

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 401

Posted by **AdminJ**, 862 Views, Released on June 4, 2024

Chapter 401

All of this thanks to Xan

“Mommy, why do you keep staring at Pretty Sister?” Sebastian Thompson nestled in Octavia Lockwood’s arms, blinking up at her with his large eyes. Octavia snapped out of her momentary daze, “Because Pretty Sister is beautiful.”

“I think so too. Pretty Sister is just like mommy, the most beautiful woman in the **world!** When I grow up, I’ll snatch her away from Uncle and make her my mommy’s daughter-in-law!”

Octavia couldn’t help but laugh, pinching his chubby cheeks, “Aren’t you afraid your uncle might just throw you off the plane right now?”

Sebastian shuddered and immediately clammed up.

The helicopter hovered over Xanthea Haven Estate for a good two **hours** before finally landing.

Everyone was **still** immersed in the breathtaking view, reluctantly disembarking the helicopter. Sebastian, rubbing his flat belly, said, “Mommy, I’m hungry”

“Then, how about we head back **and** get something to eat?” Octavia suggested.

“But I still want to play”

“Come on, you’ve **played** enough for today.”

“No!” Sebastian wriggled out of her grasp and ran over to Xanthea Nightshade, “Pretty Sister I want to play more!”

But it was getting dark, and it was dinner time.

Leonard Marlowe. “Seb, how about we eat first, and then Uncle can play some video games with you?”

“No! Seb wants to play with Pretty Sister”

Orion Lockwood’s hand was already inching towards his ear when Xanthea suddenly suggested, “Why don’t we have a BBQ outside tonight?”

“Yes, yes, yes!” Sebastian’s eyes lit up at the mention of a barbecue, clapping his little hands excitedly. Leonard looked around at the serene lakes and green lawns, “Great idea. On this breezy and moonlit night, outdoor barbecue has a special flavor.”

Octavia shook her head helpless at Sebastian’s antics, “Xan, you spoil **him** too much. This kid can never get enough playtime,”

“Pretty Sister is the best!” Sebastian hugged Xanthea’s leg, content. Leonard teased, “Xan, if you’re already spoiling your little nephew this much, what will happen when you have your own kids?”

After saying this, he inadvertently noticed that Orion’s eyes had darkened slightly, as if he would never allow such a situation to occur

Everyone usually gets excited at the mention of kids. Why does **he** seem so cold and dismissive?

Could it be he’s afraid a daughter or son would steal Xan’s love from him? Wow, he really underestimated his good friend’s possessiveness!

Xanthea took Orion’s **hand**, “Shall we get started?”

“Sure.”

As night fell and the bonfire blazed, the estate’s staff gradually brought out fresh BBQ ingredients and freshly picked fruits from the Orchard

Orion stood in front of the grill, carefully turning the sizzling meats on the grate. Sebastian, standing beside him **and** clapping his hands, looked like a hungry little kitten, affectionately calling him ‘uncle’ with every bite. The bright flames cast a warm glow on their faces, which bore a striking resemblance to each other, looking both elegant and adorable.

Xanthea was mesmerized. The Lockwood family genes were indeed strong; the three generations all shared a resemblance. If she and Orion had a son in the future, he’d probably look even more like them

But a daughter? No way. A cold and indifferent daughter wouldn’t be as cute. She definitely had to look like her!

Even though she had just come of age, and Orion always **took** precautions no matter how indulgent he was in bed, she still allowed herself to dream of a beautiful future.

“Orion, this Xanthea

Haven Estate of yours is truly a piece of paradise. Even the grapes here are sweeter than the ones back home!”

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 402

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Chapter 402

Leonard passed the washed grapes to Xanthen and Octavia Xanthea peeled one and fed it to the man who was barbecuing. "Is it sweet?"

"Sweet."

"Hey, could you two stop flaunting your love using my hard work?"

Sebastian: "Pretty Sister, I want some too!"

