

## Amazing Son-In-Law Chapter 5694 - 5700

Jacob and Elaine found themselves in the living room when Charlie announced to both of them, "Mom and Dad, Claire sent a video, and I'm here to answer it."

They both readily agreed, and Charlie promptly answered the call without hesitation.

As the video call connected, Claire's beautiful and gentle face appeared on the mobile screen.

Seeing Charlie, Claire exclaimed with joy, "Honey, you're home!"

Charlie nodded, "I just got back today. Let me introduce you to my parents."

He adjusted the phone to include Jacob and Elaine in the frame.

Jacob asked with concern, "When is our daughter coming back? Dad misses you!"

Elaine chimed in, "Sweetie, don't pay attention to your dad. Although I miss you too, this is a great opportunity for you to collaborate with the Joules family in the United States. Focus on your career. If things don't work out, I can always come to the US to take care of you!"

Claire smiled and said, "Mom, I wanted to discuss this with Charlie during the video call. We just finished a morning meeting with Miss Joules and others. There are some legal issues with the project in the US, so it needs to be temporarily suspended. The specific timeline hasn't been determined yet, so I plan to come back to Aurous Hill first."

Elaine felt a bit disappointed upon hearing this and said, "Can't the Joules family, with all their wealth, handle a legal issue?"

Claire explained, "Even with money, they still have to follow the law. Since it's a legal issue, it has to be resolved within the legal framework."

Elaine sighed, “I was planning to go to the US to accompany you in a few days. But since you're coming back, just come back.”

Then, Elaine added, “By the way, clear, they won't use this as an excuse to withhold your salary, right? Don't let them get away with it. It's their fault that the project is suspended, and they should pay you every penny you deserve!”

Claire sighed, “Mo... Why are you always talking about money...”

Elaine replied seriously, “In the real world, what else can we talk about if not money? Are we going to talk about feelings?”

Charlie, witnessing Elaine's disappointment, quickly asked, "When are you coming back? Have you set a date?"

Claire said, “First, | want to organize and archive the project materials and progress here, and resolve any remaining issues. If there are no other problems, I will try to come back as soon as possible. If | can't finish everything tomorrow, it will be the day after tomorrow at the latest.”

Charlie inquired, “Have you checked the flight tickets? Are there any suitable flights the day after tomorrow?”

Claire replied, “Miss Joules said she could arrange a private jet from the Joules family to send me back, but i feel a bit embarrassed. A private jet trip costs millions, how can | let them bear the cost?”

Elaine interjected, “Daughter, then you can take a regular flight back, and let Miss Joules directly give you the money for the private jet! Convert it to cash, a million!”

Charlie quickly said, "The Joules family has plenty of planes, and they have to maintain them even if they're not flying. The actual cost of an extra trip is not that high. Besides, there are no direct flights from New York to Aurous Hill, and there will be a layover in between. It's too much trouble. Wife, let Miss Joules arrange a private jet to send you back."

Claire felt a bit embarrassed and said, "But i feel really bad about it..."

Charlie reassured her, "There's nothing to feel bad about. Besides, it was Miss Joules's suggestion in the first place. I will call her later to thank her."

Then, Charlie added, "You've been in the US for a while, and both my parents and i miss you. Finish your work and come back as soon as possible. Let Miss Joules arrange the plane for you. After finishing your work, go directly to the airport, sleep on the plane, and you'll be home when you wake up. Otherwise, you'll have to wait for the flight departure time, have a layover, and who knows how long it will be delayed."

Claire reluctantly nodded and stuck out her tongue, whispering, "Actually, | also want to come back early, but | feel bad about letting them bear the cost."

Charlie smiled and said, "Then in the future, when i make enough money, I'll buy a private Jet, and you won't have to feel bad anymore."

Claire took it as a joke and casually said, "That's fine, but | don't want you to work too hard."

Just then, a professional woman entered Claire's office and politely said, "Ms. Wilson, the next meeting is about to start. Should we push it back a bit?"

Claire quickly said, "No need, I'll be there right away."

Then, she said to Charlie, "Honey, | won't talk to you now. | have a meeting to attend. I'll talk to you later."

"Okay." Charlie smiled, "You go ahead, and we'll chat when you're done."

After ending the video call, Elaine couldn't help but mutter, \*Hey, do you think about how much money Claire will earn working for that Miss Joules? The Joules family seems powerful, so a few million should be nothing, right?"

Jacob gave her a disdainful look and asked, "Do you think rich people's money just falls from the sky? Working for a wealthy person is just a matter of market price. Do you think a janitor at Apple can earn millions of dollars a year?"

Elaine scolded him contemptuously, "Jacob, you really have a way. Do you really compare our Claire to a janitor at Apple? In your eyes, our Claire is on the same level as a janitor?"

Jacob hurriedly said, "That's not what | meant! What | meant was, even if you work for Apple, you'll only earn what you deserve. Although Claire is doing well in her field, earning several million in a year is already very good. How long has she been in the US? And you want her to receive several million from the Joules family? Isn't that ridiculous?"

Elaine disdainfully said, "You don't understand the ways of the world. Miss Joules has been looking for our good son-in-law to help with feng shui. Just because of our good son-in-law's face, she won't give less."

Charlie, hearing his parents argue, felt a headache coming on. Just then, his phone received a WeChat message from Michaela.

The message said, "Mr. Wade, are you available to take a call?"

Charlie said to Elaine and Jacob, "Mom, Dad, I'm going back to my room."

Then he got up and went upstairs.

Back in his bedroom, Charlie made a voice call to Michaela. After the call connected, Michaela respectfully said, “Mr. Wade, | apologize for disturbing you so late.”

Charlie said, “Miss Joules, don't mention it. Claire just sent me a video call, and | know that you're wrapping things up on your end, right?”

“Yes,” Michaela said, “To avoid arousing suspicion from your wife, | have arranged all the normal procedures. Once the wrap-up is complete, your wife can return.”

She continued, “The official statement for the construction site is that there are some legal disputes, but | have also released some information to the public, and i am trying to find a way to seek an out-of-court settlement, so as to avoid going to court. Therefore, the the speed of resolving this matter can be fast or slow, depending on your needs...”

“If you don't need your wife to come back to the US, the project can be put on hold. If you need your wife to come back next month, I can announce that we have reached a settlement with the other party and can resume construction.”

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The following morning arrived in a blaze of golden sunlight, casting its warm glow upon the world. Charlie had arranged to meet Nanako and head to Elys-Champ. His purpose was to send Nanako to the Mountain Villa where she could hone her control over reiki.

Meanwhile, Charlie had already completed the creation of the oral liquid and intended to distribute it among his martial arts students.

Across the vast ocean, Steve Rothschild soared through the sky in a private plane, drawing ever closer to Aurous Hill. Only a few hours of flight remained until his arrival.

While Charlie made his way towards his destination, Master Vail addressed the over four hundred martial arts students who diligently practiced in the morning.

“Good news, everyone!” he exclaimed. “Master Wade will be joining us shortly. He has prepared gifts for each and everyone of you, and he will personally distribute them.”

The martial arts students erupted with excitement at this announcement.

Aurora, Xion, the members of the Elms family, and the members of the Dragon Temple were all aware of Charlie's medicine, which could enhance a martial artist's cultivation. Serena, who had recently arrived from the United States, was unfamiliar with this knowledge. Nevertheless, she had been eagerly anticipating meeting Charlie ever since she set foot in China.

When the news of Charlie's impending arrival reached her ears, Serena's heart fluttered with a mix of nervousness and anticipation.

After safely delivering Nanako to the Mountain Villa, Charlie arrived in Elys-Champ with the vials of oral liquid in hand. Waiting for him outside were Don Albert and Isaac Cameron, who had thoughtfully prepared a small cart as requested.

Upon seeing Isaac Cameron, Charlie greeted him with a warm smile.

