

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 411

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Chapter 411

"Hey, Pretty Sister, let's go out and play. Fluffy doesn't want to stay indoors!"

After getting enough of the dog-chasing game, Sebastian was already brainstorming his next adventure. Xanthea gently squeezed his chubby little cheeks, morphing his mouth into a funny duck shape, "I think it's you who doesn't want to **stay** indoors, right?"

"Little devil, you're only four and a half. How come you have so much energy? When will you ever stop playing?"

"Just one more game, the last one, then

then I stop!"

Sebastian held up a finger, and Xanthea raised an eyebrow in semi-belief, "Really? That's great"

"Uh-

huh, on the flight yesterday. I saw a strawberry field, can we go pick strawberries, please?"

Xanthea sighed, "Can't you pick a less exhausting activity?"

"Come on, please You're the best, Pretty Sister"

Xanthea couldn't resist his pestering and agreed, "This is the last one! When we get back, you have to eat and rest obediently, got it?"

"Got it!"

The duo with baskets, along with their dog, headed to the strawberry field, Xanthea gently pinched a berry, checking its stems and leaves, and found they were all ripe. She was about to call the servants and gardeners to help with the picking, but th

the old man trimming the branches said they were all installing the guardrail of the Raxing Lake.

She tiptoed to get a better view and indeed saw a group of workers around the lake, constructing a tall and sturdy guardrails.

“Why are they putting a guardrail around the lake?”

Raxing Lake was a highlight of the Xanthea Haven Estate, with its crystal clear water and colorful rocks, and a heart-shaped island in the middle. It looked like a flawless mirror during the day and reflected beautiful stays at night. Now, with those tall and dense guardrails, it ruins the aesthetic!

I’m not sure, it was Mr. Lockwood’s o

order. And when it’s finished, there will only be one entrance, and hell have the key.”

Xanthea: “777” Was he hiding treasure in the lake?

“Look, Pretty Sister! This strawberry I picked is huge!”

Sebastian ran over, boasting a strawberry almost the size of his palm. Xanthea weighed it, a good quarter pound at least.

“Wow, Seb, you’re awesome! How about we compete to see **who** can fill their basket first?”

“Let’s do it!”

An hour later, Xanthea, with a large basket on her back and two smaller ones in her hands, regretted the competition.

Had she known, she wouldn’t have competed with him. With his small frame, some strawberries were enough to slow him down, and now she ended up carrying both the kid’s and the dog’s loads.

I can’t wait to eat the strawberries!”

“Hurry up, Pretty Sister, Fluffy

Drenched in sweat and panting. Xanthea glared at his urging figure and gritted her teeth. She decided, once Orion returned, she’d definitely going to make him discipline this little devill

Back at the villa, Xanthea was exhausted.

“You feed Fluffy the berries. I’m going to take a shower”

“Come here, Fluffy!”

Half an hour later, Xanthea came out of the bathroom to a silence unlike Sebastian’s usual ruckus.

Well, so quiet, how more it was!

She walked to the hall, she saw a total mess red strawberry juice everywhere, a child and a dog sprawled out in the middle, with **white** Fluffy stained red, looking like a fluffy crime scene. She was so furious she almost roared.

She rolled up her sleeves, ready to give him a good scolding. But seeing Sebastian’s innocent sleeping face, which looked a **bit** like Orion’s, she finally **held** back.

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CHAPTER 412

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Chapter 412

She bent down to pick him up and walked towards the bedroom.

“Listen here, **kiddo**, remember it’s your face that looks like your uncle’s that saved you!”

Even in his sleep, he was muttering away, and Xanthea couldn’t help but laugh, both annoyed and fond. It took talent to tire both himself and a dog.

After settling both the child and the dog, she thought about calling back the dismissed servants to clean up the floor, only to find her phone dead. She accidentally stepped on a strawberry and slipped onto the carpet.

“Duch.”

Lying where she fell, Xanthea stared hopelessly at the crystal chandelier overhead. Taking care of kids was truly no easy feat. She vowed she’d never have such a mischievous child!

