

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

#Chapter 1801 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1801

The climax hit Chantelle like a freight train, completely out of nowhere. She wanted to crawl into a hole and disappear. She gritted her teeth so hard that it nearly cracked her molars.

"Andrew, I swear, I'm going to hate you for life!"

She snapped, "Now go find me something to change into! How the hell am I supposed to face anyone looking like this?"

Andrew gave her a helpless smile. "And where exactly am I supposed to find a spare pair of pants for you? Couldn't you have held it in just a little?"

Chantelle felt her head buzzing with disbelief. She stared at Andrew in shock. "What did you just say? Hold it in? You jerk, this is all because of you! It wouldn't have happened if you hadn't done that to me! Tell me, how exactly am I supposed to hold it in?"

She was completely flustered now, rambling without control.

Andrew's comment was unbelievable.

Eventually, with a sigh, he went downstairs to search for something. Her build was close to that of Lauren since both were tall and slim.

The tricky part was that he could not exactly hand Chantelle a pair of Lauren's panties, could he?

Chantelle did not bother asking for permission. She picked a fresh set and changed into it herself, muttering, "It's fine. I'll just tell Ms. Rhodes I had an accident in the bathroom and made a mess of my clothes. This set looks new. I'll buy her an identical replacement later."

Andrew looked amused. "Keep those black stockings, alright? Next time, remember to wear them for me."

Chantelle's expression was cold and unreadable. Her eyes were icy as she

asked, "You think there's going to be a next time? I just got jumped and bruised by your three lovers, and this is how you treat me? Andrew, do you really see me as nothing more than a toy?"

He rubbed his temple, clearly a little frustrated. "Are you serious right now?"

Chantelle turned her face away and said coolly, "So what if I'm serious? And what if I'm joking? I'm asking you straight, do you think I'm just something you use and toss aside? You think treating me like this is fun? Like it makes you feel powerful or something?"

Andrew's brows drew together. He was starting to lose his patience, and he suddenly pulled her into his arms.

Startled, Chantelle began struggling hard. When she could not break free, she got furious. She raised her hand, ready to slap him across the face.

However, Andrew was ready for her. Before the slap could land, he caught her wrist and kissed her right on the lips.

Her lips were a little cool at first, but unbelievably soft. As he kissed her, they quickly turned warm, almost hot.

Chantelle's eyes flew open, her brain shorting out from the sudden move. She did not know how to react.

Andrew's kiss had completely thrown her off. Slowly, her eyes turned hazy. Her lips parted just slightly, welcoming his kiss, matching his pace.

All their past encounters had been rushed, physical, and heated. However, this time felt different. It was gentler, more intimate, more tender.

The slow teasing, soft touches, and breathless anticipation all tugged at something deep inside her.

Her heart raced, and her thoughts faded.

She was melting.

Chantelle began to pant softly and took the lead, kissing Andrew back. She whispered between breaths, "Andrew... hold me tighter. Be rougher with me."

However, Andrew suddenly let go, smiling. "Someone just walked into the house. Come on, let's head downstairs."

Still dazed from the moment, Chantelle blinked. "Ms. Rhodes and the others are done with training already?"

Andrew nodded and gently brushed a strand of hair behind her ear. "Now, tell me. Do you really think I see you as just a toy?"

Chantelle's cheeks turned pink. She tried to look distant, but that cold mask did not stand a chance in front of Andrew. Her heart fluttered, filled with a sweetness she had never known before.

Was she falling in love?

The thought hit her like a jolt. It was half thrilling, half terrifying.

"Andrew, would you ever see me as your woman?" Chantelle asked as she clutched his collar and looked up at him, her expression as delicate as a lamb's-soft, hesitant, and just a little uncertain.

There was something incredibly vulnerable in her eyes, layered with hope, nerves, and maybe even fear.

She whispered, "I've never felt this way about any man before. I want you to hold me, kiss me... and sleep with me. Andrew, I want to be yours. For real."

Andrew froze. He never expected that at this crucial moment, the panties-soaked Chantelle would actually confess her feelings to him.

"Chantelle, you want to be mine? You want to be my woman, for real? Then you must've seen my current situation, right?"

There was a pause.

Then, he said, "Are you sure you can accept that?"

Chantelle did not even hesitate. She

nodded with certainty. "I accept it

Honestly, I think it's great. I really do.

Just one thing though... It's still

missing something."

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Andrew looked puzzled. "Which thing?"

Chantelle let out a cold laugh. "You have way too many girlfriends, and they all live together! I'm worried your stamina won't hold up, and you'll get completely drained one day. Anyway, I need to head back now."

