

## Ice Age 301

### Chapter 301: The Greatest Threat

Chen Xinian had no choice but to suppress his anger and temporarily forgive Ling Feng.

Not wanting to see Ling Feng any longer, he waved him away, ordering him to be confined for a week as punishment.

However, just thinking about Zhang Yi made Chen Xinian's head ache again.

"I underestimated him!"

Chen Xinian sighed.

Originally, he had thought Zhang Yi was just a small-time character who had awakened his abilities by luck. He figured he could easily take him down by sending a few elite soldiers.

But reality had slapped him in the face. The man he had dismissed as insignificant had caused him tremendous losses!

"The heavy losses have severely weakened West Hill Base's power! I must replenish the ranks quickly, or if a conflict with other forces arises, this will be a major threat."

With this thought, Chen Xinian called for Ge Rou.

He asked, "How are the people Ling Feng brought back from Xu Family Town?"

Ge Rou replied, "We just ran some tests, but the results aren't in yet. However, they all appear to be in excellent physical condition. There's a high chance of producing mutants!"

Chen Xinian, however, snorted. "If Superhumans were so easily born, I wouldn't be so reliant on that fool Ling Feng!"

"No more waiting. We need manpower now. Begin the experiments immediately. If the catalysis fails, implant Ling Feng's cells into them."

Ge Rou's eyes flashed with a trace of fear at his words.

"If we rush like this, the success rate will drop even further. Less than one in thirty will survive!"

Chen Xinian dismissed her concerns. "That doesn't matter. What I need now is combat power, not labor. There are still plenty of survivors in this city. We can always replenish the population."

"Only with formidable force can we have a voice in this city!"

A ruthless gleam appeared in his eyes.

"I want the whole of Tianhai City! We can't just be confined to West Hill!"

Ge Rou bit her lip and nodded. "Understood, I'll make the arrangements right away."

After Ge Rou left, Chen Xinian sat at his desk, contemplating how to handle Zhang Yi.

Yes, "handle" was the word.

To him, Zhang Yi was like a rusty nail, firmly lodged in his territory.

The known factions of Tianhai City each controlled different parts of the city. Zhang Yi's location, unfortunately, was within West Hill Base's territory.

A wild card like him was a destabilizing factor, a potential threat to the base's control and, more importantly, Chen Xinian's personal authority.

He had to remove this thorn in his side.

“But even when Ling Feng led the team himself, they couldn’t deal with him. What should I do?”

“Am I really going to have to ask that guy surnamed Zhu for help and get him to fire a missile?”

Chen Xinian’s face showed a flicker of hesitation.

At their level, owing someone a favor was the hardest debt to repay.

The commander of Jiangnan District owed him a huge favor and had once promised to help him out. As one of the six major military districts in China, Jiangnan District had the authority to launch missiles.

This was Chen Xinian’s trump card, a deterrent to use against other forces. He was reluctant to use it unless absolutely necessary.

Was he really going to waste it on Zhang Yi?

Chen Xinian’s thoughts were conflicted.

If he didn’t use the missile, he couldn’t get rid of this problem. And if a conflict with another faction broke out one day, this thorn could very well end up killing him.

After much deliberation, Chen Xinian made a decision.

He would make one last attempt to negotiate with Zhang Yi, offering him the chance to submit to West Hill Base.

If Zhang Yi refused, then Chen Xinian would use his trump card and erase the shelter from the map.

Chen Xinian immediately summoned his Minister of Information, Geng Yilin, and ordered him to contact Zhang Yi.

Soon, Zhang Yi, inside his shelter, received a communication request from Chen Xinian.

This time, Zhang Yi felt no anxiety at the request.

He had successfully repelled Ling Feng's month-long assault and knew that West Hill Base didn't have the strength to breach his shelter.

In this negotiation, he was the victor and could now speak to Chen Xinian from a position of superiority.

Zhang Yi instructed Yang Xinxin to ensure the network's security defenses were in place, then accepted the video call.

A projection of the video appeared in the air, and Zhang Yi saw Chen Xinian's gloomy face.

Zhang Yi smiled. "Chen Xinian, long time no see!"

Being addressed so casually by his full name made Chen Xinian's gaze grow even colder. He forced a stiff smile and said, "Zhang Yi, it has been a while. I'm honestly surprised you've lasted this long."

Zhang Yi sighed in mock sympathy. "Old Chen, stop fighting. You've lost so many elites from West Hill Base—things must be rough for you."

"Why are you still fighting with me? Even if you win, so what?"

"To be honest, if you ever manage to breach my shelter, I'll destroy all the supplies. You won't get a thing."

“There’s no way you’ll come out the victor. Let’s just call it quits. I’m willing to live in peace with you.”

Zhang Yi spoke condescendingly, as if offering a handout.

But he had every right to. In this war, he had achieved complete victory.

Chen Xinian sneered.

“Zhang Yi, don’t be so full of yourself. Do you really think I can’t deal with you?”

“I’ve been lenient because I value your talent. I’m offering you a chance to serve me.”

He raised a finger and pointed at Zhang Yi. “This is your last chance. Surrender to me, and I’ll guarantee you a comfortable life in West Hill Base. I might even make you my second-in-command.”

“But you must prove your loyalty by handing over all your supplies!”

Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow.

Chen Xinian was still dreaming big.

How could he have the audacity to make such demands after losing?

Regardless, Zhang Yi had no interest in putting his life in someone else’s hands.

After this battle, he had realized that West Hill Base wasn’t as strong as he once thought.

If he ever encountered a truly overwhelming force, Zhang Yi wouldn’t mind surrendering. But who did Chen Xinian think he was?

Zhang Yi chuckled. "Old Chen, did you take the wrong medicine? You lost, and I won!"

"You have no way to deal with me, and yet you want me to be your lackey? Are you out of your mind?"

"Here's a better idea—I'll make you my little brother. You stay put at West Hill Base, and if you run into any trouble, just mention my name. I'll look out for you!"

Zhang Yi deliberately taunted Chen Xinian.

As expected, Chen Xinian slammed the table in a fit of rage. "Arrogant! You're asking for death!"

"Oh, really? But it seems you don't have the power to kill me," Zhang Yi retorted, locking eyes with Chen Xinian, not backing down.

"Hmph, you think I have no way to handle you?"

Chen Xinian stared at Zhang Yi, gritting his teeth. "Let me tell you—I can deploy a missile to blow up your shelter!"

"No matter how sturdy your shelter is, can it withstand a missile strike?"

Zhang Yi's heart skipped a beat.

But he quickly smiled. "Don't try to scare me. There's no missile base in Tianhai City, and no one has the authority to launch one. You're not a military district commander!"

Chen Xinian laughed.

“I may not be a commander, but that doesn’t mean I can’t get my hands on one! You’re just an ordinary person—you don’t understand the complex relationships at our level.”

“Don’t doubt it. If I want to, I can flatten your shelter in an instant!”

Zhang Yi narrowed his eyes and coldly smirked. “If you could do it, why didn’t you use it earlier? Why wait until now?”

Chen Xinian replied, “I’ve already told you—I value your talent and want to give you a chance. Zhang Yi, don’t make a mistake you’ll regret.”

“My patience is wearing thin.”

“Either submit to me or die. Choose.”

Zhang Yi cursed inwardly: Do you think I’m easily scared?

What, you think you’re from Naruto now? Mastering the art of talk-no-jutsu?

But he remained cautious and said, “Oh, if you really can launch a missile, go ahead. Prove it to me.”

“If you can, I’ll follow you. I won’t mind.”

Chen Xinian’s expression darkened. “Do you know how valuable missiles are now? There’s no way I’d waste one just to prove something to you.”

“Stop stalling. I’ve run out of patience.”

Chen Xinian’s eyes were bloodshot, and the murderous intent in his gaze was unmistakable.

Zhang Yi suddenly felt that the old man might not be bluffing after all.

But who knew? A man like this was good at deception and lies.

After a moment of hesitation, Zhang Yi said, "Give me a few days to think it over."

Zhang Yi's softened tone made Chen Xinian feel triumphant.

He thought he had finally scared Zhang Yi into submission, and his sense of dignity began to return.

"Don't try to play any tricks. Stalling for time won't work."

Zhang Yi replied, "You've waited this long, what's another couple of days?"

"I'll give you one day. If you don't surrender by then, I'll flatten your shelter!"

With that, Chen Xinian abruptly cut the call.

Sitting back on the sofa, Chen Xinian let out a long breath.

He closed his eyes, bringing his hands together in prayer.

"Let's hope that guy is smart enough to surrender. I really don't want to waste this precious opportunity on him."

Meanwhile, in the shelter, Zhang Yi casually rose from the sofa.

"One day, huh? Well, if I can't beat him, I can always run, right?"

Even though Zhang Yi loved this perfect shelter, he valued his life more.

If it came down to it, he would abandon it to survive.

### Chapter 302 : Strategic Relocation

Zhang Yi gathered everyone in the house and explained the situation to them.

Upon hearing that they might face a missile strike, everyone grew tense.

While an ordinary missile might not be more powerful than 500 kilograms of TNT, the enemy clearly knew the shelter's strength. They would likely use a more potent missile capable of penetrating the shelter's outer defenses.

If that happened, the threat would be beyond estimation.

Of course, there were even more powerful missiles, but those were unlikely to be deployed domestically.

"Does he really have access to something like that?" Yang Xinxin was the first to ask.

"If he did, he should have used it already, right? Why wait until now, after suffering so many losses?"

Zhang Yi shrugged and explained, "While he doesn't have it directly, Jiangnan District, stationed near Tianhai City, does. They definitely have missile control authority."

"Chen Xinian holds a significant position in Tianhai City, so it's not impossible for him to pull some strings and get one."

“The key point is, whether he’s bluffing or not, I’m not willing to risk our lives.”

Zhang Yi spread his hands. “So, everyone, pack up—we’re getting out of here!”

Zhou Ke’er’s eyes lit up. “Are we going back to the Yuelu Residential Area?”

Right now, the only place they could go was Yuelu Residential Area, where they could stay in Zhang Yi’s old safe house.

Although they had more people now, the three-bedroom apartment should be able to fit them all.

Zhang Yi smiled and nodded, “Exactly! We’ll move there for now.”

Everyone agreed with his decision. They couldn’t afford to take any risks with their safety.

Still, as they looked around at the perfect shelter, they felt a bit reluctant to leave. This five-story shelter was practically a palace. Who wouldn’t want to live in such a place?

Fatty Xu sighed, “What a shame, I’ve only lived here for a few days.”

