

## **The Amazing Son In Law / Super Hero Charlie Wade - Charlie Wade Chapter 7346**

Johnson sighed. “The outlook isn’t promising. The cancer is progressing too quickly—your CA199 index doubled in just three months, indicating aggressive tumor growth. The faster it grows, the worse the prognosis.”

Cold sweat formed on Hank’s forehead. He wiped it away and asked, “What’s the treatment plan?”

Johnson replied, “I came here to discuss the surgery with you. Our current plan is to proceed with the operation as soon as possible and remove the pancreas immediately.”

Hank swallowed hard. “If my pancreas is removed, how long can I live? Five years?”

Johnson shook his head. “That’s uncertain. Pancreatic cancer is one of the hardest to predict. It spreads rapidly and has a high mortality rate. Even after removal, it can unexpectedly reappear in a nearby organ. Ultimately, survival depends on luck. But one thing is certain—no matter how early it’s detected, the five-year survival rate is below 10%, and the ten-year survival rate is virtually zero.”

At this point, Johnson added, “Let me put it this way—if thyroid cancer is like the Italian army in World War II, then pancreatic cancer is like the German army.”

Hank scoffed, “But Hitler was defeated in the end, wasn’t he?”

Johnson continued, “In this analogy, your body is Poland.”

“f\*ck!” Hank cursed. “If Japan could take China, Hitler sure as hell could take Poland!”

“Exactly,” Johnson said. “It just doesn’t happen instantly. The speed at which Hitler invaded Poland is like the speed at which pancreatic cancer spreads. Pancreatic cancer is the Nazi of cancers—the Hitler of cancers.”

Hank muttered, “So even if you remove it immediately, surviving five years is unlikely...”

Johnson tried to reassure him. “Now isn’t the time to dwell on that. The priority is surgery—removing the tumor as soon as possible. The sooner, the better! We should begin preoperative tests and preparations now and aim for surgery within 48 hours.”

“Forty-eight hours?” Hank frowned. “Why wait that long?”

Johnson explained, “Several tests need to be completed before surgery. The most basic is checking coagulation levels, along with screening for infectious diseases. Plus, before we

proceed, the surgical team needs to hold a consultation to finalize the procedure. Everything must be confirmed before we operate.”

Hank was silent for a moment before saying, “Alright, tell me what tests I need. If blood needs to be drawn, do it now. The scan is done—let the doctors start working on the surgical plan. I have something urgent to do in China. I’ll be back within 48 hours.”

Johnson, assuming Hank was still prioritizing work, quickly objected. “Mr. Hank, in your condition, you shouldn’t be working. You need rest—you should stay in the hospital!”

“No!” Hank blurted. “I have to go to China. If everything goes well, I’ll return in 48 hours. Don’t schedule the surgery yet—just run another check. Who knows? Maybe I’ll recover.”

“How is that possible...” Johnson said bluntly. “China’s overall medical standards aren’t as advanced as ours. Their doctors have extensive clinical experience—while our surgeons perform dozens of these operations a year, theirs handle hundreds. However, when it comes to fundamental research and new drug development, we are far ahead. No country in the world can match us in that regard.”

Hank waved his hand dismissively. “Let’s not debate this now. According to you, the U.S. has the best medical care in the world, yet I only have a 10% chance of surviving five years. Five years will fly by in an instant. You expect me to accept that? I refuse! I have to recover—fully recover!”

Johnson quickly interjected, “Mr. Hank, a complete recovery is impossible! If pancreatic cancer isn’t treated swiftly and effectively, the survival period is typically no more than six months!”

Hank snapped, “I never said I wouldn’t get treatment! You need 48 hours to prepare, right? Then I’ll go to China during that time. No matter what, I’ll be back within 48 hours!”

## **Super Hero Charlie Wade - Charlie Wade Chapter 7347**

Hank had never feared death before. He believed that as long as he lived well and fully, he could face the end with composure.

By his own reasoning, with his immense wealth and meticulous attention to his health, any medical issue would be addressed immediately. Under such circumstances, living past 80 seemed entirely feasible. As long as he reached that milestone, he would be content.

But he never imagined that, despite his careful efforts, he would fall prey to a formidable enemy—pancreatic cancer.

Now, his only thought was to see Charlie Wade as soon as possible and have him cure the disease, no matter what it took.

Without hesitation, he contacted his crew, instructing them to refuel the private jet and complete preflight checks.

