

Ice Age 171

Chapter 171: Uncle You, Do You Want a Wife?

After helping Zhang Yi take off his coat, Zhou Ke'er clung tightly to his arm, her face full of tenderness. "Are you thirsty? Do you want a hot drink? Or are you hungry? I can make you something to eat."

She pressed his arm between her ample bosom, almost completely engulfing it. Zhang Yi was somewhat taken aback; she had always been obedient, but this was the first time she had been so forward. He quickly realized that Zhou Ke'er saw Zhou Haimei as a competition. Indeed, competition breeds improvement!

Zhang Yi found this amusing. With Zhou Ke'er and Yang Siya vying for his favor, he would be the one to benefit. This was a classic case of "when two mussels fight, the fisherman profits."

Turning to Zhou Haimei, Zhang Yi said, "You can sit here for a while."

Zhou Haimei, though amused by Zhou Ke'er's hostility, said nothing. She simply nodded and sat down on the sofa. Zhang Yi then pulled Zhou Ke'er into her room.

Once inside, Zhou Ke'er stared at Zhang Yi with a jealous look. "I just realized you like mature women, don't you?"

"Don't overthink it. I brought her to take care of Uncle You," Zhang Yi explained with a smile. "Though, you're not wrong about my preference for mature women."

Zhou Ke'er sensed there was more to his words. "Hmm?"

Changing the subject, Zhang Yi asked, "How is Uncle You's condition?"

"His recovery is astonishing. Normally, it would take at least three months, but he has almost fully healed. I also injected him with a muscle relaxant as you suggested, but even that couldn't fully contain his strength," Zhou Ke'er explained.

Zhang Yi nodded, now certain that Uncle You's mutation was a physical enhancement type. "And his mental state? Is it normal?"

"I haven't noticed any changes. He seems as normal as ever," Zhou Ke'er replied.

Relieved, Zhang Yi said, "That's good!" He then instructed Zhou Ke'er to chat with Zhou Haimei in the living room to establish a good relationship since she would be Uncle You's woman.

Realizing Zhou Haimei wasn't a rival, Zhou Ke'er's hostility vanished. She happily went to chat with Zhou Haimei, eager for some company.

Meanwhile, Zhang Yi went to Uncle You's room. Opening the door, he saw Uncle You sitting on the bed, holding a phone and laughing strangely. Hearing the door, Uncle You quickly hid his phone under the pillow.

"Zhang Yi? You're back! Why didn't you knock?" Uncle You's face turned red with embarrassment.

Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow, understanding what he was doing. "Uncle You, were you just reading 'The Spring and Autumn Annals'?"

Uncle You coughed, "Just passing the time. Never mind that. What kept you busy outside all day?"

Zhang Yi hadn't told Uncle You about the shelter before, but now it seemed appropriate. He sat by the bed and explained the situation.

Uncle You was astonished. "These rich folks really know how to prepare! I used to think they were wasting money on useless stuff, but they've outlasted us in the apocalypse. We're the fools!"

"Indeed, with their resources, the wealthy are more likely to survive," Zhang Yi agreed.

Uncle You laughed heartily, "Lucky for me, I have a good friend like you. That's why I'm still alive."

Zhang Yi smiled warmly. If he had any friends left in the apocalypse, it was undoubtedly Uncle You.

"So, how has your body changed recently?" Zhang Yi asked.

Uncle You didn't hide anything. "My body is different. Such severe gunshot wounds, yet I've almost fully healed in just a few days." He lifted his shirt to reveal a muscular, well-defined abdomen, still bandaged but free of bloodstains. "My strength has increased too."

To demonstrate, he grabbed the iron bedframe and twisted it effortlessly. Zhang Yi's eyes gleamed with interest. Such strength could easily kill a tiger in close combat!

"I feel like a monster," Uncle You admitted, both thrilled and apprehensive.

Zhang Yi reassured him, "You've simply awakened a powerful ability." He explained the concept of biological mutations and shared some information he had gathered online.

Understanding now, Uncle You relaxed. To build trust, Zhang Yi revealed his own mutation and demonstrated by retrieving an item from thin air. Uncle You was astonished, smacking the bed in disbelief. "No wonder you always seem to have everything! So that's your secret!"

His excitement caused the bed frame to bend under his weight. Zhang Yi watched with amusement, pleased with Uncle You's growing strength. His loyalty and newfound abilities would be invaluable.

Suddenly, Zhang Yi asked, "Uncle You, do you want a wife?"

Uncle You was taken aback. "What?"

"If you want, I can bring you a wife," Zhang Yi continued. "Beautiful, well-built, and mature—just your type!"

With a knowing look, Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow. Uncle You's eyes widened, and he swallowed hard. After Xie Limei's death, he had been deeply saddened. Being a fifty-something bachelor, finding a

woman had been challenging. Now, hearing that Zhang Yi had found him a wife, Uncle You was overjoyed.

"Of course, I want a wife! Where is she? Let me see her!"

Chapter 172: Generous Gift of Car and House

When Uncle You heard that Zhang Yi was sending a wife to him, he got so excited that he jumped out of bed.

Zhang Yi looked at the door, "She's right outside!"

Uncle You, upon hearing this, felt a bit embarrassed. "Zhang Yi, did you explain our situation to her?"

Zhang Yi felt a bit speechless inside.

It's no wonder he's been single for over ten years; even at a time like this, he feels embarrassed. If not him, who else should be single?

"Don't worry, she knows everything. She's willing to live with you!" Zhang Yi rolled his eyes at him.

Uncle You was still slightly bashful, but Zhang Yi dragged him outside.

They went to the living room where Zhou Ke'er was happily chatting with Zhou Haimei.

Upon hearing the noise, Zhou Haimei turned her head to look.

She and Uncle You locked eyes.

Uncle You, seeing Zhou Haimei's appearance, was momentarily confused, but soon realized who she was and opened his mouth in surprise.

"You... you are Zhou Haimei?"

Zhou Haimei, seeing the honest, dark-skinned man in front of her, sighed inwardly.

From an aesthetic standpoint, the man in front of her was not her type.

But at this moment, she had no other choice.

Zhou Haimei stood up gracefully, walked over, and said with a smile, "Hello. You must be Mr. You?"

Uncle You nodded quickly, like a pile-driving machine.

Zhang Yi said, "You two are acquainted now. From now on, take care of each other and solve each other's problems together."

"In urgent times, I'll skip the pleasantries."

"This house will be your marital home. Live here steadily. Zhou Ke'er and I will move out for now and won't disturb your life together."

