

Sweet Love 3261

Chapter 3261: Sudden Changes (2)

Youyou did not expect that there was such a dark side to this world. It was filled with so many evil transactions!

He then used his technology to hack into other dark webs. Only then did he realize that there were countless of them.

One of the websites was a social network that specialized in selling women. The web pages were filled with humiliating pictures of bound women.

He found out that there was even a dark web belonging to an underground recreation club that tortured and killed people.

This club kidnapped the victims and allowed people of power and money to pay for the torturing and killing of the victims. It was deemed as a pleasurable activity.

Within a certain framework, such transactions were legal. It was just that such a website focusing on killing people had never been visible to the rest of the world.

Some victims were willing to sacrifice themselves in order to alleviate their families' hunger and sufferings, while some of the victims were kidnapped.

The photographs would be published on the internet and the employer would state a price. After the highest bidder won the bid, the organization would then capture the victims and hand them over to the winning bidder for their enjoyment.

When Youyou saw the dark side of the world, his heart was filled with fear and unease. At the same time, he thought, "I must not let Mommy be placed in such danger!"

Human beings have an innate sense of crisis awareness, and Youyou's sense of crisis awareness was especially strong.

He vowed to make himself stronger.

It was only by chance that he hacked into the top-secret dark web of the Hurricane Group and intercepted several confidential documents transmitted by the upper echelons of the Group. When he opened the document, he saw it was a blueprint.

This was the blueprint of the component designs that Hurricane Group used to develop the "Deva Eye" project.

Such components were a dime a dozen.

The Hurricane Group wanted to establish a global skynet, and such a net was only just at the beginning of its making.

Youyou became interested in this blueprint. In his mind, he thought if he could redesign this blueprint, he might be able to use it to make toys.

Hence, it sparked off the subsequent events.

Gong Jie was the first to discover that Hurricane Group's dark web had been hacked. He suspected that some top hacker had tampered with it. That confidential blueprint had also disappeared. However, a few days later, the redesigned blueprint was uploaded to the dark net. Gong Jie realized that the precision of this blueprint was simply astounding.

The modified data came from a particular IP. Following this IP, Hurricane hacked into Youyou's computer but did not dig up any useful information.

When Youyou realized that his network had been invaded by Hurricane, he started sparring with Hurricane's top hackers.

When Gong Jie brought this blueprint to Deva Eye's headquarters, the designers were shocked and thought that the person who designed this blueprint was definitely a rare genius!

Hence, Hurricane Group extended an olive branch to him. Only, they did not expect that such a blueprint would come from a six-year-old child.

When Gong Shaoying found out about this, he thought that they were making up stories.

As the number one military corporation in the world, Hurricane Group had seen all kinds of situations, but they had never seen such a young and capable child.

Such a blueprint was too intricate. Even Le Zhi's advanced manufacturing technology could not produce this toy.

When Youyou first joined Hurricane Group, he was not a core member.

For one thing, he had been reluctant to reveal his own identity. All Hurricane knew was that he was "You", a six-year-old with a brilliant mind and unusual talent, a young genius.

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Secondly, Hurricane had some reservations as well. After all, he was only a six-year-old child. If he were to be officially incorporated into the core developers, he would probably attract unnecessary trouble.

Eventually, when Youyou officially joined Hurricane Group and Gong Shaoying offered to meet him, Youyou rejected it outright.

Gong Shaoying was amazed. In the entire Hurricane Group, not one person whom he had ever asked to see didn't fear and respect him.

However, this young man was proud, arrogant, and did as he pleased.

Gong Shaoying found it interesting as well.

This time round, Youyou intended to take the initiative to meet Gong Shaoying with a selfish motive.

"Mommy and Daddy are very happy together!" Youyou told Gong Jie. "Even I, who have Mommy's interest at heart, I've seen all of the storms and hardships that they've gone through along the way!"

Therefore, I've acknowledged this man. He has the right to be Mommy's husband! Mommy loves him too. I don't want Grandpa to make a mistake and repeat the tragedy of the past!" After a pause, he added, "That's why I want to meet him and discuss this matter with him!"

