

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace - Chapter 31

Chapter 31 The prototype is really him! Matthew laughed, looking at her with reluctance to turn away.

Samuel watched Xanthea's bright but fleeting smile, feeling a hint of hypocrisy inexplicably, reminiscent of how he used to dismiss those frivolous things outside, wondering if his sister who had been infatuated for years had now turned into a heartbreaker! Christopher also sensed something from the gaze of the two, as it used to be Xan looking at Matthew with stars in her eyes, now it seemed to have reversed.

Xanthea felt disgusted by Matthew's constant gaze on her, she could barely finish her meal, and just as she was about to put down her cutlery, she glanced at Miranda and then at Matthew, suddenly hatching a plan.

Her entry into The Masked Singer upset Matthew and Miranda's plans to spend intimate together, resulting in her not capturing anything on camera, wasting her efforts for nothing, and being taken advantage of by Orion Lockwood! Since that's the case, why couldn't she create another opportunity to get them back. together and take a photo as a keepsake? "Mirry, although I didn't intend to join The Masked Singer this time, it was indeed wrong of not to tell you in advance. How about I take you out for a trip in a few days to make it up to you?" "No need." Xanthea held her hand, looking guilty, "Are you still unwilling to forgive me?" Miranda looked at her, almost grinding her teeth in frustration, but she couldn't refuse in front of everyone, "Then let's listen to you." together.

Xanthea smiled and looked at Matthew, "Then Matt, the three of us should go to Didn't you buy tickets to Willowdale last time?" "Sure! Let's go with Xan's plan!" Ethan Nightshade and Samuel were unhappy, "We want to go too." "Well, there aren't enough tickets. Let's go together next time!" On the flight to Willowdale, in the first-class cabin, Xanthea took her ticket and sat down next to a stranger, then turned around and enthusiastically waved at Matthew and Miranda, "Matt, Mirry, sit here!" Matthew looked at the seat, puzzled, "Xan, aren't you sitting with me?" 1/3 Chapter 3 Miranda also looked at her strangely; the first-class seats on the plane were paired together, and they bought three tickets, so the single seat was obviously hers, but Xanthea had already taken it.

"I've been feeling a bit airsick lately, afraid that sitting with Matt will make want to talk, and that would make even more nauseous!" "Then I can take care of you." "No need, no need!" Xanthea waved her hand, "I'll just sleep for a while now, and then enjoy Willowdale when we get there." "Okay then." Matthew couldn't argue with her and sat down next to Miranda.

The tension between them from their argument outside the Discovery Pavilion hadn't dissipated, so Matthew put on earplugs and a sleep mask and dozed off.

Miranda, seeing his actions, had a slight change in expression.

Men are truly fickle; just earlier, he was flirting with her and now, pretending as if nothing happened as soon as she's no longer useful.

If it weren't for Xanthea pressuring her in front of the family, she would never have con this trip! After the two settled in, Xanthea silently took out her phone and connected to an external device.

She had installed a miniature listening device and a pinhole camera on Matthew's briefcase, so every move they made would be reflected in detail on her phone throughout the journey.

As the plane was about to take off, Miranda got up to go to the restroom. Passing by the first row of the the VIP seats row in the first-class cabin, she unexpectedly saw a man with an extraordinary sleeping face.

Mr. Lockwood?!

She turned around, only to see the elegant man reclining lightly on the couch, eyes slightly closed, breathing evenly. In front of him were a computer monitor and several folders, the shimmering screen reflecting on his dark suit and impeccable features. Even while sleeping, a sense of refined nobility emanated from his bones, stirring the heart. Seeing him up close like this was more impactful than on The Masked Singer stage; Miranda's heart was in turmoil, mixed with a hint of joy.

She never expected to encounter him here; was this fate? Unfortunately, this fate could only last until the plane landed.

