

The Ashes 1615

Chapter 1615

Oswald tried to break free with all his might, but he could not summon any strength as Andrew completely suppressed him. With a fierce shout, he erupted with another flood of power, yet his hand gripping the cane remained completely motionless.

Andrew's grip on the cane did not budge an inch. It was as if the weight of a mountain pinned it down.

Oswald's eyes widened in disbelief. "Y-Your martial strength is stronger than mine?"

Andrew's palm slammed into his chest with devastating force. The impact sent Oswald screaming as he flew backward through the air, throwing up a mouthful of blood.

His voice dripped with contempt as he said, "You're nothing but an ant. Did you really think I was afraid of the Ackermann family? Afraid of you? This could've been a minor issue. None of this would've happened if your family had just paid back what you owed.

"But instead, you pulled dirty tricks, with father and sons taking turns putting on this pathetic show! Now, I'll show you just how easy it is for me to crush the Ackermann family."

He withdrew his hand, his voice ice-cold as he did not even glance at the utterly terrified Oswald.

One after another, phone calls began flooding into Ackermann Pharmaceutical headquarters.

Martha answered each call, and with every conversation, she looked more thunderstruck, her face turning ashen like a corpse.

"S-Sir, something terrible has happened-no, everything's gone wrong!" she stammered in panic.

"The bank has frozen 300 million dollars of our liquid assets! 107 out of the 108 members of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce have jointly issued statements to boycott and blacklist the Ackermanns!"

The news kept getting worse as she continued, "And at the hospital, someone's holding a gun to Mr. Abel's head, demanding that you kneel and apologize, or

they'll send him to meet his maker!"

The final blow hit like a sledgehammer.

This string of catastrophic news caused Oswald's already frail body to sway. With a loud thud, he could no longer support himself and collapsed to his knees before Andrew.

"Mr. Lloyd, the Ackermann family is sorry. We were wrong! Please, spare us.

Please... I'm begging you!"

Andrew sneered. "Oh, so now you know you were wrong? Don't you think it's a little late, Mr. Ackermann Senior? If an apology could solve everything, then what if I slaughtered your entire family first, and then apologized afterward? Would that be okay with you?"

Oswald coughed up another mouthful of blood, eyes darkening as the room spun

around him.

"To be able to mobilize the entire board of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce... Andrew, you've become the chairman of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce, haven't you?"

Andrew did not answer the question directly. Instead, he walked over and looked down at the broken man from his towering position.

"I told you from the beginning that the Ackermann family picked the wrong person to mess with! Mr. Ackermann Senior, tell me do I still need to take responsibility for your idiot eldest son's life or death?"

Oswald shook his head frantically, nearly scared out of his wits. "No need, absolutely no need! Mr. Lloyd, what are you saying? Abel is nothing but an animal who brought this on himself!"

The chairman of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce was the absolute titan of the province's business world. Before such an existence, the Ackermann family did not even have the right to breathe.

Andrew nodded with satisfaction.

"Very good, I hope you'll transfer the money to my company's account as soon as possible! Additionally, I originally had no grudge against the Ackermann family, so I'd like to ask what Abel's deal was in trying to mess with me."

Oswald let out a bitter laugh.

"Everything happened because of Cillian Ulrich. He didn't just approach the Ackermann family! He contacted every single business partner that has dealings with Supreme Capital Group, using his connections to demand they join forces in sanctioning your company!"

Andrew's expression remained calm. "Excellent! Logan, we're going to the Ulrich residence!"