

Ice Age 151

Chapter 151: Cloud Manor

Zhang Yi instructed Xu Hao to contact Wang Siming and prepare for departure.

Xu Hao said, "That's easy. I told him to give me some time to lure you into a trap. So he's just waiting for my message!"

"It's clear that he covets your supplies, especially the snowmobiles and food. If you agree, we can go tomorrow!"

Zhang Yi nodded, "Alright, then contact him right now in front of me."

Zhang Yi confiscated Xu Hao's phone to prevent him from doing anything behind his back.

Xu Hao obediently communicated with Wang Siming in Zhang Yi's presence, and they arranged to meet the next day without any issues.

"Wait for my signal," Zhang Yi said, taking the phone and heading home to prepare his weapons and gear.

When Zhou Ke'er saw him busy again, she asked, "Haven't you solved all the problems in the community? Where are you going now?"

"To a better place. Don't ask too many questions; you'll find out when the time comes," Zhang Yi replied calmly.

Zhou Ke'er wisely kept silent, knowing better than to pry.

Before leaving, Zhang Yi thoughtfully left half a month's worth of food for Zhou Ke'er and Uncle You. In case something happened to him, the food would keep them alive for two weeks.

Zhou Ke'er looked worried. Zhang Yi had never done anything like this before. She suddenly felt scared and hugged him tightly.

"Zhang Yi, you're not going to do something dangerous, are you? I'm a bit scared."

Her tall, slender figure combined with her soft curves made her embrace particularly enticing, a natural advantage she might not have intended to use as temptation.

Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow and smiled, "What, you want one last time before I go?"

Zhou Ke'er's face turned red, "It's up to you. This time, I'll go along with whatever you want. I can just wear a white shirt or an apron."

Zhang Yi chuckled, pinching her delicate chin. "Don't worry, I never do anything I'm not sure of. I'm more afraid of dying than anyone else and won't put myself in danger."

"But I always prepare for everything in advance; it's a personal habit."

He pulled her head closer and kissed her deeply, not letting go until she was almost out of breath. A thin thread of saliva broke and hung from her lips as he pulled away.

"I have important things to do this afternoon. I'll deal with you properly when I get back!"

Zhou Ke'er lay weakly on the couch, blushing, and nodded shyly, "Okay."

Zhang Yi left the house and knocked on Xu Hao's door.

"Xu Hao, open up!"

Xu Hao opened the door and was surprised to see Zhang Yi. "Brother Zhang, what do you need?"

Zhang Yi, wearing cut-resistant gloves, gestured with his thumb, "Let's go. We're leaving now!"

Xu Hao's eyes widened. "Didn't we agree to go tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" Zhang Yi scoffed. "The best strategy is deception. If we told him tomorrow, surprising him today will catch him off guard!"

Xu Hao thought, You're too cautious! But he had to admit, "Smart, very smart!"

Zhang Yi had another reason for this strategy. People are naturally suspicious, and while Wang Siming might seem carefree as a wealthy heir, he wasn't a fool. If things went too smoothly, he might grow suspicious. Zhang Yi's sudden decision would make Wang Siming believe he had truly fallen into the trap.

Zhang Yi led Xu Hao downstairs, pretending to fetch the snowmobiles. Xu Hao was about to get on but was stopped by Zhang Yi, who took out a white tie.

"Put your hands out," Zhang Yi ordered.

These plastic ties were used on construction sites to bind steel pipes, incredibly strong and tightening with any struggle, almost as good as handcuffs.

Xu Hao pleaded, "Brother, don't you trust me by now? I'm on your side, and I'm still poisoned!"

Zhang Yi said calmly, "No special reason, I just feel more secure this way. And when we get to Wang Siming, he'll only believe you if you're bound."

Xu Hao was reluctant but knew resisting was pointless, so he obediently stretched out his hands to be tied.

After that, Zhang Yi had him sit at the front of the snowmobile while he drove from behind.

"Vroom!" The snowmobile roared to life, heading out of the community.

The wind and snow whipped Xu Hao's face like tiny knives, making it painful and hard to keep his eyes open. If not for his thick turtleneck sweater, his face might have frozen.

"Brother, this wind hurts! Do you have an extra helmet?" Xu Hao called out.

Zhang Yi, wearing a bulletproof helmet, replied coldly, "No. Just bear with it. Besides, looking more miserable makes it more convincing."

Xu Hao felt like crying inside.

...

An hour later, they arrived near Cloud Manor, the most exclusive villa district in Tianhai City.

Seeing the surroundings, Zhang Yi was momentarily stunned by the beauty.

The place was exceptionally good, beyond words.

While Zhang Yi had seen luxurious villas and skyscrapers, this villa district stood out for its geographical location.

Cloud Manor backed onto two mountains and faced the Lu River in Tianhai City. From a distance, it resembled a grand armchair, with Cloud Manor sitting in the middle.

The mountains provided a natural barrier, with wind funneled between them towards the river. This perfect feng shui was clearly chosen by an expert.

Southern businessmen were particularly obsessed with feng shui, so it was natural for a luxurious villa district to have excellent feng shui.

What struck Zhang Yi most was that Cloud Manor's location created a natural wind shelter. The snow was blown from the mountains to the river, so while other places had snow piled up to over ten meters, here it was only two or three meters.

"I used to think the apocalypse was fair to everyone," Zhang Yi mused. "But it seems even the wealthy get extra favor from heaven."

Xu Hao flattered, "What good does it do? Compared to you, Brother Zhang, they're not living the life!"

Zhang Yi smiled, "Stop flattering and lead the way!"

Xu Hao asked curiously, "Aren't we riding in? It's quite a walk otherwise."

Zhang Yi said lightly, "I said walk, so walk. No more questions!"

Chapter 152: The Foul-Mouthed Man

After Xu Hao got off the snowmobile, Zhang Yi stored it in his spatial space.

Xu Hao stood by, his eyes wide open. "What... What is this?"

Zhang Yi gave him a casual glance. "Never seen it before?"

Xu Hao was speechless, thinking, I'd be shocked if I had! "So, Brother Zhang, you're a mutant!"

Zhang Yi replied, "I prefer terms like superhuman or empowered individual. 'Mutant' feels a bit derogatory."

Xu Hao, full of curiosity, said, "I've learned something new today!"

Zhang Yi trudged through the snow, with Xu Hao quickly following, his face full of flattery. "Brother Zhang, I'll stick with you from now on! You're like a real brother to me. Look after your little brother!"

Zhang Yi replied, "That depends on your performance."