In the Crestwood CBD, within the Twin Towers’ 22th floor conference room.

“Mr. Lockwood, this is the contract we finalized after multiple discussions between our two **groups**. Please, take a look!”

The legal representative from MR Group handed over the contract.

Ohon glanced down, meticulously reviewing each clause.

Leonard noticed the young vice president of MR Group, Ms. Thomas, who couldn't take her eyes off Orion, **filled** with admiration and infatuation. He chuckled, "Ms. Thomas, you're truly impressive. Becoming the VP of MR Group in just three years and representing the group in such a major collaboration is truly admirable."

"Oh, it's nothing. Mr. Marlowe, you're the real young talent here."

"Ms. Thomas, with your intelligence and beauty at such a young age, I have to ask—do you have a boyfriend?" Leonard suddenly ventured, a bit of gossip in his tone. Roxanne smiled, shaking her head, "Not yet, but," she said, shyly glancing at the man across from her, who was engrossed in the contract, his features strikingly handsome.

"I already have someone I like."

"Well, you better hurry up. Don't let your career delay your personal life. Our Mr. Lockwood, who's **five** or six years younger than you, already has a girlfriend, or rather, is about to start a family!"

His words, with their hidden meaning, changed Roxanne's expression

"Family?"

"Yeah, haven't you heard? It's all over the Internet recently. The heiress of the Nightshade family from the southern areas of Crestwood, the famous star Xanthea. Haven't you heard it, Ms. Thomas?"

She had heard, but had assumed it was either a business alliance between families or just celebrity gossip. It never crossed her mind that it could be related to marriage, especially since the Nightshade family's young heiress had just come of age.

Leonard's mention of Xanthea distracted the contract-focused man for a rare moment, causing him to glance frequently at his phone. An hour ago, Xannie had finished a magazine shoot and hadn't messaged him back. Was she asleep? What was she doing? Did she have lunch on time? Was she being bothered by Seb.

As he skimmed through the contract, planning to sign at the end, the meeting room door suddenly burst open.

Cedric, looking panicked and out of breath, rushed in.

Leonard jumped, “Cedric, what’s the matter?”

“It’s a bad news, really bad, sir!”

Cedric, adjusting his glasses and trembling, held his phone.

“What happened?”

“Just now, the hospital called. Matthew bypassed the police guards and escaped from the ICU. He had a knife on him. The nurse said he was muttering about going to find Ms. Nightshade.”

As he spoke, Orion’s eyes instantly narrowed.

“I’ve been trying to call Ms. Nightshade, but she’s not picking up, and nobody’s answering the house phone either. We’ve already called the police.”

Before he could finish, the man had already bolted out, knocking him aside.

My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 413

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Chapter de.

Chapter 413

“Orion, don’t worry! Xan, she’s at the villa, and Matthew won’t find her there.”

Before Leonard could finish his sentence, the man had already disappeared from the conference room.

“Sorry, Ms. Thomas, let’s reschedule the contract signing.”

He hurried out, chasing after him.

Roxanne watched all these in shock.

Ever since she met Mr. Lockwood, he’d always been cool, distant, as if nothing could stir his emotions. But the sudden flash of cold fury in his eyes just now had truly frightened her.

Down KIN Avenue, a black Rolls–

Royce thundered past, turning pedestrians and trees into mere blurs. The gas pedal wa

s floored, and the man's slender, distinct fingers gripped the steering wheel, trembling with each disconnected call tone.

"Beep Beep beep beep, Sorry, the number you have dialed is busy."

"Beep Beep beep beep, Sorry, the number you have dialed is busy."

Xannie, Xannie, pick up, please pick up.

Nothing would happen, she's gotta be fine!

"Getting mad over trivial matters, then looking back, why bother? Others may rage, **but** i stay cool; anger brings nothing but a fool. If I get mad, who's pleased by that?"

"Others may not know, but Seb must be quite pleased!"