She added, "You better get your body in shape because eventually, I'm moving into Serenity Villa too. I don't care how much time you spend with Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen, but you're going to give me the exact same amount! Otherwise, I'll march straight to the governor's office and tell them you're a con artist who seduces women!"

After making this fierce declaration, she yanked open the door and stormed out.

Andrew felt completely helpless. These women were all trouble, every single one of them.

They were like human vacuum cleaners when it came to draining his energy. They appeared so elegant and refined in public, so gentle and graceful. Yet, once they got into bed, they all turned into wild horses that could not be tamed.

Moreover, Chantelle shared striking similarities with Aspen. Both of them loved it when he took control, and both enjoyed being dominated.

That little whip from earlier had made everything crystal clear.

Even though Chantelle had questioned whether Andrew saw her as just a plaything afterward, she had gotten completely aroused after just two light taps. This kind of reaction was pretty rare. It also proved that deep down, Chantelle absolutely loved it when Andrew treated her that way.

"This girl has Stockholm syndrome just as bad as Aspen does," Andrew muttered as he headed downstairs. "Both of them are severe cases!"

"Honey, is Ms. Garcia's injury okay?"

In the first-floor living room, Lauren and the other two women had finished their training and were looking at Andrew with concern.

Andrew waved dismissively. "She's fine and doesn't even need treatment. Her martial arts foundation is better than any of yours. That little injury will heal in a day or two!"

During their intimate moment earlier, Andrew had checked her over carefully. Chantelle really was not hurt badly. Besides, a casual sparring match like that could not actually cause any serious damage. She had just endured some discomfort and twisted her wrist slightly.

Lauren muttered, "Ms. Garcia took one of my underwear sets with her. I don't know if my size will even fit her properly. Whatever, she doesn't need to return it; I'll just consider it a gift."

Francesca looked surprised. "Why did she need to borrow your underwear? Wasn't she wearing any?"

Aspen also found it strange. "Even if she wasn't wearing any, there's no reason to borrow some! She came here dressed normally and could have just left the same way. It's not like anyone's going to inspect her underwear!"

As soon as those words left her mouth, she instinctively glanced toward Andrew. Once Lauren and Francesca caught on to the implication, they could not help but look at him too, their gaze sharp and suspicious.

Andrew felt a bit guilty and cleared his throat nervously, putting on a serious expression to change the subject.

"Your recent training has shown

great results! But we need to

increase the intensity even more. After we return from Goldridge, I'll step up your regimen, but for now, go take showers and get cleaned up! After that, pack your things. We're leaving first thing tomorrow morning!"

After giving these instructions, Andrew clasped his hands behind his back and walked outside, acting completely innocent.

Lauren pulled her gaze away and turned to Francesca and Aspen. "Ms. Garcia said she accidentally got dirty while using the bathroom. Come on, let's get nice and clean, then pack our luggage."

Francesca tilted her head thoughtfully. "Lauren, Aspen, don't you feel like Andrew is acting really weird?"

Aspen giggled mischievously. "I totally noticed, but I don't want to call him out."

Lauren considered this for a moment before responding. "Ms. Garcia has always been cold as ice, keeps everyone at arm's length, and works right beside the governor. So, she's super careful about her reputation!"

"I really think nothing is going on between them. And even if there were something, it wouldn't matter. Worst case scenario, we'd just have another joining us!"

Francesca shrugged. "If you're cool with it, I'm cool with it. I just feel bad for our man. I mean. Trying to juggle four ladies all at the same time? I don't know how he's still standing!"

Aspen chimed in gently, "If he can't keep up, he can rest with me. That way, he can focus on Lauren, Fran, and Ms. Garcia. I don't want him burning out, or I'd feel terrible."

Lauren gave her a playful smack and laughed. "You little schemer! Always thinking three steps ahead! Trying to play the sweet, obedient one so he spoils you more, huh? Let me tell you right now-no chance. The love gets split evenly, and if anyone tries to hog more, they will have to deal with me!"

The three of them laughed as they headed into the large bathroom together.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1803 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1803

With their trip to Goldridge coming up tomorrow, Andrew had some free time and decided to head over to the Rhodes residence for a quick visit. After that, he made a stop at the Peck residence to check in on Victoria.

Both Tiana and Victoria had reminded him to be cautious during this trip.

The Southern Martial Union's main headquarters were located in Goldridge, and it had always been known as a hotbed of drama. This organization oversaw martial artists across all southern provinces, and its leader, Jerome, was nothing short of a powerhouse.

Though Gabo Creek province was not far away from Goldridge, bringing Lauren and the other two girls along meant Andrew had to stay even more alert. Jerome held a selection for his inner disciples every year, and chaos followed.

