

# The Amazing Son In Law/Super Hero Charlie Wade - Charlie Wade

## Chapter 7256

When the Superintendent of Police spoke, all three people at the scene reacted dramatically.

The ones genuinely overwhelmed were Nishida Hirohiro and Takaoka Machi, as they realized they had triggered a significant disaster.

The one feigning distress, however, was Mitsui Yoshiyasu, whose theatrical collapse masked his scheming nature.

Having instructed his samurai team to flee immediately after the murder and avoid any association with him, Mitsui hadn't been able to confirm the situation with his men. However, he trusted the Superintendent's statement implicitly. If the Superintendent said the person was dead, then it must be true.

Covering his face and choking back fake sobs, Mitsui cried out, "Brother, Xinmei... you left so suddenly! I... I must avenge you!"

Takaoka Machi, trembling with fear, quickly defended himself. "Mr. Mitsui, the Yamaguchi-gumi arrived first, blocking our people from entering the inner rooms. So, it's clear that your brother and niece must have been killed by them!"

Nishida Hirohiro was seething. He hadn't anticipated being dragged into this mess alongside Takaoka Machi, only for the latter to throw him under the bus. What was this man playing at?

Grinding his teeth, Nishida snapped, "Takaoka Machi, stop trying to act innocent! What were your people doing here if not trying to seize the billion dollars for secret spending? Whether Mr. Mitsui and his daughter were killed by the Yamaguchi-gumi or not, your motives are no different from mine!"

Desperately, Takaoka turned to Mitsui and said, "Mr. Mitsui, motives aside, let's focus on the facts. My men didn't even have a chance to harm you or your daughter. On the contrary, if they hadn't arrived in time and trapped the Yamaguchi-gumi inside, the real murderers would have escaped! At the very least, we've contributed to containing the situation. Even if there's no credit, we've worked hard!"

"Baka!" The Superintendent exploded with anger. Storming forward, he slapped one of the men across the face and shouted, "I told you to summon your men and have them surrender! Who gave you permission to argue among yourselves here?!"

Takaoka Machi promptly replied with respect, "Director Watanabe, don't worry! I'll call them out right away!"

Without delay, he headed toward the passage entrance. Two special police officers escorted him, gripping his arms firmly as they moved together.

At the entrance, a special police officer handed him a loudspeaker and commanded coldly, "Speak!"

Not daring to hesitate, Takaoka Machi shouted into the passage, "Brothers of the Inagawa Society, this is Takaoka Machi! The Metropolitan Police Department has completely sealed this area, and they could storm in and kill you all at any moment. Lay down your weapons, raise your hands, and surrender immediately!"

A voice quickly echoed from inside: "Boss, it's not that we don't want to come out, but there are a few killers ahead of us whose positions we can't figure out. They're in hiding, and it's dangerous for us to move!"

No sooner had these words been spoken than the commander of the Bluestone Alliance, pretending to be from the Inagawa Society, called out, "Brothers outside, we don't know who you are, but since we're all surrounded now, there's no point in resisting. Why don't you surrender first, and then we'll follow? What do you think?"

Hearing this, the Bluestone Alliance members immediately recognized the voice of their boss. They understood that the situation had turned hopeless, and escape was no longer an option. Realizing survival was their only chance, they decided to comply.

One of them shouted, "Brothers from the Inagawa Society, right? We're going out to surrender to the police now, so please don't shoot us in the back!"

The on-site leader of the Inagawa Society snapped impatiently, "Who would bother shooting you in the back at this point? Just get out of here!"

The Superintendent of Police quickly responded, "Yes, Mr. Mitsui, please go ahead."

"Contact my brother, Mitsui Yoshiyasu," Mitsui Yoshitaka instructed, "and tell him you have unfortunate news. Say that you just received a call from Xinmei, who informed you that I've been killed."

The Superintendent of Police, surprised, asked, "Mr. Mitsui, why do you want to do this?"

"Don't ask pointless questions — just do it!" Mitsui Yoshitaka snapped coldly.

With that, he hung up.

At that moment, the SWAT leader approached the Superintendent of Police and asked, "Director, what are our orders now? Should we prepare assault gear and plan for an attack?"

"No need," the Superintendent of Police replied with a grim expression. "I'll call these gang leaders myself and order them to come here and collect their people."

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The remaining Bluestone Alliance assassins, relieved, lowered their weapons, raised their hands above their heads, and cautiously stepped out.

As soon as they emerged, the special police swarmed in and immediately subdued them.

The on-site leader of the Inagawa Society spoke up, "Officer, we're ready to surrender, but we need assurance that those Yamaguchi-gumi bastards won't shoot us in the back!"

