

## Chapter 5568

A sudden voice from outside the crowd caused everyone to turn around instinctively.

Neither Joseph nor Gustavo had expected anyone to intervene at this moment.

While Joseph and Gustavo were still processing this unexpected development, Charlie had already separated himself from the people in the crowd and approached Gustavo and Joseph.

The boys who had been pushed aside couldn't comprehend why this tall, thin boy had shoved them to both sides. Before they could react, Charlie had already moved past them.

When Joseph saw Charlie's unfamiliar oriental face, he pointed angrily at him and demanded, "Who the hell are you? Are you asking for trouble?"

After uttering these words, Joseph didn't want to waste any more time on Charlie. He immediately turned to the two people beside him and ordered, "Drag this kid out and teach him a lesson!"

Upon hearing Joseph's command, the two of them immediately geared up and advanced toward Charlie. In their minds, Charlie appeared to be a tall, thin individual who didn't seem physically fit, whereas they were both muscular men with hands larger than a bowl. It seemed like an easy task to handle Charlie.

The two men swiftly reached Charlie, and one of them reached out to grab Charlie's arm with the intention of pulling him out. Unexpectedly, Charlie suddenly became agitated and swiftly seized their outstretched arms.

The expressions on their faces turned to shock. No one could discern how Charlie had acted, but they could clearly feel that their arms were now trapped by Charlie.

Before they could fully grasp what had happened, Charlie twisted his hands inward, causing their arms to contort unnaturally. The sound of cracking, similar to firecrackers, filled the air as both men collapsed on the spot due to the immense torque applied to their arms. Their heads collided with each other, causing them to become instantly bruised and bloodied.

The most dire consequence at this point was that their arms had been fractured in numerous places.

As the two men sat on the ground, wailing in agony, everyone around was utterly astonished by Charlie's display of strength.

They couldn't fathom how Charlie had effortlessly tossed two burly men, each weighing more than 200 kilograms, into the air. Such power exceeded the capabilities of even the strongest strongmen in the United States!

Joseph, too, was dumbfounded. He hadn't expected his two most capable henchmen to become incapacitated in an instant. Having been in the gang for many years and witnessing a variety of injuries, he understood the severity of their broken arms. Those arms had twisted and contorted multiple times. Given the extent of the damage, even with intensive medical treatment and recovery, they might never regain full use of their arms. It was essentially equivalent to losing an arm. Such strength was beyond belief.

Joseph, his nerves slightly rattled, instinctively questioned Charlie, "Who are you? What do you want? Even if you're a skilled fighter, you can't take on thirty or fifty of us, can you?"

Charlie smiled and gazed at Joseph earnestly, saying, "You're quite forgetful, aren't you? I'm your Uncle Wade. Have you forgotten?"

Joseph had not anticipated that Charlie would address himself as "Uncle Wade" right off the bat. Considering their age, it was an unexpected term of address. This infuriated him, and he barked at his younger henchmen, "Attack him together! Take him down!"

Although the henchmen were nervous, they were armed, and their numerical advantage made them feel confident. Their expressions turned cold, and they moved to attack Charlie.

Charlie gestured to stop them and said seriously to Joseph, "Have you forgotten? Your father and I have been friends for many years. I always referred to him as my older brother. If your father and I are brothers, then you should call me uncle, shouldn't you?"

As he spoke, Charlie's reiki subtly entered Joseph's mind.

Joseph was momentarily stunned, then looked at Charlie with excitement and exclaimed, "Uncle Wade! It's really you, Uncle Wade!"

Those two words, "Uncle Wade," left everyone at the scene stunned.

Everyone had assumed that Charlie was courting trouble by confronting them and boldly claiming to be Joseph's uncle. It seemed like a reckless move. But no one had expected Joseph to acknowledge it.

In his excitement, Joseph stepped forward, clasped Charlie's right hand with both of his own, and said fervently, "Uncle Wade, why are you here?"

The bystanders were left agape, and even Gustavo was bewildered.

Charlie, however, replied calmly, "This prison isn't owned by your family. If you can come, why can't I? You may make mistakes, but your Uncle Wade doesn't make mistakes."

Joseph, showing deep respect, concurred, "You're absolutely right, Uncle Wade!"

Charlie rolled his eyes at Joseph and then pointed at Gustavo, saying, "Today, as a favor to me, spare this man. Do not lay a hand on him."

Joseph immediately agreed without hesitation, "Okay, if Uncle Wade says so, I won't touch him."

Then he turned to Gustavo with a serious expression and added, "Gustavo, you're damn lucky today. If my Uncle Wade hadn't vouched for you, I would have had my guys turn you into a human pincushion!"

Gustavo remained baffled by the situation. What was happening? But upon hearing Joseph's words, he couldn't help but feel a surge of relief. Realizing that he had narrowly avoided a sinister fate, tears welled up in his eyes uncontrollably.

Charlie approached Gustavo at that moment, gave him a light slap on the back of the head, and said icily, "Why are you crying? Can't you hold it together?"

Gustavo hadn't expected Charlie to hit him, and his initial reaction was anger. He felt an urge to magically summon an AK-47 and unload a clip into Charlie. However, in the next moment, he experienced a sense of relief and gratitude for escaping his predicament. It appeared that Joseph, his newfound uncle, wasn't plotting against him, and he no longer had to endure the humiliation.

With a grateful smile on his face, Gustavo tried to express his gratitude, "Sir, thank you for saving me. I'll find a way to repay you!"

"Repay me?" Charlie sneered. "Look at your current state. What can you possibly do to repay me? Even though my eldest nephew has spared your life for now, what do you think you can achieve? Do you have anything left to offer? Your son now controls your entire family, and he wants your life. Have you considered that if my eldest nephew doesn't kill you today, he might send someone else to do it tomorrow? Your own flesh and blood, killing you?"

Gustavo fell silent for a moment. It was at this juncture that he finally grasped a crucial reality. Since his son had plotted to kill him and assume full control of the criminal organization, all the prestige he had enjoyed in Brooklyn Prison had been a facade. In truth, he would have even less support within the prison.

What was more frustrating was that he couldn't turn to the Rothschild family for help. They had provided him with privileges under the assumption that he remained valuable and unaware of his son's betrayal. However, if they learned the truth, he would lose all value to them.

Therefore, without a powerful ally, he would likely meet a premature end within the prison.

In this moment, Charlie was his lifeline. So, he quickly implored Charlie, "Sir, please provide me with a way out. As long as I can survive the imminent danger, I'm willing to offer a \$100 million reward!"

Charlie responded with disdain, "Come on, I'm the only reason you're still alive right now. Forget about wine and steak for your next meal. Whether you'll survive is still uncertain. Are you still dreaming of reclaiming your Sanchez family? Don't forget, the Americans have sentenced you to life imprisonment, and you won't be getting out."

Gustavo asked in despair, "Then... what should I do now?"

