

My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

CHAPTER 421

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Chapter 421

Oliver dashed upstairs and saw Xanthea gripped a knife, struggling to **cut** through the thick **iron** chains binding the little boy to a concrete pillar amid the blazing fire.

Above her, a beam was being consumed by the flames, creak

“Xan, run!”

ominously as it threatened to collapse.

He rushed in, grabbed her hand, and tried to pull her away, but she clung to the chain and refused to leave.

“Uncle, save him! Please save him!”

“Please, he’s going to die!”

“We’ve got to run, there’s no time!”

He barked sharply, forcibly pulling her hand away and picking her up.

Xanthea burst into tears, wailing loudly and desperately, kicking and struggling, “No, please-”

“Uncle, I beg you, save him, please!”

“Please, I’m begging **you!**”

“Xan, stop it, we’ve got to get out now or it’ll be too late!”

The fire spread rapidly, the smoke thickening to the point of obscuring their faces. Orion, unable to hold on any longer, slowly closed his eyes.

He couldn’t see the angel’s tearful face, only hear her desperate pleas and the man’s angry shouts.

unwant

Go, go, please go, an angel shouldn’t die with someone as unwanted as me.

“Uncle, please, I’m begging you!”

Oliver’s heart nearly broke at her cries. He glanced at the severely injured boy kneeling by the **pillar**, clearly on the brink of death. Taking advantage of the moment, Xanthea broke free and rushed to the boy.

“Come on, wake up, please!”

“Don’t sleep, please don’t fall asleep.”

As his last shred of consciousness threatened to slip away, Orion felt an angelic embrace envelop him, calling out to him as if guarding the whole world.

Oliver, gritting his teeth, snatched the Swiss Army knife from her hand and hacked at the chains fiercely.

Seconds later, the chains broke. He grabbed both children and ran out of the burning building just as the beam caved.

“Inhalation of smoke has caused cerebral edema, and there’s a slight decline in muscle strength, so he’s currently in a coma. Additionally, his left cheek was burned and will take a long time to heal. But the young master is lucky; a kind-hearted person sent him to the hospital just in time. Any later and the consequences could have been dire.”

The doctor reported to Theodore, who, having just lost his beloved eldest son and almost his grandson, seemed to have aged overnight. Clutching the boy’s small hand, he wept quietly.

“Ori, Ori.”

“Your dad’s gone, please don’t scare me too.”

“Who was the kind person? I must thank them personally for saving my grandson!”

They didn’t show their face, nor left any contact. Probably afraid of being held responsible if anything happened to the young master.”

“Responsible?”

The doctor hesitated but spoke up.

“When the young master was brought in, his hands and feet were chained. It seems he **wasn’t** accidentally caught in the fire but was deliberately harmed.”

“What?!”

Theodore’s eyes widened, disbelief flickering in his usually steady gaze

“**Moreover, during the** examination, we found many old **and** new scars on his **body**. T he **oldest ones are** several **months old**. **We suspect he might have been** abused, likely by someone close.”

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The doctor gently lifted Orion’s **shirt**. When Theodore saw the body covered in cigarette burns and scars, he nearly fainted from the shock.

“Master! Master!”

“How did this happen? How could this happen?”

Theodore’s expression was one of profound sorrow.

He was the famed chairman of the Lockwood Group, controlling the largest corporation in Crestwood, yet he couldn’t protect his daughter-in-law, his son, and now his grandson was nearly destroyed!

“Find out who did this! I want names! I swear they’ll pay dearly for this!”

It didn’t take long for the servants, bribed with money, to reveal everything.

“Sir, **it’s** not our fault, it was all Mrs. Lockwood. She constantly insulted and abused the young master, and she used the influence of the Miller family to intimidate us. We were too scared to speak out!”

“After she heard about her husband’s death, she went mad and took the young master out. We thought she just wanted to punish him, but we never expected...”

Theodore was filled with regret and rage, grinding his teeth in fury.

He had thought the marriage alliance between Lockwood and Miller was perfect, but it had led to his son’s death and his grandson’s suffering.

This was all his fault!

“Katherine, that wicked woman!”