At this point, Hirohiro Nishida approached the entrance and shouted, "Brothers of the Yamaguchi-gumi, this is Hirohiro Nishida. You must lay down your weapons, surrender, and stop resisting!"

The Yamaguchi-gumi, utterly defeated, were eager to give themselves up. They quickly called back, "Don't worry, boss, we won't shoot!"

Hearing this, the Inagawa Society members felt relieved. They tossed their weapons to the ground and began walking out.

Among them was the Bluestone Alliance commander, disguised as one of the Inagawa Society, who was also promptly arrested by the police.

Next, the Yamaguchi-gumi members stepped forward.

Psychologically scarred by the relentless assaults they had endured, they shuffled out one by one, many crying openly.

Although they were seasoned gangsters who had spent years in the underworld, the events of the day had pushed them far beyond their limits. They were completely broken.

Once the Yamaguchi-gumi surrendered, Mitsui Yoshitaka finally exhaled in relief. Just as he turned to speak to Charlie Wade, he saw Charlie Wade opening the dressing room door and switching on the light.

Charlie Wade calmly instructed, "You all go inside. The Iga ninjas will continue guarding the perimeter."

Mitsui Yoshitaka, along with his daughter Tawana, Trevor, and Fei Kexin, followed Charlie Wade into the room.

Once inside, Charlie Wade turned to San Jing Li Xiao and said, "Send a message to the Superintendent General outside. Inform him that the danger inside has been neutralized and ask him

to send in personnel to handle the bodies. However, make sure no armed officers enter to avoid any accidents. Also, advise them not to carry the bodies out directly but to bring enough body bags for proper handling.”

San Jing Li Xiao quickly added, “Mr. charlie, my treacherous brother is still outside. Can I request Watanabe to arrest him first?!”

charlie Wade replied, “Catching him isn’t a problem, but wouldn’t it be far more satisfying to let him come in and have you catch him yourself?”

San Jing Li Xiao clenched his fists and exclaimed, “Mr. charlie, you’re absolutely right. If he walks in expecting to find my corpse, only to see me alive, it’ll be a shock he could never anticipate!”

After a moment, San Jing Li Xiao asked again, “Mr. charlie, now that the immediate danger has passed, should I arrange for the helicopter to take Miss Sweet back to the manor?”

charlie Wade countered, “Who said the danger has been fully resolved? The hidden bounty is still active. What if your own bodyguard decides to go after the billion-dollar reward? Can you guarantee control over that?”

Mitsui Yoshitaka sighed in agreement. “You’re right... but what should we do now?”

“Exactly, Mr. charlie,” Tawana added anxiously. “With the bounty still in place, countless people will try to kill me. You mentioned there’s a second solution, but you haven’t explained what it is yet.”

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charlie Wade pondered briefly before speaking seriously: “The second option is to find someone with enough authority to completely intimidate the other party and force them to withdraw the hidden flower.”

Tawana pursed her lips and said helplessly, “Mr. Wade, it might be very difficult to find someone capable of intimidating them... Even if such a person exists, they might be involved with the other side. It’s already fortunate if they don’t help them; expecting them to help me seems even more unlikely.”

She then asked charlie Wade, “Mr. Wade, how about I try to contact the winner in the United States and see if I can gain his support by showing goodwill?”

charlie Wade replied, “It’s not a bad idea to show goodwill, but doing so at this point is tricky. First, if you approach him now, he’ll likely assume you’re trying to use him to escape your current predicament. Second, he hasn’t fully established his position yet, and his influence might not be strong enough. If he steps in to intimidate the other party now, they might not take him seriously.”

Continuing, charlie Wade added, “Moreover, showing goodwill to him under these circumstances is essentially equivalent to surrendering to him in exchange for his protection. In our culture, this often requires a pledge of surrender. Since he’s a businessman, the price of that surrender will undoubtedly be significant.”

Tawana asked, puzzled, "Mr. Wade, what exactly is a pledge of surrender?"

charlie Wade explained, "A pledge of surrender involves severing ties with your previous allies to reassure the new camp of your loyalty. To join another group, you often have to prove your commitment by breaking away completely from your former camp. For example, if you want to join a gang, you might have to commit a crime; if you seek refuge with an enemy, you might have to betray former comrades; or, if you want to redeem yourself, you could be required to expose all your accomplices. If you seek his protection now, he might demand that you publicly demonstrate your allegiance on social media, turning your hundreds of millions of fans into witnesses."

Gritting her teeth, Tawana said, "If there's truly no other way, I'll do it."

charlie Wade waved his hand and said, "I do suggest you consider changing camps, but not in such a direct and abrupt way. If you make a sudden sharp turn at high speed, it's your followers who will get hurt—or worse, everything could collapse. Once they feel betrayed or hurt, they might stop supporting you or even turn against you. Overnight, the internet could be flooded with insults and accusations against you. That's why I recommended transitioning gradually, using at least ten concerts to ease the shift. This approach would minimize the impact on your career."

