

The Amazing Son in Law / Super Hero Charlie Wade - Charlie Wade Chapter 7321

After carefully considering the situation, Matt Finkelstein was the first to speak. “Since Mr. Wade has made his stance clear, I fully support it! I will pay the ten billion dollars!”

The others exchanged uneasy glances, their expressions dark and grim.

One of them hesitantly asked, “Mr. Wade, if we hand over the money, will this matter be settled?”

Charlie Wade responded calmly, “It will be settled—but the rules of this fund apply to you as well. In other words, if any of you return to your old ways in the future, the reward system will still be in effect. If someone exposes your crimes, they can claim a reward. If someone kills you, they can also be rewarded.”

The man looked frustrated and protested, “This is completely unfair! We’re paying the money, yet we’ll still be restricted. Worse, we could end up financing our own assassinations! This doesn’t make any sense!”

Charlie Wade studied him and asked, “So what you’re saying is, you still plan to continue these activities?”

The man muttered under his breath, “I just think that as long as we keep things private, it shouldn’t be a problem. The real issue is people like Matt Finkelstein—organizing these gatherings, taking photos, and using them for blackmail. If it weren’t for that, we’d simply be having fun without interfering with anyone else!”

Steve frowned and snapped, “Hank, you better watch your words! You’re speaking to Mr. Wade—show some respect!”

Seeing Steve’s icy, murderous expression, the man grew even more anxious. Frustrated, he finally spoke his mind. “Mr. Rothschild, I respect you, and I respect Mr. Wade, but this just isn’t reasonable. We’ve never broken any laws in China. Yet now, Mr. Wade has summoned us here just to reprimand and threaten us? And even our future activities in the U.S. and other countries will be under his control? How is that fair?”

Steve’s voice turned cold. “If Mr. Wade says it’s reasonable, then it is. Instead of focusing on making money, all you think about is indulging in filth. Don’t forget—you have children and grandchildren.”

Hank sighed. “Mr. Rothschild, I have no grand ambitions. I don’t need endless wealth. I just want to live a free life. Is that so wrong?”

“As for my children and grandchildren, if it weren’t for a bastard like Matt Finkelstein filming everything, they would never know what I did on those islands. When I leave home, I’m a playboy; when I return, I’m a devoted husband, a good father, and a loving grandfather. Isn’t that the case for everyone?”

Though the others remained silent, their expressions showed they agreed.

At that moment, Charlie Wade spoke calmly. “I have a habit of meddling in other people’s business. Before I knew about your filthy activities, whatever you did in the U.S. had nothing to do with me. But now that I know—I have to step in.”

He then turned to the man and sneered. “You enjoy playing, don’t you? Then from now on, I’ll make sure you lose the ability to play. If you still want to indulge in the future, you might have to get used to being played rather than playing others.”

The man was terrified, unsure of what Charlie Wade meant. He didn’t realize that Charlie Wade had already transferred a special power into his body. Just like Xiao Yiqian before him, he would completely lose his masculinity from this moment on.

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Steve looked at Charlie Wade and said respectfully, “Mr. Wade, I won’t drink with this scum. Honestly, I think it’d be better to send him to Mr. Albert’s dog farm to reflect on himself.”

Charlie Wade smirked. “You really enjoy making trouble for Don Albert. These people entered China legally and strutted into Heaven Springs without a care. Do you have any idea how many surveillance cameras have caught them? If Don Albert takes them to the dog farm, won’t that create unnecessary trouble for him?”

Steve gritted his teeth. “I just can’t stand looking at him. Fine. I’ll deal with him when I get back to the U.S.”

The white man, Hank, looked panicked and pleaded, “Mr. Rothschild, I was just speaking from the heart—I didn’t mean anything by it...”

Steve was about to curse at him, but Charlie Wade interrupted. He glanced around and asked, “Do you all believe that indulging in your private pleasures on those islands is your personal freedom?”

No one dared to answer, but their silence was as telling as any confession.

