

# The Amazing son in law Chapter 7461

Taoist cultivators are highly attuned to spiritual energy. Yet in a world devoid of ambient energy for them to absorb, the moment they encountered these elixirs rich in spiritual power, their senses became razor-sharp.

Suppressing their inner excitement, they consumed the pills. As they dissolved, a stream of heat surged through their bodies. An overwhelming force of spiritual energy flooded their stomachs, then surged through their meridians, rushing toward the sea of consciousness in their minds.

Although they had mentally prepared for the fact that the Great Magical Pill was far superior to the Small Magical Pill, they were still astonished by the sheer magnitude of spiritual energy coursing through them.

The Great Magical Pill was equivalent to dozens—perhaps even a hundred—Small Magical Pills.

Moreover, elixirs are like medicine: if taken in small, scattered doses, their effects are significantly weakened. Altogether, the potency of the Great Magical Pill equaled that of a hundred Small Magical Pills.

The two of them felt like starving people who had suddenly been given a feast of rich fish and meat—more than enough to last several days. The spiritual energy within them surged, elevating their cultivation levels rapidly.

charlie channeled his own spiritual energy into their bodies to help guide and regulate the flow, and gently reminded them, “Don’t concentrate all the spiritual energy in your sea of consciousness. Now, follow my lead—mobilize it from your consciousness and use it to strengthen your meridians.”

The two of them were not yet skilled in controlling spiritual energy. Ruyu had very little spiritual energy within him, and what remained was stored entirely in his dantian.

Although Yun Ruge had already opened her sea of consciousness, she was hesitant to channel the spiritual energy she had gathered into her meridians, preferring to keep it in reserve within her sea of consciousness—just in case.

Now, with charlie instructing them to draw the energy from their sea of consciousness and transfer it into their meridians, both instinctively felt a pang of reluctance. Still, it was charlie’s order, and they dared not hesitate. They immediately followed his guidance, directing the spiritual energy into their meridians.

As the meridians absorbed the energy, they began to strengthen, and their flow capacity noticeably improved.

In Taoist cultivation, practitioners often overlook the importance of tempering the body and meridians, relying too heavily on spiritual energy. Yet in truth, the meridians form the foundation of cultivation—like the infrastructure of an industrialized nation. The stronger the foundation, the faster and greater the future growth.

Now, with abundant spiritual energy at their disposal for the first time, the two realized just how profoundly the meridians could be transformed by its power. The change was immediately apparent—they could feel that their bodies had undergone a dramatic transformation.

More than an hour passed. The two had used nearly half of the pill's spiritual energy to reinforce their meridians and dantian. With these significant improvements, they noticed a clear difference: when mobilizing large amounts of energy, their now-smooth meridians allowed for much quicker response times.

At that moment, they heard charlie's voice in their ears: "Alright, you may end your meditation now."

They opened their eyes at the same time, and upon seeing charlie before them, excitement surged within them.

It was obvious their strength had grown tremendously. Though it was just a single pill, it had saved them two, maybe even three to five years of painstaking cultivation.

Yun Ruge ended her cross-legged posture, immediately knelt before charlie, and said with heartfelt respect, "Thank you, Mr. Wade, for your guidance!"

Ruyu quickly followed suit, kneeling beside Yun Ruge and earnestly echoing, "Thank you, Mr. Wade, for your help!"

charlie responded calmly, "No need for such formality. I'll be heading out of the city in the next few days. In the meantime, both of you should focus on your cultivation here. If you need anything, speak to Hong Wu—he'll take care of it."

## The Amazing son in law Chapter 7462

charlie Wade rested in Aurous Hill for a few days before setting off again for Guangcheng in the south.

It was nearing the end of the lunar year, and the weather was turning colder. However, the temperature in Guangzhou remained relatively mild, making it more suitable for performances.

According to the plan, the final stop was Rongcheng. After the last performance there, Charlie Wade would immediately return to Aurous Hill. The following day, he and his family were scheduled to fly to the Maldives.

After traveling around with Tawana for several days, Charlie Wade felt a bit worn out. He was eager to enjoy a proper rest during the New Year. It wasn't physical exhaustion, but rather a need to relax and clear his mind.

