

The Amazing Son In Law / Super Hero Charlie Wade - Charlie Wade Chapter 7331

Hank and his group were already in despair.

They couldn't understand why this Chinese man was targeting them when they had been engaging in illicit activities in the United States and on private lands without issue.

If a dog and a mouse lived together, it would make sense, but if they were thousands of miles apart and still entangled with each other, wasn't that excessive?

As the leader, Hank panicked and asked instinctively, "Mr. Wade, why are you coming after us? We're not as ambitious as Mr. Rothschild. We've already made more money than we could ever spend and have indulged in every pleasure that ordinary people can enjoy. At this point, only the most extreme thrills bring us happiness. If you strip us of this, what meaning is left in our lives?"

With a pleading expression, he continued, "Mr. Wade, how about a deal? From now on, we won't force anyone. Everything will be based on mutual willingness. We'll ensure the other party is well-compensated so they agree willingly! We'll also choose only the most secluded locations and make sure no news ever leaks. That way, society won't be affected. What do you think?"

Hank had already considered his options. If things didn't go his way, he could just agree for now and continue in secret.

But then he realized he couldn't afford to take that risk. Charlie Wade's demand was that they contribute a massive sum to establish a fund designed to incentivize the elimination of perverts like them. If such a fund were created, people would go to great lengths to expose hidden predators. No matter how well they concealed themselves, a bullet to the head could come at any moment.

During his time in Brooklyn Prison, Charlie Wade had developed a deep hatred for perverts in the United States—especially for John Lawrence, the priest imprisoned for molesting a young boy.

Moreover, Charlie Wade had gradually come to see that Western society was filled with hypocrites.

In public, these individuals appeared refined and respectable—many were celebrated entrepreneurs, even role models for young people worldwide. They obsessed over proper attire, taking offense if their ties were slightly crooked or their suits imperfectly tailored. Yet, behind closed doors, they were more depraved than anyone else.

If no one was exposed, who would ever know that many celebrities and wealthy elites—who preach about charity, environmental protection, and saving the world—are actually the worst of perverts?

What baffled Charlie Wade the most was that a renowned scientist, known for his tilted head, who spent his life confined to a wheelchair, unable to move anything but his neck, was a frequent visitor to those infamous islands.

Just imagining such depravity was enough to enrage Charlie Wade, a man with a deep sense of justice.

With a smirk, Charlie Wade looked at Hank and said, "Alright, you can do whatever you want. Since you've lost that ability, why not let others treat you abnormally from now on? That's an option too."

"But..." Hank sobbed, "But you have to help us restore that ability, right?"

"Sorry," Charlie Wade replied with a grin. "You guys seriously displease me, so there's no way I'm helping you regain it. I've already offered you a solution. If you insist on being perverted, just switch roles. Even then, you can still indulge in abnormal behavior."

Hank was completely shaken.

At this moment, he found himself in an impossible dilemma.

He desperately wanted his ability restored, yet he refused to agree to Charlie Wade's terms.

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But if he didn't comply, Charlie Wade wouldn't help him recover. And if they parted on bad terms, wouldn't he lose the greatest pleasure of his life forever?

For a moment, everyone exchanged uneasy glances, unsure of what to do.

Just then, Steve sneered and said, "You idiots never think ahead. If you agree to Mr. Wade's terms, even if you can't engage in your perverted activities anymore, at least you'll retain your manhood and still have some basic pleasures. But if you refuse, even those will be gone. Do you really want to become homosexuals?"

Steve's words snapped me out of my daze.

Between retaining basic functions and losing them entirely, the former was clearly the more appealing choice.

Even then, choosing the former came with an additional price—a billion dollars.

They had already amassed enough wealth to live comfortably for a lifetime. But if they lost that ability, what was the point of having money?

After exchanging glances, Hank finally spoke up. “Mr. Wade... We... We agree!”

charlie Wade looked at him and asked, “Are you sure? Don’t force yourself.”

Hank gritted his teeth. “I’m sure. I’m not reluctant at all!”

charlie Wade sighed. “Ah, you’ve really turned over a new leaf. If you pool together more than ten billion dollars and use it to fight against perverts worldwide, your reputation will skyrocket. The world will see you as the leading figure in the fight against depravity. Quite the honor, isn’t it?”

Hank, terrified, quickly pleaded, “Mr. Wade, we have no problem paying the money, but you must not reveal our identities. We still want to stay alive...”

His voice trembled as he continued, “You don’t understand—on those private islands in the Caribbean and in the United States, there are people far wealthier and more perverse than us. If they find out we funded a bounty on them, they’ll have us killed first...”

charlie Wade turned to Steve and asked, “Is that true?”

Steve coughed twice before answering, “The man who has topped the world’s richest list for years was also a regular on those islands. It’s an open secret, though the hard evidence hasn’t surfaced yet. There are even rumors involving many Oscar-winning superstars.”

charlie Wade sighed. “You Americans really know how to indulge. Here, if a celebrity is caught having an affair, they get banned.”

