

Ice Age 321

Chapter 321: One-on-One Duel

As Zhang Yi spoke, he took out a detonator with his right hand and pressed it several times.

Ling Feng immediately felt a surge of unease, as if something terrible was about to happen.

“What’s that in your hand?!”

Zhang Yi didn’t answer and kept pressing.

Seconds later, a low, muffled explosion sounded behind Ling Feng, shaking the ground violently and splitting the snow-covered earth with deep cracks.

Everyone struggled to steady themselves to avoid falling into the jagged crevices.

Ling Feng and his team, with their backs to the tunnel entrance, suddenly felt a warm draft on their backs. Despite the sub-zero temperatures outside, the heat quickly intensified, soon turning into a scorching pain.

Boom!!

A blazing fire dragon erupted from the tunnel entrance.

Ling Feng and his team had been focused entirely on Zhang Yi and his companions, completely unprepared for this fiery assault from behind.

They were all thrown back by the scorching wave.

Ling Feng, Shi Dayong, and Xu Mingjie were mostly unharmed, their enhanced bodies withstanding the impact. But Zheng Xuerong, Ye Ronghua, and the others fared worse, with Ye Ronghua, the weakest among them, coughing up a mouthful of blood.

Zhang Yi, Fatty Xu, and Uncle You exchanged glances and sighed with relief.

The massive bomb had detonated successfully!

With a yield of 1,000 kilograms, it would obliterate the entire Second Life Pod!

Even if the fortifications weren't entirely destroyed, the explosion would cripple all essential systems inside.

The intense heat and oxygen depletion would ensure a swift death for everyone within.

West Hill Base would be erased from Tianhai City after today!

Liang Yue took a deep breath, feeling as if a huge weight had lifted from her shoulders with the destruction of West Hill Base.

Yet, she found it hard to feel joy at the thought of the thousands who would die in the blast.

Among them were students she had hidden herself.

But again, she had no other choice.

The world rarely allowed her to achieve ideal outcomes, and achieving the best possible result was already fortunate.

With that, she turned her gaze to Ling Feng and his companions, her eyes sharp.

With West Hill Base destroyed and her students safe, the only thing left was to eliminate these dangerous enemies to secure her survival.

With her last ties severed, the killing intent in her eyes grew pure and focused.

Ling Feng and his companions, feeling the tremors beneath their feet, finally realized the extent of the destruction.

Ling Feng glared at Zhang Yi, pointing an accusing finger. “Zhang Yi, what did you do?!”

Zhang Yi smirked slightly. “Remember when you attacked my shelter and left a bundle of explosives behind?”

“I added a bit more to it and gave it back to you. It turns out your explosives were top-notch quality!”

He praised sincerely.

Without Ling Feng’s “gift,” finding enough materials on his own to make such powerful explosives would have been a huge challenge.

Ling Feng glanced back at the charred tunnel, feeling a chill in his heart.

Their base had been destroyed—by their own explosives!

He had the urge to rush back to help but knew logically that it would be suicide. Poisonous gases filled the area below, and the oxygen was almost gone.

Turning back to Zhang Yi, Ling Feng's bloodshot eyes glared fiercely. "Fine. I'll kill you first, then go back to save them!"

"Hold on!"

Zhang Yi suddenly raised his hand, stopping Ling Feng and his team, who were ready to charge.

The atmosphere grew tense as everyone prepared for battle.

With Liang Yue on their side, Zhang Yi's team now had a fighting chance against Ling Feng's.

Especially with Ye Ronghua weakened by a hallucination backlash and Fang Zun, the "Fire Man," struggling to use his abilities in the cold environment.

Meanwhile, everyone Zhang Yi had brought along was a seasoned fighter.

"Ling Feng, if we fight here, no one's survival is guaranteed. Are you willing to see everyone die?"

"And don't try to act like this is all for revenge. You invaded my territory first. Don't give me that revenge speech."

Ling Feng scoffed. "Does saying this even matter? Today, only one of us will leave here alive. Either you kill me, or I kill you!"

Zhang Yi chuckled.

"So, all you really want is to kill me, right?"

Ling Feng didn't understand Zhang Yi's sudden change in tone but didn't want to give him time to stall.

"Exactly. Today, you're going to die here. Enough talking!"

He was about to charge forward.

"If your only goal is my life, then there's no need for us to gamble everyone else's lives!" Zhang Yi shouted. "Ling Feng, let's settle our grudge one-on-one. Do you dare?"

A collective wave of surprise swept over the crowd.

Liang Yue stared at Zhang Yi in disbelief and whispered, "Are you crazy? Do you know how strong he is?"

Ignoring her, Zhang Yi kept his eyes on Ling Feng. "If we all fight, you'll suffer heavy losses even if you win."

"Let's settle this between us. After all, I'm the only one you want dead!"

"If I win, you let us go, and from now on, we leave the past behind."

"If I lose, you can do whatever you want with me!"

Zhang Yi shrugged. "Though I know you won't let me live anyway."

Fatty Xu and Uncle You looked at Zhang Yi, saying nothing, but remembered his earlier words.

"These guys are professional soldiers with Superhuman powers and strong combat skills. In a coordinated fight, we're no match for them."

"So, if we're cornered, I'll challenge their leader to a one-on-one duel."

"They don't know the extent of my abilities and think I'm just a coward who uses spatial tricks. So Ling Feng will probably accept."

“In a one-on-one fight, I have a shot at winning.”

Back then, Fatty Xu and Uncle You thought Zhang Yi was insane.

According to their intel, Ling Feng was practically a perfect soldier, someone who could go toe-to-toe with fighter jets or even battle an aircraft carrier if he had an oxygen tank.

But Zhang Yi had simply said, “I have my reasons. Just hold off the others if it comes down to it.”

With Fatty Xu’s ice-control abilities for crowd control, that wouldn’t be a problem.

Zhang Yi fixed his gaze on Ling Feng. “Ling Feng, do you dare take me on one-on-one?”

Chapter 322: One-on-One

When Ling Feng and his team heard Zhang Yi’s suggestion, they thought he must have gone mad.

They knew Zhang Yi’s background—just a former warehouse manager, nothing exceptional.

But Ling Feng was a top-tier Superhuman and a former ace in the special forces. To put it mildly, he could take on every other Superhuman in the Special Forces Team single-handedly without losing until he exhausted his strength.

Zheng Xuerong warned Ling Feng, “Captain Ling, this guy definitely has a trick up his sleeve. Don’t agree! Let’s just take them down!”

