

Chapter 5563

Charlie was somewhat shocked to hear that the Rothschild family would actually cooperate with a drug lord like Gustavo Sanchez.

In his opinion, the Rothschild family is already the most powerful family in the world. With hundreds of years of history, they must be a big family that cherishes their reputation very much. They would definitely not get involved with criminal groups that commit murder, arson, and drug trafficking.

Therefore, the Rothschild family cooperating with Gustavo and even imprisoning him in a prison for home service seemed somewhat unreasonable to Charlie.

Seeing that Charlie was a little confused, Lucas lowered his voice and said, "The U.S. government has been trying to extradite Gustavo to Mexico for trial. Gustavo has also been fighting overtly and covertly with the Mexican government, hoping not to be extradited. Originally, Gustavo and his sons were ready to make some big noise in Mexico to obstruct them as soon as the Mexican government decided to extradite them. But in the end, it was the Rothschild family that mediated and Gustavo finally agreed to be extradited to the United States for trial, but the prerequisite is that the United States cannot sentence him to death and he must serve his sentence in a prison controlled by the Rothschild family."

After speaking, Lucas added, "Don't look at Gustavo enjoying great privileges here. In fact, this prison is basically useless to him. He can get out at any time as long as he wants. My informant in the laundry room once told me that several times someone took advantage of the nightly delivery opportunity to send in a man with a body shape and dress similar to Gustavo's and then sent him out quietly the next night. I also heard that Gustavo suddenly felt unwell several times at night and went to the infirmary. He stayed there all night. I speculated that Gustavo often escaped at night and the person sent in was just to lie in the infirmary for him."

Charlie smiled slightly, "I didn't expect the famous Rothschild family to go to great lengths for a drug dealer."

As he spoke, he shrugged and added, "But it's not surprising that the Rothschild family has been involved in the opium trade since the 19th century and even in China's opium trade. They gained huge benefits in the war and maybe they are still involved in similar activities."

Lucas shook his head and said, "The Rothschild family doesn't do business in this area anymore. The reason they cooperate with Gustavo is mainly because of the actual influence of his criminal group in Mexico. You know, Mexico is right under the nose of the United States, with nearly two thousand miles of national border with the United States. There are many opportunities here and the Rothschild family has a

deep presence there. It's so deep that it's intertwined with the Mexican government and the development trend of the entire country. As for Gustavo's family, to put it bluntly, they are like a bomb planted in Mexico. It can play a huge role at any time. Maybe one day a Mexican executive or even a congressman is killed by a drug cartel. On the surface, it's thought that he angered the drug cartel, but in reality, it might be because he promoted certain policies that hindered the interests of the Rothschild family in Mexico."

As he spoke, Lucas smiled and added, "In short, it's all politics. Ordinary people like us can't fully understand it. You don't understand everything I just said. I'm just talking informally and I don't bear any legal responsibility."

Charlie did not expect that Lucas seemed glib but had a deep understanding of the situation. So he asked him curiously, "Did you piece all this together yourself, or did you hear it from someone else?"

Lucas laughed at himself, "What can I piece together? I know all this because there was a prisoner who worked in finance on Wall Street before. He knew a lot about the Rothschild family, so he told me some facts."

Lucas added, "That person also told me that the main reason why the Rothschild family secretly controls this humble Brooklyn prison is because it's close to Wall Street. It's too close. For them, after taking control of this place, they can turn it into their own asylum center. Those drug lords, gangs and financial criminals extradited by the United States will be in trouble as soon as they end up in Brooklyn Prison. The Rothschild family must be behind the scenes."

As for why Brooklyn Prison wants prisoner autonomy, it's because the Rothschild family wants to make the place as chaotic as possible. It's best if prisoners are fighting every other day. Prisoners are seriously injured and die from time to time. If they create that impression to the outside world, they can send the people they want to get rid of here, and their deaths won't attract outside attention. After all, it's common for people to die in Brooklyn Prison.

Just as he was talking, at the entrance of the second prison area, a group of muscular men with tattoos on their arms, necks, and even faces strode out.

Several muscular men surrounded a strong man with some gray hair, who looked to be in his forties or fifties but had maintained a very strong figure due to regular workouts.

Lucas said to Charlie, "That guy with gray hair is the boss of the second ward, Joseph Norris."

Charlie asked him, "Does this person also cooperate with the Rothschild family?"

