

## The Ashes 1610

### Chapter 1610

Inside the room, the two women covered their chests and stood frozen in the corner like they had seen a ghost. The waterbed imported from overseas had been completely destroyed.

Horatio, fat as an elephant with incredible strength and natural power, was now lying sprawled like a dead man in a pile of rubble. His eyes could no longer be seen because they were completely swollen shut. His fat body was covered in welts and bruises, not a single patch of skin left unscathed.

Yet, the most disturbing sight of all was his grotesque, oversized head-split open and bleeding, with blood still trickling down past his slack, twitching jaw.

That was the scene Abel and the others walked in on.

"My goodness..." The group of debt collectors looked at each other in complete bewilderment.

Their hearts were filled with shock and disbelief.

Then, Abel's fists clenched tight, and his eyes filled with violent rage. "Andrew, you son of a bitch! You dare lay a hand on my brother? You're not leaving this building alive!"

Andrew stared back, unfazed. "He owed me money, and I came to collect that debt. That's how it works. And you two garbage brothers really thought you could play games with me? Now that you're the one in charge, can you finally cough up the money?"

Abel roared, "Dream on! Let me make it clear to you-once money enters the Ackermann family accounts, it never leaves. Not a single cent. And you-you clueless mutt-you really thought you could mess with us and walk away? You're dead!"

He turned to the hallway and shouted at the top of his lungs, "All units, move in! Kill this bastard!"

In an instant, more than a hundred hired thugs came charging out from the shadows- every one of them armed with machetes, baseball bats, and hunting knives, eyes locked on Andrew like wolves spotting a wounded deer.

The rest of the creditors were paralyzed with fear.

"Mr. Ackermann, what is this? What the hell are you doing?"

"Is this... Is this the freaking mafia?!"

Abel ripped off his tie in fury, his face twisting with menace. "The mafia? Please. The Ackermann family doesn't play with the mafia-we play darker than the mafia!"

No one dared speak again, and a few of them nearly pissed themselves.

These Ackermann brothers were not just scum-they were deranged.

Yet, Andrew remained eerily calm. "Abel, you're pushing me to wipe your entire family off the map."

Abel let out a maniacal laugh. "Wipe us out? You? You think you're somebody you little piece of trash? Get on your knees right now, lick my shoes, and beg for mercy. The crawl over and apologize to Horatio, leave some cash for damages, and maybe just maybe-I'll let you live."

From the pile of rubble, Horatio groaned and slowly raised his head. "Ow, it hurts, it hurts so much... Abel,

I think I'm dying... And... I want meat. I'm hungry, so hungry..."

Abel's face twitched, clearly losing his patience. "Just hold on, alright? Let me deal with this bastard and get revenge for you first. Then I'll get you your damn food!"

However, Horatio started wailing like a toddler. "I don't want revenge, I want meat! Lots and lots of meat! I'm starving!"

"Enough!" Abel barked. "Shut it, Horatio! Wait till we're done here!"

Horatio let out a frustrated scream, clearly unstable, but eventually gave in. Suddenly, he crawled on the ground, picking up food scraps to eat.

It was a revolting sight.

The man was mentally unwell, a cocktail of disorders-aggression, gigantism, and compulsive overeating.

Andrew watched him, and a thought flickered across his mind. Then, he suddenly smiled.

"Hey, big guy... how about I hook you

up with some real food?

Bourbon-glazed pork belly, pulled pork sandwiches, tomahawk steak, buffalo wings, smoked brisket... Sound good?"

With each item Andrew named, Horatio's massive body trembled. His throat bobbed wildly as he gulped down saliva.

"Seriously?" he asked, struggling to open his swollen eyes, eyes that now sparkled with childlike hope.

Andrew's grin widened. "Dead serious. Look-I'm ordering right now."

He pulled out his phone and started tapping away, placing a massive meat-heavy delivery order with a few swipes.

