

# My Beloved Has Risen from Death's Embrace Novel

## CHAPTER 441

Posted by AdminHR, 687 Views, Released on June 8, 2024

### Chapter 441

"It's been over two days now, and Xan still hasn't woken up. If anything happens to her, I can't even bear the thought!" Susanna sobbed into Christopher Nightshade's arms, who tried his best to comfort her amidst his own deep concern, "Don't worry, Xan is blessed with great fortune; she'll pull through."

"Xan has been lying to us, saying she was playing at a friend's house. She left early and came back late every day. Who would've thought she was waiting for someone, and for more than half a month! The teacher said that person transferred schools long ago!"

"Susanna, do you think it's because Ethan moved on to higher grade and Samuel went off to that intense summer camp, leaving Xan feeling lonely without anyone to accompany her?"

"I

swear, once she wakes up, I'll find her as many playmates as she wants. I'd even consider adopting if that's what it takes!" Under her family's tender care, Xanthea finally woke up on the third day.

It felt like she had been in a chaotic, dreamless sleep. When she awoke, her mind was blank, with all the scenes and people from the dream faded **away**, leaving no trace.

"Xan, oh thank God, **you're** awake!"

"You scared the life out of me!"

Samuel cried, tears of joy streaming down his face as he hugged her.

Xanthea, however, furrowed her delicate brows in confusion and surprise, "Mom, who's this crybaby?"

"?" Samuel froze, then his face changed as he touched her little head, "Xan, you don't recognize your second brother? Did fever make you stupid?"

"Samuel, stop talking nonsense! Xan recognizes me, doesn't she?"

"Yeah, and she knows me too."

After a brief check—  
up, the doctor reassured them, “Don’t worry. Her physical and cognitive functions are fine. It’s just the prolonged fever might have caused some neural damage leading to partial memory loss. Or it could be psychological, But this isn’t necessarily bad. It means her body is trying to heal itself.

“Memories are like a videotape; it’s hard to lose them completely. Often, the brain might hide or selectively forget certain memories for self—  
preservation. These memories could resurface over time with familiar faces and experiences. There’s no need for too much

concern.”

“That’s a relief, Christopher and Susanna sighed, while Samuel grumbled, “But why does she remember our parents and elder brother, even our uncle, but forgets only me?”

The doctor smiled, “Look on the bright side. Maybe you’re the most important to her occupying a large part of her memory and influencing her emotions greatly. To recover quickly, her brain chose to delete **you**.”

Samuel became happy at that. Of course, he was his little sister’s most important person!

While the Nightshade family discussed Xanthea’s condition with the doctor, Matthew Martinez, who had come with the Martinez family to visit, quietly stepped into the room. His gaze fixed on the little girl, finding her absolutely beautiful.

“Who are you?” Xanthea looked at him curiously.

“I’m Matthew, but you can call me.” He paused, remembering her mumbling about “Ori” while she was unconscious and changed his words, “You can call me Matt. That sounds nicer.”

The name “Matt” brought a strong sense of familiarity and joy, as if they were connected to someone in her memory. However, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t recall the person’s face, even to the point of a headache.

But deep **down**, she felt it wasn’t the boy standing before her.

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At the Lockwood Family's private clinic, Dr. Fabian had spent three long days conducting psychological suggestions and counseling for Orion, but the boy remained silent.

Just when everyone was at their wit's end, fearing Orion might become mute again, he clutched the charred half of a photograph in his hand and murmured softly don't want scars."

He was afraid that scars would frighten Xannie.

"Fabian, how's it On? Is he still not talking?"

"He spoke, and I think I've found the crux of his psychological issue."

"The crux?"