Lucas shook his head, "No, he didn't. He has been in this prison for many years. Before the Rothschild family took control of this prison, he had already become the boss here. Later, after the Rothschild family took over, the prison was divided into two wards, with Gustavo in the first ward."

As he said, Lucas added, "My guess is that the Rothschild family just wants to use Joseph to check Gustavo. If Gustavo is allowed to dominate here, the Rothschild family won't be able to handle him directly. In that case, he will live too comfortably. Gustavo will have to be a little careful about leaving Joseph here. After all, although Gustavo is strong, most of his influence is in Mexico. While Joseph may not be as strong as Gustavo, he has control over everything here. If one day he decides to break away from Gustavo, he can simply shout and many prisoners in the first area will stand by him, including Dean, the man next to me."

Charlie nodded. He understood that they were keeping Gustavo in check without making it too comfortable for him. It seemed the Rothschild family had a strong interest in Gustavo and he was also shrewd in his actions.

At this moment, as Joseph entered the second prison area, he took his lackey and walked toward an area near the window on the south side. During this time, many gang members saw him and greeted him respectfully. Some even shook hands and high-fived him.

When Joseph passed by Gustavo and his men, he suddenly stopped, looked at Gustavo's dining table, frowned and asked, "Gustavo, is Romane-Conti good?"

Gustavo looked up at Joseph, chuckled, and said, "What? Isn't there a place in New York selling Romane-Conti? This wine isn't expensive, it only costs \$50,000. You've never tried it, have you?"

Joseph wasn't angry but walked directly towards him.

Seeing this, Gustavo's men immediately stood up and positioned themselves in front of Joseph. One of them said coldly, "Don't come any closer, or I won't be polite."

Joseph looked at him and said sarcastically, "Brother, this isn't Mexico, this is New York, the United States. Do you really think Mexican drug traffickers can run rampant all over the world? You may have killed many people, but it won't help you here. This is New York, not a place for Mexican arrogance. Even though you're ruthless, you can only be arrogant in Mexico. When you're here, you have to serve Gustavo like a dog in prison."

The man was a hardened criminal and didn't hesitate to kill multiple people at once. Now, provoked, he was filled with anger and almost lost his temper. He pointed at Joseph and said, "I'm going to kill you, you American guy!"

Joseph said disdainfully, "I know you've killed people, but it won't help you here, boy. I told you, this is New York, not a place for Mexican arrogance. No matter how ruthless you are, you can only be arrogant in Mexico. When you're here, you still have to serve Gustavo in prison."

The man gritted his teeth and said, "If you insult us Mexicans, aren't you afraid of dying at my hands one day?"

Joseph said disdainfully, "You're a piece of trash! As long as I say the word, starting tonight, all the gangsters in New York will hunt down Mexican drug dealers on the streets of New York. Your boss may have many people, but how can he lead thousands of them here? Are you going to bring your Mexican gang to New York?"

The man couldn't bear it and his clenched fist was about to strike Joseph immediately.

At this point, Gustavo suddenly shouted, "Alberto, stop it!"

The Mexican man known as Alberto had no choice but to control his anger.

Alberto asked him in a low voice, "Do you want me to kill that American? Just say the word and I'll stab him in the brain and stir it up a few times!"

Gustavo asked, "Haven't you noticed his intention?"

Alberto shook his head, "Isn't he just here to cause trouble?"

Gustavo sneered, "He's here to provoke disputes, to start a fight between the two sides."

Alberto immediately said, "Boss, we're not afraid of them in a fight. I've killed more people than he's had girlfriends."

Gustavo said coldly, "You think you're in Mexico? If you dare to kill people here, the Americans will put you in solitary confinement where you won't see daylight until you die. Furthermore, in a place like this, your combat skills won't be of much use. We don't have the advantage of numbers. When a fight breaks out, the Americans will throw chairs and even if you're a skilled killer, they can overpower you with sheer numbers. If you die, I won't have any protection here. I'll have to ask the Rothschild

family to bring in a new group to protect me, but once more people come in, the Rothschild family may support a new Joseph to consume me."

At this point, Gustavo added, "Actually, the Rothschild family's idea is simple, they don't want me to live too comfortably here. They must know that we're bringing in new manpower to Brooklyn Prison through our own means. So, they probably want us to consume it now. You heard what Joseph said earlier, he's planning to start a riot. I think he's not just talking, he's probably planning it. If you go and fight Joseph now, you'll fall right into his trap."