Xu Hao nodded vigorously, "Don't worry, don't worry. I know Wang Siming very well. This operation will be foolproof!"

Zhang Yi sneered, "You'd better be right!"

Storing the snowmobile was to prevent Wang Siming from killing him. Although Zhang Yi had mastered new abilities with his spatial space, he avoided unnecessary risks.

The two walked into the community. Cloud Manor had over a hundred villas. The blizzard had mostly been blown away, covering only half of the doorways. Additionally, being near the river, the temperature was higher than in the Yue Lu community.

As they walked through the snow, they gradually attracted some attention. Zhang Yi clearly noticed figures appearing behind some windows.

He asked Xu Hao, "Why do I feel like there are still many survivors here? Do wealthy people normally stockpile food?"

Xu Hao was very familiar with this. "Actually, they do. But their stockpiles are different from what regular families store."

"For example, my dad once stored over a hundred top-quality Spanish hams in our cold storage!"

"And the people living here are all famous tycoons. Almost every villa has a wine cellar and specially supplied food."

"Since everyone lives separately, they don't face the widespread hunger and conflict like in the Yue Lu community. So, they can survive a bit longer."

Zhang Yi nodded, "I see."

He wasn't too concerned about this. After all, nobody here knew him, and due to the food shortage, these wealthy people would eventually starve.

They walked along the road towards Wang Siming's villa, which was centrally located and numbered 101. Zhang Yi observed the surroundings as they walked, both to check for dangers and to familiarize himself with the area for future plans.

As they passed a villa, they suddenly heard an excited shout.

"Hey, are you here to rescue us?"

Zhang Yi and Xu Hao turned to see a man bundled up in a black down jacket, energetically waving from an open window.

"Who is it?" Zhang Yi glanced at Xu Hao. "Your friend?"

Xu Hao was unsure. He had many acquaintances nearby. "I don't know. But Brother Zhang, let's ignore him and let him die!"

Xu Hao didn't care. Zhang Yi nodded and was about to continue.

Seeing their indifference, the man became anxious.

"Damn it, are you deaf? F***, I'm calling you over and you don't hear me?"

The man trudged through the snow, quickly blocking their path.

Zhang Yi frowned slightly. Such foul language? Why did it sound familiar?

His hand moved to his thigh, tempted to kill the man. However, considering the upcoming mission, he didn't want to alarm anyone and refrained from acting.

He just coldly stared at the man, trying to figure out his identity.

Xu Hao stepped up, not wanting Zhang Yi to dirty his hands. "Who the f*** are you?"

The man pulled down the scarf covering his face, revealing a pale, chubby face.

"Don't you recognize me? I'm Zhang Yuan Zheng, the famous TV host!"

Zhang Yi laughed. No wonder the voice sounded familiar. That foul mouth had become his trademark in the entertainment industry.

Zhang Yuan Zheng didn't notice their expressions and started cursing again.

"You two are like candles, aren't you? Why don't you light up?"

"Damn, we've been calling for so long, and now you show up to rescue us. What have you been doing with our taxpayer money?"

Zhang Yi wanted to slap him but became curious about his mention of calling for help. Could Zhang Yuan Zheng contact the hidden organization in Tianhai City?

"What do you mean by that? We..."

Zhang Yi started to ask, but Zhang Yuan Zheng interrupted.

"I'm telling you, we need to leave here now. The villa is expensive, but we're out of food and fuel."

"You need to take us to the shelter and arrange separate housing for me and my partner. We can't live with others."

Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow at the mention of a "shelter." This was the first he'd heard of such a place in Tianhai City.

However, it made sense. Every city had plans for emergencies like floods or air raids. The hidden organizations were likely in those shelters.

"Do you know where the shelter is?" Zhang Yi asked.

Zhang Yuan Zheng widened his eyes, "You're asking me? How can you ask me? Aren't you from the shelter to rescue us?"

Zhang Yi was getting annoyed by his shrill voice. This man had been rude from the start, always acting superior. Zhang Yi wondered where his confidence came from.

"We're not from there. And stop dreaming. They can't even take care of themselves, let alone you."

"What... what?" Zhang Yuan Zheng held his head in shock. "How is that possible? We pay a lot in taxes. We're celebrities. Don't they fear public backlash if they abandon us?"

Zhang Yi and Xu Hao looked at him as if he were an idiot.

Xu Hao whispered to Zhang Yi, "The villa area has few people, so news doesn't spread much. He probably doesn't know the real situation outside."

Zhang Yi asked, "Doesn't he go online?"

Since the apocalypse, communications were severely restricted. For Zhang Yi in the Yue Lu community, only local contacts were possible. Distant friends or relatives were unreachable. However, official media still used super servers to broadcast nationwide.

Had Zhang Yuan Zheng received no external information?

Suddenly, Zhang Yi recalled the official broadcasts filled with empty reassurances.

"According to Hopkins University, this snowstorm will last three months, after which global temperatures will rise above freezing."

"China has launched comprehensive relief efforts and achieved remarkable results."

"In response to public demands, we persistently fight the snowstorm..."

"New mechanisms, new directions, new income sources, new advantages, new paths..."

"Key, fundamental, crucial, core, guaranteed..."

"We'll fully adapt to the cold, a short-term pain for long-term gain."

He realized why Zhang Yuan Zheng was so clueless.

Chapter 153: Zhi Yin, You're So Beautiful

Looking at the foul-mouthed Zhang Yuan Zheng in front of him, Zhang Yi found him somewhat pitiable. This man still deluded himself into thinking someone would come to rescue him. He probably believed that the snow disaster would soon end, allowing him to return to his life as a star and continue looking down on ordinary people.

It was no wonder that those with higher status and wealth feared the apocalypse the most; they had the most to lose.

"Let's go," Zhang Yi said, not wanting to waste any more time with Zhang Yuan Zheng, and called for Xu Hao to leave.

However, Zhang Yuan Zheng wasn't happy about being ignored. "Where did you come from? Do you have food? We're far from the supermarkets and stores that common folks go to. We used to get our food flown in from abroad, but now it's too cold for planes to fly. Damn, those useless people took my money and did nothing. When this is over, I'm going to sue them!"

He continued in a commanding tone, "You have food, right? Sell me some, I'll pay ten times the market price!"

Zhang Yi sighed. "I have things to do and didn't want to bother with you. But you are really asking for it!"

With that, Zhang Yi swung his hand, slapping Zhang Yuan Zheng hard across the face. The force knocked Zhang Yuan Zheng to the ground, blood and teeth flying.