Xanthen peeled another translucent grape and offered it to him, "Open wide."

"No, I want one from your mouth, it's sweeter!"

He leaned in to kiss Xanthea, but was lifted up by Orion, his face darkening and his tone cold, "Julian, help me take his clothes off."

The housekeeper was puzzled, "Why are we taking off Seb's clothes?"

"To grill"

"Ah! Uncle's the big demon!"

"Sebastian struggled and ran away, screaming.

Xanthea couldn't help but laugh

Leonard remarked, "Seb's got game, he's even better at flirting than me, it's going to be incredible when he grows up!"

Octavia: "Lucky for him, he looks like his uncle—attracting girls."

"?" Xanthea **turned** to look at Orion, who shook his head in confusion, "I'm not"

"Even if he did, he wouldn't notice, just like Seb. At his age, he only had eyes for Leonard's words were abruptly cut off by a sizzling hot burger stuffed into his mouth, making it hard for him to continue. "Orion, got a new flame and you want to kill off the old ones!"

“You guys keep gnlling: I’ll go prep some side dishes Octavia stood up

Hearing this, Xanthea raised her hand. “Tll come too!”

“You?”

Orion’s **eyebrows** lifted slightly. Xanthea could sense a clear disbelief in his tone, defiantly responding, “What? Do you look down on me or what?”

“Tell me what you **want**, and I’ll make it for y

Apparently, he did look down on her!

“No need, Ill do it myself!”

Her finger pressed against his chest, halting him, “You **just** sit tight here. Octavia chimed in, “Sure, let Xan come with me.”

It was a perfect moment for some girl talk.

As the two were about to leave, Orion called out, “Sis, make sure she stays away from knives and fire.”

Octavia, noticing the concern etched between his brows, **nodded** with a smile.

“Will do.”

Xanthea How incapable did she seem in his eyes? Sure, her cooking skills weren’t top-notch, but it wasn’t like she was about to slice off her fingers or set the kitchen ablaze!

“Xan, Orion is even more indulgent with you than I am with Seb.”

“Sister, he’s just being overly cautious.”

“He’s never worried this much about anyone before”

Let alone treated someone with such care and tenderness.

Feeling a bit shy, Xanthe brushed her hair aside, and Octavia noticed the jade bracelet on her wrist, her expression turning to one of

surprise

It was the token of love their father gave their mother.

“Xan, has Orion taken you to see Grandpa?”

“Mhm, we went yesterday.”

As Xanthea finished, she saw Octavia staring intently at the bracelet on her wrist. Worried she might stir up some unpleasant memories, she was about to explain when Octavia smiled warmly, a smile of gentle acceptance, “That bracelet suits you well.”

10:09

“Thank you Octavia,”

When the two reached **the** kitchen, the servants asked them what ingredients they needed, and Xanthea ordered a few items from the

list.

Octavia asked, “Planning to make pasta?”

“Yeah, my cooking skills are pretty basic, so I stick to simple dishes.”

My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 403

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Chapter 403

The ingredients she asked for and the recipe she found were clearly for a birthday spaghetti.

She knew tomorrow was Orion’s birthday, and also the anniversary of their mother’s death, which was inconvenient to mention. So, she took this opportunity to quietly make Orion a special birthday spaghetti.

Those two really are a pair of loving couple.

Grandpa used to say, they’ve had a deep connection since they were little. It was a case of strong affection but unfortunate timing. never quite managing to get together.

Later on, Orion went through a lot of hardships to win her over.

She had thought Xan’s feelings for Orion wouldn’t measure up to his for her, but it seemed now that they were clearly made for each other.

“Mmm, crispy texture, tender meat. Orion, your cooking skills have really improved: truly worthy of being called a family chef!”

“Uncle, your grilled meat beats any Michelin–star chef’s!”

Leonard and Sebastian sat on the lawn, savoring the barbecue. Soon enough, the plates were empty,

“Uncle, we’re out of squid. Can we get five more skewers?”

