

Ice Age 131

Chapter 131: Shameless Old Woman

Zhang Yi's face twisted in disgust. This wretched woman was truly revolting.

She had started calling Uncle You "husband" now? Since when? Zhang Yi had never heard her call him that before.

Great, now she was using Uncle You's act of shielding Zhang Yi from bullets as moral leverage to make him take care of her and her daughter.

You truly deserve to die!

Zhang Yi glanced at Uncle You, who was still barely alive. Whether he could survive depended on Zhou Ke'er's skills.

If Uncle You weren't still breathing, Zhang Yi would have already slapped Xie Limei senseless.

But Uncle You was still alive, so Zhang Yi had to endure for now. After all, the man had taken bullets for him. He couldn't just deal with his woman and her child while he was still breathing, could he?

So Zhang Yi kept a cold, silent expression.

Xie Limei cried for a long time, but Zhang Yi showed no reaction, making her anxious. Uncle You was her carefully chosen long-term provider. Now that her provider was on the verge of death, she needed a new one to support her and her daughter.

Uncle You's death wouldn't particularly sadden her, but taking advantage of the situation to emotionally manipulate Zhang Yi was something she was more than willing to do.

Sniffing, Xie Limei turned to Zhang Yi, her eyes full of tears. "Zhang Yi, will my husband be alright?"

Husband, my foot! Zhang Yi thought, already cursing her in his mind.

"Don't worry, I'll do everything I can to save Uncle You! Zhou Ke'er is a chief physician at a major hospital. With her around, there's hope for Uncle You's recovery."

Zhang Yi had stored a lot of things in his alternate space, including three large containers of medicine and medical equipment found in the warehouse district.

"I will do everything I can to save Uncle You," he repeated. "But whether it works or not is up to fate."

Xie Limei, still crying, said, "If anything happens to him, I don't want to live either!"

Zhang Yi remained silent, not wanting to engage in this topic.

Seeing Zhang Yi's lack of response, Xie Limei silently cursed him. How could he be so heartless? Uncle You had taken bullets for him, and Zhang Yi couldn't even look after them in return?

Hating Zhang Yi inwardly, she didn't dare say it aloud. Instead, she cried and extended the baby wrapped in her arms toward Zhang Yi.

"Zhang Yi, if my husband dies, I don't want to live either. But please, for his sake, take care of our child. I beg you!"

Zhang Yi quickly said, "Sister Xie, what are you saying? I will do everything to save Uncle You!"

He waved his hand, rejecting the notion of taking on the burden.

Xie Limei pressed, "What if he doesn't make it?"

Zhang Yi's expression turned serious. "I will do everything I can!"

"But what if that's not enough?"

"Trust me, I'll do my best. You surely hope Uncle You will be fine, right?"

Zhang Yi stared into Xie Limei's eyes, speaking each word deliberately.

Caught off guard by Zhang Yi's directness, Xie Limei stammered, "Of course, I... I certainly hope my husband recovers!"

Seeing Zhang Yi's debating skills, she dared not argue further and continued crying, holding her child.

Zhang Yi instructed the neighbors to carry Uncle You to his home. Since they lived on the 24th floor, the neighbors had to swap out twice to carry him up, each panting heavily by the time they reached the door.

No one dared to complain, knowing Zhang Yi would kill them without hesitation if he was displeased.

At the door, Zhang Yi told them, "Leave him here and go."

Relieved, the neighbors hurried downstairs.

Xie Limei, holding her baby, cried while watching Uncle You.

Frowning, Zhang Yi said, "Sister Xie, please go home. We're about to perform surgery on Uncle You to remove the bullets. You can't help here."

Xie Limei resolutely replied, "No! He needs someone by his side now. I won't leave him!"

She knelt down and grasped Uncle You's hand tightly. Seeing the pain lessen on Uncle You's face, Zhang Yi was annoyed but restrained himself.

Saving Uncle You was the priority. He couldn't afford any more delays, so he opened the door.

For Xie Limei, stepping inside felt like entering a paradise. Having survived a month in freezing conditions, she and her baby had only managed thanks to Uncle You's body heat.

Feeling the warmth and seeing the familiar yet distant comforts of civilized society brought tears to Xie Limei's eyes—this time, genuine tears.

Zhang Yi called Zhou Ke'er to help move Uncle You, while Xie Limei, uninvited, entered the house, carrying her baby. Spotting a water dispenser in the corner, she eagerly picked up a cup and began filling it with hot water.

Zhou Ke'er and Zhang Yi watched, Zhou Ke'er was surprised that Zhang Yi allowed her inside. Seeing Uncle You covered in blood at the door, she understood.

Zhang Yi's eyes showed disdain as Xie Limei used his cup, drinking the hot water with bliss.

"Ah, hot water is so good!"

Xie Limei looked at her baby. "Zhang Yi, do you have any formula at home?"

Busy moving Uncle You, Zhang Yi's face darkened at the question.

"What did you say?"

Startled by his glare, Xie Limei realized the situation.

Holding the cup, she stammered, "The baby needs to drink too! My husband loved the baby very much."

Zhang Yi's cold gaze bore into her. "Come help now! Or I'll kick you out!"

Terrified, Xie Limei followed, holding her baby.

Zhang Yi and Zhou Ke'er moved Uncle You into an empty room. Zhang Yi's three-bedroom apartment had one room for a soundproof generator, powering the safe house.

Chapter 132: Counterattack and Annihilation

Zhang Yi moved the generator aside and then took out a large white bed from his alternate space. This scene left Xie Limei completely dumbfounded.

"Is this some kind of magic trick?" she murmured, unable to comprehend what was happening before her eyes.

Zhang Yi couldn't be bothered to explain. He turned to Zhou Ke'er and said, "Save Uncle You at any cost! Tell me what medicine and medical equipment you need, and I'll do my best to provide them."

Zhou Ke'er, used to handling crises, remained calm despite Uncle You's bloodied state. She calmly listed the items she needed. Zhang Yi retrieved the required medicine and equipment from his alternate space and handed them to her.

"How's the situation? Is there still hope?" Zhang Yi asked in a deep voice.

Zhou Ke'er changed into her surgical clothes, mask, and gloves, her demeanor becoming professional and even somewhat sacred. She cut open Uncle You's clothes with scissors, her brows furrowing deeply.

