

Ice Age 101

Chapter 101: Disobedience Leads to Death

Hearing their objections, Zhang Yi smirked.

His smile made everyone immediately fall silent.

"Have I been feeding you so well recently that you've grown fat and fearless?"

Zhang Yi's gaze swept over the crowd, landing on Guo Dahai.

The chubby, balding man took two steps back in fright.

"When I became the building leader, I made it clear that everyone must obey me."

He revealed a sinister smile. "Heh, it hasn't even been a few days, and you've already forgotten?"

With that, Zhang Yi suddenly pulled out a handgun and aimed it at Guo Dahai's head, pulling the trigger.

"Bang!"

Guo Dahai's head exploded in a spray of blood, causing several female neighbors to scream in horror.

No one had expected Zhang Yi to shoot without hesitation, killing someone on the spot.

"Anyone who disobeys will die."

Zhang Yi coldly addressed the crowd.

At this moment, everyone suddenly remembered that Zhang Yi wasn't their gentle neighbor who brought them food. He was a demon who had killed most of the building's residents!

The scene was deadly silent; no one dared to make a sound.

Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow, acting nonchalant.

"Now, go and wipe out those Wolf Gang members! Who's in favor? Who's against?"

After a few seconds of silence, Li Chengbin raised his hand and said, "I'm in favor. Let's follow Zhang Yi's lead!"

The others then slowly raised their hands. "Follow... follow Zhang Yi's lead!"

Seeing this, Zhang Yi's face relaxed into a gentle smile.

"That's more like it! We're all family, and family should help each other."

"Look, I'm not setting you up. I killed ten of their men myself! The rest are left for you dozens to handle. Isn't that fair?"

"Do your best. Uncle You and I will go out and find food for you. Tonight, we'll have a feast!"

Zhang Yi's strategy of combining rewards and threats was effective.

Though the neighbors were initially terrified by Guo Dahai's death, they felt less resentful knowing it wasn't them. Moreover, Zhang Yi promised to bring back more food, quelling their discontent.

Zhang Yi, holding his gun, watched them head towards Building 21.

Whether willing or unwilling, they had no choice but to grab their weapons and charge towards Building 21.

Soon, the sounds of chaos and shouting could be heard from within.

Zhang Yi checked his watch—a simple yet unassuming golden Rolex.

"Let them fight. I have to go. Otherwise, who knows what time I'll return."

He turned to Uncle You. "Let's go. I'll need your help this time."

Today's outing was a routine search, with no particular targets in mind. Bringing Uncle You along was no problem.

Uncle You grinned, glancing at the distant Building 21, and nodded. "Alright, let's go!"

Zhang Yi winced, pretending to clutch his ribs in pain.

"I can't drive the snowmobile. I hurt my ribs in the fight earlier."

Uncle You, seeing the snowmobile, volunteered, "Let me drive!"

Zhang Yi smiled and nodded. "Alright."

So, Uncle You took the driver's seat, and Zhang Yi sat behind him.

The injury was fake; Zhang Yi simply didn't trust others with his back.

The two left the neighborhood together.

Uncle You, without a helmet and goggles, squinted as the icy wind battered his face. Despite the discomfort, he felt exhilarated.

It had been a long time since he'd left the neighborhood. The half-month of confinement had left him feeling oppressed.

"Haha, it feels great to be out!"

"So, Zhang Yi, where are we heading?"

Zhang Yi casually replied, "The city is vast. We can go anywhere. Let's check out the World Trade Center first!"

The World Trade Center was a famous commercial district in Tianhai City.

Uncle You nodded and drove towards the World Trade Center, relying on his memory of the surroundings.

After over half an hour, they arrived.

The World Trade Center area looked like a forest of high-rise buildings, half buried in snow.

Zhang Yi and Uncle You got off the snowmobile and began scavenging inside the buildings.

For Uncle You, everything in the commercial street felt new and exciting.

Especially in the upscale malls, he saw counters full of luxury brands—gold, silver, jewelry, designer clothes, and luxury cars in showrooms.

What once were untouchable luxury items were now ownerless and available for the taking.

Overjoyed, Uncle You started stuffing a bag with items, mainly clothes, especially children's clothes.

Zhang Yi found it both amusing and annoying.

He approached Uncle You. "Uncle You, there's no food here. Seems we came to the wrong place."

Uncle You laughed. "True, but we're not short on food at home. The real problem is that kids grow fast and outgrow their clothes."

Zhang Yi chuckled, sitting on a nearby chair.

"You and Aunt Xie seem to be getting along well."

Uncle You grinned. "What's there to get along or not? We're just getting by together. Having a woman to warm the bed gives life some hope, doesn't it?"

Hearing this, Zhang Yi's eyes gleamed with a mischievous light.

"If that's what you like, I can introduce you to some well-endowed women who can take good care of you."

Uncle You's body noticeably trembled, though he was facing away from Zhang Yi.

"That... that wouldn't be right. You know, I'm not that kind of person."

Zhang Yi gave him a knowing look.

He knew Uncle You frequently visited Yuhu Street, where a barber shop offered more than just haircuts.

Uncle You was straightforward but not immune to feminine charm. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been so easily taken by Xie Limei.

"Don't worry, we're buddies. I'll take care of it!"

Zhang Yi threw his arm around Uncle You's shoulder, grinning.

"Oh, you... always joking! I'm a decent man."

Uncle You licked his lips, his words contradicting the smile he couldn't hide.

"Yeah, yeah!"

Zhang Yi assessed the situation.

Uncle You had feelings for Xie Limei, but they weren't deep. If Xie Limei caused trouble in the future, Zhang Yi could deal with her without straining his relationship with Uncle You. He could simply find him another woman.

With their immediate search proving unfruitful, Zhang Yi decided they needed to explore further.

Chapter 102: Weapon Intel

Zhang Yi and Uncle You strolled aimlessly outside, casually collecting supplies.

As they chatted, the topic shifted to the current situation in the neighborhood.

Uncle You asked, "There are already people planning to make a move against you. They're envious of your snowmobile!"

"The situation is going to get more complicated. Do you have any plans?"

Zhang Yi, rarely in a conversational mood with Uncle You, sighed. "You're asking me? I was going to ask you the same thing!"

He let out a long sigh. "Everyone is eyeing my snowmobile, knowing it's the only viable means of transportation now. Everyone wants to take it from me."

"What can I do? Just protect it as best as I can, and of course, protect myself too."

