

Billionaire CEO Won't Leave

Chapter 437

"I've always heard that Pakistan has a good relationship with us. Go to the Embassy of Pakistan and have a try." Commo north along with the proposal of musili, more specific way.

I heard that Chinese people came to ask for help, and the Pakistani embassy attached great importance to it. After hearing about the situation, the Pakistani Ambassador quickly arranged a car to send the two people to Pakistan first, and then transfer to return home.

Kangmobei can feel at ease at last. On the way, he can have a good sleep.

Musi Li looks up at the sky. The sky is blue and the clouds are white. Through the sky, Musi Li is looking at the satellite, which is invisible to the naked eye. Along the way, they have gone through twists and turns and escaped in a mess. They are also very careless. Thinking that Shen Shimo has advanced tracking technology, Musi Li does not dare to take it lightly.

"Please stay in Pakistan for the time being. This is Dier. The actual control in the front area is a little complicated. When the formalities are completed, I will send you back to China." To the border of Pakistan, the translator said to kangmobei.

"Thank you." Thank you very much.

Shen Shimo glared at the bronze bell and looked at the hand standing in front of him who was beaten to the ground.

"Why did Shen delay to fight?" Silent for a long time, finally asked in a cold voice.

His subordinates did not dare to look at each other. They could only droop their heads and acquiesce in silence.

"Waste!" Shen Shimo flies the cup on the tea table to his hands and then falls to the ground, accompanied by the crisp sound of fragmentation.

"Hum..."

Anger, cell phone calls again, silent do not want to hear bad news.

"Old, old Lost. They seem to have left. " On the other end of the phone, I falter.

"Waste!! Ah The phone flew away in silence.

With the sound of "Bata", the door of the villa was opened. Looking back, Shen Shimo saw his mother Wei Xiazheng staring at him and walking towards him coldly.

The crisp sound of "pa" sounded on Shen Shimo's face.

"Useless things! You've made a mess of good things! Now I can't even wipe my ass clean? " Wei Xia pointed to Shen Shimo's nose and accused him angrily. She vented all her anger on Shen Shimo.

"I..." Shen Shimo, like his subordinates, counseled him.

Wei Xia, speechless and sulky, waved to her secretary.

The secretary takes out a card camera from his bag, turns to a picture and hands it to Shen Shimo.

Shen Shimo takes the camera and sees that in the camera are photos of commobei and musili.

"This..."

"This is a satellite photo. They have already arrived in Pakistan," Wei Xia said with a pause. She raised her voice a little bit. "If you mess it up again this time, you and I will die without a place to die!"

Shen Shimo listens to the heavy words, grabs the card camera anxiously, and asks his men to go out with him in a hurry. He runs away from his mother in a panic, so as not to listen to the reprimand again.

Dier's Pakistani civil servants are very attentive to the two Chinese people. Not long after they arrived, the bus escorting them back to China has stopped not far away. Just after the formalities are completed, they can go back to China.

So smooth, but let two people feel uneasy, moussili and conmobei, always silent look at each other, want to say something, but don't know what to say, don't want to say unlucky words.

"Or..." Mousse hung his head, fingers on the ground, playing with the gravel on the ground.

"Well..." Conmber nodded tacitly.

In the evening, buses follow the established route to the China Pakistan border.

The setting sun is far behind the bus, and the afterglow of the setting sun is scattered around the bus, which makes the bus look golden.

More golden than the afterglow, the color soon carries the bus, just like golden fireworks blooming in place. In an instant, the bus turns into a waste car, emitting black smoke.

The sound of "boom" came slowly and spread far away, and violent explosion could be heard several kilometers away.

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In the afterglow, spilling on the mud, conmobei controls the front of the motorcycle with his injured right arm. Behind the motorcycle, there is a moussili wearing a helmet.

They both looked like the down and out wanderers, dirty all over, driving dirty motorcycles, all the way forward.

This disguise may be able to bypass the satellite face recognition tracking, and the two return home by cycling with some cash provided by Deere.

[when you go to the border from the areas under the actual control of Pakistan, the checkpoints on the road will not stop you. They will also help you. Good luck.]

[well, please do one thing Please go to the border as planned, please.]

[..... ok]

looking back on the conversation with Dier's civil servants not long ago, conmobei was riding a motorcycle and felt a little bit secure.

"This is "Xinjiang?" Musili, who has no geographical concept, looks at the road winding between the open mountains and asks in surprise.

"Well, back home." Kangmobei paid attention to the fuel gauge and had to find a place to refuel. Along the way, they got a lot of help, but the road was still very hard and difficult. The two dirty people came to a place with a little more people, and finally

stopped. They couldn't find a place to stay, but they could buy things.

There are few goods on display in the simple shop, including water and some food.

Two dirty people squatted on the side of the road, drinking water and gnawing bread.

When he turned around, he saw that newspapers were still on sale in front of the shop.

Pick up a copy at will and turn it over. Conmobei saw the news of the bus explosion, and the position of it was very humble.

"You see, it's exactly what you think." They don't have the feeling of afterlife. Maybe they have more experiences of afterlife, so they don't feel much.

Mousse took a cursory look at the news and felt a little afraid.

"Shen Shimo is so cruel, vicious..." Mousse is away from the dark.

"When we go back, let him die." Conmobeir doesn't move his mood, he says slowly.

They squatted on the side of the road like brothers in need, looking at the scattered people blankly. When Musi left and looked back, he saw that conmobei had stopped looking at the map. After confirming his current position, he was looking at a place.

Shop. There's a pay phone.

"You fight. We'll leave when we're done." Mu Sili smiles bitterly. Kang Mobei must Miss Bai nianxi very much. It's cruel not to let him call.

Lele's cry makes Bai nianxi exhausted. Kang Xinyue tries to coax her. Lolo carefully looks at Mommy. Mommy looks as if she is a few years old, because her face is too haggard.

"Hum..." Mobile phone on the tea table, because of the vibration and walk.

"Hello Bai nianxi resolutely picked up the phone, looking forward to the end of the phone, is to hear the voice.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa..." The cry of Lele is very harsh.

When Kang Mobei heard this, his heart seemed to crack and he had a pain: "nianxi Ask your brother to help me, g314, three forks. You must take people with you. "

"Mobei!" Bai nianxi's voice was almost a scream.

Kangmo North sour nose, can't bear to hang up the phone, finally, a "miss you", Bai nianxi can only hear the busy tone after hanging up.