"What card is this? The kinship card?" Gong Jie asked half-jokingly.

"I guess, sort of!"

"Alright, I'll bring you with me!"

Gong Jie suddenly added, "However, you have to be mentally prepared. The Gong family is not a place where you can enter and leave as you wish!"

Youyou, on the other hand, smiled arrogantly and nonchalantly. "He's the one who needs to be mentally prepared, right?!"

This was undoubtedly Youyou's style!

Arrogant and overbearing!

He actually resembled Gong Jie, when he was young and high-spirited!

The man said, "I've already sent someone to send Yun Yecheng back to the Gong family home. We'll take the freighter back."

"Alright."

After they got ready, Yun Tianyou instructed Mu Yichen to stay at home to take care of Yueyao. Even if Mu Yazhe and Yun Shishi were not around, with Hua Jin and the nanny, Yueyao would definitely be well taken care of. Gong Jie also sent people to secretly protect her, so that he didn't have to worry about the safety of the two children.

Hence, the next day, Youyou left with Gong Jie.

This was the first time Youyou was on a freighter. It was a huge ship carrying hundreds of tons of goods. It was as tall as a mountain. Youyou was amazed just by standing at the harbor and looking at it from afar!

When they arrived, Gong Jie brought him around to take a look at the freighter. Seeing all the weapons and ammunition, Youyou could not help but feel disgusted!

There was enough ammunition to blow up an island.

Gong Jie asked, "Do you want to tour the warehouse?"

"No, it's okay." Youyou was not interested in those cold looking weapons.

Gong Jie glanced at him and smiled. "Youyou, do you still remember the first thing you did after joining Hurricane Group?"

"Hmm?"

“You proposed a price and sold the blueprint to Hurricane for 100 million. Then, you took this 100 million and invested in a toy company that was on the verge of bankruptcy. Everyone said that you were crazy.”

“Only a lunatic would spend 100 million on a blueprint from a child.”

Gong Jie laughed. He was the one who paid the hundred million yuan. A hundred million was nothing to him, he only wanted to see what a child would do with that amount of money.

Buy countless lollipops?

Or piles of toys and snacks?

Unexpectedly, he invested in a toy company. Inconceivable!

However, with his status as a six-year-old child, he was not qualified to be an investor.

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“When you first invested in Le Zhi, it was under Li Hanlin’s name. In other words, this 100 million is under Li Hanlin’s name. Weren’t you worried that once Lezhi turned around, Li Hanlin would boot you out after using you? After all, this is not a small sum.”

“Hanlin is a very capable person. However, the first reason I like him is because of his loyalty. The second reason is because I believe that if he turns hostile, Lezhi would become a pile of ruins in his hands anyway!”

Gong Jie seemed to be nit-picking as he asked, “Firstly, how can you tell that he’s loyal to you and has no other motives? Secondly, how can you tell that without you, Lezhi would be a pile of ruins?”

Youyou patiently replied, “Firstly, I’ve interacted with him a few times, and I believe in my judgment of people. In fact, I didn’t misjudge him. Secondly, Lezhi was originally a pile of ruins. With its lack of funding, it might recover because of this 100 million yuan. However that would only treat the symptoms but not the root cause. Lezhi’s management philosophy is problematic to begin with, with insufficient product development in addition, to Lezhi, I’m much more important than that 100 million yuan.”

Gong Jie was stunned for a long time after hearing this.

It was hard to imagine that a six-year-old child would have such boldness.

He suddenly squatted down in front of the boy and pinched his face.

The boy shrank back in pain and eyed the man warily. “What are you doing? It hurts.”

“I want to see what kind of fellow is hiding underneath this skin...”

“What?” Youyou was confused. “What do you mean?”

“Youyou, tell me the truth. Are you a mutant species?”

“...”

“Or, I’ve seen many movies where the dead come back to life, or reincarnate, and come back from the future? You didn’t transmigrate here from the future, did you?”