He left the hospital immediately and drove straight to the airport.

Hank had never been this busy in his life. Just two days ago, he had flown to China, only to return overnight. After landing, he spent several hours undergoing medical tests, and now he had to fly back once more.

He calculated the time carefully. It was early morning in China, meaning he would arrive by evening. That would be perfect for arranging a dinner meeting with Charlie Wade—naturally, at Tianxiang Mansion.

On his way to the airport, he felt an urge to call Matt Finkelstein, hoping Matt could connect him with Steve and put in a good word on his behalf.

However, realizing it was still early morning in China, he hesitated. Calling Matt wouldn't be an issue, but Steve was likely still asleep. Disturbing him now might only provoke his irritation.

So, he decided to board the plane first and wait until they had been in the air for three or four hours. By then, it would be morning in Aurous Hill, and he could use the satellite phone to call Matt.

Just over an hour later, his private jet took off from New York's Kennedy Airport, ascending into the golden hues of dawn.

Fortunately, Hank was wealthy enough to have a private jet that could fly directly to Aurous Hill. Otherwise, the journey would take over 16 hours, factoring in layovers and refueling.

He hadn't slept all night, and though it was already early morning, he still didn't feel drowsy. In his situation, who could? Yet, despite his inability to sleep, his body was utterly exhausted—his eyelids growing heavier with every passing moment.

He tried closing his eyes to rest, but the moment he did, he imagined cancer cells spreading relentlessly inside him. The thought filled him with despair and helplessness.

Once the plane settled into its cruising altitude over the ocean, he couldn't resist picking up the phone and calling Matt Finkelstein.

At that moment, Matt was enjoying breakfast in his hotel room, lying back in comfort. Living in China had given him an unprecedented sense of security.

Not long ago, when public outrage against him was at its peak, he had been unable to sleep at all, constantly fearing assassination.

He had even avoided sleeping while aboard his private jet, despite being thousands of feet in the air.

Lately, several private planes in the U.S. had suffered strange accidents, colliding with various objects mid-flight. He had been terrified that his own aircraft might suffer the same fate, leaving him dead with no trace.

In such a scenario, it would perfectly fulfill an old Chinese saying—not even a body left to bury.

But ever since he arrived in China with Steve, he had been sleeping soundly. Every night, the moment his head hit the pillow, he drifted off effortlessly, only waking at dawn.

His sleep quality had never been better.

## **Super Hero Charlie Wade - Charlie Wade Chapter 7348**

Feeling refreshed as he ate breakfast, he was in an excellent mood. He planned to take things easy today, maybe get some exercise in the hotel gym and swim a little. With no immediate safety concerns, he felt confident that after adjusting to the hotel's environment, he could even explore the streets of Aurous Hill on his own.

At that moment, his phone suddenly rang. The number on the screen was unfamiliar.

When he answered, he heard Hank's voice: "Matt, please pass a message to Mr. Steve for me. I want to invite Mr. Wade to dinner tonight!"

In the past, I was nothing more than a facilitator, arranging all kinds of indulgences for Hank—like a modern-day madam.

Back then, Hank never saw me as a friend. To him, I was just a tool, a lapdog at his beck and call.

But things have changed. I no longer cater to Hank's whims. Now, I serve Mr. Steve. And who the hell does Hank think he is?

So, I responded lazily, "Hank, do you think you can summon Mr. Wade whenever you please? Steve is the second-in-command of the Rothschild family. You think you can just send a message through him like that? You're overestimating yourself."

Hank snapped, "Matt Finkelstein, how dare you speak to me that way? Don't forget—you're just a dog we bought with money!"

Matt chuckled disdainfully. “That’s where you’re wrong, Hank. I’m not your dog anymore. I belong to Mr. Rothschild now—and even more so, to Mr. Wade. Do you really think I’m afraid of you?”

Hank hadn’t expected such defiance. His anger flared instantly.

But just as he was about to unleash a tirade, he hesitated.

Matt’s grandson had been reborn—Hank had lost his leverage.

In contrast, if he wanted to reach Charlie Wade through Steve, he had no choice but to rely on Matt.

After a brief silence, he forced a smile and said, “Matt, we’re all friends here. No need to be so distant. You have nothing to fear from me—in fact, I need your help.”

Matt smirked, feeling much more satisfied now that Hank had backed down.