The spots for inner disciples were extremely limited. Yet, countless families and martial sects sent their people to compete for Jerome's attention. The competition for these coveted positions often led to intense rivalries, bloodshed, and sometimes even deaths.

Victoria's concerns went much deeper than just immediate safety. She encouraged Andrew to build a strong relationship with Jerome, as this would greatly benefit his future dominance in Gabo Creek.

In martial arts, there could only be one undisputed champion. Every martial artist dreamed of claiming that one-in-a-million first-place position. This was exactly why people were so fascinated by the two major rankings-the Underworld Index and the Titan List.

Andrew was merely a martial artist, but Victoria had always wanted to push him to become Gabo Creek's number one. In other words, she wanted him to be known as the King of Gabo Creek in martial circles.

This stunning woman's ambitions were every bit as grand as Tiana's. The difference was that Victoria was willing to dedicate all her beliefs and energy entirely to Andrew.

This overwhelming devotion left Andrew unsure how to handle such intense feelings. When he thought about how Reginald probably had not contacted Victoria in years, he felt even more guilty about the situation.

The more Victoria showed this devotion, the more Andrew found himself at a complete loss. Victoria often treated him as if he were Reginald, which inevitably led to genuine displays of affection and flirtation that left Andrew struggling to cope.

Fortunately, Andrew had managed to keep his head clear throughout all of this. If any other male had been in his position, they probably would have already fallen into Victoria's trap, drowning in lust, indulging in pleasure, and crossing a line they could never uncross.

That would have been the point of no return-the collapse of morality and a betrayal of their own conscience.

However, Andrew could not really be blamed for finding himself in this difficult situation.

First, both Victoria and Tiana were mature beauties who still possessed their incredible charm. They were far more attractive than any of today's celebrities. Every smile, every gesture, every movement was absolutely captivating and seductive.

Second, both women came from noble backgrounds, were born into prestigious families, and studied under renowned masters who gave them exceptional guidance.

Third, whether in martial arts or intelligence, both far surpassed ordinary people in every way. When it came to scheming and

manipulation, Victoria and Tiana

could be considered the ultimate masters of their craft. One could tell just by how completely they had their own husbands wrapped around their fingers.

Jameson at least gave Tiana a run for her money, keeping things balanced between them. However, Calvin was completely different. He was utterly powerless in Victoria's presence!

Now, that was not to say Calvin was weak. As the head of one of the Five Apex Families and a recognized martial king, he was still a force to be reckoned with. Yet, the moment he married Victoria, and even worse, married into her side of the family, everything changed.

While most men would be jealous of his position, they would probably hesitate if they had a walk in his shoes.

After all, a woman like Victoria was not someone an average man could handle. And if you could not handle her, then she would be the one handling you.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1804 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1804

Therefore, Victoria was now the one truly running the Peck family. Any forces that wanted to move against the Peck family were wary of Victoria, not Calvin. It had never had anything to do with him in the first place.

Thinking about that, Andrew originally planned to leave right after seeing Victoria, like he had always done. But this time, he paused. He reached into his coat and touched the two bottles of pills he had brought with him, then took the initiative to ask if he could meet Calvin.

Liliana sneered. "What game are you trying to play now? My dad is the head of the Peck family. You think you can just see him whenever you want?"

Miles, on the other hand, was much more courteous. "Liliana, that's enough. Mr. Lloyd, may I ask what business you have with my father?"

Andrew smiled casually. "Nothing too special. I just heard that the Peck family is also sending people to Goldridge this time. So I thought I'd touch base with Mr. Peck Senior, maybe we could travel together."

Miles nodded thoughtfully. "My father is indeed planning to bring people to Goldridge to observe Mr. Thornton's inner disciple selection. Please wait a moment while I go ask if he has time to see you."

Victoria appeared out of nowhere, having walked out of her room to join them outside. "What's all this asking permission nonsense? Just take Andrew to see him directly."

Her expression was calm and neutral, showing neither pleasure nor anger. "Is your father some kind of emperor that requires his approval for every little meeting?"

Her words made Miles's heart skip a beat with nervousness. He quickly smiled at Andrew. "Well, since my mother has spoken, Mr. Lloyd, please come with me."

Andrew thanked him politely, then turned to give Victoria a grateful smile. He walked a few minutes down another path and finally saw Calvin, the so-called head of the Peck family.

The man was sitting alone in the main hall, his face flushed and bloated, his eyes glazed over.

The whole place reeked of alcohol, and it was clear he was completely drunk.

Andrew showed no reaction and respectfully said, "Hello, Mr. Peck Senior. I'm here to pay you a visit."

