

The Ashes 1614

Chapter 1614

Oswald's subordinate continued with the grim news. "The doctor said he'll likely spend the rest of his life bedridden!"

Oswald said nothing, slowly closing his eyes as the weight of the situation sank in. "So you're telling me that my two sons, the Ackermann family's carefully groomed powerhouses, are now completely ruined?"

"And the one who's destroyed is the heir who was supposed to inherit the Ackermann family legacy! The one who should have died didn't; the one who shouldn't have died got hurt instead!"

When he opened his eyes again, they were filled with blood-red fury, radiating pure malice and rage.

The successor he had painstakingly groomed was gone, ruined in a single night; this hatred could only be washed away with Andrew's blood.

Before Andrew could even respond, a loud, cocky laugh echoed through the entrance. "Well, well, Mr. Ackermann Senior. You really think you're a big shot, surrounding Andy like this? Since when does the Ackermann family run Gabo Creek like they own the damn place?"

The voice was followed by a man strolling in, cigarette hanging loosely from his lips, attitude brash and untouchable. Anyone who dared block his path got a sharp slap across the face, no hesitation.

Oswald's knuckles turned white as he gripped his iron cane, turning to see who dared interfere with the Ackermann family's matters.

When he saw it was Logan, his face instantly froze. "Mr. Keller!"

Logan walked right up to him and blew cigarette smoke directly into Oswald's face. "That's right, it's me! Mr. Ackermann Senior, pretty bold of you to surround Andy like this."

Oswald's face darkened. "Is the Keller family planning to get involved in this?" Logan smiled. "What if we are?"

Oswald's jaw twitched as he spoke through gritted teeth. "Fine, the Ackermann family will back down from today's matter! But Mr. Keller, let's hope the Keller family can protect this punk forever. One slip, and it's over for him."

Logan grinned with amusement. "That's not for an old bastard like you to worry about!"

Then, he nodded at Andrew. "Andy, let's get out of here!"

"Not yet!" Andrew waved him off, walking up to Oswald.

Oswald glared at him defiantly. "Andrew, you managed to get the Keller family to come, and the

Ackermann family has nothing fonet

say about that! But don't think this ends here. You might dodges today, but sooner or later, we'll get our revenge.

"Abel was ruined because of you; my sons are now a joke. Our family will never let that kind of grudge go."

Andrew rolled up his sleeves. "Cut the dramatics. If the Ackermanns want revenge, I'll be waiting. But first, I think it's time you understood who I really am."

Oswald looked at him with complete contempt "Who the hell do you think you are? If it weren't for the people backing you, you'd be nothing but a bug crawling at the Ackermann family's feet!"

Andrew did not hesitate. He slapped Oswald across the face twice, fast and sharp.

Oswald was stunned, and even Logan had not expected Andrew to suddenly start slapping Oswald around like that.

"Andy, looks like you're pretty fired up today!" Logan chuckled with surprise.

Andrew ignored him and delivered two more slaps across Oswald's face. It was so hard this time that they left half his cheek hanging crooked.

Martha and the rest of the

Ackermann enforcers stared like they had seen a ghost. They could not believe that Andrew, that bastard, just slapped Oswald, like he was a nobody.

What the hell did he think Oswald was? A street beggar? Some no-name thug?

"You bastard! I'll kill you myself!" Oswald finally snapped. Then, he lifted his iron cane and aimed straight for Andrew's chest, ready to crush it.

However, Andrew moved like lightning. With one hand, he caught the cane mid-swing, effortlessly.