“Isaac, when did you arrive?” he inquired.

Isaac Cameron replied respectfully, “I arrived early this morning, Young Master.”

Charlie nodded approvingly and said, “We have a lunch gathering today. Once I finish my work here, you and Don Albert will join me.”

Don Albert was already aware that they would be dining at the prestigious Heaven Springs with the second-in-command of the Rothschild family, but Isaac Cameron remained blissfully ignorant of this fact.

Tuning his attention to Don Albert, Charlie asked, “Are all the others gathered?”

Don Albert hurriedly responded, “They are all waiting for you at the martial arts hall”

“Excellent,” Charlie exclaimed. “Let us make our way there swiftly.”

With Don Albert pushing the cart filled with vials of oral liquid, and Isaac following closely behind, Charlie led the way to the martial arts hall.

Inside the hall, over four hundred martial arts students, clad in uniform training attire, sat cross-legged, their gazes fixed straight ahead.

Master Vail occupied the teaching platform, the sole figure of authority in the room.

As Isaac opened the door, all heads turned to behold the entrance.

The sight of Charlie walking in prompted them to rise to their feet, standing tall and saluting their esteemed master.

Among the students, Serena's eyes sparkled with genuine surprise and excitement as they locked onto Charlie.

Quickly approaching Charlie, Master Vail respectfully said, “Master Wade, the disciples eagerly await your words. Please address them...”

Charlie nodded, ascending the teaching platform. His voice resonated throughout the hall as he began, “My dear disciples, the path of martial arts is long and arduous. | established this training base and invited Master Vail to guide you all, with the hope of accelerating your progress along this path. | am curious to know your experiences here. Has this place truly aided your cultivation as intended?”

In unison, the students replied, “Yes!”

One enthusiastic voice even shouted, “Not only that, but it has exceeded our expectations!”

“Yes! Our progress has been remarkable!”

“I now have a much deeper understanding of martial arts!”

Among the crowd, Serena summoned her courage and exclaimed, “Since coming here, my cultivation progress has indeed doubled!”

Charlie recognized her and queried curiously, "Miss Gray, when you were in the Mystic Harmony Sect in the United States, you also trained under Master Vail. What makes you feel that your progress has doubled here?”

Serena, taken aback by Charlie's direct question, nervously replied, “Master Wade... I... What | said is true. | am not merely paying lip service. The reason | feel my progress has doubled Is mainly due to three factors.”

After a brief pause, she continued, “Firstly, when | was in the Mystic Harmony Sect In the United States, our Master did not prioritize teaching as he does now. Back then, he focused more on his own cultivation and rarely lectured us. He would simply provide us with cultivation techniques and leave us to comprehend and practice on our own...”

“Occasionally, he would offer guidance and hints to his direct disciples. But now, Master delivers lectures daily, monitors our progress, and provides constant guidance. Naturally, this increase in attention has led to greater efficiency...”

Master Vail, feeling slightly embarrassed, interjected, “Master Wade... The Mystic Harmony Sect used to be more relaxed, and | must admit my own shortcomings... But those shortcomings no longer exist!”

Charlie smiled and nodded before turning his attention back to Serena.



“And what about the other two reasons?” he inquired.

Serena replied, “The second reason is that | believe Master's personal understanding of the Great Way of Harmonious Unity has greatly deepened. As his understanding expands, our comprehension when he imparts his teachings becomes stronger.”

Quick to add, Master Vail chimed in, “Master Wade, this is thanks to the second part of the Great Way of Harmonious Unity that you shared with me. It has been immensely helpful in deepening our understanding.”

Serena continued, “The third reason is that the atmosphere here Is incredibly motivating. In the Mystic Harmony Sect, | was a direct disciple, and my cultivation progress and understanding of martial arts surpassed that of my fellow disciples...”

“Naturally, this led to some arrogance and complacency, which resulted in a lack of drive. However, here | have come to realize that many possess talents far greater than mine, and they work harder than | ever have. have come to understand that | am not the most exceptional individual, and so | must push myself harder to bridge the gap.”

Charlie nodded, his smile growing wider. “Initially, | thought you were merely being polite, Miss Gray. However, after hearing your words, can sense the sincerity behind them.”

He continued, “Throughout history, there have been countless literary prodigies who could compose poetry and create masterpieces from a young age. Yet, | have never heard of someone with an innate talent for martial arts, capable of defeating opponents at the tender ages of three or five...”

“Whether it is martial arts or any renowned sport, natural talent alone is insufficient. No matter how exceptional one’s talent may be,

continuous practice day and night is necessary to have a chance at becoming a champion. Furthermore, the more elite the sport, the greater the need for professional coaches, top-notch facilities, and dedicated training. Martial arts are no exception...”

“That is precisely why I have transformed Elys-Champ into this martial arts training base. This place serves as your professional arena, and Master Vail acts as your professional coach. As long as you fully engage in professional training under Master Vail's guidance, I am confident that your strength will improve significantly!”

The crowd wholeheartedly believed Charlie's words, for they were the living proof of his theory.

Their belief manifested in thunderous applause, which Charlie promptly quelled with a raised hand. He continued, “I have come here today not to inspire gratitude, but to ensure you understand the significance of this place. Moreover, I have a small gift for each and every one of you.”

With a glance at Don Albert, Charlie instructed, “Don Albert, select a few individuals to distribute the gifts I have brought to all those present!”

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Don Albert quickly distributed the tonic to everyone, including Master Vail, who had already reached the pinnacle of enlightenment.

After handing out the elixir, Charlie spoke up, “What you all have in your hands is a special medicine designed to fortify your body and meridians. Taking it can enhance your cultivation. If you happen to be on the verge of a breakthrough, this medicine might just push you over the edge.”

The crowd grew excited upon hearing that the medicine could enhance their cultivation.

For martial artists, complete mastery of internal martial arts techniques and medicines that boost their strength are invaluable treasures.

Many martial artists spend their entire lives without the aid of any elixirs. Sometimes, they can sense that they are just one step away from a breakthrough, but no matter how hard they try, they cannot take that step with their own abilities.

Seeing that many people hesitated to take the medicine, Charlie spoke again, “You can take the medicine now and see if it can help you improve. If you are at a crucial stage of advancement, it might give you a much-needed boost and help you break through to the next level.”

The crowd grew even more eager upon hearing this. Many of them were itching to try the medicine and were ready to consume it immediately.

Charlie continued, “In the future, I will continue to provide the same medicine to all of you. Each person will receive at least three bottles per year. If you make faster progress, you may even receive additional rewards. I hope each and every one of you gives it your all and improves your cultivation as quickly as possible.”

The crowd was greatly inspired and sat down around, eagerly consuming the medicine given by Charlie. Even Don Albert and Isaac Cameron, who possessed little talent in martial arts, anxiously awaited the effects of the medicine on their bodies.

The medicine prepared by Charlie this time had a lower concentration of active ingredients compared to the celebratory wine he prepared for the the Dragon Temple soldiers after their victory in Mexico. However, for the martial artists present who had not yet reached the

enlightened realm, the effects of the medicine were still significant.

Almost everyone could feel progress in their cultivation in an instant. Even if they did not break through to the next level, their meridians and bones had greatly improved, making them stronger overall.

Some martial artists who were on the brink of a breakthrough successfully advanced to the next level and achieved a higher realm. Even Master Vail, who had reached the pinnacle of enlightenment, felt further improvement in his cultivation and took another big step towards breaking through to the next realm.

The most frustrated, or perhaps the only one feeling frustrated, was Serena.

Charlie had already fully opened her meridians using reiki. However, due to her personality and behavior, after Charlie opened all of her meridians, he sealed three of them, bringing her cultivation back to the level of a five-star martial artist. But this time, although her cultivation did not change much, was completely different in nature.

