

Middle Age 711

Chapter 711: Strength

Under the night sky of Alaska, it was silent and cold.

The town's lights were sparse, most residents had already retreated indoors to fend off the chill.

Only 'Wild Buffalo Horn' and 'Parrot' bars continued blasting piercing noises, with gang members partying through the night.

Inside a house, a series of "clack-clack" sounds echoed as everyone checked their weapons and loaded their magazines.

"Three cars arrived at the Aryan Brotherhood's base not long ago. They should be delivering goods; looks like they're not planning to leave tonight." Bingzi reported over the walkie-talkie.

"How many people came?"

"Twelve."

Originally, there were sixteen or seventeen Aryan Brotherhood members in the town, and their numbers have now almost reached thirty.

On the sofa, Qi Yun squinted and looked up at Brother Quan. His rule was to leave professional tasks to professionals without meddling.

"So are we sticking to the original plan to attack?" An Zai squatted on the ground, loading shells into his shotgun.

"Why bother picking a time to deal with a few scumbags? Just do it!" Brother Quan replied expressionlessly, exuding confidence.

Hearing this, An Zai also grinned, excitedly racking his gun: "Just what I wanted."

Once everyone checked their gear, Brother Quan waved his hand: "Move out!"

Three SUVs started up, heading straight for the Aryan Brotherhood's base.

Qi Yun stood by the window, took out his phone, and dialed Miller's number.

"Sir!"

"Get ready."

"Yes, I'll gather the manpower immediately." Miller responded respectfully over the phone.

...

The convoy stopped at the street entrance; both Aryan Brotherhood bars were on the main street, less than five hundred meters apart.

"I'll take Niu Da, An Zai, and Da Pao to the Wild Buffalo Horn bar."

"Chen Wei, take a team with Falcon, Bingzi, and Old Bai to deal with the Parrot bar's people."

"Anyone who resists, kill them straight away, but no civilian casualties." Brother Quan quickly made his arrangements.

"Move!"

Several figures vanished into the shadows of the street like reapers, heading toward their targets.

"Bang!"

The Wild Buffalo Horn bar door was kicked open, followed by a "bang!" gunshot.

Holding a shotgun, An Zai fired a shot straight at the ceiling.

"Motherfucker! Everyone get down!"

Instantly, everyone looked toward the door, and the previously noisy bar fell silent.

Without any tactics, the four charged straight inside.

Inside the bar were about twenty people, burly and fierce, dressed in Aryan Brotherhood attire, with leaves clamped in their mouths.

The silence lasted less than a second.

"Fuck!" A white man with a face full of flesh closest to the door was the first to react, angrily reaching for the back of his waist!

"Bang!!"

An Zai's Remington 870 roared again, fire spewing out, directly blasting the burly man along with the table in front of him flying backward, blood mist and wood splinters exploding in an instant!

The fight broke out.

Perhaps thinking Brother Quan's group was suicidal due to their small numbers, the Aryan Brotherhood members quickly pulled their guns and started shooting!

In an instant, gunfire erupted in the Wild Buffalo Horn bar!

Pistol, shotgun, and rifle shots mingled together! Bullets flew horizontally, shattering the glass on the liquor cabinet one by one.

Seeing the opponents dare retaliate, Brother Quan raised an eyebrow, lifted his hand to fire two precise shots, hitting an enemy in the chest.

"Kill them all!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he leaped like a leopard, rolling sideways to avoid a burst of bullets, while his carbine spouted flames again, riddling an enemy attempting to rush from a side booth with bullets.

Niu Da was even more ferocious; wearing a bulletproof vest and leveraging his massive physique, he barely sought cover, charging into the densest area of enemies like a human tank, each roar of his shotgun sending foes flying.

His style was sheer violent suppression, instantly disrupting the enemies' rhythm, forcing them to retreat and hide.

An Zai and Da Pao coordinated seamlessly; An Zai used the shotgun's terrifying power to suppress, while Da Pao employed his rifle for precise elimination, his sharpshooting ensuring that almost every pull of the trigger resulted in a hit.

Despite being outnumbered, the four were battle-hardened elites, their tactical skills and teamwork far superior to these rabble.

Fierce firepower steadily advanced, quickly pushing back the twenty enemies, with seven or eight lying on the ground in no time.