At the barbecue, Onion kept looking at the semi–open kitchen, the crab he was roasting had burnt, “I’ll go check on Xannie.”

“Seb, your uncle’s soul has been lured away by the kitchen; he’s not seeing us. Let’s help ourselves. There’s plenty to go around.”

No sooner had he finished speaking than Octavia and Xanthea came out, followed by a **few** servants with trays of exquisite dishes.

“Food’s ready!”

Holding a food container, Xanthea hurriedly ran up to Orion with her hands behind her back.

Orion put down his grilling fork, “What did you make?”

“Guess!”

“Dessert?”

“You think too highly of me. That’s too hard for me.”

He chuckled, “But time’s up.”

“Are you making fun of me?”

She had only experimented a few more times while waiting for her sister to arrive, but she couldn’t admit defeat!

“Shall we go to the pavilion to eat?”

“Sure.”

At the pavilion, Xanthea had him sit on the bench, teasingly took out the food container from behind her, “Ta–da! Open it up!”

Orion opened it, and upon seeing the plate filled with spaghetti under a sprinkle of greens and chopped onions, his expectant look suddenly froze.

“Haha.”

“How is it? Smells good, doesn’t it?”

“This spaghetti, I timed it perfectly, not a minute more, not a minute less, and I lifted the m out of the pot. And I even **added** more Bolognese sauce for you.”

Xanthea started praising her own work, but then noticed he wasn’t reacting, just slowly s hifting his gaze to his wristwatch.

On the glass surface, the hands pointed sharply at twelve.

“What’s wrong? Doesn’t it smell **good**? Or do you not like spaghetti?”

Xanthea moved closer out of curiosity, just as he lifted his head, meeting her gaze with his deep, obsidian– like eyes, shimmering with complex mix of emotions, almost as craving something profo und much like the look he had before every time **he** was about to **devour** her.

Xanthea jerked back in shock.

What was he thinking?

She **brought** him to this secluded pavilion, hoping for a quiet moment to enjoy this **birth day** spaghetti, **not** for boys m

Chapter 403

Under the dark, windy night, in the small pavilion, perhaps it was time to continue what was left unfinished upstairs.

“O–

Orion, I’m warning you I worked hard on this spaghetti. You better eat up, not a bite to w aste!”

My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 404

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Chapter 404

It took Orion a moment, but finally, he withdrew his gaze, suppressing his uncontrollabl e emotions, all buried in the steaming spaghetti

in front of him

Seeing him earnestly eating, Xanthea finally relieved. "How is it? Does it taste good?"

"Delicious"

This was, by far the most delicious and satisfying spaghetti he had ever had in twenty years.

"So this is the first meal I've prepared for you as your girlfriend, do you want to make a wish?"

Orion paused Xanthea thought he'd caught onto something, but he responded.

"Did you made a wish?"

7did.

As she gazed into his bright eyes, she didn't know what wish he made, but she silently wished him **a** happy birthday, my **dear**.

Under the hazy moonlight, the willow branches swayed gently, casting reflections of the couple's silhouette within the pavilion.

Xanthea watched him finish the entire plate, even drinking the soup, feeling touched and proud.

Finally, someone acknowledged her cooking skills!

"Onion, is it really that deli-"

Before she could finish her sentence, she was abruptly pulled into his embrace, firmly seated on his **lap**.

"What are you doing?"

Chion's face, filled with emotion, burred slightly into her thick, curly hair, his voice as rich and soothing as a cello, "After eating spaghetti, I find myself craving something else, you, Xannie."

Xanthea "Satiated hunger awakens other cravings, huh?"

Orion chuckled lowly, "I crave you, Xannie, always, not just when I'm full."

that something you should be proud of?" Xanthes pinched his chiseled jaw, her tone fierce like a little fox, "Well, you better not **bet**

“We’re so close to the lake, what if Seb suddenly shows up!”

