

The Charismatic Charlie Wade Chapter 2866

Chapter 2866

Zynn wanted to cry without tears, if the TV series “Bright Sword” were filmed here, it would definitely be more real than the version that is currently broadcast on TV!

Just when he was crying without tears, the convoy, led by a military convertible jeep, stopped in front of Hamid’s command.

As soon as the car stopped, Hamid, wearing a camouflage uniform, walked out excitedly.

The person who escorted Zynn was Issac’s men, but Hamid didn’t know Issac. He only knew that among these people, Charlie wanted to “foster” with him. The rest, it must be Charlie’s men.

Charlie is not only his nobleman, but also his God of Wealth and his strategic commander. Therefore, he is also full of enthusiasm and respect for Charlie’s men. Bring the passion and respect back to him.

Seeing Hamid stepping out like flying fast, Zynn felt a bit in his heart.

He thought: “This guy looks extraordinary, he should be the boss here.”

When Hamid came out, Zynn was also dragged down by Issac’s men.

Seeing a few yellow people with East Asian faces, Hamid immediately said with a smile: “You people should be Mr. Wade’s men. It’s really a welcome, a warm welcome!”

Several people looked at each other and couldn’t help looking at each other.

In their impression, the slogans of welcome, warm welcome, are all slogans shouted by young pioneers with a blush on their cheeks, red scarves around their necks, and wreaths in their hands.

But they never expected that these words would be yelled from a Middle Eastern warlord who was big five and three thick and had a beard.

The headed person is Issac's confidant, and his name is Hale.

Seeing that Hamid was so polite and like a warlord, he smiled politely and asked, "You should be Commander Hamid!"

Hamid nodded and said with a smile: "It's all from the family, what is the name of the commander, just call me Hamid!"

After speaking, he said politely: "It must have been very hard for brothers to come from such a long way. Come, hurry up and have a cup of tea and take a break!"

Hale pointed to Zynn and said to Hamid, "Commander, this is Mr. Zynn Su who our young master asked us to bring over to experience life."

Having said that, he pulled a handful of Zynn's collar, pulled him in front of him, and said to Hamid: "Commander, our master has ordered, let me tell you, no matter what. This man will stay here well. Besides, you don't have to take him too much. Just watch him and don't let him run around. In addition, put him in the bunker fortifications during the war and don't let him get injured That's it."

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Zynn's tears almost came down when he heard this.

"Is this the damn talking human? I spent 100 million US dollars, but in exchange for a sentence, don't take too much care, b@stard, isn't it!"

But Zynn dared not to be angry but didn't dare to speak, and he didn't even dare to put his unhappy emotions on his face.

After all, this Hamid is Charlie's friend, and it sounds like he is quite loyal to Charlie. In case he is unhappy, he will deduct his treatment or even torture him, then it will not be worth the loss!

When he thought that he would be "taken care of" by Hamid for a long time in the future, or that he would be merciful from his men, Zynn had to bite the bullet and complimented him: "Hello, Commander, admiring your name for a long time. It's a great honor to see you today!"

After speaking, he quietly looked at Hamid.

Then thought to himself: "At a glance, although the hardware in Hamid is very old and backward, there are at least a thousand soldiers, and after entering, I have seen a lot of relatively modern weapons and equipment. How can I say this? The guy is also a warlord on one side, and he definitely has a bit of hard power."

"However, logically speaking, this kind of person who puts his head on his waistband to beg for life should be very arrogant in nature. Even the president of the United States may not necessarily see it. How can he nod and bow to the young boy Charlie? Mom! doesn't make any sense..."

Hamid then glanced at Zynn, and said without a smile: "You don't have to slap my a\$\$, what kind of treatment you will have here in the future, what kind of life you will live here, it is not my decision. Brother Wade is in charge. He allows you to live in a small courtyard alone, and you can live in a small courtyard alone, but if he lets you sleep in the sheep pen, you can only go to the sheep pen!"

Zynn could only accompany the smiling face, nodded and bowed his waist, said: "That's that, everything is decided by Master Wade..."

Hamid was too lazy to pay attention to him, and smiled and said to Hale: "Please tell Brother Wade, after this guy is handed over to me, don't worry, as long as I am alive, I won't let him die. If this place is captured by the enemy, I will destroy him with a single shot before I die, and I will never let him fall into the enemy's hands!"

Zynn was about to scold his mother in his heart, and secretly scolded: "What the hell is your literacy level? Even speaking is self-contradictory! While saying that as long as you live, you won't let me die, and at the same time, say in case something goes wrong. You beat me to death first and then you die. Isn't this fcking nonsense?"

