

I Am Born With A Silver Spoon Chapter 437

"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.

"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 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."

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 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 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!”