

## Ice Age 31

### Chapter 31: Zhang Yi's Wealth, the Bitch Cries with Envy

After Lin Cainin's persuasive words, Fang Yuqing found her arguments quite reasonable.

The most compelling reason, however, was her extreme hunger.

Remembering the pictures Zhang Yi had sent her before—steak, lobsters, desserts, and fruits—made her mouth water.

All her pretensions could be set aside for a good meal.

So she picked up her phone and sent Zhang Yi a voice message in her most gentle tone.

Zhang Yi was at home, lounging on his sofa and watching TV shows.

Most global TV stations had stopped broadcasting, but he had already downloaded many classic films and variety shows to pass the long, tedious hours.

"Ding-dong!"

His phone rang.

Zhang Yi glanced at it and saw Fang Yuqing's name. His lips curled into a mocking smile.

So, this woman finally couldn't hold on to her pitiful pride any longer.

He opened the voice message and immediately heard Fang Yuqing's trembling, affectedly sweet voice.

"Humph, Zhang Yi, you annoying guy! You haven't chatted with me for so many days. You're so bad!"

"I just said a couple of things the other day, but I regretted it immediately!"

"But I'm a girl; it's embarrassing to speak first. You're so inconsiderate!"

As a professional gold digger—Fang Yuqing was adept at acting coquettishly.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have been able to fool Zhang Yi in their previous life.

Hearing her cutesy voice, Zhang Yi felt a momentary softness.

If he didn't know her true malicious nature, he might have given in.

Zhang Yi replied with a message.

"I've been feeling unwell lately, probably sick, so I haven't checked phone."

Fang Yuqing immediately asked, "Are you Sick? Did you catch a cold in this freezing weather? You must keep warm."

"No, it's heatstroke."

Zhang Yi replied.

Fang Yuqing stared at his message, stunned.

Heatstroke?

Are you kidding me?

Their house was already at minus fifty or sixty degrees.

They had to wrap themselves in blankets and huddle together for warmth, struggling to sleep soundly every night.

And he says he has heatstroke?

"Zhang Yi, stop joking. How could anyone get heatstroke in such cold weather?"

Zhang Yi sent back a curious emoji.

"Cold? Oh, I have a fireplace, so I don't feel it."

"With the fire burning, it gets quite hot inside. I probably got sick from sleeping too close to the fire."

As he spoke, he took a picture of the roaring fire in his fireplace.

In the photo, he included his bare legs and the pile of snacks, leftover lamb chops, and chicken drumsticks on his coffee table.

Then, he sent the photo to Fang Yuqing.

Seeing the photo, if the previous ones had only made her a bit jealous, this one set her eyes ablaze with envy!

A fireplace!

In such cold weather, a fireplace was a godsend.

Even in the far north, with one of these, the temperature outside could be minus dozens of degrees without a problem.

A fireplace's heating ability was even better than a heater's, providing direct warmth.

For the past 10 days, Fang Yuqing's whole body had almost lost all sensation due to the cold.

Now, besides food, her most desired thing was a way to stay warm.

A few days ago, she and Lin Cainin had burned a chair for warmth.

Although it only provided about ten minutes of heat, the high temperature from the flames moved her to tears on the spot.

But there weren't many things left at home to burn.

After burning that chair, she could only long for that feeling again.

Who would have thought Zhang Yi would have a fireplace at home?

Tianhai City was in the south, where winter didn't usually require down jackets. Who would install a fireplace at home?

Fang Yuqing didn't have time to ponder this. Her eyes were fixated on the photo, with only one thought in her mind—she wanted to go to Zhang Yi's place!

Seeing Zhang Yi lounging with bare legs and a pile of food on the table, Zhang Yi had become her biggest hope!

Lin Cainin, wrapped in a blanket beside her, noticed Fang Yuqing's expression change.

She leaned over and exclaimed, "My goodness! Is this photo real? How can someone live so well in such times!"

"This place is heaven!"

Fang Yuqing snapped out of her daze.

"Yes, everyone else is starving and freezing at home. Why is Zhang Yi living so comfortably?"

"Maybe this photo and the previous ones were all photoshopped."

She had an idea and called Zhang Yi on a video call.

To see if it was real or not, she just needed a look.

Lin Cainin also leaned in, staring at the screen.

Zhang Yi saw the call request and smirked.

He was curious to see this bitch beg him humbly.

If he couldn't see her die in despair, how could he avenge his tragic death in the previous life?

So he accepted the call.

As soon as the call connected, they saw each other's current situation.

Zhang Yi had just finished exercising and was lounging shirtless on the sofa.

His room was brightly lit, with fitness equipment behind him and stacks of food visible in the kitchen.

He occasionally cooked meals himself for fun.

So, in his kitchen, there were boxes of dried scallops, fish maw, and abalone, along with instant noodles, caviar, truffles, and other gourmet canned foods.

To him, these were just occasional snacks.

But to the two women on the other end, these were the most desirable foods!

Compared to Zhang Yi's comfort and leisure, Fang Yuqing and Lin Cainin looked extremely disheveled.

Both were wrapped in thick blankets, their faces pale from the cold.



They couldn't use most of their cosmetics due to the low temperature, making them look rather haggard.

They no longer appeared as refined as they once did.

Seeing Fang Yuqing, a trace of disappointment flashed in Zhang Yi's eyes.

The goddess he had pursued so fervently in the past, in her natural state, was just a six out of ten.

Reflecting on his past obsession with this so-called beauty, he cursed himself internally.

The two women didn't notice Zhang Yi's expression.

Their eyes were completely drawn to the things in Zhang Yi's house.

His bare torso indicated a comfortably warm indoor temperature.

The bright lights were unimaginable in a time when power was rationed to less than an hour a day.

Officials had even banned the use of high-power appliances, threatening to cut off power for violations.

But the food piled like a small mountain in Zhang Yi's kitchen made their eyes light up with envy!

These two women, who had been living on compressed food for days, couldn't help but feel a pang of hunger and jealousy.