"The situation is very grim! The bullets are in dangerous positions. If they've damaged any internal organs, he might not make it with the current conditions," she said.

Zhang Yi took a deep breath and patted her shoulder. "Do your best!" he said. He had done everything he could. If Uncle You couldn't pull through, there was nothing more he could do.

Xie Limei began crying again. Annoyed by her wailing, Zhang Yi snapped, "Shut up! Don't disturb the surgery. If you interfere, you know the consequences!"

Xie Limei's crying stopped abruptly. She bit her lip, looking fragile. "Maybe I should go outside. I can't help here anyway."

The living room outside was comfortable, with soft sofas, hot water to drink, and a big TV to watch. When she arrived, she noticed food in the kitchen. Xie Limei was eager to leave the blood-soaked room and enjoy herself outside.

A cold smile formed on Zhang Yi's lips. He stared at Xie Limei and said, "This surgery is crucial for your husband's life! So, you need to stay and help."

"But I don't know how to treat patients!" Xie Limei protested.

"Then help pass instruments and wipe the sweat. Even if you can't do anything, your presence will encourage Uncle You," Zhang Yi said.

Before Xie Limei could argue, Zhang Yi added in a tone that brooked no argument, "This is decided! Stay here and help. I need to go out."

With that, Zhang Yi stepped outside and locked the door from the outside. He couldn't let Xie Limei mess around in his place. "I don't have time to deal with you now. I'll handle those damned people first and find a dark spot to bury you later!" he muttered coldly.

He sat on the sofa, throwing the cup Xie Limei had used into the trash in disgust. Then he went to the kitchen, took a can of milk from the fridge, and drank it in one go. Returning to the living room, Zhang Yi started organizing his weapons. Once all his weapons were sorted, with assault rifles, pistols, and sniper rifles fully loaded, and grenades counted, Zhang Yi left his home.

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In the central area of the community, patches of red stained the ground like blooming plum blossoms. The ground was littered with corpses. The snowmobile, left in the snowstorm, along with the scattered food bags, remained incredibly tempting.

After Zhang Yi left with Uncle You, some desperate or starving people emerged from the buildings to drag the supplies back. Zhang Yi walked steadily, his steps firm and measured, unaffected by anger. The other side had fired the first shot. Not retaliating would be impolite.

Originally, he had planned to poison them peacefully. However, since they chose a more violent approach, Zhang Yi had no qualms about reciprocating. The sky darkened as Zhang Yi descended the stairs, pulling out his phone to send a message to everyone in the community's group chat.

"Everyone, gather on the fourth floor."

He put the phone in his chest pocket, then, armed with a rifle, moved to the fourth floor, waiting quietly for everyone to arrive. Soon, the neighbors began to appear. They looked at Zhang Yi with trepidation, afraid of angering him and inviting death.

But they didn't dare disobey. Without Zhang Yi's word, they faced certain death. Only about twenty people were left in Building 25. They gathered together, looking at Zhang Yi with fear.

"Brother Zhang, those who attacked you have nothing to do with us!"

"We know nothing. We are your most loyal supporters!"

Zhang Yi raised his hand, silencing them. He slowly turned his gaze toward the group, his eyes filled with murderous intent, making it impossible for anyone to meet his gaze.

Having killed nearly a hundred people, Zhang Yi exuded a palpable killing aura that instilled fear in everyone who met his eyes.

"Those people betrayed me, ambushing Uncle You and me, leaving Uncle You severely injured. They must pay the price!" Zhang Yi's voice was cold.

"Tonight, we will launch a counterattack," he declared.

The crowd's faces grew even more fearful. "A counterattack? With just us?" they thought Zhang Yi had gone mad.

In the courtyard battle, he had an advantage with an assault rifle. But launching a nighttime raid with a dozen people was too risky! A simple stone dropped from above could crush him.

Zhang Yi reassured them, "Leave the building to me. You just need to guard the perimeter. If anyone jumps out, finish them off."

The crowd still didn't understand why anyone would jump from the building, but as long as Zhang Yi didn't force them to launch an assault, they agreed.

Zhang Yi pointed to Building 21, the Crazy Wolf Gang's territory. "Now, surround that building!"

Chapter 133: Smoked Duck

The neighbors of Building 25 followed Zhang Yi's orders, picked up their weapons, and surrounded Building 21. They weren't sure what Zhang Yi planned to do. If a fight really broke out, this loose encirclement seemed pointless.

Meanwhile, the members of the Crazy Wolf Gang upstairs noticed the unusual activity.

"Zhang Yi has brought people to surround us!" one of the gang members warned.

Everyone felt a chill run down their spines, their hair standing on end! Zhang Yi had just killed so many people, including their leader Wang Qiang, leaving these wolf cubs pale with fear.

Knowing Zhang Yi was coming made them panic even more, pushing some to the brink of madness.

"We're doomed! We can't possibly fight that demon! He's too terrifying!" a yellow-haired gang member wailed, clutching his head.

At this moment, Xiao Lu, the second-in-command of the Crazy Wolf Gang, rushed over, grabbed him by the collar, and slapped him twice.

Then he yelled at the group, "What are you afraid of? This building is our stronghold. Even if Zhang Yi has a gun, he'll lose a layer of skin if he tries to get in here!"

"Pull yourselves together and fight him to the death!"

With Xiao Lu's command, the gang members barely held themselves together. They gripped their weapons tightly, guarding every trap, ready to fight Zhang Yi to the death.

But Zhang Yi didn't enter as they expected. He merely instructed his neighbors to watch every window to prevent anyone from escaping.

Then, Zhang Yi went to the fourth-floor entrance of Building 21. His right eye flashed with a white light, and a large pile of freshly cut, wet wood filled the room.

Next, he piled in cheap synthetic fiber clothes, nearly filling the entire room. Only then did he take out a barrel of gasoline and spill it on the floor.

After completing these tasks, he stepped out of the room. No one was at the front entrance, so none of his neighbors saw what he did.

Zhang Yi took out a handgun and fired, breaking the gasoline barrel. Gasoline gushed out, forming a natural fuse leading to the door.

Zhang Yi walked over and lit the gasoline trail with a lighter. "Whoosh!" Flames roared to life, illuminating the entire room.

Zhang Yi quickly retreated, and within seconds, the fire blazed ferociously! The synthetic clothes caught fire instantly, and the flames engulfed the whole room.