Youyou replied coldly, “You’re nuts.”

Gong Jie replied, “Otherwise, I can’t find any other convincing explanation. You’re but a six-year-old child and such a terrifying monster.”

Youyou was dumbstruck.

Monster?

The boy’s eyes twitched. “If I’m a little monster, then you’re a big monster.”

Gong Jie laughed. “When I was six, I was still playing with mud.”

“...”

“I had no idea know what a computer was.”

Back then, computers were not popular, and the Internet was not developed.

“This is the first time in my life that I’ve seen someone admit to being stupid.”

Gong Jie choked.

Rubbing his tender cheeks, Youyou replied grumpily, “I’m also troubled by my high IQ.”

“Why would being too intelligent be a problem?”

Youyou glanced at him coldly from the corner of his eyes and said harshly, “Sometimes, it’s energy draining to communicate with you idiots.”

The man’s face instantly darkened.

“Isn’t it a very troubling thing to be with a bunch of idiots?”

Gong Jie was even more frustrated now. “Are you looking down on your uncle?”

Youyou gave him a fleeting look and snorted, but he did not say anything.

There was completely no joy in being looked down upon by a young kid!

Gong Jie was hurt.

Youyou not only despised him.

Even spending time every day with that fool, Little Yichen, was exhausting.

Youyou said, “Sigh, geniuses will always be lonely. To think that such a handsome person like me would say such sad words.”

Gong Jie said, “You have no conscience. If it weren’t for my 100 million, Lezhi wouldn’t be here today.”

“Even if you didn’t give me that 100 million, someone else would.”

“ ... ”

Gong Jie’s expression turned even uglier.

“Besides, this 100 million is just a small sum to you. Don’t keep talking about it.”

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Gong Jie almost exploded!

Since when did he keep talking about it?

He could not be bothered to argue with the boy. In terms of a venomous tongue, he prided himself on being second, while Youyou definitely won hands down.

He had no idea what this guy was thinking. Sometimes, he would say something that could anger someone to death.

Gong Jie conceded. “Let’s not talk about this anymore!”

He smiled. “Would you like me to show you around the freighter?”

The boy nodded gladly.

The freighter was huge. How huge?

It had a capacity of 15,000 TEU.

There were hundreds of cargo rooms onboard.

Among them, there were more than ten large storage warehouses that were specially used to carry large parts. For example, parts of fighter planes or some important heavy-duty parts.

Hurricane Group dealt in a broad range of items, from small items like guns and ammunition to fighter planes, they had the most advanced manufacturing technology globally.

However, due to the uniqueness of the fighter jet, they were usually transported by freight carriers, unlike commercial planes and trains.

Fighter planes are huge hence they are usually transported as unassembled parts.

One wing alone would take up a large cargo hold.

Therefore, the large cargo holds of this freighter were used to transport the parts of the fighter planes.

It could normally transport ten fighter jets.

Youyou looked through them one after another and was quite stunned.

It was only when the warehouse door opened and he stood in front of the eight-meter tall entrance, that he realized the size of this freighter.

The height of the door alone was eight meters. It was too shocking.

“So the J-12 fighter jet is that big?”

“What did you think?”

Gong Jie leaned against the door with a profound smile. “The parts of this fighter jet originated from your design.”

He walked up to the boy and said in a deep voice, “This fighter jet is worth USD300 million. Compared to the Eagle of M Nation, J-12 is more suitable for the battlefield in North Africa.”

“According to my calculations, the cost of this fighter aircraft is no more than 10 million yuan. Compared to its selling price, it’s dirt cheap. The military weapons trade is really profitable.”

“What they are buying with these 300 million may not be the fighter jet, but the biggest bargaining chip in the North African battlefield. Although 300 million is expensive, they are very efficient. They even gave up the mining rights of a mine to Hurricane.”

“How despicable.”

Gong Jie did not think much of it. “Despicable? How is that despicable?”

