

## **The Amazing Son In Law / Super Hero Charlie Wade - Charlie Wade Chapter 7336**

He then pointed at Matt Finkelstein and added, “Matt, you’ll be responsible for keeping track of everyone. If anyone fails to return within a week, report it to Steve immediately.”

Matt Finkelstein quickly stood up and assured him, “Mr. Wade, don’t worry. I’ll keep a close watch on them.”

charlie Wade nodded and said to Tawanna, “Ms. Sweet, get some good rest tomorrow and prepare for your next two concerts.”

Tawanna quickly asked, “Mr. Wade, would it be convenient for me to invite you and Mrs. Wade to dinner?”

charlie Wade waved his hand dismissively. “Forget it for now. Focus on resting—we can talk about dinner another time.”

Though slightly disappointed, Tawanna still nodded respectfully. “Understood, Mr. Wade.”

charlie Wade then turned to Steve and said, “Steve, you’ve worked hard handling these troublesome matters.”

Steve immediately responded, “Mr. Wade, you’re too kind. This is my duty! I’ll be staying in Jinling for a long time, so we should definitely keep in touch.”

charlie Wade smiled. “Sounds good, let’s stay in contact.”

Checking the time, he added, “It’s getting late, everyone. I’ll take my leave now—see you next time.”

That night, a private jet departed from Jinling, heading straight for the United States.

Aboard the flight, Hank scheduled an appointment with his private doctor. However, unlike the Rothschilds or the Fei family, he didn’t own a private hospital. Instead, he had to rely on his doctor to secure an appointment at one of the top medical facilities in the U.S.

Although he lacked a personal hospital, money spoke louder than status. By offering nearly 100 times the standard fee, he ensured that the hospital prioritized his case, coordinating all necessary examination resources before his arrival.

By the time his plane landed in New York, it was already late at night local time. But since he had paid millions for the expedited check-up, the hospital’s medical team was on standby, ready to conduct the tests the moment he arrived.

Coincidentally, this was the same hospital where he had undergone a full-body examination just three months earlier.

Like other billionaires, he underwent a physical examination every six months, always opting for the hospital's exclusive super VIP service. On the day of the check-up, entire departments would set aside a dedicated time slot just for him. To ensure maximum convenience, the hospital arranged for him to stay in its most luxurious ward the night before, sparing him the hassle of waking up early and rushing to the hospital.

For someone of his wealth, the routine was simple—arriving the night before, changing into a specially provided hospital gown, and sleeping in a five-star hospital suite. By the time he woke up, doctors and nurses would already be at his bedside, ready to conduct the examinations.

But this time, he had no patience to wait until morning. The moment his plane landed, he rushed straight to the hospital.

His personal doctor, seeing him arrive in such a hurry, was visibly surprised. “Sir, your test results from three months ago were all normal. Why the sudden urgency for another check-up?”

Hank blurted out, “Do a full-body cancer screening again—especially for my pancreas. Someone told me there’s a problem with my pancreatic head.”

The doctor hesitated. “That seems highly unlikely. I specifically checked your pancreas during your last exam, and everything was perfectly fine.”

Hank waved him off impatiently. “Forget what happened three months ago. A lot can change in that time. Hell, do you even know what I’ve been through in the past three days? Even God himself wouldn’t believe it if I told you.”

Then, without wasting another second, he issued a firm order. “Start the tests immediately—don’t waste a single minute!”

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Hank’s private doctor sensed his urgency to return to the United States. The fact that the first thing he did was request a comprehensive physical examination seemed excessive and somewhat paranoid.

However, the doctor refrained from commenting. After all, he was facilitating these medical services for Hank and profiting from both ends—Hank would pay him directly, and the hospital would also provide him with a commission.

With that in mind, he professionally coordinated with the hospital’s medical team and arranged for the examinations to begin immediately.

The first step was a blood test. Since both standard and specialized tumor marker tests were required, the doctor drew four vials of blood from Hank.