14:57 No, she had to find a way to hold on to it

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Chapter 32 A flight attendant glided down the aisle, her cart clinking with beverages. Seizing the moment, Miranda grabbed a glass of red wine, quickly adjusted her hair, and strode toward the first-class cabin, aiming directly for the VIP seats. Just a step away from her target, she stumbled, drenching a man's brand-new suit pants in wine.

"Hey!" Cedric, who was seated nearby, was the first to react, pausing his work.

"What's going on here?" "I'm so sorry, I just felt a bit dizzy and lost my balance." Miranda clutched her forehead, her face a picture of remorse as she apologized repeatedly. "Maybe I can help clean that up for you?" As she spoke, she knelt by Orion's feet, her hands reaching for his pants.

The cold wine had disturbed Orion from his light doze. His eyes snapped open to a pitiful face looking up at him, her eyes red and pleading. Suddenly, a fierce glare shot from his eyes, "Scram!" That single word sent chills through Miranda, causing her hands, which were about to touch his leg, to tremble with fear.

Cedric, experienced in corporate dealings, had seen through Miranda's intentions from the moment she knelt. Trying to attract the attention of Orion with such a crude tactic was laughable. He hadn't had the chance to intervene before Orion woke up.

Already suffering from insomnia and having worked intensively for several days, Orion had just managed to catch a bit of sleep on the flight, only to be rudely awakened.

"I'm so sorry, sir, it wasn't intentional." Xanthea, engrossed in adjusting the resolution of her smartphone's external device, was suddenly drawn by the commotion at the front of the first-class cabin. Rushing flight attendants headed in that direction.

Was that Miranda's voice? What happened? She put away her phone and approached the VIP exclusive seats, catching glimpses of the scene through several flight attendants trying to calm the situation.

What's going on? Orion? Miranda? Why was Miranda kneeling in front of Orion? 1/3 "I can help clean it up or compensate." "Miss, please step aside immediately; we will handle this ourselves!" Hearing Cedric's words, and seeing Miranda with the wine glass and her overdone act of contrition, Xanthea got it.

This bitchy girl, always seizing any opportunity to hook up with men, had just spilled wine on Orion's pants.

Such a tactic, whether clever or tacky, was debatable.

"I'm sorry, sir." Before Miranda could persist, Cedric was about to intervene when a familiar voice cut through.

"Hey, sis, what happened? Why are you kneeling here?" Xanthea pushed past the flight attendants and feigned surprise at the scene, "Mr. Lockwood, what a coincidence to see you again, good morning." Orion's irritation seemed to vanish at the sight of her, like a gust of wind clearing away storm clouds, leaving only a flicker of surprise in his eyes.

Sister? As Cedric heard her speak, he finally realized that the woman kneeling was Miranda Nightshade, the adopted daughter of the Nightshade family he had seen on "The Masked Singer." No wonder she seemed familiar; he thought she was just another employee who had tried to schagaint Orion before! "Xan, I accidentally spilled wine on this gentleman." "Good morning, Ms. Nightshade." Her tearful explanation was interrupted by his greeting, calm and rich, like a refreshing breeze on a summer day, starkly different from his earlier hostile tone.

Miranda froze.

Why? Was it because he didn't recognize her? Or simply because Xanthea was the legitimate heiress of the Nightshade family? "Oh, it was just a misunderstanding, everyone here is acquainted, no need for such a fuss."

Bending down, Xanthea gently helped Miranda up, introducing her, "This is Mr. Lockwood, CEO of the CEO of the Lockwood Group. He attended my coming-of-age ceremony at Lakeside Manor and was a special guest on 'The Masked Singer, remember, Miranda?" 2/3 14:58 "I-I just didn't recall immediately."

Miranda awkwardly explained while Xanthea patted her reassuringly, it's alder om I've this. You can go back to your seat now" got th What? The abrupt turn of events stunned Miranda.

"What's wrong?" A flight attendant urged her from behind, "Please return to your seat, miss, the plane is about to take off." "No, it's nothing." Miranda turned around, her face finally betraying her frustration.

