

Life at the Top Chapter 1778

The big screen flashed and the image. projected flickered. Soon, the real-time data of the market reappeared on the screen.

At this moment, the subprime market was experiencing great turbulence.

The 50 billion US Dollars that JW Foundation had used to short-sell made the subprime market appear like a cripple with a broken leg as it staggered down the cliff.

Then, the funds from Harbor City followed closely behind and kicked the back of this crippled man mercilessly, making the subprime market seem like it was on the brink of collapse.

Furthermore, the settlement time for the transaction arrived right at the most critical moment, just before the subprime market was about to fall off the cliff.

Within 30 minutes, all transactions would no longer be accepted by the system, and the system would start the settlement procedures for the previous transaction period.

These 30 minutes had given the subprime market a precious respite.

In addition to that, it only took 30

minutes for the world's top capital like

Wall Street to react.

Hence, as soon as trading resumed, Quantum Fund swapped targets and poured everything directly into the subprime market.

Following Quantum Fund was an equally

large amount of funds.

And this was capital from Layman Investment Bank.

"In the past three years, we have earned more than 60 billion US Dollars from the subprime market!"

In the office of the chairman of Layman Investment Bank, Dugg, the chairman looked at the executives in front of him with cold and fierce eyes. He slammed his hand down on the table and roared, "Until now, Layman Investment Bank has 180 billion US Dollars in the subprime market, while the drop moments ago cost us more than 20 billion US Dollars.

"In any case, we can't let Jasper get away with this!

"Otherwise, we will be the first to die on Wall Street. I will immediately meet with all shareholders and ask to mobilize funds with total authority in order to rescue the market. We can't control others, but we must act now. Once the subprime market collapses, we will be the first ones to serve as burial offerings!"

At this moment, at the end of the meeting room, Morrison, the president of the Terra regional branch, had a stiff expression on his pale face.

Sure enough, Dugg shifted his eyes onto him.

"The others, go back to work immediately. Morrison, you stay here."

After he said that, the others stood up in order quickly. When they passed Morrison one by one, they looked at him with sympathy and pity. Then, they left without looking back.

In truth, JW Foundation's attack on the subprime market had nothing to do with

Morrison, but the conflict between Layman Investment Bank and Jasper was caused by Morrison.

So now that the investment bank was

suffering huge losses, someone had to come out to bear the anger of shareholders, and it was obvious who the sacrificial lamb would be.

This kind of thing was not uncommon in the workplace, and it was even more common on Wall Street, where profit was everything.

Those who could not adapt to this law could only be eliminated.

After everyone was gone, the meeting room became much emptier, yet the atmosphere was more solemn than before.

Dugg looked at Morrison with a straight face. He said, "Morrison, according to your ability and qualification, you shouldn't be holding this position."

Morrison's hands that were placed on his knees slowly clenched into fists. He answered calmly, "I know. I asked my father to help me get this position."

"I'm glad we can talk so openly."

Dugg lowered his head to remove his glasses and used a cloth to gently wipe the lens. He said, "I must go to see the shareholders, but the investment bank has lost over 20 billion US Dollars. I have to give the shareholders an explanation regarding this."

Morrison answered without hesitation, My resignation letter will be on your desk tomorrow."

"Very well."

Dugg was not in the mood to speak anymore. Hence, he got up and walked toward the door of the meeting room.