Zhang Yi didn't want to go through the typical matchmaking routine, saving time.

Moreover, from Uncle You's excited eyes, Zhang Yi could tell that he was looking forward to spending time alone with Zhou Haimei.

Hearing that Zhang Yi was leaving the house for him, Uncle You felt a bit uneasy.

"This... how can I accept this? This house is your hard work!"

Zhang Yi said, "I've found a new place. It would be a waste for this place to sit empty. You staying here will be like watching the house for me, and I'll feel reassured!"

His memories of the Yuelu neighborhood were mostly bloody.

Although most of the people he killed deserved it, there were still some collateral damages.

Leaving here and living in a different environment was necessary for his mental health.

Zhang Yi moved close to Uncle You and smirked, "Also, with everyone living together now, isn't it inconvenient for some things?"

Uncle You licked his dry lips and nodded repeatedly, agreeing with Zhang Yi.

Zhou Haimei also nodded happily.

The house was very comfortable to live in, equipped with a fireplace and a perfect insulation system.

Living here was much better than her mansion at Cloud Manor!

Zhang Yi said to Zhou Ke'er, "Go pack your things. I'll take you to the new house later!"

Zhou Ke'er nodded happily and went to pack her things.

Zhang Yi called Uncle You aside to explain other matters.

"Before I go, there are some things I need to tell you."

"First, about your abilities. You need to train and explore them yourself; they have great potential and room for improvement. The stronger your abilities, the better you can protect yourself."

"Second, personal safety. Don't have any mercy on the neighbors in this community. You've seen the complexity of human nature this past month. So don't easily trust them, and don't pity them."

At this point, Zhang Yi pointed towards Zhou Haimei.

"Especially don't let a woman influence your thinking. A capable man will never lack women; you need to know who is the head of the household!"

Uncle You nodded repeatedly, but whether he really took it to heart, Zhang Yi would have to see.

Soon, Zhou Ke'er had packed her things.

They were mostly personal items.

She didn't have many belongings, but Zhang Yi had given her many stockings and underwear, which filled up a suitcase.

Zhang Yi put the items into his interdimensional space.

Before leaving, he stocked the kitchen with enough food to last Uncle You and Zhou Haimei for two months.

As for food after that, Uncle You would have to manage himself.

After all, he was now a person with abilities and couldn't rely on Zhang Yi forever.

Leaving the house, Zhang Yi took one last look at his home.

This safe house cost 8 million Huabi and had helped Zhang Yi survive many crises.

Now, it seemed small and simple. But the memories of this past month were unforgettable.

Zhang Yi touched the heavy metal door and smiled contentedly.

Uncle You and Zhou Haimei escorted them downstairs.

As they were leaving, Zhang Yi glanced at the snowmobile.

He smiled and said to Uncle You, "You can't go out looking for food without a vehicle. This snowmobile is yours!"

"Feel free to visit me anytime."

If Zhang Yi ever needed help from Uncle You, this vehicle would allow him to get there immediately.

Uncle You was moved to tears by Zhang Yi's generosity and repeatedly refused.

"No, I can't accept this! You've already given me so much, Zhang Yi. I can't take more!"

Zhang Yi said seriously, "You need to think about the future."

"But if you give this to me, what about you?"

Uncle You looked worried.

Zhang Yi shrugged, "I'll manage with something else."

He walked to the door, and a white light flashed from his right eye, revealing a snow car in the snow.

It was a snow car, not a snowmobile.

With a sleek silver-grey body, it looked like a supercar. It had red sleds on both sides at the front and a combination of wheels and tracks underneath.

The interior was spacious, with plenty of room for passengers.

If not for the base, it was essentially a supercar!

Its appearance made the difference between it and the snowmobile stark.

It was like comparing a Ferrari to a Suzuki motorcycle!

Uncle You, Zhou Haimei, and Zhou Ke'er were stunned.

Goodness, you call this "something else"?

Zhang Yi sighed and said to Uncle You, "I'm reluctantly giving you my beloved snowmobile. I'll just have to manage with this!"

"I don't really like it; it consumes too much fuel. But what can I do? We're good friends!"

Uncle You: Ah, alright, alright...

Is this the advantage of having spatial abilities? It's freaking enviable!

Chapter 173: Moving to the New Home

Zhang Yi pulled Zhou Ke'er into the car, waving goodbye to Uncle You and Zhou Haimei.

He had been reluctant to use this vehicle before, partly due to fuel economy. This large snow car consumed a lot of fuel, and driving on snow was entirely different from driving on flat ground. Plus, it had been more convenient to use a motorcycle when he was going out alone every day.

However, from now on, he would hardly need to go out, so there was no need to be stingy.

After Zhang Yi and Zhou Ke'er left, Uncle You looked at Zhou Haimei with eagerness in his eyes, making Zhou Haimei feel a bit embarrassed.

"Let's go back and rest; it's pretty cold outside," Uncle You said, rubbing his hands and chuckling.

Zhou Haimei nodded. Now, she had to adapt and live with Uncle You, regardless of the circumstances. But it only took one day for her to have no complaints whatsoever. Uncle You's awakened ability to strengthen his physique made him exceptionally energetic.

As the saying goes, women are like wolves at thirty and tigers at forty. Even a woman like Zhou Haimei, who was over forty, was thoroughly impressed by him. She decided to follow him wholeheartedly from then on.

"You can't judge a person by their appearance. You need to get to know them deeply before making a judgment," Zhou Haimei later liked to share her experiences with other women.

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Zhang Yi drove the motorhome, taking Zhou Ke'er back. Along the way, Zhou Ke'er excitedly watched everything outside. She had been confined to the neighborhood for so long, with the furthest she had ever been being the fourth floor.

Now that she could go out, her mood brightened significantly as she eagerly looked around, wanting to take in all the scenery. However, soon, her eyes showed disappointment because, between the vast heavens and earth, only ice and snow remained eternal. The traces of human civilization were left as mere steel and concrete, without the bustling streets.

"Zhang Yi, is our new home beautiful?" Zhou Ke'er could only place her hopes on the new residence.

Zhang Yi smiled slightly. "It's big and beautiful. It's much more comfortable than the house we lived in before!"

Zhou Ke'er's eyes lit up.

"No wonder you could be so generous! I was wondering, with your personality, how could you give away a meticulously built safe house."

Zhang Yi corrected her, "I'm not giving it away, just lending it to them temporarily. If we ever need it, we'll come back."

