

The Amazing son in law/Super Hero Charlie Wade - Charlie Wade Chapter 7235

Realizing her father was useless at this crucial moment, Sanjing Xinmei turned to charlie Wade and said firmly, "Mr. Wade, if we survive today, do whatever you want with the dome and my father. If you don't, I'll sever all ties with him!"

Mitsui Yoshitaka panicked and blurted out, "Xinmei, you..."

charlie Wade glared at him immediately and said coldly, "Shut up!"

With that, he flicked his wrist, revealing a collection of eyebrow pencils, eyeliners, and lip glosses, all clamped between his ten fingers, previously hidden in his cuffs.

The samurai had already closed in, and those in the lead were raising their swords in the air, ready to strike.

Mitsui Yoshitaka, trembling with fear, felt his legs go weak. He struggled to push open the dressing room door behind him, desperate to get inside. Though he knew the flimsy wooden door couldn't stop a samurai sword, buying even a second more of life seemed worthwhile.

Just as he opened the door to flee, Sanjing Xinmei pulled him back forcefully and warned coldly, "Odosan, you've lost your dignity today. At least try to leave some for yourself in this final moment!"

Frustrated and terrified, Mitsui Yoshitaka snapped, "What dignity is there to leave? Ye is going to be sliced to pieces by these samurai!"

As soon as he spoke, a sharp whistling sound pierced the air!

A flurry of cold glimmers shot through the air, reflecting the ceiling lights in a dazzling blur.

At that instant, Charlie Wade spread his hands wide, and the sharp projectiles flew past like fighter jets screaming by.

Suddenly, the chaotic reflections from the samurai swords vanished. A metallic clatter rang out, followed by the dull thuds of bodies hitting the ground.

Everyone stared in shock, their hearts gripped by terror at the scene before them.

The samurai on both sides, who had charged forward with raised swords, had collapsed instantly, like wheat felled by a harvester.

Most horrifying of all, a colorful plastic tube was lodged precisely between the eyebrows of each fallen warrior!

Upon closer inspection, the weapons were all high-end cosmetics typically used by women.

Charlie Wade flicked his wrist again, and several more cosmetics appeared between his fingers.

It dawned on everyone that those who had fallen were killed by the very cosmetics Charlie Wade had thrown!

No one had ever witnessed such a horrifying method of killing—not even Fei Kexin.

However, Fei Kexin was unfazed. She had long accepted that Charlie Wade possessed powers and abilities beyond the comprehension of ordinary people. When someone astounds you enough times, your nerves inevitably become desensitized.

This astonishing scene, which left everyone else in shock, was the result of Charlie Wade deliberately using only 10% of his strength.

He merely infused a hint of spiritual energy into the cosmetics and hurled them with that energy to defeat his enemies.

If he had used more than 30% of his spiritual energy, he wouldn't have stopped at the front-line warriors—the force would have cut through them all, eliminating every one of the thirty or so samurai on both sides.

Charlie Wade restrained himself primarily because he didn't want to reveal too much of his power to these unfamiliar people.

Even so, the members of the Mitsui family, along with Tawana and Trevor, were left in stunned disbelief. When they looked at Charlie Wade, it was as if they were witnessing a god descend to earth!

The awe they felt was no different from what Don Albert and others experienced when they first saw Charlie Wade summon thunder before their eyes.

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When the warriors launched their charge, they saw Charlie Wade and his group as nothing more than helpless prey. As they rushed forward with swords drawn, those in the lead were determined to claim the first kill and earn glory, while those behind focused on striking as many blows as possible to display their bravery.

However, they never expected that these seemingly doomed individuals would unleash such terrifying combat power. With a mere raise of their hands, they took down eight warriors instantly! Seeing their comrades die with eyes wide open and plastic-shelled cosmetics lodged in their foreheads sent chills through the remaining crowd.

They had seen masters use hidden weapons before—ninjas being the most skilled among them. Ninjas often hid shurikens in their sleeves, exploiting their enemies' unpreparedness to launch deadly attacks.

In their experience, a ninja might throw two shurikens simultaneously, hoping to kill one enemy, or at best, two. But they had never heard of anyone who could wield eight shurikens and kill eight foes at once. If they hadn't witnessed it firsthand, such a feat would sound laughable—even exaggerated Japanese ninja films wouldn't dare depict something so extreme.

What made it even more shocking was that Charlie Wade didn't use poisoned shurikens, but ordinary cosmetics. Normally, these objects would barely leave a bruise if thrown hard, yet in Charlie Wade's hands, they pierced skulls with ease.