While Charlie Wade was accompanying Tawana's performance in Guangzhou, a cargo ship docked at Pudong Port in Shanghai.

This was a Chinese-flagged cargo vessel returning to its anchorage. The crew had just disembarked to rest. Once it loaded the next shipment, the freighter would set sail for Europe.

Among the crew was a middle-aged man who worked as the chef. Everyone fondly called him Chef Ma, but in reality, he was Stephen Thompson, the longtime butler of the Wade family.

All crew members aboard the ship were subordinates of Charlie Wade's mother, Lydia (Ava) (Charlie's mom). She owned a Chinese shipping company. Though smaller than Bruce Shipping, it operated dozens of container vessels. In addition to generating significant profits, it allowed Lydia (Ava) (Charlie's mom) to move materials and personnel globally.

After disembarking, Stephen Thompson was escorted to Aurous Hill via special, covert channels.

Aurous Hill is not far from Shanghai—only a three to four-hour drive.

Lydia (Ava) (Charlie's mom) arranged for Stephen Thompson to stay at Qixia Temple, since the entire city of Aurous Hill was under Charlie Wade's control. She couldn't risk him being seen in public.

Stephen Thompson traveled from Shanghai to Qixia Temple in a business vehicle with a fully tinted rear compartment. It was already late at night when he arrived at the temple.

Qixia Temple is closed at night and does not receive pilgrims or lay Buddhists, but the side entrance leading up the mountain was quietly opened at that moment. It remained open just long enough for the business car carrying Stephen Thompson to pass through, then was promptly closed again.

The car drove straight up to the mountainside, arriving at a private courtyard where Lydia (Ava) (Charlie's mom) had once lived. Several monks had been quietly preparing the courtyard and guest rooms in advance. As the business car entered the grounds, the monks respectfully lowered their heads and withdrew without a word.

Two men in black exited from the driver and front passenger seats. After securing the vehicle, they opened the rear sliding door and said respectfully to the passenger, “Butler Stephen, we’ve arrived. You may step out now.”

Stephen Thompson gave a slight nod. As he stepped out of the car, he saw an elderly woman emerging from the main room of the courtyard—it was Sister Sun, Lydia (Ava) (Charlie’s mom)’s long-time companion.

Upon seeing him, Sister Sun smiled and greeted him warmly. “Sihai, you must have had a tough journey.”

Stephen Thompson returned the smile and replied, “I’ve actually been enjoying the tropical scenery in Tahiti for a while—it hasn’t been hard at all. It’s you, Sister Sun, who has had the harder time, staying by Madam’s side all this while.”

## The Amazing son in law Chapter 7463

Then, pausing for a moment, he looked up at the hazy moonlight overhead. He took a deep breath of the cold, damp winter air and sighed. “To be honest, Sister Sun, I still haven’t gotten used to southern winters. They always remind me of the young master. During his first winter at the orphanage, he would often curl up in bed and shiver through the night, unable to bear the damp chill. The orphanage was so old—there was no heating or air conditioning, not even double-glazed windows. I wanted to help him, but I was afraid doing too much might raise suspicion or draw attention, so I could only watch as he got frostbite. Looking back now, I wept so many times for him during those days in Eastcliff...”

Sister Sun nodded with a sigh. “The director of the orphanage once sent over some photos. The young master’s hands, feet, and ears were all frostbitten. Madam often cried when she saw them. But in hindsight, those hardships were essential life lessons. Without them, how could he have grown into the strong, upright Master wade we know today?”

Stephen Thompson nodded slightly and said with emotion, “Sister Sun is right. The young master has struggled through adversity for so many years and has finally become a remarkable talent. Even the muddy pond of Aurous Hill couldn’t hold him back from soaring to the skies.”

Sister Sun smiled and replied, “But a mud pond is still a mud pond. Madam believes it’s time for the young master to completely break free from it.”

Stephen Thompson asked, “The mud pond you’re referring to—do you mean the Wilson family?”

“Yes,” Sister Sun said with a serious expression and a firm nod. “You’ve been the wade family’s butler for many years. Anyone familiar with the wade family has likely heard of

you. There's even plenty of information about you online. If you meet Claire and reveal the young master's true background, I believe she won't doubt your words."