Uncle You nodded gravely. "You're right. In this situation, it's already a struggle for you to take care of us. Taking care of the entire neighborhood of over a thousand people is impossible!"

Zhang Yi agreed, "Exactly. So now, I can only take things one step at a time and find solutions as they come."

After a moment of contemplation, Uncle You said, "Actually, this morning, Huang Tianfang contacted me."

Zhang Yi's sharp eyes instantly turned icy. "What did he want?"

Uncle You, facing away, didn't notice Zhang Yi's expression change. He continued, "Huang Tianfang is scared of you now and wants to make peace."

"He also mentioned that the other buildings are forming an alliance to pressure you."

"Someone invited him to join. He can refuse their invitation, but he wants you to provide food and cold-weather supplies."

Zhang Yi snorted. He had heard such demands so often that they had become repetitive.

"Everyone wants a piece of me now, huh? Scary!"

Although his tone was casual, his eyes betrayed no fear. If not for concerns about ammunition, he could wipe out the entire neighborhood given enough time. But safety first.

"Huang Tianfang and his Tianhe Gang need to be dealt with. The same goes for the Wolf Gang. I won't let any of them go!"

His voice was calm, almost indifferent, but his words carried a chilling intent. They had attacked him first, so he had to ensure their death. To survive the apocalypse, he couldn't tolerate any threats to his safety.

Uncle You agreed, "They deserve to die. They've killed too many innocent people and attacked you without provocation."

"But do you have enough weapons to fight them?"

Since emptying the police station's armory, Zhang Yi had amassed a substantial arsenal. But Uncle You wasn't aware of the exact amount, thinking Zhang Yi might have depleted his ammunition after several battles.

A gleam flashed in Zhang Yi's eyes before he sighed. "I'm running low on bullets. But as long as the battles aren't too large-scale, I should manage."

Uncle You scratched his head. "Zhang Yi, if we had enough weapons, could we successfully protect ourselves and your snowmobile?"

Zhang Yi's eyes lit up instantly. "Uncle You, do you know where we can find more weapons?"

Though he still had plenty of ammunition, his sniper rifle bullets were running low. The police station only had a limited supply, and finding more would be beneficial.

All fear stems from insufficient firepower.

Uncle You grinned proudly. "Did you forget what I used to do? I served in the army for five years!"

Zhang Yi eagerly asked, "Did you serve in Tianhai City?"

If so, Uncle You could lead him to the military camp to gather weapons.

Uncle You replied, "No, I served elsewhere. But I have old friends in the Tianhai City garrison and know where it's located."

"If we can reach the military camp and find their ammo reserves, you'll never have to worry about running out of bullets again."

Admiration shone in his eyes. "A sharpshooter like you without ammo would be a terrible waste!"

The military valued strength and a sharpshooting expert like Zhang Yi was revered among soldiers. Having witnessed Zhang Yi's terrifying marksmanship, Uncle You was naturally in awe.

Overjoyed, Zhang Yi hadn't expected such a pleasant surprise! "What are we waiting for? Let's go!"

Military weapons were abundant. If they could find tanks and armored vehicles, he could use them to eliminate anyone who opposed him.

"Uncle You, you're a treasure!" Zhang Yi's eyes sparkled with excitement.

Uncle You scratched his head, slightly embarrassed by Zhang Yi's enthusiasm. "Don't get too excited. There's more to it."

"The place is quite remote, in the northwest of the city, over a hundred kilometers from here."

"Even if we get there, the snow might have buried everything, making it hard to find anything useful."

Zhang Yi's mysterious smile appeared. Excavation? That was something he was familiar with.

"No worries. Let's locate the place first. If we can find it, we might figure out a way to access it later."

His tone grew serious as he patted Uncle You's shoulder. "We're facing potentially numerous enemies. We need more weapons to protect ourselves and our loved ones!"

Uncle You nodded firmly. "You're right. Let's go find it!"

They hopped onto the snowmobile, braving the cold and snow as they headed northwest towards Tianhai City.

Chapter 103: Found the Military Camp

The wind and heavy snow meant the snowmobile couldn't go too fast; otherwise, there was a risk of overturning. Zhang Yi and Uncle You maintained a speed of about fifty kilometers per hour. After more than two hours, they reached the northwest wilderness.

They left the city's buildings behind and lost most landmarks. The snow was more than ten meters thick, covering almost everything on the ground.

In front of them lay a vast expanse of white. Uncle You stopped the snowmobile by the roadside and observed multiple times to confirm their direction. He pointed to a protruding white hill in the distance. "Fortunately, we still have that to guide us! It's not far, about five kilometers away."

Zhang Yi nodded, his heart filled with anticipation.

Soon, they arrived at the base of the hill. Scattered protruding structures were still visible on the ground. Uncle You said, "We're close. As for the exact location of the military camp... I need to confirm it again."

"Alright, let's search carefully," Zhang Yi replied.

They parked the snowmobile by the roadside and began to search for the camp. Military camps rarely had tall buildings; the dormitories were typically two or three stories high for easy assembly in emergencies. The camp's large area added to the difficulty of the search. Without Uncle You, who knew the way, Zhang Yi might have taken ten days to half a month to find it.

After searching for a while, Uncle You's eyes lit up as he spotted a building not far away. "Found it!"

"Found the military camp?" Zhang Yi asked eagerly.

Uncle You shook his head, pointing at the building's golden signboard. "Found a bathhouse!"

Zhang Yi's expression turned speechless as he glanced sideways at Uncle You.

Uncle You chuckled. "Don't worry! Finding this means I can confirm the camp's location."

He explained that the bathhouse was owned by a comrade. Uncle You visited annually to catch up and spend money.

"Bathhouse...? Curious, he asked, "A bathhouse outside the military camp? Does it get business?"

Uncle You laughed. "You don't get it, do you? Business is great here! Life in the military is dull, and most soldiers don't have girlfriends. Young men with high energy need an outlet. They don't have anywhere to spend their monthly allowance inside the camp, so they come here. Soldiers are strong and disciplined, so they're welcomed by the bathhouse."

Uncle You spoke passionately about his past in the military, his eyes shining with memories.

Zhang Yi smiled. "And the camp leaders don't care?"

Uncle You shrugged. "Of course, it's against regulations, but leaders understand the soldiers' needs and turn a blind eye."

Pointing at the bathhouse, he said, "Seeing this confirms the camp's general location."

Uncle You turned to the north, carefully observing for a while before pointing to a distant spot. "There! Do you see the watchtower?"

Zhang Yi squinted, spotting a black dot in the snow. "Yes, I see it."

