

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace

- Chapter 4

Chapter 4 Raven-black eyebrows framed his deep-set, piercing eyes, and his lips and nose. proportioned as if sculpted with meticulous care by a renowned artist. His jawline was perfectly defined.

She had first been utterly stunned by his presence at the cemetery, and up close, he was even more breathtaking. It was hard to imagine anyone in the entertainment industry who could surpass his allure.- Unfortunately, he always wore a cold expression, and his aura was chilling, almost devil-like. Coupled with the outrageous rumors circulating in the news, it was no wonder people were wary of him.

"Ms. Nightshade, where are you headed?" Ms. Nightshade? Such a formal address. Weren't they on a first-nbasis at the cemetery? "Back to my room, thank you." Xanthea, worried she might fall, instinctively snuggled closer to him. She felt him pause as if shocked by electric contact. Curious, she looked up just in tto see a faint crescent-shaped scar on the left side of his neck.

That scar looked familiar. Could it be she was the one who left it? Three years ago, when the Martinez family first made a nfor themselves through a collaboration with the Nightshade family in Crestwood, Matthew was cornered by a group of so- called elite heirs. They taunted him, throwing stones and mocking his father for being a social climber, and Matthew as nothing but a lapdog to the Nightshade's heiress.

Overhearing this, she had angrily thrown stones back at them. When the leader, a blond punk, charged at her, she raised a sharp-edged stone in defense.

Just as the punk's fist was about to hit her, a shadow darted from behind her, breaking the attacker's arm. The punk cried and begged for mercy, but she couldn't stop the stone in her hand, which heavily struck the neck of a young man, leaving a crescent-shaped wound and blood gushing out. At that moment, she was only thinking of Matthew and didn't even see the face of the man who helped her. She took Matthew's hand and ran away.

Afterwards, when thinking about that young man, she couldn't even remember his face. and name. And soon, she totally forgot all this.

It turned out, the person who had helped her was him.

She had not only publicly insulted him by calling him "crazy" but had also ungratefully 14:55 injured him without so much as a thank you. How could she have been so foolish, so cruel? Overwhelmed with regret, Xanthea felt tears welling up in her eyes. She

wanted to ask him why, despite all the annoying things she had done, he still chose to help her, to protect her, to avenge her.

And why, after her supposed death, had he chosen to end his own life? But if she asked him now, he might think she was insane. Feeling a sting in her nose, Xanthea raised her hand to rub it but realized her arm clung to his wet chest.

She paused for a moment, and then it dawned on her.

Water? From where? His shirt was wet, but the party was held in the main hall - no chance of getting splashed there. Could it be Flashes of struggling in the water, strong arms, a muscular chest, and that protective embrace at the cemetery holding a bouquet of irises toward her grave passed through her mind.

Could it be that he was the one who had saved her from the pond just now? Xanthea about to tug at his shirt, eager to see if there was an iris tattoo underneath, when suddenly she heard a voice.

"Xan, what're you doing here?" was Matthew approached rapidly. Seeing him still sparked anger, but she managed to control herself as he ccloser, "Just felt a bit stuffy, went for a walk in the garden and accidentally tripped. Luckily, Mr. Lockwood was there." In this new life, she could easily cut all ties with Matthew to avoid repeating her past tragedies. But that would let him off too easily.

He deserved to be ruined, to experience the despair she had felt in her past life.

"Alright." Matthew smiled slightly, nodding respectfully to Orion, "Thank you, Mr. Lockwood, for your help. I'll take her from here." "Mr. Lockwood, thank you." Before she could finish, Orion had already set her down and turned away, lips pressed.

She hadn't even gotten a chance to see if there was an iris tattoo on his chest!

"Xan, are you hurt?" The content is on english

"I'm fine." The content is onthe latest englishRead the chapter there!

"How cMr. Lockwood was holding you? Do you know him?" After Orion had walked a distance, Matthew's respectful demeanor shifted to one of 2/3 1455 lapter suspicion.

Rumors had it that the heir to the Lockwood Group was unpredictable and mysterious, always avoiding women. Why then did he attend Xan's coming-of-age celebration and rush to aid her over a simple fall? Xanthea noticed the change in his expression and scoffed internally, "We don't know each other. He was just lending a hand. What about it?" "Nothing, just that his reputation isn't great. Heard he had mental issues as a kid

that led to the deaths of his stepmother and a se rvant. Now, he's ruthlessly pushing out his own uncle in the Lockwood Group's power struggles. Xan, you're so pure and kind, should probably stay away from such people." As he reached to touch her hair, she subtly dodged, "Since when did you becsuch a gossip, believing all these ridiculous rumors, Matthew?" 3/3