Just as the nurse was about to remove the needle, Hank suddenly remembered something and hastily instructed, “Wait! Take more blood. I want a full toxicology screening—check for poisoning, unusual heavy metals, and radioactive elements.”

Though the nurse found the request unusual, she complied without question, drawing three additional vials and adding the necessary tests to the list.

Without delay, the blood samples were sent to the lab for expedited processing.

Ordinarily, test results could take anywhere from half an hour to several days, depending on the hospital’s workload. But in this case, with all resources dedicated solely to Hank, the results would be available before dawn.

After the blood draw, Hank provided a urine sample, after which the nurse placed him on a mobile examination bed, moving him between various departments for further tests.

For Hank, there was little to do but lie still and let the medical team handle everything.

The first stop was the ultrasound room, where he underwent a full-body scan.

However, the results showed no abnormalities in any of his organs, including the pancreas and pancreatic head.

The doctor conducting the ultrasound examination smiled and said, “Sir, based on my 30-plus years of experience, your internal organs and lymphatic system appear perfectly normal. Your pancreas, in particular, is very healthy.”

Hank asked, “So, there are no signs of pancreatic cancer?”

The doctor nodded and replied, “From the ultrasound results, there are no abnormalities—no swelling or any unusual lesions. Overall, everything looks healthy.”

He then added a reminder: “However, ultrasound has its limitations. I recommend that you undergo a chest CT scan to check for any abnormalities in your lungs. The ribs often obstruct the view, making it difficult to get an accurate reading with ultrasound or X-rays.”

Hank’s private doctor chimed in, “Mr. Hank, if you’re still concerned, we can do an enhanced CT scan. However, this requires the injection of a contrast agent, which comes with some level of radiation exposure and potential side effects.”

Hank felt relieved by the doctor’s earlier reassurance. If the ultrasound showed no issues, he figured Charlie Wade had probably just been messing with him.

Thinking about it logically, how could the human eye be more precise than a Doppler ultrasound?

He couldn't help but laugh at himself internally: Damn, I was really overthinking it. Human eyes can't even see through a bra—how could they detect lesions inside the body? Mr. Wade just said something, and I foolishly believed it... I was scared for nothing the whole way here.

Remembering that an enhanced CT scan required a contrast injection, Hank recalled his previous full-body scan experience. The IV needle had to stay in his wrist for a while, which was quite painful, and the injected contrast agent had made him feel uncomfortable.

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“Forget it, forget it,” he quickly said. “No enhanced CT scans—just a regular CT scan will do.”

At that moment, the ultrasound doctor suggested, “Sir, since you're getting a CT scan, why not opt for a full-body scan? That way, we can systematically check all areas for any potential issues. With the contrast agent, even the smallest lesions will light up like fluorescent markers, making them easy to detect.”

Hank waved his hand dismissively. “No, no. I already had a full-body scan during my physical exam three months ago. It showed nothing serious, just a minor hemorrhoid. But I've heard that the radiation exposure is quite high, and it's only recommended once a year. I've already had two scans this year—I can't do another one.”

After that, Hank turned to his private doctor and said, “Arrange a standard CT scan. Once it's done, book a ward for me to rest in while I wait for the blood test results. I'll be leaving early tomorrow morning.”

The private doctor nodded. “Understood. I'll take care of it right away.”

Feeling relieved, Hank underwent a routine CT scan, accompanied by the doctor. The scan results showed no abnormalities, further reinforcing his belief that he had been unnecessarily worried.

He then moved into the hospital's most luxurious private suite.

Lying on the bed, he vented his frustration to the group chat of more than ten people: “Damn it! Ye made it sound so mysterious and had me completely fooled. But after all these tests, nothing is wrong! I think that guy is a fraud—he's just messing with me!”

Someone in the group asked, “That's strange... then how did we all end up impotent?”

Hank replied, “I still believe we were poisoned.”