“Sir, after taking the young master to the fire in the suburbs, Katherine booked a flight to Harborview. Should we bring her back?” “No, no need!” He shook his head, his eyes flashing with deadly intent. “I want more than her life; I want the Miller family to pay for my son’s death, for Orion’s suffering!”

The faint scent of disinfectant filled the air, mingling with the soft, unfamiliar whispers surrounding Orion as he slowly opened his eyes. He moved his fingers, seeing a white ceiling and hearing the excited calls of the doctors and nurses by his bedside, and his grandfather’s sobs outside.

He was alive?

Angels must have pulled him back from the depths of hell.

“Don’t be afraid, I’m here to save you.”

“Save him! Please save him!”

“Come on, wake up, please!”

“Don’t sleep, please don’t fall asleep.”

The soft, angelic face of a little girl kept appearing before him, her expressions—surprise, anxiety, tears—all incredibly endearing, and her voice was heavenly.

Was she an angel sent from heaven to save him?

Just like in the storybooks, where a beautiful angel descends to kiss one’s forehead at the brink of death.

“Child, you’re awake, you’re finally awake!”

Theodore rushed in, tears streaming down his face, grasping his hand, sobbing in remorse.

“I’m so sorry, so sorry, it’s all Grandpa’s fault, I’ve caused you so much pain!”

“Grandpa shouldn’t have found you a stepmother, shouldn’t have focused only on work and neglected you. Hit Grandpa, **okay?** Hit Grandpa!”

Tears flowed freely down his face, thinking Orion, after such a traumatic **experience**, would **wake** up screaming, terrified, perhaps even with **deep** psychological scars. But his expression was surprisingly calm, and under his thick eyelashes, **his dark eyes seemed to hold a faint smile?**

Since Juliette's departure, Theodore hadn't seen Orion smile.

"Child, are you alright?"

"Don't scare me, you're all I have left!"

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Chapter 423

"Ori, can you understand what Grandpa is saying?"

He nodded, and Theodore hugged him tightly with a mixture of heartache and relief. "It's okay, as long as you're okay, that's what matters."

"Listen, child, Grandpa will definitely avenge you. Those who have harmed you, I will make them pay back a hundredfold!"

"How about you stay with Grandpa from now on? I'll give you the best of everything and spend my entire life to make it up to you."

"You just woke up, you must be thirsty and hungry, right? Tell me what you want to eat, and I'll have someone prepare it for you."

After talking for a while and getting no response, Theodore handed him a pen and paper.

"If you still don't want to talk, you can write it down on paper, would that be okay?"

Orion took the pen and paper but instead of writing anything, he drew a cute, delicate little girl as if she stepped straight right out of a comic book.

In the southern areas of Crestwood, at Serenity Oaks Estates.

When Oliver appeared at the Nightshade residence, holding the hand of Xanthea, who had a dirty face and was covered in dust, everyone was taken aback.

"What happened to you two? Oliver, Xan, you look like you've just escaped from a coal mine!"

“Xan, why have you changed your skin color?”

“Xan, who did this to you?!”

Ethan and Samuel rushed over, asking her with concern.

Xanthea, with her innocent amber eyes rolling around, glanced up at her uncle with some fear.

Oliver, who had been holding back his anger all the way home, ready to scold Xanthea, felt her little hand tugging at his palm. Xanthea proudly **told** their family, “Dad, Mom, Uncle is a big hero!”

Oliver. “?”

“Ethan, Samuel, I love and admire Uncle the most!!”

Oliver’s anger was easily dissipated by her affectionate gestures and kind words.

With a mix of helplessness and fondness, Oliver wiped her soot-stained face. “My naughty little kitten, don’t you pull something like this again, or Uncle will have to spank you!”

“Okay!”

“Remember, always ensure your own safety first before trying to save others. Make **sure** you have the strength to do it.”

“Okay!”

At night, Xanthea lay in her princess canopy bed, clutching her Kitty cat plushie, blinking at the glittering stars outside, wondering about the boy from the fire. Was he awake? Did his wounds still hurt?

Under the same starry sky, Orion clutched a Swiss Army knife, imagining the soft and adorable face of his little angel, and drifted off to sleep.

In his dream, his parents held hands and walked away from him. No matter how hard he chased, he couldn’t catch up, and eventually collapsed on the ground.