Stephen Thompson asked, "If Claire learns the truth, is it Madam's wish that she divorces the young master?"

"Exactly," Sister Sun replied. "Madam believes that, given Claire's character, once she discovers the young master has kept so much from her over the years—especially everything that has happened recently—she will choose to leave him."

She hesitated for a moment, then added, "But Madam isn't certain whether the young master will be willing to let her go. That's why you should find the right opportunity to speak with Claire, to help her understand that staying with the young master would not only place an emotional burden on him, but could also put her and her family in unnecessary danger. Ideally, she would choose to leave him on her own."

Stephen Thompson said with concern, "The young master cares deeply for her. Even if I manage to persuade her to leave, it won't be difficult for him to find her. After all, he now has access to a complete AI system and has established ground networks at airports and docks worldwide."

Sister Sun smiled and said, "If she's willing to leave the young master, Madam will arrange for her and her family to quietly leave China. She'll make sure the young master can't track them. When Madam finally meets with the young master, she will explain everything. At that time, if he still insists on finding Claire, Madam won't stand in his way."

She then added, "By the way, when that time comes, you can return to China as well. If the young master needs you, you can resume your service at his side. If not, you can retire and enjoy a peaceful life."

Stephen Thompson nodded gently and sighed, "Madam is separating him from Miss Wilson... I wonder if the young master will hold any resentment in the future."

Sister Sun sighed, her tone tinged with helplessness. "Even if he does blame Madam, this is the only way. Otherwise, he'll never be able to sever his emotional ties. The girl from the Wilson family—and the people in Aurous Hill—will only become chains that bind him."

Then Sister Sun looked at him and asked, "Do you think that if the young master discovers Madam has been working behind the scenes all these years, he'll blame her?"

"This... probably not," Stephen Thompson replied. "After all, Madam has suffered greatly over the years."

“Exactly,” Sister Sun said with a gentle smile. “Madam and the young master are both striving for the same goal. The sooner that goal is achieved, the sooner mother and son can finally be reunited!”

## The Amazing son in law Chapter 7464

Sister Sun’s words eased Stephen Thompson’s concerns, so he asked her, “In your opinion, how should I contact Miss willson and explain everything to her?”

Sister Sun replied, “Jingqing will be at Qixia Temple the morning after tomorrow. Madam’s plan is to find a way to bring Miss willson to the temple, and then have Jingqing create a safe opportunity for the two of you to talk.”

“Jingqing...” Stephen Thompson smiled and asked, “He’s now a renowned monk, isn’t he?”

“Yes,” Sister Sun nodded and sighed. “Jingqing is wise—both in cultivating Taoism and studying Buddhism. Under Madam’s guidance, he’s progressed rapidly. Though he became a monk, he still follows Madam’s lead.”

Stephen Thompson asked again, “Then how do we get Miss willson to come to Qixia Temple?”

Sister Sun smiled and said, “You know she owns a design company, don’t you?”

“Of course,” Stephen Thompson nodded. “It was the young master who encouraged her to start her own studio. At the opening, many prominent figures in Aurous Hill came to offer their congratulations.”

“Exactly,” Sister Sun said. “There’s a girl in her company that we arranged to place there. She’s competent and has already earned Miss willson’s trust. Tomorrow morning, she’ll find a chance to mention the temple. I believe that will persuade Miss willson to go.”

Stephen Thompson was so stunned that he remained silent for a long time. He never imagined that although his wife stayed out of the public eye, she had influence everywhere.

After a while, he asked, “Sister Sun, I hope you’ll forgive me for asking something I probably shouldn’t. Besides me, is there anyone else Madam has placed around the young master?”

Sister Sun looked at him and smiled. “You know you shouldn’t ask, yet you still do.”

Then, after a pause, she added, “Madam never wanted to interfere with the young master’s development. There’s no one else besides you. In fact, she’s always regretted

that. If she had intervened in the Willson family matters, perhaps the young master wouldn't have married Miss Willson."

Stephen Thompson couldn't help but sigh. "It seems Madam truly holds something against Miss Willson..."