Originally, her other three meridians were like fertile soil in the natural world. With her own efforts, she could gradually penetrate and break through them, just like ants digging tunnels.

This is the underlying principle of cultivation in the enlightened realm, constantly striving to open new meridians until all eight are unlocked. But now, the other three meridians of Serena had been sealed by Charlie using reiki. It was like transforming the soil into solid rock, beyond the capabilities of ants. She had been giving it her all during this period, but there was no sign of any loosening in the sixth meridian.

And now, after taking the medicine given by Charlie, she felt that the medicine was affecting the five meridians she had already opened, but there was no force that could dislodge the blockage in the sixth meridian.

While many people were cheering, Serena felt particularly dejected.

She realized that if Charlie hadn't sealed her three meridians, no matter how hard she worked, she would never be able to join the ranks of the six-star martial artists.

At one point, she even contemplated mustering the courage to plead with Charlie to open her meridians once again. But when she thought about her previous arrogance and disrespectful behavior, she suppressed this impulse.

As a result, her desolation deepened, and she sat on the ground, her eyes fixed on the floor in front of her, feeling utterly desolate.

Charlie merely glanced at her and could discern her desolation. After all, amidst a group of jubilant people, she was the only one sitting in solitude, making her stand out.

He understood well that Serena felt so dejected because her meridians were sealed, leaving her with no possibility of further advancement on her own.

Recalling Serena's disrespectful behavior, Charlie regarded her as a passionate martial arts enthusiast with a strong personality. It was not that Charlie was being petty and unwilling to let go of the past, but because he had already opened all her meridians at once. If he were to retract that, she would instantly become a master at the pinnacle of enlightenment.

While Charlie could overlook her rudeness, he did not want her to make a leap into the pinnacle of enlightenment simply because she had offended him in the past.

After pondering for a moment, Charlie felt that although he couldn't be too lenient with Serena, since she had already joined his ranks,

regardless of her level of sincerity, he should give her a glimmer of hope.

So, Charlie walked over to Serena and asked her, “Miss Gray, how do you feel after taking the medicine?”

Serena trembled upon hearing Charlie's sudden voice, then quickly stood up and nervously replied, “Mr. Wade... Thank you for giving me the medicine. | feel quite good...my five meridians have all improved to varying degrees, and my strength has also increased...”

Charlie nodded slightly and inquired, “Have you been adjusting well since coming to Aurous Hill?”

Serena hurriedly responded, “Yes, | have...thank you, Mr. Wade, for giving me and the Mystic Harmony Sect disciples this opportunity... Everyone here has made significant progress...”

Charlie smiled faintly and said, “Miss Gray, | would like to speak with you privately. Come with me.”

Serena felt a twinge of nervousness but promptly replied, “Of course, Mr. Wade!”

Charlie turned and walked out of the Martial Arts Hall, leading Serena to the adjacent rest area.

Serena approached Charlie with trepidation and respectfully asked, “Mr. Wade... What can | do for you?”

Charlie spoke frankly, “To be honest, | hadn't originally planned to accept Mystic Harmony Sect so early. But you and your Mystic Harmony Sect brothers have worked hard to protect my grandparents, and it has truly demonstrated your sincerity. Since you've shown sincerity, | will naturally reciprocate.”

Serena hastily said, “Mr. Wade, you are too kind...it's what | should do...”

Charlie nodded subtly and continued, “I can see that your cultivation is not yet at the level where you can break through to a six-star martial artist, but you have already reached the mid to late stage of a five-star martial artist. If I hadn't sealed your three meridians, you should have already started breaking

through to the sixth meridian. Do you resent me for that?”

Upon hearing this, Serena felt a deep sense of remorse and said, “Mr. Wade... I blame myself for being too arrogant before. It was all my fault. I cannot blame you...”

Charlie smiled and remarked, “It's perfectly fine to voice your grievances. After all, none of us are saints.”

Continuing, Charlie added, “Since I've just promised to assist you, it's only natural that I follow through with practical actions. Progressing in your cultivation needs to be steady, so won't rush your advancement. Today, I'll guide you through the six-star martial arts sequence first, laying a firm foundation.”

Before Serena could fully grasp Charlie's intentions, he reached out and gently tapped her shoulder.

In that moment, Serena felt the blockage in her sixth meridian dissolve completely. Her cultivation instantly ascended to the six-star martial arts sequence!

The ascent through each small realm brought about a profound sensation.

Serena keenly perceived her own transformation and was overwhelmed with joy, even shedding tears of elation. She hadn't anticipated Charlie's generous act of opening her sixth meridian when she was at the brink of despair regarding her cultivation. Even without Charlie sealing her three meridians, she hadn't yet reached the stage of breaking through to the six-star martial arts.

Typically, reaching the middle and late stages of the five-star martial arts would take several years to break through.

What Charlie did not only liberated Serena's cultivation from its constraints but also spared her several years of arduous breakthroughs!

Serena, moved to tears, instinctively knelt down and tearfully expressed, "I kneel before you, Mr. Wade, in complete gratitude..."

Charlie didn't extend a hand to help her up but spoke earnestly, "Focus on your cultivation here. When the time is right, I'll assist you in opening the remaining meridians one by one. As long as you apply yourself diligently, I'll be there to aid your breakthroughs when the time comes."

Overflowing with gratitude, Serena exclaimed, "Mr. Wade's benevolence... | shall never forget it! | pledge to dedicate myself fully to improving my cultivation, with everything owed to Mr. Wade!"

Charlie nodded approvingly and remarked casually, "You've hesitated to assume the role of the head of Mystic Harmony Sect before. In my estimation, now is the opportune moment. Though your master remains the nominal head, his attention is divided. In essence, Mystic Harmony Sect is currently without a leader. | suggest you have a heart-to-heart with your master after today, pick a propitious day, and formally conduct the handover ceremony of the headship before your disciples."

Serena promptly affirmed, "I understand perfectly! I'll discuss this matter with my master and resolve it promptly!"

Charlie was pleased with her response and instructed, "Very well, return to the martial arts hall. Also, inform Don Albert and Isaac that it's time for their departure. I'll await them here."

With utmost respect, Serena acknowledged, "I shall comply!"



With that, she rose, offered a deep bow, then turned and departed.

Observing her departure, Charlie discerned a marked uplift in her spirits.

Shortly thereafter, Don Albert and Isaac Cameron arrived at Charlie's quarters. Upon seeing them, Charlie greeted with a smile, "How did it go? I provided you both with the elixir. Have you noticed any improvements in your cultivation?"

"Uh..." Don Albert scratched his head, "Master Wade, I do feel a significant enhancement in my physique, but my cultivation progress is somewhat lacking. It appears I may not possess the aptitude for this..."

Isaac Cameron sighed, "Young master, I seem to be facing a similar challenge..."

Charlie smiled reassuringly and commented, "While my elixir can enhance your physical well-being and even extend your lifespan, if martial arts talent isn't inherent, it could hinder your progression in cultivation."

He added, "However, don't fret. You both have your own paths to follow. Don't let the pace of your practice here trouble you too much. I'll find a way to guide you toward your respective paths in due course."

Grateful, the two expressed their thanks.

Charlie concluded, "Alright, it's about time. My esteemed guest is expected to arrive soon. Let's proceed to Heaven Springs and await their arrival."

Chapter 5697

Atten o'clock in the morning, a private plane, a modified version of the Boeing 747-8, gracefully touched down at Aurous Hill Airport. Steve Rothschild, the heir of the prestigious Rothschild family, descended from the plane with his entourage, swiftly completing the

necessary customs procedures.

The Chinese staff of the Rothschild family had eagerly awaited their arrival for quite some time. Although Steve was uncertain of when he would officially take over the family business, in the eyes of others, he was already the second most important figure in the Rothschild dynasty. As a result, they treated him with utmost reverence.