“Ha ha, keep running, see if you can escape.”

Katherine approached him with a torch **in** hand, laughing like a hideous demon, threatening to burn him alive.

He cried out in fear, but no one heard him. Just as the torch was about to be thrown, a little angel suddenly descended from the heavens, stabbed the demon with a knife, and smiled as she extended her hand to him.

“Don’t be afraid, I’m here to save you.”

Thank you, thank you.

For the first time, he tried so hard to make a sound, afraid that the little angel run away if **she didn’t** hear **him**. But she didn’t care, **holding** his hand and joyfully playing and chasing under the sunlight.

Theodore, worried about his grandson having nightmares, quietly entered his **room in the middle of the night**. He **saw his** grandson’s **slight** smile and peaceful **sleeping** face, **as** if he was having a sweet dream, looking just like when **he was drawing during the day**.

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He **wasn’t as** gloomy as he had been before. Even when Katherine dragged him through the flames, he wasn’t frightened. Could it all be because of this little girl?

“Tom, who do you think this little girl in Ori’s drawing is?”

Theodore held the drawing closely, examining it repeatedly and carefully. He couldn’t recall anyone among his family, friends, or business associates who had a daughter as beautiful as the girl in Ori’s drawing.

“Chairman, this should be a character from a comic book, right?”

“Look at her face, her features, she looks like a doll. There is no such delicate child in real life!”

“But look, she’s holding a knife, just like the one Ori brought to the hospital.”

Tom was puzzled as well.

Reading the words written below the drawing-“I want her“- Theodore felt a pang of guilt. He owed Harrison and Orion so much. Whatever the request was, he would do his best to fulfill it.

“Take this picture and see if you can find this little girl.”

A day later, Tom excitedly brought a stack of photos.

“Chairman, you were right, there really is such a little girl!”

“In the southern areas of Crestwood, Serenity Oaks Estates, the Nightshade family’s darling daughter, named Xanthea. She’s barely four years old this year, bright and lively, and absolutely adorable. She’s a real charmer that everyone loves!”

“Oh?”

Theodore was initially skeptical, but upon seeing the photos that looked exactly like Ori’s drawing, he was stunned.

“When did Ori meet her?”

The Lockwood family and the Nightshade family operated in entirely different business fields and had never crossed paths. They shouldn’t have met.

Moreover, Xanthea was the Nightshade family’s treasure. If it were someone else, he might have used connections or money to bring her to the Lockwood family to play with Ori.

When Theodore placed Xanthea’s photo in front of Orion, the usually cold and indifferent boy’s eyes suddenly sparked with vitality, just like when he used to play with his parents.

Theodore patted his head comfortingly, feeling as if he had found the key to unlock his heart.

“Ori, her name is Xanthea, she’s in second grade at Crestwood Primary School. Would you like to go there?”

Orion nodded, and Theodore arranged for the school transfer.

But on the eve of the school opening, when Orion stood in front of the mirror in his new uniform, he saw for the first time the horrifying scar on his left cheek and was so scared that he dropped his clothes.

“Ori, **don’t** be scared. The doctor said that as long as you take good care of it, the scar on your face will heal quickly.”

He hung his head, and no amount of comfort could erase the deep self-consciousness and the spark of hope in his eyes was extinguished.

He thought himself too ugly. He would scare the little angel sister away, she would be afraid and run away from him.

Feeling heartbroken, Theodore hugged him. He had *no* choice but to change Orion's **grade** to the third and bought him children's sunglasses and hats to cover the scar.

"Just drop him off at the school gates. Keep Ori's identity **secret**, and don't let the teachers or students treat him differently. I want him to grow up healthily like any normal kid."

"Understood."

On his first day at school, Orion saw Xanthea.

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Chapter 425

She was an exceptional recruit from the local preschool, recognized as one of the "Top 50 Outstanding Elementary Students" in the city, and she stood out even when lined up for morning exercise routine with her squad.

Even though everyone was wearing the same school uniform, she outshined them all.

Her petite frame stood among older boys and girls, like a delicate, well-crafted doll. Her hair was tied into two heart-shaped ponytails that bobbed with her movements. Underneath thick, dark lashes were a pair of amber eyes, sparkling like gems. Her fair skin blushed under the midday sun—she was exceptionally beautiful.