He still had the highest authority and the key to the safe house. Whenever he wanted, he could take it back. It wasn't that he didn't trust Uncle You, but it's prudent to be cautious in the apocalypse. People can change, and he had to be prepared.

"By the way, there's someone new at home. I'm telling you in advance so you can be mentally prepared," Zhang Yi said calmly.

A trace of suspicion flashed in Zhou Ke'er's eyes. "Someone new?"

"Ah! I get it!" She giggled, "Is it the original owner of the house?"

"No, I killed him," Zhang Yi said, suddenly remembering something and pulling over to the side of the road. If it hadn't come up, he might have forgotten to dispose of those bodies.

Zhou Ke'er didn't know what Zhang Yi was doing. She tightened her coat and followed him.

She saw Zhang Yi pull a pile of bodies from the interdimensional space and throw them down a slope into a ditch.

These bodies included those who died in the shelter, as well as Wang Siming, Lin Geng, and Xu Hao.

Zhou Ke'er recognized the three instantly, her eyes widening in surprise.

"You mean the house is Wang Siming's villa?"

"Yeah, is there a problem?" Zhang Yi asked, habitually clapping his hands.

Zhou Ke'er sighed, shaking her head. "Nothing, it's just hard to believe someone as once influential as him died so easily."

Zhang Yi scoffed, "In the apocalypse, life is cheap, and everyone dies coldly. Don't be sentimental. Just staying alive is enough; who cares about others!"

He left the bodies by the roadside, knowing they would soon be buried by snow.

Back in the car, Zhou Ke'er followed him.

"Is the person you left behind one of his women?" Zhou Ke'er asked, a hint of jealousy in her tone.

Zhang Yi saw her pout through the rearview mirror and found her especially cute.

When he first met her, she was a cool and aloof doctor. But now, their close relationship had made her reliant on him, turning her into a jealous girl. Women are indeed amazing creatures.

"Don't overthink it. I just needed someone to help with the housework," Zhang Yi explained.

Zhou Ke'er pouted, her long black hair falling over her collarbone, looking like an unhappy girl.

Zhang Yi felt a wave of affection.

He smiled, "Don't be upset! She's just a helper. The one I love most is you! My feelings for you are as high as a mountain! How could she compare?"

Zhou Ke'er's pout slowly disappeared, and she asked, "Really?"

Zhang Yi nodded, "Of course! You're young, beautiful, and became an attending physician at a top hospital at a young age. How could I not like such a wonderful girl?"

Zhang Yi was good with words, effortlessly sweet-talking. Perhaps after being deceived by Fang Yuqing, he lost his awe of beautiful women. Without the burden of morality, he was naturally composed and confident.

When pursuing a girl, never be humble; show confidence. Only then can you attract them.

Zhou Ke'er murmured, feeling pleased by Zhang Yi's words.

Though she had a medical PhD, she was inexperienced in relationships. The end-of-the-world bridge effect made her deeply love the dangerous and powerful man beside her.

She hugged his arm and rested her head on his shoulder. "I knew you liked me!"

Her sweet face was full of happiness.

Zhang Yi glanced at her, feeling a slight stir in his heart.

Her current demeanor reminded him of his once innocent self.

Zhang Yi couldn't help but question if living selfishly was right.

But soon, he felt at ease.

If being selfish brought more happiness, why not? At least he had never wronged Zhou Ke'er, so he shouldn't be considered a scumbag.

Chapter 174: Ice and Snow Abilities

Zhang Yi drove the snow car, taking Zhou Ke'er to Cloud Manor. They had to pass the road by the Lujang River. Zhang Yi observed the river surface, feeling cautious. He had killed several villagers and eight precious sled dogs; they certainly wouldn't let it go easily.

However, as he looked along the way, Zhang Yi saw no signs of people on the river. "It's best if they don't cause trouble," he thought.

As they drove back, the snow gradually became heavier. Recently, the snowfall wasn't as intense as it had been initially. The moisture in the air was limited, resulting mostly in light snow or dry, biting winds.

But now, the snow was getting heavier, prompting Zhang Yi to turn on the wipers to clear the windshield. The road ahead was becoming hard to see, causing Zhang Yi to frown slightly. "Why does this snow feel worse than when the snowstorm first started?"

The wind and snow intensified, and even inside the car, they could hear the howling wind outside. The wipers couldn't clear the snow fast enough, as if the snowflakes were being drawn towards the snow car.

Zhang Yi realized something was wrong. "This snow... doesn't seem natural!"

Suddenly, a large snowdrift appeared ahead and crashed into the car.

With a loud "bang!" the car shook.

Zhou Ke'er screamed, grabbing Zhang Yi's arm tightly. "Zhang Yi, why is the snow so heavy?"

Zhang Yi's expression turned serious. "It's probably more than just heavy snow!"

The road ahead was completely obscured, making it difficult for the car to move. This situation had two possibilities: either the snowstorm had suddenly intensified, or someone was causing trouble.

In the apocalypse, with the emergence of abilities, what was once impossible had become possible. Zhang Yi's right eye flashed with white light as he opened the interdimensional space gate in front of the snow car. The raging snowstorm was drawn into the space, disappearing without a trace.

Clearing a path, Zhang Yi accelerated forward. Soon, noticing the snow car's speed wasn't slowing down, the snowstorm shifted direction.

Zhou Ke'er looked ahead and suddenly pointed in fear, "A... a snow tornado!"

A snow tornado formed in front of the car, quickly growing to dozens of meters high and heading straight for them!

Zhou Ke'er turned pale with fear. In the face of such natural power, human strength seemed insignificant. Even the snow car felt like a toy.

Zhang Yi knew this was no natural phenomenon but an attack from someone with abilities. Likely from Xu Family town, or possibly Cloud Manor. He needed to stay calm; panicking would be fatal.

Facing his first enemy with abilities, Zhang Yi had no prior experience in such battles. Online information told him that everyone's mutations were unique, making it impossible to predict others' powers or their extent. The key to victory was understanding the opponent's abilities.

"My ability is absolute defense. As long as I stay calm, they can't kill me. Their ability clearly involves manipulating ice and snow. They must be nearby to control it so precisely. I need to understand their attack methods," Zhang Yi thought, quickly assessing the situation.

Facing the massive snow tornado, Zhang Yi opened the interdimensional gate in front of the snow car. The gate's range covered the entire car, shielding it from front to back.

With a "whoosh," the tornado reached them. Zhou Ke'er shut her eyes in terror, screaming. But the giant snow tornado vanished in an instant, leaving only gently falling snowflakes.