“Do you think I don’t know? The North African political unrest, the reason why the anti-government military forces have the ability to fight against the government, is because the Hurricane Group sold them a batch of high-powered military firearms. A missile blew up the parliament building. Otherwise, the political forces wouldn’t be so anxious to buy this fighter jet.”

Given what he had said, things seemed complicated. But it was actually very simple.

Gong Jie started it all by selling a batch of firearms to the anti-government military in North Africa. This sparked off the war. The government was caught off-guard and the parliament building was reduced to ruins. Hence, in order to balance the situation, the government had no choice but to import a large number of weapons from Hurricane Group.

It was no wonder that Hurricane Group was the world’s largest profiteer group.

Every business has a treacherous side to it. That is not an unfounded saying.

Gong Shaoying was a businessman. Naturally, he wouldn’t do a business that would incur losses.

Although the Hurricane Group did not create wars, it could expand local wars.

This is a chaotic world that is full of unrest every day, while 60% of the wars were made possible by the Hurricane Group, it was also true that 20% of them come to an end because of the Hurricane Group.

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In other words, Hurricane Group was feared because it had the greatest say in war.

Gong Jie's gaze was profound as he looked at Youyou and smiled. "Youyou, Uncle is looking at you in a new light."

"Likewise."

Gong Jie suddenly changed the topic. "However, when it comes to ambition, you're ahead of me. Up until now, your 'Airspace Domination Theory' is the craziest plan I've ever seen."

"The original intention of my 'Deva Eye' project is to maintain world peace.

"Oh? How do you know that once the 'Deva Eye' project is successfully developed, world peace will be achieved?" Gong Jie paused for a moment before he continued, "Human beings have an insatiable desire to want more. Mankind has a long history of war. The ambitions of human beings will never be satisfied. In the past, the ancient wars were to seize power. Now, it's to seize resources. The reason why there are constant wars in Africa and the Middle East is because of the rich mineral reserves, oil, and gas."

"Human ambition is indeed limitless. Even if the Earth is destroyed, the sky will still exist." Youyou crossed his arms and smiled. "The rivers will dry up and the land will crack, but the vast sky will never be destroyed. Once you control the sky, you will truly control the world. Whoever dominates the air first will gain the ability to dominate the world. By then, world peace will no longer be a matter of who has the final say."

Gong Jie looked at him. The child in front of him was as cute as a button. His pink cheeks were like superior jade.

It was hard to imagine that such words would come from such a child.

It was worth rejoicing that such a child was his nephew. Otherwise, it would be hard to imagine just how terrifying it would be, to have such a person as an enemy.

The journey at sea was longer than the flight. The freighter had to stop at the port of Vidoman midway to deliver a batch of orders before heading to Hurricane headquarters.

However, it was the first time the boy had been on a freighter, so he was curious about everything on board.

Gong Jie also told him interesting stories that happened at sea when they were escorting the delivery of firearms.

"One time, we passed by the Somali Straits and encountered a group of reckless bandits. They surrounded us and intercepted us. They seized our cargo ship and forced their way onboard."

Youyou was stunned when he heard that. "These pirates are really so daring as to hijack Hurricane Group's ship?"

"Our flag wasn't on the mast on that day."

Generally speaking, Hurricane Group's logo would be hung on the freighter. Even the boldest pirates would not dare to act recklessly.

It was only by an unfortunate coincidence on that day that the flag was blown away by the sea breeze. When the pirates saw such a huge ship, they had evil intentions.

The Somali pirates were most notorious at sea.

This was a group of criminals who specialized in robbing ships from other countries. As Somalia's civil war broke out, the pirates were more often out and about in the Aden Bay area. There were frequent hijacks and even violent killing of crew members. Among them, the few most notorious teams were the Bontran Guards and Melka.

Youyou also knew a little about Somalia's evil deeds.

Somalia was one of the least developed countries in the world. Its industrial base and economy were both weak. The war served only to further worsen its economic decline.