Her exquisite appearance and adorable dance moves won over the hearts of students and teachers alike.

"Wow! That little girl in the exercise squad is so cute, just like a doll!"

"I heard she was specially recruited from the preschool next door, and she's only four this year!"

"You're out of the loop! Her name's Xanthea, and she's the younger sister of the sixth-grade star, Samuel Nightshade!"

"What?"

The mention of “Samuel Nightshade” hushed the crowd. Only Orion stared at the stage, mesmerized, forgetting the exercise routine and everything around him. In his world, there was only her—her every smile, every movement was captivating.

She was like a radiant beam of light, illuminating his dark, gloomy world with warmth and brightness, making it impossible not to be drawn to her.

Even after the exercise was over, and the playground had emptied, he remained, staring at the now vacant stage, lost in thought. With a scar on his face still not healed, he dared not approach her, let alone speak to her. He could only secretly follow her from a distance, watching her.

The whole school adored her, like she was a beloved star. During breaks, many students, even those from higher grades, would seek her out. She had skipped two grades, so she was smaller than her classmates and never played physical games, preferring intellectual

ones.

She could easily outsmart older students and then come up with various “cruel” pranks, laughing happily as they begged for mercy, her eyes narrowing like a cunning little fox.

Her brother in sixth grade was a basketball enthusiast. He would often call her away before a game, pretending to teach her but actually making her pick up the balls. This made her so angry that she would stomp her little feet and sulk for two or three days before he could coax her back.

After school, she'd feed the stray **cats** in the small woods by the school, petting their heads. Over time, the cats would recognize her footsteps, meowing and running over. The heartwarming scene of a group of cats surrounding her was captured in his camera.

out of the window, and he happened to pick it up. The childish handwriting She also seemed to write songs. Once, a draft paper *ble* was as cute as she was, and the song title was “Chasing Dreams,” which he really liked.

She often spent her lunch breaks writing, eventually dozing off at her desk. Her angelic, innocent face and the slight drool at the corner of her mouth often left him entranced. Once, he was almost caught by her sudden awakening.

“Samuel, I suspect someone's been following me!”

After school, Xanthea furrowed her eyebrows and told Samuel in seriousness.

Hearing this, Samuel immediately tossed aside his basketball, rolled up his sleeves ready for a fight, “Who? Who dares **to** stalk my sister? They're looking for trouble!”

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Chapter 426

"I don't know."

"But lately, I feel like wherever I go, there's this pair of eyes secretly watching me. Sometimes, I even hear the sound of a camera shutter." As soon as Samuel heard "camera," his mind raced to recent terrifying news stories about child trafficking. Those traffickers would often follow children and take their photos before starting their abduction plans. He became tense, "Xan, could it be that a trafficker has targeted you?"

"Nope." She shook her head. "I kinda saw him once. It's a small figure, not even as tall as you!"

"A little kid, huh?"

Xanthea: "I've got a plan to lure him out!"

"What's the plan?"

Xanthea leaned close and whispered her plan into his ear.

One day after school, as usual, she carried a bag of cat food into the small woods to feed the cats. While feeding them, she once again felt the familiar sensation of being watched. So, after the cats dispersed, she clapped her hands and started lifting her skirt.

Since it wasn't a trafficker but a peer about her age, it had to be some kind of creep!

Seeing her lift her skirt, he wouldn't be able to resist taking lots of photos. The moment his camera clicked, her brother would rush out

and catch him!

Unexpectedly, the gaze that had been secretly watching her seemed to recoil like a shock when she lifted her skirt, and then quickly ran out of the woods.

Huh? Why wasn't there any sound?

Xanthea lifted her skirt left and right, but heard nothing. She looked around in confusion. That's odd!

Outside the woods, some students wanted to go in to cook off or play games, but at the entrance, they were stopped by a boy wearing a mask and hat, covering himself completely. No matter what they said, or even if they tried to force their way in, he wouldn't budge. His firm and stubborn attitude scared away many people.

"Move aside! The woods aren't your property!"