They knew Zhang Yi’s one-on-one proposal had to come with some hidden plot.

After all, they’d suffered enough at Zhang Yi’s hands already.

But Ling Feng had his reasons.

While he wasn’t sure how powerful Zhang Yi’s group was, he knew Liang Yue was a terrifying martial arts master whose combat ability only he could match in the Special Forces Team.

The middle-aged man who could grow giant was likely weaker than Shi Dayong, but not by much.

Then there was the seemingly harmless Fatty Xu, who could manipulate ice and snow—though he hadn’t shown his full strength yet, especially since the underground wasn’t his natural domain. The real test would be out here in the snow.

To top it off, there was the strange, mutated tabby cat. He couldn’t gauge its power at all.

In terms of intelligence, Ling Feng knew far less about Zhang Yi’s side.

In a free-for-all, Ling Feng was confident he could win, but he worried it might be a hollow victory. If his comrades died, he'd never forgive himself.

"One-on-one, fine! I'll face you one-on-one!" Ling Feng decided after careful thought, accepting Zhang Yi's offer.

Zheng Xuerong urged him, "Captain Ling, be careful—it could be a trap!"

Ling Feng smirked. "In the face of absolute strength, tricks are meaningless. If he's unprepared, this will be a one-sided slaughter."

Ling Feng believed he knew 80% of Zhang Yi's abilities, primarily the ability to absorb and reflect physical attacks. With that in mind, all he had to do was attack from a direction not covered by Zhang Yi's Dimensional Gate, and victory was assured.

After weighing the situation, Ling Feng agreed to Zhang Yi's proposal.

The two agreed to a duel in a nearby valley, forbidding any interference from their teammates until one of them lay dead.

Zhang Yi and Ling Feng approached the valley from opposite directions.

Outside the valley, their teams stood watch.

Each side eyed the other coldly, neither willing to make a move that could disrupt the fight.

However, Zheng Xuerong and her teammates appeared noticeably more confident.

They knew Ling Feng's strength better than anyone and believed that in a one-on-one match, he was unbeatable.

In contrast, Fatty Xu and the others looked slightly nervous.

Zhang Yi had always said he would only consider a one-on-one fight as a last resort.

They had no idea if Zhang Yi could beat Ling Feng. Even they didn't fully understand Zhang Yi's powers.

Zheng Xuerong sneered at their unease and suddenly spoke up. "Well, since our leaders are busy dueling, how about I let you in on a little secret?"

"Did you know that some Superhumans have the power to absorb others' abilities?"

Fatty Xu and the others were taken aback; they had never heard of such a thing. Their experience with Superhuman battles was limited.

But Hua Hua, crouched on Uncle You's shoulder, stared intently at Zheng Xuerong.

Zheng Xuerong smoothed her wind-tousled hair and continued, "Seems you didn't know! Here's some free intelligence for you."

"Some rare Superhumans can absorb the powers of weaker opponents, making themselves even stronger."

"Our Captain has personally killed three enemy Superhumans and taken their abilities."

"That's why his powers are unrivaled!"

Zheng Xuerong smiled cruelly. "That Zhang Yi guy is dead for sure! He doesn't know his place!"

The faces of Uncle You and his teammates grew tense.

Even Liang Yue felt a pang of worry, but at this point, there was no turning back.

“No way. Boss won’t lose!” Fatty Xu suddenly spoke up, clenching his teeth.

Zheng Xuerong looked at him, surprised. “And why do you say that?”

Fatty Xu summoned his courage. “Because our boss is terrified of dying! He’d never risk his life so easily!”

Zheng Xuerong’s t

“Please, is that supposed to be reassuring? Just you wait; Captain Ling will soon be carrying his head back!”

Zheng Xuerong scoffed.

No one else spoke; they all waited for the fight to end.

Though they hadn’t begun, everyone was prepared to fight at a moment’s notice.

Despite the agreement for a one-on-one battle, Ling Feng and Zhang Yi were the key combatants for each side.

Once one of them emerged victorious, it would shift the balance of power, potentially leading to a full confrontation.

If Zhang Yi could somehow take down Ling Feng with strength to spare, he wouldn't hesitate to break the agreement and attack Zheng Xuerong, Shi Dayong, and the others. \Re

But right now, he had to deal with the crisis directly in front of him.

Inside the valley, Zhang Yi and Ling Feng trudged through the hardened snow, sinking to their knees with each step.

The deep snow made movement difficult for both of them, equalizing the disadvantage.

They stood about ten meters apart.

Everyone knew Zhang Yi wasn't suited for close combat.

Staring at Ling Feng's murderous gaze, Zhang Yi sighed.

"Do we really have to fight? I'm not exactly a combat type. My powers lean more towards support."

Ling Feng replied coldly, "There's no choice. Today, you die here."

Zhang Yi said helplessly, "I never wanted this, but you forced my hand. You know, I once had a dream of..."

Ling Feng's patience snapped, and he cut him off. "Quit stalling! It won't change your fate!"

Seeing his ruse exposed, Zhang Yi clenched his fists, disappointed.

"If I die, keep your promise and spare my friends. They're innocent."

Ling Feng took a deep breath and nodded. "I promise I won't harm them."

Zhang Yi continued, "And my cat. Don't eat her; just let her go. Maybe my friends will take care of her."

Ling Feng's veins bulged in irritation. "Are you a woman or something? Enough chitchat. Let's fight!"

Refusing to listen further, Ling Feng stomped down, shattering the ground beneath him as he launched himself at Zhang Yi like a released arrow.

“Quadruple speed!”

Without hesitation, Zhang Yi boosted his speed to the maximum!

Chapter 323 : I'm Not Skilled in Combat.

Ling Feng didn't want to waste time; he aimed to take down Zhang Yi as quickly as possible to prevent any unexpected events.

Even though Zhang Yi activated fourfold speed, it still couldn't match Ling Feng's enhanced physical abilities.

However, before entering the valley, he injected himself with the remaining two doses of stimulants.

At this moment, his state surpassed his peak!

Zhang Yi quickly retreated, extending his right hand forward as the Dimensional Gate instantly opened in front of him.

The massive gate blocked Ling Feng's path.

However, after several encounters, Ling Feng had become familiar with this strange dimensional doorway and could sense its presence thanks to his powerful instincts.

Seeing Zhang Yi use this trick again, Ling Feng smirked coldly.