Uncle You said, "The camp is there."

Zhang Yi asked, "But the camp is large. How will we find the armory?"

Uncle You replied, "Years ago, I visited my comrade and entered the camp. I remember the armory's approximate location."

"Let's go check it out!" Zhang Yi urged.

Knowing the general location, he could use an excavator next time to dig it out.

They hopped on the snowmobile and sped toward the spot. Soon, Uncle You pointed out the area.

"It's around here. It's a shame we came too late. Everything's buried under the snow!"

Uncle You looked guilty. "Sorry, Zhang Yi. This trip might have been in vain."

He had hoped the place wouldn't be completely buried, but reality proved him wrong.

Zhang Yi studied the snowy ground, memorizing prominent landmarks like the watchtower and the officer's office building, which weren't fully covered.

"Don't worry. You meant well! Maybe when the snow melts, we can come back," he reassured Uncle You.

Uncle You smiled sheepishly and nodded. Zhang Yi patted his shoulder. "Let's head back!"

It was getting late, and the return trip would take another two to three hours. They couldn't delay further.

Uncle You quickly started the snowmobile.

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Back in the neighborhood.

"Retreat, quickly!" Li Chengbin led a large group of neighbors, hastily retreating from the Wolf Gang's territory in Building 21.

Their assault had failed miserably, resulting in heavy losses with over ten people killed.

Fighting away from home put them at a disadvantage. Despite their numbers, the Wolf Gang was well-prepared, with traps set up, making the fight one-sided. However, they did manage to kill five or six enemies.

Exhausted and gasping in the freezing cold, they decided further attacks were unwise and retreated.

On the way back, Li Chengbin calculated potential rewards from Zhang Yi, feeling pleased.

But not everyone shared his enthusiasm. Some were deeply unhappy, their faces showing displeasure.

"What was the point of this attack? We lost over ten people for nothing!"

"The last assault on the Tianhe Gang was the same. We lost more people than we killed. If this continues, we'll all die!"

"Are we just fighting for Zhang Yi's sake? I nearly lost my head out there!"

"Zhang Yi orders us to attack while he and Uncle You stay back. They're the best fighters but avoid the battle."

These complaints came from a few middle-aged men in the group. Cunning and experienced, they contributed the least but complained the most. Facing the fierce Wolf Gang, some were injured or narrowly escaped death, fueling their resentment towards Zhang Yi.

Hearing this, Li Chengbin frowned and shouted, "Watch your mouths! Don't talk nonsense!"

"If Zhang Yi hadn't brought us food, many in our building would have starved to death. How dare you complain now?"

Chapter 104: Getting Greedy

Li Chengbin's words didn't silence the complainers. Instead, a chubby man with glasses sneered, "Li Chengbin, you're about the same age as Zhang Yi, and yet you've made him your father already?"

"Can't you see he's just using us as cannon fodder?"

The term "cannon fodder" had a powerful impact, changing the expressions of many neighbors. Given their losses in recent days, attacking both the Tianhe Gang and the Wolf Gang, they had lost over a dozen people. Realizing this could be their fate sent chills down their spines.

Li Chengbin pointed at the man and shouted, "Stop talking nonsense! At the very least, we're eating because of Zhang Yi."

The chubby man, named Luan Qiang, scoffed, "Sure, he gives us food. I was touched at first."

"But then he started forcing us into fights, pushing us into the fire pit!"

"We could just stay in our own building. Why do we have to fight others?"

"We should ensure our own safety and let Zhang Yi find food for us. That's the best outcome."

"But no, he has to cause trouble, making enemies with everyone. What happens if they all come to attack us?"

Then Luan Qiang dropped a bombshell.

"And from what I've seen, he never eats the food he brings us."

"So he must be keeping the good stuff for himself and giving us the trash!"

"There are so many supermarkets and malls out there. Do you really believe it's hard for him to find food?"

"He's just fooling us!"

His words resonated with many. Initially, they thought they only needed to guard Building 25 and Zhang Yi would bring them plenty of food. But now, Zhang Yi was making them fight others—this was too cruel!

They didn't want to die. Why should they be sent to their deaths?

A woman in the crowd muttered, "Zhang Yi is going too far, making us risk our lives unnecessarily."

Emotions are contagious, especially among people in the same situation. Gradually, others began expressing their dissatisfaction.

"We risk our lives every day while he just goes out and finds some food."

"He's just lucky to have a snowmobile. His contributions aren't greater than ours."

"Right, if I had his snowmobile, I could find food too. What's so hard about that?"

"I think Luan Qiang is right. Zhang Yi just wants us as cannon fodder, risking our lives for him!"

Li Chengbin's grip on his shovel loosened. He suddenly shouted, "Enough! Stop saying such things. If Zhang Yi finds out, he'll kill you all!"

Everyone fell silent, realizing the truth of his words. Luan Qiang, with a sinister smile, approached Li Chengbin and whispered, "We've all said it. Are you going to report us and have Zhang Yi kill us all?"

All eyes turned to Li Chengbin. If he said anything unsatisfactory, they would kill him to keep him quiet.

Li Chengbin felt a chill down his spine, swallowing hard. "I have no such intentions. We're all neighbors."

"And if you die, do you think I'll survive? Don't worry, I won't report anything."

Luan Qiang finally smiled. "Good!"

"We're just venting. Nothing more."

Others echoed, "Right, we're just complaining."

"Just like when we used to complain about our bosses at work. But we still went to work, right?"

Everyone smiled, but their eyes held something else. They had lost too many people in recent days, and everyone had their own thoughts.

Soon, Zhang Yi and Uncle You returned with two bags of junk food. After hearing about the battle, Zhang Yi pretended to comfort everyone and publicly rewarded Jiang Lei and Li Chengbin with two servings of braised pork rice each. The other neighbors also received more than two servings of food each.

However, Zhang Yi noticed something off about their attitudes. While they didn't say anything, their eyes held a trace of rejection towards him.

He sneered inwardly, knowing they had begun to doubt him. But so what? He knew these neighbors well—they had the intention but not the courage. When Chen Zhenghao first appeared with a gun, they were terrified and submissive.

Now, no matter how much they disliked being cannon fodder, Zhang Yi only needed a gun and a piece of moldy bread to make them obedient.

These contemptible people didn't deserve to be treated like humans.

Meanwhile, Uncle You happily handed the clothes he had collected to Xie Limei. Her eyes lit up as she gratefully accepted the clothes. Uncle You had picked out branded clothes, even asking Zhang Yi for guidance. Xie Limei, never having worn such expensive clothes, was overjoyed to have new clothes for herself and her child. She hugged Uncle You's arm affectionately. "You're so kind, Uncle You!"