A older boy roughly knocked him down, but just as he was about to enter, he saw the boy quietly picking up a stone, scaring him into pulling his friends and running away.

"Run, he's crazy!"

Under a dense tree, Samuel was holding two large leaves pretending he was a banana tree. Seeing Xanthea twisting left and right, continually lifting her skirt like a hooligan, he laughed so hard that his stomach hurt, and he could barely straighten up.

"Xan, what are you doing? Where did you learn such improper behavior?"

"Samuel, shut it! I'm trying to attract a creep!"

"I think you're the little creep here! Put your skirt down, it's not good if someone really sees you!"

Xanthea didn't believe him, thinking her appeal wasn't enough. Just as she was about to take off her skirt, Samuel grabbed her by the ear and led her away, "Let's see how I tell Mom about what you're learning at such a young age!"

"Hey, hey, hey, Samuel, let go of me! We haven't caught the creep yet!"

"There's no creep. It's just your imagination. Even if there is, I bet it's just your overzealous little **fan!**"

In Class 3-

1, the math teacher had an emergency, so Hyman from the neighboring class took over. He didn't know the students in this class, *nor* that Orion had special instructions. When calling on students to answer questions, he happened to call on him.

But he just stood up without saying a word.

"Orion Lockwood, why aren't you speaking? Do you not know how to solve this problem?"

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Chapter 427

“No!”

At the back, a chubby boy raised his hand.

“He’s a mute. He can’t speak!”

“Hahahaha!!!”

“Mutel Mute

The air immediately filled with riotous laughter, the bam mockery making Orion’s small hands clutch the hem of his shirt tightly Hyman was a bit surprised How could there be a mute kid?

He walked over to check on him, a girl, emboldened by the jeering crowd and Hyman’s approach, maliciously yanked off his mask, “Do mutes not have mouths or what at ANI

When the boy’s left cheek, disfigured with a hideous scar, was revealed, it startled everyone. Hyman’s steps halted.

“That’s homlying!”

“Freak!”

“Monster”

“No wonder he always wears a mask. Without it, he’d scare everyone to death!”

Endless attacks and mockery **came** from all directions like a tidal wave, drowning him.

Orion’s face turned pale, his eyes deep and deep like a bottomless pool. He picked up his mask and put it back on.

Hyman put an end to the commotion, forbidding anyone from causing a ruckus again, but soon, this gossip spread everywhere.

“Did you hear about the kid next door who always wears a **mask**? **He’s a monster!**”

“One side of his face is all scars, like a devil. Its terrifying”

“heard he was bom a freak and even caused his parents’ deaths. That’s why no one ever picks him up!”

The rumors grew increasingly exaggerated, filled with mockery and disdain, **gradually** turning into discrimination.

A group of bored boys heard about this and gathered to discuss teaching the ‘scary ugly freak” a lesson. After the exercise, they waited at the stairwell, surrounding Orion as he passed by

“Stop!”

“You freak, did you hear us?”

Orion didn’t stop, his expression calm, as if he had grown indifferent and numb to such insults.

Seeing him ignore them, the **group** charged at him, attempting to pull off his sunglasses and mask, While Orion could handle one or two, faced with a swarm, he could only clutch his head tightly to avoid showing his face, enduring the rain of punches.

“Is there a fight going on over there?”

“They’re beating up a freak. Why bother?”

“What are you doing?!”

Having just returned from the playground, Xanthea heard the commotion, curiously pushed through the **crowd**, and saw four **or** five boys beating up a little boy.

That little boy looked somewhat familiar,

“Mind your own business, get lost!”

The boys yelled while people around were pulling Xanthea away, “Xan, maybe we should not intervene? It’s scary”

Xanthea frowned, furious, “They’re bullying the weak, I’m definitely intervene. Stop it”

The girl’s clear, tender voice rang out, and the boy who had been cold and emotionless even while being beaten, suddenly showed a hint of panic in his eyes.

Is it her?

The deepest sense of shame and inferiority surged up inside him. He tightened his grip.

He wasn't afraid to expose himself in front of anyone, nor did he care about anyone's gaze, but... he was terrified of the angel seeing him in his pathetic, ugly state.

"A bold one, huh?"