As long as his speed surpassed Zhang Yi's rate of redirecting the gate, he could plunge his military dagger right into Zhang Yi's heart!

Suddenly, an enormous object materialized in front of Ling Feng, crashing toward his head.

It was a massive heavy-duty truck.

"Hm?"

Startled, Ling Feng quickly dodged to the side.

"Does his superhuman ability include throwing objects now?"

Ling Feng had seen the Dimensional Gate's power to repel attacks, but this was the first time he'd seen it hurling objects.

But Ling Feng shrugged it off, considering such attacks mere child's play—nothing that could truly threaten him.

However, that was only the beginning.

After the truck, more items started to pour out.

Pickup trucks, Bentleys, Rolls-Royces, excavators, industrial lathes...

These were random things Zhang Yi had collected during his spare time, initially planning to use them for other purposes, but now they became weapons to crush his opponent.

Ling Feng's speed was remarkable, yet Zhang Yi's Dimensional Gate continued throwing objects at such a rate that Ling Feng found it challenging to evade.

"Clang!"

Ling Feng drew a combat knife from his back and, facing an oncoming car, he let out a shout and sliced it in half with one blow.

The one-ton car split in two, crashing into the snow on either side.

"Nice blade! Let's keep going!"

Excitement gleamed in Zhang Yi's eyes as he kept the Dimensional Gate wide open, dumping objects from it like a garbage truck.

In preparation for today's fight, he had gone out of his way to several supermarkets and malls to stockpile various items.

Ling Feng's close-combat skills were formidable, yet he lacked any long-range or area-clearing abilities, so these random objects were an annoying distraction.

"Ridiculous. Do you think these things can actually hurt me?"

Ling Feng sneered, casually slashing through the barrage of objects.

Zhang Yi kept retreating, chuckling, "If that's the case, then why are you dodging?"

Despite his dismissive words, Ling Feng remained wary of Zhang Yi's possible tricks, so he diligently avoided the incoming junk, taking a roundabout path toward Zhang Yi.

However, with Zhang Yi throwing everything he had and keeping the pressure up, Ling Feng couldn't close the gap.

“I don’t believe you can keep throwing things forever!”

Ling Feng’s eyes turned cold. With the Dimensional Gate in play, firearms were useless—he had to bypass it and engage Zhang Yi in close combat.

Once he got within three meters of Zhang Yi, he could end him in a heartbeat!

Without a word, Zhang Yi continued hurling random objects to block Ling Feng’s path.

Cars, toys, wooden planks... and a mishmash of colorful lingerie.

Most of the earlier items were easy enough for Ling Feng to slice apart.

But the flying undergarments—brightly colored bras and panties—made him pause.

The strong winds in the valley carried these light objects everywhere, disrupting Ling Feng’s vision.

It was the epitome of absurdity. Although he could punch through a multi-ton truck, these flimsy lace items had him stymied.

Clownish behavior!

Ling Feng cursed silently.

He saw this as a low-effort, time-wasting tactic on Zhang Yi's part, more insulting than damaging.

"I refuse to believe you won't run out of things to throw!"

Ling Feng had no idea of the exact capacity of Zhang Yi's Dimensional Space.

Nor did he know Zhang Yi had barely explored its full capacity, which was vast enough to hold an endless number of objects.

Gritting his teeth, Ling Feng grabbed a pair of black lace lingerie that had landed on his arm, trying to shake it off.

But the damn thing clung to his arm, refusing to budge.

Ling Feng grew increasingly frustrated, and before he could clear himself of the junk, even more lingerie landed on him, further hindering his movements.

“Rip!”

With a fierce tug, Ling Feng shredded the garments.

While these items posed a minor inconvenience, they weren’t enough to immobilize someone of Ling Feng’s strength.

“Boom!”

Another heap of wooden debris, metal barrels, and iron sheets rained down on Ling Feng.

Noticing the metal barrels, Ling Feng felt a twinge of foreboding.

If those barrels contained gasoline, they could obscure his vision and give Zhang Yi a chance to ignite them.

Hurriedly, he shifted to dodge.

As expected, the barrels Zhang Yi threw out were filled with gasoline—open-lid barrels, no less.

Dozens of barrels dropped from above, and despite Ling Feng's efforts, some gasoline splashed onto him.

It wasn't just on him; the surrounding snow was also soaked with gasoline.

"You sneaky brat!"

Ling Feng muttered through clenched teeth.

Zhang Yi pulled out a pistol, firing a tracer round at the ground near Ling Feng.

"Whoosh—"

The tracer round ignited the gasoline, and flames instantly roared to life, engulfing a large area around Ling Feng.

But Zhang Yi didn't let up; he knew Ling Feng wouldn't perish in mere flames.

Moreover, the Special Forces combat gear Ling Feng wore was heat-resistant, but with the blaze raging, his vision was certainly obstructed.

Especially the infrared night vision, which would now be useless.

Ling Feng glanced at the flames licking his body, unimpressed. He didn't even bother to pat them out.

This fire couldn't harm him.

The only nuisance was the sheer brightness of the flames, which made it hard to track Zhang Yi.

"How long do you think you can keep up this stalling tactic?"

Ling Feng sneered, finding Zhang Yi's approach foolish.

To him, any tactic that didn't inflict actual harm was worthless.

"You might be a genius in defensive maneuvers, but when it comes to offense, you're nothing but a clown."

Ling Feng sneered at Zhang Yi's unconventional methods.

But just as he prepared to step out of the fire's perimeter, Zhang Yi launched another attack.

This time, dozens of barrels appeared overhead, though they contained not gasoline but a strange milky-white liquid.

Chapter 324: Intelligence is King

Ling Feng watched as another dozen metal barrels were hurled his way, and his frustration ignited. He swiftly dodged, trying to avoid being splattered by gasoline again.

But when the barrels hit the ground, they exploded with a loud bang!

What splattered out wasn't gasoline, but a thick, milky-white liquid!

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!"

The barrels continued to rain down around Ling Feng, bursting open.

Even with his agility, it was impossible to dodge the ever-present splashes of white liquid. Soon, he found himself covered in the stuff, with even his tactical helmet visor smeared.

His vision was severely impaired.

"What is this stuff?"

Ling Feng was beginning to feel uneasy. Just as he prepared to exit the ring of fire, he noticed his clothing was starting to stick together.

He tried to wipe off the white liquid from his helmet visor, but the more he wiped, the messier it became. Eventually, even his gloves began sticking.

