

## Chapter 81 The Crushing Loss

Yolanda, resolute in her decision, was determined to follow Liam to the other banquet hall.

Standing at the door, Klaus had expected this.

He stepped in front of Yolanda, his eyes gleaming with malice, and declared in a cold voice, "You're not going anywhere."

Yolanda's response was immediate and fierce. "I am the wife of Mr. Hoffman. How dare you stop me? Get out of my way!" ①

Klaus scoffed and sneered, "You were Mr. Hoffman's wife before, but you're not anymore. You saw his attitude, didn't you? Let me warn you, if you dare to follow him again, I'll have someone cut off your legs!"

Yolanda's blood ran cold as she shuddered in fear, rooted to the spot, unable to move forward.

Liam's refusal loomed over Yolanda, rendering her vulnerable and exposed to Klaus's threats. The prospect of losing her legs paralyzed her with fear, the threat hanging heavy in the air like a guillotine.

Suddenly, Dennis rushed up, grasping her arm with a look of fury. "I've spent a fortune on you. How could you



betray me?" he demanded.

Yet in that moment, all Yolanda could think about was Liam.

Growing increasingly infuriated, she lifted her hand and brought it down upon Dennis with a loud slap that echoed through the grand hall.

With a face as cold as ice, she said, "I divorced Liam because of you! I never loved you. Leave me alone!"

Dennis stood motionless, taken aback by the slap, and gradually released his grip on Yolanda's arm.

Suddenly, the hotel staff burst into the hall in a frenzy, warning of an impending threat outside. "There are a group of people outside who want to break in. They said they are looking for the Caldwell family."

As Jerry's fury reached boiling point, he barked at the staff, "Get them out of here!"

However, before the staff could react, a gang of burly men stormed in, sporting helmets and wielding their clout as partners and contractors of the Caldwell family.

The ringleader, a stocky man, glared at Jerry and snarled, "Mr. Caldwell, when will you repay the money you owe us?"

Jerry's expression turned sour as he asked, "How much do I owe you? I'll pay it now. No need to rally an army."

The stocky man sneered, "Over a dozen contractors and partners are here; you owe us a whopping two hundred million!"

"What?"

Jerry was dumbfounded. He turned to Dennis and demanded, "Where is the money?"

Dennis stammered, "I... I invested it. I intended to pay it back once I made a profit."

Jerry was fuming. "Do I not have money for you to invest? Why did you embezzle it? You've jeopardized the Caldwell family's foundation! Are you out of your mind?"

"Dad, there's no need to be so upset. I can retrieve the funds, and the company in which I invested has already made profits!" Dennis consoled his father.

Jerry's ire somewhat subsided after he heard that.

With an air of confidence, Dennis turned to the partners and contractors and promised, "I can not only repay the debt right away, but also provide you with double bonus and allowance!"

The partners and contractors exchanged dubious glances, uncertain whether Dennis could fulfill his promises.

The corpulent contractor scowled and probed, "If you can repay the funds, we can forget about it!"

"Absolutely. Let me call the accountant right away."

Dennis brimmed with assurance, pulling out his phone and placing it on speaker, "How much did I earn from the two hundred million I invested?"

The phone line crackled with background noise, and the accountant's voice trembled as he spoke.

"Mr. Caldwell, the two hundred million is gone. We have resigned. Please don't try to contact us."

The call abruptly ended, leaving Dennis in stunned silence.

The weight of the loss was crushing, and he struggled to grasp what had happened.

Two hundred million was gone?

How could it be possible?

But there was no time for reflection as the furious partners and contractors swarmed around him and his father, demanding their money back. "I don't care how it happened," one snarled. "You're paying us today, in full!"

"Ah! Stop!"

Dennis let out a bone-chilling scream, causing the partners and contractors to jump in shock.

He demanded the investment counselor of Redwood Capital to show himself, his voice piercing the air with ferocity. "You said I wouldn't lose money! You said I'd definitely make a profit!" he bellowed.

The bespectacled counselor, seated nearby, rose and calmly strode over to Dennis, taking out an envelope from his jacket pocket. He handed it to Dennis with a resigned air, stating coolly, "This is my letter of resignation."

Without further explanation, the counselor turned on his heel and headed straight towards the banquet hall where Liam was present!

Dennis was left standing there, clutching the resignation letter in disbelief.

Jerry was absolutely livid, his eyes bulging with rage.

With a resounding smack, Dennis crumpled to the floor, the force of his father's slap leaving him stunned and disoriented.

Jerry was beyond caring for his son in this moment, his attention wholly focused on the group of irate partners and contractors. "Two hundred million may be a hefty sum, but the Caldwell family has the means to cover it. Come with me to the company and I'll get you your money," he assured them.

With resolve etched into his features, Jerry whipped out his phone to ask his employees to prepare to face these partners and contractors.

Where could he possibly get two hundred million dollars? He only said those words to placate these people and resolve the current situation.

However, he knew that he had to do something to ease their anger and figure out a solution.

But when he tried to make the call, nobody answered.

Suddenly, Andrea approached him and muttered a cryptic message. "Watch the news."

Puzzled, Jerry took Andrea's phone and was shocked at what he saw on the screen.

The news was full of incriminating stories about the Caldwell family, such as tax evasion and wage theft.

At the Sunrise Decoration Corp., a group of employees staged a mass protest, and the police arrested multiple executives for investigation.

As a result, the company's stock price plummeted by nearly 100 million.


Jerry seethed with rage, his eyes ablaze with fury as he glared at Dennis. "You useless wretch, you've destroyed our entire family!" he snarled through gritted teeth.

Dennis scrambled to his feet, his face contorted with anger. "It's not just me. It's Liam's fault too. I'll make him pay!" he spat venomously.

With lightning speed, Jerry lunged at Dennis, his foot connecting with his son's midsection and sending him sprawling to the floor. Jerry's hands gripped Dennis's shirt, his breath hot on his face as he bellowed, "Enough,

**you fool! Stop this madness!"**



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