Zhang Yuan Zheng held his face in shock, pointing at Zhang Yi with trembling fingers. "You... you dare hit me! Do you know who I am? I'm Zhang Yuan Zheng! You'll pay for this!"

Zhang Yi, truly angered, rushed forward and kicked Zhang Yuan Zheng's face repeatedly with his heavy snow boots.

"You idiot, do you really think you're so important? Trying to act tough with me? I'll beat you to death!"

Xu Hao joined in, kicking Zhang Yuan Zheng several times. Zhang Yuan Zheng, initially defiant, soon started crying and begging for mercy.

"Stop, stop it!" A voice called out from the villa, interrupting the beating.

Zhang Yi and Xu Hao looked up to see a slender figure emerging from the house, wrapped in layers of clothing. The figure approached, and as they got closer, they removed their hat and scarf, revealing a delicate, pale face.

"Is it really him?" Zhang Yi and Xu Hao both exclaimed.

The face belonged to none other than Cai Mingyu, a well-known idol who had risen to fame over the past few years.

Seeing their surprised expressions, Cai Mingyu smiled confidently. "I see you recognize me. I'm the famous idol, Cai Mingyu. This person you're beating is my friend. I hope you can spare him for my sake."

Zhang Yuan Zheng, emboldened by Cai Mingyu's presence, got up and sneered, "I'm Mingyu's close friend! You'll regret this when his fans come after you!"

Zhang Yi found their ignorance pitiful. Cai Mingyu frowned and pulled out a lip balm from his pocket. "The air is so dry, my lips are cracking," he said, applying the balm.

As he did so, he asked, "Aren't you sent by Director Shi to take me away?"

Zhang Yi, puzzled, replied, "No, we're just passing by."

Cai Mingyu's eyes dimmed, looking like a jilted lover. "How could she abandon me like this? She promised to love and care for me forever."

Zhang Yi understood the nature of Cai Mingyu's relationship with Director Shi. "We have things to do, so we'll be leaving. Goodbye."

Cai Mingyu blocked their path, "Wait! You must have food. Please share some with us. I can give you my autograph in exchange."

Zhang Yuan Zheng chimed in, "You're lucky! Mingyu's autograph is worth thousands online!"

Zhang Yi laughed, "Not interested."

If not for his principle of not hitting women, Zhang Yi might have already attacked. Cai Mingyu, biting his lip, seemed to steel himself and said, "Fine, we can take a photo together! How about that?"

Zhang Yuan Zheng's eyes widened, almost in tears. "Mingyu, no! You can't just take photos with anyone. They don't deserve it!"

Cai Mingyu, determined, replied, "Dada, we need food. I'm willing to make this sacrifice."

Zhang Yuan Zheng, wiping his nose, reluctantly agreed, "Fine, I respect your decision!"

Turning to Zhang Yi, he said, "You hear that? Mingyu will take a photo with you. This is your lucky day! Just give us some food."

The two of them were so absorbed in their self-congratulation that they didn't notice Zhang Yi's bewildered expression.

Shaking his head, Zhang Yi muttered, "I can't believe people like this exist."

Xu Hao laughed, "Brother Zhang, don't think celebrities are any better than regular people. Many of them are worse."

"I've slept with quite a few 'pure' idols and pretty boys. Their private lives are a mess!"

"Take Cai Mingyu, for example. He's been kept by a female bigwig in Tianhai. Otherwise, how could he live here?"

Ordinarily, Zhang Yi might have enjoyed toying with these clowns, but he had important things to do today.

He waved them off, "Move aside. I don't have time for this."

Hearing this, Cai Mingyu and Zhang Yuan Zheng's faces changed, as if they had heard the most unreasonable request.

Chapter 154: The Pretty Lady

Cai Mingyu trembled, pointing at Zhang Yi, "He... he actually refused! Does he know how many people dream of taking a photo with me?"

Zhang Yuan Zheng, while comforting Cai Mingyu, angrily yelled, "Who the hell are you two? Do you know where you are and the difference in status between us? You don't appreciate the opportunity before you and deserve to remain lowlives forever!"

He was afraid Zhang Yi and Xu Hao would leave, as their food supplies were running low. So he grabbed Zhang Yi's sleeve and did not let him go.

"Let me tell you, since you're here, you must give us some food! Otherwise, you won't leave!" Zhang Yuan Zheng shouted hysterically.

Xu Hao sighed, "This guy is finished."

Sure enough, Zhang Yi was irritated by Zhang Yuan Zheng's shrew-like behavior. He didn't want to cause unnecessary trouble, but some people just loved asking for it. What else could he do?

Without a word, Zhang Yi grabbed Zhang Yuan Zheng by the hair and pulled out his gun. As Zhang Yuan Zheng opened his mouth to scream, Zhang Yi shoved the gun into his mouth and aimed at his cheek.

"Bang!"

A muffled gunshot echoed, and Cai Mingyu froze for a second before screaming in terror. Half of Zhang Yuan Zheng's face was blown open, teeth shattered, and blood poured out. It was a gruesome sight.

"Ugh... ugh ugh ugh..." Zhang Yuan Zheng writhed in pain on the ground.

Zhang Yi coldly said, "Why be so foul-mouthed? You brought this on yourself." He glanced at Cai Mingyu, whose face, heavily covered in makeup, turned even paler.

Cai Mingyu retreated a few steps, crying, "Don't shoot! We can talk this out. Just don't kill me. I'll give you whatever you want, even if it's..." His face showed a shameful expression as he bit his lip, "Even if you want me."

Zhang Yi's face twitched. "Seriously?"

Xu Hao laughed, "That's common in high society. Nothing new."

"Too bad I'm not interested," Zhang Yi said indifferently.

Cai Mingyu shouted, "Whether you like men or women, just say the word, and I can arrange it!"

Zhang Yi realized that this idol, when faced with disaster, was more useless than ordinary people. Pointing his gun at Cai Mingyu, Zhang Yi mockingly said, "Sing your hit song. Sing it a hundred times, and I'll let you go."

"A hundred times?" Cai Mingyu hesitated but started to sing. "Hey hey hey—"

Zhang Yi frowned, "What the hell are you singing?"

Cai Mingyu looked aggrieved, "That's my hit song! It even won awards!"

Zhang Yi sneered, "Stop playing games. You know which song I mean. Sing it!"

Xu Hao added, "And you have to dance and rap, too!"

Cai Mingyu's face darkened with shame as he adjusted his middle part. "Zhi Yin, you're so beautiful..."

Zhang Yi nodded in satisfaction, "It's best when the original performs it. Right?"

Xu Hao agreed, "Absolutely. Nobody else can replicate this."