As Steve exited the airport, a fleet of Cadillacs stood ready, lined up in anticipation. These vehicles were all top-of-the-line models, specially ordered by the Rothschild family from the United States. While they may not have possessed the same ostentatious luxury as Rolls-Royces, each car was far more valuable than a Rolls-Royce Phantom.

In truth, the Rothschild family had long forsaken the allure of Rolls-Royce.

In the present day, Rolls-Royce owners were predominantly young, second-generation wealthy individuals or those who had suddenly amassed a fortune through cryptocurrency or social media.

Upon settling into a bulletproof Cadillac, Steve promptly instructed the reception leader, “Take us to Heaven Springs.”

The reception leader, who had hastily arrived from Eastcliff the day before and was unfamiliar with Aurous Hill, had meticulously studied the route to Heaven Springs. Without hesitation, he replied, “Yes, sir. We will proceed directly to Heaven Springs.”

At this moment, Heaven Springs had temporarily ceased its business operations. The parking lot was under strict guard, prohibiting any entry of vehicles.

Don Albert arrived at Heaven Springs accompanied by Charlie and Isaac.

After parking the car, Charlie confidently strode towards the main gate of Heaven Springs, turning to Don Albert and stating, “Don Albert,

you will be the host. It is your responsibility to oversee everything here. Remember, regardless of the number of people accompanying him, only Steve Rothschild is allowed to enter.”

“Yes, Master Wade!” Don Albert nodded earnestly, assuring him, “By the way, Master Wade, | have arranged a business car for you, which is parked at the back entrance.”

“Excellent...” Charlie smiled and replied, “Just remember not to be overly deferential to Steve. We don't want him to think he is some important guest and lose sight of his position.”

Don Albert nodded, a smile forming on his face. “Master Wade, rest assured. Don Albert knows how to handle it!”

Charlie motioned for Isaac Cameron to join him and said, “Isaac, let's proceed to the private room and await their arrival.”

Don Albert hurriedly interjected, "Master Wade, allow me to escort you and Mr. Cameron upstairs!”

“There's no need, Don Albert. We've been here before,” Charlie replied with a smile. “Besides, it's just the Diamond Box.”

Charlie and Isaac ascended the stairs, while Don Albert remained on the first floor. Upon reaching the private room, Charlie confidently took the main seat, positioned to face the door. He gestured for Isaac to sit on his left.

Isaac, who had only just returned to Aurous Hill earlier that day, was uncertain of the purpose behind the Rothschild family’s visit.

Nervously, he inquired, “Young Master, is there anything specific | should keep in mind when meeting the Rothschild family?”

“Mindfulness?” Charlie chuckled and replied, “There's nothing extraordinary to consider. Just remember not to take him too seriously.”

Isaac was momentarily taken aback, but quickly nodded in understanding. “Yes, Young Master. | comprehend.”

Before long, the fleet of Cadillacs arrived at Heaven Springs from the main Intersection.

Don Albert caught sight of the fleet and promptly instructed the parking attendant to lift the barrier, granting them access.

As each car entered the parking lot, over ten black-suited bodyguards emerged, assuming a professional stance as they expertly surrounded Steve's vehicle, their vigilant eyes scanning the surroundings.

Fair-haired Caucasian man, appearing rather like a CIA agent, headed towards Heaven Springs. Simultaneously, Don Albert made his way towards him.

The fair-haired man surveyed his surroundings with caution, speaking softly into the microphone of his headset. "Everyone, remain in position and stay alert!"

Don Albert approached him, prompting the fair-haired man to scrutinize him from head to toe before inquiring, "Are you in charge of Heaven Springs?"

Had Don Albert not been informed by Charlie beforehand, the man's demeanor might have intimidated him. However, Don Albert was well aware of Steve's identity and his scheduled visit to the dog farm, causing him to dismiss the man before him.

Disdainfully, he retorted, "In charge? | am the owner of this establishment."

With an arched eyebrow, Don Albert continued, "And you? Are you the head of the security team for this convoy?"

The man, taken aback by being referred to as the head of the security team, displayed his displeasure as he stated, "I am the security consultant for the Rothschild family, formerly employed by C..."

“No need to explain further,” Don Albert interjected, speaking nonchalantly. ‘I came here specifically to meet a guest named Steve. Since you are not him, there is no need to waste my time. Our boss awaits upstairs. Inform Steve not to dawdle in the car and to promptly join me.’”

Without giving the man a chance to respond, Don Albert disregarded his annoyed expression and added, “Furthermore, only he is permitted to enter through the main gate of Heaven Springs. No one else may enter or exit the parking lot.”

The man, growing increasingly angry, exclaimed, “You are merely the owner of a restaurant. How dare you speak to me in such a manner? Do you comprehend the importance of Mr. Rothschild's safety?”

Indifferently, Don Albert replied, “Given that my boss is already waiting upstairs, simply provide a straightforward answer regarding your boss's Intentions.”

Steve, who had been inside the car, listened attentively to the conversation between the driver and the bodyguard via the car's intercom system.

Upon hearing Don Albert's firm stance, it became evident that he wasn't inclined to compromise. Without hesitation, Steve swiftly opened the door and stepped out.

The safety consultant was on the brink of debating with Don Albert when he caught sight of Steve exiting the vehicle. Hastily, he pivoted and dashed towards him, urgently stating, “Sir, you can't proceed alone, we can't assure your safety!”

Steve gestured dismissively, “It's alright. Since Mr. Wade is the host, safety is guaranteed. Just wait here for me...”

The man interjected, “Sir, this...”

Steve cut him off, “Alright, no need to elaborate. This is Mr. Wade's domain. You must show enough respect to have your people return to

the car and wait. You are not permitted to leave the vehicle until | return.” Steve comprehended well that despite his entourage of top-notch agents, they were powerless in front of Charlie. Moreover, they lacked authorization to carry firearms in China, significantly diminishing their combat effectiveness. In such a scenario, whether they were present or not made little difference if Charlie truly intended harm. Rather than futilely persisting, it was better to ascend and align with the boss of Heaven Springs before him. Observing Steve's unwavering stance, the security consultant found himself unable to protest further. Hence, he unclipped his walkie-talkie from his belt and handed it to Steve, remarking, “Sir, if you require assistance, just press the red button above, and we'll respond promptly.” “No need,” Steve waved him off, “Bringing this along may lead Mr. Wade to misunderstand.”

With that, Steve said no more to the consultant and approached Don Albert, offering a polite smile as he said, “Hello, I'm Steve Rothschild. Please lead the way to Mr. Wade...”

Don Albert nodded, “Follow me, please...”

Steve followed Don Albert into Heaven Springs until they reached the entrance of the diamond box.

The door to the box was ajar, affording him a direct view of Charlie seated across from the entrance.

Quickly, he greeted Charlie with a smile, saying flatteringly, “Mr. Wade! It's a pleasure to see you again!”

Charlie nodded warmly and gestured for him to take a seat, saying, “Come in, Steve. Sit wherever you like.”

Glancing at the large round table with more than ten seats, Steve felt a twinge of awkwardness. He wasn't familiar with Chinese dining customs.

The table was indeed massive. Sitting directly across from Charlie would necessitate speaking louder. Yet, with numerous empty seats and such a vast table, sitting right in front of Charlie might come off as overly obsequious.

Just as Steve pondered his dilemma, Charlie tapped the seat beside him and suggested with a smile, "Sit here, Steve. The table is quite spacious, and it might feel more comfortable to sit closer." Steve nodded eagerly and settled beside Charlie.

Charlie then indicated the empty seat beside Steve, instructing Don Albert, "Don Albert, take a seat next to Steve. It's more comfortable that way..."

Don Albert nodded, acknowledging, "Of course, Master Wade!"

Once Steve was seated, Charlie began the Introductions, saying, "Steve, allow me to introduce you. This is my subordinate and the proprietor of Heaven Springs, Mr. Don Albert."