Seeing the new clothes, the neighbors were envious. Empowered, Luan Qiang asked Zhang Yi, "Next time you go out, can you bring us some clothes, too?"

"Preferably down jackets, or..." He eyed Zhang Yi's professional-grade cold-weather gear greedily. "Like the ones you're wearing. You should be able to find some, right?"

Everyone's eyes filled with longing as they looked at Zhang Yi. Luan Qiang continued, "Since Uncle You can find clothes, why not help us, too, next time?"

Zhang Yi frowned, sneering inwardly. They were already lucky to have food, yet they now wanted better clothes.

Smiling, Zhang Yi nodded. "I'll see what I can do."

"But my snowmobile is small and can't carry much. Should I stop bringing food and look for clothes instead?"

Everyone immediately objected.

"No, we still have clothes. They're not as warm, but we won't freeze to death. Without food, it's unbearable!"

Zhang Yi nodded slowly. "Alright, I'll keep finding food first. If there's a chance, I'll look for warmer clothes too."

"To ensure you never feel cold again!"

He smiled brightly.

Chapter 105: Using Fire

After distributing the food for the day, Zhang Yi noticed the stockpile had significantly increased due to the deaths of over ten people in the past few days. Many familiar faces had vanished, including Fang Yuqing and Lin Cainin, who had likely starved or frozen to death.

Returning home, he was greeted by Zhou Ke'er, who emerged from the kitchen wearing an apron. Her gentle smile lightened his mood slightly. Over time, Zhou Ke'er had become accustomed to her role as Zhang Yi's servant. She was a smart woman, understanding that in the apocalypse, clinging to a strong protector was the safest path. Thus, she always aimed to fulfill Zhang Yi's every need, even anticipating tasks he hadn't asked for.

"What are you cooking?" Zhang Yi asked as he removed his cold-weather gear.

Zhou Ke'er knelt down, handed him slippers, and placed his snow boots on the shoe rack. "I'm making beef stew with potatoes. I know you like it, so I'm trying my best. Not sure if it's any good."

Craving something warm to soothe his stomach, Zhang Yi sat on the sofa. Zhou Ke'er brought him a basin of warm water to soak his feet. The comfort and relaxation from the hot water made his tense body unwind. Despite having various cold-weather gear, running around in the snow all day still left him feeling chilly. At times like this, he deeply appreciated having a warm home.

Overall, he was in a good mood today. Having pinpointed the military camp's location, he could go alone next time to excavate the armory. The camp's weaponry and ammunition would far surpass the police station's supply. They might even have powerful military weapons like grenades and RPGs, though tanks and armored vehicles were unlikely due to their weight sinking into the snow.

"But there should be plenty of weapons and ammo!" he thought. "With these, no one here will be able to threaten me."

Amid his joy, unwelcome thoughts crept in, like the recent ambush by the Wolf Gang. Fortunately, his body was well-protected, and he had a gun with ample bullets. In a close-quarters fight in the snow, he would never have managed against ten attackers.

"I must eliminate the Wolf Gang. They're hiding after realizing my firepower. I can't storm in recklessly. How should I deal with them?"

Zhang Yi fell into deep thought.

"Attacking a high-rise directly is foolish. They have plenty of retreat space, while the attackers struggle in the snow without cover. Narrow hallways make it hard to fight from below. And if they use Molotov cocktails like I did, we'll either burn or suffocate from the smoke."

An idea suddenly struck him. "Fire attack? Yes, I can use a fire attack!"

Recalling news reports about residential fires trapping and suffocating upper-floor residents, Zhang Yi saw potential. "People can't enter, but smoke can! And smoke rises. Even if they flee to higher floors, it won't help."

"The low-temperature outside means they keep windows and doors sealed, so they'll suffocate faster. If they try to escape through windows, I can shoot them one by one."

Zhang Yi clapped his hands in delight at the brilliant strategy for dealing with hidden enemies.

"But for this to work, it must be a big fire. Most buildings have dismantled flammable materials except for the doors."

He quickly devised a plan. "There are plenty of trees outside. I'll chop down more in the coming days. Fresh wood is damp, producing thicker smoke when burned. Just need to douse it with gasoline. Perfect!"

Satisfied with his plan, Zhang Yi relaxed. Zhou Ke'er brought dinner, and he praised her cooking. "Your skills are improving!"

"Really? If you like it, I can cook for you every day!" Zhou Ke'er beamed with happiness.

Zhang Yi nodded, smiling. While they ate, Zhou Ke'er sat across from him. His mind wandered to resolving the neighborhood's troublesome neighbors. He planned to avoid large-scale conflicts until he had gathered enough wood and excavated the military camp's weapons. Only then could he confidently eliminate those plotting against him.

As they ate, Zhou Ke'er suddenly remarked, "Many people have died in our unit recently."

Her comment broke Zhang Yi's train of thought. He looked at her, his tone neutral. "Oh, really? And?"

Zhou Ke'er continued, "I think they might resent you. Be careful."

Her eyes showed concern for Zhang Yi. Women are perceptive, and she had sensed the neighbors' changes.

Zhang Yi smiled warmly, rubbing her soft cheek. "Don't worry. If I needed your reminders for such things, I'd have died countless times already!"

Zhou Ke'er seriously added, "The death rate is too high. Some might betray you, collaborating with others to harm you."

Zhang Yi nodded but remained nonchalant. "It doesn't matter if they betray me. I've never trusted any of them."

"In fact, I plan to kill them all eventually."

His neighbors' betrayal was no surprise to Zhang Yi.

Shocked, Zhou Ke'er covered her mouth. Then she sighed. "I've been worrying for nothing. You're far more ruthless than them!"

Her words conveyed disappointment, but she felt reassured. Having such a reliable man by her side made her feel secure.

A thought suddenly struck her. Zhang Yi said he trusted no one. What about her?

Living together for some time, Zhou Ke'er had given him her most precious self and grown deeply dependent on him. Women are emotional, and even the smartest can't help but get attached. She hoped she was different.

"Zhang Yi, do you trust me?" Zhou Ke'er asked, her eyes filled with anticipation and even a hint of pleading. In such a cold, untrustworthy world, she longed for a bit of warmth.

Zhang Yi looked at her and replied without hesitation, "Ke'er, you're the only person I trust in this world!"

