

The Ashes 1609

Chapter 1609

The creditors who had come to collect their debts were now pale and on edge.

With Horatio's temper and sheer brute strength, he had probably been torn to pieces by now.

Whatever the Ackermann family owed, they no longer dared to ask for it.

Just then, Abel, the ever-polished CEO of Ackermann Pharmaceutical, finally appeared. He strolled in with a perfectly composed smile, his gold-rimmed glasses perched on his nose. A sleek designer suit framed him in that carefully curated image of a high-society professional.

The moment he appeared, he smiled apologetically. "Sorry, everyone, I'm late! But rest assured, the Ackermann family will repay what we owe-every last cent."

However, no one answered. The creditors kept their heads down and avoided eye contact, unwilling to challenge the man behind that gentlemanly mask.

Abel was quite pleased with the effect. As he slowly adjusted the cuffs of his crisp white shirt, he added with a gentle chuckle, "Now, let's be honest here. It's not that we're refusing to pay.

"It's just that, perhaps, some of you have been a bit... aggressive. The company is going through a rough patch-a matter of life or death, really. Yet here you are, choosing this moment to demand repayments. Isn't that a bit like pushing our family off a cliff?

"We're all part of Blumedale's business community, after all. We see each other all the time. And frankly, I think some of you are being unfair to the Ackermann family."

A broad-shouldered man with a square jaw could not hold it in anymore. He barked, "Mr. Ackermann, only you know whether the Ackermann family is truly struggling! When you borrowed the money, it was all in black and white, signed and sealed!

"Now you ghost us, make excuses, and even let Mr. Horatio harm people. That's just-"

Abel cut him off mid-sentence, still smiling. "Just what, Mr. Kirk? I'd be careful with your words. I've always been polite and respectful to you. But Horatio... well, we all know he's not quite right in the head.

"He's got a diagnosed condition. You rile him up, and even I can't control what happens. No one walks away happy."

Anthony Kirk froze; the words caught in his throat. He did not dare speak another syllable, but the fury burning in his eyes said it all.

The Ackermann family brothers simply were not human. They were not trying to repay anything. They were using threats, violence, and dirty tricks to scare everyone off and dodge every debt.

Suddenly, the sounds of fighting and furious shouting from inside the office stopped.

Abel let out a cheerful laugh. "Well then! Why don't we all go in and see Horatio together? He's the one who handles most of the finances anyway. I'm sure he's had his fun and is in a great mood now. Maybe he'll even give you what you came for if you ask nicely."

No one moved they were all trembling with fear.

Seeing this, Abel's face showed a hint of coldness and disdain.

What a bunch of cowards. They actually thought they could come here and collect

their debt?

Not from the Ackermann family.

The brothers' good cop, bad cop routine had been tried and tested countless times with perfect success.

"Sigh, forget it! Mr. Kirk, let's go. We'll

consider that three million as

charity! And who knows if that guyzin

there is even still breathing... It's only

a matter of time before karma

catches up with those two o

Ackermann monsters."

Another chimed in, "You heard that

noise earlier, didn't you? Those

screams nearly ruptured my

eardrums. That kid's probably not

even alive anymore."

Most of them were ready to give up and walk away, hearts crushed and heavy.

But deep down, they were still curious-what had become of the man inside?

Just then, the door to Horatio's office creaked open.

Everyone froze mid-step and even the ones who had turned to leave stopped

dead in their tracks and turned around, eyes wide.

The fat woman by the door grinned wickedly, and Abel's expression lit up with anticipation.

Abel stepped forward, smiling.

"Horatio, had your fun? Perfect.

timing. There's still a crowd outside

that wants a turn. Come out and join

us."

To their surprise, Andrew stepped into view, grinning from ear to ear. "I don't know about Horatio, but I sure had a good time."

The smile on Abel's face vanished instantly, replaced by stunned silence. "Y-

You're still alive?"

The rest of the group stood frozen, jaws dropping one by one.

Not only was this guy alive-his clothes were not even wrinkled, and he even looked fresh and relaxed.

What the hell just happened in there?