The boys stopped. The leader of the group took a glance at Xanthea and was struck by her beauty. "Well, what do we have here

little girl? For your sake, we'll forgive what you just said. But don't meddle in our business?

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Chapter 428

Xanthea pointed at him, "If you leave now and I can still forgive you!"

"What arrogance!"

Being humiliated by a little girl in front of a crowd, the boy got angry and raised his fist, "Walk away now, or believe me, I beat you too. Just then, one of his "subordinates" whispered in his ear, trembling, "Her, her brother is Samuel Lockwood, the bass from upstairs!"

What?

Samuel Lockwood?!

The boy's face changed immediately, and the next second, the group scattered like birds!

"Hmph!"

Xanthea scoffed at their cowardice and moved to help the little boy who had been hit.

But the boy got up and ran away immediately.

She stood there, somewhat puzzled, scratching her head as she watched the fleeting figure.

Why did he run? And so fast?

Did she come off too fierce and scare him?

With August around the corner, the city was buzzing with the annual singing competition. As a multi-talented “little star” Xanthea was naturally the first to be nominated. Eager to test out her very first original song “Chasing Dreams”, she handed in the lyrics she had written.

However, after reading them, the judges just smiled and encouraged her but didn’t approve of her singing this song. Instead, they chose a conservative and famous song, “Whispering Wings.”

“Is it because my song is not good?”

Xanthea looked down at “Chasing Dreams” in dismay, and her friends comforted her.

“Not, it’s just that nobody knows this song. You might not win if you sing it!”

“Yeah, yeah, your voice is so beautiful, you’re sure to take first place with “Whispering Wings!”

Whispering Wings’ is so famous, it’s definitely a safer choice than your own song!”

But she didn’t care about winning or singing a famous **song**; she **just** wanted to perform her own music on stage.

On the day of the competition, she wore a lace dress adorned with rose flowers, standing at the center stage like a little fairy. Her clear, melodious voice captivated all the audience.

Amid a sea of people and thunderous applause, a pair of deep, obsidian eyes quietly and attentively watched her, shining with a bright light

He held a blooming rose in his arms.

After the singing competition, Xanthea unsurprisingly won the championship. The audience and fans clapped, screamed, and rushed to the stage to give her flowers.

Orion also wanted to give her the rose but was pushed away by the bustling crowd before he could reach her. The rose he clutched was trampled and shattered under chaotic footsteps; he tried to protect it, but his hand was stepped on as well.

Amid the surging crowd, Xanthea, standing high on the stage, witnessed the scene.

Was that him?

“Make way, please!”

She pushed through the crowd and ran to him, “Are you alright?”

She extended her small, delicate hand towards him. O

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Xanthea watched his retreating figure, her heart filled with increasing confusion.

Why did he always run away whenever he saw her? **Was** she really that scary?

She looked down and saw a crushed rose on the ground, picking it up.

Was this his?

The grand hall was still bustling, filled not just with judges and her classmates, but also her **fans**. Him holding a flower could it mean he was one of her fans too?

Then why did he run away?

“Xan, what are you staring at?”

“That little weirdo? What’s so interesting about him? Come on, let’s take a photo

”“Little, weirdo?”

Xanthea frowned, a classmate nodded, “Yeah, don’t you know?”

“There’s a lot of gossip going around. They say he was born under a **bad** sign, causing his parents’ deaths, and he’s mute. He wears a mask and sunglasses to hide his ugliness. His face is covered with hideous scars. **Once**, someone pulled his mask off, and it scared everyone!”

Scared everyone?

Xanthea remembered the time he was bullied by a group of boys and remained silent, a pang of compassion flashing in her eyes.

To have lost his parents so early and unable to speak, bullied without a way to fight back, wasn't he just too pitiful? "Why does he have scars on his face?"

"I heard he was burned in a big fire, but who knows if it's true."

Burned?

Xanthea paused, suddenly remembering the little boy she and her uncle had saved from a fire in an abandoned building on the outskirts half a year ago. His left face was burnt too, could it be him?!!

"Which side of his face was burnt?"

"Who knows? Let's stop talking about him and take a photo!"

As dusk fell, the gloomy sky began to drizzle, and Xanthea stood at **the** school gate when her wristwatch phone suddenly rang.

