

ICE AGE APOCALYPSE: I HOARD BILLIONS OF SUPPLIES

Chapter 20: Starting a Life of Comfort

Can you imagine what it feels like to be drenched in freezing water at minus seventy degrees?

Holding the hose, Zhang Yi sprayed the water on those thugs outside his door.

With a temperature difference of about a hundred degrees between the inside and outside, the water steamed as it left the hose but quickly froze upon contact with the thugs.

They were all wearing down jackets and sweaters in the freezing cold.

The cold water soaked them completely, making them feel like they were plunged into an ice cellar.

"Damn! It's freezing! I'm going to die of cold!"

"Ahhh, stop! Stop it!"

At that moment, they would have preferred a severe beating to this torturous cold.

Their lips turned purple one by one, and some even fainted from the extreme cold.

Instinctively, they fled from Zhang Yi's door.

In just a few seconds, they were completely drenched.

They didn't even make it to the elevator before their clothes froze solid.

Seeing them flee, Zhang Yi finally turned off the water.

He had initially planned to use the crossbow to teach them a lesson.

However, reloading it was too slow, and they might retaliate through the shooting hole.

Spraying them with water proved far more effective.

Those thugs, now thoroughly chilled, quickly ran back to Chen Zhenghao's apartment.

Seeing them return in such a sorry state, Chen Zhenghao was furious.

"Where's that little bastard? Did you bring him back?"

But the thugs hurriedly grabbed blankets and sheets to warm up.

Their clothes were soaked and frozen stiff.

The dozen men scrambled for dry clothes and blankets in the room.

But there weren't enough to go around, so some had to huddle together for warmth, a rather bizarre sight.

Chen Zhenghao was livid, slamming the table and shouting, "Someone explains what happened!"

After regaining warmth, a few thugs shakily explained the situation to Chen Zhenghao.

"That Zhang Yi is too despicable. He sprayed us with a hose. We couldn't bear it!"

"Their door is ridiculously thick. We spent ages hitting it, and all we did was chip the paint."

Chen Zhenghao frowned deeply.

When he went to Zhang Yi's door himself, he noticed how sturdy it was.

It seemed that forcing their way in would be difficult.

However, he soon sneered.

"No matter how fortified his place is, there must be a flaw somewhere."

"And I don't believe he can stay indoors forever!"

"Keep watch nearby. The moment he steps out, kill him!"

Chen Zhenghao's order was met with shivering but eager nods from his henchmen.

Despite their freezing state, they tried to appear fierce.

Yet, they couldn't imagine that Zhang Yi had no intention of ever leaving his home.

Outside was hell, while his room was a paradise.

Why would he ever leave paradise for hell?

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After dealing with Chen Zhenghao and his thugs, Zhang Yi returned to his game.

He knew they wouldn't give up but could not break into his home.

As for going out?

He would never take that risk, even if it were one in a million.

Why venture out when he could live comfortably at home?

Later, Zhang Yi went to the floor-to-ceiling window to check the outside.

Some people were trying to clear the snow.

He spotted Uncle You, the security guard, a dedicated and enthusiastic retired soldier who always took the lead in such situations.

Among those shoveling snow were some good-natured young people from the owners' group.

However, Aunt Lin and the other community committee members were nowhere to be seen.

They were struggling to dig through two to three meters of thick snow.

But Zhang Yi knew their efforts were futile.

Clearing a path from the building to the community entrance would take an entire day.

And even if they managed that, the roads outside were completely covered.

Such thick snow could only be cleared by professional snowplows.

However, in the South of China, such vehicles didn't exist.

Going out had become impossible.

Moreover, in minus seventy-degree weather, they couldn't last long outside.

Without proper cold-weather gear, their bodies couldn't handle such low temperatures.

Staying outside for more than half an hour risked frostbite.

Zhang Yi shook his head.

These honest people were quite pitiful.

However, since it was their choice, Zhang Yi had no intention of intervening.

After all, it had nothing to do with him. He just wanted to survive comfortably.

By afternoon, Zhang Yi felt hungry. He retrieved a sumptuous meal from his interdimensional space.

Today's meal was simple: a plate of Australian lobster, a serving of Wellington steak, two Huangshan pancakes, and a bottle of cola.

Such delicacies were abundant in his space.

Living at home all the days, Zhang Yi's schedule had become relatively free.

He slept when tired and ate when hungry without distinguishing between day and night.

Outside, the snow continued to fall.

Zhang Yi glanced out the window and saw that the snow-clearing effort had ended.

The ground they had cleared was quickly covered again by the snow.

They must have realized that their efforts were futile against nature.

Lying on his sofa in thermal underwear, Zhang Yi enjoyed the 27°C warmth of his home.

He turned on the TV to watch some programs.

Many TV stations across the country had ceased broadcasting. Only a few provincial channels and CCTV were still on the air.

These channels mainly broadcast messages encouraging and reassuring the public.

"At this moment, our eyes are on Beijing, where officials are strategizing and commanding the fight against the snow disaster!"

"Reports indicate that due to inadequate snow disaster management in the United States, two hundred million people are affected, with tens of millions of deaths!"

"In contrast, our country's snow disaster management is under control, and everything is improving."

"We urge everyone to stay calm and trust in the government!"

Zhang Yi shook his head.

The scale and severity of this snow disaster were beyond human comprehension.

Despite the authorities' efforts, human power was too insignificant to go against nature.