Calvin struggled to open his heavy eyelids, then squinted at him. "You're that Andrew kid?"

Andrew smiled. "Yes, sir. I came here today to apologize. I've been feeling bad about hurting you the last time we met."

Calvin let out

ut a cold, bitter laugh.

"Feeling terrible? I think you have got some serious nerve. Get out of here!

you, and I won't accept your

The Peck family does Oma

apology! I know you've got some

skills and made it big in Blumedale!

"But remember this-the Peck family is one of the Five Apex Families. The

humiliation you brought me will be repaid a hundredfold soon!"

Seeing the sudden surge of hostility and hatred in Calvin's expression Andrew could not help but frown deeply. The last time he had injured Calvin, there had been good reason for it.

After all, Liliana had hurt Lauren. Later, Calvin arrived with the Peck family guards, using his power to bully others. In the end, he had even demanded a one-on-one battle with Andrew.

Of course, he knew what was coming and ended up coughing up blood. Nonetheless, that incident was long over, and Andrew felt he had been more than fair to the Peck family.

Moreover, Miles still owed him several million dollars, yet Andrew had been incredibly understanding. Calvin's inexplicable hostility left Andrew completely puzzled.

"Since you find my presence so unwelcome. I'll take my leave now." He set down the porcelain bottle he had been carrying and turned to go.

He was not the type to keep trying to curry favor with someone who clearly didn't want him around.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1805 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1805

Back then, the Wright family was also one of the Five Apex Families. Yet, their situation was totally different now. Kevin had died a violent death, while Yara had taken over and was now desperately trying to please Andrew.

Since the Peck family was arrogant and looked down on him, why should Andrew try to win their favor?

After he left, Miles and Liliana walked into the living room together.

"Dad, it's the middle of the day, and you're drunk again?" Liliana pinched her nose in disgust.

Calvin tilted his head back and took another swig of alcohol, slurring, "D-Don't tell me what to do! I'm your father and the head of the Peck family! Who the hell dares to lecture me? You're digging your own grave!"

Miles's eyes shifted and landed on the porcelain bottle Andrew had left behind. He picked it up and held it out in front of Calvin. "Dad, Mr. Lloyd left this here. It looks like he's actively trying to make peace with our Peck family. You should take it. Maybe it's a good opportunity to bury the hatchet and move forward."

Calvin scoffed and smacked the bottle out of Miles's hand. "To hell with that! He's just another wolf in sheep's clothing. Does he think I'm stupid enough to fall for it? Remember this-Andrew's up to no good. From now on, we need to watch him closely. When the time comes, I swear I'll make sure that little bastard dies a painful death!"

Both Liliana and Miles were stunned.

Calvin's hatred toward Andrew ran deeper than they had imagined.

Suddenly, he grunted and narrowed his eyes at something on the floor. The siblings looked down and saw two small black pills near the shattered porcelain shards.

Miles gasped. "Wait, are those..."

He rushed over, picked up the pills, and handed them to Calvin.

Calvin took them and sniffed deeply. In an instant, the drunken fog in his eyes began to clear. His expression shifted in shock as he exclaimed, "These are seventh-grade Divine Pills-Spirit-

Anchor Pills, no less. Even the Advanced Medical Institute can't produce these nowadays, because the formula's too complex.

"And the recipe? It's supposedly in the hands of that old master on Mount Lourneau. I can't believe Andrew actually had them!"

Without hesitation, Calvin tucked the two pills away like they were priceless treasures.

Liliana and Miles exchanged stunned glances. First, they never expected Andrew to offer something rare and valuable.

This level of sincerity was more than enough to show proper respect to the Peck family.

Second, Calvin's attitude had changed way too quickly for comfort.

One second, he was completely

hostile toward Andrew. The next et

second, he was eagerly pocketing Pills like they were precious treasures.

It was honestly a bit embarrassing to watch, and downright low.

Just then,

walked in

in

gracefully. Her expression was calm

and

e as she said, "heret

Liliana, step outside for a momen

ment.

Her voice was soft, but carried an unmistakable chill. Neither sibling dared

disobey her, so they quietly left.

Victoria stood alone in the center of the room, her gaze moving from the broken porcelain on the floor to Calvin's drunken figure.

Calvin slouched in the main chair

and met her eyes with a cold smirk. But after barely three seconds, he averted his gaze and grumbled, "Aren't you already seeing someone new? You've got that pretty boy to keep you entertained and warm in bed, so what are you doing here, trying to manage me now?"

He added, "Snagging both father and son must feel like quite the accomplishment, huh, Victoria?"

Every word dripped with bitterness and sarcasm.