Zhang Yi kicked Cai Mingyu, making him turn around. "Dance a hundred times, and you can stop. Otherwise, I'll shoot you!"

Cai Mingyu's body stiffened as he danced more energetically.

Zhang Yi and Xu Hao left them behind. The gunshot had alerted many in the neighborhood, including Wang Siming. But it didn't matter.

Wang Siming already knew Zhang Yi had a gun, so hiding it was pointless. Instead, showing up openly might make Wang Siming underestimate him.

As they walked through the community, more people appeared at their windows, eyeing Zhang Yi and Xu Hao.

For some, the sight of armed men was a threat, but for others in despair, it was a glimmer of hope.

In Villa 204, a stunningly beautiful woman peered through the window. Wearing a black cashmere robe, her snow-white skin contrasted starkly. Her delicate face, flawlessly maintained with high-end cosmetics, reflected her status.

She watched Zhang Yi and Xu Hao pass by, biting her pink lips in indecision.

Her villa, equipped with a fireplace, was warmer than outside, but her carbon fuel was almost gone, and her food had run out three days ago. Now, she felt dizzy from hunger, and without food or fuel, she feared she would soon die from starvation or cold.

Such deaths were torturous, slow and filled with despair.

Despite being neighbors, there was no interaction among the residents. She had tried contacting friends, but they turned her down as soon as she mentioned needing supplies.

The world had become harsh.

Seeing these strangers, the woman felt a spark of hope. If they could survive in such harsh conditions, they must have enough food and supplies.

"I must try to contact them if I want to survive. No, I must survive!" She looked at herself in the mirror.

Her reflection showed a beautiful, captivating woman. As a top celebrity, she had been a national goddess for many men. She believed she could try to persuade them. After all, who could refuse such a stunning star?

Chapter 155: Cloud Manor 101

Zhang Yi remained unaware that he was being targeted. His mind was intensely focused on the impending life-and-death showdown.

Before long, they arrived near Cloud Manor 101. From a distance, Zhang Yi could already see it.

If Cloud Manor was a luxurious city for the rich, then Cloud Manor 101 was the palace.

It was a black luxury villa constructed from unknown materials. Although the exterior paint made it look similar to other villas, the metallic texture was unmistakable. Covered in snow, it looked majestic and luxurious, reminiscent of a Nordic castle in the snow.

Though it appeared to be only two stories high, it was nearly twenty meters tall, with steps rising two to three meters above the snow.

As soon as Zhang Yi arrived, he opened a portal to his spatial space in front of him.

This portal was invisible and intangible, a two-dimensional plane without thickness. Anything attacking Zhang Yi would pass through it into another space. While he hadn't figured out how to use it offensively, its defensive and counterattack capabilities were maxed out, suiting Zhang Yi's cautious approach.

Although Xu Hao had assured him there were no heavy weapons in the shelter, Zhang Yi chose to trust himself.

Zhang Yi pushed Xu Hao forward, making him stumble, then pointed a gun at his head. "This is the shelter you mentioned? Go open the door!"

Xu Hao looked up at the black metal door and shouted, "Wait a moment, I'll open it for you."

Inside the villa's control room, a man in a yellow silk robe watched the surveillance feed intently. This was the famous Chinese tycoon Wang Siming.

Seeing Xu Hao give a signal, Wang Siming remained unmoved, not pressing the button to open the door.

Though they had agreed to meet tomorrow, Zhang Yi's arrival today caught him off guard. He hadn't had time to prepare everything, and he didn't see the snowmobile he coveted.

Despite having food and women in the shelter, Wang Siming, who valued freedom above all, longed to leave and breathe the free air outside.

"Where's the snowmobile?" Wang Siming frowned in dissatisfaction. So he continued to watch silently, not opening the door.

Xu Hao pretended to unlock the door with a retinal scanner, which was obviously ineffective.

Growing impatient, Zhang Yi aimed the gun at Xu Hao's head, "You bastard! Trying to trick me? Believe me, I'll shoot you right now!"

Panicking, Xu Hao pleaded, "Don't shoot! I can open it, really! Just let me try again."

Trembling, he approached the door, signaling to the camera, "The door can open, it can open! Don't waste our efforts, we've worked too hard to fail now!"

In the control room, Wang Siming understood Xu Hao's message. Xu Hao was indicating that if they didn't capture Zhang Yi this time, he would die, and without Xu Hao, there'd be no one to lure Zhang Yi again.

Though Wang Siming didn't fully trust Xu Hao, he knew the shelter's defenses were impregnable from a modern physics standpoint, so he had nothing to fear.

"If you try any tricks, I'll roast you alive!" Wang Siming smirked, then pressed the button to open the door.

Outside, hearing the mechanical sounds, Zhang Yi grabbed Xu Hao, using him as a shield, and pressed the gun to his head.

Though it looked like an act, it wasn't entirely. If anything unexpected happened, he would use Xu Hao as a shield or shoot him without hesitation.

In front of Zhang Yi and Xu Hao, a heavy black metal door slowly opened.

Three meters high, it had no lock, instead using an interlocking mechanism that left no gaps. The door opened, revealing a sleek, futuristic design.

Behind the door was a ten-meter-long corridor, sealed with dark silver metal, lit by dozens of small lights, making it very bright.

It was hard to believe this shelter was built ten years ago, as it looked extremely advanced even by today's standards. Such was the power of money.

Xu Hao pointed inside, "Brother Zhang, let's go. There's another door inside that leads to the shelter."

At the end of the corridor was another dark gold metal door, the gold and silver combination looking both luxurious and magical.

Zhang Yi pressed the gun against Xu Hao's head, pushing him forward step by step.

He was secretly prepared for any imminent danger.

When they reached the middle of the corridor, the door behind them quickly closed.

In the control room, Wang Siming held a glass of red wine in one hand and pressed a green button on the control panel with the other.

Suddenly, hundreds of small holes appeared in the corridor, spewing white gas that quickly enveloped Zhang Yi and Xu Hao.

Wang Siming listened to the sounds coming from the corridor, hearing angry curses.

"Xu Hao, you damn dog! How dare you trick me!"

"Open the door or I'll kill you!"

"Hahaha, Zhang Yi, stop struggling! If you kill me, you'll die too! Just accept your fate. I don't want your life, just your supplies."

"In your dreams! I'll kill you right now!"

"Go ahead, shoot! If I die, so do you!"

Gunshots echoed in the corridor.

Wang Siming swirled his wine, waiting patiently.

The shelter used high-strength sedative gas, causing a 24-hour coma with just a bit of inhalation. Even upon waking, one would be weak and powerless.