Alberto asked, "Boss, are you just going to tolerate them?"

Gustavo nodded and said, "I can only endure it for now. I've had people investigate Joseph's background. All his family members are dead and he's the only one left. There's no one outside who can be threatened to control him and the people around him are hardcore gang members. His family members have no worries and it really frustrates him. We're in a passive position. He's not afraid of death, but I still want to find a way to leave the United States alive."

At this time, Joseph walked towards his designated dining area, finishing all the steak on his plate. He then drank a few sips of red wine from the bottle and sat down casually in his exclusive position.

The men around him had already brought his lunch. Although each portion was substantial, it was essentially the same as what other prisoners received.

Joseph looked at the food in front of him and cursed, "I just had half of that delicious steak. Now, all I see is this crap."

The other men looked disheartened. When the boss calls the food crap, should they eat it or not?

Joseph's most trusted associate asked him in a low voice, "Boss, how can that Mexican be so tolerant? He's not falling for it at all!"

Joseph said coldly, "Gustavo is smarter than a fox. I think he's known my intentions for a while."

The associate asked, "What should we do?"

Joseph stretched and said, "If the fish isn't taking the bait, then we have to find another way."

Chapter 5564

Charlie, who had been inquiring about the prison's situation from Lucas, overheard all the conversations between the bosses of the first and second prison districts. He had not anticipated the existence of such hidden tensions within a prison in downtown New York, which didn't even have an open-air playground.

Observing the unfolding dynamics, Joseph, the boss of the Second Ward, seemed to be plotting an opportunity to strike a significant blow to Gustavo, the Mexican drug lord who led the First Ward. Gustavo might lead a luxurious life in the prison, beyond the reach of other inmates, but he too had his concerns. Despite his family's influence, the murderous drug dealers couldn't enter the United States, let alone the Brooklyn Prison to aid him. His safety and the fate of his family rested in the hands of the US government and the Rothschild family.

Lucas, noticing Joseph's unusual behavior, turned to Charlie and remarked, "Joseph's actions today are peculiar. He might be scheming something."

Curious, Charlie inquired, "What makes you think so?"

Lucas explained, "Joseph doesn't usually associate with Gustavo. He's an old-school American gang member who values direct confrontation and personal heroism. Gustavo, on the other hand, is cunning and ruthless, willing to employ underhanded tactics, including violence against competitors, Mexican police, and even civilians. Gustavo is like a venomous snake, preferring covert, deadly strikes. Joseph typically keeps to himself, but now he's provoking others, suggesting he intends to stir up trouble."

Charlie nodded, surprised that Lucas's analysis aligned closely with his own assessment of Gustavo's character. It was evident that Lucas possessed exceptional awareness of the prison's environment and the ability to decipher people's motives—an asset rarer than the strength of the other inmates.

Lucas noticed that the iron doors leading to the dining hall from both prison areas had been closed by the guards. Turning to Charlie, he inquired, "All the prisoners are here now. By the way, is Peter Cole, the one you're looking for, here?"

Charlie shook his head, having closely observed every prisoner entering the restaurant without spotting Peter Cole.

Lucas furrowed his brow and said, "If someone entered but isn't in either of the two prison areas, it's likely that the Rothschild family is hiding them."

Charlie asked, "If the Rothschild family were hiding someone in this prison, where would they likely conceal them?"

Lucas hesitated briefly before responding, "I can't say for certain. The prison has a unique situation. While the Rothschild family controls the entire facility, very few staff members have access to certain areas. If they're hiding the person you're looking for, my estimate is that no more than five guards in Brooklyn Prison would be aware of it. Unfortunately, we have no way to contact those individuals. For instance, we rarely see the warden here, perhaps only three times a year."

Charlie grew increasingly concerned. He had assumed Peter Cole would be detained in one of the prison areas, making it possible to gather clues by finding Lucas. However, it seemed that even someone as well-informed as Lucas knew nothing about Peter Cole's whereabouts.

Finding a single person in such a vast prison was more challenging than he had imagined. If he couldn't locate Peter Cole in the prison area, his next resort would be to employ his reiki for a thorough search.

Spiritual energy was ideally suited for locating isolated targets within a wide expanse, much like discovering Zeba in a valley where she was the sole living individual. However, the prison comprised numerous people densely inhabiting it. Releasing reiki would promptly detect thousands of individuals, necessitating the arduous task of sifting through each one to locate Peter Cole.