He knew full well that if Hank truly needed to meet Charlie Wade, there was nothing he could do to stop it.

So, Matt immediately stopped and asked, “Didn’t you just return to the U.S. yesterday? Why are you inviting Mr. Wade to dinner tonight? Weren’t you supposed to have left?”

“I did leave,” Hank sighed. “But I’m already on my way back. I’m on the plane now—I need to see Mr. Wade about something urgent.”

Matt Finkelstein was taken aback. “Shit, could Mr. Wade have been right? Do you really have pancreatic cancer?”

Hank replied gloomily, “Don’t even mention it. Mr. Wade is truly incredible. He said I’d become impotent, and I did. He said I had pancreatic cancer, and sure enough, I do. The doctors say my chances of surviving more than five years are less than 10%. I’ve changed my mind—I’ve decided to follow Mr. Wade unconditionally!”

Matt exclaimed, “I once heard Mr. Rothschild and Mr. Hong from Tianxiang Mansion discussing Mr. Wade. Mr. Hong said he has a nickname—the real dragon on earth. Seems his reputation is well-deserved...”

Hank pleaded, “Matt, for the sake of our friendship, please put in a good word for me with Mr. Rothschild. This is my satellite phone—contact me anytime if there’s any update.”

When Steve learned from Matt Finkelstein that Hank had indeed been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer during his trip to the United States, he was both surprised and unsurprised at the same time—it was almost as if he had expected it.

It wasn't unusual for Charlie Wade to make such an accurate statement, but it would have been truly odd if he had been wrong.

Steve then told Matt Finkelstein, "Tell him to go straight to Heaven Springs after landing. I'll coordinate with Mr. Wade. If Mr. Wade decides not to go, I'll meet him first."

Matt Finkelstein immediately asked respectfully, "Mr. Rothschild, will he be charged for tonight's dinner? If so, I'll inform him in advance."

From Matt's perspective, Charlie Wade had previously charged \$10 million per person per meal, so it was only natural to assume he wouldn't miss the opportunity to do the same again.

Steve chuckled and said, "Of course, he has to pay. Who does he think he is? He's certainly not worthy of Mr. Wade treating him to dinner."

Matt Finkelstein smiled and said, "Understood. Don't worry, I'll notify him right away."

After ending the call, Steve immediately contacted Charlie Wade and reported the situation in full.

Upon hearing that Hank had returned, Charlie Wade smirked and said, "That old man is quite persistent. Alright, when he arrives at Heaven Springs, let me know—I'll go see him."

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After more than ten hours in the air, Hank's private jet finally landed at Jinling Airport a little past seven in the evening.

Wasting no time, he headed straight for Heaven Springs.

Upon arrival, he found Don Albert sitting on the first floor. Hurrying forward, he respectfully said, "Mr. Albert, please arrange for the same diamond box we used the day before yesterday. I'd like to host Mr. Wade and Mr. Rothschild for dinner tonight."

Don Albert shook his head and said, "Reservations for the diamond box must be made in advance. It's already booked for tonight."

As he spoke, he asked in confusion, "You're inviting Mr. Wade to dinner, yet I haven't received any instructions from him. Why is that?"

Hank explained, "Mr. Rothschild told me to check in with you first when I landed. He's the one handling communication with Mr. Wade."

Don Albert replied, "The diamond box is usually reserved for Mr. Wade, but tonight, Miss Tawana Sweet and her team are dining here, and Mr. Wade specifically asked me to allocate the diamond box to her."

Hank hesitated for a moment before asking, “Is there only one diamond box?”

At this point, he was already in awe of Charlie Wade. He believed that someone of Charlie Wade’s status had to dine in the best private room. If that wasn’t available, Charlie Wade might think he was being disrespected, and Hank wouldn’t be able to justify it.

Don Albert responded casually, “There’s only one diamond box, but you can use the gold box for now. I’ll check with Mr. Wade.”

“Alright, alright!” Hank nodded quickly. “Thank you for reaching out to Mr. Wade.”

Don Albert then called Charlie Wade. When the call connected, he respectfully said, “Master Wade, the American, Hank, is here again. He wants to invite you to dinner in the diamond box, but Miss Sweet is using it tonight. How would you like to handle this?”

Charlie Wade chuckled and said, “I’ve already eaten at home. Just arrange another private room for him and have him wait for me there. But remember, charge him the usual meal fee—not a penny less.”