After waiting five minutes for the gas to fill the corridor, ensuring Zhang Yi and Xu Hao had inhaled a large amount, he stopped the gas.

"Go tie them up!" Wang Siming smiled confidently, feeling everything was under his control.

Little did he know, Zhang Yi wore a gas mask and had used his spatial space to absorb the gas. Zhang Yi only pretended to be unconscious while Xu Hao was genuinely knocked out.

Zhang Yi, slightly squinting, positioned himself to face the dark gold metal door. The moment Wang Siming appeared, he would draw his gun and take him down.

Chapter 156: The Sleeping Gas

Leaning against the wall, Zhang Yi waited quietly for Wang Siming. As he had predicted, Wang Siming didn't go for an immediate kill with high-temperature flamethrowers. After all, killing Zhang Yi outright wouldn't serve any purpose for him.

After a while, the dark gold door slowly opened. Zhang Yi opened his eyes a sliver, his right hand ready to draw his gun. However, upon seeing the face of the person who entered, he paused.

It wasn't Wang Siming.

Zhang Yi cursed internally. Damn, Xu Hao! He hadn't mentioned that there were other people in the shelter. Under normal circumstances, people wouldn't let anyone but their closest family into their shelter during a crisis. Unless, like Zhang Yi, they had unlimited resources and had chosen highly useful partners like Zhou Ke'er and Uncle You.

The person who entered was tall and burly, holding a kukri knife and a bundle of ropes at his waist. Zhang Yi recognized him as Lin Geng, a movie star often seen on TV and a close friend of Wang Siming.

Suppressing his urge to attack, Zhang Yi knew he had to be patient. His life wasn't in immediate danger, and he couldn't confirm that there were no other traps in the shelter until he saw Wang Siming himself.

Lin Geng poked Zhang Yi with the kukri, causing a sharp pain, though Zhang Yi's thick clothing dulled it. He gritted his teeth, watching Lin Geng closely. If Lin Geng made any threatening moves, Zhang Yi would retaliate instantly.

Fortunately, Lin Geng only tested him briefly, then took Zhang Yi's gun and tied him up tightly with the ropes. Xu Hao, already unconscious from the sleeping gas, lay like a dead pig.

Lin Geng carried Zhang Yi on his shoulder into the shelter. Zhang Yi squinted, observing the interior. The lives of the wealthy were beyond ordinary imagination. They passed through a circular hall, full of futuristic metallic décor like a sci-fi spaceship, but more luxurious.

Lin Geng threw Zhang Yi onto the floor. "Here he is. This guy was easy to deal with, no trouble at all."

Lin Geng's voice carried a tone of contempt. To him, Zhang Yi, bound and sedated, was already defeated.

A man in a yellow robe emerged from a nearby door. "Wasn't that expected? I spent ten billion dollars on this shelter. If it couldn't handle one person, my money would have been wasted."

Zhang Yi recognized the man and smiled slightly. The main target had arrived.

Seeing Zhang Yi tightly bound, Wang Siming relaxed and started chatting with Lin Geng. Meanwhile, Zhang Yi opened his spatial space and released the high-strength sleeping gas he had absorbed earlier.

Wang Siming and Lin Geng didn't notice anything unusual, continuing their conversation.

"How about we take that snowmobile for a spin? I wonder what the outside world is like."

"Sure, we can get some food too."

They planned how to use Zhang Yi's snowmobile, laughing. Suddenly, Wang Siming saw Lin Geng swaying.

"Lin Geng, stop moving!"

Lin Geng, confused, replied, "I'm not moving. You're the one swaying. Wait, why do you look like six people?"

Realizing something was wrong, they both collapsed.

Zhang Yi, free from the ropes, quickly cut his bonds and released himself completely. He confiscated their weapons, including Wang Siming's two gold Desert Eagles.

"Showy but useless," Zhang Yi remarked, finding them less practical than his police pistol. He stored everything dangerous in his spatial space.

Next, he used professional-grade rope to bind Wang Siming and Lin Geng, ensuring they couldn't escape. He even used zip ties on their wrists, thumbs, and legs to secure them further.

With his captives secure, Zhang Yi turned his attention to the shelter, which was reportedly the world's most expensive. The spacious living room alone was over a hundred square meters, decorated in a warm yellow with elegant silver-gray furniture, exuding an air of high class.

A large 100-inch TV hung on the north wall, with gaming consoles and cartridges below it. Clearly, they were avid gamers. The living room's centerpiece was a high-end imported sofa, with a large bar stocked with various liquors in one corner and an open-plan kitchen on the other side.

Beyond the living room was a door. Zhang Yi, gun in hand, gently opened it, revealing a bright light that momentarily stunned him.

He had expected a backyard with a pool and garden, but what he saw was a vast ecological garden filled with rare plants and tropical vegetation, even in the cold. A portion of it was a farmland, now mostly abandoned.

Curious, Zhang Yi explored further, delighted to see such lush greenery in the apocalypse. The garden's temperature was higher, aided by UV lamps for photosynthesis. Many plants had wilted due to lack of care, but the setup was impressive.

At the end of the garden was an empty zoo-like area, with cages and traces of animals long gone.

"This is a billion-dollar shelter? It's a mini-ecosystem!" Zhang Yi marveled.

Continuing his exploration, Zhang Yi admired the advanced, sustainable design. The shelter's team had done an excellent job. He reached the edge of the shelter and saw a large yard through frosted windows.

"This place is amazing. From now on, it's mine!" Zhang Yi declared, smiling. Living here would be far better than his cramped apartment.

Eager to explore more, Zhang Yi climbed to the second floor. The decor was even more extravagant, with numerous sofas, lounge chairs, and scattered clothes, suggesting a life of indulgence. The floor was littered with bottles, cigarette butts, and trash.

Each room had a label indicating its use: game room, pet room, entertainment room, waterbed room. Zhang Yi felt like he had found an exciting treasure trove, eagerly opening each door.

The game room alone was over a hundred square meters, filled with every imaginable gaming console and cartridge, plus a wall of rare collectibles worth millions.

"Playing games here would be awesome. Damn, rich people know how to have fun!" Zhang Yi couldn't help but curse in envy.

He shut the door and eagerly moved to the next room. Opening it, he was stunned to see three beautiful women inside. They were huddled in a corner, terrified by the armed stranger.

One girl, with large, fearful eyes, asked, "Who are you? What do you want?"