Not far away, behind a snowdrift, Xu Chunlei was stunned. His seemingly unstoppable attack had disappeared suddenly.

He couldn't understand what kind of ability could negate his powerful snow tornado attack. The move had visibly drained him, leaving his face pale.

The two Xu family members with him, holding homemade rifles, asked quietly, "Chunlei, are you okay?"

Xu Chunlei gritted his teeth. "I'm fine! But this guy is tough. He must also have abilities, but I can't figure out what."

"Retreat!" Xu Chunlei ordered decisively. People always fear the unknown, and as Xu Dong Village's strongest, his orders were absolute. The two men prepared to leave with him.

Inside the snow car, Zhang Yi had put on tactical goggles. He took out an assault rifle from his interdimensional space, loading it with a click.

"The attacks have stopped. It seems that attack was exhausting for them," Zhang Yi said. "Let's see where they are!"

Zhang Yi was a firm believer in science. Even if people gained powers through genetic mutations, they still had to comply with physical laws. Such a snow tornado required immense energy, leaving the user temporarily vulnerable.

His interdimensional space was a bit of a cheat. It didn't require energy to store or release items, merely redirecting attacks. Now was the time to counterattack.

With the tactical goggles' night vision, Zhang Yi saw three human-shaped heat signatures a few hundred meters away, across the Lujang River. Zhang Yi quickly got out of the car, aiming his rifle at the three figures and firing.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Bullets flew through the space, one hitting a man's leg.

"He has an assault rifle!" the man screamed in pain.

Xu Chunlei's pupils shrank as he looked towards the other side of the river. At such a distance, they could barely see each other as small dots.

"Too far," Zhang Yi muttered, quickly putting the assault rifle away. Despite precision aiming aids, the rifle's performance and wind made precise hits difficult.

He then pulled out his favorite sniper rifle, aiming at the middle figure, whose heat signature stood out.

Chapter 175: The First Encounter

Zhang Yi pulled the bolt of his rifle and pulled the trigger. However, during the brief moment he switched guns, Xu Chunlei on the other side of the river seemed to sense the danger. With a fierce wave of his right hand, a large spiral of ice and snow whirled up, forming a thick snow mist around them, obstructing Zhang Yi's view.

The thermal signals in Zhang Yi's tactical goggles disappeared. His shot hesitated for a moment, and although he fired, his intuition told him he had missed. Undeterred, he opened the dimensional gate and returned Xu Chunlei's snow tornado back to him.

Xu Chunlei was shocked. "How can he use my skill? Is he... a copy ninja like Kakashi?"

The snow tornado, stronger than before, shattered the snowy mist. Despite his weakening state, Xu Chunlei hurriedly summoned more ice and snow to block the attack. Zhang Yi, holding his gun, meticulously searched for their positions, ready to take the shot as soon as an opening appeared.

"Boom!" The clash of ice and snow resounded loudly, followed by swirling snow mist, like a cloud of dust rising over the Lujang River. The view was completely obstructed, leaving no chance for a clear shot.

Zhang Yi frowned. Through this brief encounter, he realized that his opponent was not skilled in using their abilities. The second attack was notably weaker. Driving over to attack might successfully eliminate them, but Zhang Yi decided against it for several reasons:

Crossing the river would mean entering Xu Family Town, the opponent's territory, likely filled with traps.

It was their home ground, potentially harboring unknown dangers.

Zhou Xue'er was still in the car.

Weighing the risks, Zhang Yi put away his sniper rifle, cautiously retreated a few steps, and got back into the snow car. "If you have the guts, come after me. But next time, it will be on my turf."

He quickly drove away towards Cloud Manor.

On the other side of the river, Xu Chunlei, pale with fear, was filled with terror. Since gaining his abilities, he had established Xu Dong Village's dominance in Xu Family Town, subduing surrounding villages single-handedly. This was the first time his power was countered so completely, almost costing him his life.

"This isn't how the story is supposed to go! I'm the protagonist, aren't I?" Xu Chunlei almost wanted to cry.

Next to him, a man hit by a stray bullet in the leg reached out to him, "Chunlei, stop lamenting and get me back home. I can't make it!"

Xu Chunlei wore a bitter expression, "You can't make it? I'm barely holding on too!"

The intense battle had drained him significantly; such extraordinary powers were not easily wielded. The uninjured man sighed, "Stop talking, both of you. I'll have to take you back myself, won't I?" He helplessly supported them, slowly making their way back to Xu Family Town.

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Zhang Yi and Zhou Ke'er encountered no further obstacles on their way to Cloud Manor. The battle had been a valuable experience for Zhang Yi, giving him a deeper understanding of his abilities. "I must train my powers thoroughly when we get back. The future world will likely belong to those with abilities."

Zhou Ke'er, still shaken, patted her chest. "That was so scary. I'm glad you were there! Did you kill him?" she asked curiously.

Zhang Yi shook his head. "It was too far, and it was night. I couldn't pursue him. But I think I scared him enough not to trouble us easily."

His most effective weapon against other ability users was a sniper rifle. His fighting style was best suited for defensive counterattacks or ambushes. Zhou Ke'er worried, "What if he comes back for revenge? He can manipulate ice and snow from a distance. What if he buries our place in snow?"

Zhang Yi smiled faintly. "Don't worry. Our new shelter is very safe. Even if buried in snow, it won't affect our lives. And with my abilities, I'm not afraid of his attacks."

His ability to reflect all physical attacks was like an absolute defense. Zhou Ke'er felt reassured and smiled.

They arrived at Cloud Manor, and Zhang Yi led her to Villa 101. The large black villa standing in the snow filled Zhou Ke'er with anticipation. It was far more grand than their previous safe house. Zhang Yi opened the door and led her through the passage inside.

"Lights on!" he commanded, and the lights in the living room lit up, revealing a luxurious space. The nine-tier crystal chandelier from abroad, costing over ten million yuan, sparkled like a piece of art.

Even Zhou Ke'er, from a well-off family, was captivated by the beauty, her eyes filled with joy and curiosity. "Is this our new home? It's so beautiful!"

Zhang Yi checked the surveillance on his phone, showing Yang Siya lying on a bed in black lace lingerie, lost in thought, unaware she was being watched. Her relaxed posture and seductive figure were alluring.

Zhang Yi smiled and said to Zhou Ke'er, "Wait here for a moment."

He needed to introduce the two women. Zhou Ke'er nodded and sat on the sofa, curiously looking around the room. Zhang Yi went downstairs to Yang Siya's room.

Chapter 176: How Can It Be You!