But these gang members were braver than the Japanese cops, refusing to relent despite significant losses, with the remaining dozen fighting like rabid dogs, swearing and returning fire, gunshots echoing nonstop.

"Fight back! Fight back now! There are only four of them! Kill those yellow bastards!" A leader-like figure hid behind the counter, shouting commands to organize retaliation.

"Damn it! They dare fight back? I'm the man for the job!" An Zai roared, rolling out of cover and fired "bang bang!" twice, blowing the head off an enemy shooting from behind a dining table.

"Rat-tat-tat!"

Amidst a rapid sweep, after emptying his magazine, Brother Quan tossed aside his carbine, swiftly drawing a Glock 19 from each hip.

"Bang bang bang!" Both guns fired alternately.

"Ah!" A guy hiding behind the sofa was shot through the cover, hitting his thigh. He screamed and fell, immediately receiving another shot from Brother Quan's left gun to his chest.

As companions fell one after another around them, terror started to spread.

"Devils! They're devils!"

"Run! Run quickly!"

Chapter 712: Strength (Part 2)

Someone suddenly shouted in panic, and the remaining seven or eight enemies, ignoring their leader's roars, turned and ran, wishing their parents had given them two more legs.

Defeat came like a landslide!

The battle began quickly and ended just as swiftly. By the time the gunfire ceased, Da Pao's cigarette was still burning.

The four of them walked out of the bar, Niu Da dragging the leader by the ankle like a dead dog.

The fight at Parrot Bar ended even faster. Chen Wei and the others were already driving over to provide support.

"Retreat!"

Brother Quan ordered, throwing the leader into the back seat, and the three Suburbans sped away.

Despite the gunfire sounding like a fireworks display, no one from the street came out to check. Perhaps the town's residents were used to the gang battles or simply didn't want trouble.

Just two minutes after Brother Quan and his men left, several police cars on the other side of the street turned on their lights and raced toward the scene.

"Block off the area immediately!"

Miller gave the order, directing two officers with riot shields to lead the way and enter the premises first.

The Bullhorn Tavern was a mess, the air thick with the smell of blood. Bodies lay scattered all around, and blood mixed with the drinks from shattered bottles painted a tragic scene.

Miller was covering his nose, the muscles on his chubby face twitching, his eyes betraying a mix of disappointment, shock... and a hint of fear.

Disappointment because his little schemes had failed; fear because he was truly intimidated by the methods of that Huaxia person.

Before the shooting started, he had been waiting on the street next door, and now, only minutes later, over twenty Aryan Brotherhood members had been wiped out.

Who exactly is that Huaxia person?!

He felt somewhat fortunate for having made the right decision in the office without acting impulsively.

"He...help~" A weak call for help came from under the bar.

"Sir, there's someone alive!" a policeman reported, preparing to check.

"Bang!"

A sudden gunshot rang out.

The surviving Aryan Brotherhood member was shot in the neck, his last breath extinguished, his eyes wide open in disbelief at the outcome.

The shooter was Miller.

He held a pistol he had just picked up from the ground.

The nearby officers were momentarily stunned, looking at their leader in disbelief.

Miller, expressionless, wiped the fingerprints from the gun grip and placed the pistol back on another nearby corpse.

"Sean, I think you're seeing things."

His voice was cold as he scanned all the officers present, his gaze filled with undeniable threat.

The officers kept silent, avoiding his gaze and not daring to question him.

Besides... it wasn't a civilian who died, so dead is dead.

Miller's voice rang out again: "Remember what I said earlier, the Aryan Brotherhood clashed with other gangs, causing significant casualties, and when the police arrived, no survivors were found on the scene. Understand?"

"Understood, sir!" Everyone promptly responded.

"Good, this month each of you will receive double the salary." After the intimidation, Miller immediately offered a reward, the carrot and stick approach being effective everywhere.

"Guys, turn on your law enforcement devices and get to work."

The officers, upon hearing this, relaxed their tense nerves, their faces reflecting joy instead of fear as they began to hustle.

In this room, there wasn't a single clean soul.

As his men began to clean up the scene, Miller walked to the bar's entrance, pulled out a cigarette, and took a deep drag.

The cold air mixed with smoke filled his lungs, causing him to cough intensely but also dispelling some of the nauseating blood scent from his nose.

He gazed into the darkness toward the direction of the mine, his eyes flickering.