"Rather than the guilt of accidentally causing someone's death, he's terrified of having scars on his face and body. These scars not only constantly remind him of the painful memories of abuse but also instill a deep sense of inferiority and insecurity in him. Over time, this could lead to him developing antisocial behaviors or even becoming reclusive. Healing his mind starts with removing those scars." "Chairman. When I was studying abroad in Mystoria, I learned about one of the world's most advanced laser skin resurfacing surgeries. It uses lasers to completely remove bum scars from the face, and with the help of new medications, it promotes skin regeneration. It could take just a few months for a complete recovery.

Given Orion's young age and superior skin regeneration capabilities compared to adults, this treatment couldn't be more suitable. It'd be a significant improvement over the traditional therapies that take much longer."

"That's great! I'll get in touch with the hospital in Mystoria right away. We'll spare no expense to get Ori the treatment he needs!" "But," Fabian hesitated for a moment, "while the facial scars are treatable, the ones on his body have been there too long, especially since some are too close to vital organs. I suggest conventional treatment for those. As he grows, they'll fade."

"Alright."

Theodore and Orion took a private jet to Mystoria that very night.

He entrusted the running of the family business to his other children, including informing Ms. Nightshade that Orion would miss their appointment but would return in six months.

However, with the lawsuit with the Miller Group, the group's operations, and the power struggles kept his children too busy to remember to inform Xanthea about Orion's whereabouts.

Despite the fall of the Miller Group, its remnants lingered, fueled by hatred after Katherine's tragic death was lightly dismissed as self-defense by Chairman Harold Miller. Spotting Theodore's affection for Orion, he maliciously pushed the child into the spotlight. #Orphan's Twisted Mind: Pushing Stepmother Down the Stairs!#

#Born Into Privilege, But Cannot Hide His Cruel Nature#

#Mr. Lockwood— Orion's Murderous Intent Escapes Legal Repercussion, Living Freely Abroad. Where's the Justice?#

The viral news spread like wildfire, stirring public outrage and spreading rumors throughout high society.

**The**

Lockwood Group could have easily quelled the rumors by releasing court documents and trial videos, but Theodore's relatives, fearing his favoritism towards Orion might lead to the young boy being groomed as the heir, chose to ignore the escalating public frenzy.

Six months later, on the tranquil afternoon at Sunvale Hospital, Orion picked up a mirror and saw his reflection—a smooth, scar-free face. A small smile played at the corners of his eyes.

There were no scars on his face anymore.

Finally, he could stand in the sunlight and Xannie openly.

Seeing his grandson smile after such a long time, Theodore was overwhelmed with emotion.

"Ori, you're finally healed."

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Posted by AdminHR, 664 Views, Released on June 8, 2024

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“Grandpa, I wanna go home.”

“Alright, alright, we’ll go home tonight, and you won’t have to stay in the hospital anymore!”

As the plane soared over the Pacific, Onion clutched the photo of the girl that had become blurry from being touched so often over the past six months. His heart pounded wildly in his chest from the intense longing and the rapidly closing distance.

He missed his Xannie, missed her so much.

Every moment of the past six months, he had thought of her. Finally, he could see her again, in a completely new way.

This time, he would never be separated from her again.

After Xanthea recovered from her illness, she quickly returned to her old self and remembered Samuel. However, it seemed that a part of her memory was completely sealed away. No matter how her family asked her who she was waiting for that day and why she had cried so much, she would shake her head in confusion, not understanding what they were talking about.

To ensure she always had someone with her and to prevent another high fever and memory loss, the Nightshade family adopted a girl from the orphanage—Miranda Moore. Fearing that past traumas could resurface, they transferred her from Crestwood Primary School to Kingswood Academy.

“Xan, Xan

“Did you **hear**? There’s a new transfer student at school, the famous heir of the Lockwood Group—Orion Lockwood. He’s super wealthy. most importantly he’s super handsome!”

A friend ran over, out of breath with gossip. Xanthea wasn’t too interested until she heard “super handsome, and her eyes lit up instantly

“Really?”

“Totally! He’s currently registering in the office. There’s a crowd of students is already there to watch. Let’s go see!”