The room in the basement was spacious, about fifty square meters. It had a double bed, a private bathroom, a desk, and a bookshelf filled with books. Yang Siya, still adjusting to her new environment, felt a mix of comfort and confusion being kept like a canary by a handsome stranger. She was somewhat at ease yet uncertain about how long this situation would last.

Suddenly, the thick metal door opened with a "screech." Startled, Yang Siya quickly sat up and grabbed her clothes to cover her body. Zhang Yi walked in, glanced at her alluring figure with a smile, and said, "Come on, I want to introduce you to a friend."

"A friend?" Yang Siya asked, puzzled.

"You'll understand when you meet her." Zhang Yi thought for a moment and added, "Since she was here first, you'll have to call her 'sister.'"

Yang Siya instantly understood. "Is she your girlfriend?"

"Sort of, sort of." Yang Siya's head spun at the unexpected turn of events, realizing she was stepping into a complicated situation. "Get dressed and come up quickly!" Zhang Yi said before leaving.

Biting her lip, Yang Siya felt a mixture of emotions. She, a top-tier Chinese celebrity, now had to share her space with another woman. But she had no choice but to comply under the circumstances. She placed her long, black-stockinged legs on the floor and began dressing in the black dress Zhang Yi had given her. Determined, she knew that the first meeting between women often determined the power dynamic, so she decided to dress well.

Back on the first floor, Zhang Yi waited patiently, understanding that women never left without taking their time. As expected, it took Yang Siya a full twenty minutes to come up from the basement. Zhou Ke'er, sitting beside Zhang Yi, was equally alert, pulling out her makeup bag to touch up her appearance. Both women were silently competing.

Yang Siya entered the living room, ready to greet Zhou Ke'er with a smile, but as soon as their eyes met, the atmosphere became tense. Both women stared at each other in shock, anger, and shame.

"How can it be you!" they exclaimed in unison.

Zhou Ke'er's eyes were filled with anger and indifference, while Yang Siya's gaze darted away, avoiding Zhou Ke'er's eyes. Zhang Yi, surprised by their familiarity, asked, "What's your relationship?"

Zhou Ke'er, biting her lip, replied with frustration, "She's my cousin!"

Zhang Yi was stunned by the coincidence that the two women he had saved were cousins. "But it seems like you two have some issues," he remarked.

"Yes, we have some disagreements," Zhou Ke'er said angrily, folding her arms.

Sensing something was off, Zhang Yi noticed Yang Siya signaling him to come over. She pulled him aside, pleading, "Zhang Yi, please don't let her know about us."

"About what exactly?" Zhang Yi asked, feigning ignorance.

"About our... arrangement," Yang Siya said shyly.

Seeing their contrasting reactions, Zhang Yi's curiosity deepened. He decided to get to the bottom of their relationship and called them over for a conversation. From their attitudes, he could tell Yang Siya was the more guilty party, while Zhou Ke'er harbored some resentment towards her.

After some questioning, Zhang Yi learned the whole story. Yang Siya's mother was a Zhou, making her Zhou Ke'er's aunt by blood. Both families were renowned scholarly households with many distinguished members. The Zhou family excelled in the medical field, while the Yang family had produced numerous professors, including Yang Siya's grandfather, a former president of Qingyuan University.

The conflict arose from Yang Siya's choice to enter the entertainment industry, which both families viewed as disgraceful. Especially for a woman to enter such a morally ambiguous field was seen as tarnishing the family name. Zhou Ke'er resented the ridicule their family faced because of Yang Siya.

"People in Shengjing's elite circles mocked our family because of her. Even I was ridiculed for having an actress as a cousin. How could I not be angry?" Zhou Ke'er said.

Yang Siya sighed softly. "But I love acting and the spotlight. Is that so wrong?"

Zhou Ke'er scoffed, "It would be fine if you were a respectable actress. But you became famous because of your looks. Don't you know why you're popular?"

Zhang Yi's eyes roved over Yang Siya's body, clad in a low-cut black dress that highlighted her full bust and slender legs in black stockings. He nodded in agreement with Zhou Ke'er.

Yang Siya, unable to retort, knew that from a prestigious family, becoming a star known for her body was disgraceful. She felt guilty towards her cousin, especially now that she was her cousin's boyfriend's mistress.

Zhang Yi intervened, "Let's not dwell on the past. Here, you are neither a scholarly lady nor a top-tier actress. You're neighbors helping each other survive." His tone was firm, leaving no room for argument. Zhou Ke'er had to suppress her grievances, while Yang Siya looked at her with a guilty expression.

Zhang Yi then assigned them tasks, mainly housekeeping and managing the garden and farmland. "Don't let those areas go to waste. Take good care of the garden and the fields. Understood?"

Both women were happy to have something to do, as doing nothing would drive them crazy. Tending to plants and growing vegetables would keep them occupied and fulfilled.

Chapter 177: Petty Jealousy

Zhang Yi arranged a room for Zhou Ke'er on the second floor, where his room was also located. After explaining the basic requirements, he instructed Zhou Ke'er to tidy up her room. Zhou Ke'er obediently went upstairs, and once she was out of sight, Yang Siya finally breathed a sigh of relief.

She looked at Zhang Yi with heartfelt gratitude. "Zhang Yi, thank you for not telling her about us."

"I already feel guilty enough towards her. So, I hope you can keep our relationship a secret from her."

Knowing that Zhang Yi was Zhou Ke'er's boyfriend filled her with a strong sense of guilt.

A twisted smile slowly formed at the corners of Zhang Yi's mouth. This house was large, but with three people living together, it would be nearly impossible to keep Zhou Ke'er from finding out. Yang Siya's request was essentially self-deception. But why refuse her?

"First of all, Zhou Ke'er and I aren't exactly boyfriend and girlfriend," he said with a cheerful nod. "But since you asked, I'll respect your wishes."

Yang Siya was surprised at how readily Zhang Yi agreed. She let out a long breath and bowed slightly to him. "Thank you!"

"Do as you please," Zhang Yi replied lazily, lying back on the sofa. Now that they were away from Yuelu Community, he could finally relax and enjoy life. With two beautiful women managing the household chores, he could spend his days playing games and eating delicious food—truly the life of a winner!

So what if the apocalypse was harsh on everyone else? It didn't concern Zhang Yi.

Yang Siya then suggested, "I'll cook dinner."

Zhang Yi was surprised. "You can cook?"

With a hint of pride, Yang Siya said, "Of course! Don't think all celebrities are useless in daily life. When I'm bored, I like to cook to relieve stress." She walked to the open kitchen in the corner of the living room, bent down, and began looking for ingredients in the cabinets.

