

The Ashes 1612

Chapter 1612

Horatio charged out like a wrecking ball, smashing through the crowd. No one dared block him, and those who tried were sent flying, their screams trailing behind them.

Abel's mind buzzed as he staggered backward desperately, shouting, "You little bastard, stop it! Stop right now! I'm your brother, your own flesh and blood! H-Horatio! D-Don't-"

Horatio slapped him across the head with a loud slam, and Abel flew straight into the wall. Blood gushed from his scalp as he slumped to the floor.

"Horatio, I'm going to kill you, you fat pig! You're nothing but a freak, a retard, an idiot, a useless piece of trash!" Abel completely lost it, letting all his pent-up contempt and resentment for his brother pour out in a vicious torrent.

Horatio's eyes turned blood-red with rage. "Abel, you made me do this! I'm not a freak, and I'm not useless trash! I'm not..."

He completely lost it, lunging forward and grabbing Abel by the leg. Then, he slammed him down with devastating force.

Abel hit the ground with a sickening thud, his internal organs jumbled from the impact as he lay motionless, barely clinging to life. Thick streams of blood gushed from the corners of his mouth.

"Stop it, Horatio! Stop right now, damn it!" a voice commanded from behind them. "He's your brother, you monster! How dare you attack your own family!"

Just as Horatio was about to finish Abel off, a gaunt old man with a face full of dark fury rushed onto the scene-it was Oswald, the patriarch of the Ackermann family.

Horatio sheepishly pulled back his hands and hung his head in shame. "Dad!"

Oswald slammed his walking cane against the ground with a thunderous crack. "Shut your mouth, you animal! Do you even respect me as your father anymore? Do you realize you almost killed your own brother?"

Horatio shot back angrily, "He's not my brother! He called me a fat pig and a retard! If he were really my brother, he wouldn't insult me like that. I'm not a retard, I'm not useless trash, I'm not..."

Oswald gritted his teeth in hatred, then turned his piercing gaze toward Andrew. "You're cruel, turning my two sons against each other like this. You're trying to destroy my family!"

Andrew snorted coldly in response. "Mr. Ackermann Senior, your timing is perfect because I have something to say to your family. What goes around comes around. Your eldest son? He brought this on himself."

Oswald's face darkened. He ordered, "Someone get Abel to the ER now! And take Horatio downstairs. Then, clean him up and feed him."

A crew rushed in to carry away Abel's barely-breathing body, while another escorted Horatio out.

Oswald turned toward the restless crowd of creditors and waved them off. "Everyone, you can all leave now. The money the Ackermann family owes you will be transferred to your accounts shortly, not a penny will be missing!"

The creditors all showed some wariness toward Oswald's presence.

One said, "Fine. Since you've given your word, we'll trust you on this."

Another chimed in, "Good. We'll take our leave then, but we hope the Ackermann family keeps its promise!"

Soon, everyone else had cleared out completely.

Only Oswald remained, his face filled with cold menace as he stood with his men, facing off against Andrew alone. "I built this empire from nothing, and I've suffered countless losses both big and small."

He continued

But no one has ever been able to touch the foundation of the Ackermann family, which is my two sons! Never before has anyone dared! So, I'm sorry, Mr. Lloyd, But while the Ackermann family will repay everyone else's money in full, we won't pay back a single cent of yours!

"Not only will we not repay you, but I'll see this through to the bitter end with you! my heir Abel has any complications at the hospital and can't continue the Ackermann family bloodline, then I'm sorry, Mr. Lloyd, but today I will fight you to the death!"

The retired patriarch's words rolled out like thunder, shaking the air. His iron walking cane slammed into the marble floor with a resounding thud, penetrating two inches deep.

It was an unmistakable display of raw martial force, and he was no ordinary martial artist.

Andrew's face broke into an amused, almost mocking smile. He could easily crush Oswald with just one hand.