Stars seemed to twinkle in Zhou Ke'er's eyes, her face blushing. "You... you're just lying to make me happy, aren't you?"

Zhang Yi shook his head. "Of course not. You're unique. No one else matters but you!"

His gaze was firm, as if his words were genuine.

Tears welled up in Zhou Ke'er's eyes, and she felt deeply moved, almost believing his words.

Zhang Yi gently smiled and offered her a piece of beef. "Here, have some food."

Seeing her happiness, Zhang Yi sighed inwardly. Women are easy to manipulate if you lie without hesitation.

He did like Zhou Ke'er, but his only true love was himself. However, he needed her to believe he loved her to ensure her loyalty and stability. Like a company calling employees "family" only to discard them when convenient, Zhang Yi used emotions to secure her devotion.

After dinner, Zhang Yi decided to take a bath. Zhou Ke'er blushed and asked, "Do you need help washing your back?"

Seeing her affectionate gaze, Zhang Yi nodded. "Sure, it's hard to reach on my own."

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Chapter 106: Tianhai Military Camp

At this moment, the neighbors in Building 25 were huddled in their homes, eating the food Zhang Yi had provided. They hadn't bathed in almost a month, their bodies itching and some even developing skin diseases. They couldn't afford to use hot water for bathing, reserving every bit for drinking. Falling ill after a bath meant certain death.

Jiang Lei and Li Chengbin, college roommates and best friends working at the same company, were in high spirits that night. Zhang Yi had given each of them a box of braised pork rice. Though the food was rock-hard from the cold, they managed to warm it up by tucking it inside their down jackets.

In the pitch-black room, wrapped in thick blankets, only their heads were visible. Jiang Lei struggled to scoop a piece of braised pork with his spoon, savoring it like a gourmet meal. "Thank goodness we sided with Zhang Yi. We're eating braised pork now!" he exclaimed happily.

However, Li Chengbin was silent, gnawing at his frozen rice. Unlike Jiang Lei, who used a spoon, Li Chengbin found it easier to eat by biting directly into the frozen food.

Seeing his friend's silence, Jiang Lei nudged him with his elbow. "Don't you agree? We should stick with Zhang Yi."

"Look at Zhou Ke'er—still looking glamorous in brand-name clothes, even Canada Goose jackets. She can even take baths!" Jiang Lei's eyes were full of envy.

Li Chengbin glanced at him, mumbling, "What's the use of envying them? We don't have what it takes."

Jiang Lei sighed, "You're right. If we had their resources, I'd try my luck too. But before that, I'd let you enjoy first," he joked.

"Shut up. I wouldn't touch you if you were the last person on earth!" Li Chengbin retorted.

Jiang Lei insisted, "Don't be so quick to judge. It's not that bad."

"Shut up! The more you talk, the grosser it gets!" Li Chengbin snapped.

After a moment of silence, Li Chengbin finally spoke seriously, "Jiang Lei, don't you think Zhang Yi is using us as cannon fodder? He doesn't care if we live or die."

Jiang Lei looked shocked. "What do you mean?"

Li Chengbin recounted the neighbors' conversations from earlier. Jiang Lei fell silent too. "Talking about it won't change anything," he said finally. "We thought about killing him and taking his supplies, but we couldn't. He almost killed us instead."

"In this world, the one with the strongest fists is the boss. He gives us food, so we have to obey him."

Li Chengbin remained silent. Just then, their phone rang. Li Chengbin pulled it out from his pocket, his expression turning serious as he read the message. There was a mix of tension and excitement in his eyes.

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The next day, Zhang Yi rode his snowmobile out of the neighborhood as usual. After yesterday's ambush, he took a different route this time. He didn't bring Uncle You along today because he planned to dig up the buried weapons and gather more wood for future use.

The previous night, Li Jian and Chen Lingyu had contacted him again, asking about his decision. Zhang Yi brushed them off, saying he needed more time to think. But he sensed their impatience growing. He didn't care about their attitudes; he was focused on their actions. The 29 buildings forming a united front would take time, and Zhang Yi intended to use that time to prepare thoroughly.

After two and a half hours, Zhang Yi reached the spot from the previous day. The vast white expanse lay before him, broken only by a few landmarks. He retrieved his excavator from his alternate space and began digging.

With his improved skills, Zhang Yi quickly unearthed a building. He wasn't sure if it was the armory, but finding any building was progress. He jumped down to investigate and found a soldier's dormitory instead. The neatly made beds and lack of bodies surprised him.

"Strange. Why are there no bodies?" he wondered.

Checking several dormitories, he found the same scene. "Could they have all left?" he thought. The realization dawned on him: the soldiers were likely relocated to protect high-ranking officials who knew about the impending disaster. The officials had moved to shelters, taking the soldiers with them for protection and logistics.

This explained the empty warehouses Zhang Yi had seen before. The officials had likely moved their supplies as well.

Understanding this, Zhang Yi grew wary. These officials could reemerge as a significant threat once the disaster passed. However, for now, their presence maintained some semblance of order, delaying the rise of armed factions.

Chapter 107: A Big Harvest

Zhang Yi didn't have much time to think here; the days were long, but the nights were short. If he didn't find the armory quickly, it might be dark by the time he returned. However, finding the dormitory at least provided a reference point.

Zhang Yi climbed out of the dormitory onto the snow and began comparing the surrounding landmarks in his memory with those described by Uncle You.

The excavator resumed its work. It didn't take long for Zhang Yi to find the armory. The armory was heavily fortified, resembling a concrete box covered in snow, making its full appearance unclear. Zhang Yi found an iron door with a heavy silver lock.

He took out a crowbar and exerted all his strength, but after struggling for a long time, he couldn't break the lock. "Military armories aren't so easily breached! But I can't use a gun either."

With his hands on his hips, deep in thought, Zhang Yi suddenly remembered he had driven the excavator here. Slapping his forehead, he quickly climbed back into the excavator and used it to break the lock.

Impatiently, he entered the armory. Pushing aside the steel door, the sight inside would make any man's blood boil. Zhang Yi saw his first real armory, different from his imagination, without mountains of bullet boxes in large iron cabinets.

The armory had many iron racks against the walls, holding numerous black rifles. On the racks, there were also gray-green boxes made of some unknown metal, looking very heavy. Camouflage uniforms and helmets hung on the walls, with some camouflaged paint underneath the racks.

Zhang Yi took a deep breath and first stored all the rifles in his alternate space. He now had so many guns, that it seemed impossible to ever use them all unless he formed a post-apocalyptic survival squad someday. Regardless, he stored them for potential future use.

