

The Ashes 1618

Chapter 1618

In the living room in the Ulrich residence, Andrew sat casually in the central position at the head of the room. This seat belonged to Cillian, the head of the Ulrich family, and honestly, Andrew found it rather unremarkable.

More than a dozen direct descendants of the Ulrich family, along with key family managers, all stood respectfully below him. Also present were Logan, Rachel, Duncan, and other big shots from within the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce.

Mason stepped forward and, being all respectful, smiled as he fawned, "Mr. Lloyd, I've already reserved a private room at The Palace! It would be an honor if you and the elders from the Chamber joined us for dinner."

Andrew waved him off. "No need for all that. We'll be on our way now. By the way, congratulations on being the new head of the family."

Mason's smile grew even brighter. His posture dipped lower, more respectful than ever. "Mr. Lloyd, rest assured. From now on, the Ulrich family will fully cooperate with your leadership in the Chamber. Any instruction from you, no matter how big or small, will be carried out to the letter."

Andrew stood up with a smile. "Then this seat is officially yours now. But tell me, do you feel even a little guilty replacing your own father like this?"

Mason remained calm, not even a hint of embarrassment on his face. "I was always next in line to lead the Ulrich family. This just happened a little earlier than expected. And honestly, my father has grown old and confused. He was reckless to go up against you. When he returns, I fully intend to sit him down and give him a long, serious talk."

Rachel chimed in with a teasing grin. "I vaguely remember that when Cillian was young and inherited the position of head of the Ulrich family, he used similar methods!"

Mason was completely candid.

Mason openly admitted, "That's right. My dad became head of the Ulrich family by taking over from my grandfather in the same way. So really, what I did today was just tradition—passing the torch from father to son."

Andrew's smile fell. He could not help but think Mason was indeed "devoted" to tradition. Then again, it did not matter as all he required was that Mason serve his purposes.

He patted Mason's shoulder, then walked out of the Ulrich family residence with his hands behind his back, accompanied by Rachel, Duncan, Logan, and the others.

As the group exited, the

once-crowded room fell into silence. Mason waited until they were gone before finally sitting in the family head's chair—his rightful place. He had dreamed about this moment for years. No way was he giving it up, not even for a second.

Only after sending Andrew off with absolute reverence did he finally exhale.

The new Chairman of the Chamber was younger than him and appeared gentle and refined. But somehow, whenever he faced Andrew, his heart could not help but race, and his palms would sweat.

Mason naturally understood what was happening. It was the natural oppressive aura of someone in power-pure authority. He thought Cillian really deserved what he got for provoking someone like this.

Then, seated on the family throne, he broke into a wild laugh, full of ambition and hunger. "The Ulrich

family is finally in my hands! Damet

you fought tooth and nail to hold

onto this seat. Yet, just one misstep and it all came crashing down. Of all people, you just had to provoke Mr. Lloyd."

He continued, "From this day forward, I'll be his most loyal hound. If he wants blood, we'll bleed. If he wants fire, we'll burn. He made me who I am today!"

Inside the luxury executive vehicle, Andrew leaned back against the plush leather seat, a wine glass placed elegantly on the armrest in front of him. Sitting across from him were Duncan and Rachel, whereas Logan sat in the passenger seat, showing no interest in their conversation.

Duncan filled Andrew's glass with the deep crimson vintage wine. Then, he carefully handed it to him.