

## Chapter 437 The Yang Family's Crisis

"It's so lively in here!" a discordant voice suddenly called out from the door, and an entourage swaggered in with a young man leading them.

"I'm sorry, you're not invited to this event." A servant blocked their way.

"Get out of my way!" The man shoved him aside, and there was only silence afterward.

"Long Shaolei?" Madame Yang frowned and stood up, with the entire family following suit and sending Long Shaolei glares. Long Shaolei, the firstborn heir of the Long family, was a young but extremely influential man with the nickname 'Trump Card.' Second only to the Long family patriarch, he had also led the charge in battling and subduing all the other families on behalf of his own.

Since returning from overseas four years ago, he had been responsible for almost a hundred buyouts of both big and small enterprises, which further cemented the Long family's position and brought it to new heights.

"Madame Yang, isn't it a little rude to leave our family off the guest list for such a lively celebration?" Long Shaolei squinted at her with a small smile.



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"The Long family practically has power over all of Yan Jing. A small family such as ours wouldn't dare trouble a force of nature such as yours," Madame Yang shot back. "State your business, Young Master Lei. Didn't we already take care of the debts my son had incurred with your family a few days ago?"

"Of course. To be honest, we wouldn't have minded even if he settled them a few days late. After all, the Yang and Long family go way back, so we would never hold such a small loan against you people. However, I've come to collect a different debt, and this time it's not a small amount!" Long Shaolei smiled.

"Hmm?" Madame Yang frowned, whereas her children and many of the family members seemed to tense up after hearing Long Shaolei's words.

"What do you mean by that, Young Master Lei? We do have debts, but they were from Mr. Zhang, Mr. Miao, and Mr. Li..." Yang Yuting raged.

"Yes, of course. That was the case, but these bosses have just reached a deal with us and agreed to let us collect them from you instead! According to my calculations, your family has borrowed quite a lot from at least thirty organisations over the years. Tsk, tsk. Almost



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ten billion in total, and that is excluding the loans from the banks.”

“Y-You’re bluffing! It’s impossible for my family to be deep in debt as our family’s business is so large!” Madame Yang’s face paled. Long Shaolei’s implications were crystal clear: If he called in all those debts at once, the Yang family wouldn’t be able to scrounge up the cash to repay it unless they mass mortgaged their assets. Since the banks would follow suit and call in their debts as well, the Yang family would likely suffer a fate worse than bankruptcy.

“Heh, you’ll have to ask your children for that!” Long Shaolei laughed coldly.

“All of you, speak!” Madame Yang slammed her cane on the ground. Yang Yuting and Guo Ru gulped in fear, but no one spoke.

“I guess no one wants to say it, so let me tell you why,” Long Shaolei said with a shake of his head. “What makes the Yang family special is that power is divided among the heirs because only the most profitable branch of the family would be deemed worthy of succession, right? Do the math. I think everyone in your family would rather get a loan under the Yang family’s name than risk their own capital.”



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Madame Yang was filled with so much rage that it took her a moment to understand Yang Yuting's actions, and why he said the cash flow issue could easily be solved with a loan. It turned out they had been pulling the same trick for years.

"Mr. Miao and Mr. Li, why didn't you notify us of the transfer?" Yang Yuting's face was pale since plenty of people whom he worked with were present. "Do you know how big of a blow you just dealt my family?"

"That's enough, Yuting. Can't you see that they've been in cahoots with the Long family all along?" Madame Yang glared at Yang Yuting, whereas the bosses exchanged condescending grins.

"Even the weakest god can overpower the strongest mortal. If push comes to shove, we'll just give up some of our assets. We'll repay you every single cent, so don't you worry about that!" Madame Yang's hands shook. The Yang family had undeniably been dealt a big blow, and the family as a whole were still too shocked to even react to this threat. After all, every branch of the family was only looking out for themselves since Madame Yang had retired and divided the power.

Take a project investment, for instance—if they



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had risked their own money and lost, they would be at a disadvantage. If that investment was made under the family's name, they would be able to cut their losses. Since everyone had a shot at becoming the successor of the Yang family, no one saw the need to go easy on the family coffers.

