

The Amazing son in law Chapter 7406

Since the song “Assassin” was scheduled at the end of Stefanie sun’s performance, charlie Wade didn’t apply his stage makeup immediately.

He first observed as the two girls discussed and designed their stage performances. After a few songs, Stefanie sun approached him and said, “Brother charlie Wade, we’re about to prepare for ‘Assassin.’ Your costume has been finalized—can you change with us?”

charlie Wade nodded casually and followed them backstage.

At that moment, Tawana’s stage director approached and explained, “For the final song, both of you will change into traditional Chinese costumes, meaning the stage will be empty during the transition. To keep the atmosphere lively, we plan to compile highlights from today’s rehearsals and play a five-minute montage on the screen, showcasing your preparation process.”

Tawana asked, “You’ve been recording highlights all along, right?”

“Yes,” the stage director confirmed with a nod. “We have six cameras continuously filming the stage, so we’ll select and edit key moments as needed.”

Tawana turned to Stefanie sun and said, “Let’s have two photographers follow us to the dressing room to capture some behind-the-scenes moments, including our conversations during preparations. It would be great if we could create the impression that we’ve known each other for a long time and have a strong personal bond.”

The stage director, ever professional, responded immediately, “Understood. When filming, try to be natural—talk, laugh, and interact warmly. We’ll edit it to enhance the authenticity of your connection.”

Tawana smiled and added, “Get us some coffee and snacks too. That way, the footage will feel even more relaxed and lively.”

The stage director nodded. “Got it. I’ll take care of it right away.”

At this point, Stefanie sun reminded her, “Please inform the editing team not to include any shots of Mr. Wade.”

Tawana quickly regained her composure and explained, “You know our Feng Shui director, Mr. Wade—he prefers to stay out of the public eye, so make sure none of his shots are included.”

“Understood! I’ll review everything carefully.”

charlie Wade couldn’t help but sigh. Stefanie sun was truly meticulous—she not only looked out for herself but also considered others. It was a touching quality.

While the two women shared a dressing room, charlie Wade was assigned the one next door.

His preparation time was much shorter in comparison. Since his character was a masked assassin, his costume was a pre-Qin-style assassin outfit, complete with light armor. The mask had a bronze-like texture, covering most of his face except for his eyes and nostrils.

Along with the outfit, the stylists prepared a traditional hairstyle. His long hair was tied into a topknot, with strands flowing down the back—similar to the male protagonists in classic martial arts films.

The props were even simpler. The designer handed him a prop sword that looked imposing but was actually lightweight, likely made from a special plastic material.

Once he was fully dressed—costume, mask, and wig—he examined himself in the mirror. His real identity was completely concealed. He was certain that even if his wife, Claire, watched the performance video, she wouldn’t recognize him as the assassin on stage.

This realization lifted his last psychological burden.

charlie Wade was never one to seek the spotlight. Even if it wasn’t for the need to infiltrate the Qing Society, he couldn’t imagine performing on stage without some form of disguise.

Keeping his face hidden made the situation much easier to accept.

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When he stepped out of the dressing room, the two women were still getting ready.

charlie Wade waited at the door for a while. When the dressing room door finally opened, he was momentarily stunned by the sight of two elegantly dressed women stepping out.

Stefanie sun, as expected, embodied the grace of a noblewoman from Yanjing. Having been raised with traditional values since childhood, her demeanor naturally reflected that of an ancient lady.

As she stepped forward, her flowing satin dress swayed like a lotus in the breeze. Her long black hair was neatly tied back, adorned with an emerald green jade hairpin. The tiny water droplet carvings on the jade clinked together softly as she moved, creating a crisp, delicate sound. She looked as if she had stepped straight out of an ancient painting—so perfectly in tune with the classical style that Charlie Wade found himself momentarily entranced.

Tawana, with her fair skin, blonde hair, and blue eyes, was an unexpected contrast. Charlie Wade had assumed that traditional Chinese attire might not suit her, but the transformation was striking. Her hairstylist had temporarily straightened her curls and arranged them into a traditional Chinese updo. Against all expectations, she looked elegant and refined, seamlessly blending Eastern and Western aesthetics into a unique and captivating fusion.

As the two women stepped out, they were momentarily startled to see a masked assassin holding a long sword waiting outside. Then, realizing it was Charlie Wade, they both relaxed.

Stefanie Sun was the first to rush up to him, beaming with excitement. “Brother Charlie Wade, do you think my look is okay?” she asked eagerly.

Charlie Wade sighed in genuine admiration. “Not just okay—it’s absolutely stunning.”

There was something he didn’t say aloud—Stefanie Sun was the second most naturally suited woman for ancient-style attire he had ever seen.

As for the first, that title belonged to Lin Wan’er, who had lived for four centuries. Her classical beauty was unparalleled, carrying an authenticity no one else could replicate—because she had brought it with her from four hundred years ago.

At that moment, Tawana approached, looking shy and uncertain. Hesitantly, she asked, “Mr. Wade, do I look... a little ridiculous in this Chinese classical outfit?”