While aura detection allowed him to sense the general situation, it didn't provide him with the ability to see every detail. Everything could only be perceived through the aura.

Thankfully, the prison's mealtime had brought all the inmates to the dining hall. Since Peter Cole wasn't there, Charlie could employ his reiki to explore other areas and individuals outside the restaurant, making his task somewhat more manageable.

With this in mind, he discreetly unleashed his reiki, bypassing the first and second prison areas, and commenced a comprehensive scan of the entire prison.

Charlie's reiki skipped past the prison area and initially descended to the top floor, where all the prison staff were located. At that moment, there were at least seventy to eighty people present, going about their duties or eating in the staff canteen. None of them appeared to be imprisoned.

Charlie then extended his exploration to the lower level. Approximately a hundred people were working there, engrossed in their tasks or having their meals. There was no indication that anyone was held in confinement.

Charlie couldn't help but wonder, "Could they have relocated him elsewhere?" After all, Peter Cole had been at the prison for a while without ever entering the prison area, suggesting that the Rothschild family might have discreetly moved him.

However, Charlie believed that the Rothschild family, while secretly controlling Peter Cole, wouldn't want the outside world to know. Therefore, it made sense for them to minimize any transfers after initially settling him in, much like the strategy they used at Don Albert's dog farm.

The safest approach was to place a person directly in a secure location and never let them leave. If they moved the person to another site, they risked exposure. Consequently, Charlie suspected that Peter Cole might still be within the prison's hidden underground facility.

Unfortunately, he couldn't determine the specifics of this underground facility. To reach it, his sole option was to access the warden's office and use the concealed elevator from there.

The fact that such a critical secret passage was situated within the warden's office suggested a close relationship between the warden and the Rothschild family.

Yet, Charlie faced a dilemma. Infiltrating the prison, either from the inside or outside, would be challenging due to the modern facility's tight security and surveillance systems. Even if he secured the warden's cooperation from the outside, escorting him to the underground facility would be an intricate endeavor, likely exposing their intentions to the Rothschild family.

Therefore, Charlie contemplated finding a breakthrough from within the prison. Given the prison's reputation as a Rothschild family stronghold, their focus would likely be on external threats, potentially overlooking internal vulnerabilities.

At that moment, Gustavo, the notorious drug lord, instructed his subordinates, "Make the arrangements. I want to meet the warden after dinner."

Chapter 5565 bookmark

Gustavo and Charlie both desired to meet the warden discreetly, away from the prying eyes of the Rothschild family. However, given the prison's unique circumstances, Charlie faced a formidable challenge in achieving this goal. Gustavo seemed to offer a potential opportunity. In Charlie's view, establishing a connection

with Gustavo was a more feasible endeavor than trying to approach the warden directly. After all, they currently shared the same prison area.

So, he inquired of Lucas, who was standing before him, "Is there a good way to befriend Gustavo?"

Lucas seemed taken aback. He chuckled and responded, "Gustavo? Brother, before landing in prison, he wasn't just a major drug lord in Mexico, he ranked among the world's top 100 wealthiest individuals. He also led a private armed force in Mexico. Being in this prison is like a lion in a cage for ordinary folks like us. How could he ever befriend someone like us..."

Charlie couldn't help but smile at Lucas's words. While Lucas saw no comparison between himself and Gustavo, Charlie knew the reality was even more stark. Comparing wealth? Gustavo's assets could have two more zeros, and they still wouldn't match his own. As for comparing influence, his small drug-trafficking operation paled in comparison to the Dragon Temple. Furthermore, he had no intention of forming a genuine friendship with a drug dealer, he was merely using Gustavo.

Nevertheless, Lucas's words prompted Charlie to think more carefully about approaching Gustavo. Despite his superiority in various aspects, Gustavo undoubtedly held himself in higher regard within Brooklyn Prison. In fact, Gustavo likely looked down on everyone there.

It became clear that Charlie needed a strategic approach to connect with Gustavo. As he contemplated his plan over a meal, he noticed Joseph, the leader of the second prison area, and his group congregating in the corner of his eye. Initially seated at a distance from one another, they gradually gathered into a more cohesive group, forming a circle around Joseph and his trusted associates as if convening a meeting.