Sister Sun smiled and replied, "How should I put it? She does have some grievances, but they're mainly aimed at Miss Willson's parents, not Miss Willson herself. Back when the young master and the Willson family were still living in the old community, Madam was well aware of how difficult his life was. The people living downstairs were placed there by Madam to observe. Elaine and Jacob constantly ordered the young master around, mocked him, and verbally abused him every day. How could Madam not feel heartbroken?"

"That's true," Stephen Thompson said with a smile. "Sometimes, I really wanted to teach Elaine a lesson myself."

Sister Sun nodded and chuckled. "Well, Elaine did suffer quite a bit later on—that could be considered her lesson. That whole family, regardless of who's right or wrong, is just too much of a burden on the young master. If they were gone, he could finally let go. I'll leave the rest to you."

Stephen Thompson clasped his fists respectfully and said with determination, "Don't worry, Sister Sun. I'll give it my all!"

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The next morning.

Claire arrived at the office early, just as she did every day.

Charlie Wade wasn't at home, and with Elaine lacking the energy to make breakfast, Claire picked up something downstairs and planned to eat in the office.

She thought she'd be the first to arrive, but to her surprise, her dependable assistant, Sun Mengmeng, was already there.

## The Amazing son in law Chapter 7465

Seeing her, Claire smiled. "Mengmeng, why are you here so early today?"

Sun Mengmeng smiled back. "Good morning, President Willson. I got up early and went to Qixia Temple to get a health talisman from a monk for my family. But I didn't get anything in the end. I'm so disappointed."



Claire asked curiously, “How did you come back empty-handed? Isn’t Qixia Temple open today?”

“It is open,” Sun Mengmeng said with a shrug. “I just got the timing wrong. I thought Master Jingqing would be there today, but it turns out he’s not going until tomorrow. I went too early.”

“Master Jingqing?” Claire frowned and muttered, “That name sounds familiar...”

Sun Mengmeng smiled and explained, “Master Jingqing is very well-known. He’s one of the youngest eminent monks in China. His understanding of Buddhism far surpasses that of most monks. Over the past year or two, he’s been traveling to major temples around the country, giving teachings and blessing Buddhist items. It’s said that the health and peace amulets he blesses are especially effective.”

“Really?” Claire asked, surprised.

“Of course it’s true!” Sun Mengmeng replied. “President willson, why don’t we go to Qixia Temple together tomorrow morning? If we leave around seven, we’ll be back in time for work. We can get some amulets for your husband and your parents.”

Claire smiled. “My husband actually knows a lot about Feng Shui. He even made me an amulet a long time ago.”

“That’s different,” Sun Mengmeng said seriously. “Feng Shui is based on the I Ching and Bagua, which belong more to Chinese Taoism. Master Jingqing is a Buddhist monk, and his amulets are rooted in Buddhist tradition. It’s like Android and Apple phones—they run on completely different systems.”

Claire was amused by her analogy and laughed. “Mengmeng, you’re quite something. That’s a great metaphor. But have you thought about this? Whether it’s Android or Apple, isn’t just one phone enough?”

Sun Mengmeng replied earnestly, “President willson, you know how Indians worship, right? They believe in millions of gods and can pray to any they come across. Why? It’s all about extra protection. When I face trouble, I ask blessings from both East and West. What if one god isn’t available, and another just happens to be nearby? Then at least I’ve got coverage, right?”

As she spoke, she raised her eyebrows and smiled. “President willson, let me show you how it’s done.”

She then closed her eyes, pressed her palms together, and earnestly recited, “God, Jesus, Buddha, Bodhisattva, Yuanshi Tianzun, Jade Emperor, Queen Mother of the West—your humble granddaughter Mengmeng prays for all the gods to bless me with wealth and a long life. Amitabha, Amen, Amen, please grant my wish quickly!”



Claire was amused by her solemn expression and laughed. “This is the first time I’ve seen anyone worship like that.”

“Isn’t it amazing?” Sun Mengmeng grinned. “These are my special techniques. So, President willson, how about joining me tomorrow? The more gods you worship, the more protection you get. It doesn’t cost a thing—just the price of admission to Qixia Temple. No risk, no loss!”

Watching Sun Mengmeng’s playful yet sincere energy, Claire couldn’t help but feel a deep fondness for her. Over the past year, the company had grown rapidly, now employing dozens of people. Yet most of them were seasoned workplace veterans—calculating and shrewd. Sun Mengmeng was different. She was diligent, cheerful, eager to learn, and never complained. Claire had already made plans to groom her for greater responsibilities.