The wet wood, with its moisture evaporated, also caught fire quickly. However, the incomplete combustion produced thick black smoke, which mixed with the smoke from the burning synthetic clothes and rose into the air.

In this cold weather, every window in the building was tightly shut. The smoke had nowhere to go but up, seeping through every crevice like a black dragon, quickly engulfing floor after floor!

Upstairs, the Crazy Wolf Gang members were waiting for Zhang Yi to attack. Instead, they were greeted by an unbearably acrid black smoke.

"Cough, cough, cough... They're setting a fire!!"

"These people are despicable, shameless! Zhang Yi, that coward, even with a gun, is too scared to fight us directly!"

"Quick, open the windows, let the smoke out!"

"Cough, cough, cough... cough, cough..."

"Water, is there any water? Wet your clothes and cover your nose."

"Where's the water? It's all ice!"

"Pee, pee on the clothes!"

"Ah, my eyes! My eyes are burning, I can't see anything."

"Cough, cough, cough... I... cough, cough..."

The thick smoke quickly filled the entire building. When the people inside realized the problem and tried to open the windows, they found them sealed shut by ice and snow. There was no way to open them.

The building had turned into a giant oven, and they were the ducks inside. However, calling them roast duck wasn't quite right. They were more like smoked duck.

Zhang Yi stood outside the building, holding his rifle. The yellow flames illuminated his face, and he felt incredibly warm.

He reminisced about his college days, when his department organized a bonfire party. Everyone sang and danced around the fire, and those times were truly memorable.

But tonight's bonfire was much larger and wilder than that.

At this point, the surrounding neighbors finally understood what Zhang Yi was doing. They could hear the screams and coughing from inside the building, sending chills down their spines.

The building had become a death trap, and Zhang Yi blocked the only way out.

People inside could either wait to die or come out and be killed.

Soon, someone couldn't bear it any longer. They braved the smoke, rushing down the stairs, trying to escape. But with his eyes stinging and vision blurred, he stumbled and fell into the flames.

Amidst the terrifying screams, he soon succumbed to the fire.

"Crash!" Someone upstairs smashed a window and jumped out. From seven or eight floors up, faced with death, they jumped without hesitation.

But after landing, before they could celebrate surviving the fall, a waiting woman with a knife slashed them dead.

"Li Yun, you're getting good at this. You used to be afraid to even kill a chicken!" a neighbor commented, laughing.

Proud of the compliment, Li Yun wiped the blood off her face. "Everyone's working hard; I can't slack off!"

Just as she spoke, she noticed another person falling from above. Blood spurted from their mouth, and their eyes were filled with soot. Barely alive, their body convulsed.

"Ah, here's another one. Let me handle it!" Li Yun said cheerfully. She walked over, raised a cleaver, and with a "thud," chopped off their head.

The other neighbors were doing the same.

The people upstairs had no idea what awaited them below. They believed breaking the windows and jumping was their only way to survive.

The neighbors worked diligently, feeling the warmth of the flames on their faces, smiling with contentment.

"This fire is beautiful!"

"Yes, we should do this more often."

While everyone was busy, Zhang Yi stood by the entrance, enjoying the warmth.

Residents of other buildings also saw the flames, and smoke, and heard the screams, filling them with fear.

"What should we do? Will Zhang Yi use the same method on us?"

Every resident had this thought.

Rather than waiting to die, why not fight Zhang Yi?

But how? Fight Zhang Yi and his assault rifle with their bare hands?

The memory of Wang Qiang and over ten others being shot like a sieve was still fresh in their minds.

They didn't dare.

"It's okay. Zhang Yi won't kill everyone. He won't!"

"Grievances have a source. I wasn't involved in this."

They clung to the hope of mercy, preferring to pray rather than confront Zhang Yi.

Chapter 134: Burning

Building 21 burned fiercely for more than half an hour before the flames began to diminish. However, the thick smoke continued unabated. By this point, it was impossible for anyone inside the building to still be alive.

Without ventilation, they had no way to prevent the toxic gases from entering their bodies. The only outcome for them was a painful death. Even if a few people miraculously survived, staying inside the building would eventually kill them, as the smoke wouldn't dissipate quickly.

Zhang Yi turned and walked towards Building 26. "Let's go to the next one!" he called out.

The neighbors from Building 25, their bloodlust aroused, followed eagerly. They had never experienced such an exhilarating way of killing, where they controlled others' lives. The thrill of it excited them beyond measure.

A group of them roared, following Zhang Yi towards Building 26, the territory of the Tianhe Gang.

The residents of Building 26 watched the scene from their windows. Seeing Zhang Yi and his group approaching, they were terrified.

Someone inside shouted, "Zhang Yi, Huang Tianfang is already dead. This has nothing to do with us!"

"Injustice has a source, and debts have a master. You can't kill innocent people!"

Hearing this, Zhang Yi laughed heartily. "Innocent people?"

"Do you consider yourselves innocent?" Zhang Yi asked, his eyes filled with sarcasm.

"Everyone alive in your building has blood on their hands. Besides, even if you are innocent, what does that have to do with whether I kill you or not?"

Zhang Yi didn't care how many people were involved in the attack on him. As long as anyone was even slightly suspicious, he would eliminate them without mercy. In the apocalypse, there was no room for any mercy. Otherwise, it would bring disaster upon himself in the future.

"Let's continue!" Zhang Yi commanded, instructing his people to seal off Building 26 and setting it on fire from the ground floor.

Screams and curses echoed from the building. Several people, shouting like madmen, charged down the stairs, only to be shot in the head by Zhang Yi the moment they showed themselves.

Soon, thick smoke enveloped Building 26 as well. Zhang Yi took his time, methodically killing one building at a time to ensure no one escaped.

He quickly dealt with the people in Building 26 and continued to the other buildings previously confirmed to have been involved in the attack on him.

Five buildings burned, their flames reaching the sky, with thick smoke billowing. The entire community was illuminated, and the surrounding temperature rose, causing nearby ice and snow to melt, lowering the horizon.

The residents of other buildings were terrified, many urinating themselves in fear. Zhang Yi calculated the time and, realizing he wouldn't be able to kill everyone in one night, decided to rest and check on Uncle You's condition.

To avoid trouble from the remaining people, Zhang Yi decided to appease them temporarily.

He took out a megaphone from his alternate space and shouted into the community, "Everyone, rest assured, I, Zhang Yi, never harm the innocent. This time, I'm only targeting those who attacked me."

