

Ice Age 29

Chapter 29: The Tenth Day

Wealthy heir Xu Hao's outrageous offer instantly set the group chat ablaze.

"What? 2,000 yuan for a pack of instant noodles? Did I hear that right?"

"Hey, don't drive up prices like this! I'm really scared now."

Some trembled as they spoke, "The snowstorm will pass, right? There's no need to do this."

The shaky voice message revealed the sender's inner panic.

People hadn't completely given up hope. Each morning, they hoped to see the snow stop, the sunrise, and life return to normal.

But the high-priced food transactions between Xie Limei and Xu Hao deeply shook their fragile minds.

Someone tried to stay calm, saying, "Are you kidding? 2,000 yuan for a pack of noodles? Do you really think it's the end of the world? Hahaha!"

"It's just a heavy snowfall, winter coming early. It's not like we're facing a zombie apocalypse!"

Zhang Yi read the message and chuckled, shaking his head.

A zombie apocalypse?

Don't compare such trivialities to this ice age.

Zombies, though terrifying, could still be fought by humans.

But against the forces of nature, humanity was as fragile as insects before the universe's might.

They still didn't realize the true scale of the disaster they were facing.

Xu Hao arrogantly said in the group, "Don't worry about it! I have money, and I'm willing to spend it for peace of mind. If you want to sell, private message me. If not, forget it!"

Xu Hao tried to appear indifferent.

But Zhang Yi saw through his facade—he was terrified.

Otherwise, he wouldn't offer such an exorbitant price for a pack of noodles.

It wasn't hard to understand.

Though Xu Hao was wealthy, with assets worth billions, in this apocalypse, he couldn't even order takeout.

Wealth didn't equate to stupidity. Realizing the crisis's severity, Xu Hao began to buy supplies at high prices from his neighbors.

Xie Limei, the mother, was desperate, "How can you do this? We have no food left. Buying food is a matter of life and death."

Xu Hao replied bluntly, "I'm not competing with you. I just offered a higher price, and it's up to them to decide who to sell to. It's none of your business."

Seeing Xu Hao ignore her, Xie Limei cried in the group, "Please help us. My daughter is only eight months old. Without food, I can't feed her, and we'll both starve!"

The group remained silent to Xie Limei's pleas.

This was the moment when humanity's selfish nature was most apparent.

Xu Hao's offer of 2,000 yuan per pack of noodles was too tempting.

Xie Limei could only offer half that price.

In Tianhai City, the average salary was about 5,000 yuan.

Who would sell their hard-earned supplies cheaply?

Many privately messaged Xu Hao, negotiating transactions.

Xie Limei realized what was happening and continued to cry for help in the group.

But no one responded, not even a word of comfort.

People feared that showing sympathy would lead Xie Limei to latch onto them for help.

This helpless mother sobbed uncontrollably.

Taking care of herself was already difficult, let alone caring for an eight-month-old baby.

Zhang Yi remembered Xie Limei from his previous life.

His impression of her was vague, as she always appeared as a weak, pitiful mother, earning sympathy and surviving by exchanging supplies.

But strangely, both she and her daughter survived well into the apocalypse.

Zhang Yi's eyes flashed with insight.

This woman wasn't as simple as she seemed. Beneath the soft exterior was a cunning survivor.

She likely benefited from his death, too.

Zhang Yi understood that in an apocalypse, excessive compassion was a death sentence.

So, he watched Xie Limei with cold indifference.

Too many would die in the apocalypse; he only cared about his own survival. Others' lives or deaths didn't matter to him.

However, Xie Limei's cries eventually had some effect.

Uncle You, the security guard, softened and agreed to give her some food.

Xie Limei thanked him profusely, claiming she'd remember his kindness forever.

Through his surveillance, Zhang Yi saw Xu Hao successfully buy supplies

It wasn't a vast amount, but enough for him and his girlfriend to survive a few weeks.

Zhang Yi sneered, "This is the last warmth money can buy in the apocalypse."

Soon, people would realize that money was worthless and only supplies mattered.

Then, many would regret selling their supplies.

Xu Hao had indeed set a harmful precedent in the group.

Given that many residents in the 25-unit complex were friends or colleagues, Xu Hao's high-priced purchases affected everyone.

When he used real money to set high prices for supplies, everyone realized how scarce supplies were.

People clung even tighter to what they had.

At the start of the snowstorm, some still shared or traded supplies with neighbors.

But now, they were more miserly than Scrooge.

Even best friends were refused food with various excuses.

The tenth day of the ice age had arrived.

At Fang Yuqing and Lin Cainin's home, supplies were nearly gone.

Once picky eaters of gourmet food, they now fought over a pack of instant noodles.

The food they bought earlier and what Zhou Peng, the simp, brought over was almost finished.

At this rate, they'd starve within a week.

The two sat on the sofa, wrapped in blankets, their faces pale.

On the coffee table lay an opened pack of compressed biscuits.

Lin Cainin looked at the biscuits and said to Fang Yuqing, "Yuqing, this is our last pack of compressed biscuits."

Pain filled Fang Yuqing's eyes.

In the past, she would never touch such coarse food.

Now, she ate every bit, even crumbs that fell to the floor.