Zhang Yi laughed and patted his shoulder. “Don’t be too quick to complain. We still don’t know for sure if he has missiles.”

Yang Xinxin, pushing her wheelchair closer to Zhang Yi, gave him a meaningful look.

“If our planted agent can do their job, we’ll have all the intel on West Hill Base.”

Zhang Yi blinked and, after a moment of thought, smiled. “If it works out, that’d be fantastic!”

Everyone went off to pack their things.

There were so many valuable items in the shelter. Everything Young Master Wang had left behind was top-quality luxury goods.

Even the items Zhang Yi had given to the others were from the well-stocked storage.

The house was filled with high-end furniture, fine wine, collectibles, and gaming consoles, all brand-name products.

So, knowing the shelter might get hit by missiles made everyone reluctant to leave. They wished they could take everything with them.

Zhang Yi quickly stopped them from trying to take too much.

Though he had his dimensional space to quickly store things, the women's endless list of items was just too much.

To prevent Chen Xinian from launching an airstrike earlier than expected, Zhang Yi urged everyone to pack only the essentials and leave with him.

In the end, they could only take the most necessary supplies and pack them into Zhang Yi's dimensional space.

"There's no need to feel so attached! We can always go to the mall and grab whatever we need later."

"Even the most expensive jewelry is worthless now. What's there to be sad about?"

Zhang Yi smiled as he tried to cheer up the women, finding their behavior amusing.

"Well, you're not wrong, but those things are still nice to have," Zhou Ke'er said wistfully, resting her chin in her hand.

“They hold a lot of our fond memories.”

“Huh? What fond memories?” Zhang Yi asked.

Zhou Ke’er blushed a little and whispered into his ear, “The sofa, the dining table, the toilet, the bathtub... all of them carry precious memories.”

Zhang Yi’s eyes sparkled. “Oh, I see what you mean. But don’t worry, we can always make more of those memories in the future.”

Only then did a smile return to Zhou Ke’er’s face.

After packing their important items, Zhang Yi led the group out of the shelter.

Aside from Zhang Yi, Fatty Xu, and Hua Hua, the other women hadn’t been outside in a long time.

At first, they wanted to take a deep breath of fresh air, but the cold nearly froze their mouths.

“Oh my god, it’s freezing!” Yang Siyah cried, clutching her mouth in pain.

“The air is so cold and terrible—I don’t want to be outside!”

Zhang Yi chuckled, “Of course! You didn’t actually think the air out here was fresh, did you?”

Most of the plants in the outside world had frozen to death, and the air was becoming thinner, devoid of that fresh, earthy scent.

“Really?” Yang Siyah’s eyes widened with curiosity.

“If that’s true, won’t all of Blue Star run out of oxygen?”

Yang Xinxin chuckled at her sister’s naivety. “Even if all the plants die, there are still other ways to produce oxygen. Otherwise, how do you think the planet had oxygen for the first life forms, before plants existed?” *ráNøᵰEŞ*

Yang Siyah didn’t dare argue with Yang Xinxin when it came to science.

Zhang Yi chimed in, “We should also thank Mi Mi. If she hadn’t been so meticulous in cultivating so many plants in the shelter, we wouldn’t have had such fresh air.”

The garden in the shelter had been beautifully tended by Yang Siyah, and they often went there to relax and enjoy the greenery, finding peace in the sight of the vibrant plants.

Hearing Zhang Yi’s praise made Yang Siyah feel touched, her gaze softening.

But when she thought about the plants she had to leave behind in the shelter, she couldn’t help but feel sad.

Those flowers and plants had all been carefully grown by her, one by one.

If they died, she would be heartbroken.

Seeing her mood, Zhang Yi comforted her. “Don’t worry too much. I still have plenty of seeds. You can plant them again in your own little garden.”

Yang Siyah’s eyes lit up with excitement, and she quickly replied, “I’ll make sure to take good care of your seeds!”

For some reason, the people around them felt there was something off about the conversation.

Before anyone could think too much about it, Zhang Yi took out two snowmobiles and called everyone to get on.

He drove one, and the other was handed over to the mechanical girl, Lu Keran.

Her driving skills were impressive, even flashier than Zhang Yi's.

Both snowmobiles had been modified earlier, with steel plates and bulletproof glass added to the exterior, giving them some degree of protection.

"Alright, let's go!" Zhang Yi revved up the engine and led the way toward the long-lost Yuelu Residential Area.

### Chapter 303: Trojan Horse Strategy

West Hill Base.

After returning to the base, Liang Yue found some time to visit the Fourth Life Pod. She had been away for a month and was anxious to see how her students were doing.

But this time, she was shocked to discover that nearly half of her students were gone!

"How can this be? Why?"

Liang Yue was both horrified and furious, her body trembling uncontrollably.

Many familiar faces had disappeared. If her guess was correct, most of her students had died.

Her resentment toward West Hill Base deepened.

As for the remaining students, their expressions had become utterly numb.

They no longer showed the fear they once had. Some stared at her blankly, while others had strange smiles on their faces.

“Teacher Liang, you’re back!” Wu Chengyu walked up to her, a flicker of hesitation in his eyes.

The other students merely greeted her quietly, no longer the sobbing mess they once were.

Liang Yue took a deep breath. “Wu Chengyu, come with me for a moment.”

She pulled him aside and asked seriously, “What happened to you all while I was gone this past month?”

Wu Chengyu tugged at his clothes. Since arriving at West Hill Base, he always wrapped himself in layers of thick clothing, covering as much of his skin as possible. If he could, he’d probably hide his entire body.

“Teacher Liang, why were you gone for so long? More of our classmates were taken away. They never came back.”

Liang Yue was devastated by his words and grabbed his shoulders. “There are so many people in the Fourth Life Pod—why did they take you?”

Wu Chengyu looked up, his hollow eyes reflecting a hopelessness that had consumed his will to live.

“Because when it comes to human experiments, young and healthy individuals have the highest success rates.”

Liang Yue’s fury and despair were beyond words.

This was something she hadn't anticipated.

But even if she had known beforehand, what could she have done?

She was powerless against the entirety of West Hill Base. Even now, with her agreement with Zhang Yi, she still had to wait for the right opportunity to try and save her students.

Liang Yue clenched her fists tightly, her nails digging into her palms, trying to suppress the pain in her heart.

Wu Chengyu suddenly asked, "Teacher Liang, have you forgotten about us?"

"Did becoming a Special Forces Team captain make your life so comfortable that you abandoned us?"

His eyes were filled with suspicion, and it was clear that he had almost lost the will to live. Compared to the other students, he had endured even more suffering.

Because of this, Wu Chengyu and his classmates had begun to doubt whether Liang Yue had forsaken them.

Seeing the hollow look in his eyes sent a chill down Liang Yue's spine.

Her students were like a group of soulless, walking corpses, having lost all hope.

"I haven't! I've been trying to find a way to get you all out of here!" Liang Yue said firmly, her eyebrows furrowed with determination. "It won't be much longer—I promise I'll take every one of you out of here!"

"It won't be much longer!" she emphasized once again, with great conviction.

At that moment, Liang Yue felt as though her students were like dry kindling, slowly being consumed by West Hill Base's fire.

If she delayed any longer, none of them might survive.

This was something Liang Yue couldn't accept under any circumstances.

After giving her students some of her saved food and comforting them, she left the Fourth Life Pod.

Even though the students had almost given up hope of escaping West Hill Base, Liang Yue was determined to keep trying.

After leaving, she found a secluded, dimly lit corner. Once she was sure no one was around, she pulled out a phone hidden in the lining of her boot.

This was the phone she used to communicate with Zhang Yi.

During her mission with Ling Feng and the others, she had managed to retrieve it.

She had stolen this phone while in Xu Family Town. It wasn't connected to West Hill Base's network, so it couldn't be detected. However, it couldn't be used to communicate with the outside world either.

But Zhang Yi had already planned for this.

The SIM card he had given her was an advanced signal receiver, encrypted through multiple servers to avoid detection by West Hill Base's network.

Zhang Yi had sent her instructions on how to use the SIM card and asked her to contact him once she was back at the base.

Liang Yue inserted the special SIM card into the phone and sent a message to Zhang Yi.

“I’ve returned to West Hill Base. I need to get my students out as soon as possible, and I need your help.”

While Zhang Yi hadn’t promised to personally rescue her and her students, he had said that his level of assistance would depend on the importance of the information she provided.

Now, Zhang Yi was Liang Yue’s greatest hope. She had no choice but to plead for his help.

Before long, a reply came from Zhang Yi.

“Find a way to plug the chip I gave you into any computer in the base’s network center.”

“Once we control West Hill Base’s network, we can help you escape.”

Liang Yue’s heart skipped a beat. This task wouldn’t be easy.

West Hill Base was heavily surveilled.

Getting into the heavily guarded Information Department and inserting a chip into one of its computers would be a monumental challenge.

But she also understood that if she could hack into West Hill Base’s network, it would throw the base into chaos for a period of time.

That would give her the window she needed to escape with her students.

Though dangerous, it was her only chance. Liang Yue’s eyes gleamed with determination.

“Alright, I’ll get it done. When the time comes, I expect you to keep your promise.”

Zhang Yi had promised to at least provide Liang Yue and her students with food and temporary shelter.

Any additional help would depend on her contribution.

Without hesitation, Zhang Yi replied, "Of course."

Liang Yue turned off the phone, removed the SIM card, and carefully hid them back in the lining of her boot and her jacket's inner pocket.

The Information Department was also in the Second Life Pod, about 500 meters from where she lived.

She was very familiar with the layout of the Second Life Pod. Now, she just needed to find the right moment to sneak in.

"Who would've thought I'd be going back to my old line of work after all these years?"

Liang Yue took a deep breath, her eyes filled with resolve.

Back when she had been a bodyguard, she had received professional training for situations like this.

#### Chapter 304: A Long-Awaited Reunion

On the other side, Zhang Yi, Fatty Xu, and the others were on their way to Yuelu Residential Area.

After contacting Liang Yue, a look of anticipation appeared on Zhang Yi's face.

"If Liang Yue can succeed, we'll gain a huge advantage in our fight against West Hill Base!"

Yang Xinxin, sitting in the back seat, smiled and said, "The most important thing is that we can steal all their intelligence and figure out their trump cards."

"I'm also curious to see if they really have the ability to deploy missiles. In the current situation, the difference between an organization with such strategic weapons and one without is enormous!"

"The threat to us is on a completely different level, right, big brother?"

Zhang Yi nodded in agreement. "Exactly. The unknown is always the scariest. But once we know their trump cards, we'll at least know how to respond."