"For those who have been friendly to me, I will not harm you. Do not be afraid!"

Hearing this, the residents of other buildings felt like they had grasped their last hope. Even though they knew Zhang Yi might be deceiving them, they chose to believe him. People tend to deceive themselves, always hoping for the best outcome.

"Zhang Yi isn't going to kill us? That's great news!"

"Yes, we didn't attack him. This has nothing to do with us. Zhang Yi shouldn't be targeting us."

"He killed so many people; he must be tired. I don't believe he can kill everyone in the community."

People don't fight when not in absolute desperation. Zhang Yi gave them hope, but they chose to be ostriches, burying their heads in the sand and pretending there was no danger around them.

After finishing his speech, Zhang Yi told his neighbors, "Alright, that's it for today's activity. Go rest!"

The neighbors, though reluctant to leave the warmth of the fires, said, "We'll stay here and warm up for a bit!"

The flames were so warm! Going back inside meant facing the cold, so staying by the fire was much more comfortable.

"Suit yourselves," Zhang Yi said indifferently, then turned and walked back to Building 25.

The neighbors, unwilling to leave, gathered around the fire, their eyes filled with delight. However, the flames slowly began to diminish as the fuel Zhang Yi provided ran out.

"What do we do now? The fire is getting smaller!" one person exclaimed anxiously.

Another looked around and suddenly had a bright idea. Whispering to two others nearby, they quickly grabbed a corpse and threw it into the fire.

"Crackling!" The sound of oil sizzling in the high heat was followed by the flames roaring back to life.

"Great idea! Haha, how could we forget that animal fat is excellent fuel!"

There were plenty of bodies around, enough to keep the fire going for a while. If they got hungry, they could even cook some meat.

What a wonderful barbecue feast!

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On his way back, Zhang Yi passed by the bodies of Li Chengbin and Jiang Lei. He paused briefly, feeling a curious urge.

These two had been useful, obedient, and diligent. They had at least been well-fed while following him. So why had they suddenly turned on him?

Zhang Yi wasn't surprised, just curious. He searched their bodies and found their phones. Using the firelight, he unlocked the phones using their faces.

Browsing through their chat histories, his expression became playful. "So that's what happened!"

Zhang Yi chuckled, tossing their phones into the snow.

Returning home, Zhang Yi opened the temporary hospital room door. Zhou Ke'er stood against the wall, her long legs crossed, her blue surgical gown unable to hide her graceful figure.

Zhang Yi glanced at the hospital bed. Uncle You lay with an oxygen mask on, and the heart monitor showed stable waves.

Zhang Yi breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed Uncle You's life was saved, sparing Zhang Yi from feeling too guilty about his fallen comrade.

Chapter 135: The Second Mutant

Zhang Yi looked at Zhou Ke'er and said, "Ke'er, thank you for your hard work!"

Zhou Ke'er smiled and shook her head. "I'm happy to help you."

As they were chatting, Xie Limei suddenly walked over, holding her child. Her face showed a pitiful expression as she spoke to Zhang Yi, "Zhang Yi, we haven't eaten all day. Could you please get something for me and the baby?"

Zhang Yi looked down at her with a mocking gaze. If it weren't for Uncle You, he would have thrown this troublesome woman into the snow long ago. But now, she had successfully earned Zhang Yi's disdain, making her as good as dead in his eyes.

For now, he had other people to deal with, so he temporarily spared her life. Without saying much, he waved his right hand, and a box of instant noodles appeared in front of Xie Limei.

"Take these. After all, you are Uncle You's family, and I won't let you go hungry."

Xie Limei stared in shock. "What... what kind of magic trick is this?"

Zhang Yi couldn't be bothered to explain. He didn't care if Xie Limei knew about his abilities. After all, a dead person couldn't reveal secrets.

Zhang Yi wrapped his arm around Zhou Ke'er, intending to take her back to rest. After hours of surgery, she was very tired. As they were about to leave, Xie Limei followed and said, "Is there anything else besides instant noodles?"

"I saw eggs in the kitchen, and there are chicken bones in the trash."

She looked weak, but her eyes were fixed on Zhang Yi. Zhang Yi, annoyed, remarked, "There are only instant noodles. Eat it or leave it."

Seeing Zhang Yi's anger, Xie Limei stepped back and quietly said, "Alright, instant noodles are fine. I was just asking."

Zhang Yi supported Zhou Ke'er back to her room. She smiled and said, "Now we have another troublemaker at home."

Zhang Yi replied calmly, "She won't be a trouble."

Seeing Zhou Ke'er's legs were weak from fatigue, Zhang Yi placed her on the bed and gently removed her shoes. Her toes, covered in black stockings, curled up cutely.

"I've been standing all day, my feet might smell..." she murmured.

Smell? Perfect!

Zhang Yi's smile turned a bit wicked, but seeing Zhou Ke'er so tired, he decided to let her rest for now.

"How is Uncle You? How long will it take for him to recover, or is it just a temporary recovery, and he won't last long?" Zhang Yi asked.

Zhou Ke'er's eyes showed a strange expression. She said, "He was seriously injured and lost a lot of blood. We didn't have any blood bags. Initially, I thought it would be very hard to save him."

Zhang Yi frowned. He hadn't considered the need for blood bags, not being a professional medical worker.

"Then how did you manage to save him?" he asked.

Zhou Ke'er looked puzzled. "At first, his heart rate was close to zero, but suddenly, his body seemed to undergo some change. The activity of his cells increased rapidly, and even the bleeding reduced significantly."

She spread her hands, indicating her confusion.

"I can't explain it."

Zhang Yi was stunned. He was all too familiar with such extraordinary occurrences because he had experienced them himself! Uncle You might have awakened some special ability.

Since his rebirth, Zhang Yi had considered the possibility. Gamma rays had altered his genetic sequence, turning him into a mutant. So, could others also develop abilities?

Over the past month, in a community of over a thousand people, no second mutant had appeared, suggesting that the conditions for mutation were extremely stringent. Genetic mutations are rare, and the direction of mutation is uncertain.

Yet, Uncle You had become the second mutant, besides Zhang Yi himself!

"Could near-death situations trigger awakening? That might be a prerequisite," Zhang Yi thought.

"If so, the conditions are too harsh. If the mutation doesn't include self-healing, the person would die even after awakening."

