## ICE AGE APOCALYPSE: I HOARD BILLIONS OF SUPPLIES

Chapter 10: Confronting the Bootlicker

Zhou Peng was fawning over Fang Yuqing, lavishing her with attention.

However, it was evident that Fang Yuqing was indifferent towards men like Zhou Peng.

Financially, Zhou Peng was worse off than Zhang Yi; he didn't even own an apartment, living in a rented one instead.

Despite this, Fang Yuqing smiled and said, "Thank you, Zhou Peng. But I've already made plans with a friend that evening. Such a shame!"

Zhou Peng's face fell with disappointment.

He had spent an entire month's salary on those concert tickets.

He had hoped to confess his feelings to Fang Yuqing during the concert.

But his plans were now in vain.

Seeing this, Zhang Yi's lips curled into a sardonic smile.

He knew Zhou Peng's obsequious efforts would ultimately lead nowhere.

However, Zhou Peng, embarrassed and frustrated, noticed Zhang Yi's smirk and became incensed.

To distract himself from his awkwardness, Zhou Peng approached Zhang Yi and said, "Zhang Yi, you're really something!"

"Making a woman help you move things? How shameless can you be?"

"Fang Yuqing came to work today complaining of a sore back. Next time, don't bother her with such things!"

Zhang Yi glanced at Fang Yuqing.

So, it was her who spread the word.

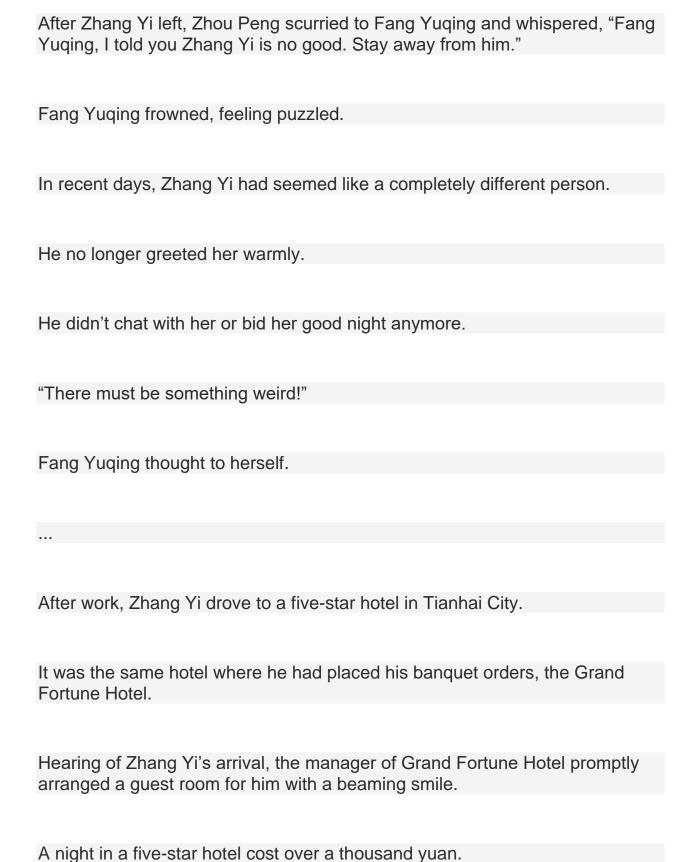
Fang Yuqing feigned concern: "It's nothing. I'm fine. I just have a bit of back strain from overexerting myself."

She even touched her lower back and winced, showing a pained expression.

To assert his masculinity before Fang Yuqing, Zhou Peng boldly pointed at Zhang Yi, "You should give Fang Yuqing 500 yuan for medical expenses."

To his surprise, Zhang Yi's eyes turned icy as he glared at Zhou Peng, "She helped me voluntarily. I didn't ask her to."

"Who the hell do you think you are? telling me what to do?" "Do you think you're somebody important?" Zhang Yi's fierce retort left both Zhou Peng and Fang Yuqing stunned. Zhou Peng, merely an ordinary clerk with no power or influence, was taken aback by Zhang Yi's sudden anger. He had dared to reprimand Zhang Yi only because Zhang Yi had always been mild-mannered and non-confrontational. But now, faced with Zhang Yi's genuine fury, Zhou Peng backed down, stammering, "Why are you yelling? I was just discussing this with you." Zhang Yi sneered and turned away. He couldn't be bothered to waste words on Zhou Peng. To him, everyone around him now seemed like walking corpses. In a month, 99% of them would die in the apocalyptic cold wave. Why argue with the dead?



But Zhang Yi didn't mind the expense at all. With millions still at his disposal, it would be wasteful not to spend it. That night, to Zhang Yi's surprise, Fang Yuqing initiated contact. Fang Yuqing: "Zhang Yi, I passed by your apartment today and saw it being renovated!" Zhang Yi smirked, "Yes." Fang Yuqing: "You've been acting quite odd lately, stockpiling goods and renovating your apartment. Is something about to happen?" Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow. This schemer was cunning but not stupid. Clearly, his recent actions had piqued her curiosity. But Zhang Yi didn't care. Other people's opinions meant nothing to him now. "Nothing's going on."

He replied coldly and tossed his phone aside.

On the other end, Fang Yuqing felt a pang of discomfort at Zhang Yi's indifferent response.

For the past two years, Zhang Yi had been nothing but attentive to her.

He always checked on her, finding excuses to chat and wish her goodnight every evening.

But recently, his demeanor had changed entirely—cold and distant.

This unsettled Fang Yuqing.

She could ignore Zhang Yi but couldn't bear the thought of Zhang Yi ignoring her.

To Fang Yuqing, it was as if a fish had escaped her pond.

Though Zhang Yi wasn't a wealthy heir, he was still a decent middle-class guy.

She could always fall back on Zhang Yi if she couldn't marry into wealth.

Fang Yuqing picked up her phone and sent another message.

"I feel like we've been out of touch lately. It's making me feel a bit lonely." But no reply came for a long while. Biting her lip, Fang Yuqing grew irritated. "What's wrong with Zhang Yi lately? Is he possessed? How dare he ignore my messages!" Her roommate, Lin Cainin, overhearing Fang Yuqing's complaints, approached with a giggle. "Zhang Yi has been acting strange indeed. Who knows why he's hoarding so much food and drink or why he ordered so many banquets from the hotel." "It's as if he's preparing for a shortage of supplies." Fang Yuqing frowned slightly. "Do you think something is about to happen? Did Zhang Yi get a heads-up, which is why he's stockpiling?" Lin Cainin paused, then burst into laughter. "Yuqing, you're being silly! If something big were going to happen, the government would have issued a warning."

"We're perfectly fine. Stockpiling would just make us look foolish."
Fang Yuqing laughed self-deprecatingly.
"True."
Zhang Yi spent several days in the five-star hotel suite.
He went nowhere, dedicating his time to ordering banquets from various hotels and practicing with his compound bow and crossbow.
Fortunately, Zhang Yi had prior hunting experience, providing a solid foundation.
Now, within a fifteen-meter range, his accuracy was remarkably high.
With a professional-grade compound bow, even an ordinary person could shoot arrows rivaling those of ancient master archers.
It wasn't just effective against humans; it could also significantly damage wild
boars, wolves, and large dogs.