These warriors were no ordinary fighters—they possessed superior physical strength and reflexes and wielded the finest samurai swords. Since childhood, they had practiced swinging swords hundreds of times daily, many capable of slicing through multiple tree trunks with a single blow. Their speed at drawing swords was lightning-fast, making them nearly unstoppable in close combat.

Yet even with their exceptional skills, when faced with Charlie Wade—a master who could kill effortlessly with plastic cosmetics—their entire understanding of reality was shattered.

The brothers who had been charging ahead moments ago now lay lifeless on the ground, striking fear into the hearts of the remaining warriors. Both groups faced each other across Charlie Wade and his companions, unsure whether to attack or flee.

At that moment, Charlie Wade slowly raised his hands, holding eight differently colored cosmetic tubes between his fingers. He pointed the cosmetics at the warriors on both sides and said coldly, "Anyone who doesn't kneel within three seconds will end up like them!"

Without giving them time to react, Charlie Wade began counting: "One, two..."

The warriors, like startled birds, panicked. Hearing the count nearing three, they instinctively turned to flee.

A few warriors at the back turned first, prompting the others to follow. But then, the horrifying scene repeated itself. Before they could take a step, those leading the escape stumbled and crashed to the ground, motionless. Upon closer inspection, each had a cosmetic tube embedded in the back of their head!

Forward meant death. Backward meant death. Trapped between corpses ahead and behind, the warriors froze in indecision. Some, paralyzed by fear, collapsed to their knees with a thud.

One after another, more warriors dropped to their knees, fear overtaking their defiance.

Just then, a warrior shouted with all his might: "Don't be afraid! He only has a few hidden weapons left, and there are still twenty of us! If we surrender, we'll die anyway. Let's charge him! If we kill him and the others, we can at least get resettlement fees for our families. Enough to ensure our wives and children never go hungry!"

The warriors were immediately emboldened.

Though death was terrifying, for these desperate men, it was already part of their worst-case plan.

Now, as long as they fought once more, they could secure a fortune for their families that they'd never earn in several lifetimes. Since death was inevitable, fighting for their descendants' future was worth the risk!

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This realization reignited the warriors' emotions and fighting spirit.

Seeing their resolve returning, the man shouted again: "Men live to serve their wives, children, and elders! One final fight, and we ensure they live without worry forever. What is there to fear—Ah! My eyes!"

As he passionately rallied the warriors, a sudden, searing pain struck his eyes. Darkness engulfed his vision. When he instinctively touched his face, he felt two plastic tubes embedded in his eye sockets!

The others, expecting him to lead the final charge, were stunned. His battle cry had turned into a scream of agony. When they looked at him, they saw cosmetics lodged in his eyes, blood and dark fluid pouring down his face from his ruptured eyeballs. His anguished wails and grotesque appearance were terrifying.

The scene was so horrific that even Mitsui Yoshitaka doubled over and vomited several times.

Mitsui Xinmei, standing nearby, averted her eyes, unable to bear the sight.

Tawana, initially too frightened to look at the bodies, felt an inexplicable fascination with the gruesome spectacle. She cautiously observed the dead and the blinded man through her peripheral vision.

As for the other warriors, their freshly kindled courage turned to ice.

They realized that, given Charlie Wade's strength, even a coordinated charge would end in failure.

Worse yet, anyone leading the charge would be the first to die.

Just as they were paralyzed by indecision, Charlie Wade spoke again: "My patience is limited. Kneel or fall headfirst—you choose!"

As soon as these words were uttered, the legs of the standing warriors gave way, and they dropped to their knees in unison.

Ironically, even the warrior who had just been rallying everyone to fight—despite his pierced eyes—also knelt, acknowledging the grim reality.

The sound of knees hitting the ground was accompanied by the clattering of samurai swords being discarded, crashing onto the ground and against each other.

Mitsui Xinmei stood in stunned silence. She had braced herself for death but never imagined Charlie Wade would turn the tide so dramatically.

Meanwhile, Tawana's mind was spinning. She had lost count of how many eyeliner Charlie Wade had hurled, and her admiration for him had transformed into that of a devoted fangirl.

Even though she was a few years older than Charlie Wade, it no longer mattered.

Having achieved fame young, she finally understood why some fans were so obsessed with their idols.

Without an idol, people often refuse to feel inferior to anyone, no matter how powerful. So what if you're the king of heaven? Didn't China's ancestors, who rebelled in Daze Township over 2,000 years ago, declare that kings, princes, generals, and ministers are no different from ordinary people?

However, once someone finds an idol, especially one they worship fanatically, they're ready to drop to one knee and belt out "Conquer" even if a razor blade tears at their throat.