Steve quickly extended his polite greetings, "Hello, Don Albert!"

Don Albert smiled, "Hello!"

Charlie then gestured to Isaac Cameron beside him, introducing, "And this is our family's current steward and general agent, Mr. Isaac Cameron..."

Steve nodded, expressing hurriedly, "Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Cameron!"

Isaac Cameron reciprocated the courtesy, saying politely, "The pleasure is mine..."

Continuing, Charlie addressed Don Albert and Isaac Cameron, “Don Albert, Isaac, this is the current heir to the Rothschild family, Mr.

Steve Rothschild. You can look him up on Google to learn more about him.”

Both Don Albert and Isaac Cameron expressed their pleasure at meeting him.

Despite being Charlie's subordinates and seemingly of lower status, Don Albert being a restaurant owner, Steve refrained from any airs, modestly stating, “It's an honor to meet you both. Should you ever visit the United States, please do reach out. I'd be delighted to extend my hospitality as a host.”

Charlie smiled and chimed in, “Steve is indeed gracious and hospitable. We'll have to share a few drinks later.”

Turning to Don Albert, Charlie instructed, “Don Albert, have the waitstaff serve the cold dishes and liquor first. We can converse over drinks.”

“Of course, Master Wade!” Don Albert promptly made the arrangements, and the chef, having prepared the dishes in advance, instructed the waiters to bring them out. Cold dishes were served one after another.

Before Steve could fully comprehend the situation, nine waiters entered successively, bearing eight cold dishes and a five-pound bottle of vintage jin Jue Moutai.

As Steve gawked at the enormous white wine bottle, the waiter swirly filled the wine decanter in front of him and poured him a glass.

Before Steve could react, Charlie lifted his own glass, saying with a smile, “Cheers, Steve! Welcome to China. According to our customs, let's share three toasts!”

Steve caught a whiff of the potent liquor and explained, “This... The alcohol content seems quite high, doesn't it?”



Don Albert explained with a smile, “Fifty-three degrees, a top-grade Maotai collection...”

“Fifty-three degrees...” Steve was taken aback, blurting out, “Do we have to down three glasses straight away?!”

Charlie chuckled, “Guests may adhere to their preferences. I'm not trying to pressure you intentionally. It's customary here to share three toasts at the beginning of a meal.”

Charlie was truthful, the custom of three toasts was widespread in Chinese restaurants. However, the alcohol content and the size of the glasses varied depending on the region's drinking habits.

Although Steve knew Charlie wouldn't deceive him, he still harbored some reservations. He mumbled, “I've attended banquets with Chinese hosts before, but... Never quite like this...”

Charlie reassured him, “Given your stature, no one would dare to compel you to drink at a dinner party. Even if such a rule exists, | wouldn't enforce it when we're together.”

With that settled, Charlie changed the subject, saying, “I don't impose upon you for favors, loans, or support. So why would | bend the rules for you, wouldn't you agree?”

Steve considered this and realized Charlie was correct.

In the United States, those around him naturally deferred to him due to his status. At a banquet, if he didn't propose a toast, no one would dare lift their glass. Thus, regardless of the rules, they could never surpass his own. But Charlie was different. To please him, one had to abide by his rules.

Acknowledging this, Steve swiftly replied, “It was my oversight for not understanding Chinese dining etiquette. In that case, I'll follow local

customs and drink as you say!”

Charlie nodded approvingly, raising his glass, and exclaimed, “Let's share three toasts together. If we're close enough after that, we'll raise our empty glasses. After three glasses, we can relax.”

As Steve eyed the bottle containing roughly 20 ml, he held his glass, secretly musing, “With such potent liquor, wouldn't drinking it straight burn my stomach?”

Meanwhile, Charlie had already lifted his glass, saying cheerfully, “Here's to us, the first toast!”

Don Albert and Isaac Cameron swiftly raised their glasses, clinking them with Charlie's and proclaiming, “Cheers!”

Though Steve felt a bit apprehensive, he followed suit. Thus, he clinked glasses with them and uttered boldly, “Alright! Let's do it!”

While Charlie, Don Albert, and Isaac Cameron downed their drinks in one go, Steve, unaccustomed to this drinking style, hesitated but eventually followed suit.

Satisfied, Charlie picked up his chopsticks, saying with a smile, “Let's eat together. After a few bites, we'll have our second toast.”

Steve had no choice but to acquiesce, mimicking Charlie's words. After three rounds of white wine, Steve was feeling a bit dizzy. Though not a lightweight, he had never experienced this kind of rapid drinking before.

At that moment, Charlie turned to Steve and inquired curiously, “By the way, Steve, what brings you to Aurous Hill this time? As a local figure in Aurous Hill, perhaps I can be of assistance to you.”

Steve's spirits lifted upon hearing this.

Arriving in Aurous Hill, he was somewhat at a loss. Despite the Hogwitz family's efforts to find him, all leads had gone cold. After much searching, they returned empty-handed. Thus, he had come to Aurous Hill first, intending to make a favorable impression on Howard, showing his earnestness in this matter.

Unfortunately, he had no clue how to locate father and son. Thus, he had decided to visit Charlie. Now that Charlie offered his help, it was a welcome relief.

He responded, "Mr. Wade, truth be told, I've come to Aurous Hill to find someone."

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"Looking for someone?" Upon hearing Steve's explanation, Charlie raised an eyebrow, his curiosity piqued.

With a smile, he asked, "Who are you searching for that requires a man of your immense wealth, a prince, to personally venture to China? Could it be the lost scion of the Rothschild family?"

Steve chuckled and replied, "Mr. Wade, you jest. The Rothschild family places utmost importance on bloodlines. How could we have a lost scion wandering out there?"

Lowering his voice, he continued gravely, "Mr. Wade, you must have heard that when the President of the United States steps out, even a strand of hair or a speck of saliva is collected by a dedicated individual. The same applies to the male offspring of the Rothschild family. Their every move is accounted for, their liaisons meticulously monitored. Even the ones protected by a rubber sheath are not spared.

Anyone who fathers a child outside of wedlock becomes an enemy of the entire family. Once discovered, their lives are irreversibly shattered.”

Don Albert, standing nearby, exclaimed in surprise, “Really? Isn't that an exaggeration?”

Steve replied earnestly, “Not at all. The Rothschild men, especially those in the direct line, may have to pay billions of dollars for an indiscretion. If such behavior were not strictly forbidden, | shudder to think how many women in the world would vie to bear a child for the Rothschild family. Once a child is born, they become a lifetime meal ticket. That's why our family takes this matter so seriously. Anyone who dares to stray from the path will be cast aside.”

Charlie did not doubt the significance the super family placed on bloodlines, especially when it came to securing a vast inheritance. Naturally, they had to exercise extreme caution. Feigning curiosity, he inquired, “Since it is not about an illegitimate child, who else is worthy of your personal visit?”

Steve let out a sigh and said, “To be honest, Mr. Wade, you may have heard that our family boasts a long and storied history, with numerous collateral branches. Among these collateral families is the Hogwitz family. They share a distant connection with us and are considered average among the relatives...”

“A few days ago, my father held a family meeting, with representatives from all the collateral families present. Perhaps in an attempt to win their favor, my father orchestrated a dramatic ‘Speak if You Have Something to Say’ moment. To our surprise, a member of the Hogwitz family publicly complained to my father, claiming that a father and son from their family went missing in Aurous Hill last year...” Steve shook his head helplessly and continued, “As the eldest son and designated heir to the family chief position, my father sent me to

personally investigate the matter.”

Charlie nodded in understanding and remarked, “Ah, | see... Since their disappearance occurred last year, it is difficult to determine whether they are still alive or not.”

Steve replied, “Sigh, | do not care whether they are alive or dead. My father's wish is to see them alive or find their remains.”