Then, with a casual wave of his hand, he said cheerfully, “Since you’re willing to spend so much money for justice, you can keep a low profile. But you’ll have to compile and expose everyone you know who has taken part in this. Once the fund is set up, we’ll place bounties worth hundreds of millions on the underground network. The richer the pervert, the more they’ll have to pay just to stay hidden.”

A hundred million or even a billion US dollars is no issue. I want those wealthy perverts to spend their fortunes hiring an army of bodyguards just to protect themselves—forcing them to live in constant fear every single day!”

...

Apologies, I’ve been feeling unwell and not in the best condition lately. I’m actively working on recovering.

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At this moment, Hank and the others lost their temper.

Money, reputation, and even their personal abilities were all under charlie Wade's control. One wrong move, and they could lose everything. In such a situation, resistance was pointless.

Since their past ways were no longer an option, they could at least enjoy a basic, normal life. The energy they once channeled into their twisted pursuits could now be redirected into business ventures—perhaps even leading them to greater success.

That was far better than becoming useless, living in fear of exposure, and making an enemy out of Steve.

With no other choice, they all agreed without hesitation.

Hank then asked charlie Wade, "Mr. Wade, if we prepare the money within the next two days, can you help us resolve this issue?"

charlie Wade waved his hand dismissively. "As per our agreement, you should first secure the funds. Once I find a suitable person to manage the assassination fund, you can transfer the money to me. For now, I'll ensure that your past actions on his island remain undisclosed. I won't pursue the fact that you orchestrated an assassination attempt on Tawanna. And after you pay, I'll help restore your abilities in that area."

Steve, intrigued, turned to charlie Wade and asked, "Mr. Wade, who do you think would be the right person to manage this fund? It's a demanding job, and not just anyone can handle it."

As he spoke, he glanced at charlie Wade and subtly gestured toward Matt Finkelstein.

charlie Wade immediately understood—Steve was hinting that Matt Finkelstein should take charge of the fund.

Right now, Matt Finkelstein was like a drowning man desperate for a lifeline. If given this role, he might just be able to redeem himself. As the saying goes, "One finds a way to survive after facing death."

So, charlie Wade pointed at Matt Finkelstein, who had already surrendered to Steve, and declared, "Mr. Finkelstein, from today onward, you will be the general manager of this assassination fund. You'll oversee its entire operation, manage the inflow and outflow of money, allocate hidden funds, process payments, and report directly to Steve."

Matt Finkelstein was so terrified that his entire body trembled. Stammering, he said, "Mr. Wade... Mr. Wade, I... I have limited abilities. I'm afraid I can't manage a fund of this scale!"

The last thing Matt wanted was to take on such a responsibility.

Once the fund was established, its operational capital would come from the surrounding tycoons, primarily in cryptocurrency. For them, this method was highly secure and rarely exposed.

However, he would be solely responsible for overseeing all the fund's activities—including issuing hidden payments for assassinations. In other words, all the risky and incriminating tasks would fall directly on his shoulders.

Even if he used underground networks to issue bounties, keeping an assassination fund worth tens of billions completely secret would be nearly impossible.

What if Charlie Wade ordered him to assassinate the world's wealthiest man at the time? He would inevitably become the target of unimaginable retaliation.

After narrowly escaping death under Steve's protection, the thought of taking on this role was terrifying. If he agreed, even Steve might not be able to shield him from the consequences.

Charlie Wade, seeing through his fears, smiled and said, "Of all the people sitting here today, I can understand if someone claims they lack the ability—but not you."

"Why, Mr. Wade? I... I really don't have the skills for this!" Matt protested, looking distressed.

Charlie Wade's tone turned cold. "A vast private island, so many people, countless illicit dealings—you managed it all seamlessly. You kept everything under wraps, coordinated hundreds of guests from all walks of life, and ensured they felt at home. Your management skills are clearly exceptional. Are you really trying to say that handling a simple fund is beyond your ability?"

"I..." Matt was stunned. He hadn't expected Charlie Wade to trap him with his own past.

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The truth was, he had been a highly competent manager.

For years, he had managed his private island flawlessly, without a single incident.

The problems only arose later because one of his associates got carried away.

That fool recorded far too many videos, hoping to use them as leverage over others. But in the process, he inadvertently stirred up trouble, exposing everything to the world.

Eventually, that guy was killed in prison, but the damage had already been done. Many of their guests panicked, desperate to erase any traces linking them to the scandal. In their efforts to protect themselves, they dragged both him and his island down with them.

If it hadn't been for that reckless idiot, he would probably still be living the high life on his private island—hosting lavish parties every night instead of standing here, forced to bow to charlie Wade.

But even if he had the ability to handle this mess, Matt Finkelstein had no desire to take on the role.

All he wanted was to be a loyal dog to Steve—silent and obedient when not needed, but ready to pounce when commanded.

Taking charlie Wade's offer would mean a lifetime of turmoil, with no chance of peace.

Sensing Matt's reluctance, charlie Wade smirked and asked, "Mr. Finkelstein, you should be more open-minded. When you spent a billion dollars to have Tawanna killed, you certainly weren't this hesitant."

Matt swallowed hard, his voice trembling. "Mr. Wade... I... I..."