His main interest was in finding bullets, grenades, and RPGs. Cautiously, he opened the metal boxes, finding various types of bullets. Having learned about firearms at a shooting club, Zhang Yi understood which bullets matched which guns.

The armory contained around 2,000 handgun bullets, over 5,000 rifle bullets, and more than 3,000 sniper bullets. He also found a military sniper rifle, different from his police model, with better environmental adaptability, water, dust, and cold resistance, though less precise.

For Zhang Yi, precision wasn't an issue, as his superpower ensured accurate shooting.

What delighted Zhang Yi even more was finding ten boxes of grenades, each holding five grenades, for a total of fifty grenades!

This discovery was already a big harvest for Zhang Yi.

"If they all went on missions, they'd need to take their gear. That's why over half the equipment in this armory is gone."

The sudden snow disaster caught them off guard, and they left these supplies behind in their haste. For Zhang Yi, the amount was more than sufficient.

"However, there should be more than one armory in the military camp."

According to Uncle You, the Tianhai City garrison had a regiment of around 1,500 soldiers. It was unlikely to have only one small armory.

After collecting everything, Zhang Yi continued clearing the snow along the concrete walls with the excavator. Soon, he found another armory nearby. This armory had fewer weapons and equipment, but Zhang Yi still found several thousand bullets and two boxes of grenades.

"Considering everything, this is more than enough!"

Zhang Yi smiled in satisfaction.

With these weapons, no one in Tianhai City could pose a threat to him in terms of firepower. He had never used grenades before but could ask Uncle You for guidance or find instructions online.

He didn't find any heavy weapons. The Tianhai City garrison was an infantry unit, lacking artillery and armored vehicles. Heavy machine guns and similar weapons were likely taken on missions. If not for the snow disaster's rapid onset, Zhang Yi wouldn't have found these weapons and ammunition.

"No matter what, these weapons are more than enough for me."

"This also points me in a direction. In the future, I can gather weapons from police stations and military units across different cities."

Every sizable city had police stations and garrisons. With his means of transportation, Zhang Yi could cross cities to seek weapons and equipment in nearby satellite towns.

After ensuring he had found everything valuable in the vicinity, Zhang Yi drove away from the military camp. He didn't go far. The surrounding area was a wilderness with many trees, perfectly matching his needs.

He used the excavator to break the trees at the waist and stored them in his alternate space.

Busy for a long time, he returned home at nightfall. The neighbors were waiting for him to distribute food, but this time Zhang Yi returned empty-handed.

Seeing the neighbors, Zhang Yi spread his hands. "I searched many places today but found no food. Everyone, please bear with it!"

People shouldn't be fed too well; a full belly leads to rebellious thoughts. Just yesterday, some neighbors had started asking for clothes. Today, Zhang Yi deliberately brought back nothing to remind them: "You're all my dependents. Don't overstep your bounds! If you want to eat, behave!"

Hearing Zhang Yi's words, the neighbors began murmuring.

"What? No food today?"

"Impossible, there are so many places to search. Can't you try harder?"

"It's tough without food tonight!"

"You worked all day and found nothing?"

Zhang Yi smiled at the chattering crowd. "Are you done talking?"

Everyone fell silent, their faces unhappy but their mouths shut.

"Recently, you all seem to be getting complacent, forgetting that you begged me to save you."

"Has it only been a few days, and you already think I'm obligated to bring you food?"

"If that's the case, we can part ways. You can find your own food from now on."

Everyone was shocked.

Li Chengbin quickly said, "Brother Zhang, that's not what we meant. We understand how hard you work! The snow outside makes it difficult to find food. Please go and rest first!"

Chapter 108: Training the Neighbors

Zhang Yi shrugged. "So that's how it is today."

After saying this, he waved his hand to dismiss everyone. But just then, Luan Qiang, who was standing in the crowd, spoke up.

"Zhang Yi, it's hard for you to find things on your own. Why don't you take a few more people with you?"

"I think your snowmobile can seat three people easily. If everyone helps, we'll surely find things faster!"

Others turned to Zhang Yi with eager eyes. The idea of going out to find supplies was very tempting. Especially after seeing Uncle You bring back clothes for Xie Limei and her daughter last time. If they could go out, they could take whatever they wanted.

"Zhang Yi, if you need help, we're all willing!" a woman bravely said.

Zhang Yi narrowed his eyes slightly, then laughed. "So, you're all eyeing my snowmobile now? If that's the case, we might as well part ways. From now on, I won't be responsible for you anymore!"

Luan Qiang hurriedly tried to explain, but Zhang Yi was done wasting words. He pulled out his handgun and loaded it expertly.

"Click!"

The sound of the safety being disengaged caused everyone's faces to change drastically. They quickly backed away.

"Zhang Yi, don't act rashly! We were just discussing, no other intentions."

"Right, if you don't agree, let's forget about it, okay?"

"We actually appreciate you finding food for us and were just worried you'd tire yourself out. Don't misunderstand!"

Zhang Yi sneered. "In the future, don't say things that harm our unity."

"Or maybe I've been feeding you too well lately."

With that, Zhang Yi raised his gun and shot Luan Qiang dead.

No one expected Zhang Yi to start shooting without a word. They thought he would reason with them, and then they could use their numbers and words to pressure him into agreeing to their demands.

But they forgot, the relationship between them and Zhang Yi was never equal. Dialogue required enough capital!

Screams erupted as the neighbors fled in terror, tripping over each other in the narrow stairway.

"Without killing a few, you won't understand your place," Zhang Yi said coldly, firing several more shots, killing six more people before stopping. He watched the rest scatter like frightened dogs.

Only Uncle You and Xie Limei stayed behind. Uncle You stood by Zhang Yi's side, while Xie Limei hid behind him, playing the ostrich.

Uncle You said to Zhang Yi, "They've forgotten their place, getting too full of themselves."

Zhang Yi thought, "If it weren't for keeping them as cannon fodder, I'd have killed them all already." Outwardly, he shrugged generously. "It's okay. I'm a kind person. I forgive them."

With his ample firepower, Zhang Yi now acted with impunity.

Xie Limei clung to Uncle You's arm, looking at Zhang Yi with fear.

"Kind? You wish..."

"Let's go back," Zhang Yi said, carrying his gun and walking with a disdainful stride.

He was almost ready. These cannon fodder wouldn't last long. Even if they didn't die in the upcoming conflicts, Zhang Yi planned to eliminate most, if not all, of them.