Some fans would save up a year's salary to travel halfway around the world just to see their idol from hundreds of meters away in a packed stadium. The experience moves them to tears, making them feel they could die happily right then and there.

Simply put, once you're mentally and emotionally conquered, you can't suppress the overwhelming urge to surrender completely.

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While Tawana was fervently worshipping charlie Wade, Mitsui Yoshitaka was both shocked and relieved to see charlie Wade had taken control of the situation.

He exhaled deeply, gave charlie Wade a thumbs up, and praised him, saying, "Mr. Wade, you are truly incredible! I never imagined that even these highly-trained warriors wouldn't stand a chance against you!"

charlie Wade gave him a cold glance and said, "You're responsible for handling these bodies. Make sure to clean up thoroughly and leave no evidence behind. If any clues remain, ensure they don't lead back to me or cause any unnecessary trouble. Understand?"

Witnessing over a dozen people die at once left Mitsui Yoshitaka stunned.

Though the Mitsui family had experience in handling corpses, they'd never had to dispose of so many at once, especially not in downtown Tokyo. Finding a way to manage these bodies without drawing attention would be a serious challenge.

However, his daughter had already made a commitment to charlie Wade. If he didn't handle this cleanly, she might lose respect for him.

Moreover, his daughter warned charlie Wade that if he failed, she would sever ties with him. Despite her gentle demeanor, she had an unyielding character. If she made a threat, she would follow through.

Left with no choice, he forced a smile and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Wade, I'll handle all the bodies."

charlie Wade added, "Also, except for the blind man, I'll take care of transporting the survivors to the Middle East. You don't need to worry about their destination. Once they've passed the Suez Canal, contact me, and I'll arrange for someone to pick them up."

For charlie Wade, killing these warriors wasn't necessary.

First, they hadn't tried to kill him, so there was no need for him to eliminate them here. Second, these warriors had been rigorously trained since childhood and were skilled laborers. They were valuable assets who cost nothing to employ. Letting them go would be wasteful.

Instead, he would send them to Wanlong Hall's headquarters, where plenty of work awaited them.

Mitsui Yoshitaka couldn't understand charlie Wade's reasoning. Transporting these people discreetly across borders seemed far more difficult than simply killing them all on the spot.

The key issue was that the Middle East was never stable. What did charlie Wade mean by asking him to send people there?

At that moment, he couldn't question charlie Wade's intentions, so he could only agree reluctantly and say, "Don't worry, Mr. Wade, I'll make the arrangements."

charlie Wade nodded and instructed, "Here's the plan: To ensure you stay focused and avoid mistakes, you'll first pay me a deposit of 5 billion US dollars. I'll hold this deposit for three years,

interest-free. If everything goes smoothly and no issues arise, I'll return the 5 billion in full. But if you fail to handle things cleanly and cause me any trouble, this money will compensate for my losses."

Everyone present, including Mitsui Yoshitaka, was stunned by Charlie Wade's demand.

What did 5 billion US dollars represent? Even if 10 Nasdaq-listed companies worked hard for a year, they might not achieve such a net profit.

Based on current financial market returns, this amount of cash, invested in the safest way possible, could still earn an annual interest of 5%, or 250 million US dollars.

Over three years, with compound interest, that would amount to nearly 780 million US dollars!

The Mitsui family was a global investor. Not only could they easily produce 5 billion US dollars, but they could also generate annual returns exceeding 10% on it.

According to Charlie Wade's conditions, the Mitsui family would forgo at least 780 million US dollars in interest, effectively paying Charlie Wade 780 million over the next three years.

And that was only if everything went perfectly.

If things went wrong, they'd lose the entire 5 billion principal.

Mitsui Yoshitaka felt a wave of despair. As a businessman, he operated by one principle: maximizing profit and minimizing loss.

From his perspective, Charlie Wade's demand for a deposit was already a significant loss. But under the circumstances, he had no choice but to comply and try to minimize the damage as much as possible.

He said to Charlie Wade, "Mr. Wade, the Mitsui family has considerable influence and a strong reputation in Tokyo. Rest assured, I will handle this matter flawlessly."

Charlie Wade nodded and replied nonchalantly, "I know. I trust you. As long as there are no issues within three years, I will return the full deposit."

Then Charlie Wade asked bluntly, "Do you think the deposit is too high and beyond your means?"

Mitsui Yoshitaka froze, shocked that Charlie Wade had voiced his exact thoughts.

Yes, the deposit did seem excessive, but...

Why did Charlie Wade add that part about not being able to afford it? Wasn't that a blatant insult?

