

## **Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)**

### **#Chapter 1796 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1796**

There was just one more day until New Year's Day. Andrew would be traveling with Zachary to Goldridge, the headquarters of the Southern Martial Union.

That morning, Chantelle drove over to Serenity Villa and was surprised to see Andrew training with his five top disciples, each drenched in sweat.

"You seriously plan to turn them into martial arts masters?" she asked.

Andrew kept a calm expression. "They're still a ways off from becoming true masters, but they've already crossed the beginner's threshold. They can definitely handle your average fighter."

Chantelle watched them for a moment and nodded. "Ms. Stevens already has some martial foundation. Reaching Martial King level won't be a big deal for her. But Ms. Aicker and Ms. Rhodes? That's another story. I'm going to be blunt, even if you don't want to hear it.

"Training them now is just a waste of your time and energy. Their bones are already set. Trying to get them to break into the martial arts world at this point is extremely hard."

To her surprise, Andrew actually looked like he agreed. "You're not wrong. Fran and Lauren got into martial arts pretty late, and it'll be tough. But you're overlooking something important: their mentor isn't just anyone. It's me. As long as I'm guiding them, it's not too late at all. In fact, they'll soon surpass plenty of so-called seasoned martial artists."

Chantelle let out a sharp laugh and looked at him with disbelief. "Andrew, you clearly missed my point. I'm trying to tell you that everything you're doing right now is a complete waste of effort.

"And not just because of those two. You, yourself, are being a little too confident- make that arrogant. You think you're some legendary grandmaster? A martial arts icon? Just because you're a natural doesn't mean they are."

Andrew smirked. "No need for all that talk, Ms. Garcia. You still remember our little bet, right? Well, I'd say it's time to cash it in."

Chantelle gave a cold smile. "Gladly. I've been looking forward to this. Let your students come at me however they want. If I take even one step back, I lose."

She had honestly assumed that the whole bet had just been Andrew messing around.

Who knew he would still take it seriously after all this time? Fine then. She was more than ready to bring him down a notch.

The guy had been getting increasingly arrogant lately, acting like she was nothing. She pulled off her jacket, tied her hair back, and started stretching out her limbs.

"Ms. Rhodes, Ms. Aicker, Ms. Stevens-come at me with everything you've got."

Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen lined up side by side. They looked to Andrew, waiting for his cue.

Andrew's face was blank as she said, "Why are you looking at me? Someone just gave you permission to attack her. So, what are you waiting for? Martial arts is all about spirit. You need that one breath, that fire that never backs down Remember this: no matter what, there's only one word-go."

Lauren looked hesitant. "Fran, Aspen... you two go ahead. I'm afraid that if I

actually hit Ms. Garcia, it might be bad. I wouldn't want to hurt her."

Chantelle let out an incredulous laugh. "Ms. Rhodes, if you can land a hit on me, I

won't blame you. In fact, I'll even cover your hospital bill."

Lauren gave a bashful smile. "Gosh, now I feel kinda bad. Alright then, watch yourself. I can't guarantee I'll hold back."

Aspen shook her head. "I'm sitting this one out. Ms. Garcia, I practice assassin techniques. If I go at you, it might draw blood."

That finally pushed Chantelle over the edge. "Forget it! Just all three of you come at me. Even if I drop dead ere, I won't flinch and hold a

grudge."

She was honestly fed up.

What, did they all think she was a joke?

She was not some fake martial artist. She was the real deal, a genuine prodigy. Otherwise, Derek would not have put her in charge of his daily security. She might not be able to beat Andrew, but that did not mean she could not handle his three girlfriends.

Truthfully, Chantelle was secretly competing with Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen.

She hated to admit it, but that was because of Andrew.

They were all Andrew's women, but Chantelle had never been officially recognized. There was no way she would let herself be outshone by them.

Francesca hesitated, then stepped forward. "Alright, I'll go first. Ms. Garcia, fists don't have eyes. So, watch yourself."

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With a low shout, Francesca tightened her fist and launched the first attack. Chantelle sneered, calmly met her with one hand, and effortlessly brushed her punch aside. She was just about to mock her when a sharp whistle cut through

the air, so fast it made her skin crawl.

"Oh no!" Chantelle's eyes widened in alarm. She jerked her neck back instinctively, craning it up as something flashed downward like lightning.

Above her, Aspen's dagger had sliced through the air so fast it left a faint afterimage behind.

"You..." Chantelle's shock turned into fury.

Was Aspen really going in for the kill?

