

# My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

## CHAPTER 271

Posted by AdminHR, 1198 Views, Released on May 22, 2024

### Chapter 271

Isabella stomped her foot on the ground in frustration, utterly infuriated by the result.

Why? Why despite giving it her all, she still couldn't win over Xanthea? It had always be en this way, and it seemed like it would always be. Or had she made a mistake in even t rying to compete with her in the first place?

"Ah."

Exhausted, Xanthea lay sprawled on the artificial turf, squinting under the glaring sun, a nd sighed in relief.

That was exhausting. Winning had never been so tough!

How much must Isabella resent her to be so relentless? Thankfully, a firm belief had always sustained her.

As she pondered, that "belief" approached— a tall, imposing figure casting a shadow over her, blocking the sun.

He was truly more radiant than the sun itself. Was he a reincarnation of Apollo perhaps?

Orion bent down, gently wiping the sweat from her forehead with a handkerchief.

Xanthea meant to protest about showing such affections in front of the cameras, but she couldn't resist his focused, intense gaze, and found herself drowning in his tenderness.

Orion gently dabbed the sparkling sweat from her flushed cheeks, his deep eyes brimmi ng with compassion and a fervent desire to pull her into his arms and kiss her until they were both breathless.

"Mr. Lockwood, I won!"

"Yes, you're the best,"

"I'm sorry I didn't trust you at first, I was wrong." Guilt welled up in Xanthea's eyes, "If I get another chance, I'll definitely choose you!"

Orion paused.

Against the sunlight, Xanthea couldn't see his expression clearly, but she sensed a passionate, profound emotion she couldn't fully comprehend.

He removed his microphone and said, "Xan, no matter how many times you choose wrongly, I'll patiently wait for you to correct your

answer."

Xanthea was stunned.

Why did he sound so serious, as if they weren't talking about the same thing?

After a full day of training, assessments, and games, the guests were utterly exhausted, parched, and famished as the sun set.

"I'm dead beat. No more games, I can't bear it." Nelson lay motionless on the ground while Rachel rubbed her empty stomach and sighed, "Me too, I'm so tired, hungry, and thirsty. I feel like I could faint any moment."

"Please, if I don't eat or drink something soon, I'm going to die!"

Martin pleaded with the production team, and both Isabella and Olivia felt too hungry and thirsty to even argue with Xanthea anymore. Xanthea hadn't felt much before, but the intense physical exertion from the tag-tearing battle with Isabella left her desperately thirsty as well.

The show director announced, "Everyone has worked hard today. The game part is now over, and you're free to look for food, water, and rest. Of course, the cameras will continue to follow you!"

"Finally, it's over!" Nelson sat up abruptly, "But this is the middle of nowhere, where are we supposed to find food and water?"

"You can use any resources you find on the island."

Rachel chimed in, "I've seen past episodes where guests collected dew, spring water, or hunted wild chickens and rabbits for food, but this looks like a deserted island with nothing in sight!"

Xanthea pointed towards the distance, "There seems to be a river ahead, that's our best shot."

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“A river?” Everyone walked over, but upon seeing the river before them, they fell silent. They had assumed the rivers on the island would be crystal clear and pristine; however, this river was teeming with reeds, duckweed, minnows, leeches, and various unknown aquatic creatures. The sight was unappetizing, to say the least.

Olivia scrunched her nose in disgust, her eyes radiating disapproval.  
“I wouldn’t drink this filthy water if you paid me!”

Back home, she only ever drank water imported by her agent, air-freighted from abroad. The thought of drinking from this dingy river was unthinkable, but her thirst was becoming unbearable. Reluctantly, she turned to the show’s director for help.

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“Director, could I have just a sip of water from your supply? Just one sip, I promise that’s all I’ll ask for!”

“It’s been such a tough day, and there’s no clean water around. Can’t you make an exception just this once?”

“Instructor, could you please talk to the production team for me? They’re being so heartless

The viewers at home were quick to comment online:

Why does she keep whining to the producers? It’s not cute at all; it’s just annoying!]

Adventure Blitz: Two

Days, One Night has always had these rules. Why should they break them for her? I can’t believe she even asked for that.]

[I’m officially a hater now. After watching her all day, she’s the most pretentious and problematic one. She’s nothing like the strong woman she used to pretend to be. Reality TV really shows people’s true colors.]

[Totally agree. She was so rude during the instructor selection, and now she’s begging for help? Such a two-faced person.]