“Does that mean if Seb isn’t here, it’s okay?” His gaze teased her, “Then later, we could **out** here in the open-

He didn’t finish his sentence before Xanthea bit him in annoyance, attempting to get up, only to be tightly embraced by him again.

“Xannie, don’t go”

“Did you do something wrong?”

“Will you do it again?”

“**What?!**”

“I won’t do it again, I mean.”

Xanthea narrowed her eyes, sensing his floating promises. While his words said one thing, his hands seemed to have their own agenda. But, considering it was his birthday, she decided to stay a bit longer for his sake.

Orion, holding her close, seemed like an addict **unable** to resist his fix, his lips tracing delicately down her neck to capture the sweet warmth of her lips, his hand slowly wandering **up** beneath her dress.

Xannie, thank **you** for spending my first birthday in fifteen years with me.

From now on, I want to spend every birthday with you.

“Orion, mmm.”

“Uncle’ Pretty Sister There you are. I found you!”

Just as the two were getting intimate, a child’s innocent voice suddenly echoed from below the pavilion, starting Xanthea into **halting** her moans and shaking her head **to** regain composure

Orion, this big pervert, still managed to tempt her. Fortunately, they had only just begun, or else

“Seb, what are you doing here?”

08:57

Chapter 404

“Julian sent me with a bottle of wine, and Uncle Leonard asked me to bring it to you!”

Not for off, Leonard approached the pavilion with a smile, while Orion’s gaze darkened, like a cruel beast lurking in the shadows, ready

to pounce

My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 405

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Chapter 405

“Orion, Xan, are you moved?”

Leonard strolled up the steps with a smug look on his face, arms crossed as if he had **just** pulled off the greatest prank.

“Your little nephew here isn’t pampered for nothing. If there’s something **good** to share, you two are the first ones he thinks of!”

Xanthea caught the mischievous glint in his eyes and realized what was going on.

So, it was it was him who instigated Sebastian to come. Whether she was moved by the gesture was another matter, but for now, Orion was definitely wouldn’t dared to react.

She quickly grabbed the jacket she had just taken off from the stone table and threw it over the man’s legs in a feeble attempt to cover

Sebastian, following her **lead**, curiously **asked**. “Hey? Uncle, what’s hiding under your jacket

“Seb” Xanthea suddenly scooped him up, pretending to smile, “Where’s the wine? I want a drink!”

“Right here!”

Sebastian held it up like a prized possession, while Leonard couldn’t help but revel at the sight of Orion under the dim tree shadows, whose face was a mix of anger and desire.

Who let him be so heartless to his brothers? This is karmal

“Seb, you should first offer the wine to your uncle. Hes in dire need of cooling down, though wine doesn’t cool down, it only intensifies

the heat!!

“Right On, ow, ow, ow!

His teasing was cut short by a scream that made both Xanthea and Sebastian shudder

“Uncle Leonard”

Just as Sebastian was about to look, Xanthea covered

ed his eyes. Some scenes are better left unseen.

Tm sorry. I’m sorry,

I was wrong. Orion, Orion, bro, can I call you bro? Is that okay? Let go, please, you’re dislocating my arm!”

“Onion, what

are you doing? Leonardoodle is a guest, and he’s older than you. Look how you’re bullying him!”

Octavia intervened, and only then did Onion slowly let go.

Leonard “hissed” as he pulled his arm back, incredulous. “You beast, how can you still have so much strength even in this state?”

How could he be so strong without even standing up? It’s a blow to his male **pride!**

Xanthea tearfully agreed Onion had always been a force of nature, overpowering even a tall, gym-

frequenting man without breaking a sweat, let alone her, a delicate and dainty lady.

Octavia: “Let’s try some of my cooking and open a couple of bottles of wine”

As they settled down under the beautiful moonlit lakeside, they enjoyed their wine and conversation.

Xanthea, caught up in the moment, had taken several sips of wine and was about to down the rest when her glass was taken away.

more drinking for you.”