Charlie sensed something was amiss and decided to investigate with his reiki. To his surprise, he observed one of Joseph's subordinates retrieving dagger-shaped objects from his attire and discreetly passing them to the individuals closest to him. The instructions were clear, when the situation escalated, their mission was to assassinate Gustavo directly by thrusting the knife into his heart. Joseph emphasized the need to ensure Gustavo's death beyond any hope of divine intervention. Once Gustavo fell, a brighter future awaited them all.

Several of Joseph's accomplices concealed the daggers within their sleeves, their excitement evident. One inquired, "What about Gustavo's men? Should we eliminate them too?"

Joseph nodded, his tone cold, "Anyone who obstructs us must be eliminated. We're all serving life sentences without parole. Killing one or ten makes no difference."

Charlie was taken aback by this revelation. According to Lucas and Gustavo's earlier analysis, Joseph had likely been instructed by the Rothschild family to cause trouble for Gustavo. However, Joseph's plan now seemed to involve directly killing Gustavo. It was improbable for the Rothschild family to have invested so much effort in controlling Gustavo only to let him die so easily. This implied the presence of another formidable figure behind Joseph, someone whose strength couldn't be underestimated.

Charlie speculated that this individual might be affiliated with Gustavo's Sanchez family. If he considered it carefully, keeping Gustavo in American custody was a curse for the current Sanchez family rulers. Failing to cooperate in any way could lead the family members to believe that he was indifferent to Gustavo's fate, thereby removing the constraint of Gustavo's life.

Allowing Gustavo to die during a prison riot would eliminate this constraint, depriving both the U.S. government and the Rothschild family of their leverage over him. Realizing this, Charlie couldn't help but smile, recognizing that an opportunity had presented itself.

Turning to Lucas, Charlie asked, "Have there been prison riots here?" Lucas responded casually, "Of course, they happen frequently. The prison guards don't pay much attention. It's like they're overseeing a dog farm. They throw a bunch of dogs in a cage and let them fight it out. They watch from behind the bars, only intervening when they've had enough entertainment. Then they separate the fighting dogs, remove the bodies, and beat the living ones fifty times each."

Lucas glanced at Charlie curiously and inquired, "Why do you ask this suddenly?"

Charlie shifted his gaze toward Joseph and noticed his men converging from various directions. Observing the situation around Gustavo, he whispered, "I have a feeling they're up to something."

Lucas shrugged nonchalantly, "It's not unusual. They usually have a specific motive when causing trouble. We can just watch from a distance."

Charlie smiled faintly, set down his spoon, and remarked, "Watching from afar is no fun. I prefer to join in."

With that, he stood up and made his way toward Gustavo. At the same time, Gustavo sensed that something was amiss. Joseph's men were approaching him from all directions, some advancing directly while others took winding paths,

effectively encircling him. His expression turned serious as he commented to his entourage, "It seems Joseph intends to make a move today."

His dozen or so men grew anxious. In Gustavo's analysis, Joseph aimed to weaken his influence in Brooklyn Prison, and he was Gustavo's primary source of power there.

Instinctively, they believed Joseph's men were coming for them and prepared for a potential confrontation. Gustavo's Mexican criminal group was formidable in street fights, armed with guns and ruthless tactics. But once stripped of their firearms, their brutality and combat skills paled in comparison to the muscular American inmates. A cruel heart could not bolster their physical strength. When it came to hand-to-hand combat, Joseph's men, who spent their days pumping iron, could easily overpower them.

Moreover, Gustavo's men lacked numerical superiority. In Brooklyn Prison, Joseph had hundreds of loyal followers and admirers, with at least thirty to forty muscular individuals mobilized at present. If a brawl broke out, there was no telling how many bystanders might join in.

Gustavo found himself behind a wall of his men, scrutinizing the muscular men encircling him with a stoic expression, oblivious to the imminent danger.

He attributed the situation to the Rothschild family's desire to limit his enjoyment. If a few of his associates were killed today, he would simply maintain a lower profile in the future while continuing to revel in food, drink, and women. Gustavo resolved that the next time he negotiated with the Rothschild family, he would insist on one condition, Joseph's death.

To the Rothschild family, Joseph was merely a watchdog they kept in Brooklyn Prison. If this watchdog perished, they could easily replace him.

Confident and complacent, Gustavo remained oblivious to the fact that he was the true target of tonight's hunt.