Charlie replied calmly, "Follow me. I'll protect you from now on. Tell the prison guards that you'll be moving to my cell and residing with me. I'll ensure your safety."

Gustavo couldn't fathom why Charlie was willing to help him despite knowing there was little hope for his survival. After contemplating it, he couldn't help but wonder, "Could this person be gay? It must be... Why else would he help me? Why would he want me to move to his cell with him? But... what does he see in me? After all, I'm not exactly young..."

Seeing Gustavo's prolonged silence, Charlie warned him sternly, "I didn't help you for free. If I do, you must obey my every command. Whatever I ask of you, you must do it, or I'll inform my eldest nephew, and I won't care whether you live or die. Do you understand?"

Gustavo trembled in fear and hastily agreed, "I understand, I'll do whatever you say."

As he spoke, he reached into Charlie's trouser pocket, making Charlie believe he was trying to bribe him with something. However, to Charlie's surprise, Gustavo turned out his trouser pockets and held them in his hands, wearing a humiliated yet willing expression.

Charlie instantly grasped Gustavo's intention. Wasn't this a scene from the American TV series 'Prison Break'?

Did this old man really think he had something to offer?

Feeling disgusted, Charlie raised his hand and slapped Gustavo a few meters away, admonishing him, "Are you insane? Do you think I'm gay? If you disgust me any further, I'll let my nephew beat you to death!"

It was the first time in his life that Gustavo had been slapped in the face, and his cheek swelled up instantly.

Initially, he had wanted to retaliate in anger, even fantasizing about summoning an AK-47 and unloading rounds into Charlie. However, in the next moment, a sense of relief washed over him, and he felt grateful for having escaped a dire fate. It seemed that Joseph and his newfound uncle weren't conspiring against him, and he no longer had to endure humiliation.

With a servile smile on his face, Gustavo looked at Charlie and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Wade, I misunderstood. Please forgive me. Don't be angry. I misunderstood. I promise, from now on, I'll do whatever you ask."

Chapter 5569 bookmark

Joseph's men had not recovered from the shock and surprise. They couldn't understand that the boss had been planning for so many days just to find an opportunity to kill Gustavo, but when he was about to succeed, a so-called uncle of the boss suddenly appeared. The key is that this uncle was much younger than the boss.

What's even more outrageous is that the young uncle stood up and said a word, and the boss immediately terminated all plans.

However, since they were chosen by Joseph to implement this plan, at least their loyalty was guaranteed, so even if they were surprised, as long as the boss spoke, they could only obey unconditionally.

Charlie also knew that this matter was not over yet. There was a conflict between the two sides today and Gustavo's younger brothers were all beaten to the ground. Even if the Rothschild family didn't come to ask, the warden would definitely inquire about what happened today.

Gustavo is not dead and Joseph also has to give an explanation to Gustavo's son. Therefore, how to stabilize these two ends and prevent today's events from having subsequent consequences is the top priority right now.

So, Charlie said to Joseph, "Eldest nephew, ask your brothers to step aside. I need to have a good chat with you and Gustavo about something."

There were only two things in Joseph's mind at the moment Charlie is his uncle and he must obey his orders unconditionally. Therefore, he said to Charlie without thinking, "Uncle, don't worry, I will make arrangements right away."

After that, he called a few men, and after whispering for a while, the men immediately stepped back more than ten meters away to prepare for the three of them. People leave room for conversation.

Charlie said at this time, "This matter has become a big deal today. All the prisoners have seen the conflict between you two. Fortunately, they haven't seen that Joseph was about to kill you, so now we have to discuss a unification. Use the caliber to deal with these people in the prison, including the warden, to prevent the matter from continuing to ferment."

Joseph said respectfully, "Uncle Wade, you can decide everything, I will listen to you!"

Charlie was satisfied. He nodded and praised, "Good nephew."

After saying that, he looked at Gustavo again and asked him, "What about you?"

Gustavo quickly bowed and said, "Mr. Wade, I...I will obey your orders!"

Charlie nodded and said seriously, "Since you let me make the decision, I will tell you my general solution. First of all, for today's matter, no matter who is in the prison, when people ask, they must say that Joseph is very dissatisfied with the privileges Gustavo has enjoyed for a long time, so he wants to take the opportunity to teach Gustavo a lesson and there is nothing else."

The two immediately kept talking, nodding, fully recognizing what Charlie said.

Charlie continued, "Secondly, there might be an informant from Gustavo's son here, so don't wait for him to turn around and question you about your success. You can give him a call when you are free. Tell him that today is to test it out first to see if there is any action from the prison guards and then tell him that you will find opportunities to implement this matter in the next two days."

Joseph naturally agreed 100%, but Gustavo said with some worry, "Mr. Wade, what should I do if my son keeps urging Joseph to take action? We can't keep delaying otherwise, he will definitely become suspicious. Once he becomes suspicious, he will find someone else to come and attack me..."

Charlie nodded, "This is what I want to talk to you about next."

After a pause, Charlie continued, "First of all, I just said it this is just a delaying tactic, at most, it can delay for two or three days, so I will find an opportunity to protect you in these two or three days."

Gustavo asked nervously, "Mr. Wade... do you have any plans now? Can you protect me from being killed by my son?"

Charlie, who smiled, said, "If you want to avoid being killed by your son here, then you have to start with the warden to provide you with additional protection. Then I believe that in this prison, there is absolutely no one who can kill you."

Gustavo said with a somewhat embarrassed expression, "Although the warden here does not seem to have a high status, he is actually from the Rothschild family. He only takes orders from the Rothschild family and does look down upon outsiders. When I asked him for help, not only would he not agree, but he would report the situation to the Rothschild family as soon as possible. If The Rothschild family knows that my son wants to kill me, then they also know that I have lost value to them and I will only be more dangerous by then..."

Charlie asked him, "Can you take me to see him? Is this the warden?"

"No..." Gustavo said truthfully, "This guy is very strange. He rarely has contact with prisoners. He only comes to inspect a few times a year. At other times, prisoners are not allowed to at all. Even if I want to see him, I have to say hello and check his time in advance. If he wants to see me, he will meet me in the separate reception room in the prison area."

Charlie asked in surprise, "Every time you meet, in the reception room? Have you ever been to his office?"

"No."

Charlie asked again, "Then can you go to his office to meet him?"

"No." Gustavo shook his head and said, "The management here is still very strict and I still don't know what their internal office area looks like."



Charlie asked curiously, "I heard others say that you have a lot of freedom here, and you can even sneak out often. Staying overnight, you have such a high degree of freedom, haven't you even been to their internal office area?"

Gustavo said, "Although I can occasionally leave the prison area quietly to relax, he also made an agreement with me, every time I go out, I have to lie about being sick and then the doctor will issue me a certificate of stay for observation. After the lights go out at night, my people will send a temporary replacement for me and he will replace me in the infirmary. We stayed overnight and I was taken out masked by the prison guards arranged by the warden, who were very cautious the whole time."