Charlie probed further, “If these two individuals were indeed killed by someone, would you not seek vengeance?”

Steve waved his hand dismissively and declared, “Revenge... That is not my purpose. | am here to gather information about their whereabouts. If retribution is necessary, it need not be me who exacts it. The family will dispatch someone to uncover the true culprits and avenge them.”

Charlie inquired, “So, what is your usual course of action in such circumstances?” Steve snorted and replied without hesitation, “Blood for blood, of course. Those who dare to provoke the Rothschild family, even if it's just their dog, will never escape our wrath! No one in this world has ever bullied the Rothschild family and gotten away with it!”

After speaking, Steve glanced at Charlie, his eyes betraying a hint of unease. He quickly clarified, “Mr. Wade, please do not misunderstand. What | said has nothing to do with you, especially you...”

Charlie curled his lips and remarked, “There is more to your words. Are you insinuating that | have bullied you?”

Steve hastened to deny it, “No! Absolutely not!”

Taking advantage of having already consumed some alcohol, Steve poured himself a full glass and downed it in one go.

Wearing a face filled with grievances, he continued, "Mr. Wade, there are no outsiders here. Allow me to speak candidly. Helena's actions in New York caused me a great deal of trouble. | even went to personally retrieve her. But what you told me back then was not like this. You said that if | helped you, once my father experienced a shock, he would allow me to inherit the family chief position. | never expected you would have Helena administer medicine to him. Isn't that deception?"

Charlie calmly replied, "Indeed, | deceived you..."

Steve looked at him in astonishment, murmuring, "Why.... Why would you do that?"

Charlie explained, "It is simple, Steve. Because | found you to be untrustworthy. In my eyes, you are someone who does not keep their word..."

Steve said, aggrieved, "Mr. Wade, you have misjudged me: truly am not that Kind of person:

Charlie smiled and replied, "I know precisely what your intentions are. If you were to successfully inherit the patriarch position, your initial step would be to eliminate the brothers posing the greatest threat. Once firmly in control, you'd systematically expel others to solidify your standing..."

"Secondly, you'd seek to annul our agreement, as by then, you'd have established your dominance and wouldn't be concerned if | revealed Four Treasures of the Study's secrets..."

Steve was momentarily stunned, silently pouring himself a glass of wine which he downed in one gulp, his defense shattered by Charlie's words.

Charlie pressed on, "I often adopt a villainous guise before revealing my true intentions. Were it not for my influence over your father's health, would you willingly stand subordinate to me today?"

Steve was left speechless.

Continuing, Charlie said, “Steve, let's pledge sincerity from now on. Feigning ignorance or innocence serves no purpose.”

With a tinge of shame, Steve nodded, “Mr. Wade, you're correct...”

Charlie interjected with a smile, “Steve, you actually possess an advantage over your father here.”

Steve's eyes regained their sparkle, eager for clarification, “Mr. Wade, what advantage do you mean?”

Charlie responded casually, “You and I share a direct connection, unlike your father. In theory and proximity, you're closer to me. Had you shown more sincerity, I wouldn't have needed to seek assistance from Helen to establish an indirect link with your father.”

Charlie elaborated, “Consider this: if you owned a supermarket and noticed residents across the street opting for farther stores, you wouldn't blame the customers. Instead, you'd introspect-perhaps they offer something you don't. You can't accost a customer and demand why they don't patronize your store, can you?”

Steve nodded, chastened, “Mr. Wade, you're right... I'll be completely forthcoming from now on, without any concealment.”

Charlie smiled, “Actions will reveal truth.”

Shifting focus to the matter of locating someone, Charlie inquired, “You mentioned earlier about settling blood debts with blood, but this is China, not the United States. Does your Rothschild family genuinely intend to exact such debts?”

Steve, cautioned by Charlie, though still apprehensive, sought to align himself with Charlie, admitting, “Mr. Wade, we won't undertake such unsavory tasks ourselves. It could lead to diplomatic disputes or public outcry. Typically, we enlist Mexicans for such jobs. They're fearless and, ironically, dread Americans the most.”

“Mexicans...” Charlie reminisced about the criminal groups he'd encountered in Mexico, remarking, “I hadn't anticipated the Rothschild

family's collaboration with Mexican criminal elements.”

Steve hastened to clarify, “It's not quite collaboration, more like exploitation. It's no secret in the States. Every Mexican cartel profits by supplying drugs to the US. Despite their reign of terror in Mexico, they view America as their cash cow. To safeguard their operations, they're willing to do America's bidding.”

Charlie nodded, smiling, “Indeed, the Rothschild family exhibits astute maneuvering.”

Charlie offered assistance, “Since your target vanished in Aurous Hill, would you like my aid in uncovering clues?”

Steve responded gratefully, “It'd be invaluable if Mr. Wade were to assist! Your Aurous Hill connections surpass ours. With your help, 'm confident we'll unearth crucial leads! Thank you immensely, Mr. Wade!”

Charlie dismissed the formality, saying to Steve, “No need for such formality. Let's eat first. Once done, I'll take you somewhere. Perhaps you'll find the leads you seek there.”

Glancing at Don Albert, Charlie prompted, “What do you think, Don Albert?”

“Absolutely!” Don Albert nodded vigorously, turning to Steve, “Mr. Rothschild, do you have a fear of dogs?”

Steve, perplexed by the question, nevertheless replied emphatically, “To be honest, Don Albert, | adore dogs. They're such loyal creatures, hardly anyone dislikes them.”

Don Albert grinned, “Excellent, let's eat quickly and depart!”



An hour later...

Steve, who was stuffed to the brim with food and drink, felt a wave of dizziness wash over him. He had certainly indulged in his fair share of alcohol, but luckily, his tolerance was high, and his speech remained relatively clear.

Charlie noticed Steve leaning against the back of his chair, his stomach full, and asked with a grin, “Hey Steve, how are you feeling? Need to order more another dish?”

Steve quickly waved his hand, a slightly tipsy smile on his face. “No... No need, Mr. Wade... I've had my fill. It's been ages since I've eaten so much and had such a good drink.”

Charlie nodded and said, “Since you're satisfied, let's get down to business. Let your guys know that you're catching up with me here and have them wait in the parking lot. We'll slip out through the back door and head to the place | mentioned!”

Steve's slightly intoxicated mind wasn't as cautious as usual. If he had been thinking clearly, he would have consulted his security advisor before agreeing to leave his men behind and follow Charlie to an unknown location. But alcohol has a way of clouding judgment.

Without much thought, Steve readily agreed, “Alright! Alright, Mr. Wade! I'll let them know right away!”

Afterwards, he pulled out his phone and made a call.

Before the other person could speak, Steve blurted out, “You guys... Just wait in the parking lot and don't wander off. I'm catching up with Mr. Wade here. I'll give you an update if anything comes up!” Hearing Steve's obvious signs of intoxication, the other person understood that it was best not to leave him alone for the time being.

They respectfully replied, "Okay, sir. We'll be waiting here. Let us know if anything happens."

Steve said his goodbyes and hung up the phone. Then, he turned to Charlie and asked, "Mr. Wade, shall we go?"

"Let's do it"" Charlie nodded, standing up. He turned to Don Albert and said, "Don Albert, help Steve..."

Don Albert quickly approached Steve, taking his arm and guiding him out of the private room.

Sleek black business car with tinted windows and two or three rows of seats was idling at the back door of Heaven Springs.

Normally, Steve's bodyguards would have monitored all entrances and exits of Heaven Springs. But this time, the situation was different. They had been left in the front parking lot, completely unaware of what was happening at the back door.

As Charlie and the others reached the car, the electric sliding doors on the back rows opened, and Don Albert led Steve to the third row. Charlie and Isaac Cameron followed suit, getting into the car.