"Great, I'm so relieved to hear you say that, Madame Yang!" Long Shaolei burst out laughing as Madame Yang slumped into her seat out of anger and dizziness.

"Shame on our family. Oh, the shame!" Madame Yang cried out in regret. Suddenly, the sound of firecrackers rang out from the backyard, and that was the last straw for Madame Yang. Who in the family dared celebrate their misfortune?"

"Oh my, the Yang family is indeed resilient! You people can still celebrate after a loss of ten billion." Long Shaolei smiled.

"Ashen!" Madame Yang was practically seeing red.

"Ashen's not here, Grandma," Yang Ye replied.

To everyone's surprise, Madame Yang gave Yang Ye a loud slap. "Then find him and get me whoever set those off in the backyard!" Immediately, a servant rushed to the backyard

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only to find several kids playing with mini firecrackers.

"Oh, dear. Mr. Butler and Miss Xiaobei, I've finally found you! Ma'am has been looking all over for you!"

"What's wrong?" Xiaobei asked, noticing the servant's expression.

"Something bad has happened. The Long family's come to collect their debts!" the servant replied.

"What?" Xiaobei and the butler exclaimed in shock before turning to Chen Hao.

"Then let's see what that family's up to now," Chen Hao said with a nod, whereas the servant had already rushed back to the foyer.

"So? Have you found Xiaobei and Ashen?" Madame Yang asked with a grim look.

"Yes, ma'am. The butler, Young Master Chen Hao, and several bosses are celebrating her birthday in the backyard," the servant said.

Bang!

Madame Yang threw her teacup onto the ground. "This is mass mutiny!"



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“Birthdays, birthdays, birthdays! That’s all that Yang Xiaobei knows! What can be more important than the Yang family’s banquet?” Madame Yang said, close to passing out.

“Grandma!” There was only heavy silence in the foyer when Xiaobei arrived and saw the Long family in the middle of a standoff with her grandmother. Realizing what was going on, she rushed to Madame Yang’s side, and her party guests followed suit.

“Explain yourselves! What do you—” Madame Yang was about to start yelling when her gaze zeroed in on the men who were standing behind Xiaobei and giving her a surreal feeling. In an instant, all two hundred guests at the banquet erupted in chaos.

“Isn’t that Mr. Zhang, the richest man in Jinmen?”

“Oh, dang! It is him!” Some of the guests shot to their feet with surprise.

“Wait, that’s Mr. Yang from our Yan Jing area! How would a man of this caliber come to this party?”

“And that guy! He’s Mr. Guo, the wealthy baron from the North!” everyone exclaimed.





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Madame Yang herself recognized every single one of these men. Under normal circumstances, the family wasn't even fit to lick their boots? Why were they here to celebrate Xiaobei's birthday?

Ashen seemed agitated. "It's true, ma'am. Mr. Zhang and the others arrived quite early specifically to celebrate Miss Xiaobei's birthday. I was worried the servants wouldn't serve them well enough, so I've been personally serving them the whole time."

"What?" Madame Yang's expression wavered, and everyone else's eyes went wide with disbelief.

"Everyone, please have a seat!" Madame Yang did not expect such an overwhelming surprise and had completely forgotten about the depressing situation she was in.

"Oh, you're being too modest, Madame Yang. We didn't want to disturb your banquet, but since Miss Xiaobei has brought us here, we have no choice but to play the gatecrashers. I do hope you all don't mind us old folks." Mr. Yang smiled.

"Yes, of course!" Mr. Miao and the others immediately agreed, but Long Shaolei wasn't surprised. These guests were important





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enough to warrant a personal meeting from his own grandfather, so he was usually in no position to approach them.

“Long Shaolei, it’s a big day for our family. Is there anything else you need to do before you leave?” Yang Xiaobei asked coldly.

“No, nothing more. It’s Uncle Zhang and Uncle Yang, right?” Long Shaolei smiled and tried to approach them for a toast.

“If there’s nothing else, why are you still here?” Zhang Bonian replied in a frigid tone.