Lu Keran, thinking of Liang Yue, couldn't help but feel concerned. Liang Yue had been a very caring teacher to them back in school.

"Sigh—" Lu Keran let out a long sigh.

Zhang Yi asked curiously, "What's wrong, Keran? What are you worrying about now?"

Lu Keran replied, "I'm worried about Teacher Liang. She's in such a dangerous place, carrying out such a risky mission. What if something happens to her?"

"If she gets discovered, won't she be killed?"

Her face was full of worry.

Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow and thought to himself: Sorry, but I don't really care about her life or death. We're just in a mutually beneficial relationship; there's no emotional attachment here.

Of course, Zhang Yi would be happy if Liang Yue succeeded. But if she failed, it wouldn't be much of a loss for him.

From the start, it was Liang Yue who had approached him for cooperation. Even if she died, Zhang Yi couldn't be blamed.

"Fate favors the good. Teacher Liang is such a kind person; heaven will protect her!" Zhang Yi smiled, offering some comfort.

Lu Keran, hearing this, nodded firmly. "Yes, Teacher Liang is so nice. Nothing bad will happen to her!"

Zhang Yi could barely contain his laughter inside.

Still, he didn't say anything to shatter Lu Keran's innocent belief. In fact, it worked in his favor to let her keep that purity. Sometimes, Zhang Yi found it comforting to be around such pure-hearted girls, reminding him of the simpler, more innocent version of himself from the past.

Before long, they arrived at Yuelu Residential Area.

After more than a month away, the snow on the ground had thickened again. However, with the reduced snowfall, it wasn't spreading any further.

The entire city seemed frozen in time, blanketed in snow and silence, with only the howling wind piercing through the eerie stillness.

Before arriving, Zhang Yi had already informed Uncle You, so when the car pulled up in front of Building 25, he saw Uncle You and Zhou Haimei bundled up in thick coats, waiting for them.

Zhang Yi glanced around at the nearby apartment buildings.

Nothing stirred. No sign of life.

Most of the people in the neighborhood were probably dead by now.

As everyone got out of the car, Uncle You and Zhou Haimei walked over with big smiles on their faces.

Uncle You gave Zhang Yi and Fatty Xu each a warm hug.

“Hahaha, it’s been a while! It’s great to see you all safe and sound!”

Uncle You patted Zhang Yi and Fatty Xu’s backs enthusiastically, his eyes brimming with excitement.

He had noticed the explosion at Cloud Manor back then and had planned to rush over to help Zhang Yi, but Zhang Yi had refused his offer.

During this time, he had stayed in touch with Zhang Yi, ready to assist him at a moment’s notice. In his heart, he felt that he owed his life to Zhang Yi’s help. He believed he wouldn’t have survived this long without it.

Zhou Haimei was equally happy to see Yang Siyah, Zhou Ke’er, and the other women. Living in the shelter, her life had been secure, but with no one to talk to, loneliness had been eating away at her.

Now that she had some company, she couldn’t be happier. It felt like a holiday gathering rather than a survival reunion.

The group bustled with joy, and they all entered the shelter together.

Back in the familiar shelter, Zhang Yi and Zhou Ke’er’s faces filled with nostalgia. They couldn’t help but recall the early days of the apocalypse when they had witnessed too many bizarre things.

Even seeing the white walls of the shelter now felt chillingly cold.

Zhou Haimei laughed. “Knowing you were coming, I made sure to prepare all the rooms. It’s a bit crowded, but the house is big enough, so we can squeeze in.”

“That’s great! The more people, the merrier! We can even set up two mahjong tables!” someone joked, and the group laughed, the women in particular enjoying themselves as if on vacation rather than fleeing disaster.

Once inside, Zhang Yi removed his winter coat and went to chat with Uncle You.

Zhang Yi pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and handed one to Uncle You. They lit up, puffing smoke as they caught up on each other’s recent experiences.

Neither of them were heavy smokers, but the occasional cigarette helped ease the tension.

“How’ve things been around the neighborhood lately? Has everyone else died? No one’s tried to come over and rob you, have they?” Zhang Yi asked with a smile, leaning against the windowsill.

Uncle You chuckled. “You sure don’t miss a thing! After you left, a few people thought it was safe and came looking for me.”

“At first, they tried to appeal to my sympathy, but after that first month of the apocalypse, none of us can afford to be saints anymore, so I turned them down flat.”

“When they got desperate and tried to force their way in, I sent them all away.”

Uncle You spoke lightly about it.

Having helped Zhang Yi clear out all the troublemakers in the neighborhood, he had become accustomed to killing. It no longer bothered him.

“We’re all just trying to survive. You weren’t wrong for coming after me, but don’t blame me for taking you out.”

“But there is still one group of people alive.”

This caught Zhang Yi by surprise. “Impossible!” he exclaimed instinctively.

In an environment like this, without external supplies, no one should be able to survive in the other buildings. They didn’t have powers like Uncle You, nor did they have a snowmobile like the one Zhang Yi had given him.

Uncle You took another drag of his cigarette and laughed. “It’s true, and you know them well. It’s Li Jian’s group from Building 18!”

“Li Jian?” Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow, clearly surprised.

That building had left an impression on him back in the day.

Li Jian’s group had managed to maintain civility in the apocalypse. There was no fighting over resources, no internal killings, and no descent into cannibalism.

Remarkably, they had survived longer than anyone else in the neighborhood.

But Zhang Yi had never thought they would last this long.

He had given them some seeds, but he hadn’t expected them to actually grow crops.

“Do you know how they’re managing?” Zhang Yi asked, intrigued.

Uncle You shook his head. “I don’t know the details. You told me not to get too close to them, so I haven’t.”

“They’re scared of you, so they don’t dare come over, and I don’t want to take any risks. But I’ve seen shadows moving in their building, so I know they’re still alive.”

Zhang Yi's curiosity grew even more.

Snuffing out his cigarette, he said, "I'll pay that old friend a visit later."

Uncle You looked at Zhang Yi, his dark eyes full of concern.

"What's going on with you? Have you run into some danger?"

Knowing Zhang Yi, Uncle You was aware that he wouldn't have left his shelter unless something serious was happening.

Zhang Yi hadn't had time to explain everything to him earlier, so now he filled him in on the whole story.

"What? Missiles?" Uncle You's eyes widened in shock.

Before the apocalypse, such weapons were only under the control of the highest military command. To use them, they would need direct orders from the capital.

And now, they were planning to use that kind of weapon against Zhang Yi's shelter?

Zhang Yi rubbed his nose and said, "We're not sure if it's a bluff or real, but to be safe, I decided to lay low for a while."

"It's probably fake. We'll go back once we've confirmed it's safe."

But Uncle You wasn't convinced.

"I think you should stay here longer, just to be sure. You can't afford to take chances with something like this."

“Tell you what, you can have this shelter back, and Haimei and I will move to the next building.”

Uncle You knew his place well. This shelter had been lent to him by Zhang Yi, and he wasn't about to act like the owner.

Zhang Yi gave him an appreciative look and smiled. “Why say that? You can stay here. Do you really think I'm short on shelters now?”

Zhang Yi was no longer the person he used to be. He was much stronger now, with plenty of capable allies.

Building a new shelter to his liking was a simple task.

With no shortage of heating resources or food, he wasn't picky about where he stayed.

Uncle You laughed. “You're the boss here. As long as you're happy, we're happy to have you!”

#### Chapter 305: The Miracle of Building 18

Zhang Yi discussed with Uncle You, deciding to stay at Yuelu Residential Area for a while and observe the situation.

They wanted to see if the missile Chen Xinian mentioned was real or not.

Based on Zhang Yi's understanding of the West Hill Base, they currently didn't have precise satellite positioning capabilities.

So, the so-called missile strike might not even be real.

Even if they had that kind of ability, it would be impossible to locate Zhang Yi in real time and know that they had escaped to Yuelu Residential Area.

Zhang Yi wasn't worried about his safety.

But this feeling of being under an unknown threat was unsettling.

"The enmity between me and West Hill Base is irreconcilable," Zhang Yi sighed.

"Unless I leave this place far behind, Chen Xinian will always find a way to kill me and take everything I have."

He sighed deeply, "Fate's out of my hands! I just wanted to live a peaceful life, never wanted to offend anyone. But why does trouble always find its way to me?"

Uncle You glanced at the frustrated Zhang Yi and smiled slightly.

"It's because you have too many good things in your hands!" He spread his hands and said, "Look at me, I don't have these troubles, but my quality of life is way worse than yours."

"This is just how the world works. If you live well, people envy you; if you live poorly, they look down on you. Even if you do nothing, you can't stop others from being jealous!"

Zhang Yi smiled wryly and leaned against the window.

"If only I had enough strength, I'd wipe out that damned West Hill Base!"

Both of them laughed, not taking the statement seriously.

After all, the base was a massive entity, with terrifying numbers of armed personnel and advanced weaponry.

Even though Zhang Yi was a Superhuman, charging in would be suicidal.

While they were chatting, the women in the house had already made the beds and set up the daily necessities.

At this moment, Uncle You casually mentioned something.

“Oh, by the way, some strange people have been spotted around here recently. Not sure if it’s useful information for you.”

Zhang Yi blinked, “Strange people? At this point, what kind of people aren’t strange?”

When even creatures could mutate, what else could be considered unusual?

But the people who have survived till now must have some skills.

“What kind of people are they?” he asked.

Uncle You replied, “A group of people, like ascetics. There were quite a few of them, at least a few hundred!”

Zhang Yi frowned, “That many?”

The larger the group, the bigger the potential threat.

Uncle You said, “Yeah, at first, I was worried they came to loot. But they didn’t seem malicious.”

“I interacted with them briefly. Turns out they’re followers of a religion called the Snow Worship Cult.”

Zhang Yi chuckled, "Snow Worship Cult? Sounds like something from ancient times, when people worshipped natural disasters, creating gods out of thunder, rain, water, plague. Now there's even a Snow God!"

"It's just psychological comfort, a reliance on some supernatural force. Not surprising, really. There will always be flocks of sheep gathering."

Religions thrive in times of chaos because people need something to believe in to endure the suffering.

Uncle You's tone grew more somber, "But, those people were indeed unusual. Their leader, called the Grand Decree, found me and immediately figured out that I was a Superhuman."

Uncle You glanced at Zhang Yi, "And he said he could help me develop my abilities and make me stronger!"

Zhang Yi's expression became serious.

In this era of mutations, no strange power could surprise him.

But the idea of enhancing Superhuman abilities was certainly tempting.

Still, he knew, nothing in this world came for free. No one would help without a reason.