Before he could finish, Steve scoffed. "Matt, what the hell are you so afraid of? Don't forget, you're in China now! What do you have to fear here? You might as well accept that you'll never return to the United States."

"Ah?" Matt's face fell. "Never go back?"

Steve shrugged. "You've made too many enemies. If you return, you're only increasing your chances of getting killed. You're better off staying here, where life can still be comfortable. As long as you listen to Mr. Wade, even if every billionaire in America wants you dead, they won't have the power to touch you in Aurous Hill."

Steve continued, "Besides, what's there to miss about the United States? Even if you don't take this job, plenty of people will still want you dead if you go back. There's an old Chinese saying: When you owe too much, you stop worrying about debt. Just focus on making a life in Aurous Hill. One day, when you die, everything will come to light, and you might even earn a good reputation. Who knows how many families will be grateful to you?"

"Ah..." Matt Finkelstein let out a heavy sigh, then said helplessly, "Alright, I'll listen to Mr. Wade and Mr. Rothschild. I'll try to leave behind a good reputation... after I'm gone."

charlie Wade nodded in satisfaction and instructed the group, "Go back and prepare the cryptocurrency. Once Mr. Finkelstein has set up the fund's framework, you'll receive an encrypted wallet address. Just deposit the funds there. Once the money is in place, I'll call you back here—and then, I'll help you return to normal."

One of them hesitated before nervously asking, "Mr. Wade... when we come back next time... do we still have to pay for the meal?"

charlie Wade replied seriously, “Of course! The dining standards here are extremely high. Do you think you can eat for free?”

At that, everyone’s expressions turned miserable.

Returning here again—at \$10 million per meal, even if it was just three times—could this really be considered a meal?

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Although they were reluctant, they all understood one fundamental truth: whenever they encountered charlie Wade, they had to be prepared to pay a price. After all, losing some money to avoid disaster was still a better outcome.

Everyone agreed, especially Hank, who forced a smile and said, “Mr. Wade is right. Nothing in life comes for free. What we owe must be paid...”

charlie Wade, pleased with his attitude, chuckled and said, “Hank, you’re improving!”

Hank smiled stiffly. “Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Wade...”

charlie Wade knew Hank’s gratitude wasn’t genuine—it was simply pressure forcing his compliance.

Having tormented and squeezed these people enough, charlie Wade decided to ease up slightly. After all, sometimes, offering a carrot after the stick was necessary. So, he turned to Hank and said, “Hank, you seem quite sensible. From now on, you’ll be the class representative of this group. As a reward, I’ll give you some free advice.”

Hank immediately responded, “Mr. Wade, please go ahead.”

charlie Wade said, “When you return to the U.S., get your pancreatic head checked immediately. You don’t have symptoms yet, but the disease has already begun to spread.”

Hank waved dismissively, smiling. “That can’t be right. I had a full-body cancer screening just three months ago. My personal doctor assured me that all my scans and tumor markers were normal.”

charlie Wade smirked. “The pancreatic head is a tricky area, and the disease progresses rapidly. Three months is enough for problems to develop. I had an uncle with pancreatic cancer—he was wealthier than you, but even money couldn’t save him. Just get checked. It won’t hurt.”

Seeing charlie Wade’s serious expression, Hank felt a wave of unease.

He still couldn't fully grasp charlie Wade's abilities, but he knew they were extraordinary. After all, charlie Wade had rendered an entire group impotent with just a few words.

Frightened, he quickly responded with deep respect, "Thank you for the warning, Mr. Wade! I'll get checked as soon as I return!"

charlie Wade nodded. The spiritual energy within him was the purest and most primal life force. Not only could it cure all diseases, but it was also as precise as radar in detecting various ailments. Moreover, his strength had been continuously improving. At this point, he didn't even need to channel his spiritual energy into Hank's body to examine him. The cancerous lesions were as glaringly obvious to him as a dark ink blot on a pristine white sheet of A4 paper.

Ordinarily, he wouldn't care about the fate of these corrupt individuals. However, since Hank had shown an understanding of his position, charlie Wade figured he might as well offer him some goodwill. Keeping them under his influence would prove useful in the future.

So, charlie Wade said, "After your examination, I don't recommend seeking treatment in the United States. The next time you come to China, find me—I can provide a complete cure."

Hank was taken aback. On one hand, he found charlie Wade's words almost unbelievable; on the other, an unshakable sense of panic crept in.

Still, he knew this concerned his own health, and when it came to life and death, it was better to err on the side of caution.

Without hesitation, he stood up, bowed slightly, and said respectfully, "Thank you, Mr. Wade."

Then, somewhat apprehensively, he asked, "Mr. Wade, if you have no other instructions for the next two days, I'd like to return home tonight. Would that be alright?"

charlie Wade nodded. "No problem. Go back, prepare the funds, and return in a few days."

"Understood!" Hank let out a sigh of relief, immediately pulling out his phone to message his assistant, instructing him to get the private jet ready for departure that night.

charlie Wade then stood up and addressed the group. "You may all leave as well. Make your own arrangements, but ensure you return to Jinling within a week."