Charlie smacked his lips and continued to ask him, "Can you introduce me to the warden's situation, his last name, background, age, hobbies, etc."

Gustavo nodded and said, "The warden here is named Bruce Weinstein. He is forty-three years old."

Charlie frowned, "Weinstein? This surname seems to be rare."

Gustavo said, "It's really not that common. It's a Jewish surname. Bruce Weinstein is not very famous, but you should have heard of his distant uncle, who is the famous villain in Hollywood."

Charlie suddenly realized, "Oh... I know, he is the Hollywood villain who violated hundreds of female stars."

"Yes!" Gustavo nodded and said, "Bruce is similar to his distant uncle. They are both keen on playing with women. Besides making money, his biggest hobby is women."

Charlie nodded slightly and said with a smile, "If you like to play with women, then there is an entry point."

As he said that, Charlie asked him again, "Is there any benefit transfer between you and this Bruce?"

Gustavo said, "On the surface, there is no benefit transfer. After all, he is a member of the Rothschild family and he does not dare to be too arrogant. But secretly, I did have people arrange some beauties for him outside, he never refuses once."

Charlie nodded and said, "In that case, then you should find a way to make an appointment with him, the sooner the better and you must take me to see him."

Gustavo asked, "Mr. Wade, how should I introduce you to him?"



Charlie said, "This is simple, you just say that you had a relationship with me in Mexico before, but you didn't expect that I was arrested for illegal immigration, so you want to let him take care of me in prison."

After saying that, Charlie added, "Don't let his favor go to waste, quickly arrange some beauties for him, the prettier, the better. They will serve him well tonight."

Gustavo nodded, "Okay, I'll make the arrangements."

As he said that, he took out a mobile phone from his pocket.

When Joseph saw that he actually had a mobile phone, he immediately said subconsciously, "Damn it, where did you get a cell phone? Get me one too!"

Charlie rolled his eyes at him and scolded, "Shut up! We are busy with business, don't interrupt!"

Joseph immediately closed his mouth knowingly.

Gustavo found a number and dialed it. After giving instructions to the other party on the phone, he said to Charlie, "Mr. Wade, I have made arrangements. Two Miss Universe finalists happened to be attending an event in New York tonight. I was originally just wanting to go out and enjoy myself, so it's for Bruce now."

Charlie nodded, "It's not too early now, you should quickly find a way to contact him and make an appointment with him."

Gustavo said without thinking, "Okay Mr. Wade, I'll contact him right now!"

Chapter 5570 bookmark

At this moment, as long as news of Gustavo's son's intention to kill him remains confidential, his standing in the prison remains unrivaled, even surpassing Joseph.

Thus, Gustavo still enjoys the unique privileges and status of Brooklyn Prison.

After arranging for the two girls tonight, he made a direct call to the warden of Brooklyn Prison.

Over the phone, he spoke cryptically, "Bruce, a new shipment has arrived tonight. I wonder if you have any plans for it, or if you could assist with the inspection."

Upon hearing this, the warden responded eagerly, "I have no prior engagements tonight, Mr. Sanchez. Do you indeed have a valuable shipment arriving?"

Though the warden belongs to the Rothschild family, in reality, his status within the family is not particularly significant. He is essentially a domestic servant with a foreign surname. Holding the position of warden does not grant him the opulent lifestyle enjoyed by the upper class.

To safeguard his privileges within the prison, Gustavo had previously done him several favors, leaving a deep impression.

Hence, when Gustavo mentioned a new shipment that required inspection, the warden naturally felt excited.

Gustavo smiled and replied, "Have I, Gustavo Sanchez, ever failed to keep my word?"

The warden quickly affirmed, "You're absolutely right!"

Taking advantage of the situation, Gustavo added, "It might be a good idea for us to meet later. I have a friend who has also been incarcerated here, and I'd like you to get acquainted with him. You could assist me in looking out for his well-being in the future."

However, the warden wasn't naive. Hearing that Gustavo wanted to arrange two attractive women, one of them a Miss Universe, for himself, he deduced that Gustavo had ulterior motives.

With the simple task Gustavo was requesting, the warden barely had to think about it. He gladly agreed, saying with a smile, "This is a piece of cake for me. Just give me a moment, Mr. Sanchez. I'll arrange a meeting room and invite you and your friend to join me there."

Gustavo breathed a sigh of relief and said, "No problem, I'll await your message."

After ending the call, Joseph stared blankly at Gustavo holding the iPhone in his hand and muttered, "I don't care, Gustavo, but you have to get me a mobile phone!"

While Joseph had subconsciously accepted Charlie's suggestion that he was his long-lost uncle, he could still maintain most of his rational thinking. He had longed for a mobile phone for a while now, and this strong desire lingered in his mind.

Gustavo looked at Joseph with some irritation and said, "My say in this matter doesn't count, and your requests don't either. Mr. Wade has the final say."

He then turned to Charlie and asked, "Mr. Wade, what's your opinion?"

Charlie glanced at Joseph and inquired, "Why do you need a mobile phone? Aren't the public phones in the prison sufficient for making calls? Mobile phones are too conspicuous here. If I give you one, you might mishandle it, so don't fret about it."

Joseph obediently followed Charlie's words, saying submissively, "Alright, Uncle Wade, I'll heed your advice."

Charlie was satisfied with the response and nodded. He then looked at Gustavo and said, "By the way, you should inform the warden later to return my phone to me."

Gustavo assured him, "Don't worry, Mr. Wade. I'll take care of it for you. If you have a special someone you'd like to meet outside, I can also arrange it."

However, Charlie sternly warned, "Gustavo, while I understand your eagerness to ingratiate yourself, I hope you won't make unwarranted assumptions. You should provide me with what I request, but refrain from making decisions without my approval. Do you understand?"

Gustavo recalled the incident when he reached into Charlie's pocket earlier, and how he had been slapped as a result. He hurriedly replied, "Don't worry, Mr. Wade. I understand, and I won't repeat the same mistake."

Charlie nodded in approval.

At that moment, several prison guards arrived outside the restaurant's door, leading to the prison guard's office area. They shouted through the iron door, "Gustavo Sanchez, prepare to exit. You have visitors!"

Gustavo promptly informed Charlie, "Mr. Wade, we can proceed."

Charlie nodded, and Joseph was instructed, "You must remember everything that's been discussed here. Don't divulge any information, and make sure your associates keep quiet as well."

Joseph respectfully affirmed, "Understood, Uncle Wade. If news leaks, I'll twist my head off and use it as a rugby ball for you."

Charlie nodded and said, "Furthermore, you need to resolve Gustavo's situation with his associates. Tell them it's a misunderstanding and advise them not to be alarmed."

After conveying this, Charlie instructed Gustavo, "Go and greet your associates, but keep this matter confidential. Don't seek outside assistance. You have no idea how many people around you have been bribed by your son."