“No

“Why not?”

Xanthea pouted unhappily, and Orion, looking at the shiny wine stains on her lips, narrowed his long eyes and said in a voice only the two of them could hear.

“You’re getting too drunk, it’s easy to get dizzy”

“You!” She sensed the hidden meaning in his words, pinched him in embarrassment, and snatched back the wine glass, “Sis, Orion won’t let me drink!”

“Onion, let Xan have a little fun the wine is not that strong”

With someone backing her up, Xanthea smugly licked the rim of her glass

Onion looked at her delicate and rosy tongue, as if imagining how tender and soft it would be.

“Her alcohol tolerance is not good”

This little temptress, he knew all too well how much trouble she could be when drunk

As the night grew deeper, the mischievous Sebastian dozed off in ravia's arms and was cared back to the villa. Learning from **earlier**, Leonard also decided it was time to **leave**

Chapter 406

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 406

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Chapter 406

Leonard rubbed his arm, giving Orion a flirtatious look as if forgetting all past hurt, "Hey Orion, take it easy, yeah? It's getting chilly out here. You might catch a cold outside."

"Get lost"

"Get lost? Where am I supposed to go?"

Xanthea leaned on the table, her eyes misty.

, the tip of her nose reddening, and let out a hiccup like a tipsy kitten, curiously looking up at the mention of "get lost."

Orion took off his jacket and wrapped her **up** tightly, scooping her up in his arms, "Babe, we're heading home."

"Home? No way, I don't want to go back!"

"It's too late, and it's cold outside."

"But I don't want to." She hooked her arms around his neck, her lips pouting slightly, her amber eyes shimmering with pitiful pleas and seductive charm, "Ori, can't we just hang out a bit longer, please?"

"What do you wanna do?"

His voice unintentionally grew husky.

Once drunk, she turned into **a** melting candy, a bewitching demon, making him completely defenseless.

"I wanna," Xanthea's gaze was captivating as she traced her delicate fingers along the contours of his handsome face, drifting down, over the pronounced Adam's apple, to the firm chest, **until** he grasped her hand tightly.

the stone table, disregarding everything.

The wild beast of desire was unleashed from its cage. Just as he was about to press her onto the Xanthea suddenly shouted, "Look at the stars!"

"What?"

"I wanna see the stars!"

After saying that, she pushed him **away** and happily ran towards the lake, "There are so many stars fallen into the water!"

"Xannie!"

Orion's eyes narrowed as he caught up and pulled her into his embrace.

Xanthea, suddenly enveloped by his chest, was confused, "Ori, I wanna see the stars-"

"No!" Orion said sharply, each word as if squeezed out through clenched teeth, "Tomorrow, I'll have the lake filled in."

·

Xanthea paused, realizing he was scolding her, and started to cry like a child, "Ori is mean, scolding me and not letting me see the

stars!

Orion was angry. Angry that she liked playing in the water, and every time she was near the lake, she encountered danger. Yet, hearing her cry, his heart softened.

"Alright, it won't be filled.

"Be good, don't cry anymore. The stars are in the sky. I will take you to see them, okay?"

"Okay!"

Xanthea immediately stopped crying and hugged him tightly, Orion then realized, she hadn't shed a single tear

"Little fox, you were pretending just now?"

"That doesn't matter. You've promised to show me the stars!"

"**Okay**" He affectionately rubbed her nose, "I show Xannie the stars."

They sat under **the** pavilion, looking up at the twinkling stars, which seemed to be speaking volumes in the breezy, peaceful **night** casting a romantic glow **on** the two **figures**,

As Xanthea looked at them, **her memories** of being slightly upset staged to blur jumping out in a jolt

*On, I **just** remembered. Long, long ago I also watched the stars with a little boy?

Orion **slowly** turned his face, suffering

counted the stars with his showed him where the Pegasus was, are the Cessional

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 407

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Chapter 407

"Because I looked just like a fluffy little fox!"