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How could the head of the Mitsui family not afford a 5-billion-dollar deposit?

It felt like charlie Wade was pushing him to accept it, no matter what.

Just as he was struggling for a response, charlie Wade continued, "Alright, Mr. Mitsui, I'm only asking for a deposit. I haven't even charged you for saving your family's lives yet. If you hesitate and delay, we can settle that now. Given your wealth, don't you think a billion or two billion dollars is a fair thank-you fee for saving your life?"

"What?" Mitsui Yoshitaka was dumbfounded. Is this how people negotiate? Asking for billions as a thank-you fee? Did charlie Wade think he was a money-printing machine? Even a machine would catch fire trying to print that much money!

Realizing charlie Wade's seriousness, Mitsui Yoshitaka concluded that the deposit was the lesser evil. If this continued, charlie Wade might demand both a deposit and a thank-you fee. That would be a disaster.

He thought to himself, I could be defiant and say, 'Why should I pay you? I never asked you to save me. You saved me on your own, so why should I owe you anything?'

Or I could argue, 'You killed those people, not me. Why should I clean up your mess? You claim it was to save me, but did I ask for your help? Did you get my consent? No? Then why should I pay?'

He only dared to think these thoughts silently; he didn't have the courage to say them out loud.

On one hand, he feared his daughter would lose respect for him. On the other, he didn't know charlie Wade's background. If he angered charlie Wade, the man might turn around and kill him.

Helplessly, he said to charlie Wade, "Don't worry, Mr. Wade. Once this matter is settled, I'll instruct the finance department to transfer the 5 billion dollars to your account."

charlie Wade nodded, then turned to Tawana and asked, "Ms. Sweet, I've saved you twice, including this afternoon. After the first time, you agreed to hold 10 concerts in China. Now that I've saved you again, shouldn't we add another 10 concerts to make it fair?"

Without hesitation, Tawana responded, "Everything is up to you, Mr. Wade. If you say 20 concerts, then 20 it is. If you think 20 isn't enough, I'll be happy to add more."

charlie Wade gave her a thumbs up and praised, "Miss Sweet, you're truly straightforward. They say women can be as capable as men, but you're far better than most men."

Mitsui Yoshitaka's face turned slightly awkward. He could clearly tell that charlie Wade was ridiculing him while praising Tawana.

At that moment, a group of black-robed ninjas wielding short swords rushed in from both sides. At least one or two hundred of them stormed in, sealing off both ends of the passage.

Seeing another wave of attackers, charlie Wade's previous calm turned into renewed tension.

This time, Mitsui Yoshitaka mentally prepared for the worst. He knew Charlie Wade was powerful and had witnessed his skills. But this was different — it wasn't just dozens of opponents, but hundreds, maybe even two or three hundred. Even if they stood still and let Charlie Wade poke their foreheads with needles, there simply weren't enough needles.

Three hundred enemies, thirty bullets — impossible odds!

Yet Charlie Wade remained unbothered, standing calmly as if he were a spectator.

The fallen warriors, seeing the influx of ninjas, felt a flicker of hope reignite!

Although they didn't know where the ninjas came from, they instinctively assumed the ninjas had the same mission: to secure the hidden billion-dollar reward.

With such a large number of ninjas, they would surely kill Charlie Wade. If that happened, wouldn't they be safe?

Ninjas are mercenaries who kill for money. They act swiftly, strike silently, and disappear without a trace. Therefore, there was no reason to fear them.

One of the warriors quickly shouted to the ninjas, "Brothers! Kill them now, and the billion-dollar reward is yours!"

The lead ninja approached swiftly, glared at the man, and without hesitation, drove a short blade into his heart.

The blade had no blood groove, so not a single drop of blood spilled.

The warrior felt a sharp pain in his chest, and his body collapsed, lifeless, as if his soul had been snatched away.

Before he died, he looked up weakly and murmured, "You... why... why did you kill me..."

The ninja ignored him, stepped past his body, and approached Charlie Wade. Dropping to one knee, he clasped his hands respectfully and declared, "Mr. Wade, Hattori Hanzo of the Iga Ninja Clan reporting! My apologies for arriving late, Mr. Wade. Please forgive me!"

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Hattori Hanzo suddenly knelt to demonstrate his loyalty to Charlie Wade, stunning everyone.

Even Mitsui Yoshitaka and his daughter, Mitsui Shinmi, were unaware of Hattori Hanzo's true identity.

This was primarily because, although the Iga Ninja and Hattori Hanzo are renowned in Japan, their faces remain unknown to many.