And truthfully, Sun Mengmeng’s words had convinced her. After all, getting up a bit earlier, whether or not it brought tangible results, certainly wouldn’t hurt her or her family.

She smiled and said, “Alright, I’ll trust you this time. Let’s meet at the gate of Qixia Temple at seven tomorrow morning!”

Sun Mengmeng beamed. “Awesome! It’s a deal, President willson!”

## The Amazing son in law Chapter 7466

Claire didn’t tell charlie or his parents about her plan to visit Qixia Temple.

She believed that praying for her family was a private matter—something that could be done quietly without needing to announce it.

The next morning, before Elaine and Jacob had woken up, she drove to Qixia Temple.

It was December, cold and dim, with short days and long nights. When she left the house, dawn was just beginning to break.

At that hour, some devout worshippers were already waiting at the temple gates. As the year drew to a close, people came daily to Qixia Temple to offer the first incense stick. None of them knew that the renowned Master Jingqing had returned to the temple that day.

Master Jingqing was in a side room behind the Wuliang Hall. The space was cold and quiet, but he sat cross-legged on a couch, silently chanting scriptures while circulating spiritual energy through his body. Despite wearing only a thin monk’s robe, the flow of energy kept him as warm as spring.

The Wuliang Hall was closed to the public that day. The monks had set up roadblocks around the courtyard and hung signs announcing the closure.

Afterward, they all withdrew from the courtyard and stood guard silently.

Stephen Thompson and Sister Sun walked along the dewy bluestone path toward the courtyard and told the monks, “Before the two female donors arrive, take down the signs and put them back up after they enter.”

“Yes, donor!”

The monks nodded respectfully, joined their palms, and gave a slight bow.

They were all Master Jingqing’s closest disciples. Although they didn’t know who Sister Sun was, they had seen how respectfully their master treated her—so they followed his example.

Sister Sun and Stephen Thompson entered the Wuliang Hall together. Master Jingqing, already aware of their arrival, came out early to greet them.

“Jingqing.”

When Sister Sun saw him emerge, she greeted him with a warm smile.

Jingqing returned the smile and put his hands together. “Hello, Sister Sun. Hello, Mr. Stephen .”

Stephen Thompson quickly joined his hands and bowed slightly. “Greetings, Master Jingqing.”

Jingqing smiled and replied, “Mr. Stephen , there’s no need to call me ‘Master.’ Before you, I am but a junior.”

Although Jingqing had a deep connection to Buddhism and a high level of spiritual understanding, he remained deeply grateful to Lydia (Ava) ( Charlie’s mom ). Since he began following Lydia (Ava) ( Charlie’s mom ) relatively late, he naturally considered himself junior to Stephen Thompson.

Sister Sun added, “I’ve always treated Jingqing like my own child. , there’s no need to be so formal.”

Stephen Thompson nodded lightly in acknowledgment.

Sister Sun then said to Jingqing, “Jingqing, Miss wilson has already left for Qixia Temple. I’ve asked Thompson to wait in the rear hall. When the time is right, you can bring up the

matter and tell her someone wants to meet her—but do it gently, so you don’t frighten her.”

Jingqing nodded, his hands still clasped, and smiled. “Don’t worry, Sister Sun. I’ll be careful.”

Sister Sun sighed, visibly tense. “Ah, I haven’t felt this nervous in years. You both need to be very mindful of your tone and choice of words. There are two possible outcomes: one, Miss Wilson accepts our suggestion and leaves the young master quietly. If that happens, our mission will be a complete success. The other possibility is that she contacts the young master as soon as she leaves this place. In that case, our plan will have completely failed. The young master will stop at nothing to find us and uncover the truth.”

She paused for a moment, then continued, “As for the three of us—first, we can’t resist the young master’s powers. Whatever we think or feel will likely be sensed by him. Second, we absolutely cannot reveal anything about Madam. So if we fail today, we’ll have no choice but to leave China and go into hiding at the overseas location Madam arranged. Until she meets the young master herself, we cannot return to Chinese soil. Do you both understand?”

