

The Ashes 1601

Chapter 1601

"Mr. Lloyd, this is satisfying! So very satisfying!" one of the members exclaimed.

"That's right, we knew that once you arrived, that old bastard Cillian would have no choice but to bow down and submit!" another chimed in.

"Mr. Lloyd, you're like the anchor of our Chamber of Commerce!" they continued with their praise.

Andrew raised his hand to stop their flattery. "Gentlemen, I know exactly what you're all thinking! Anyway, the doors of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce are always open! Anyone who's unhappy can get the hell out anytime! If anyone wants to leave, I won't stop them!"

No one dared to speak up.

They had all come with Cillian, expecting to watch him flex his power and intimidate others. Yet, Cillian ended up in the hospital, and the person who was supposed to get beaten down was standing there completely unharmed.

They thought that perhaps this new chairman really was a force to be reckoned with, and they would better avoid using dirty tricks in the future.

Many of them began calculating their next moves carefully.

Rachel smiled and suggested, "Mr. Lloyd, since all the other board members are here today, why don't we go out for a meal together? We can celebrate you officially taking over and starting your new position!"

Andrew thought about it and nodded in agreement. He had not really gotten to know the Chamber of Commerce members yet, and having a meal together would be perfect. It would give him a chance to get to know everyone and make it easier to manage them later.

Rachel chose the venue herself. Naturally, it was the finest restaurant under her name.

Before long, the group got into their cars and headed to the restaurant.

These Chamber of Commerce big shots all drove Mercedes, BMWs, and Porsches, complete with drivers. Only Andrew pulled up in a beat-up Mazda with a crumpled front bumper, turning heads and raising eyebrows.

Andrew himself remained completely unfazed. It was just a car. He never needed flashy toys to prove anything.

Rachel smiled sweetly and said, "Mr. Lloyd, you have such refined taste. Anyone can tell you appreciate cars and art-even your choice of vehicle is so uniquely different!"

Andrew glanced at her sideways. "I don't know anything about art. My car was simply damaged in an accident, that's all. Thanks, though!"

Rachel batted her long eyelashes. "Well then, why don't I give you a car as a gift? As the head of the Chamber of Commerce, you really should have a proper vehicle!"

Andrew declined, "No thanks. I don't like accepting things from other people."

After several failed attempts to curry favor, Rachel felt secretly annoyed.

The meal was painfully boring for Andrew. These Chamber big shots spent the entire evening talking about business or bragging about women, making his ears practically numb from boredom.

Some kept probing, trying to convince him to try out foreign masseuses and how skilled their hands were. Others straight up offered to hook him up with blondes with golden eyes, raving about how they were the ultimate experience.

Andrew had zero interest. Eventually, he stepped out of the private dining room to get some fresh air.

Just then, a waitress rushed by with a tray of drinks and nearly collided with him.

"I'm so sorry, sir! I didn't spill anything on you, did I?" Her voice trembled slightly, careful and nervous.

Andrew was about to brush it off when he froze.

The woman in front of him, wearing the restaurant's supervisor uniform with a slender figure, also stood there stunned it was Christina!

Their eyes locked.

Andrew's expression remained calm, but Christina's eyes dimmed with unease, and she quickly looked away, bowing her head. Her hands, holding the tray of expensive cocktails, were slender but dearly roughened over time.

Andrew asked lightly, "You're working for Rachel now?"

Christina replied softly, "Yeah."

Andrew nodded without saying anything else and walked past her.

Christina turned to watch his

retreating figure, a bitter smile

gradually spreading across her lips. Though they could still run into each

other, their positions now were completely worlds apart.

She worked here as a supervisor, serving distinguished guests, while the man she once looked down on was now being dined and flattered by the restaurant's owner, her own boss.