Chapter 5566 bookmark

As Joseph's men gradually closed in on Gustavo and his men, the Mexicans formed a protective circle around Gustavo. Despite the mounting tension, Gustavo maintained a cold and somewhat angry demeanor. He felt like he was the alpha, and when the tiger fell, the dogs would pounce.

In his former life outside prison, Gustavo commanded thousands of troops. Anyone who dared to cross his path on the street risked a swift, pistol-inflicted end. But now, within the confines of an American prison, he found himself in a passive position, surrounded by a group of brawny, brainless men.

Feeling outnumbered and cornered, Gustavo couldn't help but shout, "Joseph, what is the meaning of this?"

Joseph abandoned his followers and stepped outside the encirclement to address Gustavo. He pointed to his group of followers with a stern expression and said, "Gustavo, you've been living too lavishly in Brooklyn Prison. Some of my boys haven't tasted real steak in over a decade, and yet you enjoy it daily. You even put caviar worth tens of thousands of dollars in your hamburger, and let's not forget the Romanee-Conti wine, worth thousands per bottle. Today, I realized the taste of Romanee-Conti for the first time!"

Joseph continued, looking somewhat embarrassed, "Gustavo, there's an old Chinese saying, 'Worry not about scarcity but inequality.' You insist on claiming privileges here, and it's making my brothers restless. They want steak, caviar, and Romanee-Conti too. I can't resolve this problem for them, so I'll let them settle it with you."

One of Joseph's men cheered and shouted, "Yes! Why should Gustavo be the only one enjoying steak and red wine here?!"

Gustavo responded disdainfully, "That's because you don't have the money I do. If you were as wealthy as me, you could indulge in these luxuries too. But you don't have the money, and neither does your boss. Blaming me is pointless."

This incited anger from Joseph's men. One of them retorted, "It's none of your business how much money you have outside. Even if you guzzle all the red wine in the United States, we wouldn't care. But when you're in here, you must follow the rules."

Gustavo scoffed, "Rules? Tell me what the rules are here."

The response from Joseph's men was unanimous, "You can't have privileges in Brooklyn Prison!"

Gustavo remained oblivious to the danger that loomed over him. He continued to believe that these people were targeting his followers rather than himself. The man who had been filled with pride for most of his life now wore a sarcastic expression as he spoke, "A bunch of ignorant Americans! You may not fully comprehend my power. The privileges I enjoy here go far beyond what you see! When I wish to indulge, I do

so in lavish parlors. My men meticulously select beauties from all corners of the United States for my pleasure. Some of these beauties travel thousands of kilometers just to spend three hours with me, and they leave with tens of thousands of dollars. I can even have my men bring your wives to kneel before me and serve me. These are experiences you people will never have in your lifetime!"

Gustavo's words flowed with confidence, and he reveled in the satisfaction of his fantasies. However, the expressions of his followers darkened as they grew more despondent.

They too believed they were the ones being targeted, not their boss. Consequently, the more their boss provoked Joseph's men, the more determined they became to teach them a lesson later on.

One of Joseph's group, consumed by anger, gritted his teeth and turned to Joseph, declaring, "Boss, I can't tolerate this rotten Mexican any longer! I'm going to kill him today!"

Joseph sneered and responded, "Brothers, feel free to act boldly today. Whatever happens, I will take responsibility for it!"

Joseph issued the command, and his boys shouted as they surged forward, closing in on Gustavo's group like a relentless tide.

Gustavo's men found themselves facing a formidable adversary, armed only with plastic dinner plates and spoons as makeshift weapons. However, their opponents were American muscle men who spent hours every day working on their strength. In such close-quarters combat, the victor was determined by the strength of their fists. It was evident to the naked eye that every punch thrown by Joseph's men brimmed with determination. With each blow, the faces of Gustavo's men contorted in pain, and it became almost routine for them to be knocked unconscious by the relentless pummeling.

As a result, after several confrontations, Gustavo's men were beaten into submission, eventually kneeling down and begging for mercy.

Gustavo, who had once been arrogantly confident, watched as his men fell one by one. Initially, he hoped the onslaught would cease, but it became evident that there was no intention of stopping. At that moment, Gustavo's once-proud face began to pale, and for the first time, fear etched its way across his features.

As Joseph's men closed in on him, Gustavo was gripped by fear, and he couldn't help but shout, "Have you forgotten who I am? I am Gustavo Sanchez! A renowned figure with billions of dollars in wealth and thousands of private armed forces at my

command! If I so choose, remember this well, I can eliminate every single one of you, even your families!"