Xanthea lay on the carpet, speaking to herself a few times. As she was about to get up, she **suddenly** heard a distant, urgent call.

"Xannie, Xannie, Xannie!"

Orion?

Oh no, he was finally back!

"Bang? The **door** swung open with force.

There on the carpet in the hall, the girl lay with her hair in disarray, eyes **tightly** shut, lying still as if breathless, in a pool of what **looked** like blood—an image that pierced the man's heart like a poisoned dagger.

For a moment, **his** pupils shrank to the extreme, his face drained of color, voice choked as if strangled, and he couldn't even feel his heartbeats.

He didn't realize how he got to her side. When faced with sudden, fatal shock, one often can't react, just shaking their head as if to shake away the noise and hallucination.

"Wow!"

Xanthea suddenly opened her eyes, sparkling with a playful smile, her fingers **clawing** like a cute yet fierce little beast, pouncing on him

"Orion, you're finally back!"

"You have no idea how much your little nephew formented me today, oh my god."

She had initially wanted to scare him for fun, but she couldn't hold it when he touched her, and immediately launched into her complaints.

Why wasn't he reacting?

Xanthea released her grip in confusion, only to see his face was as pale as a sheet, his eyes dark and unfathomable, making her shiver.

"Orion, what's wrong?"

She didn't actually scare him, did she?

The girl in front of him smiled brightly, lively, her warmth enveloping him, her heartbeat against his chest steady and orderly, it **was** real so very real

Orion's vacant gaze slowly refocused, pie spirit gradually returning, feeling her **heartbe** at and the warmth fi

"You didn't get scared **by** me did you?".

Xanthea stumbled over her words, following her gaze to see the picked them from the **hi** ll at the back: What do you think, done

Before she could finish the man

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 414

Posted by **AdminHR**, ? Views, Released on June 5, 2024

Chapter 414

From his grip, Xanthea could feel, oh no, he was really scared, and worse, angry!

She quickly got to her feet and grabbed his hand with a **look** of guilty.

"Orion, I'm so sorry, I had no idea it would scare you."

The floor was not just splattered with strawberry juice but also scattered with fresh green leaves. She had thought he was clever enough to see right through her prank and just be momentarily stunned.

Her hand was brushed off, but she quickly grabbed it again. "I was wrong, I really was. Please, don't be mad, okay?"

She looked up, unexpectedly meeting his icy, bone-chilling gaze and the thunderous anger barely contained in his furrowed brows. His expression scared her into silence.

“Ma’am, ma’am, are you t there?”

Suddenly, the housekeeper’s anxious voice echoed from the doorway.

He had been directing workers by the lake when he received **a call** from the young master, alerting him to a potential danger to the madam. He rushed over in a panic, and seeing the two of them safe, he was slightly relieved. But the atmosphere between them seemed off.

“Secure the estate, lock all the gates. No one is allowed in out

The housekeeper. “Right away!”

Xanthea was stunned by his hoarse, harsh command.

His voice?

And why suddenly secure the estate?

As she stood puzzled, her hand was forcefully released, and the sound of the door slamming shut isolated her completely.

Xanthea stood there for a moment, then started banging on his door. “Orion, Orion, what’s wrong? Did something happen?”

“I know I was wrong, I really do, and I promise it won’t happen again!”

“If you’re really that mad, just yell at me, or come out and hit me, but please, don’t ignore me, okay?”

She kept knocking, but silence was the only response from within.

“Orion, Xan”

Leonard stumbled in just as the butler was closing the door. The sight of what looked like “blood” everywhere nearly made his soul leap out of his body, until he noticed the vibrant fruit skin, the green leaves, and Xanthea pitifully knocking on the study door.

“Xan, what’s going on here?”

Xanthea turned, eyes full of guilt. “When he came back, I lay in a pool of strawberry juice to scare him,”

“To scare him? Leonard exclaimed, incredulously raising an eyebrow “Were you trying to give him a heart attack?”

