

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1556

Chantelle scoffed "Mr. Lloyd, I never thought you were this kind of person."

Andrew was getting irritated too. "What kind of person am I? I glanced at you once-not even on purpose-and you want to hit me?"

Chantelle's eyes reddened as she bit back angrily, "I'm not talking about that! I'm talking about when we were underwater! Why did you risk your life like that? You shielded me from that hot spring water... Do you know you could have died?"

This sudden outburst and accusation left Andrew completely bewildered. "Ms. Garcia, are you... crying?"

Chantelle pulled her hand back, gritting her teeth, and raised it again to slap Andrew's face.

Andrew thought that if she wanted to hit him, so be it. She had been through life and death with him, which could not have been easy. But surprisingly, the delicate hand stopped just in front of his face.

What had been fierce aggression transformed into gentle tenderness mixed with careful concern as she softly caressed Andrew's cheek. "Mr. Lloyd, I thought I was definitely going to die back there! I forgot to tell you that I actually have a phobia of deep water, especially the kind where you can't see the bottom and there's nothing to hold onto."

Tears fell as Chantelle trembled, staring at Andrew in a daze. "Thank you for not abandoning me and bringing me out with you. I know that in that situation, you were barely surviving yourself. It would have been understandable if you'd

only looked out for yourself and left me behind, but in the end, you still saved me!"

Feeling the gentle touch on his face, Andrew looked confused. "Wait, Ms. Garcia, are you coming onto me? The situation was indeed urgent back then, but don't worry-I definitely wouldn't have left you behind."

Chantelle crouched down to meet Andrew's eyes. "Stop talking and just kiss me!"

Without waiting for Andrew's reaction, she pressed her lips to his.

All the accumulated tension and their narrow escape from death had left every muscle and cell in

Andrew's body suppressed and

frustrated to the extreme. Now

this soft warmth forcing its way into his mouth, it was like adding fuel to the fire, like rain falling on a parched desert.

Andrew wrapped his arms around Chantelle, pulling her close and kissing her hungrily.

With a soft moan, Chantelle seemed a bit flustered but tried her best to respond to Andrew.

Was this girl actually inexperienced?

The fleeting thought crossed

Andrew's mind, but he could not think about anything else as he continued enjoying the moment. His hands explored, slipping directly inside her clothes and finding those soft mounds with nothing in the way.

"Mr. Lloyd, be gentle!" came the soft whisper from Chantelle's lips.

Andrew realized he was being too rough and slowed down, becoming gentle as rain as he devoted himself completely to this ice queen. Their location was in a small hollow one step forward led to the bubbling underground water's edge, and one step back was a steep slope covered with trees and beautiful scenery.

It was near dusk now, and the blood-red rays of the setting sun were casting beautiful light over the water and mountains.

Chantelle said urgently, "Just kissing is fine—but not the final step! Mr. Lloyd, no... Don't... No "

Gentle whispers and heavy breathing echoed behind the large boulder. By the water's edge, two dragonflies were mating, their bodies pressed together as they flew around joyfully.