

The Amazing Son In Law / Super Hero Charlie Wade - Charlie Wade Chapter 7341

Soon, additional test results arrived at the ward.

Strangely, all tests for toxins, heavy metals, and radioactive substances came back with the same result: Not detected.

A normal person would have been relieved.

But the relaxed expression Hank had at the beginning was gone.

Noticing this, the private doctor looked at him with confusion and asked respectfully, “Sir, with so many good results in a row, why do you look more and more serious?”

Hank was frustrated.

He couldn’t admit that he had been hoping for an abnormal result—something to explain his sudden impotence.

Instead, he said, “I once heard a saying from the Chinese. It suggests that people who frequently experience minor ailments tend to live longer, while those who never get sick are more likely to develop a severe illness suddenly and die quickly. Do you think there’s any truth to that?”

The private doctor hesitated for a moment before smiling. “I wouldn’t say it’s entirely true—it’s more of a survivor bias. I believe people with frequent minor ailments don’t necessarily live longer because of them, but rather because they visit hospitals and doctors more often. This increases the chances of detecting major health issues early.”

He continued, “On the other hand, those who are consistently healthy may become complacent, assuming nothing will ever go wrong. If cancer cells are developing in their body, they might not notice until it’s too late—when the disease has reached an advanced stage.”

“Yeah!” Hank nodded, giving a thumbs-up. “That makes sense! People should trust science!”

But then, a thought crept into his mind.

“No, wait... Trust science? I have impotence, and science can’t find the cause. This clearly falls outside the realm of science.”

Dismissing the doctor’s reasoning, he muttered to himself, “Whatever the case, I still hope they find something.”

The private doctor was taken aback, thinking to himself, What's wrong with this guy? Hank had always been extremely cautious about his health. If anything abnormal appeared, he was usually the first to panic and insist on the best treatment available.

So why was he hoping for a problem today?

He couldn't understand it.

Just then, his phone buzzed with a message from the attending doctor, asking him to come to the office immediately.

The private doctor quickly stood up and said, "Sir, the doctor needs to see me for something. I'll be right back."

Hank nodded, and the private doctor left for the office.

Once he was gone, Hank messaged the group chat: Brothers, all my test results so far are normal. This is both good and bad news. The good news is that my pancreas seems fine—so don't worry, I won't be getting the 'king of cancers.' The bad news is, if nothing abnormal turns up, then our impotence issue might not have a medical explanation.

Everyone in the group fell into a gloomy silence.

Meanwhile, the private doctor arrived at the attending doctor's office.

He pushed open the door and asked urgently, "Dr. Johnson, what's the matter? Why did you call me over so urgently?"

Dr. Johnson nodded, his expression grave. "George, I compared Mr. Hank's current test results with those from three months ago. One indicator shows a concerning abnormality."

"That's great!" the private doctor blurted out. "You have no idea—Mr. Hank has been waiting all night for something to be wrong!"

Dr. Johnson stared in shock. "Waiting for an abnormality? What do you mean? Is Mr. Hank actually hoping for something to be wrong?"

The private doctor chuckled. "Exactly. He wants some sort of issue to show up. The fact that everything keeps coming back normal is making him even more anxious."

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Dr. Johnson sighed and adjusted his glasses. "Well... I doubt he was hoping for an abnormality in his CA19-9 levels."

The private doctor, who had just been smiling, suddenly froze.

After a moment of shock, he blurted out, “What did you just say about an abnormal CA19-9 index? Are you kidding me?”

As Hank’s personal doctor, he was well-versed in various critical health markers. CA19-9 is a carbohydrate antigen, commonly known as a tumor marker. There are many types of tumor markers, each often linked to cancer in different parts of the body.

In most cases, if a person is cancer-free, all tumor markers should remain within the normal range.

However, once a tumor marker becomes abnormal, there is a high probability that cancer is present.

Of course, an abnormal marker doesn’t guarantee a cancer diagnosis with 100% certainty, but the likelihood is significant.

CA19-9, in particular, is closely associated with digestive system cancers, such as pancreatic and gastric cancer, and is highly sensitive.

If this marker is abnormal, there’s a strong chance of a digestive system malignancy.

His voice turned urgent. “What is Mr. Hank’s CA19-9 level this time?”

Dr. Johnson hesitated before answering, “628...”

“What the hell did you just say?!”

The private doctor felt a wave of dizziness. The normal limit for CA19-9 is 37. Anything above that suggests a problem. The higher the number, the greater the risk.

Hank’s CA19-9 had skyrocketed to 628. Based on his experience, this was almost certainly pancreatic cancer.

He quickly asked, “What was Mr. Hank’s CA19-9 level three months ago?”

Dr. Johnson replied, “Three months ago, it was 12...”

Cold sweat formed on the private doctor’s forehead. “In just three months, it’s increased dozens of times... That’s way too fast.”