These people had long abandoned a normal way of life. Their desires had warped into something extreme, and ordinary pleasures could no longer satisfy them. If they were forbidden from

indulging in their vices, they would feel as if life had lost all excitement—even becoming unbearably dull.

It was like the difference between casual smokers and hardcore drug addicts. These people were like addicts who had built such a high tolerance that even heavy drug use no longer satisfied them. In that sense, charlie Wade's demand was no different from forcing a severe addict into withdrawal.

charlie Wade understood this all too well. Smiling, he casually waved his hand in the air, sending invisible spiritual energy into the bodies of those present.

Then, in a calm voice, he said, "I'll give you a day to think it over. Go back and reflect on this carefully. If you notice anything unusual about yourselves tomorrow, remember—you have your outspoken friend to thank for it. I will be hosting a banquet here tomorrow night. If you decide to accept my proposal by then, come to the banquet, and Steve will entertain you on my behalf. But if you wait until tomorrow, the price will increase from \$100 million to \$1 billion per person."

The group was bewildered, unsure of charlie Wade's true intentions. Did this mean they wouldn't have to pay even the initial \$100 million?

Taking a risk, Hank asked directly, "Mr. Wade, if we refuse, will you let Matt Finkelstein release those videos and destroy our reputations?"

charlie Wade chuckled. "That would be too simple—and dull. Don't worry. Whether you agree or not, I won't let Matt expose your activities. You only need to decide whether to accept my proposal today or tomorrow. If you accept today, it's \$100 million as I originally said. If you wait until tomorrow, it'll be \$1 billion. If you're ready to accept now, register with Steve."

With that, he stood up and turned to Steve. "Steve, I have no interest in dining with these degenerates. Make sure you handle the registrations, whether today or tomorrow. Also, each of them will pay \$10 million for tonight's meal. Collect the money and hand it over to Don Albert directly. I'm leaving."

Happy chinese New Year to everyone!

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charlie Wade suddenly stood up and left, which infuriated Steve.

These people had blatantly refused to accept goodwill and had the audacity to disrespect charlie Wade. It was as if they had no regard for their own survival.

With a cold voice, he declared, "Remember, except for Matt Finkelstein, all of you are now my enemies—Steve Rothschild's enemies!"

The others immediately cried and begged for mercy.

Though they pleaded, they each had their own internal calculations. At worst, Steve could only exert pressure on them in business, but they were far from short on money. For them, wealth wasn't the priority—satisfying their twisted desires was.

These individuals were so depraved that normal business logic simply didn't apply to them.

From their perspective, agreeing to Charlie Wade's demand was a death sentence. If they couldn't control their own perversions, they would essentially be funding a system designed to eliminate people like themselves. Wouldn't that be the same as buying a gun and shooting themselves in the head? The demand was simply too extreme!

No matter what was said, they could never agree!

One of them finally spoke up, "Mr. Steve, please understand our predicament. We simply cannot accept Mr. Wade's unreasonable request. Since this dinner has turned unpleasant, we won't impose any further. How would you like us to settle the \$10 million bill? Rest assured, we won't default on it."

Steve grabbed a bottle and smashed it to the floor. The rich scent of liquor instantly filled the room.

His cold gaze swept across the group as he snapped, "All of you—get out! I'll have my assistant collect the money. Now leave! Get out!"

The group exchanged uneasy glances until Hank finally stood up, bowed slightly, and said, "In that case, Mr. Rothschild, we'll take our leave."

He then signaled the others, and they turned to exit the private room.

Steve was livid.

After the group left, Steve gnashed his teeth and cursed, "Those bastards willing to destroy themselves for their perversions! The very first task Mr. Wade entrusted me with in China, and they had to ruin it. If I don't find a chance to eliminate them, I don't deserve to carry the Rothschild name!"

With that, he stood up and said to a bewildered Tawana, "Miss Sweet, I'm leaving first!"

Meanwhile, Charlie Wade had already driven back to Tomson Yipin.

Tonight's encounter made him realize that some people would sacrifice everything for their deepest obsessions—even if it meant offending the second-in-command of the Rothschild family.