Chapter 157: What Is a 'Chicken'

The room contained three girls, all dressed seductively, each with a unique allure. One appeared mature and alluring, with a figure like a ripe peach, seemingly ready to burst with a touch. Another looked petite and innocent but had an astonishingly voluptuous figure, the classic combination of a youthful face with a mature body. The third had a high-class, cold demeanor, with a slender figure about 1.8 meters tall, and a perfect body ratio. Zhang Yi recognized her as a famous model with over five million online followers.

Seeing them, Zhang Yi's gaze inevitably wandered, unsure where to settle. He couldn't help but sigh, "The way the rich enjoy themselves is indeed sophisticated and professional."

Holding his gun, Zhang Yi walked into the room. The three girls, frightened, huddled together in a corner. One looked sad, another pitiful, and the last one disdainful. The mix of these emotions only made them more enticing.

"No wonder they're professionals. Just a look and a move can be so captivating."

If it were any other typical man, he might have lost control by now. But this was Zhang Yi, and the outcome was slightly different.

He scanned them with his eyes and asked, "Are you 'Chicken'?"

The girls' faces instantly turned ugly upon hearing this term.

"How can you insult us like that? We are not 'Chicken,' we're guests here!" one protested.

Zhang Yi glanced at their scantily clad bodies, his meaning clear. "Whose family lets guests dress like this? Is it some kind of family tradition?"

The sarcasm made the girls feel embarrassed, trying to cover up with their hands, but there was too much exposed skin to cover.

Zhang Yi pulled a chair over and sat in front of them, his gun casually swinging. "So, where are you 'Chicken' from?"

Although the women were beautiful and had stunning figures, possibly skilled in various advanced techniques, Zhang Yi had a particular sense of cleanliness and didn't like sharing women. If they had no other skills, he would throw them out. He didn't keep freeloaders.

Yes, this billion-dollar shelter was now his.

Seeing the gun, the girls dared not resist. The tall, high-class-looking girl, however, stubbornly said, "I'm not a 'Chicken'!"

"Not a 'Chicken'? Then what are you?" Zhang Yi asked.

"I'm a socialite!" she declared proudly.

"A socialite?" Zhang Yi nodded. "Oh, that means 'Chicken'!"

In Tianhai City, socialites were essentially high-class 'Chicken,' a fact well-known to locals like Zhang Yi.

The high-class girl stomped her foot in anger, "I'm not! I have a master's degree from Tianhai University, an English major with a level eight proficiency, and a national level seven in ballet!"

Zhang Yi nodded, "Oh, so you're a 'Chicken'?"

The girls were furious. The mature, sexy one took a deep breath and said, "That's a prejudice against us. The men we interact with are all high society. We elevate ourselves through these interactions."

"Don't compare us with 'Chicken.' To integrate into high society, you need more than a pretty face and a good body. We also need high-level education and rich inner qualities."

Zhang Yi clapped his hands, "Well said! So, does your way of interacting with high society men include intimate relations?"

The girls exchanged glances. The mature one argued, "That does happen, but we're not 'Chicken.' We have choices. Only when we deem the person worthy do we engage in intimate relations."

The high-class girl added, "My body, my choice. It's modern times, and your view is discriminatory against women."

The cute girl, pouting, said, "Don't be prejudiced against us!"

Zhang Yi laughed. "So, you're still 'Chicken'!"

The three girls shouted in unison, "We are not!"

Zhang Yi waved dismissively, "What's the big deal? Making money isn't shameful. Being able to get into Wang Siming's house means you're top-tier 'Chicken.' If society allowed it, you'd deserve an award."

The cute girl couldn't take it anymore. Glaring at Zhang Yi, she said, "Do you know how hard we work? I won a national piano competition and can play 'Flight of the Bumblebee.' Have you heard of it?"

'Flight of the Bumblebee' made Zhang Yi raise an eyebrow. He was familiar with the piece from a movie he liked, "The Legend of 1900." The climax featured the protagonist playing this complex piece, leaving Zhang Yi awestruck at the pianist's skill.

He looked at the cute girl in surprise, "You can really play it?"

Proudly, she lifted her chin, "Of course! I play it excellently!"

The high-class girl also said, "I can play it too!"

Zhang Yi laughed. Playing 'Flight of the Bumblebee' required at least an eighth-grade proficiency in piano, with nine being the highest. These girls were among the nation's best pianists, yet they turned to this life.

"It's a laughable world. The apocalypse brings fairness in death," Zhang Yi thought. Despite their talents, the lure of money was irresistible.

Zhang Yi's lustful gaze diminished as he looked at them. Raising his gun, he ordered, "Turn around and lean against the wall."

The girls, misunderstanding his intent, smirked. Men were all the same, they thought, wanting to take advantage in the end.

Pretending to be scared, they turned and leaned against the wall, skilled in the act.

Zhang Yi took out some ropes and zip ties from his spatial space, binding them tightly, using a professional technique known as 'tortoise shell binding.'

At first, they thought he wanted to play bondage games, but soon realized he was serious. After securing them, Zhang Yi threw them into the pet room and locked the door.

There was no time to relax. Zhang Yi was not driven by lust and needed to ensure the house was safe. He had more exploring to do.

Chapter 158: Let's Talk

Zhang Yi searched through the other rooms on the second floor again, finding that this level was mainly for entertainment. Besides the pet room, there was a room full of various props called the Hehuan Room and an intriguingly themed Waterbed Room. However, the Waterbed Room was no longer in use. The overall temperature in the shelter was around 10°C, likely because they had started conserving energy due to high consumption.

In the Waterbed Room, Zhang Yi found five or six corpses on the ground.

“No wonder there was such a chill when I came in! So this is the problem,” Zhang Yi remarked. He had seen enough corpses to remain unfazed by the sight.

The six bodies were all women, and very beautiful ones at that. Zhang Yi guessed they were similar to the three girls in the pet room—so-called socialites.

“This shelter isn't as harmonious as it appears,” Zhang Yi said flatly.

Surviving in a shelter with nine women and two men could easily revert to a primitive societal state. Although Zhang Yi didn't know exactly how they had died, he could guess.

Regardless, the girls in the pet room were likely involved.

“I need to deal with them. These women, willing to sell their bodies for money, are a menace,” Zhang Yi's eyes flashed with a determined killing intent. While it was a pity, he would act rationally and do what needed to be done.

Having explored the two floors above ground, Zhang Yi remembered Xu Hao mentioning an underground level. He found the entrance to the basement and descended.

The two underground floors were designed primarily for doomsday survival. B1 looked like the interior of a spaceship, with eight independent rooms, all sealed with heavy alloy doors. There were no keyholes; Zhang Yi guessed they used magnetic cards or retinal scans.