"This guy's probably a con artist. As for discovering you're a Superhuman, that's not surprising. Maybe he saw you use your powers somewhere."

"Even if he's telling the truth, why would he help you for no reason?"

Uncle You nodded.

“That’s what I thought too. After all, you’ve said it before—we can’t trust the kindness of strangers. So, I turned him down!”

Zhang Yi smiled, “That was the right move.”

“But, it seems he’s been going around the area looking for others. I don’t know what happened after that.”

The residential area was large, and that group had wandered deeper inside. Uncle You had no idea where they went or where they disappeared to.

Zhang Yi thought for a moment before saying, “Are you suggesting that those so-called Snow Worship Cult members went to look for Li Jian and his people?”

After all, only the residents of Building 18 and Uncle You’s family were alive in the area now.

“I think that’s likely!”

Zhang Yi looked out the window. Through the frost-covered glass, he could faintly see the dark, lifeless city with its towering, silent buildings.

After thinking for a long while, he said, “I’m going out for a bit.”

“Are you going to Building 18?”

Uncle You asked, “Want me to come with you?”

Zhang Yi smiled slightly, “No need. They’re just ordinary people, nothing to worry about.”

Despite his words, Zhang Yi naturally suited up in his combat gear and placed Hua Hua on his shoulder.

In close combat, Hua Hua was even more dangerous than Uncle You.

After all, the explosive power and speed of a feline far outmatched that of humans.

“Brother Zhang, where are you going?”

Seeing Zhang Yi all geared up, Yang Xinxin curiously asked.

“I’m just going to visit some old friends,” Zhang Yi replied nonchalantly.

Without further explanation, he pushed the door open and left.

Yang Xinxin and the others didn’t know Li Jian, so there wasn’t much to say.

Zhang Yi just wanted to check on how Li Jian and his group had survived this long.

As for the Snow Worship Cult, he wasn’t particularly interested, but gathering some intelligence wouldn’t hurt.

Leaving Building 25, Zhang Yi and Hua Hua walked toward Building 18.

The area was eerily silent, no signs of life.

But along the roadsides, Zhang Yi noticed something—mounds of snow shaped like graves.

It wasn’t clear whether they were used to bury trash or people.

Most likely the latter, because who would care enough in these times to bury trash?

The snow naturally covered everything humans left behind.

Zhang Yi arrived at Building 18, where the snow had reached the sixth floor. As usual, they had opened a window on the sixth floor as an exit route.

Zhang Yi pulled out his handgun, chambered a round, and fired two shots into the air.

“Bang!”

...

“Bang!”

The sound of the gunshots brought back memories of the fear Zhang Yi had once instilled in the residents of Building 18.

“It’s Zhang Yi, he’s back!”

Inside one of the rooms, Li Jian peered through the window and immediately recognized him!

Even though Zhang Yi was wearing a helmet and white combat gear, this way of announcing his arrival was unmistakable.

“This is bad!”

Li Jian’s heart sank. He felt like his life was over.

Beside him, Li Jian’s wife and son came over, “If it comes down to it, we’ll fight him! We finally saw a glimmer of hope to survive, why does he have to come back?”

“If he finds out about that, the entire building will be doomed!”

Faced with his panicked family, Li Jian sighed softly.

“I’ll go talk to him. Don’t act rashly. Even if everyone in the building attacked him together, we wouldn’t stand a chance.”

They had watched Zhang Yi slaughter half the residential area by himself before.

The man had guns—what could they possibly fight him with?

Li Jian told his family, “If anything happens to me, don’t think about revenge. Stay here and protect our last hope.”

Tears welled up in their eyes, but even though they didn’t want Li Jian to walk to his death, they knew there was no other choice.

Li Jian pulled out his phone and left one last message for his neighbors before heading out the door.

It wasn’t long before Zhang Yi saw Li Jian climbing out of the sixth-floor window.

This time, however, Zhang Yi was shocked by Li Jian’s appearance.

He was so thin, almost just skin and bones.

If Zhang Yi hadn’t looked closely, he might have mistaken him for a corpse.

The only way he could recognize him was by the expensive Bolona glasses Li Jian wore, which cost at least five thousand.

“Li Jian, long time no see. I didn’t expect you to still be alive.”

Zhang Yi greeted him calmly.

Hua Hua sat cross-legged on Zhang Yi’s shoulder, her black gemstone-like eyes staring at Li Jian. She looked incredibly docile, but she could tear him apart in an instant.

“Zhang Yi, is that really you?” Li Jian asked.

Zhang Yi nodded, “Yeah, it’s me.”

He glanced up and saw shadows moving behind the windows. He couldn’t help but be surprised, “It’s been over a month, and there are still so many people alive in your building. I must say, that’s a miracle!”

“How did you manage it?”

Zhang Yi looked at Li Jian, waiting for his answer.

Li Jian swallowed hard and replied, “It was mainly thanks to the grain seeds you left behind.”

“What? You actually managed to grow the crops?” Zhang Yi was stunned.

“In this freezing weather, after just

a month, what kind of crop could be harvested and feed all of you?”

Suddenly, a bold idea flashed in Zhang Yi’s mind.

He gave Li Jian a deep look, “It seems there are mutants in your building as well, huh?”

Any inexplicable phenomenon could only have one explanation—mutants!

As Zhang Yi said this, he was already prepared to strike.

If he detected any movement, he would not hesitate to eliminate the person in front of him!

### Chapter 306: Superpowers, Sacrifice

Li Jian didn’t deny it. Instead, he slowly knelt in front of Zhang Yi.

“I’m sorry! We couldn’t protect the child you left with us.”

“I know you’re furious, and we’ve done everything we could under these conditions. If you must kill someone, kill me! But please, don’t harm the others. They’re innocent.”

After saying this, Li Jian calmly prepared for death.

He hadn’t intended to die, but as the leader of Building 18, he knew that unless he sacrificed himself, it would be hard to quell Zhang Yi’s anger.

At that moment, an elderly voice suddenly came from inside the building.

“Li Jian, you can’t die! If you die, none of us will have any hope of surviving!”

Zhang Yi looked up toward the room on the sixth floor.

A group of people stood there, led by a familiar-looking old man. He was the same elder who had taken seeds from Zhang Yi alongside Li Jian back then.

The old man's name was Ge Chenghua, a highly respected agricultural professor.

He led the group of neighbors forward, their faces resolute.

"Zhang Yi, it's our fault that we couldn't keep the child alive. But Li Jian is our hope. Please, spare him. Let me die in his place!"

Ge Chenghua looked at Zhang Yi fearlessly, his voice firm.

"If you want revenge, take my life! I've lived long enough anyway."

An elderly woman with gray hair spoke up. "Take me! Kill me instead!"

"I'm a lone man. I'm not afraid of death!"

...

The neighbors rushed forward, volunteering to die in Li Jian's place.

Tears filled Li Jian's eyes. "You all..."

The scene of everyone scrambling to die for him touched Zhang Yi slightly, though it also left him speechless.

With a cold laugh, Zhang Yi asked, "Who said I want any of you dead?"

Li Jian stared at Zhang Yi in shock, guilt overwhelming him. “We failed to keep the child you entrusted to us alive. How could you possibly forgive us?”

Zhang Yi took a deep breath, looking at Li Jian and his group as if they were fools.

So it was Xie Limei’s child who had died.

There were indeed no miracles in this world.

A child still in its infancy was too fragile. Even in peaceful times, they easily got sick, let alone in the extreme cold of this new Ice Age.

Li Jian and the others were terrified because they believed the child was important to Zhang Yi.

But what they didn’t know was that Zhang Yi had given them the child because he saw it as a burden.

If not for his fear of creating a mental block for himself, he would have killed the child with his own hands back then.

Now that the child was dead, Zhang Yi didn’t care at all.

“I understand there wasn’t much you could do in this situation. Li Jian, get up,” Zhang Yi said, signaling for him to stand.

Li Jian was stunned by Zhang Yi’s words, but soon, joy filled his heart.

He wasn’t going to die?

Li Jian was deeply moved, thinking that Zhang Yi was a truly compassionate person.

The neighbors of Building 18 also sighed in relief.

“I want to know how you’ve managed to survive until now. What have you been relying on? Tell me in detail, I’m curious.”

Zhang Yi finally revealed his reason for coming.

Li Jian, of course, didn’t dare hide anything. He gestured for Zhang Yi to follow him into the building.

“Come see for yourself. I’ll explain everything as we go.”

Zhang Yi glanced at the dark hallway, patted Hua Hua on the head, and smiled.

“Alright, let’s take a look.”

With this powerful bodyguard by his side, he wasn’t afraid of any danger.

Li Jian led the way, and Zhang Yi followed him upstairs.

As they walked, Li Jian began to recount what had happened during the past months.

“After you gave us those seeds, we tried all sorts of methods to make them grow and take root.”

“But despite our efforts, the results weren’t great. Many of the seeds died, and even the ones that survived were incredibly weak.”

“At one point, we were desperate and even considered sending a suicide squad out to search for food.”

“Then, a group of people calling themselves the followers of the Snow God arrived.”

Zhang Yi's eyes gleamed. "The Snow God's followers? Are you saying you've survived because of their help?"

Li Jian didn't dare lie.

"They came to me and said they could help us survive, and that they could even give me extraordinary powers."

"At that time, we had no other options, so I agreed to their terms."

"We were on the verge of death anyway. At that point, we would've accepted any conditions."

Zhang Yi was curious about what kind of conditions they had set in exchange for their help.

Li Jian, however, said, "They only asked that we believe in the Snow God. That's all they wanted. Nothing else."

Zhang Yi's lips curled into a cold smile.

He never believed in free lunches.

A certain tech giant had taught an entire generation that the most expensive things are the ones that are free.

"And what powers did you gain?"

Zhang Yi stared at Li Jian, waiting for his answer.

Li Jian replied honestly, "They planted a white seed right here in my forehead."

Li Jian pointed to the spot between his eyebrows.

“It felt like my whole body was plunged into an ice-cold chamber, followed by a burning heat.”

“Then, I felt a strange power within me. Look!”

Li Jian rolled up the sleeve of his right arm in front of Zhang Yi.

What Zhang Yi saw was disturbing. Anyone with trypophobia would have their skin crawling at the sight.

Beneath Li Jian’s withered skin, dozens of small lumps protruded, with web-like roots spreading deep into his flesh.

His arm no longer resembled a human arm but looked more like some kind of biological experiment, where every visible part was covered in these strange bumps.

“What the hell is this?”

Zhang Yi swallowed, feeling repelled by the eerie sight but still curious enough to ask.