"This is... super adhesive latex paint!"

Finally, Ling Feng realized what it was.

Zhang Yi's tricks seemed endless, rendering Ling Feng's formidable power utterly useless.

"Despicable!"

Ling Feng roared in anger. Relying on his raw strength, he tore through the adhesive paint sticking to him.

But Zhang Yi's assault didn't let up.

He had over a hundred barrels of this adhesive ready! To be honest, this was one of his secret weapons against Ling Feng.

Before the operation, Zhang Yi had set a rule for himself—he wasn't the brawling type, and close combat wasn't his forte, so he had to avoid direct confrontation with Ling Feng at all costs!

Since he couldn't win head-on, he would exhaust and frustrate Ling Feng, preventing him from unleashing his power. That was his path to victory!

In this fight, Zhang Yi's only advantage over Ling Feng was intelligence!

While Ling Feng knew little about Zhang Yi's abilities, Zhang Yi had thoroughly studied Ling Feng's strengths through a hacker network.

Super adhesive paint—designed to frustrate those who prided themselves on their close-combat abilities.

The paint covering Ling Feng's visor rendered him temporarily blind.

Zhang Yi kept throwing barrels of adhesive paint, this time pouring it directly onto Ling Feng's body.

Although Ling Feng tried to dodge using his hearing, it wasn't as effective as being able to see clearly.

Frustrated to the limit, Ling Feng roared furiously and tore off his combat suit with sheer brute force.

He then took off his helmet and tossed it into the flames.

"What a pathetic trick! Did you really think you could challenge me? Now die!"

Zhang Yi's antics had finally ignited Ling Feng's fury.

Anyone facing such an opponent would feel the same rage.

At the start of the fight, Zhang Yi had put on a weak front. But as soon as the battle began, he revealed himself to be utterly ruthless!

But now, Ling Feng's path to Zhang Yi was even more obstructed.

There was no snow left underfoot.

The flames from the barrels of gasoline had melted the snowy ground, turning it into a slushy, icy mess. His legs sank into the muddy snow water, and the scattered ice chunks made his movements more cumbersome.

But Ling Feng didn't care about any of this.

He believed that as long as he held out until Zhang Yi ran out of items to throw, he could close the distance and crush Zhang Yi's head with a single punch!

Before Ling Feng could break through the ring of fire, he caught a glimpse of Zhang Yi's faint smile in the distance.

Zhang Yi raised his right hand, and the Dimensional Gate opened mid-air, releasing a hundred barrels that tumbled out with a crash.

The barrels were lidless, and their contents scattered into the cold mountain air, carried by the wind throughout the valley.

The scent of the sea spread quickly, overpowering even the strong smell of gasoline.

The barrels were filled with a fine, powdery substance—not gunpowder, nor poison.

However, upon smelling this scent, Ling Feng's eyes filled with terror.

He quickly covered his nose and mouth, holding his breath.

Zhang Yi looked at Ling Feng calmly and said, "Everyone has a weakness. No one is truly invincible."

"Just like the so-called invincible Captain Ling Feng—immune to knives and bullets—but allergic to seafood."

The West Hill Base had detailed information on every individual.

Ling Feng's weakness was his severe seafood allergy.

An allergic reaction like his could be fatal without prompt medical attention.

But even if seafood hadn't been his weakness, Zhang Yi had plenty of other "dirty" tricks ready to deal with Ling Feng.

Poison, aphrodisiacs, lime powder, feces...

Everyone has weaknesses. Everyone can be killed!

Armed with sufficient intelligence and time to prepare, even a minor vulnerability could become a death sentence!

Zhang Yi didn't feel a shred of shame for his tactics. Instead, he took pride in them.

Whatever could kill his opponent was the best strategy.

Spreading his arms wide, Zhang Yi surveyed the valley filled with swirling seafood powder.

"This is a blend of over thirty types of seafood. I guarantee at least one of them will trigger the best allergic reaction for you."

He had scoured numerous supermarkets to gather all that seafood powder.

Ling Feng held his breath, refusing to inhale the allergen-laden air.

But no one can hold their breath forever.

His mind raced, struggling to understand how Zhang Yi had uncovered his allergy.

He couldn't accept losing to Zhang Yi—this despicable bastard!

Holding in a last gulp of air, Ling Feng charged forward from the icy water, desperate to go all-out against Zhang Yi!

Zhang Yi, always cautious, kept a safe distance from Ling Feng.

Seeing him rushing over, Zhang Yi didn't waste a second, turning and running again!

In any case, all he had to do was drag this out, and Ling Feng would collapse sooner or later. There was no need for Zhang Yi to hurry.

Ling Feng was fast—faster than Zhang Yi at this point.

But from the Dimensional Gate, an endless stream of lingerie and children's stuffed toys flew out, relentlessly blocking his view.

After over a minute of chasing, Ling Feng's face turned beet-red, swelling like dough in an oven.

Clutching his neck, he finally crumpled to the ground, utterly spent.

Zhang Yi stood thirty meters away, watching Ling Feng collapse. He calmly stepped back another thirty meters.

Then, lighting a campfire nearby, he pulled out a few chocolate bars from his Dimensional Space and began munching on them.

The valley fell into silence.

After about ten minutes, the "lifeless" Ling Feng suddenly sprang up.

"Zhang Yi!!!"

He shouted furiously, his face horribly swollen like a beaten pig.

So he had been faking his death!

While he did suffer from a seafood allergy, as a super soldier, he always carried anti-allergy medication.

His plan had been to play dead, lure Zhang Yi closer, then strike.

But he didn't expect Zhang Yi to be so cautious—to actually sit by the fire, eating and recovering his strength instead.

Zhang Yi could wait; he couldn't!

The medicine only alleviated his symptoms, not cure him completely. And with seafood powder still swirling in the valley, he had no choice but to spring up and resume his chase.

Without another word, Zhang Yi finished his last bite of chocolate and bolted.

Chapter 325: Divine Power

Ling Feng frantically chased after Zhang Yi, but his physical condition was deteriorating rapidly due to his allergy.

Even though he forced himself to keep fighting, he was far from his peak.

Zhang Yi, however, had no qualms about simply running away. After all, he wasn't the one stuck in the toxic circle.

As long as he could hold out, he would win. So why step forward to fight head-on?

The key was to endure until the very end and claim victory.

Ling Feng's consciousness began to blur.

Allergies are a severe and often fatal weakness for anyone, a natural flaw like Achilles' heel.