Joseph responded with disdain, "Come on, Gustavo, using your army in Mexico won't save you here. This is the United States, the land of the free. If you're as powerful as you claim, why haven't you called in your thousands of private armed forces to rescue you from Brooklyn Prison? You know as well as I do that there are only a few dozen armed guards in this entire facility."

Gustavo found himself at a loss for words momentarily. In a last-ditch effort, he said, "Joseph, I am a man who seeks retribution for his wrongs. In Mexico, if someone wrongs me, I may not have ten thousand, but I have thousands seeking revenge. If we put an end to this matter now, I promise you, I will not seek vengeance. What do you think of this proposal?"

Joseph sneered and replied, "What do you think, men?"

With a sweeping gesture of his arms, Joseph beckoned to his men on either side. One of them immediately exclaimed, "To hell with the proposal! Let's kill him!"

A chorus of agreement followed, "Yes! Let's kill him!"

In an instant, several boys brandished hidden homemade daggers from their sleeves. Without exception, these daggers were crafted from angle iron, deceptively simple yet incredibly sharp, featuring a ninety-degree right angle. A single thrust could pierce through flesh and create a sizable wound.

Gustavo's spirits sank as he observed the array of weapons.

At that moment, he grasped Joseph's true intent—his life was the target.

Chapter 5567 bookmark

Gustavo, who was extremely frightened, no longer had the arrogance and pride he had before. He retreated towards the window and begged, "Everyone, if you have something to say, please speak it carefully. Don't be impulsive! If you want money, I can give you a lot of money—how about one million US dollars per person? I'll give you ten million!"

After that, he hurriedly added, "By the way, don't you all want to drink red wine and eat steak and caviar? From today on, let's start. I've got all your steaks, red wine,

caviar, and other high-end ingredients all covered! How about black truffles? I'll arrange for them to be delivered tomorrow, as well as the best bluefin tuna! And the best Chinese and Japanese food in the United States! By the way, do you like sushi? There is a little old man in Japan who makes sushi very well and is quite famous. As long as you say a word, I will ask him to come here tomorrow and serve it to you with his own hands. Make sushi! If he doesn't come, I will kill his whole family!"

Joseph sarcastically said, "Gustavo, do you have any interest in writing a bad check here? You said you would give us money, right? Then take it out now! Don't give me specifically 10 million dollars. I don't want any of your 10 million dollars. You can directly give each of these men two million dollars. Give it now!"

Gustavo, with a sad face, replied, "Joseph, we know that I am in prison. How can I have so much money and give it to you immediately? But as long as you give me a little time, I will definitely arrange the money!"

Joseph walked up to Gustavo, smiling sarcastically. He said, "Gustavo, you are a little confused about the situation. Let me tell you the truth, even if I give you time, you can't come up with the money."

Gustavo quickly said, "Impossible, this money is nothing to me at all. I just need to make a phone call to my son, and by this time tomorrow at the latest, he will be able to arrange all the money, whether it is cash or transfer."

Joseph turned his head at this time. After looking around and seeing that the prison guards did not come to intervene, and others did not dare to step forward, he knew that even if God appeared tonight, it would be impossible to save Gustavo.

So, he nodded at his men, and a group of people immediately moved Gustavo's men, unable to move, and threw them dozens of meters away.

At this time, Joseph smiled and said to Gustavo, "Gustavo, stop struggling. To tell you the truth, you must die today."

Gustavo shuddered and blurted out, "Joseph, if you kill me, the Rothschild family will not let you go, my son and the entire Sanchez family will not let you go!"

Joseph snorted and curled his lips and said, "Gustavo, before you die, I will make it clear to you that the person who wants your life is not me, but your son."

"This is impossible!" Gustavo retorted without hesitation, "My son will never do this. This kind of thing, the Sanchez family will never harm their relatives!"

Joseph smiled and said, "Your son asked me to tell you before you die, the Sanchez family is a great family and cannot be held back by the US government and the Rothschild family because of you. No matter what, if you are alive, the Sanchez family can only be controlled by them. But if you die, the Sanchez family can break these shackles. So now is the time for you to sacrifice for the Sanchez family."