Somali pirates is common knowledge among seafarers, however Aden Bay was often an unavoidable leg of many routes.

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Some time ago, there was news that a cargo ship from a certain country passed through Aden Bay and was hijacked by the Somali pirates. All the goods on the cargo ship were robbed, the crew members were shot, and the captain was kidnapped. The government came forward to negotiate, but due to the compensation issue, the negotiation failed and the captain was killed.

This incident also became the largest political crisis in the history of the country. The citizens complained about the lack of negotiation.

"What happened then?"

"They regretted it after they boarded."

"..."

Youyou thought to himself, they must have died a terrible death.

Those pitiful pirates surged onto the freighter, only to be met by a few of their cannons. With a command from Gong Jie, they were reduced to ashes. The remaining pirates scrambled to escape, but such a small ship was sunk when Gong Jie's armed freighter rammed into it.

Rammed into it...

Just imagining that scene was enough to make one shudder.

"How ruthless."

Gong Jie said innocently, "There's nothing I can do if they insist on a suicide mission."

"..."

The next day, the freighter arrived at the port of Vidoman.

The transaction was to take place at 11.00 PM, at Minghai Port. There was still half an hour before the agreed time.

Gong Jie had initially wanted Youyou to remain on the freighter, but Youyou refused, saying that he wanted to see the world with him.

Gong Jie did not object.

The client who placed this order was a Russian firearms merchant named Dimon, a middle-aged man in his fifties. He was previously in the Soviet Air Force, and also served in the former Soviet contingent of the peacekeeping force.

Following the breakup of the Soviet Union, he established his own career by selling private military warehouses. His background wasn't significant, but it wasn't insignificant either. Primarily, he valued East Asia's military firearms market and had quite a large sales network in East Asia's firearms industry. He was also considered a little big boss.

He had been doing business with Hurricane for decades, and hence was a long-time client. It could be considered that he and Hurricane shared a deep friendship.

Youyou recalled hearing Gong Jie mention this man when they were on the freighter. He was a wily old fox with a greedy nature, typical of a businessman. Other than that, there was nothing dangerous about him.

In his eyes, the firearms merchants were no different from an ordinary merchant. They did business and relied on selling goods to earn money. Only, the goods sold by the firearms merchants were more dangerous.

Youyou asked, "Uncle, what does this transaction involve?"

Gong Jie replied, "The goods included 300 grenades, 5,000 rifles, 10,000 handguns, and 100,000 rifle bullets. It's an 8 million yuan deal."

As he spoke, he took out a few documents from his briefcase. "Everything has been negotiated with Dimon. Cash on delivery."

Youyou nodded and did not say another word. He secretly hoped that the transaction would be completed as soon as possible so that he could go back to sleep. He was very tired now.

A black car slowly drove into the harbor with two large trucks.

As Dimon and his subordinates were approaching the port, he could see the extremely eye-catching giant freighter from afar through the window. At one glance, he could see the group of people standing in front of the dock.

It was late at night, and the air was chilly. The harbor was shrouded in moonlight, making it look especially bleak.

The car pulled to a stop at the edge of the pier. Three men in black suits got out and walked towards them. The one walking in front was Dimon, the person they were dealing with this time. Behind him were two bodyguards who were protecting him and three cargo workers.

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The man was of medium build. Although he was in his fifties, his facial features were handsome and he had a black beard. The passage of time had not left too many marks on his face, and his every action had the bearing of a Russian gentleman.

Gong Jie put on a black formal hat before he pushed open the car door. Then he walked up to the other party, carrying Youyou in his arms. A strange expression flashed across Dimon's face as he gave the young kid a puzzled glance. His expression was slightly guarded, but out of courtesy, he extended his hand in a friendly manner. The two of them shook hands politely.

"Mr. Dimon, the goods are all here. You can inspect them anytime."

Dimon nodded, his expression softening, but there was a sly glint in his eye that disappeared in a flash. "Are all the goods I want on board?"

"Naturally."

Dimon nodded and said, "The contract and transaction money are ready, but before that, may I inspect my goods first?"