The housekeeper called, saying the car had broken down on the way and would be late to pick her up, asking her to wait in the classroom.

She wandered idly in the corridor, thinking about how Samuel was away at a math camp and couldn't accompany her to and from school anymore. She wondered if the boy she saw at noon was the same one she and her uncle had saved from the fire.

Lost in thought, she looked up and saw that boy at the end of the corridor?!

Dark clouds loomed, and the rain drizzled. He sat alone on the steps, watching the misty rain. His school uniform pants were soaked by the rain, and his back looked like a pitiful, abandoned puppy.

She excitedly dashed towards him, her footsteps startling him.

He turned around, and upon seeing her, hesitated for a moment before standing up.

Xanthea, realizing he was about to run away like before, shouted, "Don't run!"

He froze.

Xanthea was surprised

Books said congenital mutes were often deaf too. Since he was born mute, how could he understand her and react so quickly?

Could it be those were all rumors?

He wasn't mute, he just didn't want to speak?

"Don't run. I won't come over!"

"I'm just bored and want someone to talk to! Let's talk, it'll be fun, kr

"**Are** you also waiting for someone **too**? Are they late too?"

00:57

He stood with his back to her head lowered, silent. But Xanthea didn't mind.

If **you** don't wanna talk, that's okay" Remembering he was a fan, she offered, "How about I sing you a **song**?"

Without waiting for his response, she started sin

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Xanthea sang, her mischievous amber eyes twinkling as she stealthily moved her steps toward him.

Orion was completely immersed in her angelic, sweet, and **clear** voice, not noticing that the sound was getting closer and closer

"Gotcha!"

She had unknowingly come to his side and grabbed his hand. Orion was startled and instinctively tried to break free.

"Ah!"

Xanthea p

a pretended to fall, and he quickly caught her, not realizing he had fallen into her trap.

The girl half–
squatted on the ground, her small hands firmly gripping his wrist, refusing to let go. Her soft and sweet voice, like a child pouting, melted his heart, “Don’t run away, please?”

“I won’t pull off your mask or sunglasses like the others, and I won’t hurt you!”

She assured him earnestly, completely forgetting her earlier mischievous behavior.

Orion stopped in his tracks, **his** hand gentle on hers, not daring to move.

Seeing his quick change of attitude, Xanthea stood up happily. “Did you like the song I just sang?”

He nodded without hesitation.

Xanthea’s little braids almost stood **up** with pride.

She knew it; he was her fan!

“Which was better, the song I sang in the auditorium today or the one just now?”

His dark eyes behind the sunglasses seemed to be seriously considering, finding it hard to decide.

Xanthea extended her hands, “Left hand for Whispering Wings,’ right for **Chasing** Dreams. You can’t say both; you have to choose **one!**”

Orion looked from one hand to the other, finally settling on the right. Seeing this, Xanthea was overjoyed. “Chasing Dreams“? Really, are you choosing Chasing Dreams“?”

He nodded.

Both songs were beautiful, the best he had ever heard, but if he had to choose one, it would be “Chasing Dreams.”

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Because she wrote that song.

“Yay!”

Hearing his choice, Xanthea jumped for joy, her eyes shining brightly, like a radiant little sun circling around him. Her light shone into the gloomy depths of his heart, stirring something long dormant

“You are the first person to like my song. You truly are my soulmate”

“Shall I sing more of my songs for you in the **future**?”

Orion’s expression slightly tensed: Could he?

Could he, in the future, still listen to her talk and sing like today?

Would she mind that he was a freak, with terrifying scars on his face.

“Oh!”

Suddenly, Xanthea remembered his fall in the auditorium. She grabbed his hand and saw the wounds on several knuckles from the rose thorns. The thorns had been removed, but the wounds were still red.

“Your hand is hurt. Let me bandage it for you!!

She pulled out some band-aids with butterfly prints from her pocket. As she tore one open, she seemed to remember something and gently blew on **his** wound, “Xan’s breath will take the pain away!”

The little girl carefully held his fingers as if they were precious treasures. Her pink lips blew warm air, sending warmth through his fingers, flowing into his heart, making his gradually warming heart beat and tremble.

His little angel, how could she be so good,