Japanese ninjas, while described as cautious warriors, can also be seen as cunning players. One of their key daily practices is the art of remaining unseen. Their waistbands often contain numerous tools—half designed for attacking with hidden weapons and the other half for concealment. Keeping their identities hidden is a form of self-protection.

Mitsui Yoshitaka never imagined that the Iga Ninja—the most prominent ninja clan in Japan—would report to Charlie Wade at such a critical moment. He couldn't comprehend why a distinguished Japanese ninja would submit to a Chinese man.

However, Mitsui Yoshitaka's anxiety finally eased.

Observing the Iga ninjas' display of loyalty and Charlie Wade's astonishing strength, he felt reassured that his life would be spared tonight.

Charlie Wade turned to Hattori Hanzo and asked, "What was the situation outside when you arrived?"

Hattori Hanzo replied respectfully, "Mr. Wade, when my men and I stormed in, many people were already dead. By my estimate, there were about a dozen bodies. They all wore black suits, so they appeared to be bodyguards."

Charlie Wade then turned to Mitsui Yoshitaka and asked, "Why are your men so weak? Didn't you say they could hold off thousands of enemies?"

"Well..." Mitsui Yoshitaka responded, confused. "My bodyguards are elite soldiers, former members of the Japanese Self-Defense Forces' special units. Normally, even against samurai, they wouldn't falter. I can't explain what happened today..."

Charlie Wade pressed further, "Don't your bodyguards carry guns?"

"Yes..." Mitsui Yoshitaka answered.

"Then why didn't I hear any gunshots?" Charlie Wade asked again.

"This... I don't know," Mitsui Yoshitaka replied awkwardly. "But Mr. Wade, don't worry. I'll investigate this thoroughly."

Charlie Wade said coldly, "Think about it—the bounty in the United States was only recently issued. We're in a busy downtown area, and tens of thousands of spectators are leaving. There simply isn't enough time for the people outside to get the news, gather samurai, and rush over. Didn't you request helicopter support? The helicopter hasn't arrived yet, so how did these people get here?"

Mitsui Yoshitaka frowned and asked, "Mr. Wade, do you mean these people were lying in ambush nearby?"

Charlie Wade nodded and replied, "You're catching on quickly this time. Their arrival was too fast. There's no way they came after receiving the news from Anhua."

charlie Wade paused briefly, glanced at Mitsui Yoshitaka, then at Tawana, and said, "Since they didn't come in response to the news, their target isn't Tawana."

Mitsui Yoshitaka's face grew tense, and he asked instinctively, "Mr. Wade, are you saying these warriors are here to kill me?!"

charlie Wade retorted, "What else? Do you think they're here to kill me?"

Mitsui Yoshitaka quickly shook his head. "No, no... I just didn't consider that..."

charlie Wade waved his hand. "You're too slow, and there's no time for you to figure this out."

He immediately turned to Hattori Hanzo and ordered, "Have your men guard both sides of the passage. If anyone approaches, warn them to leave. If they ignore the warning, kill them on the spot!"

"Understood!" Hattori Hanzo commanded the ninjas, "All Iga ninjas, listen up! Secure the passages and allow no one through. Prepare your shurikens and other hidden weapons in case the enemy has heavy firepower. Kill anyone who dares to show themselves!"

The ninjas acknowledged the order and swiftly took their positions, ready for combat.

charlie Wade then walked up to the kneeling warriors and lifted a blindfolded one with a single hand. He asked coldly, "Who sent you here? If you tell the truth, I'll spare your life. But if you lie or remain silent, I'll kill you."

Though terrified, the man forced himself to respond, "I have a family and children. If I die, they'll receive a generous settlement. If I tell you the truth, my family will be killed!"

As he spoke, he opened his injured eyes and cried out in anguish.

charlie Wade frowned and said sarcastically, "This is so simple that I already know the answer without you telling me. I only asked to give you a chance to live. Too bad you didn't take it."

Then charlie Wade asked, "Was it Mr. Mitsui's brother who sent you to kill him?"

Hearing this, the warrior's mouth fell open in shock. Though blindfolded, he turned toward charlie Wade's voice, his face filled with disbelief.

Mitsui Yoshitaka and his daughter, Mitsui Shinmi, were also stunned. They couldn't understand why charlie Wade would say such a thing.

The warrior, though shocked, held back, fearing charlie Wade was trying to trick him.

At that moment, charlie Wade calmly explained, "Think about it logically. The reason you arrived so quickly isn't because you got the news from Anhua or happened to be nearby. It's because someone hid you close by in advance. With tens of thousands of people here, it's easy to hide a few dozen warriors."

