

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew) Chapter 1162

---- Chapter 1162 After leaving the cafe, Aspen stepped into the restroom.

She splashed a few handfuls of icy water on her face, trying to calm the storm inside her.

She said, "Mr.

Garner, could you do me a favor and not tell Andrew about what just happened?" Dylan leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed, and chuckled." Ms.

Aspen, you really gave her a piece of your mind.

If it felt good, why not let Mr.

Lloyd know?" Aspen's expression darkened with self-mockery.

"Because I didn't stand up for myself I used Andrew's name to intimidate her.

Christina was right about one thing I am pathetic.

Andrew nearly destroyed my family, and yet here I am, throwing his name around like it means something.

Even worse, I shamelessly implied I'd offer myself to him!" Dylan smirked.

"So you're ashamed of yourself? You think less of yourself now?" Aspen stared at her reflection, Her face was as cold as ever, but her eyes no longer held their usual arrogance.

Instead, they were clouded with something unreadable.

For a moment, she barely recognized herself.

The woman in the mirror was a stranger, utterly changed from who she used to be, ---- and all of it was because of Andrew.

She was supposed to stay by Andrew's side with hatred and anger, biding her time for revenge.

Yet now, she realized she could not summon even a shred of resentment toward him.

Instead, she sometimes felt something else entirely an inexplicable urge.

Like earlier, in the room, she overheard the sounds of Andrew and Natasha being intimate outside the door.

At that moment, Aspen had been overwhelmed by a suffocating bitterness.

It was so unbearable that she could not stop herself from throwing the door open and interrupting them.

However, when Natasha teased her about it, she could not admit the truth.

She could only hide behind icy indifference, masking what she really felt.

she replied, "I don't know if this makes me pathetic.

I just...

refuse to accept that this side of me even exists.

I should hate Andrew and should want him to suffer that's how it's supposed to be." Her voice wavered slightly, and her reflection betrayed a flicker of torment.

Dylan studied her, then suddenly said, "Ms.

Aspen, I think I like you a lot better now.

You're nothing like the insufferable woman I met back in Jayrodale." Aspen blinked.

"Why would you say that, Mr.

Garner? Back then, Andrew and I were sworn enemies you know that.

So why don't ---- you resent me?" Dylan laughed.

"Oh, I did resent you.

Hell, I wanted you dead.

But people change.

Some for the better.

Others? They double down on being worse.

And you? You're clearly the first kind.

"Have you ever considered that you and Mr.

Lloyd never had any real blood feud to begin with? Sure, you're working for him now under...

less-than-voluntary terms.

But ask yourself has he actually mistreated you? Has he ever treated you like some disposable servant? and your family the Stevens of Bridgefields.

As far as I now, Mr.

Lloyd hasn't laid a finger on them, and they're still living comfortably, same as before." Aspen fell silent as Dylan's words sank in.

Then, slowly, a flush crept across her cheeks.

Dylan smirked, leaning in.

"Face it, Ms.

Aspen you already know what you really want.

You know you're trapped with no way out now.

You're his prey!"

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