"If Uncle You hadn't met me, he would have died."

Zhang Yi relaxed, realizing the probability of encountering other mutants in the future was extremely low. He wondered what kind of ability Uncle You had awakened.

After some thought, Zhang Yi told Zhou Ke'er, "From now on, give Uncle You a daily dose of muscle relaxants or sedatives. It shouldn't affect his health but will control his actions."

Zhou Ke'er was surprised but quickly understood.

"Is Uncle You like you, having developed some special ability?"

Zhang Yi nodded. "I think so, but we have no experience with this. We don't know what he might become."

"Do you know the Hulk? He mutated due to gamma radiation."

Zhang Yi spread his hands and smiled wryly. "If Uncle You turns into the Hulk and loses control, he might destroy the house!"

He exaggerated, but in reality, given the principle of energy conservation, even if Uncle You transformed, he wouldn't possess great strength in his current state. For safety, Zhang Yi needed to observe him to ensure his mutation wasn't harmful.

Zhou Ke'er nodded. "That's simple. Leave it to me."

Zhang Yi kissed her and gently said, "You're tired today. Get some rest."

Zhou Ke'er glanced outside. "What about Uncle You? Can Xie Limei take care of him?"

Zhang Yi smiled faintly. "She's a troublesome woman but not stupid. She knows that if anything happens to Uncle You, I'll kick her out immediately. So she'll take better care of him than you."

Zhou Ke'er nodded in agreement. "That makes sense."

Zhang Yi told her to rest and then left the room, only to find Xie Limei making instant noodles, her eyes darting around as if looking to steal something.

Zhang Yi approached and said, "Sister Xie, you can stay with Uncle You. You'll be able to take care of him at night."

Xie Limei nodded obediently, appearing very compliant. Zhang Yi gestured for her to enter the room. She complied, and Zhang Yi locked the door from the outside.

Chapter 136: Stabbing to the Point

After taking care of matters at home, Zhang Yi grabbed his gun and left. It was time to settle a lingering issue.

The building was almost empty. Most of the neighbors had gone out to barbecue, leaving only two occupied apartments. Zhang Yi approached the door of one of the remaining occupied apartments, the one where Lin Caining and Fang Yuqing used to live.

He pulled out his handgun and shot the lock twice, then kicked the door open. With a riot shield in his left hand and the gun in his right, he stepped inside.

The room was dark, so Zhang Yi turned on his headlamp, illuminating the entire room. Every corner became as clear as day. Suddenly, a woman with disheveled hair rushed at him with a kitchen knife, screaming.

Unfazed, Zhang Yi raised the riot shield. The weak slash had no impact, and the woman fell to the ground from the recoil. Zhang Yi turned to face her, a mocking smile on his lips.

"Long time no see, Fang Yuqing!" he said, shining the headlamp directly at her face, forcing her to squint. Fang Yuqing, covered in blood and filth, looked like neither a person nor a ghost. The room

reeked of rot, bones littering the floor. In one corner lay a half-eaten corpse, its remaining clothes revealing it to be Lin Caining.

"No wonder you've survived. You truly are a fake friend," Zhang Yi taunted.

Fang Yuqing shielded her eyes from the light and, recognizing Zhang Yi, let out a cry of despair and rage.

"Zhang Yi, why aren't you dead? Why?!"

"Those useless fools couldn't even kill you. They're worthless!" she screamed, her voice filled with hatred.

Zhang Yi smirked. "You foolish woman, did you think colluding with Wang Qiang and turning Jiang Lei and Li Chengbin against me would kill me?"

"Pathetic. You're nothing but a pawn, easily manipulated and discarded."

It had been Fang Yuqing who tipped off Wang Qiang, leading to his ambush in the snow. She had also turned Li Chengbin and Jiang Lei against Zhang Yi, orchestrating their attack. Her skill at manipulation was exceptional, but in the end, she had only brought destruction upon herself.

"I hate you, Zhang Yi! All of this is your fault!" Fang Yuqing raged, her voice breaking.

"You chased me for two and a half years but suddenly stopped. How dare you betray me? If you had just persisted a little longer, I would have agreed to marry you! But you abandoned me for that bitch. I hate you both!"

Growing more agitated, she lunged at Zhang Yi. He didn't even bother using his gun. He simply raised the riot shield and knocked her down.

"What a bitch," he muttered. Dealing with such a delusional woman, Zhang Yi felt no need for further words.

He put away his gun and took out a crowbar, advancing towards Fang Yuqing. Without hesitation, he smashed her wrists and ankles. Her emaciated body offered little resistance; her bones snapped easily under the crowbar's force, her screams like a twisted symphony.

Fang Yuqing writhed in pain, her defiance crumbling. She began to sob and beg for mercy.

"Zhang Yi, please, don't kill me. I don't want to die!"

Ignoring her pleas, Zhang Yi yanked her by the hair and dragged her to the window. He smashed the bars of the balcony window with the crowbar.

Fang Yuqing knew what was coming. He was going to throw her from the eighth floor, ensuring she would either die from the fall or freeze to death in the snow.

Tears and snot streamed down her face as she begged, "Zhang Yi, spare me! I'll do anything you want!"

Zhang Yi felt a twisted satisfaction hearing her pitiful cries. Memories of his past life surfaced, where her manipulative charm had lured him into a trap, leading to a gruesome fate.

"You deserve this," Zhang Yi said coldly.

He put away the crowbar and pulled out a sharp knife, slicing her clothes with swift, precise motions until she was left shivering and naked. She thought he intended to assault her and stammered, "You can have me, just let me live."

Zhang Yi looked at her skeletal frame and sighed in disappointment. "You're nothing but skin and bones now. No appeal left."

He had once desired her and chased her for years. Now, the sight of her repulsed him.

Grabbing her thin ankle, he dangled her out the window. Fang Yuqing screamed, struggling like a dying animal. Zhang Yi enjoyed her terror before letting go, sending her plummeting into the snow below.

He watched her fall, seeing her body make a crater in the snow. Zhang Yi sighed, "Am I too kind? Letting her die so quickly seems too merciful."

If he had more time, he would have preferred to slowly torture her. But he had too many targets to deal with and couldn't waste time on her.

"I really am a kind person," Zhang Yi mused, walking away.