Damn it. No wonder she was trained by Andrew-just as ruthless and unorthodox.

With a snort, Chantelle twisted her body like a pouncing panther, pushing off the

floor and springing upward. Her right leg shot high and strong, kicking straight at

Francesca's punch mid-air.

Francesca let out a muffled groan. Unable to withstand the blow, she stumbled

backward from the impact.

Chantelle was just about to throw out a smug comment when a searing pain shot

through her abdomen. She looked down in disbelief.

When had Lauren gotten close?

Lauren's delicate, pale fist had gently thudded against her stomach. It looked harmless, but the force behind it was brutal and unforgiving.

Her insides felt like they were on fire.

Lauren pulled her fist back and looked genuinely concerned. "Ms. Garcia, are you

okay? I told you, I have a hard time holding back once I go in."

Fighting through the pain, Chantelle gritted her teeth. "Quit talking. I'm fine. Let's

go again!"

Lauren blinked. "Uh, are you sure? Do you really want to go again? Alright then,

no mercy!"

She raised her fist and began swinging wildly, fists flying toward Chantelle's face

like a flurry of uncoordinated but heavy punches.

Chantelle, refusing to back down, clenched her fists and met her blow head-on. At

the same time, her other hand sliced outward, knocking Aspen away.

However,

Francesca swooped in from the side with a follow-up strike.

Chantelle scoffed inwardly. She figured she could tank Francesca's hits without a

problem. Just as the thought crossed her mind, she heard a sharp crack from her

own palm.

The bone in her wrist had split.

A stabbing, electric pain raced up

her arm, draining the color from her

face as sweat broke out across her

forehead. She stared in horror at the

source of it all-Lauren again.

They had just exchanged a punch moments ago, and Lauren had been knocked

back, landing on her butt. Yet, the force had been mutual.

Chantelle paid for it with a fractured wrist, and the pain threw her off completely,

breaking her rhythm and leaving her wide open.

Francesca's punch landed squarely on her back, brutally solid.

Lauren specialized in internal energy-devastating, invisible damage.

Francesca, however, was trained in external power-tearing muscles and cracking bones.

With a loud gasp, Chantelle coughed up blood and stumbled forward two steps,

barely keeping on her feet.

Then, Aspen appeared like a ghost, silent and lethal, right at her side. A cold blade hovered just above her carotid artery.

"Ms. Garcia, thanks for the spar," Aspen said with a smirk. She retracted the blade

and bounced away.

"I'm done. I surrender!" Chantelle immediately raised her hand, giving in without

hesitation.

Blood still smeared her lip, and she looked around in disbelief at Lauren, Francesca, and finally at Aspen.

Andrew stepped forward, grinning ear to ear. "So, Ms. Garcia, how about now?

Convinced?"

Chantelle snapped, "Andrew, you told them to go all out, didn't you?"

Andrew held up his hands

innocently: "Come on, we're all on

the same side. Why would we go for

a kill shot? That was just a warm-up.

If they'd actually gone for blood,  
you'd be a corpse right now.

Chantelle shuddered as she bit her  
lip and felt silent. She knew he was  
right. If that fight had been real, with  
the coordination those three had,  
combined with their freakish talents,  
she would not have made it.

"Fine. You win. I seriously don't understand how you trained three monsters  
like

this. Especially Ms. Rhodes! How's she so damn strong?"

Chantelle could not wrap her head around it. That punch from Lauren had  
traumatized her.

Andrew chuckled. "How did I train them? That's my secret. A bet's a bet. Black  
tights-you ready?"

Chantelle dragged herself off the floor, a chill running through her entire body.  
Her

skin prickled with goosebumps. She asked in disbelief, "Y-You really mean  
it?"

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Andrew chuckled. "I was just kidding. It was just a friendly spar, so there was  
no

need to talk about winning or losing. Come on, I'll take you inside to patch you

up."

Andrew's tone shifted casually, dropping the whole 'black tights' thing. Then, he

turned to lead the way.

As he walked off, he glanced back at the trio and barked, "You three, keep training! No slacking off. If I catch anyone slacking, your training's getting doubled!"

Lauren and the others immediately got serious and picked up the pace.

Chantelle followed Andrew reluctantly, clearly in a foul mood. "My injuries are fine.

I don't need treatment. I only came here to inform you that I'll be investigating the

parasite poison situation with Hank starting today."

Andrew raised a brow. "With Hank, that scumbag? Whose genius idea was that?"

Chantelle looked disgusted. "Relax, I know exactly what kind of trash he is.