Dr. Johnson nodded. “It’s extremely fast, but not unheard of for pancreatic cancer. Some cases progress so rapidly that patients don’t survive more than a few months. Compared to the most aggressive cases, Mr. Hank’s progression is still above average, but not the worst.”

“f*ck...” The private doctor asked anxiously, “Should we do a full-body scan to determine the size of the lesion and check if it has spread?”

Dr. Johnson nodded. “Yes. Who’s going to tell Mr. Hank—you or me? We need to explain the situation clearly. Once we have his consent, we’ll arrange for a nurse to administer the contrast agent and proceed with the scan immediately.”

“I’ll tell him...” the private doctor muttered. “If you do it, I’m afraid he won’t be able to handle the shock.”

With that, he hurried back to Hank’s ward.

At that moment, Hank was lying on the bed, casually chatting nonsense in the group chat with his friends.

Seeing the private doctor return, he grinned and asked, “So? What’s the situation?”

The private doctor hesitated, unsure of how to break the news. After an awkward cough, he finally said, “Mr. Hank... well... one of your indicators came back abnormal...”

“Oh?” Hank’s face lit up with excitement. He immediately sat up and said with a grin, “Which one? Tell me quickly—I need some good news!”

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The private doctor was deeply embarrassed. He couldn’t understand what was going through Hank’s mind—why was he always hoping for something to be wrong with his body?

Recalling Hank’s earlier remarks about Chinese beliefs, the doctor suddenly felt a bit ashamed. He said apologetically, “Mr. Hank, I owe you an apology. I was too quick to dismiss the Chinese perspective. Now, I realize there might be some truth to it. Some phenomena simply can’t be explained by science—perhaps this is what they call metaphysics.”

Hank nodded in agreement. “The world is inherently complex. Each of us perceives only a fraction of it. As for what remains unseen, we are still largely ignorant.”

Waving his hand dismissively, he changed the subject. “Let’s not dwell on that—let’s talk business. What’s wrong with me?”

The private doctor hesitated before saying, “Your CA19-9 levels are elevated.”

Hank’s eyes lit up with anticipation. “What does CA19-9 indicate? Does it have anything to do with sexual function? Lately, I haven’t been at my best in that regard. Could this abnormality be related?”

“Sexual function?” The private doctor was taken aback. He quickly clarified, “Mr. Hank, this marker has nothing to do with sexual performance. It’s closely linked to digestive system cancers.”

“Shit!” Hank was stunned. He blurted out, “Are you saying my cancer markers for the digestive system are abnormal?”

“Yes.” Gathering his courage, the doctor continued, “Not just abnormal—extremely abnormal.”

Hank’s hands trembled as anxiety overtook him. “What do you mean? Explain it to me clearly!”

The doctor elaborated, “It means there’s a very high probability that you have digestive system cancer, most likely pancreatic cancer. Your marker levels have skyrocketed over the past three months—from 12 to 628...”

Then, looking puzzled, he asked, “Mr. Hank, who told you that you might have pancreatic cancer? This person is remarkable—how did they come to that conclusion?”

“Oh my god!” Hank’s face turned pale with fear. He anxiously asked, “What do you mean? Do I really have pancreatic cancer?”

The private doctor replied, “We can’t be 100% certain yet. I just spoke with the attending physician, and he recommends a full-body scan as soon as possible to check for any visible cancerous lesions. If we find anything, we’ll also need to assess whether the cancer has infiltrated nearby lymph nodes or surrounding tissues. If you have no objections, we’ll have the nurse administer a contrast agent and proceed with further examinations immediately.”

Panicked, Hank blurted out, “Damn it! I was expecting to find some minor issue, not a life-threatening one! Why are you wasting time with all these explanations? Hurry up and get the tests started—now!”

The private doctor quickly responded, “Understood, Mr. Hank. Please wait while I make the necessary arrangements. Also, try not to panic. We have top cancer specialists here. If surgery is deemed feasible today, we can proceed immediately.”

Hank snapped, “Enough talking—just get it done!”

The private doctor rushed out in a hurry. For him, Hank’s health directly impacted his own financial future.

If Hank remained in good health, the doctor would continue receiving his salary, along with commission payments from the hospital for each of Hank’s examinations.

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But if Hank developed a serious condition, his role as a personal health consultant would become obsolete. Hank would be admitted to a specialist hospital, where a team of experts would take over, leaving him with nothing to do.

Just moments ago, Hank had been calm and composed, but now his mindset had completely crumbled. Trembling, he picked up his phone and hesitantly typed in the group chat: “B-Brothers... something seems to be wrong...”

Angelo was the first to respond with a teasing remark: “Hey, congratulations, Hank! You’ve been waiting all night for an abnormality, and now you’ve finally got one. What is it?”