Gustavo, feeling anxious, asked, "Mr. Wade, I'm concerned that those around me may not be trustworthy. Just in case, should we eliminate them all?"

Charlie cast a disapproving glance at him and rebuked, "Are you out of your mind? We don't kill people so casually in our circles."

Gustavo responded calmly, "Mr. Wade, I'm merely taking precautions. If something were to happen, I might not survive."

Charlie assured him coldly, "Rest assured, as long as I'm here to protect you, no one can harm you except me."

He then turned to Joseph and ordered, "Keep an eye on Gustavo and his associates. If anyone tries anything suspicious, I'll apprehend them."

Joseph promptly agreed, "Understood, Uncle Wade."

As they proceeded, Charlie directed Gustavo, "Alright, let's go."

Gustavo felt relieved and led Charlie toward the imposing iron gate.

During their journey, Charlie advised Gustavo, "When you introduce me to the warden later, make sure to mention that I come from a family of renowned doctors skilled in treating various complex illnesses, particularly through acupuncture. Stress that I'm proficient in acupuncture, capable of curing a wide range of ailments."

Several prison guards, unfamiliar with Charlie, had nevertheless received word from the warden that Gustavo and his companion were to be escorted to the reception room. Therefore, they weren't surprised when they saw Gustavo accompanied by Charlie.

One of the prison guards respectfully inquired, "Mr. Sanchez, is this person your friend?"

Gustavo nodded in confirmation, "Yes."

"Very well," the prison guard responded promptly. He then opened the electric iron door and stated, "Please follow me. The warden is already waiting for you in the reception room."

#### Chapter 5571 bookmark

The reception room at Brooklyn Prison served as a transition zone between the office area and the prison itself. Due to its transitional nature, it was situated relatively close to the prison area. After passing through the iron gate and walking down a corridor for a few dozen meters, one would find the reception rooms on either side.

However, Brooklyn Prison boasted three tiers of reception rooms. The standard reception room was a shared space for all inmates. It typically accommodated ten to twenty reception tables where prisoners could meet with their family members or lawyers. These encounters took place amidst a backdrop of constant supervision by both fellow prisoners and guards, prohibiting physical contact or the exchange of items, which restricted the inmates' freedom to some extent.

Those with a slightly elevated status could access a more secluded private reception room. Such rooms were isolated from other inmates and their visitors, with only one guard assigned for supervision, providing a greater degree of freedom.

Furthermore, an exceptionally sophisticated reception room was available, furnished with not only sofas and a television but also stocked with snacks and beverages. What set this room apart was its specially designed soundproofing, devoid of any monitoring equipment. Meetings here were not subject to interference from prison guards, and visitors could pass on certain items to the inmates after passing a security check. This room was designed for couples to engage in intimate activities, offering complete privacy.

The warden, whenever he met with Gustavo, always chose this elite reception room to ensure absolute privacy.

As Charlie and Gustavo approached the door of the reception room, they could sense someone inside. The prison guard opened the door, revealing a middle-aged man dressed in a suit, sporting gold-rimmed glasses, who exuded an air of elegance, perfectly fitting the image of an American aristocrat. He was seated on the sofa with a cigar in hand.

Upon Gustavo's entrance, the man rose swiftly and greeted him with a gentlemanly smile, saying, "Mr. Sanchez, please come in."

Gustavo entered, and the prison guard outside firmly shut the door.

The man, Bruce Weinstein, turned his attention to Charlie, standing beside Gustavo, and offered a welcoming smile, "This must be Mr. Sanchez's friend, correct? Hello, my name is Bruce Weinstein, and I am the Warden of Brooklyn Prison."

Charlie reciprocated the smile and introduced himself, "Hello, Mr. Warden, I'm an old friend of Mr. Sanchez. My surname is Wade, and I'm here due to illegal immigration. Please take good care of me during my stay."

Bruce Weinstein replied amiably, "Illegal immigration is not a significant issue. I don't believe Mr. Wade will be with us for long. Rest assured, as long as you're a friend of Mr. Sanchez, you're considered a distinguished guest at our Brooklyn Prison for however long you're here. I'll instruct my staff to provide you with all the necessary care. If you have any requirements, please don't hesitate to ask."

Gustavo chimed in, "I mustn't hide this from you, Bruce, but Mr. Wade has come to establish a future acquaintance with you. If there are any needs, you must ensure he's well taken care of here."

Bruce Weinstein smiled warmly and said, "For such a minor matter, Mr. Sanchez, you need not have gone through the trouble of visiting me."

Gustavo replied with a smile, "To make friends, one must meet first."

As he continued, Gustavo added, "By the way, Bruce, my good friend here is an extraordinary miracle doctor. He excels in treating various ailments. No matter what health issues you might have, he can provide assistance."

Bruce Weinstein cast an inquisitive gaze toward Charlie and inquired, "I had no idea that Mr. Wade was such a young and talented medical professional. May I ask which medical school Mr. Wade graduated from?"

Charlie waved his hand dismissively and said, "I'm not a scholar. I've been studying acupuncture, a family tradition, since childhood. I specialize in addressing men's health issues. Insufficient vitality, lack of hardiness, limited endurance, or over-sensitivity—these are my areas of expertise."

Bruce Weinstein couldn't help but interject, "Men's health issues?"

Charlie maintained his composure and explained, "You might not be familiar with these matters, Mr. Warden. It's alarming when a man lacks virility, and it can be equally distressing if he's excessively virile. Some circumstances in this realm can be

quite unique, and you'll understand once you encounter them. Living with such conditions can be extremely painful."

Bruce Weinstein, at that moment, had the impression that Charlie was merely a quack, peddling pseudo-science. He found it implausible that someone of his intellectual and elite background would take an interest in such matters. Thus, he responded in a somewhat perfunctory manner, saying, "I can only hope I never encounter such peculiar circumstances, or else I might need Mr. Wade's assistance."

Charlie nodded with a smile and concurred, "Indeed, I hope you never encounter them as well. However, if you were to face such a situation, I'm afraid only I could provide a remedy."

With both men discussing male capabilities, Gustavo raised an eyebrow and mentioned to Bruce Weinstein, "By the way, Bruce, I've arranged two stunning Latin American beauties for you tonight. Both are over 5.8 feet tall, with flawless figures. You'll find them exceptional, especially in the leg and chest departments. I trust my arrangements for tonight won't disappoint you."

Bruce Weinstein exhibited visible excitement and struggled to contain his enthusiasm as he replied, "Mr. Gustavo, you are too kind. If even you praise these beauties so highly, they must indeed be top-notch. I can hardly imagine being disappointed. This may turn out to be the happiest night of my life."

To individuals who regarded women as their fate, such opportunities were indeed cherished.

The men exchanged glances and shared a knowing smile, leaving the matter at that.

