# My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace - Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Samuel had been completely taken aback by her sudden hug and the affectionate way she called his name, but he quickly recovered, embracing her joyfully and affectionately kissing her hair, "I'm here; I'm right here, Xan. Don't be scared." "Dad, Mom, Ethan, did you see that? The first person Xan thought of when she woke up was me. That just shows I'm the most important person to her!"- Their family, hearing Xanthea's loud, strong cries and Samuel's teasing banter, finally relaxed, thankful that everything was alright.

"Xan, you can't just think about Samuel. You also have your lifesaver to thank! You fell into the backyard pond this time, and it was all thanks to Matthew who quickly spotted you and pulled you out. It could have been unimaginable otherwise." Christopher gratefully pulled Matthew, who was standing behind him. When Xanthea lifted her head from Samuel's arms and saw Matthew, the excitement in her eyes instantly turned to hatred.

Beside him stood Miranda, looking all pretentious. This deceitful, cruel pair - she would. never forgive them in this lifetime! Her intense loathing was masked by her tears, unnoticed by those around her.

Matthew sat down by the bed, gently touching her hair, "It was nothing, Mr. Nightshade. I'm just glad Xan's safe and sound." Xanthea looked at him with disgust, about to shake off his hand, when she noticed his shirt, soaked from the pond water, revealed nothing underneath.

In her past life, she had fallen into the garden pond and lost her memories after being saved, only to hear from others that Matthew had heroically saved her. She had fallen deeply in love with him since.

But this time, she remembered everything about falling into the water.

had As she struggled in the icy water, feeling her consciousness fading, strong arms suddenly pulled her close. The force was so great that her lips unintentionally pressed against his chest, right on an iris tattoo.

But Matthew had no such tattoo on his chest - he wasn't her savior! Indeed, how could someone who schemed to betray her affection, seize her inheritance, and take her life, risk his own to save her? was it? She had been so ridiculously wrong from the start. But if it wasn't him, then who Xanthea looked up and realized that besides her family, there were also numerous guests from the party, and among them stood a tall, imposing man who caught her eye 1/3 14:55 Chapter 3 immediately.

Orion? Their eyes met unexpectedly, causing Xanthea to shiver.

He seemed to notice too, his brows slightly furrowed, his long eyelashes casting a shadow over the somber light in his eyes. He clenched his hands and left without a word. Xanthea wanted to call out to him, but only managed a weak moan.

Sam asked, "Xan, what's wrong? Are you feeling okay?" "I'm fine." She hadn't even noticed Orion at her coming-of-age celebration in her past life.

Just now, her mind uncontrollably flashed back to the cruel scenes of him dealing with the deceitful pair, giving her a fright. He must have misunderstood.

Though now surrounded by rumors making all of Crestwood tremble, everyone might fear him, but she couldn't - after all, he was the man who had sought revenge for the blood. feud on her behalf.

"Mom, I need to use the restroom." "Sure, let Miranda accompany you "Xan, let me," Miranda approached with a look of concern, but before she started offering her help, Xanthea immediately rejected her.

"No need!" Miranda paused for a moment, and then nodded with a smile.

As soon as Xanthea stepped outside, she followed Orion's figure, but the man, with his long legs, quickly disappeared from her sight.

"Why's he walking so fast?" She unwittingly followed him to the backyard. After looking around and feeling a bit disappointed, she turned to leave but tripped heavily over a stone.

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"Ah!" As she cried out in surprise and tried to get up, a pair of shiny black leather shoes. appeared in front of her. She looked up, Orion? The man standing against the light didn't look at her but spoke in a cool tone, "I'll call someone for you." "Hey, not necessary!" Xanthea's eyes lit up as she grabbed his black trouser leg, "Aren't you right here? Could you please helpup, Mr. Lockwood?" 2/3 14:55 Chapter Caught by surprise, Orion stiffened for a moment.

He slowly looked down at the girl sitting on the ground, her dimples showing as she smiled, her eyes sparkling even in the shadow, like a radiant little sun. Dazzling.

He paused for a few seconds, then bent down to lift her up, and as he did, Xanthea instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck, cheerfully thanking him, "Thanks." Before she could finish, she felt herself almost slip and clung to him tighter.

"Am I heavy for you?" She looked at Orion with a tinge of confusion.

Must be kidding. She had once seen him effortlessly lift Matthew, who weighed over 150 pounds, on the rooftop of Twin Towers. How could he not carry her, who weighed less than 100 pounds? And he had held her so skillfully when lifting her out of a grave before.

She started straight at him, her beautiful eyes filled with doubt; Orion's lips tightened. slightly as he averted his gaze and then firmly picked her up.

As he lifted her, Xanthea experienced up close what was meant by a stunningly handsface.

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