"He was such a good boy, always following me."

As she spoke, she cupped her face, seemingly lost in a blend of longing and reminiscence.

"Do you still remember him?"

The man's voice, rough with a gritty texture, echoed in her ear. Xanthea nodded, "Of course, but I never really saw his face. He just left, without even saying a goodbye."

"But I remember his eyes!!

"Like stars in the night sky, twinkling, they are so clear and bright, they could **suck** you right in."

"Or, would you get jealous if I say this."

She suddenly turned, only to fall into a pair of deep, dark eyes that seemed bottomless, with only the pupils shimmering brightly, just like the stars in the sky

For a moment, they seemed to overlap with the eyes from her memory

"Huh? Oh, you kinda look like him!"

Xanthea shook her head, feeling like she must have been drunk.

"Xannie."

Orion's heart throbbed, gripping her hand tighter

"But you're definitely not him. He's long gone,"

The next second, she collapsed into his arms, her breathing even and steady.

Orion looked down, his gaze hiding all the turmoil and affection, and gently kissed her forehead. "Xannile, I never left. I've always been by your side."

"Pretty Sister! Pretty Sister

wakeimi

up! The sun's out and shining!"

In the morning, Xanthea was roused by a child's noisy yet innocent voice.

She rubbed her sleepy eyes and, upon seeing a small bun holding onto her feet, she was stunned.

Who was she? Where was she? And where did this little bun come from?!

Sebastian, seeing her eyes open, happily climbed onto the bed, "Pretty Sister, you finally woke up, **you** sleep more than my pet!"

"Uncle said to drink this once you're awake, and you won't feel bad anymore."

He handed her a mug of honey water on the bedside table, Xanthea drank it, feeling refreshed and much better, her memories gradually returning.

She had ignored Orion's advice last night and ended up blackout drunk again.

But aside from feeling a bit worn out, she didn't have any other unusual sensations. It seemed that Orion, despite his beastly nature, had retained some humanity and hadn't taken advantage of her while she was drunk.

"Seb, what pet **do** you have?"

"Peppal

Xanthea almost spit her water out laughing.

She realized this kid, just like Orion, had a harmless facade but was secretly **very sly**.

"Where's **your** uncle? Is he cooking breakfast?"

"**No.**" He **shook** his head, "Uncle left early for the office with Uncle Leonard, he said he left you **a** voice mi

Xanthe called up the smart home assistant and immediately heard Orion's volon

Xannie, remember to **drink** the tee Breakfast's in the thermos. **Let** me know about after **your** meeting.

Tak. He's such a model husband!!

Llebanting to his dano, soi

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 408

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Chapter 408

"Please. Seb begged Mom for ages before she agreed."

Sebastian nuzzled her hand like a little puppy, making her giggle. How could such a cute kid be anything but a delight?

"Alright, we'll grab some lunch and then I take you out to have fun."

"Hooray for Pretty Sister!"

"Pretty Sister, what fun stuff are we doing today?" Sebastian asked, munching on his toast with eager anticipation. Xanthea glanced at her phone, checking the packed schedule her uncle **had** sent her, none of which seemed kid-friendly.

"**What** would you like to do?",

"Cosplay! Seb wants to see Pretty Sister turn into a kitty cat!"

"Cough, cough!" Xanthea choked on her milk, waving her hands dismissively, "No, no, that's not suitable for kids. Let's choose something else."

"How about something similar? Like a dress-up game for a magazine cover shoot? Would you like to try that?"

"A magazine shoot?"

Sebastian's eyes sparkled at the thought. Wouldn't that mean he could be in a picture with Pretty Sister?

"Yes, yes, let's do it!"

Nodding eagerly, Xanthea messaged Oliver Lopez back. After finishing their meal, the two, dressed in matching punk jackets that made them look like the coolest aunt–nephew team ever, set off for the studio.