Even the strongest can't overcome it.

Ling Feng never imagined that with his seemingly unbeatable close-combat skills, he'd end up defeated by Zhang Yi's underhanded tactics!

"Boom!"

Ling Feng's sturdy body collapsed to the ground and didn't rise again.

Zhang Yi maintained a safe distance, lighting a fire to keep himself warm while eating to replenish his strength.

Half an hour passed slowly.

By then, Zhang Yi was well-rested and had eaten his fill, keeping his body in peak condition.

Looking at Ling Feng's motionless form in the distance, Zhang Yi muttered, "Is he really dead, or just faking?"

He pulled out his Desert Eagle, loaded with armor-piercing rounds, and aimed a shot directly at Ling Feng's head.

"Pop!"

A gaping bullet hole appeared in Ling Feng's head, clean through, but no blood flowed.

In the freezing temperatures, even his blood had solidified.

“Is he really dead?”

Zhang Yi’s heart surged with excitement, though he struggled to keep it in check.

Had he truly killed the invincible captain of West Hill Base’s Special Forces?

The evidence suggested it, yet such a tremendous achievement felt surreal.

Just to be sure, he pulled out a massive truck from his Spatial Storage and dropped it heavily onto Ling Feng’s body.

“Pop!”

The frozen corpse was severed in half at the waist.

Only then did Zhang Yi exhale in relief. “It seems he’s truly dead. No one would go to such extremes to fake it.”

He approached Ling Feng’s body, Loong Roar Sword flashing into his hand.

Upon reaching the body, Zhang Yi immediately chopped off Ling Feng’s head.

“Finally, I’m sure—he’s really dead!”

Zhang Yi let out a breath, completely reassured.

Staring at Ling Feng's severed head, he felt a strong impulse rise within him.

Squatting down, he placed his right hand on Ling Feng's head.

Soon, a familiar sensation coursed through him—a tremendous power flowed through his palm and into his body. The feeling was exhilarating, even more satisfying than any other experience he could think of.
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If absorbing Xie Huanhuan's power had been like a gentle stream, then Ling Feng's was a mighty river!

"This... is incredible!"

Soon, Zhang Yi had fully absorbed Ling Feng's power.

What he didn't yet realize was that Ling Feng had previously devoured the abilities of three other superhumans, all of which now became Zhang Yi's.

He noticed his vision growing hazy.

It felt like something was stirring, ready to emerge, though he couldn't quite tell what.

Lifting his visor, he rubbed his eyes.

He didn't see the blinding white light intensifying in his pupils, only feeling a strange, growing clarity—a sense of sharpened perception.

Blinking hard, Zhang Yi felt his head spin from the sudden surge of power.

He glanced ahead, where a wrecked car lay.

Almost instinctively, he let this indescribable sensation flow outward.

In the next moment, the space before him twisted into a spiral.

“Bang!”

The car gave a loud crack as it twisted in half from the center!

“A new ability?”

Only now did Zhang Yi realize that absorbing Ling Feng’s power had granted him a new ability.

“This... is Divine Power? Twisting space to break objects!”

Zhang Yi instantly named his new ability.

He felt a surge of excitement. This new power filled the gap in his attack capabilities.

Most firearms were ineffective against combat-oriented superhumans.

But superpowers were a different story.

If he could twist and break a steel car in half, human bodies would be even easier.

“The only drawback is that Divine Power consumes a lot of energy. Just one use, and I feel like half my energy is gone. I can probably use it three times in a row.”

“As for its range, it seems to be about 300 meters. Not ideal for long-distance attacks, but within 300 meters, it’s more effective than a sniper rifle!”

Divine Power had significant energy consumption, but the sheer destructive power made it worthwhile.

One hit was enough to slice a car in half, a feat even a rocket launcher would struggle to achieve.

And it was hard for opponents to defend against—a deadly surprise attack!

Zhang Yi looked beyond the valley, a sinister smile on his lips.

“Now, who’s in the shadows?”

He didn’t rush out immediately. Instead, he continued eating to replenish his energy.

According to what he’d learned, superpowers drew energy from within the body, which could be replenished by eating.

He planned to strike at full strength.

Outside the valley.

The group had been waiting for over an hour, and a subtle shift in mood began.

In the freezing cold of midnight, standing guard wasn’t pleasant.

Although they wore combat gear with active heating, standing still for so long made their feet numb from the cold.

However, no one dared leave, or perhaps, none of them could leave.

Until the battle inside was settled, any departure would disrupt the balance of the situation.

At first, Zheng Xuerong and her team were fully confident in Ling Feng, convinced that this would be a straightforward fight.

After all, based on what they had seen, Zhang Yi seemed to have no chance of defeating Ling Feng.

A warehouse clerk without formal training, up against a Special Forces king with incredible superpowers—wasn't the outcome obvious?

Yet they were unaware of a critical difference between the two: an intelligence gap that had long been present.

None of them knew that West Hill Base's information had already leaked.

With the advantage of superior intelligence, Zhang Yi had ample time to prepare against Ling Feng.

Meanwhile, Ling Feng was forced into an impromptu fight.

As time dragged on, Zheng Xuerong and her companions grew increasingly uneasy.

"Why isn't it over yet? Shouldn't Captain Ling have killed Zhang Yi by now?" Zheng Xuerong murmured.

Shi Dayong reassured her, "Maybe the captain is just taking his time torturing him. Don't worry. We have to trust the captain's strength!"

Zheng Xuerong frowned. "But Captain Ling isn't one to be careless."

A well-trained soldier would aim to finish his opponent quickly, without toying around.

On the other hand, Fatty Xu and Uncle You were beginning to smile.

The longer it took, the more it played into Zhang Yi's strategy.

Zhang Yi was known for his extreme caution.

The longer the fight continued, the greater the likelihood of his victory.

Chapter 326: Total Annihilation!

Zhang Yi had fully regained his strength.

Feeling that the time was right, he grabbed Ling Feng's head and headed toward the edge of the valley.

Instead of coming out through the main entrance, Zhang Yi climbed slowly along the side to reach the cliff.

Both groups were stationed outside the cliff, anxiously waiting for the outcome of the battle inside.

Zhang Yi used the intercom to contact Fatty Xu and Uncle You.

"Don't look surprised or act strange. Wait for my signal, then attack!"

Upon hearing Zhang Yi's voice, a flash of joy appeared in their eyes.

It was Zhang Yi's voice—he was still alive!