Once the car doors closed, Steve realized that all the windows were non-transparent, and there was a physical partition between the back rows and the driver's seat.

Sitting in the car meant completely losing sight of the outside world. He couldn't help but feel a bit surprised, asking Charlie, "Mr. Wade... This car is incredibly private, isn't it?"

Charlie smiled and replied, "The place I'm taking you is highly confidential, so caution is necessary. But rest assured, your people know

that you entered Heaven Springs, and I would never openly harm you. So you can trust me to take you wherever I need you to go. And once we're done, I'll send you back without a scratch.”

Steve's last trace of worry vanished instantly, and he casually said with a smile, “I trust you completely, Mr. Wade. I won't bat an eye no matter where you take me!”

The car departed through the back door, avoiding any encounter with Steve's men who were waiting in the front. As the vehicle left the city, it headed towards the outskirts.

Don Albert's dog farm was located away from residential areas due to noise and odor concerns, ensuring maximum security.

The construction and upgrade of Don Albert's dog farm had been in progress since the beginning of the year, and it was now nearly complete. The upgraded facility boasted a larger area, improved facilities, and enhanced safety and secrecy. The most secure part was the underground section.

According to Don Albert, it was practically impenetrable. Even a T-Rex could be kept there without anyone on the outside knowing.

During the journey, Steve's intoxication began to fade, but his anxiety grew in its place. As his mind cleared, he couldn't fathom why Charlie was bringing him to visit a dog farm. Yet, as long as he didn't pose a threat, he decided to set his worries aside and simply follow Charlie.

Finally, the vehicle gradually slowed down.

Steve could hear the sound of an electric gate opening. From the hum of the motor and the low friction sound, he could tell that the gate was massive and weighty, further heightening his sense of foreboding.

The car entered the gate, and the air was immediately filled with the cacophony of barking dogs. The barks were loud and deep, belonging to powerful breeds.

This heightened Steve's panic even further, his thoughts racing, "Big iron gate, big dog, where has Charlie brought me..."

While pondering, the car came to a halt.

Instantly, the electric sliding doors on both sides opened, the sound insulation lost, and the barking of the dogs outside became deafening. Steve swiftly peered outside and discovered himself beneath a vast factory shed, encircled by iron cages each measuring two to three square meters, almost all housing large fighting dogs.

Steve was undeniably knowledgeable about dogs. Being American, renowned for their love of canine companions, and a wealthy individual well-versed in various breeds, he merely cast a glance at the dogs and identified them. Among them were Tibetan Mastiffs, Pitbulls, Dogos, Tosa, Rottweilers, and assorted terriers, recognizable yet indistinguishable.

This realization left Steve somewhat pale. He noted that every dog here was formidable, bred for combat prowess, many of which were even banned in the United States. If unleashed together, these dogs could overwhelm even the toughest opponents.

At that moment, Charlie disembarked from the vehicle, beckoning to Steve from outside, "Come along, Steve, we've arrived..."

Steve cautiously descended, surveying his surroundings, and queried Charlie, "Mr. Wade, what exactly is this place?"

Turning to Don Albert exiting the car, Charlie instructed, "Don Albert, introduce yourself to Steve."

Don Albert grinned, addressing Steve, “Mr. Rothschild, this is my dog farm. We primarily breed aggressive dog breeds. Before joining Master Wade, I used this farm to raise dogs for underground fighting, to make ends meet. However, its purpose has shifted since then. Now, it is no longer used for profit.”

Steve visibly relaxed upon hearing this and asked curiously, “If its no longer for profit, why maintain such a large number of dogs? It seems Don Albert has a genuine fondness for them.”

“Not quite,” Don Albert replied casually. “The main purpose here is to deal with disobedient individuals. To nurture their ferocity, I've fed them raw meat exclusively. Dogs aren't picky eaters, any meat suffices.”

Steve breathed a sigh of relief, but Don Albert's subsequent words gave him pause.

As the second-in-command of the Rothschild family, Steve had encountered many harrowing situations, yet on unfamiliar territory without any bodyguards, Don Albert's words naturally struck fear into him.

At that moment, Don Albert gestured towards the menacing dogs and remarked to Steve, “These dogs serve a valuable purpose.”

Leaning closer, he continued with a smile, “Watching those American gangster movies, one might think incessant beatings and inquiries are effective interrogation methods. But in reality, a few of these dogs, starved for a day, presented with a stripped, helmeted individual, can yield remarkable results. The dogs won't kill immediately, but their persistence... Well, you can imagine the outcome.”

Steve's fear intensified, his nerves tightening. Nervously, he muttered, “Don Albert certainly has inventive methods...”

Observing Steve's apprehension, Charlie reassured him with a smile, “Steve, fear not. I brought you here merely for a visit. You're in no danger, so relax.”

Taking a deep breath, Steve couldn't help but lament internally, "A little warming next time wouldn't hurt. Nearly scared the life out of me..."

Chuckling, Don Albert pointed towards a nearby factory building and remarked, "Mr. Steve, the ground floor is primarily for visitors. The real excitement lies below."

"Below?" Steve gestured to his feet. "There's another floor?"

"Yes," Don Albert confirmed. "Everything below is newly constructed."

Charlie interjected, smiling. "Indeed, Steve. Let's explore the lower levels together."

"Okay, okay," Steve muttered to himself, feeling reassured by Charlie's demeanor.

Though he couldn't fathom Charlie's purpose for bringing him to a dog farm, as long as there was no threat, he resolved to follow along.

Under Don Albert's guidance, the quartet proceeded toward the house at the end of the factory shed.

The despicable Hogwitz father and son duo had been confined here for quite some time. Walter, suffering from kidney failure, relied on dialysis for survival, while his elderly father, imprisoned alongside him, assumed the role of caregiver. Their situation was undeniably grim.

Initially, they harbored hopes of rescue from either the Hogwitz family or even the Rothschilds. Yet, as time passed, their fantasies dissolved. Instead of salvation, Don Albert's dog farm expanded, shrouded in secrecy, leaving them resigned to their fate.

Presently, after Walter finished his dialysis, he lay weakly on the hospital bed, spooning the white porridge his father offered.

Jiro Kobayashi, the second scion of the Kobayashi family, approached with a cart.

"Mr. Hogwitz, please return the tableware after your meal," he requested.

Walter's father swirly retrieved the tableware, passing it to Jiro before the latter disposed of it in a recycling bin.

Just as Jiro prepared to depart, Walter's father interjected, "Mr. Kobayashi, wait!"

"What is it?" Jiro inquired.

With pleading eyes, Walter's father requested, "Mr. Kobayashi, tomorrow is my son's birthday. Could we request a cake for him?"

"Well... It doesn't have to be extravagant, just ordinary cupcakes. It's been a while since he had cake," he added, hopeful.

Walter on the hospital bed also looked at Jiro Kobayashi expectantly, hoping to get his consent.

Jiro chuckled derisively. "For someone as devious and vile as Walter, mere survival should suffice. Yet, he demands cake? I'd sooner eat dirt."

Embarrassed, Walter's father implored, "Mr. Kobayashi, Walter has paid dearly for his misdeeds. Please, spare him further humiliation..."

"If you didn't make unreasonable requests, | wouldn't need to humiliate him," Jiro retorted.

Indignant, Walter's father argued, "You're here because of your own mistakes, aren't you? Last time, Mr. Wade even provided you with beer and pornography. Is requesting a simple cupcake for my son too much?"

Jiro sneered, "I receive amenities because I've shown contrition and worked diligently. What about you? Have you contributed anything? Your useless son requires dialysis equipment and medicine. Master Wade has been generous, yet you seek cake?"

Speechless, Walter's father could only apologize. "I'm sorry, Mr. Kobayashi. Please, forget our conversation..."

"Don't utter such nonsense again," Jiro snapped before departing.