"Hey? There's no food here!" she exclaimed.

Zhang Yi walked over to her. "If you need any ingredients, just let me know." With that, he pulled a large amount of food from his interdimensional space and placed it on the table. "Is this enough?"

Yang Siya's eyes widened in astonishment at the sight of fresh chicken, duck, bass, pork, abalone, sea cucumber, and dried scallops appearing out of thin air. "How do you have all these things?" she asked, barely believing her eyes.

She hadn't seen such ingredients in a long time, and they were remarkably fresh. Though raw, the sight made her mouth water with hunger.

"That's how we'll eat from now on," Zhang Yi said softly. Yang Siya felt a great sense of relief. She had expected to survive on canned food and preserved meat, but this richness made her feel much more balanced.

"Okay," she said, her eyes sparkling with joy.

"You get started; I'll explain everything later," Zhang Yi said, giving her a quick kiss on the cheek before leaving.

Yang Siya gave him a helpless look before eagerly selecting a few ingredients to start preparing dinner. Soon, Zhou Ke'er finished organizing her room and came downstairs. Zhang Yi noticed that Yang Siya would need some time to finish cooking, so he stretched and went to take a shower.

With nothing else to do, Zhou Ke'er sat on the sofa and turned on the TV to watch some recorded shows. Zhang Yi, fresh from his shower and now in comfortable pajamas, found the atmosphere quite enjoyable.

Yang Siya was still diligently cooking in the kitchen, putting extra care into the meal, likely out of guilt towards Zhou Ke'er. But Zhou Ke'er's resentment was not easily dispelled. When Zhang Yi was not around, the two women did not speak a word to each other. Zhou Ke'er sat on the sofa with her back to Yang Siya, turning up the TV volume.

Zhang Yi observed the situation with amusement. He walked over to watch Yang Siya cook. Several dishes were already prepared, and the aroma was mouthwatering. "You really cook on your own?" he asked, surprised.

In his mind, such a celebrity should never have to cook.

Yang Siya smiled slightly. "The Yang family has strict household rules. I learned to cook from my mother when I was very young."

Zhang Yi raised his eyebrows, pleased. The household indeed needed a good cook. Neither he nor Zhou Ke'er were particularly skilled in the kitchen, and eating their own cooking every day would get boring quickly.

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Feeling content, Zhang Yi retrieved a bottle of beer from the fridge and sat beside Zhou Ke'er on the sofa. Zhou Ke'er's face showed a wary expression as she kept her eyes glued to the TV screen.

Zhang Yi noticed her expression and smiled oddly. "Dinner's ready; come eat," Yang Siya called out, trying to sound cheerful.

Zhou Ke'er bit her lip, reluctant to get up, but Zhang Yi pulled her over.

Yang Siya adjusted her hair, looking slightly embarrassed. She wondered if Zhou Ke'er had noticed anything between her and Zhang Yi. Zhang Yi, with a cheerful smile, pulled Zhou Ke'er to sit beside him. "Come, try the celebrity chef's cooking."

There were six dishes on the table: braised bass, stir-fried kidneys, pork with jellyfish skin, and black fish egg soup. Zhou Ke'er tasted the bass and scoffed, "Too salty! How can anyone eat this?"

Yang Siya lowered her head, pushing rice around her bowl, unsure of how to respond. Zhang Yi could see she was flustered. Yang Siya had indeed been startled earlier, making it hard to gauge the seasoning properly.

Zhang Yi inwardly smiled. He intended to stir up jealousy and competition between the two women. If they became too friendly, they might team up against him. Discovering that they were cousins had made him more cautious. He realized he could become an outsider if they united.

While the possibility of them overthrowing him was slim, especially with all the supplies in his interdimensional space, he believed caution was always wise. So, he purposefully showed affection to Yang Siya in Zhou Ke'er's presence to maintain a delicate balance of rivalry.

With a mischievous smile, Zhang Yi took a piece of stir-fried kidney and offered it to Zhou Ke'er. "Here, try this! It's really good for you."

Zhou Ke'er's expression softened a bit. She opened her mouth, allowing Zhang Yi to feed her. "Ah!"

Zhang Yi laughed, putting the food in her mouth. She chewed, licked her lips, and gave him a seductive look before glancing at Yang Siya, as if declaring her territory.

Zhang Yi felt ecstatic. Creating a competitive environment was indeed the best way to keep everyone motivated.

Chapter 178: Love is a Disease

That night, Zhang Yi slept in Zhou Ke'er's room. He knew he had to balance his attention between the two women to maintain harmony.

Zhou Ke'er leaned against Zhang Yi, looking up at him with wide eyes. "Zhang Yi, do you love me more or her?"

Zhang Yi smiled and patted her head. "Silly girl, of course, I love you more! How could she compare to you? You are my precious healer. She's just an actress; it's nothing serious."

"But you two look like a couple in a TV drama," Zhou Ke'er remarked.

"Silly, don't overthink it. How can you doubt your place in my heart?" Zhang Yi reassured her.

His words weren't entirely untrue. From a practical standpoint, Zhou Ke'er was more valuable to him than Yang Siya. Yang Siya's only advantages were her cooking skills and celebrity status.

Hearing his words, Zhou Ke'er beamed with joy and hugged him tightly. "I knew you loved me the most!"

Zhang Yi smiled faintly at the sight of the little woman in his arms. Love? He shook his head, indifferent to the concept.

He thought to himself, "I don't need love, nor do I have time for it. I am a man; sometimes, I need a woman. But once my desires are satisfied, I am ready to move on to other things. Women only talk about love because they can do nothing else, elevating it to an absurd level. They try to convince us that life revolves around love. In reality, love is insignificant in the grand scheme of things. I only understand desire. That is natural and healthy. Love is a disease."

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In the following days, Zhang Yi kept a close watch on the relationship between Zhou Ke'er and Yang Siya. To fuel their rivalry, he deliberately showed affection to Yang Siya in Zhou Ke'er's presence. Even subtle gestures like a glance or a touch would stir Zhou Ke'er's jealousy.

Zhou Ke'er never complained to Zhang Yi, but her jealousy deepened her hostility towards Yang Siya. Meanwhile, Yang Siya, burdened by guilt and undeserved animosity, diligently did most of the housework, empathizing with Zhou Ke'er's feelings of losing her man.

Zhang Yi enjoyed this dynamic. Yang Siya's lingering celebrity pride was slowly being eroded by Zhou Ke'er, reducing the risk of the two women teaming up against him. A harmonious household was not his goal; he preferred them divided, ensuring his dominance.