That young face kept surfacing in his mind, the strength and ruthlessness displayed beyond his expectation.

He realized this was definitely not just any ordinary businessman, differing vastly from those pliable Asian investors.

This was a lion from the East...

Exhaling deeply, Miller pulled out his phone: "Congratulations, Mr. Prosecutor..."

All those killed in the conflict were gang members, with no civilians harmed; the public might even applaud this outcome, and the prosecutors wouldn't interfere.

Moreover, a considerable amount of contraband was seized at the scene.

During such times, the efficient judicial system of the United States is truly reflected.

....

Elsewhere, Brother Quan and the others finished cleaning all their used weapons, then packed everything into a box, to be handled later by Harris's men.

After finishing their work, they gathered in the living room, discussing the subsequent plans.

"The Aryan Brotherhood has over a hundred people in Anchorage city. After suffering this big loss, they probably won't let it slide easily and will send more people here."

"We need to discuss how to deal with these people."

As soon as Qi Yun finished speaking, An Zai eagerly said, "As long as these police don't bother us, those lousy thugs can come and be smashed directly."

Qi Yun shook his head: "Though we've sorted the police here, we still need to be cautious, best not to leave any evidence in their hands."

"My suggestion is to deal with them outside the town, to avoid harming civilians and not worry about making a big scene."

Brother Quan nodded in agreement, staring at the map on his tablet, and after a while, he traced and zoomed in on the screen, finally settling on a spot.

"I think it's suitable to act here. From the city to the town, this road must be taken. Besides, when we came, I noticed there were very few cars passing by."

"Both sides are forests. This hill is a good ambush spot."

Brother Quan's words gained everyone's approval.

"Then it's decided." Qi Yun concluded, "We don't need to annihilate them entirely, causing injury and driving them away is enough. You decide the specifics; I'll find out when they'll come."

"Xiao Wu, come with me for a trip."

...

Late at night, the police station was still brightly lit, destined to be a busy night.

Miller got out of his car on the roadside not far from the police station and got into the front Suburban ahead.

"Is the scene taken care of?"

"Yes, sir, there won't be any issue. The prosecutor and the town mayor are quite happy to see those scumbags meet their maker." Miller spoke without a hint of awkwardness, calling yesterday's so-called brothers scumbags today.

Qi Yun nodded satisfactorily: "How's the task I asked you to get in contact with?"

"I've already asked my friends in Anchorage to pass the message to the Wild Wolf Gang. I'm sure they've heard the news by daylight, and will respond promptly."

"Alright, have you notified the Aryan Brotherhood?"

"Not yet, I was waiting for your orders."

"Tell them now, though it's not really good manners to disturb someone's dreams," Qi Yun stretched lazily, "Plus, when they're sending people over, get the exact timing."

"Yes, sir." Miller immediately took out his phone, dialed the Aryan Brotherhood leader's number, and put it on speaker.

Qi Yun listened quietly beside him, the conversation went smoothly, nothing unusual, and the person on the other end vented all his anger on Miller, demanding him to find the perpetrator before sundown tomorrow.

After hanging up, Miller raised his head, "Sir, as you heard, their people will arrive before dark."

Qi Yun pondered slightly: "It would be best to arrange someone to keep an eye on their base, and give me an accurate time when they depart."

Although Anchorage is not far from Fairbanks, the road is covered in ice and snow, the condition isn't great, so it takes about an hour's drive from the city to the town.

"Understood, I'll follow your instructions." Miller replied vigilantly.

"Alright, Officer Miller, tonight's cooperation is a good start between us. Trust me, without the Aryan Brotherhood, you can earn much more."

Chapter 713: Won't Xiao Hanguang Have to Treat Me Like a VIP?

[Current Intelligence Points: 32]

In the morning, Qi Yun sat in the courtyard with a cup of coffee, receiving the first intelligence information after the system upgrade.

[Intelligence 1 (Purple): The world's top energy expert Seth is being hunted by someone who wants to seize his latest scientific achievement—nuclear seawater desalination technology;

This technology has undergone multiple experiments and can desalinate 5 million tons of seawater daily, with a cost of only 0.1 USD per cubic meter (the current most advanced photovoltaic + wind power seawater desalination technology costs around 0.5 USD);

Seth has fled under the escort of bodyguards to hide in Alaska, the specific location is *****]

"Hiss~ Nuclear seawater desalination technology..."