Chapter 137: The Billion-Dollar Super Shelter

The next morning, Zhang Yi asked Zhou Ke'er to check on Uncle You's condition. The results left Zhou Ke'er astonished.

She reported to Zhang Yi, "His recovery is excellent, at least ten times faster than an average person!"

This confirmation reassured Zhang Yi that Uncle You had indeed awakened a special ability.

"I understand. Take good care of him and make sure he recovers fully!" Zhang Yi said, patting Zhou Ke'er's hip and giving her a meaningful look.

Zhou Ke'er nodded knowingly and took a syringe from the medicine box, slowly injecting it into Uncle You's arm.

Watching them finish their work, Xie Limei walked over with a smile and made a request.

"Zhang Yi, I forgot to bring my charger. Could you help me get it? And we also need diapers for our baby."

Her demeanor was calm, as if she intended to stay indefinitely. She believed Zhang Yi owed Uncle You a life debt, and by extension, she and her child deserved his care as well.

Zhang Yi glanced at the unconscious Uncle You. He knew that people in comas could still hear things around them, so he smiled at Xie Limei and said, "I have urgent matters to attend to outside. I'll help you with that once I'm done."

Xie Limei's smile grew wider. "Alright, just don't forget!"

After providing them with food and water, Zhang Yi locked Xie Limei and her child back in the small room. He was forming a plan to deal with the troublesome woman.

...

Fully equipped, Zhang Yi gathered all the neighbors downstairs to continue clearing out other buildings.

The neighbors were surprised. "Zhang Yi, didn't you say yesterday that you'd only clear out the buildings where the main attackers lived?"

Zhang Yi smiled and replied, "Yes, but after further investigation, I found that several other buildings also had people involved in the attack on me."

"Don't worry, I won't harm innocent people, only those who are evil. After the action, our building will control the entire community. I will assign these buildings to you to manage."

Spreading his hands, Zhang Yi painted a bright future for the neighbors.

"Only by clearing out the pests can we have true peace and happiness. Don't you agree?"

Many neighbors were pleased by Zhang Yi's words, envisioning a future where they could become building leaders themselves and live more comfortably. Some doubted his claims but dared not voice their concerns due to their fear of Zhang Yi.

Among the crowd was a former rich kid, Xu Hao, whose eyes revealed a mix of terror and anxiety. His body trembled slightly. A neighbor noticed and asked, "Xu Hao, what's wrong?"

Xu Hao quickly lowered his head and replied, "Nothing, just feeling a bit cold."

The neighbor advised, "Oh, then make sure to keep warm. Catching a cold in this weather can be deadly."

Zhang Yi led his group to begin a systematic purge of the buildings with stubborn resistance. Early in the morning, many were still in bed when Zhang Yi's infernal barbecue began.

By the time the smoke woke them up, it was too late to escape. Zhang Yi set fire to each building while announcing through a loudspeaker, "I'm not a man who kills indiscriminately! My investigation shows that people in these buildings participated in the attack on me."

"Hand over those people, and I'll let the rest of you go. If you refuse, I'll consider you accomplices and eliminate you all!"

Upon hearing this, the unaffected buildings fell silent.

"Zhang Yi is reasonable. Those people deserved it."

"As long as the fire doesn't reach us, Zhang Yi will stop once he's done with them."

"This has nothing to do with us. He won't kill us for no reason."

"Better to stay home. Going out means getting shot. I trust Zhang Yi is reasonable."

Holding this mindset, they watched the spectacle from a safe distance.

Moreover, the fires benefited the community by raising the temperature, making everyone a little warmer.

As the flames roared, the upstairs residents couldn't stand it anymore. They pushed a few people out and pleaded with Zhang Yi, "These are the ones who tried to harm you. Please, let us go!"

Zhang Yi glanced at them and calmly raised his gun.

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!"

He shot them all and said indifferently, "Nonsense! You're just accusing each other. Do you have proof?"

By noon, Zhang Yi had cleansed seven more buildings. Twelve buildings in total were now empty, and the remaining eighteen housed fewer than 500 people. These survivors were from the weakest buildings and hadn't attacked Zhang Yi.

Rubbing his temples, Zhang Yi felt it was time to stop the slaughter. The remaining people posed no threat to him. Continuing the massacre might affect his sanity.

"Today's cleansing ends here. I'll deal with the other buildings later," he announced, then turned to leave, ready for a well-deserved rest.

As he walked away from the burning funeral feast, a figure broke away from the crowd and followed him. Hearing footsteps behind him, Zhang Yi turned coldly and asked, "What do you want?"

Xu Hao raised his hands quickly. "Brother Zhang, don't misunderstand. I have important information for you!"

Zhang Yi sneered. "Important information?"

With the community under his control, what could be so important?

Xu Hao glanced around nervously and whispered, "Brother Zhang, have you heard about the billion-dollar apocalypse shelter built by Wang Siming, the son of the richest man in Jiangnan?"

Chapter 138: Fishing or Surrender?

Xu Hao's words immediately triggered Zhang Yi's memories from over a decade ago.

In the 2030s, sci-fi movies suddenly gained worldwide popularity, with apocalyptic films being the hottest genre. This trend supposedly started with the Chinese film series "The Wandering Earth."

Those years saw a surge in apocalyptic films dominating box office charts annually. The influence of these movies led some people, including the world's top billionaires, to start building shelters.

At the time, most people saw this as a joke. Few genuinely believed the apocalypse would come.

Zhang Yi remembered a particular event that stayed on the trending topics list for months and became a popular meme.

The story involved Wang Siming, the son of the richest man in Jiangnan, who spent \$1 billion to build a shelter claimed to be indestructible. Incidentally, this shelter was built by the War Dragon Security Company, which Zhang Yi later sought out for related reasons.

However, there was no follow-up on that shelter afterwards. Gossip was rampant, but people generally dismissed it as a rich kid's whimsy.

Zhang Yi quickly recollected these past events and looked seriously at Xu Hao.

"Do you know where that shelter is?" he asked.

If such a \$1 billion super shelter existed, it would undoubtedly be one of the safest places in the world. Its safety, interior space, and facilities would be far superior to the shelter Zhang Yi built for 8 million yuan. It was a true apocalypse fortress, even capable of withstanding H-bombs, which piqued Zhang Yi's curiosity.

Xu Hao looked around cautiously and said, "There are too many eyes here. Let's talk back at your place."