“Okay, Mirry, let’s go!”

Xanthea grabbed Miranda’s hand, eager to see, but Matthew blocked their way.

“Xan, don’t go!”

“Why not?”

He had just seen Orion at the office door too. His looks, demeanor, and even the way he spoke were all exceptional. Even a glimpse of his profile had attracted a group of admirers. If Xanthea saw him, she would definitely like him.

Matthew liked Xan, and his parents had told him over and over to stay close to her and win her over

It had taken him a long time and a lot of effort, and only through Miranda had he finally become her friend. He couldn’t let anyone easily take his place.

“Didn’t you hear? He’s a little kid who killed his stepmother.”

“What?” Xanthea’s amber eyes widened at the mention of killing. “Is that true?”

“Of course it’s true! The rumor has been around for half a year, even your parents know about it. If you don’t believe me, ask them!”

Afraid she wouldn’t believe him, Matthew clenched his fists and began to fabricate lies.

“Plus, he’s good friends with Jeffrey. He transferred to Kingswood because of him. I saw them playing with snakes behind the school Just now.”

Hearing about snakes, Xanthea’s face turned pale.

She wasn’t afraid of much, but snakes, with their slithery bodies and patterns, terrified her.

When she first transferred to Kingswood six months ago, a boy named Jeffrey kept following her around, insisting on being her friend She didn’t like him and ignored him, which led him to start intimidating her in various **ways**. It began with sticking notes on her giving her nicknames, and escalated to using garter snakes to frighten her, leaving her **in** tears.

Jeffrey was a lunatic, **and** anyone who played with snakes alongside him must be a little lunatic **too!**

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Posted by **AdminHR**, 654 Views, Released on June 8, 2024

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“Xan, aren’t you going to see?”

“No, not”

Xanthea shook her head vigorously.

Matthew smiled and relieved. Just as he **was** about to relax, a sudden burst of commotion and cheers broke out.

“Wow! He’s so handsome!”

“He’s such eye candy. Why don’t we have guys like that in our class?”

“He’s not from this class. Why is he here?”

Under the bright sun and clear sky, the dazzling light shone on the boy’s short, dark hair, highlighting his defined features. His features were delicate, and he had an air of elegance about him, like a charming and graceful young prince.

He was holding a beautiful doll and walked straight towards Xanthea, his dark eyes lighting up with the brilliant shine of obsidian upon seeing her.

Unable to contain his excitement, he looked at her eagerly

Xannie, I’m back.

He had imagined this moment thousands of times in his mind—standing in front of her without a mask, and now that it had become a reality, he only wanted to say the words he had thought of the first time he saw her in a fire.

“Hi, I’m Orion Lockwood. You’re really cute. Can we be friends?”

“Ah! He was here for Xanthea!”

“Xanthea is so lucky. I wish a handsome guy wanted to be friends with me!”

For a moment, Xanthea was also captivated by his excessive handsomeness and instinctively wanted to agree.

But then she remembered Jeffrey and the little snakes, and her face immediately turned pale.

At first, Jeffrey had also invited her to be friends in a friendly manner, but then.

Orion was Jeffrey's friend. Would he also play such a prank too?

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Anger surged within her. She looked at the beautiful doll in his hands, one she had longed for a long time, but now had no interest in it at all

Xanthea took the doll from him. He thought she would, like before, jump up with joy and hug him, calling him "Ori."

Instead, she threw it heavily on the ground.

"I don't want it!"

"I don't want to be friends with a freak!"

The beautiful doll was thrown on the ground, its lace princess dress getting dirty and trampled on disdainfully by her, Orion looked down in disbelief, his dark, dense lashes trembling slightly.

This was her favorite doll.

"Xannie.

He looked up, shocked to see the unfamiliarity and fear in her eyes.

"Stay away!"

"What's wrong?"

"Don't come any closer!"