Gong Jie smiled. "Of course."

Dimon smiled and tilted his head to the side, his eyes signaling his men to get into the cargo hold for inspection.

Gong Jie also ordered his men to bring over samples of the goods for this transaction. The boxes were opened one by one. He casually picked up an FNFNC submachine gun and walked over to Dimon. He smiled and explained in familiar Russian, "I'm honored to be able to show you the equipment for this transaction. The FN rifle is an improvement of the FNCAL design and uses 30 rounds per shot M16 standard magazines. It is capable of semi-automatic and multi-target settings. Of course, it can also be fully automatic. This rotary gun is similar to the AK-47 design. It has high accuracy and high lethality."

Youyou was slightly surprised. He didn't realize that Gong Jie could speak Russian.

The Russian language is extremely difficult to pick up, second only to Arabic.

What he did not know was that among the five languages Gong Jie had mastered, he was the most proficient in Arabic and Russian.

Dimon calmly took the rifle from him with both hands. It was a heavy piece of equipment. He held the gun in one hand and gently caressed the body of the gun with the other. The metal had an exquisite finish. At least, it could be differentiated from those of inferior quality, at a glance. Such a rifle was priced at 1500 yuan each in the black market. Hurricane's price of 1000 yuan each was very reasonable.

Weapons produced by the Hurricane Group were excellent in every way. Dimon was satisfied. He put the rifle down and studied the Desert Eagle next to him. He picked it up and weighed it in his hand. Then he loaded it, aimed it at the ground and pulled the trigger. There was a loud crack. It was powerful.

Not long after, the few subordinates came back and nodded at him, signalling that all the goods were in order.

Dimon casually played with his pistol as he lowered his head and ordered in a low voice, "Siritov, sign off the delivery order."

The man nodded and drew out two contracts from his briefcase to sign and complete the transaction with Gong Jie.

Gong Jie ordered his men to open the two small suitcases. They were filled with banknotes of the US currency. Upon checking, they realized that there were only 6 million US dollars.

"Young Master Gong, the transaction amount is wrong!"

What? Wrong?

Gong Jie turned around with a puzzled look on his face. His subordinate hurriedly walked forward and checked again. He raised his head and said in a low voice, "Mr. Dimon, are you sure there's 8 million USD in here?"

Dimon narrowed his eyes and sized him up. He said with a hint of dissatisfaction, "According to the market price, 6 million is already very high."

Gong Jie could not help raising his brows as his lips curled into a mocking smile. "Mr. Dimon, are you trying to bargain with me?"

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Dimon smiled and said, "This batch of firearms is worth less than a million yuan in cost. The transaction amount is 2 million yuan. I'm already very sincere."

After some thought, Gong Jie said coldly, "Jason, check the contract."

Jason nodded and was about to check the contents of the contract when Dimon smiled and said, "The contract doesn't specify the exact transaction amount."

So, it was a last minute adjustment?

Gong Jie raised his head calmly. His eyes darkened although his smile did not leave his face as he asked, "So, Mr. Dimon is playing word games with me?"

Dimon quickly waved his hand. "Oh! I didn't mean that!"

"Then what are you saying?"

Dimon smiled. "I'm a long-time client of the Hurricane Group. I should also tell you a piece of news. The fact is that, our country has no lack of military firearms merchants. The weapons and ammunition they sell are all priced at cheaply. However, on account of my many years of friendship with the Hurricane Group, I've always been sincere in my dealings with you! This transaction is already very generous."

"Mr. Dimon, as a businessman, isn't sincerity the most important rule? Do you wish to violate it?"

“It’s like this. There was a problem with the previous batch of goods during the transport process. It cost me 2 million yuan in losses for nothing. Because of this, I’ve lowered this transaction by 2 million.”

However, Gong Jie did not buy this. He had long believed that this old man was bent on taking advantage of the Hurricane Group.

