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Hearing Chengfeng's exclamation, Moby also agreed and said, "Master, there are too many dark sides of the overseas world that are not known to the people, hiding dirt and mixing fish and dragons!"

"Moreover, the more troubled a place is, the easier it is to breed such a powerful organization such as Cataclysmic Front!"

"I really didn't expect that the head of the Cataclysmic Front was so young, and I really can't imagine what kind of encounter this Joseph had. How can, in such a short time, someone create an organization like Cataclysmic Front! Ordinary people can't possibly do it anyway!"

Chengfeng couldn't help but ask: "By the way, how is the financial strength of the Cataclysmic Front?"

"It's very strong!" Moby said seriously: "This kind of mercenary organization. The profitability is very strong!"

After a pause, he continued, "The revenue of the Cataclysmic Front is estimated to be at least a hundred billion dollars a year."

"What?!" Chengfeng asked, dumbfounded, "Hundreds of billions of dollars a year, that's opening a money printing machine!"

Moby explained, "Master, a hundred billion dollars seems a lot, but don't forget. There are tens of thousands of mercenaries in the Front, and these mercenaries are all masters of licking blood from the blade, and their average salary is very high."

"Even the most ordinary big-headed soldiers, no one will do this kind of life selling work without a hundred thousand dollars a year;"

"And then counting the senior officers in those mercenaries, I think the average annual salary must be at least three or four hundred thousand dollars;"

"With 50,000 people, just the payroll, it would be one or two hundred billion dollars a year."

"And that's just the cost of salaries, not including the cost of bases, training, meals, transportation, and the cost of maintaining weapons and equipment;"

"And the bigger cost is weapons and ammunition; a bullet costs a few dollars, a grenade hundreds of dollars, a shell thousands of dollars, and when you fight a war, the money is spent faster than it is printed."

"Moreover, for these top-ranked mercenary organizations, reputation is very important, and once casualties occur on the battlefield, they must be responsible to the end."

"If someone is injured, a full set of medical treatment must be provided; if someone is sacrificed, a substantial pension must be paid;"

Speaking of this, Moby concluded, "I estimate that the annual net profit of the Cataclysmic Front should be around ten billion dollars."

Chengfeng lamented, "Ten billion dollars is a lot of money! This group of people has been hanging around outside the law for years, and they don't have to pay taxes, so whatever they earn is their own."

Moby nodded and said, "As far as I know, they are now expanding wildly in the third world war-torn countries."

"The overall investment cost is estimated to be very high, but after they have successfully established their roots in all the war-torn regions, their strength will definitely be able to go up another level."

Chengfeng frowned and said offhandedly, "I really didn't expect that this Joseph was so capable!"

"In a place outside of the law, where even the most basic personal safety is not guaranteed, he can actually build a mercenary organization with huge strength in such a place, it's really not simple!"

"Compared to his simple-minded, reckless straw man father. I don't know how much stronger he is!"

Moby said with approval, "This person is indeed not simple, and I see that he is very grateful for the kindness that the youngest master showed to their family back then."

"If you can make good use of this, it might bring us more help!"

Chengfeng nodded with excitement and said offhandedly, "Yes, this is definitely a once-in-a-lifetime good opportunity for my family!"

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