[I’ve been holding back, but fans don’t come at me—I think she might have a crush on Mr. Lockwood. She’s always trying to get in between Oranthea and subtly targeting Xanthea.]

[Olivia isn't like that! When did she ever target Xanthea? Just because you like Xanthea doesn't mean you should drag others down!] [Fans, stop defending her. Go check the trending topics. Someone slowed down the video and showed that Olivia was the one who tripped Xanthea during the 100-meter sprint. Most of her fans have already left!]

Orion looked at Xanthea who was standing by the small river, staring intently at the water as if she were a parched little animal about to gulp down water from the riverbank. A sly smile played at the corner of his mouth.

He picked up a bottle of thawed mineral water and walked toward her.

"Miss, that water is so dirty, doesn't it?"

"Exactly, Xan. Just looking at it makes me want to gag, let alone drink it!"

"Just a sip might send someone to the hospital, right?"

Xanthea looked at their expressions, filled with disgust and fear, and felt a bit puzzled., "Why can't we drink it? The water is very clean."

"Clean?" the group exclaimed in shock. "You must be joking, right?"

"This river has a diverse range of species, which indicates a very healthy and balanced ecosystem. The reeds and duckweed are well-known for purifying the water. This water quality is far better than most rivers. In ancient times, this would have been drinkable as

1. is. However...

There are still many unseen microorganisms, parasites, and floating particles that are invisible to the naked eye. I'll need to purify it first."

"Purify? You know how to do that?" Martin looked at her incredulously, but her earlier explanation seemed quite convincing.

"How would you even do that in the middle of nowhere?"

"It's simple, Xanthea explained. "Just poke some holes in a cola bottle, then layer clean fine sand and charcoal powder in it, about 5 to 7 layers, and you've got a makeshift water purifier."

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## Chapter 273

‘Wow.’

Martin was utterly stunned, his eyes wide with admiration. “Then Xan, you take the lead, and we’ll gather the materials!”

“No need to search, just ask the instructor for a lighter and an empty bottle.”

“Got it!” Nelson raised his hand excitedly, “I’ll go ask for them!”

“Miss, is all this for real?”

Rachel looked at her skeptically, while Isabella just pursed her lips, remaining silent.

Though she often disagreed with Xanthea on other matters, she had to admit that Xanthea was unbeatable academically. If she ever decided to leave the spotlight, becoming a renowned scientist wouldn’t be a surprise at all.

“Of course, Xanthea said, turning to Isabella and Rachel. “And you two, don’t just stand there. Go gather some dried cattail leaves.”

“???” Isabella glared at her. “Why should I listen to you?”

“Don’t you want water?”

Isabella and Rachel reluctantly went off to gather the cattail leaves.

“Xan, what should I do?”

Seeing everyone busy, Martin was eager to help. Xanthea glanced at the lively fish swimming in the water, “You’re a good swimmer, dive in and catch some fish for dinner.”

“Sure thing!”

[Wow, Xanthea is amazing, isn’t she? I can barely keep up!]

[A less-known fact: Xanthea just graduated top of her class from Crestwood National University’s Physics Department! She was a genius!]

[She seems to have taken over as team leader. They’d be lost without her.]

[She’s not only beautiful and tough but also so intellectual. Does someone this perfect really exist?]

[I thought she'd be all high and mighty, being from such a wealthy family, but she's performing so well. She's a real role model!]

[It's strange, despite the presence of other major celebrities, they all seem dull in comparison to her.]

[My heart explodes with love for this hidden gem. Why did she only debut now? I'm totally hooked on Xanthea.]

[Her fanbase exploded overnight. I came out of curiosity and now I can't leave. I'm too invested in Xanthea.]

Something still seemed missing.

Xanthea touched her chin thoughtfully, then suddenly turned, bumping into a warm, solid embrace.

"Ori... Mr. Lockwood?"

She looked up at him confusedly, meeting his intense obsidian eyes that seemed almost scorching.

"What are you standing here for?"

"You."

Before she could finish, he blurted out his response.

"Huh?"

Xanthea froze, then connected her question with his answer, resulting in "I'm standing here for..."

You.

"You."

Her face turned bright red, thankful that the live cameras were not on her.

"You pervert! A creep!"

But Orion couldn't hold back his emotions any longer, pulling her close into his arms.

Whenever he saw her shining out in the crowd, surrounded by admirers, a fierce jealousy and possessiveness welled up inside him. He wanted to keep her all to himself, not letting anyone else even dream of her.