Zhang Yi nodded and had Xu Hao lead the way. Xu Hao complied, demonstrating his sincerity by walking ahead obediently.

They returned to Building 25 and went to Zhang Yi's room on the eighth floor. Zhang Yi closed the door behind them, leaned against the wall, and crossed his arms.

"Now there's no one here. Tell me everything," Zhang Yi commanded.

Xu Hao didn't hesitate. He knew Zhang Yi's personality and dared not waste time.

"That shelter is actually Yunque Manor 101!" Xu Hao revealed.

"Yunque Manor 101?" Zhang Yi repeated the name, recognizing it immediately.

Yunque Manor was one of the most expensive villa districts in Tianhai City. The land was so valuable that even calling it "worth its weight in gold" was an understatement. The cheapest villa there cost over 100 million yuan. The residents were all extraordinarily wealthy.

Yunque Manor 101 was Wang Siming's villa, rumored to be worth 250 million yuan. After his father passed away, Wang Siming inherited billions. Though he indulged in luxury and wasn't adept at business, causing him to drop off the rich list, he was still known as the "First Prince of China" due to his extravagant lifestyle over the past decade.

Rumors claimed he had affairs with over 80% of China's top actresses and had dated tens of thousands of women.

Zhang Yi eyed Xu Hao with a playful smile.

"Why are you telling me this?" he asked skeptically.

Xu Hao quickly explained, "I want to follow you. Just let me be your subordinate, and I'll help you take over that shelter!"

Zhang Yi narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing the man before him. A billion-dollar super shelter was incredibly enticing to Zhang Yi. He was almost done with his business at the Yue Lu community, having eliminated most threats. Some people outside likely knew he had a large stockpile of supplies. Moving to a better shelter and keeping a low profile would be wise.

However, could he trust Xu Hao?

Zhang Yi sneered, "You think I'm an idiot? Why would you tell me about such a valuable place?"

Xu Hao hurriedly clarified, "I know where it is, but Wang Siming currently controls it. I can't take it by myself, so I need your help."

"That's why I'm asking to follow you. As long as you provide for me, I'll do everything I can to help you."

Zhang Yi's face remained impassive. "If it's such a top-tier shelter, it won't be easy to conquer."

"Besides, we have no relationship. You suddenly offering such a gift makes me suspicious. Do you think I'll believe in free lunches?"

Xu Hao saw Zhang Yi's caution and knew he had to convince him further. He revealed more crucial information, "I not only know the location but have been inside. I understand the layout well."

"Previously, Wang Siming and I were still in contact. He heard about you and planned to lure you there to steal your supplies and snowmobile."

Zhang Yi's eyes flashed with killing intent. Xu Hao panicked and explained, "But I refused him! I wouldn't dare plot against you!"

Zhang Yi coldly remarked, "Perhaps you're still trying to fish for information now."

With that, Zhang Yi pressed his handgun to Xu Hao's forehead.

"I could shoot you right now," he threatened.

Xu Hao trembled, his legs nearly giving out. "Don't kill me! I swear, I'm telling the truth! Please, believe me!"

A gunshot rang out.

Chapter 139: Wang Siming's Hundreds of Thousands of Girlfriends

The gunshot made Xu Hao's pupils shrink in fear, and his body went limp. Zhang Yi's shot had intentionally missed his head, passing by his ear instead. The near miss scared Xu Hao to death. He sat on the ground, gasping for air.

"Brother Zhang, please don't kill me. Everything I said is true!" Xu Hao pleaded.

Zhang Yi narrowed his eyes and slowly squatted down, staring directly into Xu Hao's eyes. "Give me a reason to believe you're not conspiring with Wang Siming to trap me. Then, you might have a chance to live."

Xu Hao took several deep breaths, trying to calm himself. "Because following you offers a better chance of survival than opposing you."

"I've seen what you're capable of. I'm not stupid enough to be your enemy. Wang Siming, living comfortably in his shelter, is easier to deal with compared to you."

Xu Hao clenched his teeth and continued, "Besides, I'd rather see that mother fucker Wang Siming dead than you."

A glimmer of interest flashed in Zhang Yi's eyes. "Oh? Weren't you two friends?"

"Friends? Ha!" Xu Hao's laugh was filled with resentment and bitterness. "To him, I'm probably no better than a dog."

Xu Hao went on to explain their relationship. "My family is wealthy and influential in Tianhai City. My father's company is worth billions. By all rights, I should be one of the top young elites in the city, right?"

"But when Wang Siming returned from abroad, everything changed. His family's wealth and power far surpassed ours. In the eyes of others, I might be a rich and influential young master. But to Wang Siming, I'm nothing."

Zhang Yi nodded slightly, finding the story interesting. "I remember Wang Siming saying something once: 'I don't care if my friends are rich or not; they'll never be richer than me.'"

Xu Hao nodded. "Exactly."

Zhang Yi didn't fully understand. "So, you hate him just because he's richer than you?"

"No, you don't understand our circle," Xu Hao said, shaking his head. "My family is in the construction business, and the Wang family is our biggest client. We practically depend on them to survive."

"So, when Wang Siming returned, I had to bend over backwards to please him."

Xu Hao's eyes filled with humiliation and his fists clenched tightly.

"As a privileged young master for over twenty years, having to stoop so low to please someone else was humiliating. Worse, if he fancied my woman, I had to send her to his bed personally."

Xu Hao's face turned red with anger. "That was my woman! Mine! But I had to send her to him several times."

"Because of this, I became a laughingstock among the young elites in Jiangnan."

Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow, feeling somewhat sympathetic. A prominent young master, forced to offer his girlfriend to another man to curry favor, was indeed degrading.

Curious about women, Zhang Yi asked, "I've heard Wang Siming has a fondness for beautiful women. Some say he's had hundreds of thousands of girlfriends. Is that true?"

Zhang Yi had always been skeptical of such claims. Even if one lived to be a hundred, that would only be 36,500 days. It seemed impossible to have that many girlfriends.

Xu Hao laughed. "Brother Zhang, no offense, but the lives of the truly wealthy are beyond your imagination."

"You might think the lives of the rich in web novels are exaggerated, but the reality is even more outrageous."

Zhang Yi's interest was piqued. "Oh? How so?"

Xu Hao explained, "Wang Siming's women aren't just in the thousands; they number in the hundreds of thousands!"