He quickly added, “By the way, I had my blood tested for toxins, heavy metals, and radioactive substances. The results should be ready by tomorrow morning.”

Another person asked, “If they find out what kind of poison we were given and an antidote is available, do we still have to pay Ye?”

Hank sighed in frustration. “Yes, we’ll have no choice. If it turns out we were poisoned, we need to reassess the whole situation. Ye might not have any real abilities—he could just be working with Steve Rothschild in a setup.”

Angelo suddenly exclaimed, “Wait, are you saying this was all Steve’s doing? That he’s scamming us for money?”

Hank responded, “I’m not ruling it out. Think about it—\$1 billion per person adds up to more than \$10 billion. That’s a huge amount!”

“That actually makes sense!” Angelo agreed immediately. “Now that I think about it, the more it adds up. Do you think Steve and Tavana are having an affair? Maybe while he’s with her, he’s also protecting her and using this as revenge against us?”

“Damn it...” Hank gritted his teeth and said, “Angelo, your analysis actually makes a lot of sense! Something just feels off. Why would Steve Rothschild, the second-in-command of the Rothschild family, show so much respect to a Chinese man? It doesn’t add up. But now that you’ve put it this way, everything starts to make sense! Maybe they’ve been putting on an act just to deceive us!”

Angelo was furious. “That bastard! He went through all this trouble just to screw us over—just so he could throw money around to impress a woman? I swear, I’ll expose this whole thing in secret and ruin his reputation with Tavana!”

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Hank quickly cautioned, “Don’t act impulsively. We’re powerless against Steve right now. We’ve finally managed to settle this issue temporarily. If we make a mistake at this point, we could end up paying a much higher price.”

Angelo asked, “Hank, what do you think we should do?”

After thinking for a moment, Hank replied, “I suggest we wait and not rush into anything. Let’s see my test results first to determine whether there’s any poisoning in my system. If it turns out to be poisoning, we need to assess whether medical treatment in the U.S. can neutralize it. If it can, then we won’t be at their mercy. But if it can’t, we’ll expose each other! They can reveal what we’ve been doing on the island, and we’ll expose Steve’s ties to Tawanna and his attempts at blackmail!”

Angelo nodded. “Alright, I understand. If you get any updates, make sure to inform us immediately!”

Hank continued, “The nurse told me my test results will start coming in gradually, beginning with a routine blood test in about 20 minutes. The full results should be ready by morning. I won’t be sleeping tonight—I’ll stay up and update everyone in the group as soon as I get them.”

The group immediately agreed. “Then we won’t sleep either. We’ll wait with you!”

Feeling encouraged, Hank grinned and said, “Hahaha! As expected from comrades who’ve shared experiences together—I’m truly moved by your loyalty! Let’s hope we all make it through this crisis safely and reunite on the island when the time is right!”

Someone chuckled and said, “Oh? But which island will we be meeting on when that time comes?”

Hank responded confidently, “Don’t worry about that. I’ll build my own island! The ones we’ve used before weren’t up to standard—none had private airports. If we survive this and manage to save more than \$10 billion, we only need to chip in \$100 million each. That’s enough to buy a luxurious island and build a runway so we can fly there directly!”

“Fantastic, fantastic!” Angelo said excitedly. “We always have to rely on planes, cars, and yachts—it’s such a hassle. If we can build a runway right on the island, that would be perfect!”

As he spoke, a sudden wave of excitement hit him, and he grinned. “Everyone, I just came up with a fantastic idea! It all depends on whether you’re interested!”

Everyone eagerly urged him, “Tell us! What’s the idea?”

Angelo smirked. “You’ve all seen the Korean series Squid Game, right? If we get through this safely, why not go all out and build an island? We can create a full-scale, real-life version of Squid Game!”

Several people immediately lit up with excitement. “That’s a f\*cking genius idea! I’m all in!”

