

A Bunch 64

Chapter 64: Damn, it's really Sichuan's version of... ..

Although Africa was barren, it had a lot of business opportunities. It occupied 20% of the world's land area, had more than a billion people, and had rich resources that could provide a lot of raw materials, but miraculously, there was almost no modern industry or manufacturing industry that belonged to it!

The federation had been established for more than two hundred years, but the countries on this continent still relied on producing oil, minerals, and other energy sources, or agricultural products such as cocoa, rubber, and coffee beans to maintain their economy.

For countries with technology, this was simply a natural gold mine. Any light industrial product here could be sold at an unimaginable price in the country, and investing in factories here was a profitable business.

Many bold, large capital consortiums that understood business opportunities chose to invest here, and the Fang Corporation was one of these tens of thousands of capital.

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As a famous entrepreneur who came from central China but had made a name for himself abroad, he naturally would not let go of such a great business opportunity. As early as twenty years ago, the Fang Corporation had made a large-scale invasion into this continent, it had opened up more than a hundred large-scale industrial farms.

The factory that old Zhang was currently managing was a breeding factory under the Fang Group. It was located in the outskirts of the Zimba region. It mainly collected high-quality crocodile skin here for preliminary processing, after that, it was sold to first-rate handicraft brand companies in first-rate countries.

The profits of this factory could be considered to be relatively high under the Fang Group. After all, high-quality crocodile skin was a best-seller in the world. As the gold in leather, it had always been loved by all the big stars.

However, the conditions for raising crocodiles were harsh, resulting in most places not having the conditions to raise high-quality crocodile varieties. and for them to be able to occupy this natural farm, it was naturally equivalent to having a natural treasure house!

Old Zhang did not know what method his boss had used to get the 50-year lease of this natural factory from the president of this country, but he knew that as long as the lease was still in place, a few well-known leather products brands around the world would fight to do business with his boss.

The profits of the company were good, and these employees who were far away from home were naturally paid well. Old Zhang was one of the older employees who was willing to join the harsh environment of South Africa in the early stages, so he naturally would not be mistreated, not to mention that the business was developing well now. He now received a month's salary, which was equivalent to a year's salary for the liver-to-bald programmers in the country. Moreover, after the factory's scale matured, he was actually not busy, it could even be said that he was bored to death all day long.

The days of collecting money while sitting could be said to be wonderful, but unfortunately... ! ... these wonderful days seemed to be coming to an end!

High profits represented high risks. This was indeed true. Old Zhang had actually thought of facing such a situation in the past. After all, South Africa often experienced unrest, but he did not expect it to come so quickly and violently!

The news was full of reports about the outbreak of the virus. It was said that there were riots in many of the surrounding tribes, and there were also the shadows of many mercenaries...

This made him feel uneasy for the past two months. Every time he heard the slightest noise, he would be startled awake, afraid that a group of thugs would rush in and cut off his head.

Especially yesterday, he vaguely heard the sound of gunshots. Last night, he had been hiding under the blanket, shivering. Until now, he was still in shock!

And his old boss had no intention of picking him up!

Thinking about it, it made sense. How could the old boss of such a big industry give up so easily?

But he did not want to earn this kind of desperate money. He had already applied for support from the local government. When someone came to pick him up, he swore that he would never return to this damn place again!

As for this job? If he lost it, so be it. At his age, he should also enjoy it. He had more than a million in the bank and four or five houses in the country. If he went back and started a small business, wouldn't his life be better than now?

But the efficiency was so slow... ! He had already sent out the request for help for three days, but the person hadn't arrived yet. This group of Black Devils had come very quickly when it came to collecting taxes!

Old Zhang, who was cursing, slowly walked out of the room. He wanted to see if anyone had come. Although he was cursing, he still had to look forward to it.

However, as soon as he walked out of the office, he saw a group of people from the factory standing in front of the large window and pointing outside.

Old Zhang's face instantly turned black!

He was already used to that group of Negroes being lazy. After coming here, he realized that the people here were completely different from the Big Brothers in Africa described in the textbooks. They were sneaky and Sly to the extent that they were even more shameless than buttface in his village, they would work for one or two hours and then clamor for rest. The efficiency of three hours of work couldn't even be compared to half an hour of domestic assembly line workers. If it wasn't for the contract stipulating to solve the employment problem of the black people, he would have kicked out all of them! He really wanted to kick out all of these lazy people!

"What are you doing without working?" Old Zhang roared in a rough voice.

Although he had decided to resign, as long as he was on duty, he still had the qualities that he should have. After all, he had taken a lot of money from his employer...

"Old Zhang... come and take a look, Hulk! !" One of the black men said to old Zhang with a sharp bashu accent.

F * ck you!

Old Zhang said with an annoyed expression. The person who replied to him was called Ju Ba. He was a black kid from the nuda tribe next door. He had only followed him for two years, and he had learned a decent amount of Chinese.

Moreover, it was not only him. Most of the black people had learned a lot of Chinese after spending a lot of time with him. This made old Zhang Sigh. In fact, these guys were really talented, huazhong could be said to be one of the most difficult languages to learn in the world, but it did not seem to be a difficult thing for these guys. Not only that, you would find that these guys were also very efficient in learning English and Malay. What did this mean?

It was not that they were not smart, it was just that they were lazy. No wonder they could not help him up after so many years of helping him up... ..

"Really, it's not up to you!" Save Ba pulled Old Zhang over, and the surrounding people quickly made room for Old Zhang. Old Zhang was puzzled, and when he looked up, he was instantly stunned on the spot.

He saw two hulks and a black girl waving at him from the side of the river below the factory... ..

"Little Ya, the virus has mutated? It's already swollen like this?" Old Zhang rubbed his eyes and said.

"It's the kai-bao meeting... This is the Hulk from the Avengers. You didn't see it. The way they tore the crocodile apart just now was so cool! !"

"Really?" Old Zhang looked over and saw that one of the hulks was indeed holding a crocodile corpse. He immediately sucked in a breath of cold air. It looked like they really tore it apart with their hands... ..

But the Hulk had two steps?

Don't look at Old Zhang's current state. The Avengers definitely had seen as many as these black devils. There were many reshoots behind that IP. He could say that he had seen it since he was young, but he had never thought that he would really be able to see the real thing one day...

HMM... The outline was a little different. Although he was tall and mighty, he still looked a little like one of them from Sichuan.

"Hey! Black brothers up there, open the door and give us some hot water to drink? We'll leave after we finish drinking. The water at the river's head is still a little hard to swallow."

F * ck... It really is the Sichuan version?