Zhang Yi was momentarily stunned before bursting into laughter. "Are you kidding me? Even emperors like Sima Yan, with his thousands of concubines, couldn't manage that many women."

Xu Hao, feeling Zhang Yi's disbelief, said, "Brother Zhang, it's true! The rich have their unique ways."

"Explain," Zhang Yi said, now genuinely curious.

Xu Hao detailed, "Wang Siming has people all over the country scouting for women. These women range from top actresses and online influencers to local socialites and ordinary girls."

"He has dozens of phones, each representing different provinces. Each phone contains numerous WeChat groups filled with local beauties."

"Whenever he travels, he can summon hundreds of women from these groups. Even when he's not traveling, he can still have his pick of women from all over the country with a single message."

Xu Hao paused, then added, "Have you seen those videos online of girls writing messages on their bodies? Things like congratulating EDG for winning or Messi for his victories?"

"Those videos come from women in Wang Siming's groups. He just needs to give an order, and they'll perform various acts. Writing on their bodies is the least of it."

Zhang Yi listened in amazement. He never imagined the lives of the super-rich could be so extravagant. "So, he keeps these women as a kind of reserve, using them whenever he pleases?"

"Exactly," Xu Hao confirmed. "With his wealth, he can afford to indulge in such extravagances."

Xu Hao added humorously, "In a way, it's a form of wealth redistribution, isn't it?"

Zhang Yi shook his head in disbelief. "No wonder there are so many single women in big cities."

Now convinced of Xu Hao's sincerity, Zhang Yi decided to give him a chance.

"Alright, Xu Hao. I'll consider your offer. But remember, betray me, and you'll wish you were dead."

Xu Hao nodded vigorously, relieved. "Thank you, Brother Zhang. I won't let you down."

Chapter 140: Three Conditions

Xu Hao's revelation gave Zhang Yi a glimpse into the lives of the elite. But that wasn't important now.

After listening to Xu Hao's story, Zhang Yi looked at him calmly and asked, "So, tell me your plan. If I agree to cooperate, how exactly will you help me?"

Xu Hao, sensing that he had piqued Zhang Yi's interest, became more animated.

"I still have contact with Wang Siming. When I told him about you, he became very interested in your supplies and your snowmobile," Xu Hao explained.

"So, we can stage a play. Pretend that I've lured you there, and once Wang Siming opens the door, you can use your skills to take him down in no time."

Zhang Yi thought for a moment, then looked at Xu Hao and asked, "If Wang Siming's shelter is worth \$1 billion, would he really need my supplies?"

Having watched sci-fi movies, Zhang Yi knew that such large-scale shelters usually had enough supplies to last for years. It seemed unlikely that Wang Siming would be in need of more after just one month.

Xu Hao scratched his head, showing a wry smile. "Well... the shelter was built over ten years ago."

"When Wang Siming first built it, it was more of a whim. After his initial interest waned, he didn't take it seriously anymore and used it more like an ordinary villa."

"The supplies stored there were eventually discarded as trash, and the space was converted into entertainment rooms and sports areas."

Listening silently, Zhang Yi's mind began constructing a mental blueprint of the super shelter.

"What about weapons and defenses? A shelter of that caliber must have some serious security measures, right?" Zhang Yi asked, his concern evident.

Xu Hao suddenly fell silent.

He then said, "Unless you agree to work with me and ensure my survival, I can't tell you that information."

Xu Hao was not foolish. If he disclosed everything, he would lose all his leverage.

Zhang Yi sneered, shaking his handgun. "If you won't tell me, why should I keep you alive?"

Xu Hao swallowed hard. "Even if you kill me, I won't tell you. This information is my only hope for survival!"

"I know you plan to kill us all eventually, right?"

Zhang Yi's eyes flashed with a peculiar light. Xu Hao was spot-on. Zhang Yi did intend to eliminate most of his neighbors once the other building threats were neutralized. Keeping the residents of his building around was a temporary measure to deal with external threats.

"You seem quite smart. How did you figure it out?" Zhang Yi asked with a chilling smile.

Xu Hao, biting his lip, said, "Because you're not a kind person. You've kept us around only to deal with the other buildings' threats. Now that most of those threats are gone, you have no reason to keep us."

Zhang Yi lowered his gun. Xu Hao was right; he was indeed clever.

"So, instead of waiting to die, I'm gambling on a chance to live by trading my information," Xu Hao added.

Zhang Yi squinted, weighing the pros and cons. According to Xu Hao, the \$1 billion super shelter was far superior to his current safe house. If Zhang Yi could take it over, his quality of life would significantly improve.

But there were risks:

Zhang Yi didn't trust Xu Hao. Regardless of his convincing story, Zhang Yi couldn't fully believe someone with whom he had a poor relationship. Establishing mutual trust was crucial.

Even if everything Xu Hao said was true, the operation's risks were unknown. Zhang Yi's current safe house was secure and had helped him fend off numerous attackers. Wang Siming's shelter, which could withstand H-bombs, was hundreds of times more secure. Zhang Yi's existing weapons might not be enough to breach it.

After a long silence, Zhang Yi made his decision.

He looked at Xu Hao coldly and said, "I'll let you work with me, but there are conditions you must follow."

Xu Hao, tense and anxious, suddenly relaxed, his face lighting up with joy. He had gambled and won.

"Of course! Whatever you say!" Xu Hao responded eagerly.

Zhang Yi began, "First, you must give me a detailed explanation of the shelter's layout, especially its security systems and firepower."

Xu Hao nodded quickly. "That's no problem. After the shelter was built, Wang Siming showed it off to many people. I was one of the visitors."

Zhang Yi continued, "Second, I need you to kill someone for me."

Xu Hao was puzzled. "Who do you want dead that you can't kill yourself?"

Zhang Yi smiled. "Someone inconvenient for me to deal with directly. Just wait for my instructions."

Xu Hao didn't hesitate. Killing one person was a small price to pay for his survival.

"Alright, what's the third condition?" Xu Hao asked, swallowing nervously as he noticed Zhang Yi's smile turning sinister.

Zhang Yi said, "Come with me. I need to get something for you."

Not knowing what to expect, Xu Hao obediently followed Zhang Yi to the 24th floor. Zhang Yi left him at the stairwell. "Wait here. I'll be right back."

With that, Zhang Yi entered his apartment, leaving Xu Hao standing anxiously by the stairs.