Don Albert immediately responded, “Understood, Master Wade. I’ll take care of it.”

After hanging up, he turned to Hank and said, “Mr. Wade said you should wait for him in the gold box. He’ll be there shortly.”

“Wonderful!” Hank was thrilled. He quickly shook hands with Don Albert and said gratefully, “Thank you so much, Mr. Albert!”

## **Super Hero Charlie Wade - Charlie Wade Chapter 7349**

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After hanging up, he turned to Hank and said, “Mr. Wade said you should wait for him in the gold box. He’ll be there shortly.”

“Wonderful!” Hank was thrilled. He quickly shook hands with Don Albert and said gratefully, “Thank you so much, Mr. Albert!”

## **Super Hero Charlie Wade - Charlie Wade Chapter 7350**

Don Albert nodded, watching Hank’s excitement, then led him to the gold box before turning to leave.

As soon as he was settled, Hank quickly called Matt Finkelstein to inform him that he had arrived at Heaven Springs.

Matt Finkelstein informed Steve, and the two of them drove over together.

By the time they arrived, Charlie Wade had yet to show up. Matt Finkelstein pushed open the door to the gold box but didn’t step inside. Instead, he moved aside to make room for Steve behind him.

Steve walked in with a smile. The moment he saw Hank, he grinned and asked, “So, Hank, is it true? Do you really have pancreatic cancer?”

Hank immediately recognized the mockery behind Steve’s smile. With a sorrowful expression, he replied, “Mr. Rothschild, please don’t joke about this. I really do have pancreatic cancer. The doctor said it’s a very serious disease, and the five-year survival rate is only 10%.”

Steve chuckled. “Ten percent? That’s not bad. For someone like you, ten percent is quite generous.”

Hank’s face flushed with embarrassment. Forcing an awkward smile, he said, “Mr. Rothschild, you’re teasing me. I may be useless, but I’d still like to live a few more years...”

Steve's expression turned serious. "Then why didn't you stay in the United States for treatment? Why come back so soon?"

Hank quickly replied, "Mr. Wade is the only one who can save me now. I had to return and ask for his help."

Steve let out a mocking snort. "I remember you weren't convinced when you left. Did you go back, get diagnosed, and finally realize just how unfathomable Mr. Wade is?"

Hank sighed and admitted, "To be honest, Mr. Rothschild, I reflected a lot on my way back. I realized how little I understand about this world—and how I lacked the proper respect for the incredible mysteries of this great Eastern country. This time, I've made up my mind. If Mr. Wade can cure me, I'll follow his lead, just like Matt. I'll settle in China permanently and dedicate myself to serving Mr. Wade wholeheartedly!"

Just then, the door swung open, and Charlie Wade walked in with a smirk. Teasingly, he said, "Hank, if you stay in our country for too long, you'll end up in prison for life for everything you've done."

The moment Hank saw Charlie Wade, he shot up from his chair, hurried around the large dining table, and dropped to his knees with a loud thud.

"Mr. Wade!" he pleaded desperately. "Please! I beg you to save my life!"

Charlie Wade asked, "So? Was your pancreatic cancer officially diagnosed when you returned to the United States?"

"Confirmed..." Hank replied quickly. "I had my CA199 levels checked, and the results skyrocketed to over 600. A plain scan revealed a lesion in my pancreas. The prognosis isn't good..."

With that, he broke down in tears and pleaded, "Mr. Wade, you're the only one in the world who can save me! I beg you—please don't hold my past ignorance against me. Have mercy and spare my life!"

Charlie Wade sighed. "Saving your life isn't impossible. I told you that day—you'll be the class representative for your group in the future. And as class representative, I will certainly grant you some benefits."

Hearing this, Hank immediately kowtowed to Charlie Wade in excitement, repeatedly murmuring, "Thank you, Mr. Wade! Thank you, Mr. Wade!"

Charlie Wade waved his hand dismissively. "Don't celebrate just yet. I can save you, but there's a condition."

Hank asked eagerly, "Just tell me—what do I need to do?"

charlie Wade said calmly, “The money you were supposed to cash out earlier must be settled immediately. Once the funds are in place, I’ll take care of your pancreatic issue.”

Hank blurted out, “It’ll be ready soon—by today, tonight at the latest!”

charlie Wade nodded and continued, “Your life will be saved, no problem. But when it comes to restoring your health and... your abilities in that area, you can only choose one.”