“Orion, what are you doing? Let go of me, we’re **live** on air!”

Xanthea’s hands frantically pushed against his chest, but his **gaze** only grew more intense.

**09:53**

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He always thought he had could wait patiently, letting love blossom in its own time, but now it seemed he couldn’t wait any longer.

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### **CHAPTER 274**

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#### **Chapter 274**

“Xan.”

**Orion** gripped her slender waist firmly, his jaw scraping against her curly hair. Xanthea mustered all her strength to push him away. **When** she caught a glimpse of his face, obsessed and intense, her heart skipped a beat.,

Why did he look a bit off today?

Or was he really that smitten with her?

A blush crept over her porcelain skin, making her look even more delicate. Before she could speak, he offered her a bottle of water.

“Thirsty?”

“Yeah!”

She was parched, and his thoughtfulness was just overwhelming!

Xanthea nodded vigorously, about to take the bottle from him when the cameraman, busy shooting Martin by the shore, seemed to hear something and slowly turned the camera towards her.

The air filled with awkwardness. She hesitated, her hand frozen mid-air, not sure whether to take the bottle or retract it.

Taking it would mean breaking the show's rules and facing online backlash. Retracting it would seem like she was guilty of something—still a reason for online backlash.

As she scrambled for a way out, Orion suddenly twisted off the cap and poured the water over her hands.

“Xanthea, what are you waiting for? Weren't you going to wash your hands?”

“Ah, right, right.”

Xanthea quickly rubbed her hands together. The rules only stated they couldn't ask the instructor for drinking water, not that they couldn't get help washing their hands!

Her actions, perfectly timed, made it look like she was just washing her hands—a flawless solution. He was so clever!

“Thanks, Instructor!”

After she finished, her smile was radiant, though a hint of disappointment flickered in her eyes.

Orion looked up, his gaze sharp and piercing as he looked toward the cameraman, who nearly jumped into the water from fright. What was with Mr. Lockwood's intense look? It was almost **as if** he was ready to pounce.

“Miss, the reeds are collected!”

“Xan, got the empty bottle and the lighter!”

“The sand's ready too, found it clean by the shore!”

Soon, everyone had gathered the materials Xanthea needed. They watched curiously as she **set** to work on the water purification device. Xanthea lit the reeds, gathered some charcoal powder, and layered it with sand **in** the bottle, repeating the process several times. She then poured the murky river water filled with debris into it. Shortly, water began to drip slowly from the small hole **in** the bottle, collecting on a large lotus leaf. The once impure water was visibly clearer, and after two or three filtrations, **it** looked just like tap water! “**It** really purified!”

Nelson watched in awe, his eyes wide with excitement. “Xan, can I have a sip?”

“Of **course**.”



Without hesitation, he scooped up water with the lotus leaf and drank it down. Rachel was **skeptical** at first, but seeing Nelson **refreshed** as if rejuvenated, she couldn't resist and scooped some water for herself.

**"Wow!** The river water isn't foul at all, there's even a slight sweetness. Is it because of the lotuses?"

Xanthea **replied**, **"No**, it's **because** good quality river water contains **sweet-tasting** minerals and trace elements."

'Miss, **you know** so much, no wonder **my** dad always tells me to **learn** from **you!**" Rachel **shared some water with Isabella**. **"Isabella, try this, It's really good!"**

**Cool and refreshingly sweet! Water truly is the source of life.** I feel like I've been

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Nelson felt a surge of vitality and was about to embrace Xanthea in his excitement, but then he saw Mr. Lockwood approaching.

Better safe than sorry.

**After** finally filtering the water, Xanthea was extremely thirsty. She grabbed a fresh lotus leaf, scooped up some water, and was about to **drink** when someone held down the stem of the leaf.

"Mr. Lockwood?"

She looked up at Orion with confusion. In the next moment, Orion poured the water from the leaf **into** an empty water bottle.

"I want to **try** your filtered water too."

What?

Before Xanthea could react, Orion tilted his head back, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed. It wasn't a joke; he was actually drinking it.

He was really drinking river water?

Although she had done some basic treatment and filtering, the facilities were rudimentary, and the water surely still contained some impurities and bacteria.

The trainees had no other options; some water was better than none. But he had bottled water available, so why on earth would he drink the river water she had? Plus, wasn't he known for being a germaphobe?