This meant Zhang Yi had won, and Ling Feng was dead!

The two quickly suppressed their excitement and discreetly prepared for an attack.

Zhang Yi carefully lay on the cliff, scanning the crowd, including Shi Dayong and the others.

After a moment's thought, he locked his gaze on Zheng Xuerong.

Like Fatty Xu, she was also an Ice-element superhuman with powerful control abilities but lacked physical strength.

Zhang Yi's right eye started to emit a supernatural power.

The space around Zheng Xuerong's neck began to distort. Sensing the discomfort, she shrieked and tried to run.

But the next moment, a massive gush of blood erupted from her neck!

The flesh on one side of her neck was torn to shreds by an unseen force, severing her main artery, and blood spurted out like a fountain.

Zhang Yi stood up on the cliff and raised Ling Feng's head high.

"Ling Feng is dead by my hand!"

Fatty Xu summoned an immense amount of ice and snow, launching an attack at the opposing side.

Snow waves swept across like a tsunami, blinding Shi Dayong and his team!

Uncle You shouted to Hua Hua and Liang Yue, “Go! Kill them all!”

Although taken aback, Hua Hua and Liang Yue quickly reacted.

The three charged toward the other side.

Meanwhile, the Special Forces Team members were in shock, stunned by the sight before them.

Their strongest captain, Ling Feng, had been killed by Zhang Yi!

Though they didn’t want to believe it, the lifeless head proved it all.

With Zheng Xuerong also eliminated, the Special Forces Team descended into chaos.

Before they could react, Liang Yue had already rushed forward, wielding her Tang Sword!

The Special Forces’ combat strength had plummeted.

With Ling Feng and Zheng Xuerong dead, Ye Ronghua seriously injured, and Fang Zun’s powers hindered by the environment, only Shi Dayong and Xu Mingjie were capable of fighting.

However, Ling Feng’s death shattered their morale. Meanwhile, Liang Yue and Uncle You displayed formidable strength, with Zhang Yi supporting from a distance using his abilities.

This turned the battle into a one-sided massacre!

“Leave no one alive!” Zhang Yi growled.

He was sick of these people who repeatedly attacked his shelter and disrupted his peaceful life.

Fueled by residual stimulants, he was ruthless.

Once Liang Yue and the others subdued the enemies, Zhang Yi rushed down the hillside, wielding the Loong Roar Sword to kill them all, one by one!

He then began absorbing their superhuman powers in front of Liang Yue and the others.

However, this time, the effect felt noticeably weaker, barely enhancing him.

“Hm? Why isn’t there much effect?” Zhang Yi frowned.

After some thought, he realized the reason.

The powers of these people were far below Ling Feng’s, and even further below his own level.

It was like playing a game—defeating low-level enemies didn’t yield much experience.

Zhang Yi turned to Uncle You, Fatty Xu, and Hua Hua. “Come here and give it a try!”

As for Liang Yue, he still held back, not wanting her to grow stronger just yet.

In fact, Liang Yue and the others had already learned from Zheng Xuerong that certain superhumans could absorb others' powers.

Yet, she didn’t compete with Zhang Yi for it; after all, she owed him a significant favor this time.

Uncle You and Fatty Xu tried but soon shook their heads.

“No luck, boss! I can’t feel a thing,” Fatty Xu said, dejected.

Uncle You agreed, “Me neither. They mentioned that not everyone has this ability. Maybe we just don’t have the talent like you!”

“Huh?”

Zhang Yi folded his arms, a question mark forming in his mind.

There was still so much he didn’t understand about superhumans and their abilities.

It seemed he’d have to study further; the West Hill Base’s intelligence database might hold relevant records.

After all, they’d done plenty of research in this area.

“Meow!”

Just then, Hua Hua suddenly bit off Fang Zun’s head and swallowed it down in one gulp.

Zhang Yi asked, “Hua Hua, can you absorb their powers?”

Hua Hua gave him a look, narrowing her large eyes slightly—a sign of agreement.

“In that case, you can have them all as a midnight snack!” Zhang Yi said generously.

Hua Hua showed no restraint, devouring all the superhumans.

After finishing, she reverted to her kitten form, perched on Zhang Yi’s shoulder, and began licking her paw.

“Ugh, what a strong smell!”

Zhang Yi turned her head away so her mouth wouldn’t face him.

But it was clear from his gaze that he looked forward to seeing her new strength.

With so many superhumans consumed, Hua Hua was bound to become much stronger, making her his top companion.

This matter was now settled.

The West Hill Base had been destroyed. Even if anyone survived down below, they wouldn’t last long.

Liang Yue said, “Can we leave now? I need to pick up my students. By the way, where will we be staying?”

Zhang Yi replied coolly, “Xu Family Town.”

He had no intention of letting them stay at Cloud Manor.

These troublesome folks could settle in Xu Family Town and make a living by ice-fishing on Lu River.

Liang Yue nodded. “Fair enough.”

Just as she was about to leave, Zhang Yi calmly added, “Don’t rush. Always remember to wrap things up properly.”

Liang Yue looked at him curiously, wondering what he planned to do next.

Zhang Yi went to the West Hill Base entrance, opened his Spatial Storage, and dumped in a pile of destroyed trucks and equipment that Ling Feng had smashed.

Then, he set up explosives.

Once everyone was a safe distance away from the entrance, Zhang Yi pressed the detonator, blowing the passageway shut with wreckage.

Even if someone survived, there was no way they could dig through the heavy debris to escape.

Chapter 327: Scattered Your Ashes

Seeing Zhang Yi's actions, Liang Yue couldn't help but remark, "You really don't leave anyone behind, do you? At this rate, there's barely anyone left alive down there."

"I'll consider it an insurance policy," Zhang Yi replied coolly.

"But I'm not done yet. Come on, I'll take you somewhere else."

He pulled out a snow vehicle and invited Liang Yue to ride in the passenger seat.

Curious, Liang Yue had no idea what Zhang Yi was planning next. But with a ride available, she didn't mind tagging along to see what was up.

The group boarded the snow vehicle, and Zhang Yi checked his phone, which displayed a 3D map of West Hill Base sent by Yang Xinxin.

Before long, they arrived at a remote mountain area.

In the distance, the headlights revealed three figures running across the snow.

Liang Yue stared at Zhang Yi in shock. “You even thought of this?”

Zhang Yi chuckled. “According to the 3D map, I found an escape route connecting to the First Life Pod. It’s not hard to guess who might be using it.”