He didn't care whether they lived or died. Even after killing a few, they'd still come begging for food.

...

Just as Zhang Yi anticipated, the residents of Building 25 were terrified, fleeing back to their homes and locking their doors tightly. At that moment, they recalled the fear of being controlled by Chen Zhenghao. They hid in their homes daily, unsure when death would come.

They created a new chat group privately, excluding Zhang Yi, Zhou Ke'er, Uncle You, and Xie Limei. Since the glacial apocalypse began, dozens of groups had formed within the building, reflecting the deep mistrust and deceit among people.

"What do we do now? Zhang Yi is enraged and wants to kill us! We don't have guns. How can we fight him?" someone anxiously asked.

After a while, the residents, recovering from their shock, began discussing.

"Zhang Yi doesn't reason at all! We were just discussing, and he started shooting."

"What's scary is he's been killing so many with a gun these days. How many bullets does he have? Why does a regular person have so many bullets, even a sniper rifle?"

"I've been saying Zhang Yi is a city war god or a retired special forces soldier. You didn't believe me!"

"Who cares who he is? We shouldn't have trusted him in the first place!"

"He's very selfish. Everything he does for us comes with a price."

"Helping us was all fake! He's not kind at all."

"Yes, he wants us as cannon fodder, to fight for him and seize supplies and territory!"

...

The chat group exploded with curses directed at Zhang Yi, including Zhou Ke'er, Uncle You, and others associated with him. Although they couldn't oppose Zhang Yi openly, they regained their self-respect and became warriors against him.

After a round of venting, they felt much better, but a new problem arose.

"Though Zhang Yi is selfish and gives us food with ulterior motives, what will we eat if he stops providing food?"

The chat fell silent for a long time. Hiding in their rooms, the residents were shocked and gripped by fear. They remembered how they lived before Zhang Yi provided food—eating anything edible, even boiling leather belts and jackets. Some desperate enough to eat excrement, like dogs surviving through secondary digestion.

Nothing is more unbearable than falling from hope back into despair. If they had never seen the light, they wouldn't fear the darkness. But having experienced Zhang Yi's food, they couldn't return to their former lives.

Finally, someone spoke up, "If you think about it, Zhang Yi isn't so bad. Those he killed deserved it."

Chapter 109: The Whole Neighborhood Pressures

Faced with the terror of imminent death, the residents began to reminisce about Zhang Yi's good deeds. Once someone initiated the thought, others were easily swayed, especially now that they were all hungry, making them appreciate the food Zhang Yi had provided even more.

"Come to think of it, maybe we were too harsh on Zhang Yi?"

"He braves the harsh wind and snow to find food for us, and he has to find enough for dozens of people."

"Yeah, so he didn't find any today. We won't starve to death; we can endure for a bit."

"Those who got killed brought it on themselves. They spoke out of turn."

"Exactly, who are they to think they can take his snowmobile? They deserved to die!"

"Oh, I remember now. Luan Qiang was a real jerk. He let his dog off the leash once, and it almost bit me!"

"Is that so? Well, he truly deserved to die then! And he got us into this mess before dying."

"Regardless, we need to convince Zhang Yi to continue finding food for us!"

"Right, that's our only way to survive."

"He's right. Zhang Yi's house is made of alloy; we can't break in. We have to beg for his mercy!"

Just as Zhang Yi predicted, a little kindness made the neighbors audacious, while harsh treatment had them groveling. Confucius was right: it is difficult to manage both women and petty people; being close makes them impudent, while distancing them causes resentment.

Not long after Zhang Yi returned home, someone in the Building 25 group chat tagged him and apologized.

"Zhang Yi, we were wrong today. We sincerely apologize."

"We hope you'll overlook our behavior for the sake of our long-term neighborly relations."

"It was all Luan Qiang's fault! None of us had such intentions. Please understand!"

"We will follow your instructions from now on."

"And, if you could, please go out to find food again tomorrow. We are really starving."

Seeing these messages, Zhang Yi smirked coldly, too lazy to respond.

"Let them stew in their own guilt and despair," he thought. "Maybe I should use them as a death squad one last time?"

"Throw a couple of moldy pieces of bread their way, and they'd scramble to do it."

Just then, a series of "Ding Dong! Ding Dong!" notifications caught his attention. He had most group chats muted, so why these alerts?

Curious, Zhang Yi checked and understood the situation.

Chen Lingyu from Building 9 had added him to a new group chat. He glanced at the members and realized the significance: exactly 30 people, including many familiar names like Li Jian from Building 18, Huang Tianfang from Building 26, Wang Qiang from Building 21, and Zhang Yunan from Building 5.

These were the leaders of all 30 buildings in the neighborhood.

Sharp-eyed and contemplative, Zhang Yi muttered, "Looks like they're finally ready to confront me."

Zhang Yi knew this day would come. Unlike him, with an endless supply of resources, the other buildings were barely scraping by. Each day was a struggle for them.

Once Zhang Yi entered the group, Chen Lingyu announced, "I've added Zhang Yi. Let's discuss the matter."

Silent, Zhang Yi waited to see what they had to say.

His nemesis, Wang Qiang from Building 21, spoke first, his tone hostile. "Zhang Yi, I hear you've been living comfortably in Building 25, eating well every day, while ignoring us poor neighbors!"

Zhang Yi chuckled but didn't bother arguing. Talking against 29 voices, especially online, was pointless.

"If you dragged me in just to hear you babble, I'm leaving now."

Huang Tianfang quickly interjected, "Don't be hasty, Zhang Yi. If you leave now, who knows what might happen!"

Zhang Yi sneered, "Are you threatening me, Huang Tianfang? I've killed so many of your Tianhe Gang members. How dare you bark here?"

"Believe me, I could wipe you all out by tomorrow!"

Behind his phone, Huang Tianfang felt a chill down his spine and hastily sent a voice message, "Don't scare me! The leaders of the other 29 buildings have formed a united front. Attacking one of us means attacking all of us."

"No matter how strong you are, can you handle so many of us?"

Zhang Yi's eyes flashed.

Indeed, they had united. A front of 29 buildings against him.

Li Jian, the good guy, intervened, "Alright, everyone, calm down. We created this group to negotiate, not to kill each other."

Wang Qiang snorted, "Alright, Old Li, tell him our plan."

Li Jian explained, "Alright, Zhang Yi, let me explain our agreement."

"The leaders of the 29 buildings have formed a united front to pressure Building 25. If you attack any of us, all the other buildings will provide aid."

"Second, we ask you to provide resources to ensure our basic survival."