“Oh? Of course, I’ll take my leave then,” Long Shaolei answered and broke out in a cold sweat, clearly embarrassed. Of all the factors he had taken into account, the unseemly Yang Xiaobei of the Yang family was the one who took him by surprise. Because of this, he didn’t dare stay long and retreated with his pitiful entourage.

“You were awesome, Xiaobei! That was Young Master Lei you just talked back to.” Mei Mei and the girls tugged on Xiaobei’s arm excitedly.

“My cousin hates them and so do I. Besides, my cousin is right here!” Yang Xiaobei said happily.

“Oh, him? Then, spill the beans. What were you





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two whispering about just now?” Mei Mei and the others suddenly found the mysterious Chen Hao interesting.

Before Yang Xiaobei could answer, Guo Caifeng hastily said, “Mother, so many bosses have come to celebrate Xiaobei’s birthday because of my nephew Chen Hao. He even said he had prepared three gifts. Isn’t that right?” She clung onto the arm of this nephew she had grown fond of.

Her words caused Madame Yang to look up at Chen Hao with surprise and suspicion of his true influence. For the first time today, Madame Yang felt that Chen Hao had become distant. Meanwhile, Yang Ye and Guo Ru stewed in embarrassment on the sidelines.

“Yup. One down, and two more to go.” Chen Hao said.

“Wait, why is Long Shaolei coming back?” someone exclaimed. Right after that, Long Shaolei and his entourage retreated into the foyer, followed by the entrance of a woman with an impressive yet dangerously intimidating entourage of her own that made everyone uneasy.

W-Who was this? Madame Yang’s lips twitched while Yang Xiaobei and the others looked at the





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young and beautiful woman with shock. They could see that Long Shaolei only retreated back here because of her.

“What a coincidence, Shaolei! We meet again,” the lady said, chewing on a piece of gum.

“Yeah, we haven’t seen each other for a while,.” Long Shaolei replied as cold sweat was streaming down his face.

“President Chen!” Mr. Zhang and the others greeted her as they shot to their feet and gave a respectful ninety-degree bow.

“Pre-President Chen?” Madame Yang couldn’t help but bow a little at the sight of so many bosses bowing to her at once. The atmosphere of the room alone was proof of her extraordinary power.

“Grandma!” Chen Hao stopped her from bowing just in time.

“Chen Hao, who is she?” Xiaobei asked. Her face was slightly flushed from nervousness.

“Chen Xiao, this is our cousin, Xiaobei.” Chen Hao patted Xiaobei’s head.

“Wait, is she my cousin, Chen Xiao?” Xiaobei put a hand over her mouth when the realization





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hit her. She had known that her cousins included Chen Hao and his sister, Chen Xiao, but she had never met the latter.

“Xiaobei, you’ve grown up to be such a beautiful lady.” Chen Xiao walked over and took Xiaobei’s hand.

“Chen Xiao?” Madame Yang’s eyes went wider than before. Was this person really her own granddaughter, Chen Xiao?

“Xiaobei, I have nothing much to give you for our first meeting or your birthday, but I brought this for you.” Chen Xiao took out a tiny box and opened it. In an instant, a light illuminated the room, and an air of extraordinariness followed.

“Is this... the legendary Moonlight Pearl?! My God!” someone shouted upon recognizing the gift. Mei Mei and the others, on the other hand, were practically dying of envy. Who knew Chen Hao’s family was so powerful? Now, they were regretting the fact that they had never asked for his WeChat contact.

“Xiaobei, if your cousin gives you something, take it!” Guo Caifeng urged, giddy with excitement as Guo Ru and her family looked on, dumbstruck.

“Grandma,” Chen Xiao greeted Madame Yang





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nonchalantly after looking at Madame Yang.

Madame Yang nodded in acknowledgement. Even through her joy, she noticed that Chen Hao and Chen Xiao were polar opposites. Why did someone who had lived a whole lifetime like herself feel so intimidated by Chen Xiao?

After that, Chen Xiao looked around the room, but no one in the crowd dared meet her gaze. Her eyes landed on Xiaobei again, and Chen Xiao smiled. "Xiaobei, my brother and I have prepared three gifts for you. The last one is on its way!"



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