Xanthea, terrified by the confusion, sadness, and fervor in his **dark** eyes, backed away frantically.

He was definitely abnormal. What "Xangle"? What "On"? She didn't know him at all!

"Xannie?"

As he approached again, Xanthea screamed and turned to run towards the neighboring school, yelling "**Ah! Samuel**, help!"

Samuel?

She **only** sought out Samuel When she was in danger or needed to deal with bullies



## Chapter 444

Was Xannie afraid of him? Or did she think he was a bad guy?

What was happening? Didn't she recognize him anymore?

Or was she mad because I didn't show up?

"Ori, Grandpa found out that Xan had a fever. She forgot some things. But don't worry, you're so outstanding and handsome. You'll definitely become good friends with her again!"

No, Xannie wouldn't forget him. They had promised to always be together and never part.

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She must've been angry because he missed their appointment

He wanted to explain, to apologize, to beg for her forgiveness, but every time he tried to approach her, she'd dart away like he was the plague, as if he still bore that ghastly, horrific bum scar on his face.

In the small grove, Xanthea was once again startled by Jeffrey's fake snake, crouching on the ground, hugging her knees, and crying in

fear

From a distance, Orion spotted her figure and rushed over, only to be stopped by Matthew who was outside the grove.

"Orion, stop bothering Xan!"

"Xan really dislikes you!"

The word "dislike" hit him like a ton of bricks, and the cold, gloomy light that burst from the boy's **dark** pupils seemed deadly, making Matthew's legs go weak, forcing him to step back.

“Get lost!”

Orion pushed him aside, and as Matthew fell to the ground, he watched Orion’s retreating back with resentment. He really was just like the news says, a little devil!

“Xannie!”

Getting closer, Orion heard her sobs and felt a wave of panic.

He wanted to comfort her, to find out who had bullied her because he would never let them get away with it!

But before his hand could touch her he heard her cry from between her knees, “Why won’t you just leave?”

“Go away, just go!”

“I hate you the most, I really, really do!”

“Don’t come near me ever again, I will never like you, never want to see you again!”\*

Her words, each like a dagger dipped in poison, stabbed him deeply in the heart.

Orion’s lips turned pale, drained of any color, and the words stuck in his throat were bitter and hoarse. His heart felt as if it was being torn apart, bleeding, and the pain was nearly suffocating.

He reached out to touch her but slowly retracted his hand.

The rain poured down in torrents, the sky a blanket of grey, the entire city shrouded in a somber mist. The rain drenched the boy’s clothes and drowned his subdued whimpers, like an abandoned little creature, lost and unable to find home.

He had killed someone, his hands stained with blood, and scared Xannie.

Xannie didn’t remember him, Xannie hated him.

He had made his little angel cry.

From then on, he dared not approach her. He hid in the shadows, like a bug in a damp gutter, secretly watching her light form afar. He watched her move up in school, graduate, stand on various stages, develop different interests, and make more and more friends. As time passed, she grew up, and his feelings for her gradually transformed.

From worshipping the devout, supreme angel to something darker, a desire to defile, to possess, to do all sorts of reckless things to

her.

In the prime of his burgeoning desires, he held photo after photo of her, imagining her radiant beauty, her smile bright as light. In countless lonely, sleepless nights, he was tormented by his overwhelming love and yearning, feeling a unique, intense pleasure.

He loved his Xannie so much, yearned to possess her, to have her.

But the person standing by her side was no longer him. He wanted to kill Matthew, but Xannie would hate him for that.

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### **CHAPTER 446**

Posted by **AdminHR**, 677 Views, Released on June 8, 2024

#### **Chapter 446**

Orion had secretly adored Xanthea for fourteen long years. Even on Xanthea's coming-of-age ceremony, Orion couldn't resist finding an excuse to attend. He didn't want to miss the most important moment of her life.