After half a day's effort, he couldn't open any of the rooms.

"Looks like I'll need to pry information from Wang Siming, the owner," Zhang Yi muttered to himself.

Realizing that only strength ensured survival in the apocalypse, Zhang Yi returned to the first floor after spending over half an hour touring the shelter.

Wang Siming and Lin Geng were still unconscious, as was Xu Hao, who had inhaled even more sleeping gas than the other two and lay on the ground like a dead fish.

Zhang Yi had no patience to wait for them to wake up. He fetched a bucket of water from the kitchen sink and dumped it on Wang Siming's head. Though the room temperature was around 10°C, the cold water was still a shock.

Wang Siming shivered and slowly opened his eyes.

"Awake?" Zhang Yi's deep voice reached his ears.

Wang Siming saw Zhang Yi, fully armed, sitting before him. Trying to move, he found himself tightly bound.

"How did you do it?" Wang Siming couldn't understand how Zhang Yi had turned the tables. He had seen Zhang Yi bound tightly like a mummy.

"In the apocalypse, one needs some survival skills," Zhang Yi explained briefly, then continued, "You don't have the luxury to discuss this now. Let's talk about other things. For instance, how you will cooperate with me to save your life."

As Wang Siming woke fully, he realized the gravity of his situation. He felt intense frustration. How could his supposedly impregnable shelter be breached so quickly? Ten billion dollars—wasted!

“What do you want?” Wang Siming asked solemnly.

Zhang Yi smiled slightly. “No need to be too nervous. You didn’t kill me when I arrived, so I won’t harm you either. Though I’m not exactly a kind person, I have my principles. Besides, killing you, the heir of the Wang family and the future head of the Lin Group, wouldn’t benefit me.”

Before the apocalypse, Wang Siming’s status was indeed significant. His parents were influential tycoons with substantial backing.

Hearing Zhang Yi’s assurance, Wang Siming relaxed a bit. He took a deep breath and said, “What do you want? We can negotiate. Just don’t harm me.”

Chapter 159: Relax, Dizziness Is Normal

Zhang Yi calmly took out a pack of Jinling Thirteen Hairpins cigarettes, lit one, and put it in his mouth.

“Do you smoke?” Zhang Yi offered a cigarette to Wang Siming.

Wang Siming instinctively turned his head away. “Thanks, but I don’t smoke this brand.”

Zhang Yi smiled slightly. Despite the dire situation, Wang Siming’s preferences remained evident, showing he hadn’t been short of supplies recently. Zhang Yi wasn’t in a hurry to negotiate terms. He smoked leisurely, flicking the ash onto the floor.

“To be frank, I came here to find a safe place to live,” Zhang Yi said. “The outside world is too dangerous—short on supplies and unbearably cold. Your place is big; having one more person wouldn’t make a difference, right?”

Wang Siming felt a bit calmer hearing Zhang Yi's tone. "So, you just want to move in? You don't plan to kill me and take over this place?"

Zhang Yi chuckled. "Why would I need to kill you?" He spread his arms. "This place is huge, even if a hundred people moved in, it would still feel spacious. I have no reason to kill you without cause. Besides, I'd like to use this opportunity to become friends with you."

Zhang Yi's sincere attitude made Wang Siming's eyes shift. "Oh? You want to be friends?"

Zhang Yi nodded seriously. "Exactly!" He stood up and began to pace. "This snow disaster is troublesome and has caused societal chaos, but such abnormal weather can't last forever. One day, society will return to normal. As a small-time guy, if I could befriend someone like you, I'd rise quickly when things stabilize."

Wang Siming's face showed a proud expression. "Of course! A small gesture from me could elevate you significantly! In the past, just slapping you would bring a compensation that could save you thirty years of struggle!"

He spoke arrogantly but thought, It seems this guy believes the snow disaster will end soon, so he's still fearful of civilized order and won't kill me.

Zhang Yi laughed. "Exactly. We can help each other. I move in, and in return, I provide you with security. You've seen what I can do!"

"I also have transportation and can go out to find supplies and take you to other places. I believe we will cooperate well. There's no need for violence; that's for barbarians. I, Zhang Yi, am not like that!"

Wang Siming relaxed further. "Alright, I agree. Untie me first."

Zhang Yi shook his head. "You're being too hasty. I've shown my sincerity, but what about you? How can I trust you?"

Wang Siming frowned. "What do you want? You can take anything from this house. If you need women, there are three socialites on the second floor."

Zhang Yi narrowed his eyes. "I don't need those things. To show your sincerity, I need you to give me the user manual for this shelter!"

"Only then can I fully trust you."

Wang Siming hesitated. Zhang Yi continued, "Without it, I can't guarantee my safety here. It's just a user manual. Even if you don't give it to me, I could eventually figure it out myself."

Wang Siming frowned deeply. "It's not that easy. This shelter is more complex than you think."

Zhang Yi's expression hardened. "I'm being very sincere with you. If you're willing to cooperate, we'll get along. But," he took a deep breath, his gaze turning cold, "don't push me."

Wang Siming shivered internally. He was very afraid of death, more so than the survivors in Yue Lu community who had faced life-and-death struggles. Being wealthy, he could still enjoy life once the disaster was over, so he cherished his life deeply.

"Okay, if I give you the user manual, can you guarantee not to kill us?" Wang Siming asked.

Zhang Yi nodded slowly, his gaze steady. "I told you, I'm not a murderer. And once the snow disaster is over, I hope to be your friend."

Wang Siming believed Zhang Yi because he had no other choice. Zhang Yi could kill him anytime.

Following Wang Siming's instructions, Zhang Yi found the shelter's user manual on his computer. After examining it, Zhang Yi was impressed by the shelter's complexity and precision. Without the manual, any random operation could trigger the control panel's self-destruct mechanism, turning the shelter into a steel tomb.

"Now, can you untie me?" Wang Siming asked.

Zhang Yi didn't look up. "Don't rush. I need to verify the manual first."

He went to the control room with the computer and tried various functions. After confirming everything worked, he nodded in satisfaction. "From now on, I, Zhang Yi, am the owner of this shelter!"

He put down the laptop, returning to the first-floor living room. Wang Siming, seeing him, asked, "So, is everything in order? Untie me, I'm getting numb!"

"Alright, wait a moment." Zhang Yi laid a blanket on the floor, then approached Wang Siming, pulling out a golden claw knife from his waist. He hugged Wang Siming's head and plunged the knife into his neck.

Blood gushed out like a spring. Wang Siming stared at Zhang Yi in shock, unable to understand why he was being killed despite cooperating.