She had taken such a risk to connect with Orion, only to be effortlessly ousted by Xanthea. Why did everything have to be a competition with her lately! 3/3

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace - Chapter 33

Chapter 33 watched Miranda leave the room with a stiff back and couldn't help but smirk triumphantly. That schemer didn't get what she wanted-must be fuming now! As she turned to apologize to Orion, he spoke first, "I'm sorry, I didn't know she was your sister." Xanthea raised an eyebrow, pleased by his ignorance.

"It's alright, but your pants." She glanced down and upon seeing the specific area of his soaked suit pants, she quickly looked away, recalling the last glimpse she had caught in the hotel before their hasty departure.

This Miranda, really bold, huh? Splashing with such precision, wasn't she afraid Orion would explode in anger? Orion looked down, his gaze turning dark and stormy, "I'll go to the restroom to handle this." Xanthea quickly stepped aside, "Sure!" Cedric approached, "Ms. Nightshade, what brings you here?" "Just traveling." "To Willowdale? What a coincidence." "What else?" Xanthea eyed his skeptical look, her brows slightly raised, "Do you think Mr. Lockwood here is so charming that I would orchestrate a chance encounter?" Cedric hurriedly replied, "Of course not!" He wanted to cover her mouth as he heard her raise her voice, though he knew she was fond of Orion. There was no need for such hurtful remarks! He just felt that she and Orion had kind of fate, continuously bumping into each other since her coming-of-age party, though it seemed like a cursed fate! Every encounter seemed to guarantee Orion would get hurt, whether sweetly or sorrowfully, like last time 'The Masked Singer'.

"I'm sorry about today, I should head back." Xanthea waved him off, about to return to her seat when she noticed Miranda casting a subtle glance in her direction.

Still not giving up? With such persistence, no wonder she had Orion wrapped around her finger in the past life.

1/2 Chapter "Excuse me, miss." Several chefs from the kitchen began bringing out dishes, each revealing enticing and aromatic food that could whet anyone's appetite.

Xanthea was stunned, "Did you bring your own chefs?" Cedric nodded, "Yeah, Mr. Lockwood doesn't have a great appetite. So, whenever he travels, he brings along the Lockwood family's private chef." "That extravagant? You think you own the plane or something?" "Well, Hayes Airport actually belongs to the Lockwood Group. We didn't notify the air traffic control in today because the trip was so sudden, that's why we didn't use the private jet." Xanthea was speechless. The world of the wealthy was beyond her understanding, but she had a plan to thwart that schemer.

"Actually, I haven't been feeling well either, didn't eat much since getting on the plane, and now seeing all this, I'm kind of hungry." Cedric looked puzzled; they had just boarded the plane, hadn't they? Xanthea raised her eyebrows at him, Cedric still confused, what did she mean? Ten minutes later, Orion returned from the restroom to find a scene before him.

Xanthea was sitting cross-legged in the corner of the sofa, her curly blond hair almost enveloping her petite figure, her hands cradling a juicy peach, nibbling on it bit by bit. Her cheeks gently puffed out with each bite, her dark lashes fluttering, making her look like a cunning, fluffy fox secretly enjoying a peach in a fairy-tale forest. Caught in the act by Orion, Xanthea stuttered, "Cedric told me to eat!" Cedric, who was wrongfully implicated and seated beside her, protested, "It wasn't me, I swear!" Orion didn't react but just stared at her in a daze. Seeing him spaced out, possibly charmed, Xanthea waved her hand, "Mr. Lockwood? Orion?" Snapping out of it, Orion quickly composed

himself and pushed several dishes and desserts in front of her, "Help yourself." "You're the best!" Xanthea flashed a satisfied, sweet smile, "Then I won't hold back!"

Rolling up her sleeves, she was about to dive into the dish when her utensils clinked against Orion's, though she picked up a piece of sea cucumber while Orion picked out sfinely chopped onions.

"You don't eat onions either?" she asked, surprised, feeling a kinship, "What a coincidence, I don't like them either. Seems we have similar tastes, we could share a meal!"