The two nodded without hesitation.

## The Amazing son in law Chapter 7467

Stephen Thompson was already familiar with all of this.

The last time he escaped from the Wade family, he immediately took a boat to Tahiti and lived on an almost completely isolated island, fearing that Charlie would track him down. At that time, just a small use of spiritual energy from Charlie would have been enough to make him reveal all their secrets.

Although this was the first time Jingqing fully understood the danger, he still spoke with a resolute expression. “Don’t worry, Sister Sun. Though I have embraced Buddhism, my wife’s commands come before all else. If I fail, I will vanish from this world and never use the name Jingqing again.”

Sister Sun nodded in approval, her tone serious. “The three of us owe both the master and the madam a great debt. We’ve followed the madam for many years and witnessed the hardships she’s endured in resisting the Poqing Society. Fortunately, the young master has now become a true dragon—it’s no longer impossible to eliminate the Poqing Society. Though he’s long broken free from his early constraints, he still can’t let go of that one emotional tie. Whether or not we can sever his final chains depends on us.”

Then she turned to Stephen Thompson and said, “It depends on you, Thompson, more than anyone.”

Stephen Thompson's expression stiffened. Tears welled up in his eyes as he choked with emotion. "Don't worry, Sister Sun. Even if I have to bang my head against Miss Wilson's to prove my sincerity, I'll make her agree!"

Sister Sun scolded, "What kind of foolish idea is that?! Madam instructed us to appeal to her with emotion and reason—no threats, no coercion, no guilt-tripping. That way, Madam can face the young master with a clear conscience in the future."

Stephen Thompson nodded solemnly. "Understood, Sister Sun. I was too impulsive—I didn't think it through."

Sister Sun shook her head with a helpless smile, then reminded him, "The burden today falls mostly on you. Just speak to Miss Wilson with sincerity and truth. I believe, given her character, she'll consider the bigger picture."

Just after seven o'clock, Claire had already parked her car in the lot outside Qixia Temple.

Sun Mengmeng had arrived earlier.

She recognized Claire's car, ran toward it, waved, and called out, "Boss Wilson!"

Claire got out of the car and asked, "When did you get here? I was just about to message you on WeChat."

"Not long ago," Sun Mengmeng replied with a smile. "Boss Wilson, we should hurry—lots of people have already gone in."

Claire asked curiously, "It's not a festival today. Why are so many people at Qixia Temple this early in the morning?"

Sun Mengmeng smiled and said, "Qixia Temple is always popular. On holidays, people even line up overnight just to get in early and burn incense."

Claire nodded. "So, what's our plan? Master Jingqing is so well-known. We'll probably have to wait in line to see him, right?"

Sun Mengmeng said mysteriously, "Master Jingqing has a unique approach—everything is left to fate. Qixia Temple is huge, and no one knows exactly where he'll be. But if you're destined, someone will guide you to him."

"Huh?" Claire asked in surprise. "That sounds a bit mystical. What if I don't see him—wouldn't that be a wasted trip?"

Sun Mengmeng laughed. "That's why it depends on your affinity with Buddha. Only those with that connection will receive the Buddha's blessing."

With that, she cheerfully took Claire's arm and said with a grin, "Come on, President Wilson. You're beautiful and kind—I'm sure you have strong Buddha affinity. I'll ride your luck today!"

Claire smiled helplessly. "I was hoping to ride your luck. Alright, let's go. Maybe we both share a Buddhist destiny!"

## The Amazing son in law Chapter 7468

Most pilgrims visiting Qixia Temple head straight to the Main Hall and the Vairocana Hall upon arrival. There, they burn incense and bow in worship before moving on to other halls to continue their prayers.

Claire and Sun Mengmeng arrived together. Unsure of which direction to take, Claire hesitated, but Sun Mengmeng seemed to have a plan. She pointed confidently toward a side passage near the main hall and said mysteriously, "Boss Wilson, since we're here to seek opportunities, we can't follow the crowd. The real chances are only found by a few!"

Claire shook her head and laughed. "Alright, since you're taking the lead, you must have more experience than I do. I'll follow your lead."

Sun Mengmeng nodded eagerly, took Claire by the arm, and led her deeper into the temple.

