

The Ashes 1598

Chapter 1598

The conference room doors swung open, and Andrew and Rachel stepped in slowly, side by side.

Rachel instinctively glanced at the old man in the center of the room and announced loudly, "Mr. Lloyd has arrived!"

The rest of the Chamber members immediately rose to greet him. Whether it was genuine or not, every face wore a smile.

However, the fierce-looking old man did not move a muscle-only his eyes glanced sideways at Andrew as he entered, his face showing clear disdain.

Andrew sat down at the head of the table and looked directly at him. "That must be Mr. Cillian Ulrich, I presume?"

Cillian chuckled as he pinched the cigar from his lips. "Didn't think Mr. Lloyd would know a nobody like me. Truly... I'm honored."

Andrew smiled pleasantly. "Oh, come now. Your name rings loud and clear throughout the Chamber. Even as chairman, I've got to admit... I tread carefully where you're concerned."

Cillian adjusted his expensive tailored suit, and the scorn on his face grew even more obvious. "Since you're being polite, let me get straight to the point. One: From now on, I will operate independently. I answer to no one, not even you.

"Two: I want my resource share from the Chamber increased. And three: I've got a massive collaboration lined up with a few of Blumedale's underground bosses. I need your signature to lock it in."

As he spoke, he tossed a thick stack of contracts onto the table with a heavy thud. Then he popped the cigar back into his mouth and took a long, smug drag.

Andrew stared at the documents but said nothing.

Rachel's expression tightened. "Mr. Lloyd, we haven't reviewed the contract yet. I don't think you should sign."

Cillian slammed his palm down on the table, the air around him turning sharp and cold. "I already reviewed it. You don't need to. You just sign where I marked.

"Also, certain pieces of trash better not meddle in my affairs, or else, who knows? Maybe tonight or tomorrow, she might be found dead in her own bed with her private torn apart-a gruesome sight!"

The color immediately drained completely from Rachel's seductive face, and she

no longer dared to make a sound.

The rest of the board members remained silent as well.

Within the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce, it was well known that only one person could keep Cillian in check-George. Now that the old man had stepped down, Cillian was making his comeback, clearly intending to raise hell.

"Mr. Lloyd, I've got places to be. Mind wrapping this up?"

Cillian flashed Andrew a smile that did not reach his eyes, and his jowls twitched.

Andrew twirled the pen in his hand and smiled. "Mr. Ulrich, I'm fine with signing but I'd at least like to read what I'm signing. And I'm not sure I understand this part about you not being under my authority anymore."

Cillian scoffed and raised his chin high. "Mr. Lloyd, are you slow? What's so hard

to understand? It means you, as chairman, don't control me. Period."

Andrew tilted his head slightly. "Are you trying to leave the Chamber?"

Cillian burst out laughing. "Leave the Chamber? Chairman, you're still too young! Gabo Creek's Chamber of Commerce holds serious power. Why the hell would I walk away from that? I'm not an idiot!"