Hank, however, hesitated. “Hmm... Brothers, I have to be honest. I may be a pervert, but I’m not really into that kind of thing. Hundreds of people dying at a time? It’s fine for TV, but if it happens in real life, dealing with all the corpses and missing persons would be a nightmare!”

Angelo chuckled and said, “Alright, let’s tweak it. We don’t need to follow their bloody concept. Instead of their games, we can play the ones we actually enjoy! Just imagine—we gather hundreds of young women from around the world who are strapped for cash and have them compete in games for our entertainment. That would be thrilling!”

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“Oh my god!” Hank’s eyes lit up. “The thought alone is exhilarating!”

Then, he reached down, sighed in frustration, and muttered, “Talking about something this exciting, yet no reaction. I really hate Ye and Steve Rothschild!”

Angelo clenched his teeth. “Who doesn’t? But like you said, let’s not act impulsively. We’ll wait for your test results. If we make it through, we’ll turn this idea into reality!”

“Deal!” Hank grinned. “I’ll update everyone in the group soon. God will bless us!”

Someone in the group quickly responded, “Hank, maybe don’t pray for God’s blessing for something like this—it doesn’t seem right!”

“What’s there to worry about?” Angelo laughed. “Priests bless people every day, and only a handful ever get locked up. What does that tell you? Those who know, know. Hahaha!”

“Haha!”

The group erupted in laughter for a while.

Twenty minutes later.

The private doctor entered with a report and said to Hank, “Sir, your routine blood test results are in, and all parameters are normal. In fact, your blood sugar and lipid levels are even better controlled than last time! Based on preliminary observations, your overall health appears to be in better condition than during your last check-up.”

Hank smiled. “I’ve had little appetite lately and have been in a semi-fasting state every day. Naturally, my blood sugar and lipid levels would drop.”

The private doctor chuckled. “It seems the recent rumors have been weighing on you, but don’t worry. After today, you won’t need to concern yourself with them anymore.”

Hank nodded. “Let’s hope for the best.”

An hour later, the results for heart-related blood markers arrived, and the doctor reported once again that everything was normal and in excellent condition.

Hank was overjoyed and immediately shared the good news with the group.

True to their word, his distressed brothers had stayed awake, refusing to sleep or rest. They remained in the group chat, waiting anxiously for each of his test results.

In the second half of the night, the toxin screening results finally came in.

With a pleased expression, the private doctor announced, “Sir, the tests show no traces of toxins in your body. You’re in perfect health.”

Surprisingly, Hank didn’t look relieved. Instead, he frowned slightly and asked in disappointment, “Are you sure there’s really no poison?”

At this moment, he almost wished the tests had revealed some kind of toxin. Identifying a clear cause would make solving the issue much easier.

But without a diagnosis, things would become far more complicated.

If he couldn’t identify the problem, there would be no way to begin treatment.

The doctor was puzzled by Hank’s disappointment upon hearing the results. Patiently, he explained, “The toxins commonly known to humans and frequently encountered have rapid detection mechanisms. If none were found, it doesn’t necessarily mean you haven’t been poisoned. It simply means that if you were, it’s by a toxin that current medical science has yet to identify.”

“Well, isn’t that a problem?” Hank frowned. “If I’ve been poisoned by something medicine hasn’t discovered, then there’s no way to detoxify it, right?”

The doctor nodded. “In principle, that’s correct. However, there’s also the possibility that your body was exposed to an unknown toxin, but your immune and metabolic systems were able to naturally break it down and eliminate it—meaning you were unknowingly poisoned and unknowingly cured.”

Hank sighed. “That’s definitely not the case with me. If I was poisoned, the toxin is still in my system. I’ll know when it’s gone.”

He wasn’t ready to tell the doctor that he had inexplicably become impotent.

For now, he wanted to wait for the full test results to see if the cause could be identified.

If the tests provided an answer, treatment could be straightforward. If not, he would have to rely on the doctor to figure it out.