Amidst the crowd, the young woman radiated an enchanting beauty in her shimmering sequin gown, her thick, wavy hair cascading down her back like seaweed, her figure outlined by the dress's delicate straps. Her smile, bright and inviting under the sunlight, made her resemble a dazzling mermaid, captivating everyone's gaze.

His once pure angel had transformed into a mesmerizing nymph. Every smile, every movement was as captivating as poppies, making him dizzy with infatuation.

He stood in a dim corner, quietly observing as she cut the cake, danced with friends, delivered a speech, and then, a bit tipsy from drinking, ran alone to chase butterflies in the garden.

"Little butterfly, don't run! Don't run, little butterfly!"

"Little butterfly, I'm Xan, what's your name?"

**She** stumbled over to an iris, tilting her head in a confused yet utterly adorable manner that brought a smile to his face, reminding him of her childhood innocence, so endearing he wanted to hold her tight.

But in the next moment, she fell into the lake.

"Xannie, be careful!"

He leaped into the water and pulled her out.

In the cold, clear waters, she clung to him, her eyes briefly meeting his with a familiar warmth that shook his soul

He carried her ashore, anxiously performing CPR until she coughed up water and her heartbeat gradually stabilized. But he couldn't stop himself. He kept kissing her, savoring her sweetness, lost in an unparalleled happiness, until she opened her eyes.

But when Xanthea awoke, she saw Matthew.

Over the years Matthew had been a constant presence, caring for her with dedication and pursuing her relentlessly.

Despite her efforts to respond to him, feeling a vague sense of affection and familiarity for her "Matt" something always felt off. She realized she was drawn not to him but to the name "Matt," linked to a blurry, dissimilar figure from her memory.

Recently, that figure had started to take shape in her mind, transforming into a little boy. He had secretly attended her concert, remembered his lonely figure sitting on the steps in the rain, remembered singing a song for him that he liked, remembered how happy she felt when she was with him, but she couldn't recall his face.

Conflicted and unsure if Matthew was indeed that boy, it wasn't until he rescued her from the lake that a strong sense of familiarity confirmed her deepest feelings.

It was him, the one she had cherished in her memories.

"Xan, are you okay?"

"Mati!"

This time, when Matthew proposed again, she didn't refuse.

The news of the marriage alliance between the Nightshade and Martinez families reached the Lockwood Group while Orion was in a meeting. Cedric noticed the moment Orion heard it his expression blanked,

The powerful magnate, who could turn the tides in the business world with ease, seemed utterly defeated in that instant, his complexion pale and his eyes hollow with a bone-chilling coldness, as if everything had lost its meaning, his steps faltering as he walked away.

"Boss, you alright?"

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Posted by **AdminHR**, 693 Views, Released on June 8, 2024

### **Chapter 447**

His shock was palpable, yet no matter what was said, there was no response.

Three days later, Orion still hadn't come to the company, and Cedric started to worry. Unable to hold back himself any longer he went to Xanthea Haven Estate to find him.

Pushing open the door, the dimly lit room was filled with a pungent smell of alcohol. Broken bottles and cans scattered all over the floor, nearly burying the desolate man in the corner.

Orion had lost all his usual clarity and elegance, now lying in the corner in utter despair. He seemed like a completely different person; his vacant eyes couldn't ever see Cedric. He kept mechanically murmuring a name, "Xannie, Xannie, Xannie."

Cedric's heart broke seeing him like this.

Servant: "Cedric, please talk to the young master. He hasn't eaten anything for three days and has been drinking continuously. If this continues, even the strongest constitution will be ruined."

Cedric wanted to persuade him, but he knew it was futile unless Ms. Nightshade herself.

But at the coming-of-age ceremony, Ms. Nightshade seemed not to recognize the boss. How could she possibly believe that a stranger harbored such deep feelings for her?