He stepped on the gas and drove toward them.

Seeing the figures, a surge of murderous intent rose in Liang Yue’s eyes.

“Chen Xinian!”

Chen Xinian—the very person responsible for the conflict between West Hill Base and Zhang Yi!

He had relentlessly backed Zhang Yi into a corner, giving him no room to breathe.

He’d built a brutal system within West Hill, harming countless innocent people, including Liang Yue’s students.

If Zhang Yi let anyone go, it wouldn’t be him. He had to die here!

The three people fleeing in the snow were indeed Chen Xinian and his guards.

After West Hill Base was destroyed, the First Life Pod, located outside the blast zone and built with strong defenses, survived the explosions.

But with several vital underground systems damaged and his Special Forces Team out of contact, Chen Xinian knew he was in deep trouble and had fled through the escape route.

To save himself, he’d even left his wife and child behind.

But because of the rush, they had no real transportation and could only leave on foot.

As a result, Zhang Yi and his team easily caught up.

Seeing two snow vehicles driving toward them, Chen Xinian's face turned ashen, his hopes dashed.

His two loyal guards quickly raised their guns and readied grenades, preparing for a last stand.

One car stopped in front, the other behind, blocking their escape route.

Zhang Yi stepped out and sneered at Chen Xinian, his mocking gaze as cold as if he were looking at a captured prey.

"Isn't this the leader of West Hill Base? What's the rush, running off without a word?"

Chen Xinian's legs went weak with fear.

For the first time, he could taste the raw terror of death.

Even in this post-apocalyptic world, he'd managed to enjoy life in West Hill Base thanks to his power and authority.

But in one night, everything he had was destroyed.

To Chen Xinian, Zhang Yi was a living nightmare.

"Zhang Yi, don't act rashly! I think we can still talk this out," Chen Xinian pleaded quickly, trying to persuade Zhang Yi to spare him.

“You can’t kill me. I, Chen Xinian, am a man of status. If you kill me, it’ll upset the balance among Tianhai City’s districts!”

“If that happens, who knows how many monsters will flood in here? You’ll be facing even greater dangers!”

Zhang Yi felt a twinge of interest—he hadn’t considered that.

But his face remained unmoved. “Oh? You say so, huh?”

“Look at you. You’ve lost everything, and you have no leverage to bargain with me.”

As Zhang Yi spoke, his team had already surrounded the three of them.

Liang Yue, gripping her Tang Sword tightly, stared murderously at Chen Xinian.

Between her and Chen Xinian, there was a blood debt. Dozens of her students had been used as his test subjects; some were even processed into protein fluid!

She loathed this man from the depths of her heart.

Zhang Yi’s power locked onto the three, and with the surrounding superhumans, they had no chance to resist.

Chen Xinian quickly tried to explain, “It’s a chaotic world, and in chaos, harsh measures are necessary. If I hadn’t done those things, everyone would’ve died!”

“Zhang Yi, you’re a man of talent; you shouldn’t let it go to waste. How about we work together?”

“If you cooperate with me, with your power and my connections and strategies, we can make West Hill Base bigger and stronger!”

“We could even become rulers of Tianhai City!”

Zhang Yi gave him a dismissive smirk. “I don’t need that!”

Chen Xinian opened his mouth to continue persuading Zhang Yi.

But in the next instant, his head twisted violently and exploded like a watermelon!

The two guards were petrified, shouting, “Leader!” They pulled the pins on their grenades and charged at Zhang Yi, ready to die with him.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

Three gunshots rang out, shattering their knees and forcing them to collapse to the ground.

But still, they threw the grenades at Zhang Yi.

Unfazed, Zhang Yi opened his hands, summoning a Dimensional Gate to catch the grenades.

Then he clapped his hands together, completely dissipating the explosive force.

The two guards were dumbfounded, unable to comprehend what they were seeing.

Zhang Yi calmly walked up to them and placed his right hand on one guard’s chest.

A surge of energy shot out from the Dimensional Gate, enveloping the guard!

In mere seconds, his body was reduced to a flaming skeleton.

Satisfied, Zhang Yi examined his right hand. "My control over spatial power is getting stronger!"

Watching Zhang Yi's display of power, Liang Yue felt a strange mix of emotions.

Since they'd first met, Zhang Yi had become terrifyingly strong. She could hardly imagine how powerful he would become if he continued evolving at this rate.

After killing Chen Xinian and his guards, Zhang Yi ignited their bodies, burning them down to ashes.

Once the corpses were reduced to ashes, he scattered them into the wind with a pleased look on his face.

The rest of the group watched his actions in stunned silence.

"Was that really necessary?" Liang Yue asked, unable to hold back. "You're being overly cautious. You've already destroyed all of West Hill Base. What more could you be worried about?"

Zhang Yi replied seriously, "Chen Xinian was a big name in Tianhai City. Who knows what kind of connections he had? What if someone comes seeking revenge after he's dead?"

Liang Yue rolled her eyes. "At this point, you really think that's possible?"

Zhang Yi said, "I want to eliminate even the slightest chance of danger!"

Then he grinned at Liang Yue. "If you'd all thought about the consequences a bit more before heading to West Hill Base, maybe things wouldn't have ended up like this."

Liang Yue's heart jolted.

Thinking about her students who had died so horribly, grief swept over her.

She looked at Zhang Yi with a complex expression, beginning to understand his way of doing things.

Chapter 328: Gathering Allies

Zhang Yi called everyone back.

He, Uncle You, and Fatty Xu had all injected stimulants, which gave them a boost of energy and combat strength for a short period.

However, twelve hours later, they would be weakened.

So he had to return to a safe place to rest up for a while.

As for the West Hill Base, he'd come back again sometime later.

After all, there was a large stockpile of weapons and ammunition there, along with plenty of supplies for extreme situations.

Zhang Yi was a frugal person; nothing would go to waste.

The group got in the car, and Liang Yue reminded him, "Let's go pick up my students first!"

Following Zhang Yi's instructions, her students had taken shelter in the nearest residential area.

With the food and fuel Zhang Yi gave them, they could survive the cold night for a while.

But if they arrived too late and ran out of fuel, they'd be done for!

Zhang Yi didn't say much, steering the car toward that direction.

Although he didn't particularly like those students, he did admire Liang Yue.

And he had his eye on her combat skills.

"One day, I'll make her my own!"

Zhang Yi thought to himself, amused.

As to what "my own" meant, he'd see how things played out.