Li Jian said, “These are seeds. My ability is to grow plants using my own body. The seeds I cultivate within myself have stronger life forces and grow faster.”

Zhang Yi fell silent.

He looked deeply at the now skeletal Li Jian and finally understood why the man had become this shadow of his former self.

“Just using your flesh to grow food isn’t enough to provide the necessary nutrients for the plants, is it?”

Zhang Yi said calmly.

“Ah! That’s where Professor Ge comes in. He’s an expert in agriculture!”

Li Jian led Zhang Yi to a room and reached for the door handle, giving Zhang Yi an apologetic look.

“What you’re about to see might be unsettling. Please bear with us.”

Zhang Yi laughed. “Do you think there’s anything I haven’t seen by now?”

“Ah, that’s true.”

Li Jian opened the door.

A rush of green met Zhang Yi’s eyes.

He felt warm, moist air, and the room was filled with lush, vibrant plants. But the scene was undoubtedly strange.

It was a growing chamber, brimming with crops, all thriving.

But they weren’t rooted in soil—they were rooted in corpses.

The plants had grown by drawing nutrients from the bodies of the dead, flourishing as they fed.

Li Jian said to Zhang Yi, “Since we lacked nutrients, we had no choice but to use the bodies of the dead residents.”

Zhang Yi smirked. "Well, that's smart. At least you're putting the dead to good use. This way, you avoid the guilt of cannibalism and don't waste any resources."

Suddenly, a thought struck him. He turned to Li Jian and asked, "So those graves outside—are they for storing bodies for this purpose?"

Li Jian nodded sheepishly. "Yes, that's right."

Zhang Yi glanced around the room. The plants were thriving.

The corpses had long since been drained of nutrients, reduced to mere skeletons.

Even the soil they lay in had absorbed whatever nutrients remained, leaving nothing to waste.

"How many of these growing chambers do you have in your building?" Zhang Yi asked casually as he fingered a leaf of wheat.

"We have three," Li Jian replied.

"Hmm, not bad. It's good that you're self-sufficient."

Zhang Yi gave Li Jian a long look. "But if you keep this up, you'll die."

Three growing chambers, and each seed had absorbed Li Jian's flesh and blood to grow.

He was using his life force to nurture the crops, effectively trading his own life for their survival.

Li Jian scratched his head and laughed. "Well, if we do nothing, we're going to die anyway, right?"

"I'd rather try to do something, so my wife and child can survive."

When Li Jian spoke of his wife and son, his eyes softened with affection.

It was love.

Zhang Yi couldn't help but feel a trace of admiration for him.

Maybe one day, he'd feel the same way if he had children.

But that day would have to wait until after the apocalypse.

"Li Jian, show me your power!"

Zhang Yi shook off his sympathy, his gaze sharpening as he focused on Li Jian.

So far, he had encountered many man-made Superhumans—let's call them modified humans.

And their abilities were far weaker than those of naturally awakened Superhumans.

Li Jian's power was useful, but it hadn't shown any particularly strong side yet.

Zhang Yi wanted to see just how far the so-called teachings of the Snow God cult could push someone's potential.

Li Jian hesitated for a moment, then nodded resolutely.

Although using his power took a great toll on his body, he couldn't refuse Zhang Yi's request. He wasn't in a position to negotiate.

“I understand. I’ll show you my power right now!”

### Chapter 307 : Flesh Cultivation

Under Zhang Yi's gaze, Li Jian revealed his arm, which was covered in seeds beneath the skin.

Suddenly, Li Jian clenched his fist, and Zhang Yi noticed a faint white light appear between his eyebrows.

The next moment, Li Jian's arm began to writhe, as if hundreds of insects were frantically struggling underneath, trying to burst through the skin!

“Pop!”

The skin suddenly split open, and a single stalk of wheat, stained with blood, sprouted out, vibrant green but disturbingly covered in blood.

Then came a second stalk, a third, and a fourth...

As more seeds sprouted, Li Jian's face became paler and paler.

“That’s enough. I understand what’s going on.”

Zhang Yi stopped him, not allowing him to continue displaying his ability.

This power was lethal. Simply put, it was a form of sacrifice, using one's own flesh and blood to nourish plants.

If Zhang Yi were to rate this power, it would rank very low among Superhuman abilities, as the price to pay was too high, and the effect was mediocre at best.

Li Jian gasped for breath and then called in Professor Ge to help extract the crops and transplant them into cultivation dishes.

"Snow Worship Cult..."

Zhang Yi muttered the name, feeling both curious and wary.

Clearly, Li Jian's power was not obtained in the usual way. It was something artificially induced later.

That white light between his eyebrows undoubtedly had some side effects.

Although Zhang Yi didn't yet know what those side effects were, he didn't believe there was anyone in the world who would give without expecting something in return.

If Li Jian had shown a combat-related ability instead of this planting power, Zhang Yi would have killed him already.

"That's enough. I'm leaving."

Zhang Yi had lost interest in the cultivation room and turned to leave.

Li Jian collapsed weakly to the ground, realizing only then that his back was soaked with sweat.

For Zhang Yi, this had been nothing more than a curious visit.

But for Li Jian and the entire Building 18, they had just walked along the edge of hell.

Had Zhang Yi changed his mind even slightly, they all would have died right there!

Zhang Yi returned to his safe house, preparing to wait for what would happen next so he could decide his next move.

If the shelter were really hit by a missile, he would need to quickly find a new place to stay.

Staying at Yuelu Residential Area wasn't absolutely safe.

He might move to another secure area in Tianhai City, or perhaps relocate to a more remote area in the countryside.

"I wonder if Liang Yue will succeed. If she manages to insert the chip into the West Hill Base's central network computer, I'll be able to go from reactive to proactive!" —Nobes

Zhang Yi thought silently.

But for now, there was nothing he could do except wait for Liang Yue's next move.

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At West Hill Base.

After returning from the Fourth Life Pod, Liang Yue was more determined than ever to help her students escape.

If they didn't leave soon, very few of them would survive.

After their failed attempt to hunt down Zhang Yi, West Hill Base had lost many of its best warriors, including half of their cyborg soldiers.

As a result, the base would likely accelerate its human experimentation to make up for the loss in combat power.

Time was not on her side.

Liang Yue made her way toward the Second Life Pod.

She lived in this area, which also housed the base's Information Department and several other critical sectors.

When she arrived at the Second Life Pod, she noticed the hallways were crowded with people.

These were villagers from Xu Family Town, all dressed in gray and wearing electronic handcuffs, lined up against the walls.

Armed soldiers patrolled the area, their sharp eyes scanning the villagers, intimidating them into submission.

When the soldiers saw Liang Yue, they immediately saluted.

"Captain Liang!"

Liang Yue's combat uniform bore the captain's gold star, a symbol of her rank within West Hill Base.

She nodded and casually asked, "What's going on here?"

One of the soldiers glanced at the despondent villagers before approaching Liang Yue and whispering, "According to orders from the higher-ups, they are to undergo mass mutation experiments!"

Liang Yue's pupils contracted sharply.

Mutation experiments?

On so many people?

She couldn't help but recall the grotesque bodies she had once seen being fed into the food processing chamber.

Human mutation experiments weren't a secret at West Hill Base—they were conducted openly.

At least, they weren't a secret to those in the higher levels of the Life Pods.

However, they were kept hidden from the test subjects in the Fourth Life Pod.

"Why so many?" Liang Yue asked, her voice low.

"The success rate of these experiments isn't that high, is it?"

The soldier was slightly taken aback, casting a few more glances at Liang Yue.

"Don't you know, Captain?"

As a naturally born Superhuman and a captain at West Hill Base, Liang Yue had certain privileges, so the soldier had assumed she knew the details.

"I've only been at the base for a short time," Liang Yue replied. "I'm still unfamiliar with some things."

The soldier nodded in understanding. "Ah, right, of course."

"Actually, the reason is simple. Nearly all the Special Forces team members were either killed or injured during the mission, resulting in a significant loss of combat power."

"The higher-ups likely want to make up for this loss."

Liang Yue clenched her fists so tightly her knuckles cracked, her eyes filled with hatred for Chen Xinian, the leader of the base.

She had thought the villagers were taken as laborers, but Chen Xinian was even more cruel than she had imagined!

These people weren't laborers—they were test subjects!

From the fate of her missing students, she knew just how low the success rate of these experiments was.

Liang Yue looked at the long line of villagers, as if she were watching lambs waiting for the reaper's scythe.

Most of them would die, and their bodies would be processed into protein meals.

Her throat convulsed, and she almost vomited on the spot.

She turned and continued walking deeper into the base.

But then, she realized something.

The Second Life Pod housed all of West Hill Base's core departments: the Experimentation Department, Information Department, Engineering Department, Food Safety Department, and Storage Center, among others.

However, the base's underground space was limited, so all these departments were closely connected, and none were far from Liang Yue's quarters.

Moreover, Chen Xinian seemed to believe that any unrest would only come from the Fourth Life Pod, where the test subjects resided, as those in the higher-level pods had no reason to rebel—they were the beneficiaries.

Therefore, the security around the Second Life Pod wasn't particularly tight.

On a normal day, there would be patrolling guards.

But this time, due to the failure of the mission, many of the guards had been reduced.

And since a large number of soldiers were needed to escort over 400 villagers from Xu Family Town for experiments, even more soldiers had been diverted to maintain order.

So many people crowded into the corridors of the Second Life Pod had caused some degree of chaos.

For Liang Yue, this was the perfect opportunity to infiltrate the Information Department!

As she walked, she carefully observed her surroundings.

This mission couldn't fail. She had to be extremely cautious.

As she passed by the entrance of the Information Department, she slowed down slightly, taking in the situation.

At that moment, a soldier assigned to guard the villagers noticed her.

Liang Yue rounded a corner, and then heard a voice behind her.

"Ms. Liang, please wait!"

Her back immediately stiffened, but she forced herself to stay calm as she turned around.

A soldier in combat gear, holding a gun, was approaching her.

"Is something the matter?" Liang Yue asked, keeping her voice steady.

The soldier hesitated for a moment, then unexpectedly removed his helmet, revealing a youthful face.

"Ms. Liang, it's me!"

Seeing the person in front of her, Liang Yue couldn't help but exclaim, "Ye Xiaotian!"

The soldier standing before her was one of her former students who had been taken away.

Ye Xiaotian glanced around cautiously before leaning in and whispering, "Ms. Liang, I didn't expect you to become a captain in the Special Forces. I'm so envious!"

"How did this happen? Why did you join the Special Forces?" Liang Yue asked, staring at him.

Ye Xiaotian gave a bitter smile.