"In exchange, we won't attack Building 25."

"Third, to ensure you fulfill your promises, we want your snowmobile to be shared among everyone, not kept for personal use."

"Fourth, we need you to disclose any resource locations you know. With the city buried in snow, not everyone can find supplies, even with a vehicle."

Li Jian concluded, "Zhang Yi, that's it. Have you understood?"

A sneer curled Zhang Yi's lips.

These demands were outrageous. They wanted his snowmobile, expected him to lead them to resources, and demanded he ensure their survival. In return, they simply promised not to attack Building 25?

They were dreaming.

Although ridiculous, Zhang Yi understood the logic behind their demands. Negotiations were about extracting benefits, and their absurd demands were just an opening gambit.

They believed they could overpower Building 25 with their combined might, underestimating Zhang Yi's firepower. They didn't know he had amassed a considerable arsenal of weapons and ammunition.

A fight between them wouldn't even be close. Sheer numbers didn't guarantee victory. Just as a single alien weapon could decimate Earth's fleet, Zhang Yi's superior firepower could annihilate them.

Silent, Zhang Yi contemplated his next move.

Chapter 110: Compete with Me on Resources? Are You Sure?

Zhang Yi stayed silent, mocking these people's foolishness. He was eager to see their astonished and panic-stricken faces when they finally witnessed his true strength.

"Should I just kill them all now and clean up Building 25 while I'm at it?" Zhang Yi muttered, stroking his chin.

With ample firepower and a method to deal with people hiding in buildings, killing everyone in the neighborhood wouldn't be too difficult for him. Additionally, the useless neighbors in Building 25 could also be eliminated.

"No, doing that would still leave security gaps. Even if I decided to eliminate them, I'd have to do it one building at a time."

"But what if they all decided to fight me to the death? With thousands of them, they could crush me under their sheer numbers alone."

"Although these people are cowards, the probability of this happening isn't zero. My life is far more valuable than theirs, so I can't take unnecessary risks."

"I need a more foolproof plan."

As Zhang Yi pondered, the building leaders in the chat group grew impatient with his silence. They believed they had the upper hand, thinking Zhang Yi had no other choice but to bow to their demands.

In their minds, it was impossible for anyone in Yue Lu Community to fight against thousands of people simultaneously. If such a person existed, it would be a myth.

Wang Qiang began to urge, "Why aren't you speaking? Hurry up and respond! You have to agree to this whether you want to or not. Otherwise, we won't show mercy!"

Chen Lingyu chimed in, "Zhang Yi, no one wants to die. We all just want to survive. While you might feel it's unfair, sometimes one has to bend to circumstances. Remember, a wise man knows when to yield!"

Li Jian added, "Mr. Zhang, you should seriously consider this matter. We don't want to resolve this through conflict, but we also want to survive."

"If you agree to cooperate, the resource issue for the entire community can be well managed. Perhaps we can even return to the civilized state we had before."

Others chimed in with various comments, some playing good cop, others bad cop. Ultimately, their message was clear: Zhang Yi had to agree to their demands, or he would die.

Zhang Yi glanced at the group messages, and an idea formed in his mind as he read through the names of the building leaders.

"Capture the ringleader first!"

If he could eliminate the leaders of each building, the remaining people would undoubtedly descend into chaos. Letting them tear each other apart would mean fewer people for him to deal with.

He then slowly responded, "I need time to consider this. You've had plenty of time to discuss this, but you haven't given me any time to think."

"Moreover, I suggest we meet in person to discuss. It's difficult to communicate clearly with so many voices here."

"Why don't we arrange a meeting of all the building leaders in a few days to discuss cooperation? What do you think?"

As soon as Zhang Yi proposed this, Wang Qiang sneered and responded, "Are you suggesting we all gather together so you can kill us all?"

"We can meet, but you must come to our territory. Let's say Building 21."

Zhang Yi smiled, knowing they wouldn't agree easily. After all, surviving this long meant none of them were fools.

He wasn't in a hurry and replied calmly, "You can also send representatives to meet, but the meeting must be in Building 25."

His tone was firm, brooking no argument.

Wang Qiang laughed loudly, "Why should it be on your terms? Do you take us for idiots?"

Huang Tianfang added, "Zhang Yi, stop playing tricks. We're not fools."

Zhang Yi snorted, "If you're too afraid to send a few representatives, what's the point of talking?"

"Don't like it? Fine, let's fight then. Forget the talks."

Both sides were incredibly stubborn, unwilling to show any weakness. Maintaining a strong stance in negotiations was crucial; otherwise, you'd end up being manipulated.

Once again, the mediator, Li Jian, stepped in. "Everyone, calm down. We can work this out."

He asked Zhang Yi, "How do you propose we talk?"

Zhang Yi replied, "I'm not unreasonable. Send representatives from the 29 buildings to meet and discuss how we can cooperate."

"Given that you all covet my resources and snowmobile, why should I risk coming to your territory?"

"My terms are clear. It's up to you whether you come or not."

"I'm sure you've done your research on me. To be honest, I knew about this unprecedented cold wave long before it hit."

"That's why my house is fortified and impregnable. You can't breach it. If it comes to it, we can see who can outlast whom."

After sending his message, Zhang Yi stared at the screen, testing to see if anyone in the community could potentially breach his house.

Although the probability was low, the imminent battle might involve facing thousands of attackers, so he had to be thorough in his considerations.

Mathematics never lies, and indeed, the low-probability event did not occur. After some deliberation, the group seemed disheartened.

They knew Chen Zhenghao had been killed by Zhang Yi, and Huang Tianfang's attempt to use explosives had failed, leaving Zhang Yi's house intact.

These were ordinary people, lacking access to large quantities of explosives to demolish a building. If Zhang Yi chose to stay inside, they had no means to force him out.

After a while, a leader spoke up, "You might be able to protect yourself, but can you protect everyone in your building?"

Zhang Yi rolled his eyes.

Did they think he was a saint?

Clearly running out of ideas, they resorted to moral blackmail.

"In a situation like this, of course, I'll prioritize my own survival. Don't waste time with meaningless moral arguments," Zhang Yi replied.

Chen Lingyu, growing anxious, added, "Even if your house is sturdy, you'll eventually run out of food. Do you plan to hide forever?"

"Escaping reality like an ostrich is meaningless."

Zhang Yi couldn't stop grinning. "We'll see who can outlast whom."

Compete with him on resources?

Zhang Yi had one response: "I've never cared how many resources others have because none of them have more than I do."