink, but for Xanthea, it was an ordeal!

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She clung tightly to Orion's chest, drawing warmth and strength from his heat and the robust thumping of his heart, until she heard a heavenly voice, "Ms. Nightshade, we're here."

They had arrived?

Slowly, Xanthea opened her eyes and saw the lively party not far away, with music and dancing, and the clean ground beneath her feet without a trace of the snake. Joy burst forth in her eyes.

Thank goodness!

She was finally safe again!

"Put, me, down."

Her eyes narrowed slightly, her voice calm but deliberate.

But as soon as Orion set her down, she pushed him away, wiping away a tear that hung pitifully at the corner of her eye, her brows furrowing fiercely, transforming from a pitiful little fox into a fierce tigress. "Orion, you deceitful, shameless, opportunistic, petty trickster! How dare you trick me like that."

She was so angry she couldn't speak clearly, but Orion, visibly delighted, casually praised, "Ms. Nightshade, what eloquence."

His teasing demeanor seemed to say: Even so, what can you do about it? Aren't you still at my mercy?

## Chapter 139

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## **CHAPTER 139**

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### **Chapter 139**

Xanthea's rage hit a new **peak**.

"Argh!"

In her fury, she began stomping on his shoes relentlessly, "For tricking me, lying to me, scaring me, playing me, I'll stomp you to death! You fraud, you freak."

As she stomped with gusto, Orion suddenly raised his hand, causing her to stagger in fright..

However, he was merely pulling up the slipping sleeve of her dress.

Xanthea was puzzled.

"It's chilly tonight, don't catch a cold."

Saying this, he took off his suit jacket.

Xanthea looked at him as if he were a madman, noticing he deliberately avoided his right thumb and index finger.

a patch of dried crimson blood on the tips of his

Why was there blood on his hand? Could it be a snake bite?

But there were no visible wounds on his fingertips, and even if it were a snake bite, it wouldn't heal that quickly. →

A terrifying thought suddenly sprung into her mind. Xanthea looked up at him with eyes more fearful than when she had encountered a den of snakes.

Could he have killed a snake with his bare hands?

She thought, "Oh no! Orion is scarier than a snake!"

Just as Orion tried to drape **the** jacket over her shoulders, Xanthea, pale as a ghost, turned and fled in panic, her beautiful form shimmering as if she were running for her life.

However, a few seconds later, she came racing back.

Orion was puzzled.

Without even glancing at him, Xanthea snatched the black iris he was holding and ran off again. "Huh."

Orion couldn't help but chuckle, looking at the neat shoe prints on his shiny leather shoes, his eyes soft and tender.

How adorable.

Back at the villa, in the grand living room.

Leonard opened a bottle of aged red wine, slowly pouring it into a wine glass, placing it at the dining spot intended for Orich and Xanthea.

Cedric glanced at the label and alcohol content of the wine, surprised, 'Mr. Marlowe, isn't this wine a bit strong? Mr Lockwood might handle it, but if Ms. Nightshade drinks this, she'll definitely get drunk!'

"What do you know? That's exactly the point." Leonard grinned mischievously, "How else are we supposed

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to get things moving? With the way Orion's going about it, who knows how long it'll take for him to win Xan's heart. I'm getting anxious just watching. If he's too shy to make a move, then it's my duty as his friend to give them a little push!"

"What? Mr. Marlowe, you want to use alcohol to expedite their... No, no!"

Cedric hurriedly intervened.

Things weren't that simple!

Orion wasn't too shy to approach Xanthea; she just didn't like him and had once spoken harsh words to him.

Moreover, Xanthea already had a lover and was planning to get engaged by the end of the year!

If Leonard forced them together this way, Xanthea would surely despise Orion. Given her fiery temper, who knows what she might do? Leonard was only adding to the chaos!

"Why

are you stopping me? I'm just adding a little catalyst, I'm not forcing them to be together."  
"

As Leonard spoke, pulling back the wine glass Cedric tried to snatch, a vibrant figure dashed into the hall. Before he could react, she snatched the wine from his hand and downed it in one gulp.

# My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

## CHAPTER 140

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### Chapter 140

The rich, intense aroma and the refreshing sweetness of the high-concentration wine smoothed down Xanthea's throat, quenching the fiery blend of fear and anger boiling inside her. It made her feel significantly better.

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She had been running, and now, utterly exhausted, she gripped her sides, panting as she looked towards Leonard and Cedric. "I need to go home. It's too dangerous here, especially the backwoods! And Orion, that jerk, always picking on me, playing his games. I don't want to see him anymore!"

Cedric, at that moment, was too stunned to pay attention to her words, just watching her every move in disbelief.

"Ms. Nightshade, you just downed a glass of strong red wine. Are you sure you're okay?"

Leonard was shocked. She had left looking so dignified and neat, but now she returned disheveled, her dress in disarray and her hair tousled, as if she had been through a rough ordeal. The words she muttered—'Orion, 'backwoods, 'playing games,' "I don't want to"—sparked a wild scene in his mind.

No, it couldn't be.

Had Orion really behaved like a beast?

Leonard had expected Orion to be captivated by Xanthea's beauty, but he hadn't anticipated such an immediate and forceful advance in the secluded forest.

It was outrageous!

"Xan, are you alright?" he asked with concern.

Xanthea, visibly upset, pointed at herself. "Do I look alright to you?"

She had nearly been scared to death by a snake and by Orion!

“No, not really”

It was clear she and Orion had a crazy night.

Leonard felt a pang of guilt, realizing he might have inadvertently played a role in this mess. “Xan, you don’t blame me, do you?”

Why would she blame him?

Just as Xanthea was about to speak, a sudden burning sensation erupted in her stomach, making her dizzy and nauseous as if she had drunk hard liquor instead of juice.

She glanced at the goblet she had set down next to a bottle of ’82 vintage wine; realizing what had happened.

Had she really consumed such a strong wine?

Having had several glasses of grape juice at the costume party, she had assumed that Leonard was offering her the same. She thought wrong.

“Leonardoodle, you’ve done me in!”

“No, no, no Leonard quickly waved his hands, stuttering guiltily, “I really just thought that dress suited you I never intended to harm you!”

Chapter 140

“Xan, actually, Orion has been harboring feelings for you for years.”

However, Xanthea had already clutched her stomach and rushed out.

“Ms. Nightshade!”

“Xan!” Leonard looked worriedly at her retreating figure. “She’ll be okay, right?”

“Ms. Nightshade downed that wine so quickly, she’s bound to feel it now. I’ll go check on her.”

Just as Cedric was about to leave, Orion walked in.

“Mr. Lockwood!”

“Orion, you’re back!”

Leonard approached him, seeing his impeccable appearance, and was momentarily taken aback.

He thought, "Here was Orion, looking sharp and pristine, while Xan was left in a mess. He truly was a beast!"