"Don't you know? I'm the only one of the students they took who survived the experiments."

He unbuttoned his shirt, revealing a terrifying dark red scar on his chest, like something grafted from a plant.

Liang Yue's heart raced, and she couldn't help but hug the student tightly. "Thank goodness, you're still alive!"

"What about the others? Are they all dead?"

Ye Xiaotian's eyes dimmed as he nodded, "Yes, they're all dead."

Although Liang Yue had expected this outcome, she still felt a pang of sorrow.

Other soldiers passed by but said nothing when they saw Liang Yue talking to Ye Xiaotian, since she was a Special Forces captain and had the authority to speak with him.

Looking at her student, an idea suddenly came to Liang Yue.

If she acted alone, the risks would be high.

But if she had someone to assist her, especially a Special Forces member, the chances of successfully infiltrating the Information Department would increase significantly!

Liang Yue glanced around and said to Ye Xiaotian, "Come with me. I need to talk to you."

Ye Xiaotian didn't hesitate at all. Since the apocalypse began, he had been through too much hell.

There was only one person in the world he could still trust—Liang Yue.

Without Liang Yue, he and the other students would have died long ago at Tianqing Academy.

Now, in his half-human, half-monster state, he desperately hoped to find comfort and redemption through Liang Yue.

Chapter 308: An Interesting Game

Liang Yue called Ye Xiaotian to a corner where they could avoid surveillance.

Using her conversational skills, she first tested Ye Xiaotian's attitude toward West Hill Base.

After listening, Ye Xiaotian's eyes filled with hatred as he gritted his teeth. "Teacher Liang, they don't treat us like humans at all! They use us like lab rats!"

"You can't imagine what we went through in that lab!"

As he recalled the events of that day, Ye Xiaotian's body started trembling uncontrollably.

He poured out the story to Liang Yue as if venting his pain.

It turned out that West Hill Base had long discovered that people might awaken Superhuman abilities under extreme conditions.

So the first step in their experiments was to torture these individuals in various ways, pushing them to the brink of death repeatedly.

This included suffocation for two minutes, electric shocks, spinning, and dozens of other methods.

If none of these triggered any abilities, it proved the person had no latent talent.

Yet, even then, they didn't let the test subjects go.

"The final method was to implant mutated cells into our bodies."

Ye Xiaotian said this as he instinctively touched his chest.

"If we could survive the rejection reaction and not be devoured by the mutated cells, we could live and gain powers similar to those of the mutants."

“But the price is permanent damage to the body, and even our lifespan gets reduced.”

Tears welled up in Ye Xiaotian’s eyes, and his hatred for West Hill Base was unmistakable.

Liang Yue, feeling heartbroken, gave him a comforting hug. She then looked into his eyes and asked seriously, “If you had the chance to leave this place, would you take it?”

Ye Xiaotian hesitated for a moment before his eyes lit up with hope. He nodded decisively.

“I’d love that! I dream about it!”

“Destroying this hellhole would be even better!”

Liang Yue was relieved. “Alright, if that’s the case, I need your help.”

Due to a shortage of manpower, Ye Xiaotian had been reassigned to patrol near the Second Life Pod.

Each day, there was a period when he would patrol near the Information Department.

With his cooperation, it would be much easier for Liang Yue to enter the Information Department.

Once she crossed that door, for someone like her—formerly a special agent—planting a small chip in the computer would be a breeze.

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Meanwhile, Zhang Yi and his group had been staying in the shelter for a day when they received a call from Chen Xinian.

Chen Xinian asked, "Zhang Yi, a day has passed. What's your answer?"

Zhang Yi smirked disdainfully. "My answer hasn't changed. It's impossible for me to submit!"

Chen Xinian's expression darkened.

"Fine, you brought this on yourself! Just wait to be destroyed along with your Shelter!"

With that, Chen Xinian didn't bother saying anything more and ended the call.

Zhang Yi's face remained calm, but he knew that Chen Xinian's refusal to negotiate meant that the threat of missiles was likely real.

"Well, let it be."

Zhang Yi lounged back on the sofa, feeling rather indifferent.

If the Shelter was lost, so be it. As long as he stayed alive, that was what mattered.

He had people, resources, and the world was vast—there were plenty of places to go.

Zhang Yi's strength was in his ability to let go. As long as he could survive, many things in life could be compromised.

However, just as he was preparing to give up on the Shelter, he received a message from Liang Yue.

"I've done what you asked. Now I hope you'll keep your promise and help us escape from here."

Zhang Yi glanced at his phone and immediately sat up straight from the sofa.

“She succeeded?”

He had only given Liang Yue a Trojan chip as a test, without holding much hope for her success.

But she had really pulled it off. As expected of a former special department bodyguard!

Without hesitation, Zhang Yi headed to Lu Keran and Yang Xinxin’s room and pushed the door open.

“Xinxin, great news! Our plan worked!”

The two girls were surprised by Zhang Yi’s sudden entrance, but after hearing his words, they understood why he was so excited.

Yang Xinxin’s eyes sparkled with excitement.

As a top-tier hacker, being able to hack into the highly secure system of a Shelter was an immense achievement for her!

“Alright, I’ll get to work right away!”

She moved her wheelchair over to her workstation, where Zhang Yi had already set up the computer.

Her fingers danced across the keyboard like she was playing a piano.

Zhang Yi didn’t bother trying to make sense of the complex characters on the screen. He simply stood behind Yang Xinxin, waiting for her to finish.

Not long after, her hands stopped moving.

She raised her head proudly and said to Zhang Yi, “Brother, I’ve completely taken control of West Hill Base’s network!”

Zhang Yi was a bit shocked. “That fast?”

It had only taken ten minutes for Yang Xinxin to completely dominate West Hill Base’s network?

He felt like it was too good to be true—this success had come so suddenly.

Yang Xinxin snorted. “If they’d been connected to the public network instead of using a closed system, I would’ve hacked them even faster.”

“All I needed was the key to open the door.”

“Technically speaking, those technicians can’t compare to me.”

After all, she was the kind of hacker capable of leaving her mark on Grey Palace’s official website!

Zhang Yi raised his eyebrows and smiled. “True. People working in the government aren’t always the best at what they do.”

Top-tier computer experts are more often found in private companies, where the pay and career prospects are better than in government jobs.

And without strong connections, it didn’t matter how skilled a technician was—they’d have little room to advance.

So most government agencies outsourced their software projects.

Naturally, the tech staff at West Hill Base couldn’t match up to a world-class hacker like Yang Xinxin.

Zhang Yi leaned on her wheelchair, peering at the computer screen.

“Will they detect our intrusion? And can we see everything on their network?”

Instinctively, Zhang Yi’s head moved closer to Yang Xinxin’s, making her blush. She lowered her head and said softly, “I have the highest level of control over West Hill Base’s network now. It’s like we’re watching them from a god’s-eye view.” *¡àNÓÞE§*

“We can see everything they do, but they won’t notice us.”

Zhang Yi’s smile deepened.

“Great! Now we can uncover all their secrets.”

He pointed to the screen. “Quick, pull up all the missile launch data. I want to know if they were bluffing.”

That was the issue weighing most on Zhang Yi’s mind.

Yang Xinxin’s fingers danced swiftly across the keyboard again, and soon she pulled up the information Zhang Yi wanted.

“According to our investigation, West Hill Base doesn’t have the authority to launch missiles.”

Yang Xinxin said.

Zhang Yi let out a small sigh of relief.

But he quickly asked, “Is there any chance they could request external support? Like asking a major military district to launch them?”

Yang Xinxin immediately began searching through West Hill Base’s communications records.

After sifting through layer after layer of data, she finally found something crucial.

The communication was between West Hill Base’s leader, Chen Xinian, and someone in Jinling, hundreds of kilometers away from Tianhai City.

“Old Zhu, I need a favor. Help me launch a missile strike on a target in Tianhai City.”

“Old Chen, are you sure? I can only do this once.”

“I know. I’ve thought it through. I’ll have the coordinates sent to you later. Let’s set the time for tomorrow night at 12.”

“Hahaha, no problem.”

---

Hearing this conversation, Zhang Yi couldn’t help but take a sharp breath.

Jinling was home to the Jiangnan District, one of the six major military districts in China.

They wielded immense military power, far beyond what Tianhai City could muster.

Zhang Yi quickly urged Yang Xinxin, “Check if they’ve already sent the coordinates for the Shelter!”

Yang Xinxin didn’t say a word. Her expression was serious as her hands flew over the keyboard.

Soon, a smile spread across her face.

“Brother, we’re in luck. They haven’t sent the coordinates yet!”

After the apocalypse, most communications infrastructure had been destroyed, making it impossible for regular people or organizations to use precise coordinate systems.

However, critical state institutions were an exception.

For example, the major military districts had access to the Nebula System, allowing them to use military satellites for precise targeting.

West Hill Base didn’t have this authority. This was a safeguard that higher-ups put in place to limit the power of local forces.

So, for West Hill Base to get the exact coordinates of Zhang Yi’s Shelter, they would need to go through multiple verification processes.

And since West Hill Base still operated like a government agency, their procedures were slow and inefficient.

As a result, the process was still stuck with Chen Xinian’s secretary, Ge Rou.

Zhang Yi sighed with relief.

At that moment, Yang Xinxin turned to him, her face lighting up with a mischievous smile.

“Brother, shall we play an interesting game?”

“Hmm? An interesting game?”

Zhang Yi blinked.

Seeing Yang Xinxin smile like that, he knew someone was about to suffer.

Don’t be fooled by her paralysis—her mind was sharper than ten ordinary people put together.

In the Shelter, aside from Zhang Yi, everyone else had been played around by her.

Squinting playfully, Yang Xinxin suggested with a warm smile, “Why don’t we change the missile target to West Hill Base? Let them blow themselves up. Wouldn’t that be fun?”

Chapter 309 : West Hill Base's Intelligence

Hearing Yang Xinxin’s proposal, Zhang Yi’s heart skipped a beat.

“Is it possible? If we alter the coordinates ourselves, won’t they notice?”

Zhang Yi thought the people in the Information Department couldn’t be so clueless as to not recognize their own base’s coordinates.

Yang Xinxin responded, “What matters is not the coordinates they send, but the coordinates the recipient receives.”

“I can block their outgoing signals, then send West Hill Base’s coordinates using their own computers.”

Zhang Yi straightened up and exhaled deeply. “That’s incredible!”

Returning an attack in such a way—what could feel better than that?

“But, West Hill Base won’t be that easy to destroy, right?” Zhang Yi murmured, rubbing his chin.

