

ICE AGE APOCALYPSE: I HOARD BILLIONS OF SUPPLIES

Chapter 12: Emptying a Billion-Dollar Warehouse

Zhang Yi had the deliveryman bring the 100 giant water barrels to the warehouse and then placed them into his interdimensional space before bringing them home.

Once home, Zhang Yi began filling the barrels by turning on all the faucets. At this rate, it would take at most a week to fill all 100 barrels.

As the days passed, Zhang Yi didn't idle for a moment. He spent every penny he had without hesitation. He dined and bought large quantities of food from top-tier restaurants, storing them in his interdimensional space.

During this time, he also practiced archery and firearm shooting on Tianhai City's shooting range, honing his skills. Transforming into a combat expert in a month was unrealistic. But with a bow, crossbow, guns, and a super safe house with a full metal shell, he would fear no danger.

Naturally, his actions did not escape everyone's notice. However, everyone around him viewed Zhang Yi as a joke, thinking he had lost his mind, and laughed at him privately. Even Fang Yuqing deliberately distanced herself from him, unwilling to interact.

Thus, time slipped by. Soon, more than twenty days had passed, and the apocalypse was drawing near. Zhang Yi had amassed a massive stockpile of supplies, including food, weapons, and heating equipment. But these alone didn't provide him with enough security. He decided to target the giant Walmart warehouse.

By securing this warehouse, he could obtain a lifetime's worth of supplies!

He chose not to wait until the last day to act, remembering a detail from his previous life—he had heard rumors that the authorities had prior knowledge of the incoming gamma-ray burst.

They had quietly started transferring large amounts of supplies without the public's knowledge. Zhang Yi couldn't take any chances; he had to act early.

Moreover, even if all the supplies in the Walmart warehouse disappeared, the authorities, preoccupied with seeking refuge, wouldn't have the resources to investigate thoroughly. This gave Zhang Yi a suitable buffer period.

Returning to the warehouse, Zhang Yi resumed his job as usual. Although the Walmart warehouse had staff on duty 24 hours a day, only ten people worked the night shift. Zhang Yi decided on a straightforward and crude method: spiking their tea with sleeping pills.

With only three days left until the apocalypse, he wasn't worried about getting caught. As all the staff were his old acquaintances, Zhang Yi easily succeeded. Once the pills took effect and the staff were deeply asleep, Zhang Yi went to the monitoring room and shut down all the warehouse cameras.

Knowing the layout of the warehouse by heart and having meticulously planned and rehearsed in his mind countless times, Zhang Yi executed his plan smoothly.

He donned gloves and shoes two sizes larger, then swiftly approached the warehouse.

Staring at the colossal warehouse, Zhang Yi took a deep breath and began collecting the supplies. By simply glancing and willing, the entire shelf would move into his interdimensional space.

He started with the beverage section. Tons of mineral water, drinks, and alcohol, including high-end wines and spirits, were all stored here. Zhang Yi didn't discriminate; he stored everything in his space.

In no time, thousands of cubic meters of beverages vanished.

Next, he moved to the fuel section, which was stocked with smokeless coal, canned gasoline, and alcohol. These were household items for storage or outdoor activities. Tens of thousands of boxes of smokeless coal, countless cans of solid alcohol, and barrels of gasoline were found. These quantities would last Zhang Yi several centuries!

He had no intention of leaving anything for others. Post-apocalypse, these supplies wouldn't reach ordinary people anyway. Without hesitation, he stored everything, organizing the items in his interdimensional space using his years of warehouse management experience.

Then, he proceeded to the food section, which was even more abundant. Tens of thousands of tons of supplies were packed into several warehouses that looked like small mountains. Canned food, packed roast chicken, roast duck, snacks, and high-end treats filled the shelves.

"This will last me ten lifetimes!" Zhang Yi remarked.

He wasn't picky; he took everything he could.

After clearing the food section, Zhang Yi moved to the sports equipment area. Exercise equipment was essential for maintaining his health and strength in his safe house. Despite the limited space in his safe house, the unlimited capacity of his interdimensional space allowed him to take everything he wanted.

Among the valuable items were baseball bats and fencing equipment, excellent for self-defense. He also found skiing and mountaineering gear, including professional-grade cold-weather clothing capable of withstanding temperatures as low as minus 100 degrees Celsius—the latest technology from 2050.

Zhang Yi's eyes lit up. These would be the best cold-weather gear when the Ice Age Apocalypse hit. He wasted no time storing all the top-tier cold-weather clothing and sleeping bags in the warehouse.

After two hours, Zhang Yi had emptied the Walmart warehouse, which spanned over a million square meters.

With the warehouse emptied, Zhang Yi felt an indescribable satisfaction. Even in the face of the impending Ice Age, he felt confident he could live comfortably.

Returning to his post, Zhang Yi removed his gloves and oversized shoes and stored them in his interdimensional space. Then, he drank some of the tea laced with sleeping pills and slumped over the table, feigning sleep.

After an unknown period, he was awakened by urgent shaking.

“Supervisor, supervisor, something big has happened! Wake up!”

Zhang Yi slowly opened his eyes, feigning confusion as he looked at his colleagues.

“What’s wrong?”

A warehouse employee, trembling, pointed at the warehouse.

“It’s like we’ve seen a ghost! The entire warehouse has been emptied!”

“What!”

Zhang Yi feigned shock, slamming his hand on the table as he stood up.

Pretending to be dumbfounded, he saw the empty warehouse.

Though he knew exactly what had happened, he played his part perfectly, his legs giving out as he stammered, “What happened here? How did all the supplies disappear?”

The employees around him were equally nervous.

“Yes, the warehouse held supplies worth at least a billion! Even with large trucks, it would take days to empty it all. How did it vanish overnight?”

No one mentioned the earlier nap; taking a quick snooze during a night shift was a common, albeit unspoken, practice.

Zhang Yi, with a stern face, pretended to pace in worry.

“This is too bizarre for us to handle. We need to report this to the higher-ups immediately!”

The employees, though tense, didn’t panic. The situation had escalated to a level beyond their responsibility.

With the warehouse’s billion-dollar inventory gone in just two hours, it was apparent none of them could be held accountable.

Given their modest salaries, risking their lives for the company was out of the question.

So, they all agreed with Zhang Yi's suggestion.

Zhang Yi promptly called the warehouse manager to report the incident.

Upon hearing the news, the manager was stunned, initially thinking Zhang Yi was joking.