Zhang Yi's days were filled with leisure activities: playing cards, badminton, and video games with the women. Zhou Ke'er developed a keen interest in video games, often seen lounging in her pajamas, engrossed in various games with Zhang Yi.

The ability user from Xu Family Town never reappeared, likely deterred by Zhang Yi's formidable defenses. Life for the trio was comfortable and pleasant.

Yang Siya, out of guilt, took on most of the household chores, and Zhou Ke'er didn't hesitate to let her. This arrangement suited Zhang Yi perfectly, as Zhou Ke'er's medical skills were invaluable. Yang Siya proved not to be just a pretty face; she had a keen sense of quality living, excelling in cooking and gardening. She turned the neglected garden into a thriving space, with Zhang Yi providing seeds from his interdimensional space for her to cultivate.

In his spare time, Zhang Yi focused on two activities: gathering global intelligence using his supercomputer and training his abilities in the underground gym.

He thought this peaceful life would continue indefinitely, safe and self-sufficient in their secure shelter until the apocalypse ended. But one day, a phone call shattered this tranquility.

While practicing precision shooting with a composite bow in the basement, his phone rang unexpectedly. It wasn't a regular call but a traditional phone call, which was unusual. He hadn't received calls from anyone familiar for years, relying on voice messages instead. In the current apocalyptic world, there were no service calls or scams. So, where was this call coming from?

Curious, Zhang Yi saw an unfamiliar number with no saved contact. His instinctive caution in the apocalypse made him wary. The caller must have bad intentions.

He considered the risks and hung up. But the phone rang again almost immediately.

"Who could be so desperate? A familiar face perhaps, surviving and needing to contact me?" Zhang Yi doubted the likelihood. Even if it were an old acquaintance, he had no interest in helping.

He hung up again and blocked the number. Yet, as he was about to put his phone away, it rang again from the same number. Zhang Yi was genuinely shocked. He had already blocked the number; how could they call again?

Swallowing hard, Zhang Yi realized something strange was happening. His mind echoed one thought repeatedly: Don't answer!

Taking a deep breath, he hung up and re-blocked the number, convinced he must have made a mistake earlier. He watched the number enter his blacklist, then stared at his phone screen.

If it rang again, something was truly off. Moments later, the phone rang with the same number.

Zhang Yi's heart pounded. This was truly abnormal.

Chapter 179: Strange Call

Zhang Yi was utterly speechless. There were indeed many things in this world that he couldn't understand.

"Why didn't you answer my call?" a ghostly voice emanated from his phone. The call had connected on its own after the number dialed in again!

Zhang Yi felt a chill run down his spine, but he quickly calmed himself. As bizarre as this situation was, there could still be an explanation. If the caller was a hacker, they could potentially manipulate his phone in such a way.

"Who are you?" Zhang Yi asked coldly.

The person ignored Zhang Yi's question and began reciting some information. "Zhang Yi, born in 2025, currently 25 years old, resident of Jinwan District, Tianhai City, living in Room 2401 of Building 25, Yuelu Community..."

The person accurately listed Zhang Yi's personal details, which confirmed to Zhang Yi that he was dealing with a top-tier hacker who had somehow accessed his personal information through the Internet.

Listening to this recital, Zhang Yi's initial alarm gave way to a sense of calm. He had nothing particularly noteworthy in his past. Knowing his details was one thing, but what could anyone really do with that information? He was confident enough to challenge, "So what if you have my details? You think that will make me send you supplies? If you're so bold, go ahead and expose them. Let's see if I'm scared!"

There was a brief pause on the other end before the voice resumed. "I also know that you're currently staying in Room 101 of Cloud Manor. That house belonged to Wang Siming, whom you've killed, right?"

A cold glint flashed in Zhang Yi's eyes. The fact that the caller knew his current location was alarming. Zhang Yi narrowed his eyes. He had been careful not to let anyone know his whereabouts, understanding the added danger each new person knowing posed.

"Who are you and what do you want?" Zhang Yi demanded, his tone colder now.

Sensing Zhang Yi's change in tone, the caller grew more confident. "I'm your current neighbor. I also live in Cloud Manor. But you'd better not get any ideas. I can expose your information at any time."

"I suppose you wouldn't want others to know about your residence here, right?"

Zhang Yi realized why the person had found him and painstakingly gathered his personal information. If the caller was indeed in Cloud Manor, this was manageable. Zhang Yi could find an opportunity to eliminate this threat.

"So, is that all you wanted to say? What do you really want?" Zhang Yi pressed.

"Simple. I see you have plenty of supplies and can afford to keep women around. I want you to share some of your supplies with me," the caller said.

"Share with you? Why should I?" Zhang Yi sneered. "You think just because you have some information on me, you can make demands? Even if you expose me, it won't matter much."

"Well, what if people find out you have the stolen supplies from the Walmart warehouse?" the caller suggested, his tone turning smug.

The mention of the Walmart warehouse made Zhang Yi more cautious. He had looted the entire South China warehouse of Walmart three days before the apocalypse, amassing goods worth billions. These supplies were his lifeline, ensuring his survival.

"You're talking nonsense. The Walmart warehouse heist involved a massive amount of goods. Do you really think a small-time supervisor like me could have done it?" Zhang Yi replied, feigning ignorance.

The caller, sitting in a dimly lit room with only the glow of a laptop screen, grinned. "No need to play dumb with me. That heist is definitely linked to you. Even if you're not the mastermind, you have a significant amount of those supplies!"

"Even a single shelf's worth from that warehouse would be enough to last you a year," the caller continued, his small eyes gleaming with intelligence behind thick LOTOS glasses. "I won't hide my identity. I'm Lu Fengda from Zhiyun Group. You've heard of me, right?"

Zhang Yi had more than just heard of him. Lu Fengda's name was renowned. Zhiyun Group was one of the top three information security firms in the country, and Lu Fengda was its powerful chairman.

With someone like Lu Fengda involved, it made sense how Zhang Yi's phone had been hacked. But there was a more pressing concern: if Lu Fengda could hack his phone, could he have also breached the security of the shelter, which was managed by a supercomputer?

The shelter had been built by a top security company at a cost of \$10 billion, complete with independent large-scale servers. It should have robust network security measures in place. Moreover, Lu Fengda didn't seem to be at his office but rather at home, lacking the network infrastructure to perform such advanced hacking.

If he had control over the shelter's network, he wouldn't need to contact Zhang Yi via phone but would instead directly demonstrate his power over the shelter's systems. This deduction gave Zhang Yi some reassurance.