Tawana understood the gravity of charlie Wade's warning, but she felt cornered. With \$10 billion hanging over her, surviving tonight's ordeal would only be the start—more troubles were bound to follow.

Unable to hold back her emotions, she let two hot tears stream down her cheeks and said helplessly, "Other than him, I can't think of anyone else who can resolve this situation."

charlie Wade replied calmly, "While this is indeed a tricky situation, it's no reason to despair. I can ask a friend of mine in the United States for help. He has some influence there. Regardless of who is behind the hidden funds, I'll have him locate the person responsible and pressure them to cancel the hidden funds. Once that's resolved, you can leave here safely."

Tawana hesitated and said, "Mr. Wade, those people... they have incredibly powerful backers. Each one is shielded by a major chaebol. Even the winner in the United States might not have enough sway to stand up to them. Can your friend really suppress such powerful figures?"

charlie Wade's earlier mention of his friend's influence had been somewhat modest, leaving Tawana uncertain.

At this point, charlie Wade smiled and said, "Chaebols vary in size and influence. Some are only dominant locally and are powerless outside their region. Others are weak even in their own territory."

As he spoke, charlie Wade glanced subtly at Mitsui Yoshitaka out of the corner of his eye.

This remark was clearly aimed at him.

Mitsui Yoshitaka could hardly ignore the veiled mockery in charlie Wade's words. Despite being the head of the Mitsui family, his inability to suppress even a mafia organization like the Yamaguchi-gumi was indeed an embarrassment.

Seeing Mitsui Yoshitaka's face flush with embarrassment, Charlie Wade decided to stop targeting him and turned to Tawanna. "But my friend in the United States is quite capable. I believe this matter won't pose a problem for him," he said.

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With that, Charlie Wade took out his phone and called Steve Rothschild, his loyal confidant in the United States and the designated heir of the Rothschild family.

Steve Rothschild had been enjoying a comfortable life recently. With his position as the crown prince of the Rothschild family firmly secured, he had grown closer to Charlie Wade during his last visit to China. Now, all he had to do was wait patiently for the old patriarch to step down.

It was morning in the United States, and Steve had just woken up. As he savored a lavish brunch with a drowsy expression, his phone buzzed with a call from Charlie Wade. Instantly, he perked up, his voice brimming with excitement. "Mr. Wade! What a pleasant surprise. What brings you to call me today?"

Charlie Wade replied, "Steve, I need a favor. Are you available to help?"

"Of course!" Steve exclaimed without hesitation. "Mr. Wade, our relationship is solid. Whatever you need, just say the word. I'll do everything in my power to assist you, even if it's beyond my capabilities!"

Charlie Wade continued in a calm tone, "Someone in the United States has put a \$1 billion bounty on the underground network to target Tawanna Sweet. I suspect this is connected to the island that made headlines not long ago. These people are backed by chaebols, but your Rothschild family is the chaebol of chaebols. I trust you're well-acquainted with them, right?"

At first, Mitsui Yoshitaka and Tawanna, who were sitting beside Charlie Wade, didn't think much when they heard him addressing someone named Steve. After all, Steve is a common name in the United States, much like Wei, Tao, or Bo in China.

However, their expressions changed dramatically when Charlie Wade mentioned that Steve was from the Rothschild family.

If this Steve was indeed from the Rothschilds, then he had to be Steve Rothschild, the second-in-command and heir apparent of the family.

The two of them were stunned, struggling to comprehend how Charlie Wade, an unassuming Chinese man, could be connected to such an extraordinary and influential social circle.

Fei Kexin treated Charlie Wade with the utmost respect, yet he casually referred to Steve by his first name. This level of familiarity was truly beyond their imagination.

Meanwhile, on the other end of the phone, Steve, hearing Charlie Wade mention the island, was quick to dissociate himself from the matter. He said, "Mr. Wade, I think I know which island you're referring to, but let me make one thing absolutely clear: our Rothschild family never engages in such

despicable activities or associates with those people. Their dealings are far too dirty. Even if I were invited, I wouldn't set foot on that godforsaken island! I swear to God, I've never been there!"

charlie Wade responded coolly, "I don't care whether you've been there or not, or even if you live there full-time. What I need from you now is to contact that group and make it clear: whoever issued the hidden bounty must retract it immediately—or else their entire family will face the consequences."

Steve agreed without hesitation. "Mr. Wade, rest assured, this will be easy to handle. I'll make a few calls and try to pinpoint someone resembling Anhua. Even if I can't locate him directly, I'll make sure the message reaches his ears!"

