

Chapter 7009

Its high-end audience includes the wealthy, white-collar workers, internet celebrities, and nightclub prostitutes.

This customer base offers high profit margins and drives other spending, making each one a cash cow for gangs.

Smaller gangs like Liam simply cannot reach these customers.

If they dare to sell low-quality products in high-end hotels or nightclubs, higher-ranking gangs will quickly eliminate them.

This is the concept of territory.

Owning the territory of high-end users is like a fertile ground, even a gold mine.

Territory owners will defend their interests with all their might,

And will retaliate fiercely if anyone dares to touch their core interests.

It's for this reason that Liam's gang is forced to operate on the streets,

Selling to impoverished addicts who rely on theft and deception to scrape together a few dozen dollars.

Even so, the profit margins are enormous.

A small bag of contraband worth a hundred dollars could bring them at least forty dollars in profit.

As long as their small gang could control a slum area and reach a few hundred addicts,

They could earn at least tens of thousands of dollars in net profit every day from this drug-related operation.

Even though Liam was just a lowly member of the gang,

It was not difficult for him to earn a few hundred dollars a day.

In Melbourne's slums, a few hundred dollars a day was considered a good income.

The median income in Melbourne was around a hundred dollars a day.

Liam could earn at least a hundred thousand dollars a year working 360 days a year,

Surpassing most white-collar workers in Melbourne.

Bruce, on the other hand, was far behind.

He wanted to join such a gang, but he never had the chance.

His small group had no territory of its own,

So they dared not engage in illegal drug dealing.

Therefore, he had no stable source of income.

Occasional street robberies were almost his only source of income.

A few months ago, Bruce saved up several hundred dollars and spoke a lot of sweet words to get Liam to come along and have dinner with him.

At the table, Bruce gave all the expensive food he ordered to Liam,

Then, starving, humbly pleaded with Liam to introduce him to the gang.

But Liam finished his meal, wiped his mouth, and told Bruce that a small-time scoundrel like him had no business joining his gang,

And that eating his food was demeaning.

With that, Liam stood up and walked away.

At that moment, Bruce felt humiliated.

Even so, he didn't dare confront Liam, only silently swallowing his loss.

He vowed to climb higher than Liam one day and then crush him.

Charlie had given him the courage he hadn't had before.

So, holding his baseball bat, he declared to his throng with a fascinated urge.

"Let's go find Liam and kill him."

"From now on, I'll be the most powerful rising star in all of South Melbourne."

"Maybe his boss will appreciate me and let me replace him."

"Then we'll truly soar!"

Psychological suggestion is like a mental imprint,

Forcing one to believe it so firmly that they forget or even ignore reality.

Bruce was originally a hoodlum with little education and even lower quality.

His understanding of the world was already extremely superficial.

Coupled with his frequent viewing of gangster movies,

He always believed that some special opportunity would bring him the attention of a big boss and lead him to a meteoric rise.

The psychological suggestion Charlie gave him sparked his first thought.

To replace Liam with ruthlessness.

As the group marched off to the next block,

Charlie instructed Issac to follow them in his car.

The next block was even grimmer than the previous one.

There were two safe injection sites here, too.

Around them and under a nearby overpass,

A large number of drug users gathered, numbering at least a hundred.

Because an overpass ran through this block, many addicts had pitched their tents directly beneath it,

Densely packed with at least forty or fifty.

They gathered here because, while it offered little protection from the wind,

It provided shelter from the sun and rain,

Making it the perfect place for the homeless.

Nearby, young men milled about the crowd.

Unlike the tattered addicts, these young men were dressed in sophisticated attire, even sporting extravagant gold jewelry.

They were members of gangs that specialized in selling contraband to addicts.

Among them, a curly-haired, half-black youth, smoking a homemade cigarette, moved among the addicts.

He stared intently at the hands of a female drug addict, counting money.

After counting a pile of small bills, she pleaded,

"Liam, I'm still short of thirty dollars."

"Can I give it to you tomorrow?"

The female drug addict was the streetwalker who had approached Issac earlier.

Liam said with disdain, "If you don't have money, go sell it."

"It's not even noon yet, so there's plenty of time."

"Come back to me when you've sold enough."