

The Ashes 1607

Chapter 1607

At that moment, in another luxurious office at Ackermann Pharmaceutical, the eldest of the Ackermann brothers and CEO of the pharmaceutical company, Abel, was entertaining an important guest.

It was Cillian, the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce bigshot, who had just been beaten up by Andrew and released from the hospital.

"So I'll have to trouble you with this, Abel! Don't give Supreme Capital Group a single cent of their money! I want that to be completely stuck in the mud in Blumedale, to know what it means to be unable to survive here!"

Cillian's face was still wrapped in bandages, but that did not stop his vicious expression from showing through.

Abel wore a custom-tailored vest made by an overseas master craftsman and held a wine glass, gently swirling it. He exuded the aura of a sophisticated urban elite and a successful young entrepreneur.

He laughed and replied, "Don't worry, Mr. Ulrich. He won't get back a single penny from our Ackermann Pharmaceutical! In fact, if he dares to be ignorant, I don't mind letting him suffer a bit here."

Cillian tapped his cane heavily on the ground. "Last time I was careless and let that little bastard humiliate me! But this time, I'll make him understand that when I want to punish him, his so-called chairman title is worth nothing!"

Abel took a sip of wine and smiled. "Mr. Ulrich, you have a close relationship with the Azure Dragon King! Logically speaking, dealing with this guy should be a piece of cake! How did you end up getting hurt like this by him?"

Cillian waved his hand with a dejected expression. "Don't mention that! I was careless at the time and didn't expect the little beast to fight dirty! Well then, I'll be going now! Not only will your Ackermann Pharmaceutical handle this, but I'll also use my connections with the government and banks!"

He scoffed and added, "That little bastard won't get back a single penny! A Chamber of Commerce chairman without capital is like a toothless dog-everyone will attack him, and he won't survive long!"

Abel set down his wine glass and adjusted his immaculate tie. "Alright, I won't see you out then, Mr. Ulrich! Don't worry. He won't get a single cent from our company! The trap has been laid, and we're just waiting for him to jump in!"

Cillian limped away with his subordinates' support.

Abel smiled faintly and reached for the elegant gift box on his desk-Cillian's little token of gratitude for helping take Andrew down.

Inside was a gold-plated marble statue. Worth maybe 300 thousand dollars, tops —not that Abel cared. The money meant nothing, and what he truly valued was Cillian's connection to the Azure Dragon King.

Now that man was the kind of ally the Ackermann family wanted in their corner.

The desk phone rang, and he casually picked it up. "What is it?"

On the other end, someone sounded tense. "Mr. Ackermann, we've got a situation. Someone's here making threats and says he wants a full explanation from you. He claims the Ackermann family is finished if we don't give him what he wants."

Abel sneered. "Oh yeah? Who's got that big a mouth? Let's see how many lives he's got to burn through."

"It's Andrew Lloyd, the CEO of Supreme Capital Group."

Abel's tone dropped, cold as ice. "Perfect. Take him to Horatio's office and let him entertain Andrew."

The voice on the other end asked carefully, "But Mr. Ackermann, what if Mr. Horatio kills someone?"

Abel flashed a sinister smile. "If he dies, it only means Andrew was unlucky! Horatio has mental issues, and he can kill people without consequences; at most, we'd pay some medical compensation!"

He continued, "Go ahead, take that little punk to Horatio-he'll be taken good care of."

After hanging up, Abel's expression gradually turned cold.

The Ackermann brothers were not all talk. Abel had inherited Oswald's legacy and now ruled over

Ackermann Pharmaceutical with an iron fist. However, the true secret weapon of the family was Horatio-his beloved younger brother.

Horatio was born with incredible strength and a violent temperament. Besides binge eating and his womanizing ways, he did not like anything else.

If anyone said more than a few words or if he was even slightly displeased, he would explode into murderous rage.

He was legally classified as mentally impaired since birth and was diagnosed with a psychotic disorder. The beauty of it? He could kill and still walk away scot-free.

The Ackermanns figured out early on that Horatio was a loophole in human form. Got an enemy to get rid of? Just send Horatio in.

When the cops showed up, they only gave the family a slap on the wrist.

"Make sure you keep him under control."

That was it. Nothing else.

Meanwhile, Andrew had been escorted by a stout woman to the door of an office. She said with a half-smile, "Mr. Ackermann has agreed to meet you, but the one you're seeing... is his younger brother, Mr. Horatio Ackermann."

Andrew frowned. "Horatio? Not Abel?"

The woman smirked with a mocking glint. "Let's see if you can walk out of Mr. Horatio's office alive. Then maybe you'll be worthy of meeting the big boss."

Andrew gave a light chuckle and reached for the door. "Is that so? I'm curious now. What is he, some kind of man-eating beast?"

The woman scoffed. "One last warning, kid. That money you're after? Forget it. The best thing you can do is turn around and walk out. Because once you step into that room, whether you walk backout alive or not is anyone's guess. A few before you went in standing-and came out in a stretcher."

Andrew curled his lips into a faint smirk, pushing the door open without hesitation.