"Ah, Mr. Lu. I've heard a lot about you. No wonder you could hack my phone," Zhang Yi said, maintaining a calm demeanor.

"For survival, I had no choice. You have plenty of supplies, enough for two women. One more mouth to feed shouldn't be a problem," Lu Fengda said. "Provide me with supplies, and I'll keep your secret. Plus, I can help secure your network from future hacks. What do you think?"

Zhang Yi wasn't about to admit any involvement with the Walmart heist. Lu Fengda was likely bluffing to get a reaction.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I have no connection to any warehouse theft. But let's say hypothetically, what if I don't cooperate?" Zhang Yi asked, testing the waters.

"Think it over. I'm sure you don't want to risk your current comfortable life. I can be a valuable ally or a dangerous enemy," Lu Fengda replied, his tone menacing.

Zhang Yi realized he needed to handle this carefully. He needed to find a way to eliminate this threat without compromising his position.

Chapter 180: Extortion

Zhang Yi calmly said, "Mr. Lu, don't joke around like this. Do you think a small manager like me has that power?"

Lu Fengda snorted coldly. "Zhang Yi, I've lived many years and seen more things than you can imagine. Do you think I'd say this without evidence?"

"Let me tell you, through your phone network, I can gather much information about you." He spoke firmly, "You definitely have the stolen goods from the Walmart warehouse!"

Killing intent filled Zhang Yi's eyes as he cursed inwardly: Damn old man! I'll definitely kill you!

Cloud Manor truly lives up to its reputation as the top wealthy district in Tianhai City, with hidden talents everywhere. This was something Zhang Yi hadn't considered, and he couldn't have anticipated it.

The world is unpredictable!

Zhang Yi knew he couldn't hide things any longer and coldly replied, "I do have some of the goods, but I sold most of them for cash. After all, there's not enough space at home to store everything."

Lu Fengda nodded, finding this explanation reasonable. He didn't believe all the stolen goods were in Zhang Yi's possession because, in his logic, there was no such thing as a spatial ability.

"That doesn't matter. As long as I spread the word, your life won't be easy."

"So, do you agree to my terms?"

Zhang Yi knew that Lu Fengda could spread the word and possibly let everyone know he had the stolen goods. Not to mention, the whole city of Tianhai would covet his goods. If investigated deeply, his spatial ability could be exposed. That would be the end!

Zhang Yi knew there were many powerful forces hidden in Tianhai City. Those with power and influence were lying low, armed to the teeth. Even with strong protection, Zhang Yi didn't want to invite trouble.

He rubbed his forehead and said to Lu Fengda in a deep voice, "Fine, I can give you some goods. But you must keep this absolutely secret! Otherwise, I'll kill you first!"

Lu Fengda was ecstatic and repeatedly agreed, "Don't worry, I'm not stupid. This matter stays between us. Let's work happily together, haha!"

Seeing his goal achieved, Lu Fengda laughed heartily. Then he started listing his demands, "I need food, white liquor, underwear, and cotton socks... Bring these to me."

Zhang Yi asked, "How should I deliver these to you?"

Lu Fengda hesitated momentarily and said, "I live in Villa 302. Drop the goods at my door!"

"Don't try any tricks, or I'll expose your secret. Then you'll have no peace!"

Zhang Yi said, "Rest assured, I'm living quite comfortably now and don't want any trouble."

After saying this, Zhang Yi hung up the phone, his eyes filled with intense killing intent. He had been extorted! Lu Fengda must die, no doubt about it!

Killing intent flooded Zhang Yi's mind. He wanted to grab a gun and storm into Lu Fengda's house to kill him immediately! But reason told him this was unwise. Lu Fengda, an old fox, wouldn't give his address if he feared Zhang Yi would come after him.

Zhang Yi took several deep breaths. He rubbed his head, feeling unable to stay calm, his thoughts overheating.

Thinking this, he left the basement to find Zhou Ke'er. Zhou Ke'er was sitting on the couch in the living room reading a book. She wore a light purple tank top and shorts, her long, smooth legs crossed on the couch, her fair feet delicate and cute. Zhou Ke'er, with her model's body, had particularly eye-catching legs, which Zhang Yi liked the most.

He walked over, covering her face with his hands from behind and kissing her lips hard. Sweet, cool, and tasty.

"Baby, I need to talk to you about something."

Zhou Ke'er smiled, curling her legs up and tilting her head, "Sure!"

Zhang Yi sat next to her, took her water cup, and drank a sip.

"Here's the thing, our location has been discovered."

He briefly explained Lu Fengda's situation to Zhou Ke'er, hiding his plundering of the Walmart warehouse. He only told her that Lu Fengda knew he had a lot of goods and was blackmailing him.

After listening, Zhou Ke'er also felt it was troublesome. Zhang Yi said, "You've dealt with people like this more than I have. In your understanding, what will he do?"

Zhou Ke'er thought seriously for a while before cautiously sharing her thoughts. "I've indeed dealt with such people. They may not be as omniscient as ordinary people think, but their intelligence is definitely high!"

She looked at Zhang Yi and added, "And their moral standards are extremely low!"

"A person with high moral standards cannot be a successful businessman."

Zhang Yi nodded, "I understand that!"

Countless well-known entrepreneurs have ended up in jail. The dirty secrets behind the scenes are unavoidable. Without a low moral baseline, building a big business is impossible.

"I want to kill him. But I'm worried he has contingencies, so I don't dare to act."

"But letting him live means being blackmailed by him, which I absolutely cannot tolerate!"

Zhou Ke'er nodded. She understood Zhang Yi's temper.

"His greatest threat to you is his information. If leaked, it could pose a threat to you, right?"

Zhang Yi nodded, "Exactly."

Zhou Ke'er frowned, lightly biting her pinky finger, mumbling, "That would be terrible!"

"What do you mean?"

Zhang Yi asked.

Zhou Ke'er looked at him, her eyes shining. "I heard a story before. An internet mogul was colluding with a corrupt official. Later, the official was investigated, leading to the mogul. To eliminate evidence, the official had the mogul killed. But eventually, the evidence in the mogul's possession was exposed online!"

Zhang Yi said, "I seem to have heard that story too. The mogul stored evidence on a cloud drive with an automatic upload program. Only by manually stopping it daily could he prevent it from uploading."

"So, once he died, the evidence spread online the next day."

Zhou Ke'er nodded. "That's my biggest fear! Even if you kill him, it might not stop our information from leaking!"