At this thought, he called over Lu Keran.

Although Lu Keran specialized in mechanical engineering, she was also well-versed in physics.

“Keran, help me analyze something. Based on the structure of West Hill Base, could it withstand a high-yield missile strike?”

Hearing this, Lu Keran immediately came over.

Yang Xinxin pulled up the structural map of the entire base.

After looking at it, Lu Keran couldn’t help but frown.

“Big Brother, honestly speaking, this shelter is extremely sturdy. It’s buried more than 100 meters underground.”

“Forget missiles—even with an H-strike, as long as it’s not at the epicenter, it could resist.”

“Oh, but if it’s a bunker-buster missile designed to penetrate underground, that might cause significant damage.”

“But destroying it with just one strike? That’s unrealistic.”

Lu Keran spread her hands. “This kind of defensive structure is specifically designed for wartime. It won’t be easily taken down!”

Zhang Yi frowned, pondering a crucial issue.

But for the moment, he couldn't make up his mind.

He told Yang Xinxin, "Xinxin, go ahead and change their coordinates as you said. No matter what, we'll make sure that missile meant for the shelter hits West Hill Base instead—that's a given."

"And also, help me gather West Hill Base's data. I'll need to review it carefully later."

Yang Xinxin nodded. "Okay, Brother."

Zhang Yi shoved his hands in his pockets, his expression serious as he left their room.

Lu Keran blinked curiously and asked Yang Xinxin, "What's Big Brother thinking? Hasn't the problem already been solved?"

Yang Xinxin furrowed her brow, thinking for a moment before slowly shaking her head.

"I can't guess."

"Huh? You're so smart, and you still can't figure it out?"

Lu Keran blinked.

As Yang Xinxin searched through West Hill Base's information, which had now become an open treasure trove for her, she said, "I think Brother is considering attacking West Hill Base."

"But given how cautious he is, would he really take that kind of risk?"

Lu Keran thought about Zhang Yi's usual steady demeanor and nodded. "Yeah, you're right. Big Brother tends to prioritize protecting himself over taking risks."

These two young women were incredibly intelligent.

But high IQ alone doesn't guarantee understanding everything—analyzing human nature requires emotional intelligence too.

Zhang Yi pushed open the door and stepped out of the safe house.

What was on his mind was whether to take this opportunity to completely destroy West Hill Base!

It was a wildly audacious plan, seemingly out of character for Zhang Yi.

But it was something Zhang Yi had seriously considered and concluded was both possible and necessary.

Zhang Yi didn't want to start conflicts with anyone unless absolutely necessary.

He just wanted to live peacefully with a few beautiful, lovely women in the shelter.

However, the enmity between him and West Hill Base had reached a point of no return.

Even if he narrowly avoided West Hill Base's missile this time, who could guarantee there wouldn't be a next time?

Chen Xinian, once a high-ranking official in Tianhai City, had extensive connections across the country.

If he could mobilize a missile from Jiangnan District to attack the shelter this time, what could he do next?

There's an old saying: you can be a thief for a thousand days, but you can't guard against one for a thousand days.

Zhang Yi either had to abandon the shelter and leave this trouble behind, or he had to destroy West Hill Base once and for all to secure lasting peace.

But both options carried enormous risks.

The first option was nearly impossible. A shelter like Cloud Manor was one of a kind across the entire country.

In the past few decades, there hadn't been a major push in China to build high-end shelters on a large scale.

A place like Cloud Manor 101, with its perfect defense system and comfortable living conditions, was unheard of. Zhang Yi had never heard of a second one.

If there were another, it would have long been occupied by some other major power.

So Zhang Yi wasn't willing to give up his shelter.

But the second option meant confronting West Hill Base head-on.

And offense wasn't Zhang Yi's strong suit.

Zhang Yi arrived at a room on the 20th floor.

This was where he had practiced his Superhuman abilities in the past. The ground still bore the remnants of charred wood.

He pulled up a chair, sat by the window, and watched the falling snow as he contemplated whether to go through with his plan.

There was only one chance.

That would be during the missile strike.

Even if he couldn't destroy West Hill Base outright, it would cause massive panic.

And he had the weapons to annihilate West Hill Base—500 kilograms of TNT he had previously collected, plus several hundred kilograms more made by Lu Keran, nearly a ton in total!

If he could take advantage of the chaos and get the explosives into the base, the results would be spectacular.

“Maybe I can't destroy West Hill Base, but if I can kill the people inside, wouldn't that be just as good?”

Zhang Yi rested his chin in his hand, gazing at the swirling snow as he muttered to himself.

The ideal scenario always looks wonderful, but reality is often bitterly cold.

Zhang Yi wasn't certain he could pull it off.

He wasn't naturally inclined to take risks.

But being attacked and humiliated multiple times without fighting back didn't suit his style either.

“I don't go looking for trouble, but I'm not afraid of it either!”

After much thought, Zhang Yi finally made up his mind—he would go back and study the plan further.

However, time wasn't on his side.

When the missile struck, West Hill Base would be thrown into temporary chaos—that would be the best moment to attack.

But if he missed that chance and they regained their footing, it would be much harder to launch an assault later.

Zhang Yi returned to the safe house. In the living room, Zhou Ke'er, Yang Siyah, and Zhou Haimei were sitting around, chatting and munching on sunflower seeds.

Zhou Haimei's complexion was now rosy, and she looked years younger than before. Clearly, she had been well taken care of by Uncle You recently.

When they heard the door open, Zhou Ke'er and Yang Siyah glanced at Zhang Yi with a hint of resentment in their eyes.

Lately, Zhang Yi had been so busy dealing with West Hill Base's attacks that he hadn't spent much time with them.

Zhang Yi coughed awkwardly, ignoring their looks, and walked into Yang Xinxin and Lu Keran's room.

"Xinxin," Zhang Yi said, walking behind Yang Xinxin and resting his hands on her wheelchair. "I need to see West Hill Base's current military configuration."

"I need details on their troops and weapons. And most importantly, I need intelligence on their Superhumans."

Hearing this, Yang Xinxin's eyes widened in surprise. "Brother, are you planning to attack West Hill Base?"

Zhang Yi glanced at her and said calmly, “If I have a good enough chance of success, why not try?”

“We need to change roles. We can’t keep being the hunted—we need to become the hunters.”

Zhang Yi smiled. “Of course, I need to first assess their strength. If it turns out the gap between us is too wide, you can just treat this as a joke.”

Yang Xinxin suddenly giggled, covering her mouth. “Now that’s the Zhang Yi I know!”

“But honestly, you’ve given me a bit of a shock.”

“I’ve already compiled the data. You can check it anytime. Want to take a look now?”

Zhang Yi nodded. “Yes, let’s see it now!”

Yang Xinxin moved aside, and Zhang Yi pulled up a chair to sit next to her.

Soon, Yang Xinxin brought up a chart displaying West Hill Base’s current military and weaponry configuration.

At present, West Hill Base had 512 regular soldiers.

These soldiers were on standard military duty, with service lengths ranging from 3 to 10 years. They had decent combat training, were skilled in various weapons, and possessed some hand-to-hand combat skills.

These soldiers were mainly effective against regular humans, but posed little threat to powerful combat-oriented Superhumans.

The core fighting force, the ACE Special Forces Team—commonly known as “Old A”—had 64 members left.

This list already excluded the 50-plus members Zhang Yi had eliminated.

The Special Forces members were the real elite.

They were either special forces soldiers or experts from other specialized military units, each possessing top-tier skills in their respective fields.

Beyond that, the true peak of combat power consisted of the Superhuman Captains and a few successfully mutated cyborgs.

Zhang Yi quickly looked at the distinctions between these two groups

According to the data, West Hill Base still had six Superhumans, not counting Liang Yue.

Some of these Superhumans had awakened their abilities naturally.

Others had their abilities artificially stimulated later.

As for those who failed to awaken Superhuman abilities, they gained extraordinary strength through another method—mutated cell implants.

The data showed that these warriors had cells implanted from Ling Feng, the leader of the Special Forces.

A small number of warriors had successfully integrated these cells and survived, resulting in their abilities having a high degree of similarity to Ling Feng's.

However, since their mutations were induced by implanted cells, their growth potential was virtually zero, and their bodies would suffer irreversible damage.

It was similar to an organ transplant—though anti-rejection drugs could ease the symptoms, the negative effects couldn't be entirely eliminated.

Cyborg soldiers had significantly shorter lifespans than both normal humans and Superhumans.

Currently, West Hill Base had 13 cyborgs. While their combat power was inferior to that of battle-oriented Superhumans, it far exceeded that of elite regular soldiers.

This group would be somewhat troublesome, but not a major problem.

After reviewing their data, Zhang Yi turned to the section that concerned him most—the data on West Hill Base's Superhuman Captains.

---

Ling Feng: Enhancement Type

Ability Code Name: Superman

Capable of significantly enhancing all physical functions, possessing combat abilities dozens of times stronger than a normal human.

- Spee

- Strengt

- Superpower: None

- Overall Abilit

- Rating: S

After reading Ling Feng's data, Zhang Yi took a deep breath.

No wonder he was the leader of West Hill Base's Special Forces Team—his strength was formidable.

Although they had never fought directly, Zhang Yi had sensed Ling Feng's terrifying presence when he saw him from a distance.

This was the guy who could leave fist imprints on the shelter's walls with his bare hands.

Even those who had only received partial implants of his cells were able to dodge sniper bullets.

So what about the man himself?

"If I'm going to attack West Hill Base, this is the person I need to watch out for the most," Zhang Yi murmured to himself.

Fortunately, the data didn't indicate that Ling Feng had any long-range attack abilities.

As long as Zhang Yi could keep his distance, it shouldn't be too much of a problem.

Even with a powerful body, the icy environment would still slow him down.

That was a weakness.

Zhang Yi continued reviewing the other Superhumans' abilities.

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Fang Zun: Emission Type

Ability Code Name: Flame Man

Able to release high-temperature flames from his body.

- Speed: ★★

- Strength: ★

- Superpower: ★★★

- Overall Ability:

- Rating: B

Zhang Yi couldn't help but chuckle at this one.

In an Ice Age, awakening a flame ability was pretty unfortunate.

His power could probably only be useful in specific environments.

He continued reading.

---

Zheng Xuerong: Control Type

Ability Code Name: Ice Seal

Able to create solid ice blocks for combat.

- Speed: ★★

- Strength: ★

- Superpow

- Overall Ability: ★★★

- Rating: A

---

Xu Mingjie: Beast Type

Ability Code Name: Poison Beast

Can transform into a giant monster, with greatly enhanced strength and highly corrosive bodily fluids.

