

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew) Chapter 1160

---- Chapter 1160 Christina opened her mouth but felt utterly drained.

"Go beg him? Please...

even if I swallowed my pride and got down on my knees, I doubt he'd show me the slightest bit of mercy." She forced a bitter smile, full of self-mockery.

Aspen looked even more pleased, unable to hide the glee in her eyes, "My dear Christie, watching you regret everything like this...

God, it's so satisfying! And honestly? I owe you some thanks.

If you hadn't tripped me up so badly in front of Andrew, I wouldn't be where I am today, turning my humiliation into opportunity." Christina snapped, her composure unraveling.

"Have you rubbed it in enough? Feeling powerful enough? Do you really think that someone like you a servant can hold any real place in Andrew's life? "You think you're on the same level as Francesca or Lauren? Let me tell you Andrew never saw you as one of his own!" Aspen scoffed.

"Of course not.

I was his servant.

Why would he? But here's what you don't get about that man, Christie.

Back when T was just a pawn under his control, he might've been ruthless toward me.

"But now, after helping him build this company in Blumedale, after running everything by his side, he can't function without me anymore.

In other words, Andrew is actually a man who values ---- loyalty deeply.

"T may be his servant, but to protect me, he killed Seth Haywood.

Tell me, would a man do that for someone he didn't care about?" That hit Christina like a punch to the chest.

Her expression twisted with rage, and her usual cool exterior shattered in a heartbeat.

She snarled, "You think you're something special? Andrew despises me now, sure but you and L are still the same.

Just women to him.

Do you really believe that once he sees the real you, he won't throw you away too?" Her voice had grown so sharp that it drew the attention of nearly everyone in the cafe.

Aspen laughed softly, biting her lip, a hint of bashful pride showing.

"Unlike you, I never plotted against him.

Everything I've done is for his benefit.

So why would he hate me? And just to be brutally honest if Andrew ever wanted my body, I'd give it to him without a second thought." Christina trembled from head to toe.

"Aspen, don't you think that's absolutely degrading?" Irene exploded.

"Exactly! You little tramp! You're disgusting! Andrew nearly destroyed your whole family, and you still have the nerve to say you'd sleep with him? You really are a shameless whore!" Aspen slapped Irene twice across the face, hard enough to knock ---- the short, plump woman to the ground.

"You rotten old hag, and you still think you have the right to lecture me? If it weren't for your scheming little daughter, my family would've never been dragged into a fight against Andrew!" Clutching her face, Irene shrieked from the floor, "Leroy! Beat this slut to death! Kill her for me!" However, Leroy did not move.

He stood frozen, trembling with fear, because Dylan was still there, arms crossed behind Aspen, watching him like a hawk.

Just one icy glance from Dylan, and Leroy's knees nearly buckled.

Christina took a deep breath and hissed, "Aspen, you will pay for what you did today." Aspen looked unimpressed.

"All you're relying on is Quinton, but do you really think I'm scared of him? Andrew has my back.

Quinton couldn't even touch Andrew back in Jayrodale, and now that Andrew's been in Blumedale for a while...

what's Quinton done? Nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

He's a joke." Christina trembled with fury.

She could tolerate being dismissed by Andrew again and again, but she could not accept this her own cousin, someone who used to be on her side, had now taken Andrew's.

What did that make her? Aspen had replaced her.

---- That bitch had stolen the spot that should have belonged to her.

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