

The Ashes 1597

Chapter 1597

The Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce, as the most powerful business alliance in Gabo Creek province, had its office tower located in the prime real estate of Blumedale, where every square foot was worth a fortune.

Andrew leisurely drove his front-end damaged Mazda to the front of the building.

The security guards at the entrance were about to shout a reprimand, but they immediately swallowed their words as soon as they saw who got out of the car.

"Mr. Lloyd, good day!" they said with a sharp salute, their voices ringing out loudly.

Andrew locked his car door and smiled. "You guys know me?"

The two security guards replied respectfully, "This is our first time seeing you in person, sir. But your 3D poster portrait plays on the building's screen displays every single day!"

Andrew looked up, and his face immediately darkened. His portrait was indeed being displayed on the glass curtain wall of the Chamber of Commerce building-he looked young and handsome in a sharp business suit. This must have been taken when he attended the banquet at the Keller residence last time.

"Get that poster down right now. Also, who authorized putting it up?" Andrew asked with a cold expression.

The two security guards trembled nervously. "T-This was ordered by Madam Gardner. She said she wanted everyone in the Chamber of Commerce to get to know you properly!"

Andrew said nothing more and strode into the building.

Meanwhile, Rachel had somehow gotten word of his arrival and hurried out to greet him. "Mr. Lloyd, you've finally arrived!"

Andrew shot her a glance. "Take that poster down. Immediately."

Rachel looked confused. "Why? It's standard protocol. Every chairman has their image displayed after their appointment. And Mr. Lloyd, the buzz surrounding your promotion is bigger than any of your

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predecessors. Because of you, our Chamber has received photo shoot requests from half the fashion

magazines in the city."

Andrew rubbed his temples. "What the hell do fashion magazines want with me?"

Rachel responded with full sincerity.

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"You're young, successful, and ridiculously handsome. Each year, several top publications in Blumedale publish lists of the influential young figures. And Mr. Lloyd, you're easily the most talked-about and accomplished person in recent years."

Andrew waved his hand dismissively. "Cancel all that useless stuff for me! Let's go. Didn't you say several board members aren't too thrilled about me? Well, I'm here. Let's find out exactly who has a problem with me."

Rachel's smile faded slightly, and she leaned in with a warning. "Mr. Lloyd, I suggest you stay on alert today. That old bastard Cillian Ulrich showed up."

Andrew replied indifferently, "And who might that be?"

Rachel lowered her voice. "The most dangerous figure inside the Chamber. He's deeply connected to several underworld bosses throughout Blumedale.

"When Mr. Keller Senior was in

power, he kept a low profile and

that Mr

didn't dare act too brazenly. But now Keller Senior has stepped down and you've taken over, it's no

surprise he's finally crawling out of his hole."

Andrew gave a casual nod. "Is that so? Then let's meet this underground hotshot and see what he wants." On the 12th floor, in the spacious conference room, over 20 Chamber members had already taken their seats. Right in the center sat an older man with a sharp, commanding presence. Unlike the others who sat properly and waited for Andrew's arrival, this old man had a cigar dangling from his mouth, puffing away leisurely.

His legs were propped arrogantly on the meeting table, pointing directly at the chairman's seat—the one meant for Andrew.