Meanwhile, Charlie, Steve, and their entourage reached the house above ground.

Upon entering, they spotted an open secret passage concealed against the wall.

The secret passage is ingeniously constructed, featuring an electrically operated upper cover. This cover seamlessly blends with the room's floor tiles and can be perfectly aligned with the gaps, rendering it virtually indistinguishable.

Adjacent to the passage sits a three-seater sofa, matching the size of the cover. When the floor tiles are concealed, moving the sofa onto the cover renders it exceptionally discreet.

As they approached the stairs leading downward, Don Albert shouted, "Jiro! Master Wade awaits below! Prepare to welcome him!"

Upon hearing this, Jiro, who had eyed Walter's father coldly moments before, eagerly responded, "Master Wade, Don Albert, I'm coming!"

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Quickly, Jiro ascended the sinking corridor, his heart pounding with anticipation.

Spotting Charlie and Don Albert, his face lit up with joy, and he hurriedly bowed to greet them. "Hello, Mr. Wade, Don Albert!"

Jiro couldn't help but be intrigued by the unfamiliar face of Steve Rothschild, with his distinct Caucasian features. But he knew his place and didn't dare pry.



As a semi-free person in the dog breeding farm, he understood it wasn't his business to be nosy. So, he politely addressed Steve, “Hello, sit”

Steve, deducing from his name that Jiro was Japanese, was also curious about his identity. He was even more intrigued by this place they were in.

Charlie, observing Jiro’s beaming face, smiled and inquired, “Jiro, how have you been faring here lately?”

“It's been good!” Jiro replied, his smile radiant. “Everyone has been kind to me, and everything is going well.”

Jiro now enjoyed a modicum of freedom within the confines of the dog breeding farm. Although he couldn't leave, he had some liberties in other aspects.

Charlie patted Jiro on the shoulder and gestured towards Steve with a smile. “Jiro, this is Mr. Rothschild from the United States’ Rothschild family. He's the guest I've invited today. I plan to take him down for a visit. I'll have you introduce him later.”

Upon hearing the name Rothschild, Jiro was taken aback and muttered to himself, “Roth... Rothschild family?!”

The Rothschild family had a prestigious reputation in Japan. In the Japanese consciousness, the three most famous English surnames were MacArthur, Soros, and Rothschild.

MacArthur's fame was self-explanatory. After Japan's defeat in World War II, this five-star general became the de facto ruler of Japan. He was even considered the “Japanese Emperor Emeritus” and had the audacity to act arrogantly, repeatedly humiliating Emperor Showa.

When he left Japan, a million Japanese people bid him farewell, a puzzling sight indeed.

Soros gained notoriety in Japan due to the financial giant's strong-arm tactics. He caused the Asian financial crisis in 1997 and occasionally manipulated the yen, causing great suffering for the Japanese people. Formerly successful individuals in Japan would occasionally bang on tables at Izakayas, exclaiming, "Damn you, Soros! If it weren't for Soros, I'd be a second-generation rich and wouldn't have ended up working at a 7-Eleven!"

As for Rothschild, they were considered true demonic figures in contemporary Japanese society. Every time Japan was exploited by the United States, the shadow of the legendary Rothschild family loomed large.

While Soros only plundered cash from the pockets of the Japanese people, the Rothschild family would bring American tanks and demolish half of the Japanese people's homes. Even three-year-old children in Japan knew that the Rothschild family was the undisputed number one family in the world.

Jiro couldn't fathom why Charlie would bring someone from the Rothschild family here, nor did he understand the family's intentions.

Amidst his confusion, a thought suddenly flashed through his mind, and he whispered to himself, "Damn it! When the Hogwarts father and son first arrived, they kept claiming to be relatives of the Rothschild family. Could it be that this Mr. Rothschild is here to take them back?"

Noticing Jiro's bewildered and shocked expression, Charlie inquired, "Jiro, what's on your mind?"

Jiro snapped out of his thoughts and quickly replied, "It's nothing, Mr. Wade, nothing at all..."

Afterwards, he respectfully said, "Mr. Wade, Mr. Rothschild, and Don Albert, if you're ready, let's head down together!"

Charlie nodded and said, "Lead the way..."

Jiro bowed ninety degrees and turned to descend the stairs, with Charlie following closely behind.

As they made their way down, Charlie waved at Steve and grinned. "Let's go, Steve. I'll introduce you to a couple of people."

"Meet someone?" Steve asked, surprised. "Mr. Wade, who am I meeting?"

Charlie smiled enigmatically and replied, "You'll find out when we get there..."

With that, he proceeded down the stairs.

Steve hadn't anticipated this sudden visit, leaving him little time to ponder. He hastened his pace to catch up with Charlie.

Upon reaching the basement level, Steve realized it was a miniature prison. Before him stretched a long corridor, lined with rooms enclosed by reinforced concrete walls and iron bars.

Each room had no wall facing the corridor, only iron bars that allowed a full view of the interiors. Even the modest toilets inside had low walls, exposing the occupants' heads when in use.

Though completely underground, the air and temperature were no different from above. Charlie had expected a peculiar odor, but he felt no discomfort whatsoever.

Don Albert, standing beside him, explained, "Master Wade, we installed a fresh air system when constructing this place. The air inside circulates twice an hour, and we have central dehumidification, so it never feels clammy even underground. We also have central air conditioning, ensuring warmth in winter and coolness in summer, making it quite comfortable."

With a smile, Don Albert glanced at Steve and added, "There's an American word, right? Something about humanity, believe?"

Steve casually responded, "Humanitarian..."

"Yes, exactly," Don Albert chuckled. "We've incorporated many humanitarian aspects here."

Afterwards, he hurriedly approached Charlie's ear, whispering, "Master Wade, ordinarily | don't activate the fresh air and air conditioning here. prefer not to provide those scoundrels with too much comfort. As for last night, mentioned your impending arrival, prompting Jiro to open them ahead of time. Once you depart, instructed Jiro to close them."

Charlie nodded approvingly, offering a smile as he commended, "Impressive, Don Albert. Your thoughtfulness is truly commendable."

He then leaned over, patted his jacket pocket, and whisper in Charlie's ear, "Master Wade, I've also brought the equipment for human calligraphy. If you wish, | can write a few words on their foreheads, even if they're from the Rothschild family!"

Charlie smiled and replied, "There's no need for that today. No bloodshed." Saying so, he turned to Jiro and instructed, "Jiro, lead the way. Let's go see that father and son."

"Alright!" Jiro eagerly stepped forward and halted in front of the third cell.

Turning around, he announced, "Mr. Wade, they're in here..."

Charlie had already arrived by the time Jiro finished speaking.

Upon seeing Charlie, Walter, lying on the sickbed, turned pale with fear, trembling involuntarily. Equally anxious, his father had no idea what Charlie's sudden appearance meant.

At that moment, Steve Rothschild arrived, his gaze falling upon the disheveled father and son within the cell, momentarily taken aback.

Truth be told, he was unfamiliar with the pair, lacking any recollection of either. The extensive Rothschild family boasted numerous relatives, with main family members like Steve often keeping their distance from others, including distant kin.

While Steve had perused information and photographs of the father and son prior to his arrival, seeing them detained before him left him momentarily at a loss. Yet, even though he didn't recognize them, Walter's father recognized him.

It's common for a master not to recognize their servant, but what servant doesn't hold their master dear?

The instant he identified Steve, he froze, as if struck by lightning. R After a brief pause, he regained his composure, believing Steve had come to their rescue. Hope surged within him and his son, clinging to the belief that the Rothschild family would send aid.

Finally, Master Rothschild had arrived!

With a resounding thud, he dropped to his knees, tears streaming down his face as he beseeched Steve, "Mr. Rothschild, you've come to rescue us at last! Please, make the decision for us, father and son! Let's ensure that bastard named Wade faces justice!"