After navigating several winding paths, they reached the entrance of Wuliang Hall. The sign indicating that the hall was closed had been removed by the monks. Pointing to the hall, Sun Mengmeng said, "Boss Wilson, let's try our luck here first."

Claire hesitated. "Mengmeng, there are so many halls in Qixia Temple. We can't possibly try them all one by one, can we?"

Sun Mengmeng smiled. "Let's just give this one a shot. Who knows, we might get lucky right away."

Claire sighed and agreed. "Alright, we'll go with your plan. But we have to be back by 8:30 at the latest—we need to be at work by 9."

"Got it!" Sun Mengmeng replied with a confident fist pump. "Don't worry, Boss Wilson. We'll have plenty of time!"

As they cautiously approached the front of Wuliang Hall, Claire said nervously, "There were monks stationed at the entrances of the other halls, but there's no one here. Could this place be abandoned? It might be empty inside."

Sun Mengmeng reassured her. “Even if there’s someone inside, we can still take a look. This is a temple—the gods are watching over us. Don’t worry.”

With that, she stepped inside first.

Claire had no choice but to follow her.

Wuliang Hall appeared rather dilapidated. There were no incense burners or offering tripods left for worshippers—it truly looked abandoned.

However, Sun Mengmeng already knew that Master Jingqing was currently inside the hall. She entered first, then turned and gently pulled Claire along.

Once inside, Sun Mengmeng called out, “Excuse me, is anyone here?”

Seeing the empty hall, Claire muttered, “How could there be anyone here? It’s obviously deserted.”

Then, nervously, she whispered, “This place feels kind of eerie... maybe we should go back outside.”

Before Sun Mengmeng could respond, a voice from the back of the hall spoke slowly: “Amitabha. How did you two donors find your way here?”

Startled, Claire looked closely and saw a middle-aged monk who appeared quite youthful stepping out from the rear of the hall.

She had done her research before coming—reading online reports and looking at photos of Master Jingqing performing rituals—so she recognized him instantly.

Sun Mengmeng exclaimed with surprise, “Oh, it really is Master Jingqing! Hello, Master! We came to ask you for a talisman!”

Master Jingqing gave a slight nod and replied calmly, “Amitabha. It seems fate has brought you here. Since you seek talismans, may I ask: for whom do you request them?”

Sun Mengmeng answered, “I’d like to ask for one for my parents.”

After she finished, Claire added, “I’m also a parent—and I have a husband.”

Jing Qing nodded slightly and asked, “Which of the two donors would like to go first? The amulet I make requires the name of the person to be blessed, along with their date of birth.”

## The Amazing son in law Chapter 7469

Sun Mengmeng quickly said, “Mr. willson, you go first!”

Claire immediately waved her hand and replied, “No, no, you go first. After all, you were the one who suggested this.”

“Oh, it’s fine.” Sun Mengmeng smiled, waved her hands, and said, “I’ll wait outside. Mr. willson, you go ahead.”

Without waiting for a response, she turned and walked out.

Claire felt a bit nervous. Being alone in the hall with a monk gave her an odd sense of unease.

However, Jing Qing’s kind expression was reassuring, so she calmed her breath and said, “Master, I know the birth dates of my parents and husband, but not their exact birth times, so I’m not sure how to convert the dates.”

“That’s alright,” Master Jing Qing said with a gentle smile. “Just tell me their names and approximate birth dates—I can give a general estimate.”

Claire nodded and asked, “Who should I start with?”

Jing Qing replied, “Begin with your parents, then your husband.”

“Okay.”

Claire then gave Master Jing Qing her parents’ names and birth dates, one by one.

Jing Qing calculated briefly using his fingers, then smiled and said, “Although their birth charts show a few ups and downs, overall, they point to wealth and longevity.”

“Really?” Claire asked, pleasantly surprised. To be wealthy and live a long life—wasn’t that what everyone hoped for? If what Master Jing Qing said was true, then she had nothing to worry about for her parents.

Jing Qing was not speaking casually.

Both Jacob and Elaine had endured many hardships in the first half of their lives, but ever since charlie broke free from his fate of obscurity, their fortunes had undergone a dramatic transformation.