Unable to speak, blood foam bubbled from Wang Siming's throat. Zhang Yi gently lowered him onto the blanket, soothingly saying, "Relax, relax, take a deep breath. Yes."

"It'll be dizzy at first, but that's normal. Soon, you won't feel any pain."

Wang Siming soon felt nothing, dying with his eyes open, full of unwillingness.

Zhang Yi wrapped him in the blanket to prevent blood from staining the floor, making cleanup easier.

"Sorry, I couldn't explain everything. You're useless to me now. I can't keep a deadweight," Zhang Yi softly explained.

Chapter 160: Release

After dealing with Wang Siming, Zhang Yi also killed Lin Geng, who was still unconscious, sparing him any pain. Zhang Yi placed both corpses into his spatial space, planning to dispose of them later. He cleaned the remaining bloodstains on the floor with a mop from the bathroom.

Xu Hao was still unconscious. Zhang Yi stared at him for a minute. He could kill Xu Hao now without him ever knowing, but he hesitated.

"To kill or not to kill?" Zhang Yi debated.

Without Xu Hao's help, Zhang Yi wouldn't have found this place. Without his cooperation, Zhang Yi wouldn't have successfully infiltrated the shelter and taken control. However, Zhang Yi couldn't accept living under the same roof with someone he couldn't trust.

After much thought, Zhang Yi made a decision. He didn't immediately deal with Xu Hao but instead returned to the second floor.

There were still the three women to deal with. Keeping them would be a waste of resources, so it was better to handle them quickly.

Zhang Yi went to the second floor and opened the pet room door. The three women, tied up tightly, sat back-to-back on the soft carpet. Their large areas of exposed white skin and intentionally revealed seductive flesh would make any normal man drool.

Honestly, if Zhang Yi didn't know they were "chicken," he might have considered keeping them around, even just for occasional performances of "Flight of the Bumblebee."

Their mouths were gagged, and they whimpered, eyes full of pleading. They seemed to sense that this man was very dangerous and began to fear for their lives.

Zhang Yi walked over, pulling them up from the floor and leading them downstairs.

Passing through the second-floor central living room, he saw clothes, underwear, stockings, uniforms, and condoms scattered everywhere.

Zhang Yi paused. The three women thought he was interested and looked at him with pleading eyes, trying to get closer.

Zhang Yi ignored them, picked up their clothes, and continued pushing them downstairs.

As they neared the entrance hall, the women realized what was happening and shook their heads in fear.

Zhang Yi pulled out a claw knife, cutting their bonds, and threw their clothes at them. "Leave here! Go fend for yourselves outside."

Zhang Yi had no grudge against them, so he didn't want to kill them; that was his bottom line. However, he also couldn't keep these scheming "Kun" in his house, as they would pose a danger.

Their fate outside was none of Zhang Yi's concern. "The world will kill you, not me!"

Though it felt like an unnecessary move, Zhang Yi didn't want his hands stained with blood from people he had no personal enmity or conflict of interest. It was one of the few remaining aspects of his humanity.

The three women, realizing they were being expelled into the snow-covered world, cried bitterly, pleading desperately with Zhang Yi. Despite their promises of providing the highest level of service, Zhang Yi remained unmoved.

Faced with the choice between his principles and desires, Zhang Yi chose to protect his integrity. He didn't believe in the humanity of these "Kun."

With his gun pointed at them, the three women, in despair, quickly dressed and left the shelter.

Once they were outside, Zhang Yi closed the entrance. Seeing their upper bodies in fur, and lower bodies in black stockings and high heels, Zhang Yi shook his head. "Freezing to death would at least preserve their beautiful bodies as specimens. Better than being killed by my own hand!"

Now, only Zhang Yi and Xu Hao remained in the shelter. Xu Hao, having inhaled a large amount of sleeping gas, would wake up at an unknown time. For safety, Zhang Yi also tied him up.

Having just taken control of Cloud Manor 101, Zhang Yi began to explore the shelter's internal structure. He opened previously inaccessible doors using the access keys he found—black metal key cards.

In the basement, Zhang Yi was eager to see how many supplies were left. He used an access card to open the heavy metal door to the warehouse.

The circular door opened with a rumbling sound, releasing a wave of cold air that made Zhang Yi shiver.

Inside, he found a mess. Many canned goods were scattered on the floor, their contents spilled but not spoiled due to the low temperature. Zhang Yi, wearing snow boots, slowly walked in, finding a 200-square-meter warehouse with dwindling supplies, mostly canned food.

"No wonder the cans are scattered everywhere. It seems Prince Wang was sick of eating them." Zhang Yi shook his head in disbelief.

The warehouse's food could sustain one person for at least half a year. However, Prince Wang, used to lavish meals, found these ten-year-old cans unappetizing. Moreover, he had to share with Lin Geng and the "Kun."

"Rich people's consumption habits are indeed vastly different from ordinary people's. If it were me, this warehouse would be full of cans and compressed food, enough for one person for decades!" Zhang Yi sighed.

The security company that designed the shelter considered doomsday survival but overlooked Wang's eating habits. According to Xu Hao, many cans had been cleared out by Wang Siming.

Zhang Yi opened a can of luncheon meat with his claw knife. "If this were thrown into Yue Lu Community, people would fight to the death for it."

But Zhang Yi wasn't interested in these foods, as his spatial space had fresh ingredients and gourmet meals prepared by top chefs. He left the food for future use, just in case.

Exploring the rest of the shelter, Zhang Yi found more rooms, all secured with thick metal doors, only openable with magnetic cards. The highest level of access was now his.

Satisfied with his new stronghold, Zhang Yi realized it had an enormous energy consumption problem. Powering and heating this multi-level, thousand-square-meter shelter required fifty times the energy of his small safe house. With his current energy reserves, he could only maintain the shelter for five years.

"Not a huge problem," Zhang Yi mused. "There are plenty of large gas stations outside. I'll just empty a few more to solve this issue."

After thoroughly checking the shelter, Zhang Yi felt completely secure. Compared to his small 800,000 yuan house, this place offered unmatched defense and comfort. Even the furniture was top-notch from world-class manufacturers.

Back in the first-floor living room, Zhang Yi added six months' worth of energy to the shelter, raising the temperature to a comfortable 27°C.

"From now on, this will be my home. If only I had a few obedient and sensible women to play poker with, life would be perfect."

"To have a full deck, I'd need at least four women!" Zhang Yi imagined. "They could play cards while I watched from under the table. Heh, what a life!"

Lying on the sofa, Zhang Yi closed his eyes, smiling at the thought of his future life.