Besides, men are all the same anyway. I don't care whose idea it was, but I'm not

giving him an ounce of respect."

Andrew nodded. "That parasite poison situation isn't minor.. Since Special Ops is

getting involved, it makes sense for you to join the investigation."

They walked into the first-floor living room, but Andrew did not stop. Instead, he

continued straight upstairs.

Chantelle found it a little odd but followed anyway. Then, they reached the second

floor, and Andrew still did not stop. He kept climbing.

She grew suspicious and halted. "Wait a minute. Why are we going up to the third

floor? Isn't that your private space?"

Andrew turned with a casual grin. "Exactly. The third floor is my private floor.

That's why it's the perfect place for you to change into those black tights for my

viewing pleasure."

Chantelle was dumbfounded. "What? You called me here not to treat my injuries,

but because you're still thinking about those black tights?! Andrew, do you have

no shame?"

She was close to losing it.

Andrew stayed calm. "Don't make a fuss. A bet is a bet. You agreed to wear black

tights for me, remember?"

Chantelle clenched her jaw. "I'm warning you! Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen are

all downstairs! You want me to change into that in front of you? You seriously think

that's appropriate?"

Andrew shrugged. "Of course it is. Why wouldn't it be? I told them to focus on their training, didn't I? Don't worry, my star pupils are all very obedient. No one's going to interrupt your performance."

Chantelle instantly blushed, and her legs started to tremble as reality sank in. This was way too humiliating.

She had never worn something like that in her entire life, and now, she was expected to wear it in front of Andrew?

Just imagining it made her want to dig a hole and disappear.

"I-I'm not wearing it!" Chantelle stammered, already trying to back out.

Andrew did not push. He just smiled faintly and said, "That's fine. But if you refuse, don't come begging when you want to have some fun, I'll say no."

Chantelle was livid. "Andrew, don't flatter yourself like I'm hooked on you! I don't care if we do or don't. I'm not addicted!"

She thought he was petty for threatening her with that.

Andrew frowned. "So you're breaking your word? Going back on the bet?"

Chantelle had had enough. She threw away all pretense and went

full defiant. "Yeah, I'm backing out.

I'm not wearing black tights! I've never worn them before, and I'm not about to start now!"

Andrew chuckled. "That's alright. You're not used to them the first time. But the

second or third time? You'll warm up to it."

Chantelle scoffed angrily. "In your dreams. There's no second time!"

She turned sharply, ready to head back downstairs. Before she could even move,

her arm was suddenly yanked tight.

Andrew had grabbed her.

"Andrew, let go of me!"

She started struggling, but it was useless. Andrew was rough and pulled her along

toward the stairs.

Chantelle's face twisted in shock

and rage: She gritted her teeth as

she struck back with a palm straight

toward Andrew's shoulder.

**Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1799 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1799**

Andrew easily caught Chantelle's hand mid-strike. Then, he stepped forward sharply, pinning her against the wall in one smooth move.

"You-" she growled, the spark in her eyes flaring with real anger. She lifted her knee, aiming a kick at him.

However, Andrew was faster. His leg slipped between hers, firm and unyielding, stopping her in place.

Chantelle's breath caught. She could feel the pressure of his muscular thigh locking her in place, and her heartbeat pounded wildly.

How could this jerk be so damn forceful?

They were face to face, so close their noses nearly brushed.

"Don't test my patience. You lost a bet. Now honor it. Don't make me force your hand," Andrew whispered in her ear.

Chantelle felt a rush of heat that made her squirm. It was not from fear, but from something far more confusing.

"You're hurting my hand, you brute! Let go, Andrew. That's an order!" she snapped, though her voice lacked the edge it needed.

Andrew did not budge. He swept her into his arms without warning and carried her up to the third floor. With a casual kick, he shut the bedroom door behind them.

Then, he dropped her on the bed. Her body bounced once, twice, as she scrambled upright. Her mouth opened, ready to yell. However, something soft landed on her face. She pulled it off, glanced down, and her entire face went red.

It was a pair of black tights.

She held the sheer fabric in her hand, immediately sensing how thin it was.

"Put it on, or I'll help you," Andrew said as he leaned against the frame, blocking the only exit.

Chantelle's ears burned. "Y-You had this prepared in advance? You really thought this through, huh?"

Andrew grinned. "Of course.

Chantelle remember what you told me last time? You said you liked it whent was a little rough. Well, here I am being rough. Isn't that what you wanted?"

Chantelle opened her mouth to deny it, but he cut her off first.