Regardless, he decided to give it a try and went to find Xanthea, doing his utmost to get her to come and persuade the boss. Unexpectedly, he didn't see Ms. Nightshade but discovered that her fiancé, Matthew in a clandestine embrace with her stepsister, Miranda

It was a stroke of luck!

He was overjoyed and recorded the video, bringing it to Orion.

"Boss, Matthew has betrayed Ms. Nightshade, and with her closest kin no less!"

"If Ms. Nightshade finds out, she's bound to break up with him!"

“And if she does, you’ll have your chance!”

Was that so?

Would she not hate him anymore if she breaks up with him?

Seizing this last straw, Onion drove to Crestwood Hall Academy, only to witness an unexpected scene.

“Copycat?”

Xanthea scrutinized Isabella Taylor, who stood before her, bundled up and a stranger to her after so long. Her eyebrows furrowed slightly in confusion.

“What are you doing here? Haven’t you had enough of imitating me for over five years? You want to continue? Too bad you didn’t make it into Crestwood Hall Academy, did you?”

Isabella clenched her teeth in anger at being called a “copycat,” then gradually relaxed.

**She** wasn’t here to argue with her. Considering she was pitiful, being betrayed by both her boyfriend and her stepsister, she decided not to hold a grudge.

“Xanthea, I came here today because I have something very important to tell you. You’ll thank me after hearing it.”

“Thank me?” She smirked. “What is it?”

“I heard you’re getting engaged to Matthew?”

“You’re always so well-informed about me.”

“I’m not here to **argue**. I just want to tell **you that** Matthew,”

Isabella paused, considering their ten-year relationship with Matthew **and** Xanthea’s deep trust in Miranda as a real sister. If she were to

find out the truth suddenly, she might not be able to handle it. So, she decided to probe a bit first.

“Xanthea, have you ever thought about what you’d do if Matthew cheated on you? And with someone closest to **you**?”

“What?” Xanthea frowned. “Matt cheating on me? And with someone closest to me?”

“Yes, what if that person was Miranda?”

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Posted by **AdminHR**, 682 Views, Released on June 8, 2024

#### **Chapter 448**

When Xanthea heard the news, she couldn’t help but laugh at the absurdity of it all.

Even if the whole world turned its back on her, her Matt and Mirry would never betray her!

What was she thinking?

It seemed Isabella couldn’t just follow her to the same university and continue to mimic her actions; now she had to **find** other ways to bug her.

If she really wanted to see her unhappy, then Xanthea would put on a show just for her.

“What did you say? Impossible, this can’t be happening.”

She stumbled backward, as if struck by an immense force, shaking her head in disbelief and sobbing with her face in her hands, “Matt would never cheat on me with sister Mimmy. If even they betray me then I wouldn’t want to live anymore!”

Isabella was taken aback by her strong reaction, Xanthea’s thought of suicide scaring her into silence **about** the truth.

Cedric couldn’t believe it either.

It turned out, Ms. Nightshade and the CEO were alike, willing to give everything for love, even their own lives.

In the dim light of his Rolls–Royce, the man’s deep, hoarse, self–deprecating laughter echoed. It was sinister and terrifying, like he was falling into a bottomless, dark, cold abyss, his whole being exuding a sense of despair.

What was he hoping for?

For years, he was just a madman indulging in his dark fantasies, weaving a daydream only for himself.

Her world had long since excluded him.

“Miranda, great news, fantastic news!”

\*Starlight Media just called. Mr. Lockwood wants to meet you at the Twin Towers!”

“When did you climb the ladder to such a top-tier mogul? Why didn’t you tell me?”

Agent Ruby rushed into Miranda’s dressing room with a smile plastered on her face. Miranda was shocked and suspicious, “Mr. Lockwood?”

The sole heir to the Lockwood Group, the man behind Starlight Media, Crestwood’s youngest billionaire—Orion?

She remembered seeing him only as a child and then again at Xanthea’s coming-of-age party. He was tall, handsome, and utterly captivating, sparking an immediate crush in her, but his gaze always seemed to linger on Xanthea, both as children and as adults. Why would he suddenly seek her out?