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Hamid didn't have the time to take care of Zynn.

He smiled and said to Hale: "You people, I have made good black tea, come in and have a few cups!"

People in the Middle East love to drink black tea. Generally, a very large amount of tea leaves are boiled into a very rich tea soup, which is then paired with a lot of sugar and refreshments with extremely high sugar content.

This point is quite different from the Chinese people.

Seeing that Hamid was so hospitable, several people couldn't refuse for a while.

So, Hale said: "Commander, please arrange your subordinates first and take this man to his place of residence."

"Okay, no problem!" Hamid patted his chest and said, "Since Brother Wade ordered, I have asked people to prepare the yard. The yard is next to my guard camp, except for my guards. All the rest are soldiers from the army. There are people on patrols and guards 24 hours a day, and they will never let him run away!"

After speaking, he smiled and said: "And I have had people clean up the small courtyard again, and the conditions are also good."

Zynn heard this all the time, only to breathe a sigh of relief.

Since he got on the plane, he never thought about running away.

Because it is impossible to escape.

This kind of place where birds don't shit, even if they are exhausted, they can't run out.

What's more, the surrounding area is full of soldiers with live ammunition. In case the other party finds that a few bullets come over, there is no chance that he can keep a whole body.

Therefore, he can only force himself to adapt.

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As for the future, he can only hope that his daughter, Zhiyu, can inherit the Su family as soon as possible.

But he changed his mind and thought again.

“Let Zhiyu inherit the Su family, and the possibility is almost zero... Let’s not talk about the old man who will never delegate power until death, even if he is willing to delegate power, my brothers and sisters, can be willing to let Zhiyu A girl who inherits the Su family? I am afraid that it will start an unprecedented family battle...”

Thinking of this, he felt even more desperate.

I don’t know how long and when my “Syria Journey” will end.

Soon, Zynn was taken by Hamid’s personal guards to a small farmhouse a few hundred meters away from the headquarters.

From the outside, this small courtyard is almost entirely made of loess, with earthen walls and earthen houses. Except for the roof tiles, which appear to be fired, there are almost no traces of modern processing.

The small yard is not big. The yard after entering is just the size of a basketball court. There is a cowshed on the right hand side of the entrance, but there are no animals in it.

As for the middle of the yard, there is no root grass except the soil.

As for the supporting houses in this small courtyard, there are only three earthen houses facing the courtyard.

It’s not like the rural areas of China, where there is something like a wing house or something. There are only three earthen houses side by side, and the total is estimated to be no more than 40 square meters.

What made him even more disintegrated was that in the very central room, there was nothing but a dilapidated wooden chair.

On the left hand side, is an extremely simple bedroom. If it weren't for a pile of straw-like things in the middle of the bedroom, he wouldn't even know that the room was used for sleeping.

As the room in the middle, in this so-called bedroom, there is only a pile of straw and a pile of rolled bedding.

Zynn stepped forward and spread out the quilt, which contained a quilt, a mattress, and a pillow.

As soon as he saw this simple three-piece suit, he couldn't help but stomped his mother: "Fck! I spent 100 million dollars, how come even the bedding is second-hand? Just this tattered thing, buy a new set. It's not more than two hundred yuan, right?!"

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Zynn was furious, kicked the pillow far away, turned his head, and rushed out to the room on the right.

As a result, as soon as he entered the door, he smelled a long-lasting stench.

Looking down, what the fck is this room, this is a built-up dry toilet!

There is nothing in the room, except that a deep hole is dug in the middle and two wooden boards are built. A hole was exposed in the middle. Inside is a cesspit. Besides, there is no sewage device. It is estimated that before it is full, it can only manually be removed...

He almost collapsed.

"From now on, if you have to shovel the pit every once in a while, who the hell can stand it?"

“The point is, this broken house has just a broken window, and the ventilation is not very good. In case of a large size here, how long will the smell be cleared?”

At this moment, Zynn felt that his future life was full of darkness.

Here, he has no personal belongings, no mobile phone, no computer, no internet, not even a cup to drink water. From now on, he can only sleep on the haystack every day, and he can only stay there when he wakes up. Sitting on a shabby wooden chair, or letting out the wind in this empty yard.

Come to think of it, this is even more tragic than going to jail.

After all, when in jail, at least you can still use the toilet, and you can chat and talk with inmates, occasionally watch TV in the cafeteria, and read newspapers when you go back to your cell.

But what can he do here? There is not even a person who can talk.

Thinking of this, Zynn, a fifty-year-old master, couldn't help but shed tears.

He is not like an average middle-aged person.