"Doesn't matter if you didn't mean it. I like it, and that's enough."

She wanted to strangle him. There was no way out, and she could not make a scene. If Francesca or the others came running in, she would never live it down.

She puffed her cheeks and demanded, "Fine! I'll change. Happy now, you shameless pervert? But turn around. You're not watching."

Andrew shook his head and replied casually, "You're putting it on for me. Why would I turn around? Hurry up and change into the tights. I'll give you a full review after."

Chantelle silently cursed him for being a disgusting pervert. Then, she yanked off her work clothes.

She had an impressive figure, but did not know how to dress up. She was always in her work clothes. Although uniforms also have their own charm, Andrew was a little bored with them after seeing her in the same thing for a long time.

Chantelle's long legs flashed first, pale and smooth. Then, she started pulling the black tights up her thighs. To her surprise, they hugged her skin like a second layer-cool, silky, and oddly comfortable.

Her usual elegance turned into something undeniably seductive.

Andrew caught her expression and smirked. "Ms. Garcia, you need to broaden your horizons a little. Next time, stop working yourself into the ground and learn what sexy really means."

## **Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1800 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1800**

"Women should know how to dress up. That's how you bring out real beauty," Andrew said with a teasing smirk.

Chantelle muttered. "Mind your own business. Now you've had your look, haven't you? If you're done, I'm taking it off."

Andrew stepped forward and caught her ankle before she could move. Her heart skipped a beat, and she instinctively tried to pull away.

However, Andrew pulled her closer in one swift motion, seating her right between his legs. The position was so unexpected and so suggestive that her mind blanked for a second.

She immediately thought of the position where the woman was on top.

"L-Let me down! You said just look, not touch! Why are you changing the rules?" Chantelle stammered as she pushed against him, trying to escape.

Andrew slapped her on the butt with his big hand. "Don't move around. These tights are delicate, and they'll tear if you struggle."

Still locked in place, Chantelle's frustration bubbled. "Andrew, this isn't the time to mess around! Let me down first. I'm not ready for this!"

Andrew raised a brow. "Ready? What are you trying to get ready for? In the past, you were always pretty cooperative, so why are you playing shy all of a sudden?"

Chantelle's cheeks turned red. "Because it's the middle of the day! Lauren and the others are still out there. They could walk in at any second! And also, I'm not used to doing... that kind of thing while wearing black stockings!"

Andrew loosened his grip.

Chantelle immediately scrambled to the head of the bed, putting some distance between them.

His gaze slowly drifted down her legs, and he let out a low whistle. "Ms. Garcia, those long legs in black stockings? You're giving Lauren a run for her money. They look amazing, and I gotta say, they feel even better. I mean, damn... legs like those? I could have fun with them for years."

Chantelle snapped at him, flustered. "You're such a flirt, Andrew. This sleazy side of you? I really don't like it!"

Andrew stayed perfectly calm. "It's fine. I like it enough for the both of us. Whether you like it or not doesn't matter. Now, get on the bed. Face down. Stick that ass up."

Chantelle froze, thinking she had misheard. "What did you just say?"

Without missing a beat, Andrew somehow pulled out a small leather whip. "Isaid, get on all fours and stick that ass up. Black stockings and a leather whip? They go hand-in-hand. You didn't know that?"

Her mind blanked when she saw that little whip flicking back and forth in his hand. "Andrew... where did you even get that? Y-You're a total perv! I'm not going along with this!"

Chantelle was completely overwhelmed, panic washing over her. For the first time in her life, she actually felt like crying.

Then, came a sharp snap.

The sound was crisp and clean.

Andrew's technique was flawless. Despite her attempt to dodge, his aim landed perfectly-not too hard, not too soft, just right on her backside.

Instantly, Chantelle felt a jolt shoot through her body, like electricity coursing through every nerve. She felt light-headed, like she was floating.

"Andrew, you—"

She tried to shout at him, wanted to scold him, but before the words even left her lips, the second strike landed.

This time, it hit the sensitive spot right at the top of her thighs. Just like that, another deep, soul-shaking tremble surged through her, wiping away all anger and replacing it with something far more confusing.

All her protests crumbled, melting into shaky, incoherent moans. Then, without warning, the dam broke. A flood of heat and shock surged through her as she looked down in disbelief.

The bed beneath her was soaking wet.

Andrew froze mid-swing, holding the third strike in the air. He looked stunned.

Glancing at Chantelle with both awe and amusement, he let out a low chuckle. "Ms. Garcia, you really are something... You're dripping!"