During this exchange, Charlie subtly channeled his reiki into Bruce Weinstein's body. This reiki infusion wasn't meant to brainwash or suggest anything psychologically, nor was it intended to render him impotent. On the contrary, Charlie's reiki would provide him with remarkable assistance in his upcoming activities. If one were to liken a man's performance to riding a bicycle, then no matter how powerful he might be, he would be incapable of achieving motorcycle-like speeds by sheer effort alone.

At times, he might even reach a point where he could no longer pedal and had to resort to discreetly taking pills. It was akin to a professional cyclist clandestinely attaching a micro-electric motor to his bicycle during a race, achieving an advantage but not an overwhelming one.

Charlie's reiki infusion, on the other hand, was akin to installing a high-powered aerospace engine with tens of tons of thrust onto Bruce Weinstein's bicycle. Should



the bicycle become uncontrollable and impossible to stop, it could lead to fatal consequences.

Charlie refrained from providing psychological suggestions, urging him to take Charlie directly to his office or even to the underground space beneath it, as Bruce Weinstein was a member of the Rothschild family—a highly sensitive individual. His office was the sole entry and exit point to the underground space.

Even an individual as significant as Gustavo had never set foot in his office. Proposing such an idea via psychological suggestion would surely raise suspicions.

Charlie was intent on avoiding any undue attention, particularly from the Rothschild family.

In Charlie's view, the most prudent approach was to ensure that Bruce Weinstein harbored a colossal, unshareable secret. In his time of desperation, Bruce would take the initiative to establish a discreet connection with Charlie. This way, Bruce would undertake all necessary precautions ahead of time, rendering him unobtrusive to others' notice when they met again.

Charlie believed that once Bruce Weinstein initiated the encounter, it would be akin to pressing the start button on the aerospace engine he had installed for him.

When that moment came, Bruce Weinstein would be in a state of desperation, and he would have no choice but to seek Charlie's help.

Chapter 5572 bookmark

After exchanging pleasantries for a while, Bruce Weinstein, eager to charm the ladies, found it increasingly difficult to contain his impatience. It was evident he was itching to wrap up the meeting.

In a discreet sidebar with Gustavo, Charlie remarked, "Let's not waste the warden's valuable time, allow him to orchestrate the cell and mobile phone switch before we head back."

Gustavo, lowering his voice hurriedly, suggested, "Mr. Wade, how about moving to my cell? It boasts the best conditions in the entire Brooklyn Prison, complete with a TV and wifi."

Charlie dismissed the idea with a wave, "I appreciate the offer, but it took considerable effort to establish the order in our cell. You can't just bail on it. If my cell doesn't suit your taste, then stick to your own."

Gustavo, anxious, waved his hand and conceded, "Alright then, Mr. Wade, I'll move to your cell."

For Gustavo, his primary concern was that his son might attract harm from someone else.

Charlie, possessing formidable strength and Joseph following his every command, assured Gustavo that no harm would befall him as long as he remained by Charlie's side. In the grand scheme of things, living conditions were trivial compared to the imminent threat to his life.

Concerned that Charlie might regret the decision, Gustavo quickly turned to Bruce Weinstein, saying, "Bruce, I need your help with some arrangements. I'll temporarily move to Mr. Wade's cell for a few days. Also, please arrange for Mr. Wade's cell phone to be delivered to him."

Bruce Weinstein readily agreed, saying, "Consider it done. I'm here to assist. Mr. Sanchez, if there's anything else you need help with, feel free to let me know."

To avoid any delay, Gustavo, with a sly smile, urged Bruce, "It's getting late. You better hurry. The details will be conveyed by my people. Enjoy tonight. We'll discuss matters tomorrow."

Bruce, already mentally occupied with the prospect of meeting two Miss Worlds, readily agreed, "Mr. Sanchez, I'll arrange for you to return to the prison area now. Cell changes will be taken care of as well."

A prison guard promptly took Charlie's mobile phone and charger and escorted them back to the prison area.

As it was free movement time, Charlie and Gustavo bypassed their cells on the way back.

Gustavo, in a hushed tone, asked Charlie, "Mr. Wade, what's the next step?"

Charlie casually replied, "For now, there's nothing for you to do. You'll be living with me from today. Your safety is assured as long as I'm in this prison."

Charlie left an unspoken thought. His protection of Gustavo in the prison hinged on how long he could stay there. Once out, he would reevaluate whether Gustavo was still worth safeguarding.

Upon their return, Joseph approached with a flattering look, inquiring, "Uncle Wade, how did things go?"

Charlie, with a stern demeanor, responded, "Joseph, matters of the elders are not for you to meddle in."

Lucas, mustering courage, approached Charlie, asking tentatively, "Sir, everything alright with you?"

Charlie, with a smile, announced, "Lucas, Gustavo will be moving to my cell starting today. Interested in joining us?"

Lucas, astonished, couldn't fathom why the prominent Gustavo would willingly move to Charlie's cell. Despite the luxurious conditions of Gustavo's current cell, he eagerly accepted, expressing, "Sir, if you think highly of me, I'll gladly move in with you!"

To Lucas, living in the same cell as Gustavo was an extraordinary opportunity, given the unreachable stature of a figure like Gustavo. Moreover, Charlie's mysterious aura added to the allure.

Charlie surveyed the crowd and spotted Dean, his cellmate, quietly observing him. Dean, apprehensive since Charlie's involvement with Gustavo, was now filled with regret for his foolhardy actions earlier.

Summoning Dean over, Charlie directed, "Dean, come here!"

Dean, trembling, rushed over, asking respectfully, "Mr. Wade, what are your orders?"

Charlie instructed, "You're in charge of selecting two incapacitated individuals from the dormitory. Gustavo and Lucas will be our new roommates. Make it happen."

Dean, alarmed, glanced at Gustavo, then stammered nervously, "Mr. Wade, are you serious?"

Annoyed, Gustavo chided, "Are you deaf? Do you want Mr. Wade to say it twice?"

Panicking, Dean assured, "No, no, I didn't mean that..."

Charlie sternly reminded Gustavo, "Understand this, Gustavo. In my cell, there are two classes, me and everyone else. From now on, you obey my orders and have no authority over others in our cell. No mistakes are tolerated."

Gustavo, eager to rectify his stance, pledged, "Mr. Wade, I won't make the same mistake again."

Charlie coldly asserted, "Not the same mistake, no mistakes at all. I won't forgive you otherwise!"

Chapter 5573 bookmark

Envisioning Gustavo's face, Lucas swiftly packed up his belongings and migrated to Charlie's cell as the break neared its conclusion.

As Gustavo entered Charlie's cell, his immediate exclamation was, "Mr. Wade, why is your cell so spotless?"

All eyes among the inmates darted between each other, memories of today's grueling cleaning flashing vividly.

Charlie smirked and responded, "Hygiene is the top priority in this cell. Whether they're in for arson, assault, or fraud, anyone engaging in unhygienic behavior pays in blood."

Charlie fixed Gustavo with a serious gaze, adding, "That includes you."