“I didn’t think that way.”

“You didn’t think he’d believe such an obvious setup, did you? Don’t you know that when people are overly worried, they lose all sense of logic? He heard about you in the conference room and rushed **out** without **a** second thought. Anything concerning your safety, no matter how trivial, makes him lose his mind—let alone coming back to this scene!”

“In the boardroom, he heard about in the conference room?”

Xanthea didn’t understand what he was talking about

Leonard took a deep breath. The hospital reported that Matthew had escaped, with a knife, and he’s coming to find you”

“What?”

“At first, I thought it was ridiculous, Not to mention how far he could get with a knife, he doesn’t even know you’re at Xanthea Haven Estate. And even if he did, with the estate’s tight security, he couldn’t get in. Orion knows this, but when it comes to your safety, **he just** can’t stay calm...”

My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 415

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Chapter 415

How did this happen? How could it be such a coincidence.

A wave of regret and guilt surged up in Xanthea’s heart.

Leonard patted *her* shoulder, “Alright, don’t blame yourself too much. After all, you didn’t know. But seriously, don’t joke about stuff like that with Orion again. If something actually happened to you, he...”

He wouldn’t survive either.

“Orion.”

“Stop knocking, let him cool down. He’ll be fine in a while.”

“Alright.”

“Housekeeper, could someone clean up the hall?”

Xanthea had thought Orion would be fine after a little while, but half an hour, an hour, two hours passed and there was still no sound from his study.

In the past, no matter how angry he was, he would just scold her a bit. This time he was completely ignoring her, which showed just how serious it was.

She wanted to knock on the door, but hesitated, thinking that seeing her might only make him angrier. Maybe it was best to wait until he calmed down.

Bored and anxious, Xanthea wandered between the living room, the gym, the home theater, and the balcony, eventually finding herself in the storage room.

In the storage room, the safe that Seb had left was lying askew. She went over to straighten it and accidentally found another box behind it. Opening it, she saw her knife.

She had only seen this knife twice since losing it at age four, once when he used it to pry open her grave and slit his throat on the Twin Towers rooftop, and another time in Adventure Blitz: Two Days, One Night, when he used it to scale a fish for her.

Now, it was cleaned and polished, resting in an expensive mahogany box, cushioned by high-quality silk, treasured like a precious gem. Because of their past lives and the history he was reluctant to discuss, she had never asked why he had the knife or why he cherished it so much. Now, seeing it again made her even more curious.

She picked up the knife and unsheathed it. Distracted, she accidentally nicked her fingertip.

She didn't mind much, simply sucking on it and gently turning the blade over. To her surprise, she found a fresh engraving on the back of the blade—O.L. (Orion Lockwood), perfectly matching the “X.N.” Her grip on the handle tightened.

He even wanted his name to be right next to hers.

She sat on the floor, staring at the knife, staring at the knife in a daze. She didn't know how long she sat there, but exhaustion from the day's events suddenly overwhelmed her. After sheathing the knife, she fell into a deep sleep.

The ancient military knife, with a trace of a young girl's crimson blood on its shiny blade, gleamed like the blood the man had **used to** slit his throat in her past life. The eerie red light reflected on the girl's sleeping lashes, wrapping her into a dream of past lives.

Fifteen years ago.

In the western areas of Crestwood, at the Serene Retreat House, the Lockwood family mansion.

"Happy Birthday *to* you~ Happy Birthday **to** you~"

"Happy Birthday to you~ Happy Birthday to you"

In the living room, a dozen servants and bodyguards surrounded around a cute basketb all cake and a little boy, singing the birthday song cheerfully.

Under the splendid crystal chandelier, the boy's delicate face was illuminated. His soft, dark *hair* was topped with **a sparkling** crown, **and** his black lashes fluttered, casting beautiful shadows on his fair cheeks, making him look like **a truly noble and beautiful** little prince.

Young master, **just** be patient **for** a little bit longer. Once Sir **and** Madam return, you can blow out **the** candles **and make** a wish!"