“How could that be!” Charlie Wade blurted out. “I don’t know how your Western fans will react to your outfit today, but I’m certain that all your Chinese fans will love it. You look amazing in this attire, and it also shows great respect for our traditional culture and your many fans in China.”

Tawana looked at him with anticipation and asked softly, “Does that include you, Mr. Wade?”

Charlie Wade nodded without hesitation. “Of course!”

Hearing this, Tawana's face lit up with joy.

Women often dress up for themselves, but even if Western women had never heard that saying, they undoubtedly shared the same sentiment.

Why had she invited Stefanie sun to perform together? Why had she quickly learned Stefanie sun's songs just to sing alongside her? Why had she worn traditional Chinese attire for the first time?

Everything she did was for the man standing in front of her.

As long as he liked it—even if it was just a single word of praise—then all her efforts were worth it.

Meanwhile, Stefanie sun could barely contain her excitement. She eagerly took charlie Wade's arm and said, "Brother charlie Wade, come on stage and rehearse with us! I can't wait to perform together!"

Giggling, she added, "Since Tawana and I are singing this song as a duet, you'll have to interact with both of us on stage!"

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charlie Wade had already made up his mind to make the best of the situation. He would cooperate with Stefanie sun as she requested—nothing else mattered.

When he stepped onto the stage, the staff was ready. The moment the tall charlie Wade appeared in his assassin's outfit, he immediately drew the attention of many crew members.

It was hard to tell whether it was an illusion or if charlie Wade truly embodied the aura of an ancient knight. But the moment everyone saw him, the legendary presence of ancient heroes seemed to materialize before their eyes.

This feeling wasn't just about his outfit—it stemmed from the way he moved, his posture, and his gestures.

In other words, charlie Wade was not just an actor performing choreographed moves—he was a true cultivator with extraordinary strength. His presence was vastly different from that of action stars who relied on flashy techniques. This was something that could only be understood by witnessing it firsthand.

To prevent leaks, the staff had prepared a set of wireless headphones for each of the three performers before the rehearsal. A stage planner stepped forward and explained, “When Miss Sun finishes her penultimate song, we’ll play a short highlight reel. During that time, Miss Sun will quickly change outfits. Miss Sweet will change in advance and wait by the elevator, and the same goes for this dancer.”

charlie Wade nodded and asked Stefanie sun, “Will you have enough time to change?”

“Yes,” she replied with a smile. “My costume for the second-to-last song is simple. After I step offstage, I’ll quickly change into the final outfit, adjust a few details, and be ready to go.”

At that moment, the prelude of a traditional Chinese-style melody played through their headphones. The stage director turned to charlie Wade and said, “Sir, you can go onstage with Miss Sun. We’ll provide instructions through your headset for specific movements.”

“Understood.” charlie Wade didn’t hesitate. Gripping his long sword, he stood behind Stefanie sun and stepped onto the rising stage elevator with her.

As they ascended, Stefanie sun reached for his hand and led him to the center of the stage.

The lyrics depicted the joyful life the two shared when they first set their horses free in Nanshan.

Then, charlie Wade heard a voice in his earpiece: “Dancers, please step forward and perform freely at point A.”

Looking up, he saw a spotlight illuminating the stage floor, where the letters A, B, C, and D were marked.

Since he had been instructed to move to point A, he followed the direction without hesitation.

He stepped forward, reached point A, and began performing his adapted swordplay.

During the previous rehearsal, charlie Wade had only used a simple trekking pole and three fingers of an ordinary disguise, yet he had already delivered an impressive swordplay demonstration.

Now, fully dressed in an ancient warrior’s attire, with a lifelike longsword in hand, his elegant movements—combined with his flowing hair—made him look as if he had stepped right out of a martial arts novel, captivating everyone.

Coincidentally, Stefanie sun’s lyrics at that moment described how she was the lover of an assassin, spending her days in the mountains training swordsmanship with him, filled with admiration and devotion. As charlie Wade performed in front, she sang softly behind

him, gazing at him with an enamored expression—perfectly mirroring the imagery conveyed in the song.

Just then, charlie Wade’s earpiece buzzed with a reminder from the stage director: “Dancers, please prepare for the second section. Stop and look at the big screen.”

charlie Wade halted his swordplay and turned toward the massive screen behind him. It displayed an incredibly realistic CGI sequence—depicting a tyrant waging war, poisoning civilians, and leaving a trail of bloodshed and corpses in his wake.

Stefanie sun’s lyrics shifted to describing the chaos engulfing the world and how charlie Wade could not bear to remain a bystander.

Another prompt came through his earpiece: “Dancers, please say farewell to the heroine.”

As soon as the voice faded, Stefanie sun walked up to charlie Wade and threw herself into his arms.

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charlie Wade let the long sword in his hand fall to the ground and gently cupped Stefanie sun’s face with both hands.

At that moment, she was still singing—her lyrics expressing a desperate plea for her beloved not to leave her, wishing instead for them to live in seclusion in the mountains.

charlie Wade pointed toward the screen, where images of suffering and poverty played. Then, with a gentle push, he moved Stefanie sun aside, picked up his sword, and turned away without hesitation.