The camera zoomed in on Xanthea's surprised face as Orion took a sip and then handed the water back to her..

Xanthea saw how he had performed a sleight of hand under the camera, her eyes widening in astonishment.

He returned not the bottle filled with river water, but a bottle of real bottled water. The two bottles looked identical, with nearly the same amount of water and no distinguishing marks on the caps it was impossible to tell them apart.

—

He had deliberately poured the river water into the bottled water container and drank from it just to switch it with real bottled water for

her!

How could he be so good to her?

Despite his germophobia...

Xanthea looked at him incredulously, her eyes glistening with emotion.

Orion remarked, "Not bad at all."

"Really?"

Orion, why are you always so good to me? So good I don't even know what to do.

"Here come the ingredients!"

"Guess what I caught?"

"We've got some minnows, catfish, crayfish, and a few spiny eels, plenty for our dinner for six!"

Martin came ashore with his shirt full of fish and shellfish. The trainees gathered around him, sorting through the catch with joy, "This little crayfish is so cute, **it's** still crawling!"

“This catfish is huge, Martin, how did you catch it?”

“**Big** fish are **easy to** catch; it’s the small ones are not!”

“Now that we’ve got the ingredients, how should we cook them?”

There’s nothing much on this island; we have to grill them, right?”

You **guys** figure it out, I’m going to get some water!”

**Martin put** down the fish and went to Xanthea for a drink. Nelson, Isabella, and Rachel huddled together to discuss how **to** grill the **fish**, **while Olivia stood** alone on the side, her **eyes** reddening as she watched their joyful camaraderie.

**Nearby**, a junior assistant **noticed** Olivia’looking pale and trembling, **as** if she might faint at **any** moment.

**Olivia**, **why don’t you try some of Xanthea’s** purified **water too?** Everyone else has, including her, **and they’re all fine.”**

Shut **up!**”

Olivia snapped **at her**. **She’d rather die of thirst than drink Xanthea’s** water!

**Epecially after she had made a statement in front** of the **cameras**. **If she went to drink now**, **wouldn’t it be like slapping** her **own face?**

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### **CHAPTER 276**

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#### **Chapter 276**

“But...”

But she had not eaten a single bite or sipped any water all day. The physical exertion from earlier tasks in Adventure Blitz: Two Days, One Night had drained her, and she needed to refuel soon or her body would give out.

“Olivia, if you really can’t stand the idea of drinking river water, then maybe we should just quit the show? We can say you’re not feeling.

well,”

“What are you talking about? If we quit now, which other TV show would dare to invite me? How would millions of viewers see me? And next time I run into Isabella and Xanthea, how could I even look them in the eye?”

“But you can’t just run yourself ragged just for a show.”

“Enough! I know my own conditions!”

Olivia wiped the cold sweat from her face, forcing herself to appear normal.

It’s just Adventure Blitz: Two Days, One Night—she could handle it. And she had to.

But why did everything suddenly seem so dark and shaky?

“Xan, this filtered water is so clear and fresh!” Martin exclaimed after gulping down several handfuls of water purified using lotus leaves, giving a thumbs up towards her. “You’re really amazing, have the others drink some?”

“There’s one left.”

Xanthea glanced over at Olivia standing a short distance away.

What once had been a fiery competitor had now wilted into a drooping flower, her trembling figure appearing ready to collapse at any moment.

Under the blazing sun and a day without water, she was likely on the verge of heatstroke.

“It’s her?”

Martin just glanced over and removed his mic, his voice dripping with disdain, “She’s too pretentious and rude. Don’t bother with her!”

Olivia had tried to sabotage Xanthea to get into Orion’s team, nearly causing her to be assigned to another group. By all accounts, Xanthea really shouldn’t care about her, but she wasn’t on this show to fight; she was here to gain fans.

If she could respond with kindness now, offering Olivia water, it would surely endear her to the audience. Conversely, if Olivia fainted from heatstroke, it might draw attention to the show but diminish her own presence.

Thinking this, Xanthea picked up a handful of water in a lotus leaf and walked over to Olivia.

Olivia, already dizzy and unstable, suddenly felt a bit clearer as she saw Xanthea approaching.

Xanthea stopped in front of her, with a lotus leaf of water.

“Xanthea, are you coming over to show off how great you are for making such clean water and how grateful everyone should be to you?” “You better give up on that idea! River water is still river water. No matter how it’s treated, it’s filthy!”