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 416

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Chapter 416

"Sir just called and **said** he'll be here in twenty minutes. **He's** bringing a surprise gift for you!"

"Okay."

Orion held the small cake, nodding obediently.

When Mom and Dad get back, he'll make a wish to play ball with them at the beach all weekend.

"Something bad happened!" A servant rushed in, stumbling, causing the housekeeper to frown, "Why are you so flustered? you'll scare the young master!"

"Sir and Madam, they've had a car accident!"

“What?!”

Boom—

The basketball cake in the boy’s hands fell heavily to the ground, cream splattering on his face and clothes. All the surrounding noise fading into the background, leaving only a buzzing in his ears.

“Breaking news, on the evening of October 27th at 5 PM, city’s esteemed Lockwood Group’s chairman, Theodore Lockwood’s eldest son, Harrison Lockwood, and his wife, Juliette, were involved in a severe car accident on West Avenue resulting in one death and one injury!”

“Financial news reports, prior to the accident, Harrison and his wife were set to take over as the new CEOs of the Lockwood Group with a 33% shareholding. The incident raises questions whether the three major financial consortia that worked with them will continue their support, if the board will stick to its decision, and whether the three sidelined candidates might take action. Will the Lockwood family be plunged into turmoil once again? Stay tuned!”

The overwhelming news coverage, the flood of online discussions, and wave after wave of reporters gathered at the hospital filled with tears and cries.

When Orion was brought to the hospital, he only saw a gurney slowly wheeled out of the operation room, covered with a white sheet. His father, covered in blood, lifted the sheet; and the man who never frowned knelt on the ground, crying in grief.

“Ori, come take one last look at your mom.”

His grandmother held him close to the gurney, and beneath the white sheet, he saw his mother’s beautiful face, pale and cold. Tears rolled down his cheeks uncontrollably, he wanted to call out to *her* like his dad did, but he couldn’t make a sound.

At five, an age still enchanted by fairy tales, he told himself it was all fake, that his mom would wake up like in the stories.

But from that day on, everything changed. No more gentle morning meals **from** mom, no more fun bedtime stories from dad, no more family weekends exploring together.

What remained was the vast, silent villa, his dad’s drunken figure collapsed everywhere, and his own muffled cries under the covers when nightmares woke him at midnight.

“Since Juliette died, Harrison has become useless, doing nothing but drinking all day. When has he ever been to the company? How can someone like that still be fit to lead the

Lockwood Group as CEO? Dad, why are you still insisting on this, aren't you being too biased?"

"Theodore, Harrison's business acumen and managerial talents *are* indeed remarkable. It was these qualities that earned our consortia's approval in the first place. But now, his mind is completely off business. Who knows when he'll pull himself together? If we don't choose another president soon, it could harm the company and our stakeholders' confidence!" h

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 417

Posted by **AdminHR**, 687 Views, Released on June 6, 2024

Chapter 417

"Theodore, Timothy and Lyndon are your sons too; why can't you choose one of them as the successor to take over the family business? Why are you so fixated on Harrison?"

"Sir, ever since the lady passed away, young master has been traumatized. He hasn't spoken for a long time and has become increasingly silent and withdrawn. And recently, he doesn't even want to go to school. The psychologist warned us that if this keeps up, he might end up with autism and might never speak again. What should we do? He's only five."

A tragic car accident shattered their once happy family. The broken family, fierce competition in the workplace, and the whirlwind of public opinion, all placed all the pressure on Theodore Lockwood's shoulders.

It wasn't that he didn't love his other children, but their business acumen and strategic visions were far inferior to Harrison's. Handing the company to them would eventually lead to it being devoured by the lurking financial predators.

Harrison was not only his son but also his proudest achievement and the only one he saw fit to carry on his legacy. He was just temporarily heartbroken from losing his beloved, that's all. Theodore was sure that Harrison would recover eventually.

To secure Harrison's position and to compensate for Orion's lack of maternal love, Theodore came up with a plan.