"Good," charlie Wade replied with satisfaction. "I'll leave this to you and wait for your update."

Before hanging up, Steve asked curiously, "By the way, Mr. Wade, why are you suddenly stepping in to help Tawanna? Could it be... you've fallen for her?"

charlie Wade snapped, "Shut up and get to work!"

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Mitsui Yoshitaka and Tawanna were utterly stunned.

They were already shocked that charlie Wade knew Steve Rothschild, but they never imagined charlie Wade would command Rothschild so casually over the phone—ending the conversation with a curse, no less. It wasn't just giving orders to a subordinate; it felt like he was bossing around a younger brother.

While the two were left speechless, charlie Wade turned to Tawanna and said seriously, "Steve Rothschild has some influence in the United States. Give him a little time, and he should be able to handle this situation."

Tawanna replied gratefully, "Thank you, Mr. Wade! Thank you! With the Rothschild family stepping in, this matter should be resolved..."

charlie Wade nodded and added, "But I'm helping you because of the twenty concerts, and this will be the only time. I hope you'll keep yourself out of trouble in the future and avoid getting into situations like this again."

Tawanna, feeling both ashamed and grateful, said, "Don't worry, Mr. Wade. I won't repeat my mistakes. I had already distanced myself from those people, but I didn't expect things to escalate this much."

Lowering her head in shame, she avoided meeting charlie Wade's eyes.

charlie Wade continued, "Also, as a public figure, I hope you'll avoid taking sides recklessly and refrain from spreading questionable values to your hundreds of millions of fans. As an artist, it's enough to focus on improving your talents. If you want to contribute more, look to someone like

Michael Jackson—engage in public welfare initiatives that address poverty, hunger, disease, or the threats of war. That's far more meaningful than promoting controversial ideas to minors."

Tawanna was silent for a moment before nodding solemnly. She then looked up at Charlie Wade and said with determination, "From now on, I won't repeat my mistakes. After the twenty concerts are over, I'll dedicate myself to public welfare, supporting underprivileged communities in third-world countries, just as Jackson did."

"Good," Charlie Wade said. "For now, all we can do is wait for the bounty on you to be withdrawn. Once it's abolished, you'll be safe."

At that moment, Hattori Hanzo, who had been guarding outside, entered respectfully. "Mr. Wade, the special police from the Metropolitan Police Department have arrived. They've brought a number of body bags. A man claiming to be the Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police Department requests to see Mr. Mitsui."

Charlie Wade said calmly, "Let him in."

"Yes, Mr. Wade!"

A few minutes later, the Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police Department approached with difficulty, his flashlight illuminating the sticky blood beneath his feet.

With every step, his shoes stuck to the blood-soaked floor, producing a sickening sound of adhesion and tearing. Each step seemed to deepen his sense of dread, as if he weren't walking through a corridor but down a path straight into purgatory.

His mind raced with panic: What am I going to do? What can I say? Over a hundred people are dead. If this gets out, I might as well end it all tomorrow to atone...

In a daze, he finally arrived at the dressing room door. Hattori Hanzo opened the door for him and said, "Mr. Watanabe, please come in."

The Superintendent snapped out of his thoughts and looked down, searching for a clean spot to wipe his shoes. Finding none, he hesitated.

Charlie Wade glanced at him and said, "Just come in. Don't worry about it."

"Oh... okay." The Superintendent let out a relieved sigh. As he stepped inside, he noticed Mitsui Yoshitaka and Tawanna alive and well. A wave of relief washed over him.

"Mr. Mitsui, Miss Sweet, you're both unharmed. That's such a relief!"

At that moment, the Superintendent felt an overwhelming urge to cry. If anything had happened to these two, he truly wouldn't know how to handle the situation.

Mitsui Yoshitaka asked, "Where is my brother?"



“He’s outside,” the Superintendent replied quickly. “He wanted to come in, but I stopped him. I thought it best to meet you first and get your thoughts. Besides, there are far too many bodies in the passage. We need to address that first.”

“Understood,” Mitsui Yoshitaka nodded and instructed, “Once the bodies have been taken care of, let my brother in so he can identify my ‘corpse.’”

The Superintendent of Police hesitated before asking cautiously, “Mr. Mitsui, was there some conflict between you and your brother?”

Mitsui Yoshitaka cursed angrily, “That damned bastard sent a group of samurai to assassinate me. If it weren’t for Mr. Wade and the Iga Ninja, I might really be dead by now.”

“How could something like this happen?” the Superintendent exclaimed, though he quickly realized it wasn’t all that shocking. Similar incidents had occurred in other large families in Japan. As a seasoned officer, he was no stranger to such matters.

He then recalled seeing the captured, masked samurai when he entered and asked urgently, “Those samurai captured outside—are they the ones who tried to assassinate you?”