His expression did not change as he fiddled with the Desert Eagle in his hand. He pulled the barrel up. Then, he said indifferently, “There’s a Chinese saying in China that goes, ‘You get what you pay for’. The cheaply priced firearms that you speak of, I wonder which battle pit those used equipment came from?”
8 million, not a single cent less.

This Dimon was indeed cunning. How dare he play dirty with him? Was he courting death?

Dimon’s eyes curved as he smiled, and the wrinkles at the end of his eyes scrunched together. He looked gentle on the surface, but his eyes glinted with the cunning and insidiousness of a businessman. “6 million, not a cent more!”

The corners of Gong Jie’s lips curled up mockingly as he suddenly raised the pistol in his hand and aimed it at the center of Dimon’s forehead. An icy sharpness came over his dangerous phoenix eyes as the faint smile formed on his lips.

“You’re courting death.”

Dimon turned pale with fright and retreated a few steps in a panic. The bodyguards behind him immediately took out their guns and aimed them at Gong Jie. At the same time, they shielded Dimon behind them.

Gong Jie raised his chin arrogantly as he swept a cold glance at them from the corner of his eyes. He smirked disdainfully.

At the same time, Jason moved in front of him to protect him. The rest of his subordinates were armed to the teeth and pointed their guns at Dimon.

The two sides raised their guns in a direct confrontation as the atmosphere became tense as a stretched bow string at once. Even the air was suddenly suffocating!

Dimon stood behind the two tall bodyguards and asked in fear, “What do you want?!”

Gong Jie curled his lips playfully and said calmly, “I have little patience. How dare you bargain with me? You’re courting death.”

Dimon looked at the man nervously. Gong Jie’s sharp gaze seemed to cut right through him. Even though he was a veteran, he was still frightened by this man’s gaze!

He then glanced at the entourage of well-built subordinates behind Gong Jie. One look and he could tell that they were men who had undergone strict training. Their skills were extraordinary.

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He had only two bodyguards with him on this trip. If a fight broke out, they would be killed instantly.

Dimon straightened his clothes and signaled to the two men in front of him to put down their guns. He then laughed and said, "We're loyal friends! Let's not hurt our relationship over 2 million."

Gong Jie said, "8 million, not a cent less. Sign it."

From a certain perspective, his words were more like an overbearing order.

Dimon nodded and sighed helplessly as he obediently signed the contract.

He turned around and called out to his subordinate. After a while, his subordinate handed him another suitcase containing 2 million US dollars.

Now all that was left was to instruct the freighter to move the goods.

Expressionlessly, Gong Jie leaned against the car door and lit a cigarette.

Youyou lowered his gaze and looked at the containers that were carried down from the freighter.

300 grenades, 5,000 rifles, 100,000 rounds of bullets. How many lives did this mean?

Just as everyone was busy, Dimon's phone suddenly rang. He picked it up impatiently, but before he could speak, he heard his subordinate anxiously shout, "Boss! There's trouble!"

Dimon asked cautiously, "What happened?"

The person who called was one of his four protectors. Before the transaction, Dimon had arranged for him to keep an eye on the highway entrance a kilometer away from the harbor so he could deal with what other situations that may arise.

"The Interpol from New York is heading towards the harbor!"

Dimon choked on his cigarette and coughed. His eyes widened in disbelief. "What?! Interpol?!"

"Yes! Interpol, and one of them is the highest-ranked inspector of the International Anti-terrorist Alliance!"

"How many of them?"

"Five including the driver!"

Dimon's eyes turned red with anger as he cursed under his breath. "Why didn't you alert me earlier? Don't you think it's too late to be calling me now?!"

"They passed by, and I was being interrogated."

His subordinate was also rather helpless. These Americans from New York were really hard to deal with. He managed to convince them after much persuasion, but as soon as the police drove away, he hurried to inform them.

"In other words, they're on their way to the harbor?"

The man replied nervously, "Yes! I heard from one of the officers that he was after a suspicious freighter that illegally traveled through So..."

Dimon hung up, stunned.