But as soon as they stepped out of the car at the studio, a swarm of reporters and paparazzi swarmed them like bees to honey, shoving microphones and flashing lights in Xanthea’s face.

“Xan, is the rumored relationship true between you and Orion Lockwood, the chairman of the Lockwood Group?”

“Xan, how do you respond to the widespread rumors of you two living together?”

Xanthea was aware her relationship had been a hot topic online, but she hadn’t expected a mob of reporters at the studio door, especially with Sebastian in tow. She was about to retreat to the car when Sebastian suddenly stepped forward.

“Hey Seb!”

“Ms. Nightshade, how far has your relationship with Mr. Lockwood progressed? Are you in love? Living together? Or?”

The reporters **crowded** closer, microphones poised, but then they saw a child? They have a child together?!

The crowd was momentarily stunned, their expressions a mix of surprise and confusion.

The reporters’ keen instincts made them quickly realize the situation and immediately aimed the cameras at Sebastian,

‘Little boy, are Xanthea and Orion your parents?’

“Hey buddy, are you out having fun with Mom today?”

“Kid, how old are you? What’s your relation to Xanthea?”

“Stop, stop filming!”

Xanthea felt that these reporters were going crazy for news. They actually thought Sebastian was her and Orion’s child. How **old did** they think she was when she had him? She tried to hide Sebastian, but it only made things more suspicious.

Confronted with his first encounter with the press, Sebastian adjusted his sunglasses with all the poise of a young aristocrat and declared in his sweet, childlike voice, "I'm four and a half years old!"

"Four and a half?"

The reporters were dumbfounded. The math didn't quite add up for him to be Xanthea and Orion's child.

So, what's your relationship with Xanthea and Orion?"

"One's my future wife, and the **other's** my val in **love!**

The reporters: This was denying too far fetched—downright ludicrous!

Chapter 409

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 409

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Chapter 409

Xanthea covered her eyes, unable to bear any more.

Sebastian took off his sunglasses, dangling them from his **shirt**, striking a pose like a celebrity ready for an interview "Alright, now **you** can interview me and my **future** wife about our sweet everyday life!"

The group of reporters, faced with the child's bright and intelligent eyes, exchanged

"Make way, make way, make way!"

glazed looks. Did

they appear foolish to him?

From behind the crowd, Oliver led a group of bodyguards, clearing a path. "Xan, are you okay? Where did this little munchkin come from?"

He stopped in his tracks upon seeing Sebastian.

This kid looked a lot like Orion, didn't he?

"I am not a little munchkin,"

Before Sebastian could proudly announce his identity, Xanthea swiftly covered his mouth, dragging him into the building.

“My future wife. If you drag me like this, I lose face!”

“Heh.” Once inside the company, Sebastian’s demeanor changed, wearing an innocent and guilt-free smile. “Pretty Sister, I did well out there, didn’t I?”

“Oh, superbly well. Xanthea gritted her teeth. “Your uncle is definitely going to reward you handsomely tonight.”

Indeed, the fleeting impression from the morning wasn’t mistaken. This wasn’t some adorable, obedient cutie, but a little devil with horns hidden in his eyes!

“Xan, what’s going on? I just cleared up a romance rumor for you, and now there’s a little munchkin.” Oliver followed, pointing at Sebastian in confusion. “Who is he?”

“Uncle!”

Sebastian sweetly called out to him, but Xanthea twisted his ear, prompting a softer, “Grand-uncle-”

“So, he’s Orion’s nephew?”

Oliver crouched down in surprise, pinching the boy’s chubby cheek. “No wonder you look so much like your uncle.”

“Thank you, but I’m cuter than him~”

“Hahaha, indeed you are!”

“Uncle, let’s get the shoot started.”

Xanthea regretted bringing him along, fearing the little devil might stir up more trouble. She just wanted to finish the task at hand and take him home.

“Alright, you’ve got another little friend joining you for the shoot today.”

Xanthea: “?”