"At a time when the internal dynamics of Lockwood Group were as unpredictable as ever, and everyone was expecting Theodore to announce his successor at today's press conference, he surprised the media by announcing an upcoming merger with Miller family. The wedding between Harrison and Katherine Miller was set for three months from now. With Miller Group being one of the largest backers of Lockwood Group, they also pledged their continued support for Harrison as the new CEO."

“Notably, on the day of the press conference, only Katherine, the eldest Miller daughter, was present. Harrison, who had been away from the public eye for so long, was still nowhere to be seen. This move sparked widespread speculation about whether this marriage was purely for business reasons.”

The Lockwood and Miller families had been close business partners for years. Katherine had liked Harrison since she was a child, relentlessly pursuing him with all means, but Harrison had never paid her any attention. In college, he fell deeply in love with Juliette, a woman from a scholarly family, and they quickly got married.

After Juliette’s sudden and tragic accident, and with Harrison’s diminished standing within the family, Katherine saw her chance. Before Theodore could approach her, she proactively proposed the marriage alliance herself.

Even though Harrison already had a five-year-old son, and despite his current state of despair and grief, she was confident she could make him forget Juliette and fall in love with her..

The first time Theodore brought Katherine to the Serene Retreat House, they found Harrison disheveled and drunk, lying on the steps and calling out Juliette’s name.

When she tried to help him up, he shoved her away and glared at her viciously before stumbling off.

“Katherine, don’t mind him.”

“It’s okay.”

Katherine then turned to greet Orion with a beaming smile, but the young boy looked back at her with a chilling indifference, his dark eyes seemingly looking through her.

Theodore pulled him aside and crouched down, “Ori, granddad found you a new mom. She’s going to take good care of you and love you. You’ll need to give her a chance, okay?”

Asking a five-year-old who had just lost his mother to accept a stepmother was undoubtedly cruel, but Theodore felt he had no other choice.

Chapter 418

My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 418

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Chapter 418

In private, Theodore gently patted Ori's head with a mix of affection and guilt, said earnestly, "Ori, you've lost your mother, and Grandpa is very sad. But your father not only lost his wife but also almost lost his career. I'm afraid he will lose all hope and will to live. So, I've brought someone in to help him out. You understand, don't you?"

Ori perfectly inherited all the advantages of both Harrison and Juliette: intelligent, talented, and the most outstanding among his peers. Theodore knew, even without speaking, that Orion understood the situation perfectly.

At first, Katherine wasn't bothered by the cold shoulder she received from both the father and the son. She was determined to prove herself as a devoted wife and mother, believing that they would eventually be moved and accept her..

But within a few months, she couldn't bear it anymore!

Harrison was hardly ever home, wandering between Juliette's grave and all the places they used to visit. Whenever he did come home, he would drown his sorrows in alcohol, paying Katherine no mind.

The meals she prepared were left untouched, attempts to console him were met with rejection. In a fit of jealousy, she deliberately shattered a vase Juliette had adored, which led to Harrison publicly berating and slapping her in front of the staff, without any mercy! Their son, too, treated her as if she were invisible. Since her arrival, he hadn't spoken a word to her, let alone call her "mom." Being the heiress to the Miller Group, a woman of high status with countless suitors, Katherine wasn't used to such indignities. Jealousy and resentment built up in her heart, growing stronger over time. She didn't dare show it to Harrison, so she took it all out on Orion.

That day, she made dinner as usual and called Orion to eat. When he ignored her, she grabbed his collar.

"Who taught you to be so rude? Was it your dearly departed mother?"

Orion's face went pale, his dark eyes staring at her.

"What are you staring at? Am I wrong? Not only was your mother short-lived, but she was also a slut. Even after let go of Harrison. Ah-"

ath, she still doesn't

Before she could finish, Orion bit her arm hard, causing her to scream in pain. After shaking him off forcefully, she grabbed his neck. A five-year-

old child *no* strength to fight back, only able to struggle weakly as his throat hurt and his limbs flailed.