Moreover, charlie possessed powerful abilities and various elixirs capable of extending life, so it was only natural that he could ensure Claire’s parents would enjoy longevity.

Claire quickly said, “Then Master, please take a look at my husband’s fate as well!”



Jing Qing let out a soft breath and smiled. “Please tell me your husband’s name and date of birth.”

Claire promptly provided charlie’s information.

Jing Qing closed his eyes and began calculating with his fingers. Gradually, his brows furrowed.

Seeing this, Claire became nervous and asked, “Master... is there something wrong with my husband’s birth date?”

Jing Qing opened his eyes and looked at her. Instead of answering directly, he asked, “Donor, is there anything about your husband that you find puzzling or have always doubted?”

Claire blinked in surprise. “Master, what do you mean by that?”

Jing Qing replied seriously, “Exactly what I said. In all the time you’ve been with your husband, have you ever noticed anything about him that you couldn’t quite understand or have always questioned?”

Claire hesitated. There were, in fact, many things she had questioned about charlie.

But often, as unbelievable as they seemed, there was always a seemingly logical explanation—like how she could never quite grasp how her husband, who spent the first three years of their marriage doing little more than buying groceries, cooking, and doing laundry, had suddenly become a Feng Shui master admired by Aurous Hill’s elite.

## The Amazing son in law Chapter 7470

Jing Qing’s words, “When the clouds part, the bright moon appears,” struck a chord with Claire just as she was deep in thought.

charlie Wade had never brought up those questions before, and she had never felt comfortable asking them. With no one else to provide answers, she had buried her doubts deep in her heart, sometimes even resorting to charlie Wade’s own logic to reassure herself.

But that one sentence—“When the clouds and mist are cleared away, the moon shines bright”—was like a sudden thunderclap piercing through the fog, abruptly awakening her long-suppressed curiosity.

With a look of reverence, she turned to Jing Qing and said, “Master, please help me solve this mystery!”

Jing Qing nodded solemnly and replied, “Your husband’s fate is one in millions. He must be a dragon among men, destined for greatness and revered by thousands.”

“This...” Claire frowned slightly and said, “My husband doesn’t seem as exceptional as the master suggests. He’s self-taught and reads Feng Shui for others. It’s true that some entrepreneurs and major business figures trust him.”

Jing Qing gently shook his head and said, “A man with such an extraordinary fate, if involved in business, would be among the world’s top ten richest people. If he pursued research, he would be capable of winning a Nobel Prize. If you don’t see him as extraordinary, the issue isn’t with him—it’s with your perspective. Something must be clouding your view of the truth.”

Claire asked in astonishment, “Is it really that powerful?”

Jing Qing nodded and said, “You may not have heard of the ‘Shenglong Fate.’ As far as I know, your husband is likely the only person in the world with such a destiny.”

Then, in a serious tone, Jing Qing continued, “To become a Sheng Longge, one must first be a Longge himself, and second, be blessed with a father who is also a Longge. Only parents who are exceptionally talented, self-sacrificing, and devoted can raise such a person. His parents must be rare individuals, the kind found only once in millions.”

Claire was torn between belief and doubt. “This... isn’t it a bit too unbelievable? If that’s the case, then my husband’s parents must also have been exceptional people? But... he’s an orphan...”

Jing Qing smiled and said, “Donor, please remember—every orphan had parents before they became one.”

Claire was momentarily stunned.

charlie Wade had lost his parents at a young age and was raised in an orphanage. When she asked him about his parents, he always said they were ordinary people who died in an accident, leaving him alone and helpless—until he was finally taken in by the orphanage.

But Master Jing Qing claimed his parents must have been extraordinary individuals—rare and exceptional among billions. What kind of remarkable people would warrant such praise?

Now, charlie Wade’s words and Master Jing Qing’s statements were in direct contradiction. If one was telling the truth, the other had to be mistaken.

So, who was right—and who wasn’t?

Although she didn’t want to admit it, the balance in her heart was beginning to tip.

Given the lingering doubts in her mind, Master Jing Qing's words now seemed more convincing than charlie Wade's.

Just then, Jing Qing looked at her and asked, "Donor, you said your husband's name is charlie Wade. That suddenly reminded me of the wade family in Eastcliff. Have you heard of them?"