“Really, Miranda, you’ve truly got some skills.”

The surprise in Miranda’s eyes faded, replaced by a secret thrill.

Orion was a business tycoon at the pinnacle of the Crestwood’s elite. If she could get close to him, she could completely shed her identity as an adopted daughter of the Nights had family and become someone even Xanthea, the precious heiress, couldn’t reach. In the evening, she meticulously dressed up and was led by the staff to the 66th-floor CEO office of Twin Towers.

Gazing at the tall figure in front of the vast window, the dim light casting half of his handsome profile in shadow, her heart raced with nervous anticipation. But before she could speak, **she** was met with a cold, low voice, making her feel as if she **had** plunged into an icy abyss.

“Leave Matthew.”

Her face paled, and her legs went weak.

How did he know about her and Matthew? They had been so careful, it was impossible for anyone to find out.

Was this some investigation for Xanthea?

Then why **not** just tell Xanthea directly and expose them, instead of summoning her here to **issue** a non-negotiable command?

Cedric stood outside, watching Miranda walk in, and sighed deeply.



The CEO was hopelessly in love with Ms. Nightshade

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Posted by **AdminHR**, 705 Views, Released on June 8, 2024

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Cedric once saw countless photos of Ms. Nightshade in the president's safe, which Orion hugged after drinking, discovering the secret he had hidden for many years. It was then he uncovered the secret Mr. Lockwood had harbored for many, many years.

Mr. Lockwood's love for Ms. Nightshade wasn't new, it was a tale as old as time. He learned to cook for her, planted a mountain of irises for her, dealt with all potential hidden dangers for her, and now, he had to deal with her rival in love.

Despite his seething jealousy towards Matthew, wishing he could make him disappear from this world, but he was afraid that Ms. Nightshade would be devastated if she discovered the betrayal, so he personally tried to match them up.

How excruciating must the pain in his heart be? So intense it could very well kill him, right?

Miranda couldn't understand it, the only reasonable explanation was that Orion didn't want her to ruin the relationship between Matthew and Xanthea

But from what stance was he doing this?

Surely, he couldn't be in love with

with Xanthea? If that were the case, how terrifying must his love be?

She looked at the man in disbelief, only to be frightened by his suddenly cold and sharp gaze.

"Alright, okay."

Given his standing, he had the entertainment industry at his **beck** and call; she had no choice but to comply.

But leaving Matthew meant all her meticulous plans over the years would crumble to dust, she would gain nothing.

The moment she walked out of the office, she suddenly clenched her fist, taking a desperate gamble, “Mr. Lockwood, I’ll **leave** Matthew, but in return, I want to sign with Starlight Media and secure the NOSEW endorsement.”

She had thought she was bargaining with the devil, yet to her surprise, he agreed without hesitation, as if these demands were trivial to him.

“Cheers!”

“Miranda, congratulations! You’ve not only landed the exclusive Asia–Pacific endorsement for a leading luxury brand but also signed with Starlight Media!”

“How did you manage that, Miranda?”

“Yeah, weren’t you just saying the other day how tough the film and TV Industry has been and that you’d have to take a break?”

The Nightshade family threw a lavish banquet to celebrate Miranda’s new contract and endorsement deal. Holding up her glass, Miranda’s eyes met Xanthea’s, and the realization of Orion’s sacrifices out of jealousy made her eyes turn **red**.

“Mom, Dad, you don’t need to congratulate me, Honestly, this has little to do with my capabilities. It’s all because Mr. Lockwood, he’s pursuing me.”

“Mr. Lockwood?”

“You mean Orion Lockwood, the CEO of the Lockwood Group?”

Samuel was taken aback.