As she finished speaking, the live broadcast camera turned toward her. Facing such verbal attacks, Xanthea was not annoyed; she simply smiled gently and said, “Olivia, even though river water is dirty, it can quench your thirst. Besides, I’ve purified it, and everyone else who drank it is fine. Why don’t you give it a try?”

She was here to offer her water?

Olivia froze as she stared at the water Xanthea offered her. She had already shown her true colors during the tag-tearing game, and now she was pretending to be gentle, kind, and considerate, obviously putting on a show for the camera!

I’m not drinking it!”

“I **said** I’d rather die than drink river water!”

**She gritted** her teeth, finishing her sentence just before her body wobbled and she almost collapsed. Xanthea **reacted** swiftly **to catch her, her face full** of concern. “Olivia, you’re burning up! Are you getting a heatstroke?”

**Tina, hold your sister quickly! I need to give her some water, or she’s going to faint!**”

**Okay okay!**

The **assistant humedly supported Olivia** Olivia **opened her mouth to refuse** again, **but Xanthea poured the water directly into her mouth**

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## Chapter 277

It looked like she was gently pouring the water in, but in reality, she was forcing her to drink it. Olivia, having not seen a drop of water all day, was so parched that her body felt like it was on fire. The moment she tasted the water, she couldn't control her natural reaction and gulped it down eagerly.

Watching her drink like there was no tomorrow, Xanthea suddenly thought of a saying: "A stubborn mule doesn't budge, even in death."

[Xanthea must be an angel, right? If it were me, I wouldn't give someone as fussy and rude as Olivia the time of day, yet she still worries about her wellbeing.]

[How can there be such a gap between people? Olivia, as a senior, is an embarrassment in front of Xanthea. She might as well die *of thirst!*]

[Xanthea is truly beautiful inside and out. I'm totally a fan now.]

[What goes around comes around. Did you guys check Twitter? Tons of Olivia's big fans are quitting and switching to Xanthea. It's hilarious!]

[Having Xanthea around is really Olivia's luck; otherwise, she might have actually passed out!]

Xanthea is truly a remarkable young woman," William remarked, nodding approvingly as he watched the scene.

Despite Olivia's constant antagonism, Xanthea generously brought her water.

"Not everyone deserves her kindness."

William muttered, slightly surprised as he turned to see Orion's brooding gaze, a possessive gleam flickering in his eyes in the dim night.

After forcefully making Olivia drink the water, Xanthea clapped her hands as if completing a great task and stood up. "Alright, Tina, take good care of her. She should recover soon."

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"Thank you, thank you so much!" The assistant kept expressing her gratitude. Olivia wanted to tell her to shut up, but having just drunk the water, she couldn't bring herself to speak and just pressed her lips tightly, staying silent.

Xanthea didn't mind and walked away.

As night fell, the crew of Adventure Blitz: Two Days, One Night had decorated the trees with colorful lights. Martin, Nelson, Isabella, and Rachel gathered around a campfire, roasting fish and shrimp on willow branches.

When Xanthea approached, Rachel quickly handed her a freshly grilled fish. “Miss, you came just at the right time. Try this one.”

Xanthea eyed the charcoal-charred fish skewered on the branch.

This piece of charcoal, oh no, this fish, can I actually eat it?

The cameraman’s lens was almost in her face, eagerly anticipating her reaction.

With a forced smile, Xanthea carefully picked at a piece of the fish and tentatively tasted it. “Ugh-“.

But in the next moment, she couldn’t suppress her body’s reaction and spat it out.

Rachel stood there awkwardly. “I mean, I can handle a bit of bitterness and fishiness, but why are there still scales on it?”

Nelson, who was also struggling with his piece, laughed, “We asked everyone on the crew, and no one brought a knife. We had to grill it with the scales on.”

Forget it then, you guys eat. I’m not that hungry,” Xanthea said while holding her stomach and shaking her head.

A cool **night** breeze swept over from the river as Xanthea thought of sitting by the fire. Suddenly, a warm jacket enveloped her.

**She looked up** to see Orion.

**Hearing her** stomach rumble, Orion’s eyes crinkled with a teasing smile, “Little glutton, are you sure you’re **not hungry?**”

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### **CHAPTER 278**

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#### **Chapter 278**

Hungry. She was so hungry, but there’s nothing to eat.

Xanthea reluctantly shook her head, her conscience betraying her true feelings, while her starry eyes shimmered with a pleading look, which made the man's heart almost melt.