As he said, Joseph asked him, "Do you think the crown prince of any country is still willing to stay in the position of the crown prince and wait wholeheartedly for his biological father to come back when his biological father is kidnapped by the enemy? Isn't that the actions of an idiot?"

Gustavo was stunned on the spot.

Joseph approached him and continued to ask, "Gustavo, do you think your son can do it?"

Gustavo lowered his head and did not dare to speak.

Seeing his arrogance, Joseph sneered, "Are you an idiot?"

When speaking, Joseph especially emphasized the pronunciation of the word 'you.'

Upon hearing Joseph's relentless resolve, Gustavo was utterly shocked and filled with despair. He realized that Joseph was determined to end his life, leaving him with no escape.

Desperate, Gustavo begged Joseph, "Joseph, I implore you, for the sake of my fellow prisoners, spare my life. Even if you let me have a phone call with someone from the Rothschild family, they will certainly help me regain control of the Sanchez family. I'll give you whatever you desire, and I can even arrange for your release from this prison!"

Joseph responded with a sly smile, "Impossible, Gustavo. I'm sharing this with you to make it clear that you must die today. I will do everything in my power to ensure that you have no chance to beguile or bribe me. My rationality tells me that if I spare you today, your son will be dead tomorrow. Furthermore, my rationality informs me that even if you manage to leave Brooklyn Prison and the United States, your son will undoubtedly ensure you don't return to Mexico alive. So, you must die, no matter what."

Gustavo's heart sank into despair. He understood that if Joseph was sharing all this, it was only to eliminate any possibility of mercy. Every word exchanged between them only deepened Gustavo's predicament.

Meanwhile, Charlie overheard the conversation as it reached his ears. Lucas, unable to hear as well as Charlie, was puzzled as he gazed at the crowd three floors away.

Perplexed, Lucas remarked, "Something doesn't seem right. If they only intended to teach Gustavo a lesson, it should have been over by now. Could there be some new development in this situation?"

Charlie stood up with a smile and suggested, "Instead of speculating here, why don't we go over and see for ourselves?"

Lucas was alarmed and hurriedly cautioned Charlie, "Brother, don't get involved. These two groups are dangerous people, and we can't afford to provoke them."

Charlie smiled and replied, "I'm not here to get involved; I'm here to mediate. You stay here for a while, and I'll be back soon."

Lucas was genuinely worried when he saw Charlie approach the crowd. He anxiously whispered, "Brother, it's not my concern. Why are you trying to mediate? Whoever steps forward at a time like this is asking for trouble. Please come back quickly!"

Charlie offered him a reassuring smile, waved, and proceeded toward the commotion.

Meanwhile, in the midst of the crowd, Gustavo continued to plead desperately, "Joseph, if you kill me today, you'll be signing your own death sentence on my son's account. Consider how the Rothschild family might spare you. I am their leverage! As long as I'm here, many of their operations in Mexico will run smoothly. If I die, they'll hold you responsible!"

Joseph, however, remained composed and retorted with a smile, "It doesn't matter. Once you're gone, your son will quickly negotiate with the Rothschild family. By then, he'll bail me out."

In a moment of frustration, Gustavo blurted out, "Impossible! Joseph, my son can't be trusted even if he swears an oath. He may have brawn, but he lacks brains! You're foolish to believe him!"

Joseph, seemingly unperturbed, scoffed, "You understand nothing, Gustavo. You truly overestimate your importance to me. Many of my brothers are aware that we were ordered by your son to kill you. If he doesn't protect me or us, the news of him killing you will spread within the Sanchez family. He won't last long there."

"As for the Rothschild family, they won't seek vengeance after your death. Their family's motto for centuries has been profit first, and they will promptly collaborate with your son after your demise. They have no reason to do otherwise. You fail to comprehend how you managed to exert dominance in Mexico for so long."

Gustavo's sense of hopelessness grew with each passing moment. He knew that his death was imminent because his son had orchestrated a situation where there was no escape, and Joseph had resolved to end his life. Now, surrounded by assailants with no one to protect him, he faced no outcome other than death.

Joseph, having lost patience with the conversation, gestured to his subordinates and ordered coldly, "Kill him!"

In an instant, several young men armed with sharp weapons closed in on Gustavo.

As Gustavo gazed at the menacing blades, he could only imagine the gruesome nature of his impending demise.

However, just as the situation seemed irredeemable, a voice from outside the crowd shouted, "Hold it! Show some restraint!"

