

ICE AGE APOCALYPSE: I HOARD BILLIONS OF SUPPLIES

Chapter 18: Who's Afraid to Play Rough

The moment the call connected, a torrent of vicious curses spewed forth.

"Are you looking for death, you little shit? Who the f**k gave you the balls to talk about me in the group?"

"Do you have a death wish, you little punk? You must not want to live if you dare mess with me."

"I have a hundred ways to f**k you up. Believe it or not?"

Chen Zhenghao was a notorious thug in Tianhai City, with a gang of several hundred men. Rumor had it that he had been involved in several murder cases.

Living in the same neighborhood as him, all the residents avoided him, not daring to provoke him.

To assert his dominance, Chen Zhenghao's style was ruthless; anyone who dared to offend him, even slightly, would pay a hefty price. This was what they called maintaining face in the underworld.

So, even though Zhang Yi had merely mentioned him in the chat group, Chen Zhenghao saw it as a challenge to his authority.

Over the phone, he roared, "You really want to die! You talk big, huh? Daring to mention me."

Zhang Yi wasn't about to coddle him. He sneered, "And what are you, exactly?"

"Stop pretending to be tough, you worthless piece of trash. If you think you're a big deal, come here and show me!"

Cursing at him felt immensely satisfying. In his previous life, this man had led the charge into his home, resulting in his death. Zhang Yi had been harboring this anger for a long time.

On the other end, Chen Zhenghao was stunned. He hadn't expected Zhang Yi to talk back!

He was enraged, spewing even filthier curses.

Zhang Yi interrupted, "You're just a useless piece of garbage. All you can do is run your mouth. Who are you trying to scare? Go eat sh*t!"

After that, Zhang Yi hung up the phone and blocked him.

Blocking him right after cursing him out felt incredibly satisfying, imagining Chen Zhenghao fuming on the other end.

Zhang Yi walked to the TV and turned on the surveillance cameras.

When Zhanlong Security Company built his safe house, they installed cameras throughout the entire building.

In essence, the entire building was now under his surveillance.

Zhang Yi glanced at the sixth floor where Chen Zhenghao lived. Sure enough, the door soon burst open violently.

Chen Zhenghao stormed out, dressed in a down jacket and wielding a baseball bat, looking menacing.

However, the moment he stepped outside, he shivered.

With the temperature at minus seventy degrees outside, he had put on only a down jacket over thermal underwear, leaving the zipper open to show off his chest tattoos.

The freezing cold quickly taught him a lesson.

Seeing no one around, Chen Zhenghao rubbed his hands together and hurriedly got into the elevator.

Zhang Yi, sitting on his sofa, leisurely picked up a crossbow from under the coffee table.

This hunting crossbow was powerful enough to shoot through a 300-kilogram wild boar, with its 20-centimeter bolts piercing deeply into flesh.

He hummed a tune as he loaded a bolt into the crossbow.

After practicing for a while, he had become quite skilled with it. Within a 15-meter range, while not a sharpshooter, he wouldn't miss a head-sized target.

As the elevator ascended, Zhang Yi grabbed the loaded crossbow and went to the door.

His giant security door had a special shooting hole at a height of two meters.

Zhang Yi stood on a chair and opened the door's shooting hole, which could only be operated from inside.

He then aimed the crossbow at the hallway outside.

For extra precaution, he also had a handgun in his pocket.

Even if Chen Zhenghao were made of iron, he wouldn't escape unscathed today.

Soon, the elevator dinged, and Chen Zhenghao came out cursing.

He quickly found Zhang Yi's apartment from the notes in the chat group.

At the door, he started banging with the baseball bat, cursing loudly.

"Zhang Yi, you coward, come out!"

"Weren't you talking big just now? Come out and see how I'll f*** you up!"

He raged and pounded on the door, but the security door, 20 centimeters thick and bulletproof, was more challenging than some armored vehicles.

Naturally, it couldn't be broken with a baseball bat. Instead, the impact hurt Chen Zhenghao's hand.

He kept cursing, oblivious to the fact that he was being aimed at with a crossbow.

Watching Chen Zhenghao's ferocious demeanor, Zhang Yi smirked.

He aimed the crossbow at Chen Zhenghao's head but then changed his target.

In this post-apocalyptic world, everyone in the building would eventually die, except himself.

Chen Zhenghao was no exception.

Killing him now would be too easy and not nearly as satisfying.

After all, in his previous life, these crazed neighbors had dismembered and eaten him alive.

Zhang Yi's smile turned wicked.

He wouldn't let this scum die so quickly!

So, he adjusted his aim.

With a subtle whoosh, the sharp bolt flew and pierced Chen Zhenghao's leg.

The bolt, capable of killing a wild boar, went clean through his calf!

Chen Zhenghao screamed in agony, collapsing to the ground, clutching his leg and wailing.

In such extreme cold, a through-and-through wound like that would render his leg useless.

Without proper medical treatment, infection was inevitable.

Chen Zhenghao would die miserably from pain and the freezing cold.

Writhing on the ground in pain, Chen Zhenghao finally realized he had provoked a formidable opponent.

Thugs like him thrived on their fearlessness and audacity, banking on the fact that ordinary people wouldn't fight back.

But facing someone who dared to use a crossbow, even they felt fear.

Terrified, Chen Zhenghao had no idea where the bolt had come from.

Despite the excruciating pain, he dragged himself back to the elevator, one leg useless.

Zhang Yi chose not to shoot again. He wanted Chen Zhenghao to live a little longer.

After all, he wasn't a demon.

Back in the elevator, Chen Zhenghao's cold sweat froze in the sub-zero temperature.

But his heart felt even colder.

The ruthless attack had shown him pure killing intent.

In today's society, anyone who dared to shoot a crossbow at a person was not to be trifled with!

Looking at his crippled leg, Chen Zhenghao saw that the bolt had completely pierced his calf.

Blood stained half his pants before freezing.

In the ultra-low temperature, his pain was somewhat numbed.

But this didn't bring relief, only more fear.

He knew that without treatment, his leg would be unable to keep within half an hour.