“Dare to bite me? I’ll choke the life out of you!”

“That bitch Juliette was lucky to marry Harrison and give birth to you, her little bastard!

“Once I give birth to a child for Harrison, you’ll be nothing in this household and will be kicked out! If you know what’s good for you, call me ‘mom’ now, call me!”

Her voice was shrill, her face twisted, like a terrifying devil in Orion’s eyes. His face was turning red, his vision blurring from lack of oxygen, but his lips remained tightly shut, refusing to utter a single word.

“So stubborn at such a young age, indeed a little bastard! It’s all because you, because you refuse to call me ‘mom.’ That’s why Harrison ignores me.”

“Madam! Madam!”

The group of servants rushed over to stop her, and only then did she release Orion, just as he was about to suffocate.

She, as the lady of the house, dismissed some of the loyal servants of the Lockwood family, bribed the remaining ones, and threw Orion into the small dark room.

The next day, *Orion* fell ill, coincidentally just as Harrison happened to return home.

My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 419

Posted by **AdminHR**, 649 Views, Released on June 6, 2024

Chapter 419

Katherine immediately transformed into the role of a virtuous wife and loving mother, bringing the doctor into covering up the bruises on Orion’s neck, taking care of him with extreme gentleness. Harrison, concerned about his son, for the first time asked her about the illness, without ignoring or showing a cold shoulder.

It seemed to Katherine as if she had stumbled upon the perfect way to win Harrison’s favor. Leveraging the fact that Orion couldn’t speak, she began to abuse him even more severely.

Starvation, cold showers, locking him in a dark closet, and even burning his skin with cigarette butts. Her cruelty knew no bounds, and her madness only grew. She employed every tactic to make him fall ill, knowing that would bring Harrison back to her side.

The last straw was that, Orion had a severe allergic reaction to food, breaking out in hives all over his body, and fell into a coma.

Harrison knelt by the bed, cradling Orion's frail body, weeping uncontrollably.

*Juliette, I'm sorry, I couldn't do what you asked of me."

He couldn't live well, take care of himself, or take care of Ori.

Every day he lived was a struggle, and it had taken a toll on Orion, whose body was growing weaker and whose temperament grew more gloomy and cold, he wouldn't even call him dad anymore.

It was all his fault.

A few days later, as Orion began to slowly recover, Harrison decided to leave.

On the day he left, he was uncharacteristically well-groomed, having shaved and changed into new clothes. His well-fitted white suit made him look tall and handsome. Katherine was spellbound by the transformation.

She thought he had finally decided to move on from Juliette and start a normal life with her, but he simply kissed Orion goodbye and

walked out the door.

"Ori, I'm sorry. If there's a next life, don't be my child."

The man's low and guilt-ridden voice lingered in Orion's ears for a long time. The boy tried to open his mouth to call out to his father, but no sound came out. He chased the car, running until he fell, and was then carried back by a servant.

Katherine couldn't understand Harrison's sudden change and decided to call the private investigator, only to receive devastating news.

"Mrs. Lockwood, Mr. Lockwood passed away at Juliette's grave early this morning. The chairman has already gone to retrieve his body."

"Ah!!!"

Hearing this, Katherine screamed hysterically and went completely mad.

"Harrison, Harrison, how could I not measure up to that woman?!"

“I’ve loved you for so many years, waited for you for so many years, willing to marry you at the cost of the entire group, but you saw none of it. You even chose to die for that bitch!”

“You loved her, didn’t you? Since you loved her so much, I’ll let your family of three reunite!”

With rage in her eyes, she tied up Orion, knocking him unconscious, and drove towards the **outskirts** of town.

When

Orion regained consciousness, he saw nothing but ruins around him, with the suffocating smell of gasoline in the air.

He was forced to kneel in front of a concrete pillar, his hands bound tightly with chains, and his mouth sealed with duct tape, rendering him completely immobile.