However, he wasn't concerned about them refusing to yield. He had already sealed their special meridians using true qi. From now on, they would be completely impotent.

It was similar to what happened to Xiao Yiqian—only far worse.

Charlie Wade's mastery of spiritual energy had grown stronger, and by sealing their meridians, he ensured that even if they were homosexual, they would no longer feel any pleasure at all. In other words, their bodies had lost the ability to experience any form of gratification.

Ironically, this group of perverts had come to Jinling intending to indulge themselves. Each had brought their own companions, along with a stockpile of drugs and props, eager to revel in debauchery at their hotel.

But tonight was destined to be a nightmare for them.

Before they could engage in their usual depravity, they each realized—to their horror—that their bodies had completely lost function.

Some of the older ones assumed it was merely exhaustion from travel, so they increased their usual dosage of medication...

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However, after taking two or three times the usual dosage, his blood pressure skyrocketed. His entire body trembled, his skin tingled, and he even felt his hair stand on end—yet the part that was supposed to respond remained lifeless.

The first to encounter serious trouble was Hank.

Surrounded by three young women, he swallowed six blue pills in succession, but his body still felt completely unresponsive.

Frustrated, he grabbed another handful of pills, muttering curses under his breath. With nothing on but his bare skin, he grumbled, "Something is seriously wrong today. What the hell is going on? Is this because I pissed off Steve and that bastard Wade?"

Then, without hesitation, he shoved another pill into his mouth.

Europeans and Americans have always been rough when it comes to taking medication.

When Orientals take painkillers like acetaminophen or ibuprofen, they typically follow a doctor's prescription or the recommended dosage.

But some Europeans and Americans completely disregard such guidelines. Screw the doctor's orders. They take pills by the handful, one or two at a time, or even a whole bunch at once—who has time to count pills properly?

Hank was no different at this moment.

Normally, he would take only one or two blue pills at a time, but after finishing an entire plate and still feeling nothing, he kept reaching for more.

One of the women, alarmed by the sheer amount he was consuming, quickly warned, "Master, you can't take any more! You've already had too much!"

"How dare you!" Hank roared, grabbing a whip and lashing the woman viciously. The force split her skin open, and she collapsed to her knees, crying.

With a cold sneer, he snarled, "Don't forget, you are all my slaves. Since when do slaves get to command their master?!"

The moment he finished speaking, a violent surge of blood pressure hit him. His face turned red, veins bulged, and within seconds, he collapsed unconscious due to hypertension.

The three young women screamed in terror and frantically called for help from the hotel staff. Emergency personnel rushed in, even resorting to a defibrillator in a desperate attempt to revive him.

When their efforts failed, they quickly wrapped him in a bathrobe and rushed him to the hospital for emergency treatment.

He wasn't the only one rushed to the hospital that night.

Not long after, another elderly man with white hair was also admitted due to a drug overdose.

By midnight, four out of the dozen men had already been sent in.

Since they were all staying in the city center, the closest medical facility was the People's Hospital, so all four were brought to its emergency center.

The hospital's emergency doctors were utterly baffled. They couldn't understand why, in the middle of the night, four elderly foreign men had all overdosed on sildenafil and ended up in their care.

As the medical staff busily performed gastric lavage, induced vomiting, and administered IV drips to slow the drug's effects, they exchanged whispers. "Did these

foreigners come here for some kind of wild party? Why did they all overdose on that drug? Should we call the police?"

One doctor hesitated before saying, "Better to avoid unnecessary trouble. They're foreign guests—let's save them some face. No need to call the police just yet. Their condition doesn't seem too serious. Once we flush out the drug and stabilize them, they should recover by tomorrow."

The others agreed and didn't press the issue further.

Just then, a nurse rushed in, looking alarmed. "Doctor! Another one has just been brought in! He also fainted from an overdose, but this time it's worse—he's only in his forties, and his heart has stopped beating!"

"Oh no..." The emergency department director's face darkened. "Forget the others—focus on saving the one in cardiac arrest first! Dr. Zhang, call 110 immediately. This is getting serious!"