As she wondered, she saw a Samoyed with fluffy ears and a smile bounding towards her.

Eluffy?

“Big doggy!”

Sebastian saw the Samoyed and his eyes lit up with excitement. He waved his little hands and **happily** pounced over.

Xanthea swallowed hard, feeling an ominous premonition.

This was a disaster. A mischievous pet and a little devil together, she was doomed to be tormented!

As expected, over the next while, Sebastian and Fluffy **seemed** like long-lost friends, frolicking **and playing** together, causing chaos in

the studio. They almost knocked over several pieces of equipment and giving Xanthea a **headache**.

But Oliver, fond of children, managed to coax the trio into taking dozens of harmonious **and** adorably **captivating** photos

Wow, these are fantastic'

"Both cute **and** heartwarming!

Looking through the photos with delight Oliver chimed. This (asus of SMILE) going to break records. Xay be careful not to be pleased into marone and

Chapter 410

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 410

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Chapter 410

If they get snapped by the paparazzi again, there's no way to explain this "family of three scenario.

"**Uncle**, I'm going to take Seb back home. If we stay any longer, I'm afraid he'll tear your studio apart."

"Alight"

Oliver nodded, but Sebastian and Fluffy weren't having it. The boy and his dog clung to each other, one whining and the other howling.

refusing to part

“Pretty Sister, can’t we stay a bit longer? I wanna play with Fluffy!”

Xanthea looked at the dog hair scattered all over the studio, “If Fluffy keeps playing with you, we might have to rename him Baldy.”

“It’s okay, he’s just shedding for the season.” **Oliver** walked over and ruffled Sebastian’s hair, “Seb, if you really like him, how about I lend Fluffy to **you for** a day? But you **have** to take good care of him.”

“Yes, yes, yes! I treat Fluffy really well!” Sebastian said, then kissed Oliver, “You’re the coolest!”

“Aw, Seb, how can you be so adorable!

Seeing him swayed by Sebastian’s sweet talk to the point of even lending his beloved dog. Xanthea couldn’t help but scratch her head.

“Uncle, aren’t you spoiling him too **much**?”

“And

you have the nerve to talk? You were even naughtier when you were his age!”

Xanthea: Was 17

After causing all the ruckus outside for half the day, Xanthea thought Sebastian would rest once they got back. But no, he was still **full** of energy.

The boy and the dog ran around the house, having a blast, turning the huge villa into a mess. The servants tried to clean up behind them, but Xanthea stopped her and sent her away.

This little devil, making such a mess, of course, **he’d** want his mom and uncle to see what he had done!

“Pretty Sister, Pretty Sister!”

“I found a mysterious box in the storage room!”

Sebastian ran over, holding a box, “Can you open it for me, please?”

Xanthea looked down to see the safe she once found in the Sunset Hills Estates storage room, still adorned with a delicate blue iris dried flower.

“This belongs to your **uncle**.”

“What’s inside?”

“I **don’t** know.” Xanthea shook her head. Sebastian whispered, “Aren’t you curious, Pretty Sister?”

“Well, L

His words indeed sparked her curiosity.

From Sunset Hills Estates to Xanthea Haven Estate, wherever Orion lived, he took this box with him, showing its importance. Especially with a blue iris attached to it, could it have special meaning?

The blue iris symbolizes secret admiration, which means a crush.

Sebastian looked around, afraid his uncle would suddenly come back, whispering, “There’s a code. Uncle set it. You must know it Pretty Sister’

“I don’t”

“**But** it must be related to you. Uncle likes you so much!”

“**Let** me **try**.”

Just as Xanthea was about to touch the keypad, she stopped herself, then gently tapped the metal **box**, her expression. impolite to mess with other people’s belongings, even if it’s your uncle’s. Put it back, got 17”

Sebastian carried the box back, visibly disappointed. **What** could possibly **be** inal

Xanthes raised an eyebrow. She was almost tricked by the int’a d