Katherine, like a deranged demon, wildly splashed gasoline everywhere and screamed, “Die! **Die!** Die!”

“Harrison, your wife’s dead, you’re dead, and *now* your son has to die too! Hahaha!”

“All three of you are short-lived, go reunite in hell!”

She set the abandoned building on fire, her grotesque and twisted laughter echoing through **the** empty rooms as she left in a frenzy. The towering flames roared like demons, quickly engulfing everything. The thick smoke filled his nose, the scorching heat burned his skin, causing it to blister.

He was in unbearable pain, tears blurred his vision, his struggling **hands** and feet rubbed raw by the cold iron chains, and any faint sound he could make was stuck in his throat

My Beloved Has Risen from Death’s Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 420

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Chapter 420

After an unknown amount of time, as the fire grew closer and the smoke thicker, he stopped struggling and slowly, despairingly lowered his head.

It hurt, it hurt so much, it hurt to the point of death, just a bit more pain and he might see his gentle mother telling him stories and his father playing ball with him again, right?

“Little kitty, don’t run away!”

“Come on, don’t be scared. Let’s play together!”

By the riverside on the outskirts of town, Xanthea held a Swiss Army knife, gleefully chasing a little black cat.

Oliver, following behind, was panting and supporting his legs.

“Xan, Xan, stop running!”

“That knife in your hand is too sharp. You might hurt yourself. Give it to me, now!”

“Uncle, you’re not as fast as Samuel. You can’t even catch me,” Xanthea taunted, sticking her tongue out at him. “Nyah nyah nyah! Catch me, then the knife is yours!”

“You little rascal. You are only four, how can you run so fast?” Oliver muttered, catching his breath. But she was already dozens of meters ahead.

“Meow!”

“Meow-”

The sleek little black cat, frightened by her chase, darted into an abandoned building. Xanthea followed, just as the second floor burst into flames.

“Little kitty, come out!”

“Kitty, it’s dangerous!”

She called out several times from outside but didn’t see the black cat, so she anxiously ran inside.

But as she reached the second floor, she saw a horrifying sight: a young boy was trapped in the roaring flames. His hands and feet were bound to a concrete pillar, his body covered in wounds, and his left cheek burned by falling sparks, showing a horrifying red.

“Ah-”

Her scream in fright..

Hearing the soft, sweet voice, the semi-conscious Orion slowly lifted his head.

Beyond the reckless flames stood a little girl as delicate as a porcelain doll. She wore a sweet lace princess dress with puffed sleeves, her hair in lively heart-

shaped pigtails. Her fair, delicate skin was flawless, and she looked just like an angel from storybook.

Was she an angel?

Had he died and met an angel?

Xanthea, startled by his dark, lifeless eyes, stopped her scream in shock.

He wasn't dead?

The next moment, she charged into the inferno with her knife drawn.

Outside the building, the sight of Xanthea rushing in and the sudden blaze sent Oliver's heart into his throat. He dashed inside after her.

"Xan! Xan!"

"Xan, come out! It's dangerous-"

Xanthea sprinted through the thick smoke and fierce flames, drawing her Swiss Army knife to cut through the chains binding his limbs.

"Don't be afraid, I'm here to save you."

"Just hang on a little longer, you'll be okay!"

The Swiss Army knife in her hand was made of pure carbon steel, extremely hard and sharp, but her strength was too slight.

Her small hands gripped the knife tightly, using all her might, yet barely making a dent against the rapidly spreading flames that threatened to engulf them at any moment.

"Why won't it cut? What's wrong?"

"Don't worry, I can do this, I definitely can!"

Chapter 420

She was almost in tears from anxiety but still comforted him, her fair little face flushed red from the scorching flames.

Orion, listening to her voice so close by, looked into her angelic face. He realized she wasn't an illusion; she was real.

Why was she trying to save him?

After his mom had passed away, his dad didn't like him, his grandfather and the housekeeper had left. Everyone had abandoned him, everyone hated him.

Why then, was she trying so hard to save him?