

# ICE AGE APOCALYPSE: I HOARD BILLIONS OF SUPPLIES

## Chapter 19: Giving Them an Ice Water Bath

Chen Zhenghao finally felt a wave of fear wash over him.

He took out his phone and dialed 120 for an ambulance, but the call wouldn't go through. For over two minutes, he kept trying, only to see the busy line message.

Chen Zhenghao's heart sank. The extreme cold had brought the entire city, including hospitals, to a standstill.

Even if some hospitals were still operating, the heavy snow had sealed off the city, making it impossible for ambulances to get through.

Chen Zhenghao was a tough guy. After much hesitation, he decided to operate on himself. At the very least, he had to remove the crossbow bolt from his leg.

Struggling back home, he fetched a knife, an alcohol lamp, gauze, and some hemostatic medicine from a drawer. As someone who often got into fights, he always kept such items at home.

Chen Zhenghao cut open his pants leg with the knife. Seeing the wound, his face turned pale.

Under the extreme cold, the wound on his leg had already frozen.

Although this temporarily stopped the blood loss, the area around the wound had started turning purple, and his calf was completely numb.

Chen Zhenghao felt hopeless. He knew that, at this moment, he could only rely on himself.

Fortunately, he was a hardened thug. After a brief moment of thought, he started operating on himself.

Since the cold already numbed his leg, he managed to complete the operation without anesthesia.

The process was excruciating, and he nearly passed out from the pain.

However, his calf was clearly ruined.

Lying on the sofa, breathing heavily, Chen Zhenghao's eyes were filled with murderous intent towards Zhang Yi.

"Zhang Yi, you little b\*stard, I will kill you, I swear!"

Chen Zhenghao wasn't joking. He genuinely planned to kill Zhang Yi. Otherwise, how could he continue living in Tianhai City?

Chen Zhenghao picked up his phone. Since Zhang Yi had blocked him, he could only tag him in the owner's group chat.

"Zhang Yi, you dog, wait and see. If I don't kill you, my name isn't Chen Zhenghao!"

The other residents didn't know what had happened but were worried for Zhang Yi, knowing he had offended Chen Zhenghao.

Chen Zhenghao was a notorious thug, and his retaliations were vicious.

However, if they knew Zhang Yi had shot him with a crossbow and crippled his leg, they would be speechless with fear.

Some people, though, were excited. Aunt Lin, who had been humiliated by Zhang Yi, was particularly gleeful.

"Let the dogs fight! Neither of them is any good!" she said, delighted.

"It would be best if that thug Chen Zhenghao beats Zhang Yi to death for cursing me!"

Fang Yuqing also saw the group messages. She smirked, hoping Chen Zhenghao would deal with Zhang Yi.

How dare Zhang Yi be so cold to her and refuse to bring her food?

However, no one dared to speak up, fearing involvement.

Seeing the message, Zhang Yi laughed out loud.

As long as he stayed inside his safe house, even a hundred Chen Zhenghaos couldn't touch him.

Zhang Yi sent a voice message to the group.

"Who do you think you are, barking like a dog? Try messing with me again, and I'll cripple your other leg too!"

The residents were shocked. They couldn't believe Zhang Yi dared to stand up to Chen Zhenghao.

It seemed Zhang Yi had already injured Chen Zhenghao.

Chen Zhenghao gripped his phone tightly, nearly breaking it.

"Zhang Yi, you wait! I will kill you!"

Zhang Yi responded unflinchingly, "Bring it on, dog! Let's see who dies first!"

In the post-apocalyptic world, Zhang Yi did not need to be polite. Social norms and moral constraints were meaningless to him now.

On the other side, Chen Zhenghao was furious.

Back in his room, relying on the minimal heat from the air conditioner, he regained feeling in his leg, though the pain was excruciating.

Now needing a crutch to move, he contemplated his next move.

Chen Zhenghao realized killing Zhang Yi wouldn't be difficult.

He believed he had been caught off guard by the crossbow bolt.

Now prepared, he could call his henchmen to storm Zhang Yi's home and kill him.

The freezing weather meant hospitals and police stations were non-functional, making this the perfect time for murder.

Chen Zhenghao called his henchmen, ordering them to bring weapons and come to his aid.

Many of Chen Zhenghao's goons lived nearby. Upon receiving his orders, they armed themselves with machetes, baseball bats, and steel pipes and gathered at Chen Zhenghao's place.

Seeing his injured leg, they loudly vowed to kill Zhang Yi to avenge him.

Despite his injury, Chen Zhenghao coldly declared, "I'll be fine after resting for a few days and getting treatment at the hospital once the snow melts."

"But this dog dared to shoot me. That's an affront to my authority."

"If I don't kill him, how can I maintain my reputation?"

One of his goons, holding a steel pipe, shouted, "Boss, just tell us his apartment number, and we'll chop him up right now!"

Chen Zhenghao nodded, "He's in apartment 2401 in this building. Be careful, though. That little bastard has a crossbow. He ambushed me with it."

Another goon, wielding a bat, shouted, "What a dishonorable move, using a crossbow to ambush someone!"

Chen Zhenghao instructed, "Be cautious. I know he's alone. Just avoid getting shot, break down his door, and kill him!"

His henchmen were fearless thugs. Despite knowing Zhang Yi had a weapon, they were excited.

With the snow sealing off the city and no law enforcement to fear, they could attack openly.

Human malice thrived under such lawlessness.

Armed, they headed to Zhang Yi's apartment, intending to break in and kill him.

Zhang Yi, fully aware that Chen Zhenghao would seek revenge, remained untroubled.

He continued playing his game, monitoring the building through the surveillance system.

Seeing Chen Zhenghao's henchmen approach, Zhang Yi calmly prepared for their arrival.

His table was covered with weapons, ready for action.

These scum deserved no mercy.

Soon, Chen Zhenghao's henchmen reached Zhang Yi's door.

Cautious of the crossbow, they carried wooden boards as makeshift shields.

Upon reaching Zhang Yi's door and finding no immediate threat, they began their assault.

"Open the door!"

"You dared to shoot our boss? We'll kill you today!"

"Today will be your death day. Open the door!"

They cursed and hammered the door with their bats and iron rods, trying to break in.

Annoyed by their noise, Zhang Yi shouted, "Can't you use more strength? Did you skip breakfast?"

Enraged by Zhang Yi's taunt, they intensified their assault.

However, the 20-centimeter-thick alloy door, designed to withstand small explosions, was impervious to their primitive attacks.

After a long effort, they barely scratched the surface, leaving a few minor dents and chipped paint.

Stunned, the thugs realized the door was pure metal, incredibly thick and solid.

"This door is solid metal! How are we supposed to break it?"

"Who does this guy think he is? How many enemies does he have?"

The goons were dumbfounded.

They had promised Chen Zhenghao they would beat Zhang Yi half to death and bring him back.

Failing to break the door, they continued cursing and hammering, not knowing what else to do.



Zhang Yi, losing another life in his game, finally had enough.

Irritated by the constant noise, he went to the kitchen, attached a hose to the faucet, and climbed up to the shooting hole.

None of the thugs outside noticed the activity above them, still shouting and cursing.

Zhang Yi chuckled, turned on the faucet, and sprayed them with a torrent of water.

The water poured down like a storm in the narrow hallway, drenching the thugs instantly.