“Wow! Minry, you’re incredible! I saw him in a business magazine once; he’s super handsome and incredibly talented. I’m so jealous!” Xanthea clinked her glass against Miranda’s in a heartfelt toast, but to Miranda, her smile looked like blatant mockery. Jealous? Then why did she push him away and dislike him back then? Why, despite how she treated him, was he still devoted for her?! Was Xanthea destined to be better than her in every way, whether it’s background, knowledge, or a man’s love?

On the eve of the Nightshade and Martinez’s engagement, Miranda lured Matthew to the Nightshade Group’s rooftop to discuss their breakup. Matthew refused, and they argued, finally agreeing to maintain a secret sexual relationship, then absurdly indulged in each other.

Unexpectedly, at this moment, Xanthea, dressed in a white wedding gown, happily ran up with her skirt lifted and saw them.

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Posted by AdminHR, 857 Views, Released on June 8, 2024

### Chapter 450

“Xan, it was you and your family, step by step, that pushed me to this edge. You never really respected me, to you, I was just a lapdog trying to climb up the ranks of the Nightshade family. I’ve had enough of living like this. So now, don’t blame me!”

“My dear sister, why so shocked? Matt and I have been an item for quite some time now, haha!

Born with a silver spoon in your mouth, you’ve always been the darling of the family, getting whatever you wanted whenever you wanted it. And now, your own sister and the love of your life betray you, does it hurt so bad? Are you struggling to handle it? Well, now you know how it feels!

Let me tell you, Matt never loved you, and I **never** considered you my sister!

All these years, I’ve been nothing but a dignity-less pet in the Nightshade family, only there to cheer you up and cater to your moods. What adopted daughter? What sister? Nobody ever truly saw me as Ms. Miranda Nightshade!

I was planning to endure it a bit longer, to wait until you and Matt got married before I made my move. But since you’ve come to me, well, just go to hell then! Once you’re gone, I’ll be the true and only heiress of the Nightshade family!”

Matthew and Miranda closed in on her, their words laced with utter irony and venom, finally pushing her off the skyscraper.

“Ah!

Xanthea, in her flowing white gown, plummeted like a fallen butterfly, her gaze filled with hatred towards those two ghastly, grinning faces.

The news of the Nightshade family and Martinez family’s alliance spread through the entire high society. Alone, Orion flew to the secluded Snake Island, where he submitted himself to the most advanced and brutal electroshock therapy available.

He suffered from a condition, a relentless obsession and longing for someone, causing him agony like a

thousand ants gnawing at his heart, making life unbearable. Only the electric shocks **could** offer him brief respite.

Yet, even so, on the day of Xanthea's engagement ceremony in late October, he couldn't help but check his phone. Only this time, he didn't find wedding news, but an obituary.

Under the bright sun, in the silent cemetery, the solitary spirit of Xanthea floated above her grave, observing a tall figure walking through the lush pine forest.

He carried a large bouquet of vibrant, eye-catching irises, ones she fancied the most when she was alive. She tilted her head, puzzled as she watched him.

Orion? What was he doing here?

The dream suddenly shifted, like a flickering film reel, flashing images of the man laughing maniacally in front of her grave, his eyes bloodshot and feverish of him, in a frenzy, digging up her grave with his bare hands until they were bloodied; of him cradling her body, kissing it as if it were the most precious treasure; of him, like a vengeful demon, methodically torturing Matthew and Miranda, before pushing them off a skyscraper.

Finally, it settled on him, his eyes filled with tender warmth, he pressed a sharp blade against his wrist, "Xannie, I'm here to join **you**."

"No! Please, no! Orion, no! Orion!"

The bright red of his blood smeared the **blade**, blurring her tearful eyes. Xanthea woke screaming, her body trembling in terror, the Swiss Army knife dropping from her hands with a clang.

The storage room was eerily silent, the only object in sight a safe adorned with a dried iris, its blue petals stark against the metal. Her fingers trembling, she entered her birthdate, and with a whoosh, countless photos spilled out.