Gong Jie's expression was icy and gloomy as he listened to the entire exchange between the two of them. From the corner of his eye, he glanced at Dimon, who was standing not far away with a composed expression. His face instantly darkened!

"Interpol?"

Dimon nodded, flustered.

If it had been the local police station, there was really no need to worry. However, it was the Interpol that was alerted, the consequences could be dire.

International smuggling of firearms was a serious crime. For a less serious crime, they could end up with more than ten years in jail, while a serious crime could mean death by firing squad.

Smuggling of tens of thousands of bullets and more than a hundred guns was a serious crime. The content of this transaction could call for a death sentence by so many bullets they would be enough to fill a cooking pot. He could die many times over!

"They're after your freighter!"

Dimon said angrily, "Mr. Gong, could it be that you lured these Americans here on purpose?!"

Chapter 3270: Sudden Changes (11)

They had actually lured the Interpol here. One kilometer away. At the speed those Americans were driving, they could turn up in five minutes. There wasn't time to escape.

What could they do in five minutes? Retreat?

What about the goods? They were only half off-loaded! Not to mention five minutes, this freighter would not be able to go too far in ten minutes, and he would not be able to outpace the police car with the containers in tow. Was he going to just sit and wait for death?

Dimon turned around and ordered loudly, "Luka, Jason, stop moving the goods. Everyone, evacuate the port ASAP, you have five minutes!"

A group of people turned around in surprise. Gong Jie's subordinates also walked over, looking puzzled, and asked in confusion, "What's going on?"

"Thanks to you guys! Look who you've brought with you?! Interpol trailed you all the way but you didn't even notice?"

As Dimon swore, he glanced at the time on his wrist and said angrily, "Damn it, we're running out of time!"

Gong Jie and Youyou exchanged glances.

The young kid asked in confusion, "Uncle, has something gone wrong?"

Gong Jie said coldly, "The New York Interpol will be turning up any time now."

Everyone was shocked and stood rooted to the ground. Youyou was considerably calm as he asked, "If we leave, what about the goods?"

The Hurricane Group was powerful, but Gong Jie was also on the FBI and Interpol's wanted list.

Even though Gong Jie was certain that he could shake them off after being brought back to the Interpol Headquarters to be interviewed, it would take up too much of his time.

And if they were to transfer him to the Nuremberg Military Court, it could spell trouble.

Gong Jie's subordinates were also surprised. Who would have suspected that his freighter had been targeted by the Interpol ever since they left Port Elizabeth?

Dimon asked anxiously, "Mr. Gong, what should we do? Why would Interpol..."

"Shut up!" Gong Jie scoffed and stroked his chin thoughtfully. His brows were raised high as he tried to find a way out.

It was too late to evacuate now. There was only one road leading to the harbor, and the freighter would not be able to leave the harbor immediately...

Then suddenly, a thought struck him. He snatched the satellite phone from his subordinate and dialed a number.

The call got through very quickly. Gong Jie said in a low voice, "Ma Men, I'm in a bit of trouble here."

He walked to the side and seemed to be negotiating with the person on the phone.

At this point, a silver car was speeding towards them. In the dark night, its bright searchlights were blinding.

Dimon frowned and narrowed his eyes. Without turning his head, he said, "Siritov, open the trunk and get armed!"

A few of his subordinates looked at each other in confusion. Seeing that they were not moving at all, Damon shouted angrily, "What are you waiting for?"

"Boss, what are you planning to do?!"

"What am I planning? Hmph!" Dimon said as he pulled out the pistol that was strapped to his waist and loaded it. He turned around and said expressionlessly, "Of course we're going to fight our way out! Did you think we're just going to sit and wait around to be brought back to the police station for tea?"

Siritov immediately understood. Dimon opened the trunk, and the others walked forward to load their ammunition as quickly as possible. They all knew in their hearts that their boss was planning to be ruthless. Rather than getting caught and getting into trouble, it was better to go all out. In the future, everyone would be caught in one fell swoop. One night was enough time for them to settle everything!