Quick to assure compliance, Gustavo hastily vowed, "Rest assured, Mr. Wade, I'll strictly follow all your orders!"

For Gustavo, survival hinged on Charlie's goodwill. In this context, he dared not put on a facade.

Surveying Charlie's cell, Gustavo eagerly informed him, "Mr. Wade, I dropped at least two hundred grand on Bruce Weinstein tonight. He owes me a favor. Anything you need, just ask him, he won't dare refuse!"

Intrigued, Charlie inquired, "Your two Miss Universes tonight cost \$200,000?"

Pain etched Gustavo's face as he explained, "They flew in, airfare, rooms, and all. Two hundred grand is a low estimate."

Charlie chuckled, "Expensive as they are, they might not be able to afford it."

"Oh?" Gustavo queried, "Mr. Wade, why do you say that?"

Smirking mysteriously, Charlie prophesied, "Bruce Weinstein is about to hit rock bottom. Soon, he'll wander New York like a lost soul, seeking my help in desperation."

Perplexed, Gustavo asked, "He partied with two women. Why would he need your help?"

Maintaining an air of mystery, Charlie replied, "You'll find out."

With that, Charlie reclined on his bed, powered up his phone, shared a brief update with Isaac Cameron on WeChat, and patiently awaited Warden Bruce Weinstein's call.

...

Meanwhile, Bruce Weinstein had just arrived at the opulent Aman Hotel in downtown New York – the heart of Manhattan and the city's priciest establishment.

Gustavo had reserved the hotel's most expensive presidential suite for the night, a lavish accommodation costing tens of thousands.

Bruce Weinstein intended to indulge but had no inkling that Gustavo's extravagance would come at a steep cost.

Upon arrival, Bruce was escorted to the top-floor presidential suite by Gustavo's staff, where two Miss Universe from Latin America awaited. Dressed provocatively, they played the roles of a submissive maid and a female prisoner.

As Bruce entered, the duo surrounded him, the maid cooing, "Dear master, you're back!" The female prisoner stammered nervously, "Warden... you're back..."

Their performance thrilled Bruce, a seasoned lover, in a scene of unparalleled luxury. His desire surged, and he quickly undressed.

However, as Bruce stepped into the room, he felt an excruciating pain beneath him. Looking down, he saw his intimate companion mangled beyond recognition.

The maid, noticing the horror, recoiled, muttering, "Is this still human?" The female prisoner echoed, "I can't bear it. I should return the money..."

Bruce, in agony, faced a livid complexion. The maid urged, "Mr. Warden, do you need to intervene? It looks like he's about to die..."

Bruce, sweating profusely, groaned, "Help me... it's going to explode..." The two women, fearing legal repercussions, considered leaving.

Bruce, desperate, reminded them, "You were paid by Gustavo! He's my guest. If anything happens to me, you won't survive!"

Terrified, the women hesitated, realizing Gustavo's ruthlessness. The maid, Camilla, asked, "How... how can I help you?"

Bruce, clueless about any remedy, shouted, "Get me ice cubes, lots of them!"

#### Chapter 5574

Upon learning that Bruce Weinstein demanded ice cubes, Camilla, always quick on her feet, turned to the girl beside her and exclaimed, "Talía, there's a bottle of champagne waiting at the bar in the suite, chilling in an ice bucket. Fetch it, would you?"

Talía snapped out of her reverie and bolted out of the bedroom without hesitation.

A clang echoed, signaling Talía's return, lugging an iron bucket brimming with ice cubes.

Camilla promptly seized the bucket from her grasp, squatting down to present it to Bruce Weinstein's nether region. Bruce, originally intending a direct stuffing, found the situation unyielding. Thus, he reluctantly poured the ice between his legs.

Anticipating relief, Bruce was dismayed to find the ice cubes utterly ineffective. The agonizing pain and severe swelling persisted unabated.

His face contorted in anguish, Bruce, once a formidable warden, now crumpled to the ground, resembling a little girl soiling her skirt and weeping in a muddy puddle.

Concerned, Camilla queried, "Mr. Warden, is it any better?"

Bruce shook his head between sobs, despairingly admitting, "Help me think of something. I can't endure this. It's too much..."

Flustered, Camilla stammered, "I can't think of anything..."

Then, she suggested, "What if I call 911 for help? Should I?"

"No!" Bruce blurted, realizing the consequences. "Calling 911 would ruin all of us!"

Bruce comprehended the peril of being in a federal prison, with the Rothschild family connections. A scandal tonight could ruin his career and relationships.

Enduring the torment, he pleaded, "Go to my pocket, get my phone. I need to make a call, find someone to help."

Relieved at the thought of assistance, Camilla hurriedly retrieved Bruce's phone.

Bruce's call for help wasn't directed at Charlie, the recent acquaintance, but at a friend, a physician at a nearby hospital.

Impatiently, Bruce exclaimed, "Mark, where are you?"

A middle-aged voice responded, "On duty at the hospital. What's wrong?"

Bruce urgently revealed, "I'm in trouble. You might be the only one who can help me!"

Mark, alarmed, inquired, "Bruce, are you injured?"

Bruce confessed, "Worse. It's a life-threatening situation, and you're my last hope."

Mark, realizing the gravity, offered, "Where are you? I'll come to you."

Knowing Mark alone might be ill-equipped, Bruce insisted, "Prepare a private treatment room. No other doctor should touch me. I'll come to you."

Mark sought details for targeted preparations. Bruce hesitated but courageously disclosed, "It's my little brother... It's at least two or three times bigger than usual. I feel like it's about to burst and I'm going to die."

"Holy shit!" Mark exclaimed, "Did you take any medication?"

"No," Bruce insisted, "It just swelled suddenly, like it's possessed. It's on the verge of bursting!"

"Shit!" Mark cursed, urging, "Hurry to the hospital. I'll prepare the room. If it's as bad as you say, time is of the essence. Hurry!"



Bruce Weinstein trembled uncontrollably, his fear palpable as he stammered, "I...I'll be there right away!" He tossed the phone aside, locking eyes with Camilla and the other girl, urgency in his voice, "Quickly, help me get dressed and drive me to Manhattan Hospital!"

Camilla, her concern evident, unconsciously uttered, "Warden, you... I'm afraid you can't put on pants in your current situation..."

Bruce Weinstein looked down, a sinking feeling in his heart. The awkward posture made wearing pants impossible unless he opted for overalls.

In a sudden burst of inspiration, Camilla suggested, "Warden, how about I get you a bathrobe?"

"Okay!" Bruce Weinstein agreed without hesitation, urging, "Go quickly, fetch it for me!"

A few minutes later, two Miss Universes, donned in sunglasses and masks, flanked Bruce Weinstein, hastily wrapped in a bathrobe. The trio hurriedly made their way out of the room.

Bruce Weinstein's excruciating pain showed no mercy, each step delivering torture akin to needles relentlessly piercing him. Yet, he understood the gravity of the situation, he had to endure, avoiding any hint of pretense.

