

The Ashes 1600

Chapter 1600

Andrew's sudden attack stunned everyone in the room.

Rachel's jaw dropped, and she stuttered, "M-Mr. Lloyd, you..."

Andrew remained expressionless as he grabbed Cillian by the hair and delivered a vicious string of slaps.

Cillian's face was covered in blood, his body twitching and jerking as screams tore from his throat.

"Someone! Get in here! Kill this little bastard! Kill him now!" he shrieked, calling for his men.

However, the doors were locked tight-nobody outside could hear a thing.

"Mr. Ulrich, what's going on? Why's your tongue hanging out like that? Come on, keep those feet on the table. Show us how tough you are."

Andrew's laughter echoed like a demon's whisper in Cillian's mind.

Cillian's face was a crimson mess, but he still managed to scream, "Andrew, you'll regret this! From now on, all of Blumedale's underground and the entire Ulrich Group are at war against you!"

Andrew delivered several more slaps, hitting Cillian so hard that his brain buzzed and he could barely stand. Then, he raised a leg and drove his heel straight into Cillian's knee, shattering it.

A piercing scream of agony echoed throughout the conference room.

The once-feared tiger of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce collapsed to his knees right before Andrew.

Andrew patted his face and grinned. "Come on, Mr. Ulrich, speak up. Don't just kneel there."

Cillian no longer dared to act up, knowing that if this continued, he would either die or be permanently disabled. Hatred burned in his chest, but on the outside, his face was all apologetic smiles.

"N-No, Mr. Lloyd... I was wrong. I was completely out of line. Please, have mercy. I swear I won't do it again."

Andrew raised a brow. "Really? You sure?"

Cillian nodded frantically. "Y-Yes! Never again."

He looked so pathetic that it left the rest of the board stunned. Just like that, Cillian was reduced to groveling.

Rachel felt like she was dreaming. She thought, 'Mr. Lloyd is a beast. He's fiercer than Mr. Keller Senior ever was!'

Andrew wiped the blood from his hands clean on Cillian's suit, one stain at a time.

It was a move as humiliating as it was disrespectful.

"Well, since you've learned your lesson, go ahead and stand up."

Cillian tried, but his shattered knee gave out instantly. He could only glare up at Andrew, his eyes brimming with hatred.

Andrew said calmly, "I know you've got ties to Blumedale's underground scum, but listen up, old man. You can leave the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce and act tough somewhere else."

"But on my turf, under my nose, you only have one path to take-and that's to follow my every word. Don't you like using underworld methods? Perfect! I occasionally enjoy them quite a bit myself!" '

After coldly dropping these words, Andrew had Rachel open the door.

As soon as the conference room doors were unlocked, a group of burly men in black stormed in.

"Mr. Ulrich, what happened to you?"

"Damn it, who did this? I'm going to skin them alive!"

Cillian's subordinates nearly lost it when they saw their boss lying bloodied like a man who had just survived a prison riot.

Cillian waved his hand in panic. "Stop! Everyone stop! Just get me to a hospital—now!"

He actually did not dare continue being arrogant with Andrew and chose to retreat instead. Soon, he was carried away by his subordinates and left the Chamber of Commerce building.

Rachel looked worried. "Mr. Lloyd, given Mr. Ulrich's nature and his connections with several underground bosses, he probably won't let this slide!"

Andrew said flatly, "Don't worry. I wouldn't have laid a hand on him if I feared payback. Anyway, I only give one chance, and if he doesn't treasure it, then the Ulrich Group has no reason to exist!"

At that, the other two dozen board members suddenly broke into laughter.