

The Ashes 1599

Chapter 1599

Andrew smiled and asked, "Well, there it is. You want to stay in the Chamber but be free from my authority? Then what am I? Just a decoration sitting in the chairman's seat?"

Cillian arrogantly spat his lit cigar right onto the floor, the very picture of disrespect. Looking Andrew dead in the eye, he mocked, "I never called you a decoration... but if that's how you want to interpret it, I won't stop you."

Andrew was still all smiles. "Mr. Ulrich, I suggest you think this through. Our Chamber of Commerce runs on rules and structure. Your blatant disregard for the chairman's authority is dangerously close to insubordination."

Cillian's expression turned dark in an instant. "Andrew, quit acting tough in front of me! When I feel generous, I call you Mr. Lloyd. But when I'm in a bad mood? You're just another brat who doesn't matter!"

The mask was off, and he was not even pretending anymore.

The other board members exchanged amused glances.

They were all curious to see whether Andrew, this new chairman who once took down Duncan, would actually dare go up against someone like Cillian.

After all, Duncan had just been a loudmouth. But Cillian? He once went toe-to-toe with George himself.

Although he ultimately suffered a crushing defeat and nearly got killed, in terms of viciousness, he was absolutely not comparable to Duncan.

Rachel leaned in cautiously. "Mr. Lloyd, maybe you should just sign the contract. Calm Mr. Ulrich down."

Andrew slowly unbuttoned the cuffs of his suit and smiled. "Do me a favor and lock the door."

Rachel blinked. "Lock the door? Mr. Lloyd, what are you planning to do?"

Cillian burst into wild laughter. "What's planning? So no one sees our mighty chairman bow and grovel, obviously! Rachel, go ahead and lock the doors. Whatever happens next, we'll pretend we didn't see a thing. Let's at least let the chairman keep a shred of dignity."

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With a complex expression, Rachel walked over and locked the door. She thought

Andrew was still too young and could not handle someone like Cillian.

Andrew rolled up his sleeves and casually twirled the signing pen in his fingers as he walked toward Cillian. The latter still had his legs crossed arrogantly, sitting in his chair like a street thug.

He smirked. "Go ahead, Mr. Lloyd. I've got no beef with you. I just wanted to remind you that being chairman doesn't mean everyone's under your thumb. Some of us don't fall under your rule. So take my advice—stay low. It'll do you good."

Suddenly, the pen in Andrew's hand shot downward, and his strike was explosive with power.

Under everyone's incredulous gazes, he directly pinned one of Cillian's hands to the conference table.

The sound of sharp, collective gasps filled the room. They all wondered how the hell Andrew could pierce through a human hand with a pen and then drive it into the hard conference table.

Cillian let out a blood-curdling scream. "You son of a bitch! I swear I'll—"

Before he could finish the threat, Andrew slammed a hand over his mouth. Then, with the other, he grabbed the back of Cillian's head and smashed the man's face straight into the polished oak table.

Snot, blood, and spit exploded across the surface.

The pain was instant, volcanic-sharp enough to make Cillian's brain go blank.