In the underground garage, Camilla, behind the wheel of Bruce Weinstein's car, skillfully navigated toward Manhattan Hospital.

Ten minutes later, the car halted at the hospital entrance. Bruce Weinstein's close friend Mark awaited, pushing a wheelchair alone.

Spotting Bruce Weinstein's car approaching, Mark hurriedly approached and opened the door. Witnessing Bruce Weinstein curled up in pain, Mark questioned, "Bruce, are you sure this isn't a prank?"

Bruce Weinstein, on the brink, retorted, "Mark, it's not April Fool's Day. I don't have the energy for pranks. For God's sake, get me to the hospital and find a treatment room!"

Mark, realizing the severity, swiftly assisted Bruce Weinstein out of the car. Observing Bruce's silhouette through the bathrobe, Mark was momentarily stunned. He inquired, "Bruce, is this for real?"

Bruce Weinstein, exasperated, exclaimed, "Mark, I'm not here for jokes! Do something!"

Mark, preparing injections, reassured, "I'll administer relief drugs first. Then, we'll perform an angiogram to check for clots."

Bruce Weinstein, in agony, veins protruding, urged, "Hurry up!"

Mark, concerned, tested Bruce's vitals and warned, "You must endure the pain. I need to examine you."

Bruce Weinstein, desperate but resolute, underwent tests as Mark conducted thorough examinations. Mark, perplexed, admitted, "No blood clot, nothing unusual. It's puzzling."

Surveying Bruce Weinstein seriously, Mark explained, "Your condition is unique. The intense congestion is uncontrollable, leading to tissue hypoxia and necrosis. Immediate removal is the only option to prevent systemic sepsis and potential fatality."

Bruce Weinstein, outraged, implored, "Find a way to cure it without amputation! Surely, your hospital has encountered such cases?"

Mark, gravely, stated, "Your tissue shows signs of necrosis. We can't save it. Amputation is the only recourse for such cases."

Bruce Weinstein, desperate, queried, "What about the remaining 10%? Is there hope?"

Mark, shaking his head, clarified, "The remaining 10% face certain death. Accepting amputation is their only chance. It's a harsh reality."

Bruce Weinstein, refusing to concede, pleaded, "I can't accept it! Find another solution!"

Mark, suggesting consultation with experts, cautioned, "Most have gone home. Can I take a video for remote consultation?"

Bruce Weinstein, defeated, consented, "Film it. Carefully."

Mark quickly recorded a video and reached out to experts. Responses flooded in, unanimous in recommending surgical removal.

Bruce Weinstein, in despair, exclaimed, "I just met Miss Universe, and now I'm facing becoming a eunuch!"

Mark, resigned, and informed him, "You have 24 hours to decide. Necrosis will set in, leaving no choice. It's a dire situation."

As reality sank in, Bruce Weinstein's eyes sparked with a realization. He whispered, "Maybe what Mr. Wade said is true. Is there a cure?"

#### Chapter 5575

When Gustavo traded the remnants of the drug lord's grandeur for the spot beside Charlie, anticipation radiated from him. He couldn't wait to draw near to Charlie, but just as the excitement built, his pocketed phone vibrated unexpectedly.

Swiftly extracting his cellphone, Gustavo peered down to find none other than Warden Bruce Weinstein calling. It caught him off guard.

His initial reaction was, "What the heck? Bruce Weinstein, a nobody, has the audacity to ring me up directly? Does he really believe he's a big shot? I don't even know when this started."

Gustavo already harbored a visible aversion to answering calls. The act seemed to grow more distasteful to him with time. He often felt that picking up the phone would lead to an unpleasant experience. He preferred his subordinates to report respectfully in person or send a message.

Of course, when issuing orders, he still favored phone calls, reveling in the direct impact it offered.

Everyone around Gustavo knew his aversion to phone calls. Typically, he'd initiate contact with a message, always starting with "Dear Mr. Sanchez." Bruce Weinstein deviated from this norm by placing a direct call, an unusual occurrence in years.

Had Gustavo received such a call earlier, he would have promptly hung up. However, the near-death encounter with Joseph earlier that day left him more vigilant of his surroundings, a fear of the unknown settling in. After a moment's contemplation, he reluctantly pressed the answer button.

Nevertheless, Gustavo's displeasure was evident in his tone as he queried, "Bruce, I've told you not to call me on regular days. Can't you send a message first if you need something?"

Bruce Weinstein responded with a hint of distress, "Mr. Sanchez, is Mr. Wade with you today? I have an urgent matter and need his assistance."

"Mr. Wade?" Gustavo questioned, surprised. "Why would you need Mr. Wade?"

Upon hearing this, Charlie, lying in the adjacent bed, sat up and interjected, "Give me the phone."

Respectfully, Gustavo handed the phone to Charlie.

Taking the phone, Charlie greeted with a smile, "Mr. Warden, is there something you need from me?"

Bruce Weinstein, sounding anxious, replied, "Mr. Wade, the issue you mentioned earlier about dealing with men's health issues... Have you ever seen something where it goes too much, like it's going to explode?"

"Have I seen this before?" Charlie, aware of the impending pain, spoke calmly. "Certainly, I have. Why are you concerned about this now? What happened? Did you not believe me when I talked about this?"

"I believe you, I do!" Bruce Weinstein hurriedly conceded. "Mr. Wade, today... I was too presumptuous during the day... I thought your warnings were exaggerations... It wasn't until reality struck me that I realized my ignorance."

Tears welled in his eyes as he pleaded, "Mr. Wade, please save me, I might truly be done for if you don't!"

Charlie feigned surprise and inquired, "What specifically happened? Please explain slowly."

Bruce Weinstein sobbed, "To be honest, Mr. Wade, tonight, two beauties were arranged for me by Mr. Sanchez. However, I don't know if it was excitement or something else, but my nether region suddenly swelled unbearably, as if I'd ingested 10,000 Viagra pills. The situation is worsening. The doctor at Manhattan Hospital says the tissue is necrotic, and amputation is the only option. Can you save me?"

Charlie grinned, realizing things were progressing as planned. He responded, "It can be saved, but it requires acupuncture. I'm currently in prison, so it'll take more effort."

"It doesn't matter. As long as you can save me, I'll return to prison immediately! I can receive your treatment there," Bruce Weinstein hastily assured.

Charlie chuckled, "However, this treatment is intricate and time-consuming. It requires you to be naked, and there will be some pain involved. You might not be able to stifle your screams. Are you not concerned about others in the prison finding out?"

Bruce Weinstein quickly proposed, "Simple. I'll have my most trusted subordinate escort you out of the cell and discreetly take you to my office. I'll be waiting for you there! The soundproofing and sealing are top-notch, ensuring utmost confidentiality!"

Due to the gravity of his predicament, Bruce Weinstein instinctively desired maximum secrecy.