- Speed: ★★★

- Streng

- Superpower: ★★

- Overall Ability: ★★★

- Rating: A-

---

Shi Dayong: Beast Type

Ability Code Name: Frost Giant Ape

Can transform into a giant frost ape, with greatly enhanced physical strength and cold resistance.

- Speed: ★★★

- Strength

- Superpower: None

- Overall Ability

- Rating: A

---

Ye Ronghua: Mental Type

Ability Code Name: Witch (Deceptive code name)

True Ability: Deep Hypnosis. Can induce hypnosis through brainwaves, simulating death, and even causing brain death. Eye contact enhances the ability's effects.

- Speed: ★

- Strength: ★

- Superpower

- Overall Ability

- Rating: A-

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This was Zhang Yi's first time encountering the classification system for Superhuman abilities.

According to the data from West Hill Base, higher-ups had already started categorizing Superhumans into six types based on their abilities:

1. Enhancement Type: Superpowers that enhance the body's functions while maintaining a human form.

2. Beast Type: Superhumans who mutate to gain abilities from animals, insects, or other creatures, resulting in physical transformation.

3. Control Type: Those who develop telekinesis or the ability to control objects.

4. Emission Type: Similar to Control Types, but focused on releasing magical attacks from the body.

5. Mental Type: Superhumans who disrupt others' brains using brainwaves.

6. Special Type: Any Superhuman whose ability doesn't fit into the first five categories.

It was clear that this classification system was still relatively broad, based only on basic manifestations of Superhuman powers.

Perhaps in the future, as more Superhuman data was collected, there would be more detailed classifications.

Zhang Yi thought for a moment. His space-related power didn't fit into any of the first five categories, so he would likely be considered a Special Type Superhuman.

### Chapter 310 : Deciding to Counterattack!

After reviewing the intelligence on the Superhumans at West Hill Base, Zhang Yi crossed his arms and fell deep into thought.

On his side, the combat power included himself, Fatty Xu, Uncle You, and Hua Hua.

The enemy had six Superhumans, and judging by the intelligence, each one possessed considerable strength.

Even the seemingly weakest of them, Fang Zun the "Flame Man," would be terrifying in the confined spaces of West Hill Base.

Still, it wasn't completely hopeless.

If Zhang Yi could convince Liang Yue to join them, then they would have a chance.

After all, he had personally witnessed the strength of that martial arts grandmaster.

“No matter what, there are two essential conditions for carrying out this plan.”

“The first is ensuring that the missile Chen Xinian requested can hit West Hill Base accurately, throwing the base into chaos or even temporarily disabling it.”

“The second is securing Liang Yue’s help, so we won’t be at a numbers disadvantage.”

“Besides these two requirements, I need a foolproof plan to ensure that even if the mission fails, I won’t die—that’s the most critical part!”

Zhang Yi went over the data several times, memorizing the abilities of each Superhuman in case they encountered each other one day, so he would know how to handle them.

Aside from the enemy forces, West Hill Base’s weaponry was also formidable.

However, that wasn’t much of a concern.

If Zhang Yi attacked during the chaos, the Special Forces wouldn’t be able to use large-scale weapons in the underground spaces.

His Dimensional Gate ability could counter regular soldiers’ weapons effectively.

“So, the key is how to sneak in, plant the explosives safely, and get out alive?”

Zhang Yi sat in the chair, frowning, his mind conflicted.

Lu Keran noticed Zhang Yi’s worried expression and playfully suggested, “Big Brother, if you can’t make up your mind, why don’t you discuss it with everyone?”

Yang Xinxin scoffed, "If we're discussing it, we should talk among ourselves. What's the point of talking to them?"

Sometimes, high intelligence and low emotional intelligence can go hand in hand.

Lu Keran smiled. "There's an old saying: 'Three ordinary folks together can outwit a strategist.' Who knows? They might give you some inspiration!"

Zhang Yi thought for a moment, then smiled.

"You're right. In fact, I was already planning to do just that."

Although Zhang Yi had already made up his mind about attacking West Hill Base, he wanted to make sure his plan was as safe as possible to increase his chances of success.

To carry out the plan, he needed the support of Fatty Xu and Uncle You. While he believed they would back him, it was best to ask them directly.

"Let's go. We're going to have a meeting!"

Zhang Yi stepped out of the room and gathered everyone in the safe house into the living room.

In front of everyone, he explained his plan.

"We have a rare opportunity coming up to take down West Hill Base."

"I think we all understand that our relationship with West Hill Base is beyond reconciliation. Only one of us can remain in this area."

"I'm not someone who seeks conflict, but I won't let others push me around either. This time, I'm determined to fight them!"

“But I can’t do it alone, so I need your help. What do you all think?”

Hearing Zhang Yi’s declaration of war against West Hill Base, everyone in the room had different reactions.

Some were excited, some were deep in thought, and some were worried...

Zhang Yi observed everyone’s expressions carefully.

However, only the opinions of Fatty Xu and Uncle You mattered to him—they were the key to his combat strategy.

“Uncle You, you’re the oldest here. Why don’t you share your thoughts first?”

Uncle You nodded at Zhang Yi’s invitation.

Sitting on the sofa, hands clasped together, he spoke seriously: “West Hill Base suffered heavy losses at Cloud Manor. There’s no chance of reconciliation now.”

“Instead of waiting to be killed, we should take the initiative! We’ve found a good opportunity to use their strength against them, and we should seize it!”

Uncle You looked up at Zhang Yi, his eyes firm. “Zhang Yi, I owe you so much. If you want to attack West Hill Base, I’ll be with you all the way!”

Zhang Yi and Uncle You exchanged smiles. Zhang Yi trusted Uncle You deeply, knowing he would always have his back.

After all, Uncle You was a man of honor, always repaying his debts.

Zhang Yi turned to Fatty Xu. "What about you, Fatty?"

Unlike Uncle You, Fatty Xu hesitated.

He was always cautious and timid, thinking over every action.

Hearing they were going to war with West Hill Base made him anxious.

"Can we really win? They've got a lot of Superhumans, an army, and way more weapons than we do."

Zhang Yi replied calmly, "You don't need to worry about that. In terms of Superhumans, we're evenly matched."

"As for the regular soldiers, I'll handle them. You've seen what I can do, right?"

Zhang Yi looked down at Fatty Xu on the sofa, resisting the urge to punch him.

Zhang Yi considered himself cautious, but he hadn't expected Fatty Xu to be even more so.

"Also, don't forget how many people from Xu Family Town died because of them. Don't you want to avenge them?"

Fatty Xu scratched his head. "Well... I didn't really know most of the people from the village, so it's not that big of a deal."

Zhang Yi's face twitched, and he fought the urge to tug on Fatty Xu's chubby cheeks.

Before Zhang Yi could say anything more, Fatty Xu looked up and said, "But Boss, if you're going to fight, I'll fight with you!"

Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow, surprised. “Oh? You changed your mind that fast?”

Fatty Xu sighed.

“I’ve got food, shelter, and everything I need following you. If something happens to you, what’s the point of me living alone in this apocalypse?”

“Sometimes, you’ve just got to take a gamble!”

For the first time, Fatty Xu’s eyes were clear and determined as he raised his fist.

He might be cowardly, but he wasn’t stupid.

He knew that if he wanted to stay with Zhang Yi, he had to pull his weight. Why would Zhang Yi keep him around otherwise?

Zhang Yi smiled and nodded.

“Alright then, it’s decided!”

“We’re going to take down West Hill Base!”

Uncle You and Fatty Xu both nodded. “Let’s do it!”

The other women didn’t voice their opinions throughout the discussion.

Yang Xinxin and Lu Keran, being young, naturally supported Zhang Yi’s plan for revenge against West Hill Base.

As for Zhou Haimei, Zhou Ke'er, and Yang Siyah, they were slightly worried, but since Zhang Yi, Uncle You, and Fatty Xu had already made up their minds, they chose to support them.

Fatty Xu nervously reminded Zhang Yi, "Boss, you've got to make sure this plan is solid!"

"Don't worry, I have no intention of dying any time soon."

Zhang Yi smirked. "Next, we're going to have a strategy meeting. I'll introduce you to the enemies we'll be facing and go over my plan."

Uncle You said, "I can help with this. I've had professional military training from my time in the army."

"Great, let's do that!"

Zhang Yi then turned to Yang Xinxin and said, "Xinxin, give Uncle You and Fatty Xu an overview of West Hill Base. Let them see what I just looked at, so they know what we're up against."

They needed to understand the layout of West Hill Base and the abilities of their enemies.

Yang Xinxin nodded. "Got it. You two, come with me."

She led them off to review West Hill Base's intelligence.

Meanwhile, Zhang Yi moved aside and pulled out his phone to contact Liang Yue.

To attack West Hill Base, they needed timing, geography, and unity.

Timing referred to the missile strike on West Hill Base, which would throw the base into chaos.

Geography was the thorough understanding of the base's layout, allowing them to plant explosives and destroy vital structures while killing everyone inside.

And unity depended on Liang Yue working with them, creating internal chaos while they attacked from the outside.

Of course, Liang Yue herself was also a powerful fighter.

Whether or not Liang Yue would cooperate was no mystery.

Right now, she needed Zhang Yi's help, so there was no reason for her to refuse.

Zhang Yi pulled out his phone and sent Liang Yue a message.

"Thank you for helping us deal with a problem. I will fulfill my promise to help you escape. Be in a safe place by midnight tomorrow. That's when your chance to escape will come."

"We'll be outside to assist. Make sure you're ready to leave quickly."

After a long wait, Zhang Yi finally received Liang Yue's reply.

She had to be cautious with communication, so she couldn't use the special phone card too freely.

"You're coming to help us? That's great! I'll be there on time. But what's your plan? Tell me so we can coordinate."

Zhang Yi could feel her excitement.

He replied, "We've already taken control of West Hill Base's network, so don't worry about communication security."

“By midnight tomorrow, something will happen at West Hill

Base. You’ll know what to do when the time comes. We’ll notify you of anything specific you need to do.”

Zhang Yi didn’t share the full details of the plan with Liang Yue.

She was indecisive, and if she knew Zhang Yi intended to blow up West Hill Base, she might not agree.

After all, that would mean killing thousands of people inside the base.

So, for safety’s sake, Zhang Yi kept the plan to himself.

Liang Yue replied, “Alright. We’ll find a safe place to hide before midnight and wait for you.”

“Good. It’s settled then.”

Zhang Yi put his phone away and headed to Yang Xinxin’s room to join Fatty Xu and Uncle You in planning the attack.