"Just wait."

"Huh?"

By the campfire, in a large lotus leaf filled with river water, a few fish and shrimp were happily wriggling. Orion picked out a trout, while Martin noticed Orion's intent to grill and quickly grabbed the biggest pike.

"Mr. Lockwood, you should grill this one. It's bigger and tastier."

No thanks, pike has too many bones."

"It does have more bones than trout, but..."

He's not eating it, so why does it matter?

Martin was puzzled until he spotted Xanthea across the fire and suddenly understood—could it be he didn't want Xanthea to get hurt by the bones?

"Mr. Lockwood, are you grilling fish too?"

"Here, take this branch!"

"Mr. Lockwood, I'd advise against it. Its taste is awful."

The group of trainees gathered around, intrigued by his intent to grill. Xanthea was equally surprised.

Although he was an excellent chef, there were no tools or ingredients here. Even the best chef can't work miracles without basics, right?

Just as she was about to speak, Orion pulled a pure metal-forged knife from his waist.

"Mr. Lockwood, you have a knife!"

"Mr.

Lockwood, that's so cold! We searched everywhere on set for a knife and you didn't bring it out. We've eaten all those fish scales!"

"You don't understand. Mr. Lockwood's knife looks sharp and valuable; it must be a cherished item."



Even if it's a cherished item, he took it out to clean fish just so Xanthea could eat, didn't he?

Isabella looked at Xanthea with a mix of envy and jealousy. Why does she effortlessly win everyone's heart, while her painstaking efforts don't earn her even a glance from her crush?

Wait. Wasn't that her knife?

When Xanthea was four, her uncle gave her a birthday gift, claiming it was crafted by top Swiss artisans, incredibly robust and sharp enough to cut through iron like butter. Her mother, worried she might hurt herself, had hidden it away. But she secretly took it out to play and lost it.

In her past life, she had seen him use this very knife to pry open her coffin. She was shocked, thinking it was a coincidence, just that he had a knife identical to hers.

But now, she clearly saw the family initials engraved on the handle—a finely crafted "N," that had smoothed over from years of handling, as if caressed thousands of times.

**As** Orion used that knife to scale the fish, Xanthea nervously interjected, "Be careful, that knife is very sharp!"

**Orion** paused and slowly looked up at her. His eyes were filled with a gleam that seemed a mix of incredulity and eager anticipation.

**Caught by** the surprise in everyone's eyes and the camera zooming in, Xanthea stammered.

**She had** spoken out of concern without thinking.

**Everyone must** be wondering how she knew Orion's knife was so sharp. They might even speculate **about a possible connection between them**, Wasn't she **just** fueling rumors about herself?

**And the look in Orion's eyes** it was **clear** he knew the **knife was originally** hers **and hoped she would** remember **something**. **What if** he asked **about the knife**? **How would she respond?**

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### **CHAPTER 279**

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## Chapter 279

She had long forgotten how she lost the knife back then or how it ended up in his hands. It couldn't be due to a previous life, could it?

"Uh, this knife looks like it's made of high-carbon steel, solid and sharp enough to cut through iron. You guys didn't know that?"

"No."

Nelson shook his head, his admiration for her growing once again, "Xan, you're amazing! How can you tell the material of a knife with just one glance?"

"Heh, it's nothing really."

Xanthea waved it off dismissively. The gleam in Orion's dark eyes gradually faded, sinking into the night.

(OMG, Xan actually cares! Just admit you have feelings for Mr. Lockwood!]

[Look at Mr. Lockwood fillet a fish so swiftly and cleanly. Xan is lucky to have someone who can cook so well!]

[Tall, handsome, and can cook? Xan, you better not let this one go! If you don't want him, I'll take him!]

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[I'm shipping this so hard! The other five guests couldn't even borrow a knife, but the moment Xan couldn't eat, Mr. Lockwood immediately took his out. Isn't this favoritism? Isn't this love?]

[I've heard say high-carbon steel is tough, but it rusts easily. Mr. Lockwood's knife looks old but well-kept, definitely cherished. Now he's using it to clean fish for Xanthea—he's so in love with her!!]

Watching Orion meticulously prepare the fish, Xanthea couldn't resist sitting closer and asked tentatively, "Mr. Lockwood, your knife is really sharp. What brand is it?"

"Custom-made."

Sheesh, he seemed quite familiar with his knife.

"It looks like it was made in Switzerland. Did you get it there?"