Hank, too anxious to read into Angelo’s tone, exploded in anger: “Angelo, you bastard! Are you cursing me to die early?”

Angelo felt wronged. “Hank, didn’t you say in the group that you were hoping to find some abnormalities? Why are you yelling at me now?”

Hank roared in frustration, “I was expecting minor abnormalities—not pancreatic cancer! My CA19-9 levels have skyrocketed dozens of times! The doctor says there’s a high probability that I have pancreatic cancer!”

His words sent shockwaves through the group chat.

All night, everyone had been mocking charlie Wade, convinced he was just acting mysterious. No one believed that Hank, who seemed perfectly healthy, could actually have pancreatic cancer.

Even if he did, how could charlie Wade possibly know? There was no basis for it!

But now, hearing Hank’s frantic outburst, their perception of the situation shifted dramatically.

Panicking, Angelo muttered, “This means... charlie Wade was right all along. Doesn’t that also mean that, aside from him, no one else in the world can cure our impotence?”

Another person chimed in, “Damn... It looks like we really can’t escape charlie Wade’s grasp. If we want to fix our problem, he’s our only hope...”

Hank snapped, “Yang, screw your damn impotence! I don’t even know how many days I have left to live, and that’s what you’re worried about?!”

Angelo quickly interjected, “Hank, if you’re really diagnosed with pancreatic cancer, you should go back to charlie Wade. Didn’t he say he could cure you?”

Hank suddenly realized, “You’re right! If charlie Wade was right about my condition, then he wasn’t lying when he said he could treat it! Once my full-body scan confirms the diagnosis, I’ll go back to him immediately!”

Angelo sighed. “I have a feeling we’ll never be able to escape Mr. Wade’s grasp...”

Someone else added, “Honestly, why does that actually make me feel safer? The man could tell Hank had a life-threatening disease before any doctor even noticed. If he hadn’t warned him, Hank might have delayed treatment and died in no time. If we stay on his good side and follow him loyally, he might actually help us if we ever fall seriously ill, right?”

Angelo nodded. “That makes sense, but it all depends on whether Charlie Wade can actually cure Hank. If he does... then there’s nothing more to say—I’ll gladly be Mr. Wade’s loyal dog for life!”

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Hank’s soaring CA199 index finally made more than a dozen people in the group realize that Charlie Wade possessed an invisible ability—one that could determine life and death.

At this moment, fear had already gripped Hank. He was immediately injected with a contrast agent and rushed into the hospital’s full-body CT scan room.

The massive machine roared to life, circling him as it vibrated intensely, its alarms blaring. Each sound only amplified his inner panic.

In the past, this advanced medical equipment symbolized the power of technology and wealth, offering him a sense of security.

But now, that same equipment filled him with overwhelming dread.

The scan, requiring two full-body rotations, was lengthy—making the experience even more excruciating for him.

Just when he felt he could barely endure it any longer, the machine finally powered down, and he was moved out of the scanning ring.

The lead-lined door shielding against radiation slowly opened. His private doctor and several nurses quickly transferred him onto a mobile bed and wheeled him back to his ward.

On the way, Hank couldn’t hold back his anxiety. “What were the results?” he asked.

The private doctor reassured him, “Mr. Hank, don’t worry. A full-body scan generates an immense amount of data. The computer needs time to merge and analyze it. Please return to your ward and wait. I’ve already spoken with your attending physician, Dr. Johnson. He’ll inform you personally once the results are ready, so there won’t be any delays.”

“Alright...” Hank nodded slightly, though his unease only deepened.

Back in his ward, he lay in bed, waiting in despair for half an hour. Finally, the attending doctor entered and walked straight to his bedside, his expression grave.

“Mr. Hank,” he said solemnly, “we analyzed your preliminary scan results and found significant abnormalities in your pancreas under the contrast agent. After consulting multiple experts, we’ve reached a consensus—it appears to be pancreatic cancer.”

Hank asked urgently, “Can it be confirmed from the scan?”

Johnson nodded. “The scan, combined with the abnormal CA199 index, strongly indicates pancreatic cancer. However, final confirmation requires pathological results—pathology is the ultimate standard.”

Hank pressed further, “What should I do next? How advanced is my pancreatic cancer?”

Johnson replied, “Based on our preliminary assessment, it appears to be in the early stage. Your last examination was normal, and the scan shows no signs of lymph node involvement or distant metastasis.”

“That’s a relief!” Hank exhaled, feeling momentarily reassured.

He knew that early-stage cancer had a significantly higher cure rate.

However, Johnson remained serious. “Mr. Hank, pancreatic cancer has a notoriously poor prognosis. Even when caught early, the five-year survival rate after a pancreatectomy is the lowest among all cancers.”

Hank grew nervous. “The lowest? Not even second-worst?”

Johnson shook his head. “No, it is the worst.”

Hank hesitated before asking, “Will surgery be effective?”