Although Qi Yun didn't know much about it, anything associated with nuclear power sounded impressive.

Furthermore, based on the intelligence content, this new technology should be leading by leaps and bounds, reducing costs by five times. If those Middle Eastern countries in the desert knew about it, wouldn't they go crazy trying to seize it?

"If this technology can be brought back to the country, the credit should be no less than the last batch of lithography machines, right?"

"Next time we meet, wouldn't Xiao Hanguang worship me?" Qi Yun rubbed his chin, a smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

[Intelligence 2 (Red): The Anchorage mayor's term is coming to an end, and a new round of elections is about to take place. Currently, city councilman Benjamin's support rate is far ahead;

Benjamin's son had sexually assaulted a female classmate in June this year. The latter reported the incident to the police early on, but Benjamin used his connections to cover it up. Now the classmate's family has left Anchorage and moved to Washington State, detailed address ****]

Just what I wanted.

This guy named Benjamin is the backer of the Aryan Brotherhood. Yesterday, Qi Yun was wondering how to take him down, and today this opportunity came.

If this continues, will Anchorage soon become my territory?

[Intelligence 3 (Green): The Lark Mine, 120 kilometers east of Fairbanks, is for sale, covering an area of about eight hundred acres. 75% of the area has been mined, while the remaining region contains a large reserve of high-quality emeralds underground, worth over 5 billion USD]

Qi Yun's fingers slightly paused holding the coffee cup.

He knew about emeralds, and Blue Sky Jewelry Company has this kind of business. These gems are extremely valuable, revered as the king of emeralds, and are among the most sought-after colored gemstones in the market.

High-quality emeralds can fetch tens of thousands, even hundreds of thousands per carat.

This region of Alaska seems to be one of the few major producers of emeralds worldwide.

"120 kilometers, not too far, and still within the jurisdiction of Fairbanks. There's no reason not to pocket this windfall..."

These three pieces of intelligence are all very crucial. If handled well, they can bring huge rewards.

"Zhong Rui!" Qi Yun called out as he turned back.

"Boss." Zhong Rui jogged out from the house.

"Call the people from the exploration company and tell them to hurry over; we have limited time."

...

Apart from fisheries, Alaska's main industries are these various mines, so the supporting industries are quite well-established. Companies selling mechanical parts and doing exploration are present in almost every city.

Soon, two snow pickups labeled 'Polar Star Geological Exploration Company' drove into the mining area.

Several people got off the truck, led by a bespectacled middle-aged man, followed by a few assistants, all wearing thick winter clothing.

Qi Yun directly led them to the foot of the mountain in the southwest direction of the mining area and pointed to a large area in front, saying, "This is the place. My instinct tells me it will bring me wealth; I need you to survey this geological situation as quickly as possible."

"I'll give you a week."

The middle-aged leader pushed up his glasses and showed a troubled expression: "Boss, this area is not small, and now the temperature is dropping, making drilling samples more difficult. The exploration work will take at least two weeks..."

"That's conventional." Qi Yun interrupted him, his tone firm, "Use your best equipment, the most professional people."

"I'll pay you double fees; I just want speed; can you do it?"

Upon hearing Qi Yun's generosity, the middle-aged man hesitated no longer, immediately grinning, "Boss, thank you for your generosity. Rest assured, we will mobilize all our manpower to work tirelessly and hand you the report within a week!"

Who says money doesn't work in the United States? Isn't it the same here?

"Good, let's begin."

With Zhong Rui handling the follow-up, Qi Yun didn't stay long at the mining area, observed briefly, and left by car as he had other matters to attend to.

Returning to the town, he first went to the residential area to brief Brother Quan, then took Xiao Wu to the police station entrance.

Miller, who received the text message, ran out eagerly. Qi Yun lowered the back window and waved at him, and he immediately approached.

"Sir, the Wild Wolf Gang agreed to collaborate, but their boss wants to meet you in person. I was about to report this to you."

Qi Yun slightly nodded: "Tell him there's no problem with meeting. I'll be going to Anchorage tomorrow, and I'll notify him of the meeting location then."

He still remained cautious, even when discussing cooperation, he wouldn't go to the opponent's territory.

Although the Wild Wolf Gang and Aryan Brotherhood are enemies, these gang members are the least trustworthy, who knows if they might secretly sell me out.