“No, it was a gift.”

Nonsense!

She had loved that knife so much that she wouldn't even let Samuel touch it, how could she have given it to him?

“Who gave it to you? I noticed there's a 'N' on the handle, what does that stand for?”

She asked too many questions, and as Orion glanced up, Xanthea pretended to be cluelessly curious.

Orion's gaze deepened, intense enough to make her uneasy.

“Sunshine, she was my sunshine.”

Xanthea was stunned, for a moment feeling like he wasn't talking about sunshine, but her.

Because right now, his eyes were filled with nothing but her.

In Crestwood, at the Jonson Hotel.

Matthew woke up with a splitting headache, rubbing his temples groggily as memories began to flood back.

Yesterday was his 15th— anniversary meeting with Xan. He had gone to a bar to drink alone and, in his longing, called Xan. Unexpectedly, Xan immediately came over, hugged his neck, saying she missed and loved him, and wanted to go to a hotel with him.

As he looked at the scattered clothes and a woman's bra on the floor, a surge of extreme joy overwhelmed him.

Xan had finally come close to him, finally becoming his woman!

Elated, he got out of bed and opened the door, only to see Miranda in a bathrobe.

“Matt, you're awake?”

When the woman's familiar voice and bare face magnified before him, it struck him like a bolt from the blue, leaving him utterly stunned,

“What? Why is it you? Where's Xan? Where is she?”

## Chapter 280

# My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

## CHAPTER 280

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Miranda burst into laughter when she heard Xanthea's name, "Didn't you call out for her all night already? Isn't that enough?"

Her? One night?

Those few words shattered the last bit of hope Matthew had been clinging to. His heavenly elation plummeted into hellish despair.

The person he had slept with last night was Miranda, not Xan?!

Impossible! This couldn't be happening!

"Matt, have you not sobered up yet?"

"Or did you really think, with her personality, she'd take the initiative to sleep with you?"

"Shut up!"

Matthew barked furiously, unable to accept the scene unfolding before him.

He remembered everything now—the drunken blur of the previous night. When Xanthea had arrived, he did suspect whether it was really her, but she was so enthusiastic, he just couldn't resist.

"It was you! You wore Xan's dress, mimicked her voice, came to the bar to find me, and that's why I mistook you for her!"

"Matt, stop making excuses for yourself. You've never been a one-woman man. Why pretend to be the devoted lover now? Isn't this what you've always wanted?"

"Get out!"

Matthew shoved away her clinging arms, his eyes nearly bulging out of his skull, "It was all a setup by you, wasn't it?"

Miranda sneered.

Back in Willowdale, they had already shown their true colors to each other. Now, it was all just a game of manipulation; no need for

pretenses.

“I’m the bad one, but what does that make you, the future brother-in-law who slept with me?”

“Shut up!”

“Miranda, today was an accident. I’ll act like it never happened and won’t hold you responsible.”

Matthew hurriedly picked up his clothes to leave, but Miranda tapped open her phone to show him a video, “You might not hold me responsible, but what if my sister sees this video?”

Matthew glanced at her phone and went pale.

The video displayed their intimate moments.

She had seduced him and even recorded it!

“Miranda, what are you trying to do? Have you gone mad?!”

“Yes, I am mad! I’ve been crazy ever since Xanthea tried to poison me by adding something to those apple turnovers you brought me, aiming to put me six feet under!”

“What are you talking about?”

Matthew stared at her in disbelief.

Her poisoning was because of the apple turnovers Xanthea had him deliver?

Impossible. Those turnovers were made by his own mother. He had eaten them, and so had Xanthea, and they were fine. How could just Miranda have been poisoned?

See, even you don’t believe it, right?”

Of course, he wouldn’t believe it Xanthea was pure and kind, not like her—she was cruel and utterly devious

“Everyone Loves her loves her, so I just have to destroy her! Destroy her lover, her family, her career

You're insane

Matthew grabbed her flange arms **and** deleted the video from her phone.

**Miranda** shrugged **and** laughed mockingly. "Matt, you **didn't** think I'd be **foolish** enough not to keep **a** backup, **did you?**

"Miranda, Matthew glared furiously wishing he could strangle her for "Have you **truly lost your mind?** If this **video** gets out **not** only pre

**Kan** and I finished but you won't be able to stay with the Nightshade family either

here now. I don't **plan** to expose the video (just want you **to** cooperate with me Uists all

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