Stefanie sun rushed after him, wrapping her arms around his waist as the lyrics continued to beg him to stay.

But charlie Wade could only pry her hands apart and press forward with determined strides.

Following the next instruction, he stepped to the front of the massive screen, which now displayed a battlefield. The tyrant, leading his army in person, looked on with twisted delight as countless people were slaughtered.

Just then, a group of professional dancers entered the stage, representing enemy soldiers. Behind them, the tyrant stood with an arrogant smirk.

At the given cue, Charlie Wade charged forward, cutting down enemy soldiers one after another.

Then, the song's melody shifted dramatically.

It was Tawana's turn to sing.

The lyrics drove the story forward, leaving no room for a repeated verse.

As Tawana sang, the words described Charlie Wade's struggles in battle and the hopes of the people who depended on him.

Charlie Wade and the dancers continued their fight choreography until all the enemies had fallen, leaving only the tyrant standing before him—his face now pale with fear.

Gone was the violent, murderous aura the tyrant once exuded, replaced instead by a terror that was plain for all to see.

The tyrant knelt on the ground, pleading with Charlie Wade. His words were likely an offer—endless riches, beautiful women, and treasures in exchange for mercy.

But Charlie Wade's mind was elsewhere—on his beloved and the countless people who had suffered under the tyrant's cruelty. Without hesitation, he swung his sword and ended the tyrant's life.

The moment the tyrant fell, the massive screen behind him transformed. The battlefield littered with corpses vanished, replaced by a serene landscape of golden wheat fields, lush trees, and blooming flowers, with birds chirping in the background.

The people now worked peacefully in the fields, children ran and played joyfully, and some even flew swallow-shaped kites against the bright sky.

Following the stage cues, Charlie Wade turned and walked from the screen's edge to the center of the stage.

By then, Tawana was already waiting for him.

As required, Charlie Wade was supposed to interact warmly with Tawana. Overcome with excitement, she threw herself into his arms, embracing him tightly.

She pressed herself against him without the slightest intention of letting go. In her mind, she justified it—her lyrics expressed overwhelming joy at her lover's return, so she had to

fully commit to the role. The tighter she held him, the more natural and convincing the performance would be!

charlie Wade, caught in her embrace, felt a bit uncomfortable.

However, for the sake of the stage effect, he chose not to dwell on it.

Meanwhile, Tawana couldn't help but feel a pang of regret. charlie Wade's face was hidden behind a rigid mask, concealing even his mouth. Otherwise, wouldn't this have been the perfect moment to step on his foot and steal a kiss?

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The next day marked Tavana's first solo concert in Eastcliff.

The traffic control department had already issued a warning about severe congestion in the city that afternoon, and the National Sports Center was packed with people.

Fans from across the country—and even from around the world—had gathered at the venue. Many international internet celebrities were also present, live-streaming the event.

Although Tavana was an experienced performer, she rarely felt nervous before a show.

This concert wasn't just being held at China's largest performance venue—it was also her first time sharing the stage with charlie. Her excitement was indescribable.

Stefanie sun, despite being no stranger to major performances, felt just as nervous as Tavana.

With an hour and a half left before the show officially began, the audience started entering the venue.

In their shared dressing room, Tavana and Stefanie sun whispered to each other.

Tavana asked, "Will your farewell concert be held here?"

"Yes," Stefanie sun nodded with a smile. "The venue was booked months in advance—it's here."

Tavana continued, "How long will it last?"

“About forty days,” Stefanie sun replied.

Tavana picked up her phone, checked her calendar, and calculated. “I shouldn’t be too busy then. Would you consider inviting me as a guest?”

“Really? You would?!” Stefanie sun asked in surprise.

Tavana’s status in the music industry was unparalleled, and no one had ever heard of her being invited as a guest at a concert. Stefanie sun never dared to hope for such a possibility.

But to her surprise, Tavana took the initiative to ask if she could be a guest—a tremendous honor in the music world.

However, Stefanie sun quickly caught on and asked with a playful smile, “Tavana, do you want to be my guest, or are you just looking for an excuse to meet Brother charlie?”

Tavana didn’t deny it and grinned. “Of course, both! Besides, you mentioned that Eastcliff is the final stop of your farewell tour. It would be an honor to perform at your last concert.”

Stefanie sun smiled and nodded. “Alright! You’ll be my guest!”

Tavana, filled with anticipation, couldn’t help but ask, “Do you think we could invite Mr. Wade to dance with us on stage?”

Stefanie sun shook her head. “Not that day. That day is Brother charlie’s birthday. If he comes to the concert, he’ll probably be with his wife.”

“What?” Tavana was surprised. “It’s Mr. Wade’s birthday? And he’ll be there with his wife?”

Stefanie sun chuckled. “The last time I held a concert in Aurous Hill, it was also on Brother charlie’s birthday, and he came with his wife then too.”

Tavana sighed. “Not only does he attend, but he also brings his wife? Doesn’t he realize how you feel about him?”