

## The Ashes 1608

### Chapter 1608

One person gasped, "He actually went in? Is he out of his damn mind?"

Another whispered, "Everyone knows the Ackermann brothers-Abel's the calculating one, cold and ruthless. But his little brother Horatio? He's just a brainless brute, a wild animal in human skin. Anyone who crosses him ends up screwed."

"This guy looked smart too... Why the hell would he willingly step into a death trap?"

At that moment, everyone else who had come to Ackermann Pharmaceutical to demand their money stood frozen in disbelief.

A few with darker hearts chuckled to themselves, quietly waiting for Andrew's corpse to be dragged out.

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The moment Andrew stepped inside, his brows knitted tightly together. A heavy stench of sweat and something even fouler-like rotten flowers and body fluids— hit him square in the face.

So-called "office" or not, Horatio's room looked nothing like a workplace.

At the center sat a giant waterbed with tacky red curtains hanging low around it. In front of the bed lay scattered fried chicken, takeaway boxes, and various junk food remnants eaten carelessly all over the floor.

On the waterbed, two naked women were sleeping while embracing a massive fat man. Both women were bruised all over, their bodies marked with injuries that made it clear they had not been there by choice.

When they saw Andrew, pure terror flashed across their faces, and they immediately began trembling.

Andrew stepped forward, pulled the curtain aside, and said calmly, "Get up. Get dressed. You can leave."

The two women were fairly attractive and rather young. Upon hearing this, they both shook their heads in unison, tears streaming from their eyes.

Andrew's voice remained indifferent. "Don't worry, no one will bother you."

One girl with trendy green hair mumbled through tears, "You have no idea how vicious the Ackermann brothers are. If we try to run, we won't live to see tomorrow."

The other girl murmured bitterly, "You should go too. Once Mr. Horatio wakes up and sees you in here, he'll kill you on the spot."

Andrew's frown deepened. "So you didn't come here willingly? You were forced? Why didn't you go to the police?"

The green-haired girl gave a hollow laugh. "And what would that change? Abel controls hundreds of women just like us. Those who reported or tried to run? They're already dead."

Suddenly, the fat man on the bed rolled over, his belly large enough to suffocate a grown man. He let out a thunderous snore.

The two women turned pale and froze, no longer daring to say a single word.

One of them shot Andrew a frantic glance, silently pleading for him to get out while he still could.

However, Andrew was done being patient.

Ignoring the two women, he stepped forward and slapped Horatio hard across his fat face.

With a loud snort, Horatio's eyes flew open like a startled bull, and he struggled to sit up on the waterbed.

He blinked in confusion at first. Then, he exploded with rage when he saw Andrew.

"Who the hell let you in here? Get out! Now!"

His roar shook the room like a prehistoric beast on the rampage.

Andrew stayed calm. "I'm here to collect my money. Pay what the Ackermann family owes and I'll leave. Simple."

Horatio grinned wickedly. "I've seen people who weren't afraid of dying, but you... you're in a league of your own!"

He scoffed and continued, "Money? When has anyone ever gotten money back from the Ackermanns?"

He jabbed a thick finger at the door "Here's your final shot. Crawl out on your knees and shut that damn door on your way out. Or I'll crush your skull and send you straight to hell!"

Andrew suddenly grinned. "So the rumors were true. The Ackermann brothers didn't build this company through business-they built it through shady deals and criminal blood money. Too bad, today you've

messed with the wrong man."

Without waiting another second, Andrew grabbed a bottle from the nearby table.

Horatio let out a furious snarl and charged like a bull.

The bottle shattered against Horatio's head with a sickening fat rippled across his body like waves, and glass flew in every direction.

thud.

The two women screamed in horror, their voices piercing the entire building.

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Outside the office, that same overweight woman stood grinning wickedly. She checked the time, then started counting under her breath.

In just three minutes, she could call people in to collect the corpse. When screams

came from inside, her smile became even more twisted.

She muttered, "Heh, sounds like Mr. Horatio's in a rage. That punk's probably already in pieces by now."