He could have arranged a separate room elsewhere in the prison for Charlie's treatment, but after careful thought, he realized no place could guarantee absolute safety. It was, after all, a prison with numerous blind spots and constant surveillance. Any gossip spreading about his situation could ruin his future.

His office, with a highly confidential secret passage, felt like the safest option. The Rothschild family had concealed the passage perfectly, making it virtually undetectable even with professional equipment.

Charlie accepted the proposal, saying, "In that case, I have no issues. Once you return, I can proceed with the treatment."

Excited, Bruce Weinstein exclaimed, "Thank you, Mr. Wade! I'll do everything in my power to repay your kindness!" He hastily added, "I'll rush back to the prison now. See you later!"

"Alright, see you later," Charlie replied.

After ending the call, Charlie handed the phone to Gustavo, who inquired curiously, "Mr. Wade, that idiot Bruce is looking for you. What's the plan?"

Charlie smiled and replied, "He has a health issue and wants me to treat him."

Gustavo, surprised, asked, "What's the problem? Is it really that serious?"

Charlie smirked, "He claims it feels like he swallowed ten thousand Viagra pills."

Gustavo exclaimed, "Damn! You will have to show me what that looks like."

Curious, Charlie asked, "So, are you interested in that?"

He then turned to Dean nearby and instructed, "Dean, Mr. Sanchez shares your interests. From now on, attend to him diligently every day. Don't make any mistakes, or I'll make you a zero for life."

Dean, terrified, nearly tumbled off the bed. Whether serving Gustavo or facing a life as a zero, it was equally unbearable torture for him.

Panic-stricken, Gustavo hastily clarified, "No, no, Mr. Wade, that's not what I meant. I am a heterosexual through and through, and I've only ever loved women. Please disregard what I just said..."

#### Chapter 5576

When Bruce Weinstein returned to the prison with the assistance of his friend Mark, the agony he endured almost drove him to the brink of despair.

Given the prison's strict regulations, outsiders were generally forbidden from entering. To avoid unnecessary complications, Bruce arranged for his confidants to pick him up outside, while Mark had to make a brief return to the hospital.

Back in his office, Bruce gritted his teeth through the pain, instructing his confidants to head to the section where Charlie was held, intending to discreetly extract him from his cell.

A prison guard arrived at Charlie's cell door, swung it open, and declared, "Who's Mr. Wade? Step out."

Charlie, silent and composed, rose from his bed and approached the door without uttering a word.

The guard secured the cells and whispered to Charlie, "The warden's expecting you in the office. Follow me."

Charlie nodded, following the guard out of the prison area. The guard guided him to the prison's medical department, steering him into the doctor's office during the doctor's off hours. Handing Charlie a prison guard's uniform, shoes, and hat, he murmured, "Change into these, and I'll take you to see the warden."

Charlie didn't question the directive, swiftly changing into the prison guard attire. The guard then made a call on his cell phone.

A fellow guard, matching Charlie's height and build, entered the scene. The escorting guard whispered to the new one, "Wait here, keep it quiet, and don't engage on the phone. Contact me. I'll lock the door after I leave, and you stay put until I return."

The new guard nodded, saying, "Got it, captain."

Relieved, the initial guard handed his hat to Charlie and ordered, "Put on your hat. Let's go. Remember, keep your head down outside to avoid the surveillance camera."

Charlie nodded slightly, donned the hat, and exited the infirmary with the guard.

After leaving the infirmary, the guard swiped his card, escorting Charlie to the prison guard's workspace.

As the guard stepped away, he whispered to Charlie, "Remember, if anyone asks about tonight, say you weren't feeling well, and I took you to the infirmary. The doctor was off duty, so I locked you in, went out to find emergency meds, and only returned when you felt better."

"Okay," Charlie agreed, thinking the guard's strategy of substituting the civet cat with the prince was sound. With the uniform and hat, the surveillance camera couldn't capture his face, leaving no tangible evidence to arouse suspicion.

The guard took Charlie to the top floor. After navigating a lengthy corridor, they reached the warden's office door. The guard knocked thrice, then, without waiting for a response, opened the door, revealing a tormented Bruce Weinstein on the sofa.

"Warden, we've brought him," the guard announced.

Bruce Weinstein, as if encountering a savior, urgently said to Charlie, "Mr. Wade, come in quickly! Guard, step outside."

The guard nodded, closing the heavy, soundproof door after Charlie entered.

Bruce Weinstein, unable to contain his anguish, cried out, "Mr. Wade, you have to save me! If you don't, I'll be crippled!"

Charlie glanced at him, smiling slightly. After putting in so much effort to quietly reach this office, his objective was finally within reach.

Looking at Bruce Weinstein, he said coldly, "Don't worry. Though your little brother is in pain, it won't burst for a while."



Bruce Weinstein instinctively responded, "How can that be? My friend, a doctor, said it's already dead. If you don't treat me, I might have to amputate it."

Charlie calmly stated, "Don't worry. There's reiki here. It won't die. Cooperate, and I'll cure you."

Surprised, Bruce Weinstein asked, "Reiki? What's that?"

Ignoring the question, Charlie coldly inquired, "Tell me, is there a secret passage in your office? Is Peter Cole confined beneath it?"

Bruce Weinstein, momentarily struck dumb, stared at Charlie, muttering, "Who are you? How do you know about the secret passage and Peter Cole?"

Charlie smiled, stating, "I'm here for Peter Cole."

Sending energy into Bruce Weinstein's mind, Charlie ordered, "Answer my question."

Shuddering, Bruce Weinstein, now compliant, confessed, "There's indeed a secret passage behind my office, an elevator shaft. There's a secret cell beneath it, and Peter Cole is locked there."

Charlie pressed on, "Anyone else?"

"No one else," Bruce Weinstein truthfully replied. "He's the only one, locked in a sealed room. I provide him food and water once a day."

Charlie queried, "Why is the Rothschild family keeping him here?"

Bruce Weinstein explained, "He stole something from the Rothschild family. It's vital to them, but he won't talk. They've interrogated him daily, but he hasn't revealed anything. I've been instructed to take care of him for now."

Charlie coldly asked, "Can you take me down?"

Bruce Weinstein nodded without hesitation.

Charlie inquired further, "Will the Rothschild family know if I have an afternoon here?"

"No," Bruce Weinstein assured. "I'm in charge, and I report everything to the Rothschild family. They don't directly monitor this place."

Relieved, Charlie ordered, "Take me down now."

Bruce Weinstein respectfully complied, leading Charlie to a bookshelf in his office. Extracting a copy of the Gospel of John, he covered the book's cover with his palm. The book emitted a beep, and a hidden panel behind the bookshelf opened, revealing a set of cameras.

Bruce Weinstein, wide-eyed, gazed at the camera. The bookshelf slowly swung open, unveiling a metal elevator door.

Turning to Charlie, Bruce Weinstein said respectfully, "Sir, please come in."



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