

The Ashes 1606

Chapter 1606

Ackermann Pharmaceutical was currently headed by the patriarch of the

Ackermann family, Oswald Ackermann. However, Oswald was already planning to step down.

Therefore, all the pharmaceutical company's affairs were mainly handled by his two sons.

Like father, like son-Oswald was a man of real substance, and his eldest son, Abel Ackermann, was equally impressive.

In Blumedale, Abel was regarded as being on the same level as Elon from the Goldings, Xavier from the Haywoods, and Quinton from the Wrights-all top-tier heirs from prestigious families.

However, Oswald's younger son, Horatio Ackermann, was quite lacking in comparison. Perhaps it was true that when God opened one door, he must close another.

Abel was exceptionally talented and a renowned young entrepreneur.

Horatio, on the other hand, was a complete good-for-nothing who spent his days drinking, partying, and chasing women.

Unfortunately for Andrew, when he arrived at the Ackermann family company, he encountered Horatio.

"Ugh, not another guy coming for money! Get out of here. I've got no cash for you, and I'm busy doing real business!"

In an office decked out in tacky decor, Horatio was lip-locked with a secretary in black stockings when Andrew walked in, and his arrival earned nothing but irritation and a brush-off.

Outside, in the reception lounge, several others were still lingering; every single one of them had come to collect money owed by the Ackermanns. None had succeeded. All had been told to get lost.

"It's useless, trust me-we've all tried. The Ackermanns are shameless."

Another grumbled, "Their family pharmaceutical business makes tons of money daily, yet they refuse to pay their debts. The Ackermann family really is inhuman!"

"The person in charge is hiding and won't see anyone, just sending out this spoiled brat to deal with us. Mr. Abel is really ruthless," they muttered with frustration.

These complaints echoed in Andrew's ears. Seeing him get kicked out, the others all showed sympathetic looks.

Andrew ignored the other people in the reception area and spoke to the receptionist behind the counter. "Can't Mr. Ackermann spare a little time to come chat?"

The receptionist behind the counter looked annoyed. "Can you stop being so demanding? Do you think our Mr. Ackermann is someone you can just meet whenever you want?"

"Mr. Horatio is already taking time out of his day for you losers-that's more than you deserve. Go home. Whatever it is, come back another day."

Andrew smiled politely. "No, I need this handled today, and I want Mr. Ackermann to come speak with me personally. I need a full explanation-no half-truths, no skipping details."

The woman scoffed and laughed

mockingly. "Wow. Of all the folks begging for money today, you're the only one running your mouth like that. Say that again, hotshot if you've got the guts, that is.

Andrew's smile didn't fade. "Sure. I'll say it again said I want Mr. Ackermann to come out here and give me a detailed explanation. And not just that—I want to know why the hell he's been delaying my payment for so long."

The atmosphere in the room shifted instantly. Every head turned, their faces all lit up.

Holy crap.

Who was this guy?

Did he have a death wish?

No one ever acted like this in Ackermann Pharmaceutical.

Did he not know who he was dealing with? The infamous Ackermann brothers were not just rich. Oswald's sons were known throughout Gabo Creek as a lethal combo-one

schooled in business, the other schooled in fights.

One ran the boardroom, while the other ran the streets.

White-collar and street-hardened, perfectly paired.

Plenty of people had come demanding payment, but this was the first time someone had dared to throw down like this.