After driving for over ten minutes, they arrived at the apartment building.

From a distance, they saw a faint light from one of the windows.

The students were gathered inside, using chairs and furniture to fuel a fire with the fuel Zhang Yi had given them.

Zhang Yi let Liang Yue out of the car and said, “We’ll head back now. As we agreed, I’ll provide you with a place to stay and some food.”

“You all can head to Xu Family Town. There are plenty of empty houses there now.”

Zhang Yi’s plan was quite calculated.

At this point, he could easily cut ties with Liang Yue and her students, leaving them to fend for themselves.

But if Liang Yue actually followed his advice and went to Xu Family Town, she’d be one step into his net.

Making her his was just a matter of time.

Right now, Zhang Yi’s car couldn’t fit so many people, so they’d have to arrange their own transportation.

As for the remaining miles, how they got there wasn't his concern.

Zhang Yi didn't have the slightest fondness for those students who had bullied Yang Xinxin and Lu Keran.

Ideally, they'd all die along the way, leaving only Liang Yue to reach the destination—that would be the best outcome.

Liang Yue couldn't help but ask, "Can't you come back later to get us?"

Zhang Yi looked at her and said calmly, "Teacher Liang, I've already fulfilled our agreement. I got you all out!"

"And to show my gratitude, I even agreed to give you and your students food and a place to stay."

"If you want to ask for anything else, then..."

He rubbed his fingers together. "You'll need to offer something valuable in return."

Liang Yue was taken aback. "I... I thought we were friends."

“Precisely because we’re friends, we need to be transparent! That way, it won’t hurt our relationship.”

Zhang Yi smiled.

Liang Yue was at a loss for words. “Fine, we’ll make our way there ourselves!”

She replied a bit angrily.

Initially, she had wanted to ask if she could get back her beloved Loong Roar Sword.

But seeing Zhang Yi like this, she knew it was impossible.

Trying to take advantage of this shrewd man was harder than reaching the heavens.

“All right, see you at Xu Family Town!” Zhang Yi waved to her before getting back in the car, and the group drove away.

Liang Yue returned to the room where her students were sheltered, only to see them staring out at the departing snow vehicle, full of worry.

“Are you all okay?” she asked with concern.

The students sat around the fire, looking somewhat okay and warm in the room.

There was some risk of carbon monoxide poisoning, but they couldn’t care about that right now.

One of the students looked up and asked, “Teacher Liang, why did they leave? Weren’t they supposed to arrange a place for us?”

Liang Yue noticed the disappointment in their eyes.

Although they’d escaped the nightmare of West Hill Base, survival was still uncertain without a steady supply of food and shelter.

Liang Yue quickly reassured them, “Don’t worry. I’ve spoken with Zhang Yi, and I’ll take you all to Xu Family Town, where the living conditions are good.”

“There are villagers in Xu Family Town, and it’s close to the Lu River, where we can catch fish for food.”

The students exchanged glances, falling silent.

Clearly, this reality was a far cry from their ideal, leaving them disappointed.

Wu Chengyu stood up from the group, furrowing his brows in confusion, and asked:

“Teacher Liang, from what I know, after Yang Xinxin and Lu Keran were taken away, they were living in Zhang Yi’s villa.”

“That shelter was built by Wang Siming with a billion dollars. I even toured it once.”

“That place is big enough for all of us to stay.”

“Why didn’t you ask Zhang Yi if we could move in there? The living conditions would be much better.”

The others’ eyes lit up, and they chimed in, “Yeah, yeah! Since Yang Xinxin and Lu Keran can stay there, why can’t we?”

“Teacher Liang, please go talk to Zhang Yi!”

“It’s so cold out here; catching fish would freeze our hands!”

Their eyes held a spark of greed.

It was clear they'd already discussed this and had imagined a comfortable life in the shelter.

But seeing their hopeful expressions, Liang Yue had no choice but to shatter their dreams.

"Let's drop this idea. Zhang Yi already helped us escape West Hill Base, and that alone was no small favor."

"Now we're square. No one owes anything."

"What right do we have to stay in his shelter?"

Recalling Zhang Yi's cold demeanor, she added, "He's not some altruistic saint. Better give up on that thought!"

"At least now we're free, and that's better than being in constant danger at West Hill Base."

Hearing their dreams crumble, the students grew restless.

Liang Yue frowned and said firmly:

“All right, enough! Tonight, we’ll take turns on watch. Rest well, and at dawn, we’ll head to Xu Family Town!”

Traveling at night was too dangerous, with poor visibility and bitter cold.

Although disappointed and reluctant, the students knew better than to go against Liang Yue’s words now.

After a month at West Hill Base, they’d come to understand that things weren’t the same anymore, and Teacher Liang’s strength was their biggest hope for survival.

Elsewhere, Zhang Yi led the group to Yuelu Residential Area to pick up Zhou Ke’er, Yang Xinxin, and the others.

Hearing about Zhang Yi’s success, the women at the safe house were overjoyed.

With West Hill Base destroyed, their lives would be safe again.

In the apocalypse, who didn't want a stable and happy life?

With the women cheering in his ear, Zhang Yi and his companions exchanged smiles.

Zhang Yi said to Uncle You, "Why don't you and Aunt Zhou move in with us at Cloud Manor? It's full of luxury villas, so feel free to choose one."

"It's much better than Yuelu Residential Area. And being close to each other, we can support each other."

Uncle You thought about it and readily agreed.

"Yes, I think that's a good idea. After this battle, I've really come to appreciate the strength of unity."

He laughed, "Honestly, living there alone with Aunt Zhou, sometimes I did feel a bit scared."

Fatty Xu chimed in, "Uncle You, what do you have to be scared of? With your strength, unless it's an organized group like West Hill Base, fifty ordinary people wouldn't stand a chance against you."

Uncle You sighed, "It's those organized groups I worry about!"

Zhang Yi's eyes narrowed slightly, "Uncle You's concerns are valid. There's no way West Hill Base was the only group in Tianhai City."

"This much is clear from what Chen Xinian said before he died."

"The Ice Age may have killed most people, but those who survived aren't easy to deal with."

"Remember, Tianhai City had twenty million people! Imagine how many superhumans and armed forces might be here."

Still, Zhang Yi chuckled to lighten the mood, "But we don't need to worry too much. West Hill Base was powerful, but we still destroyed it."

"If we stick together, we have nothing to fear!"

The three exchanged looks of mutual confidence.

Besides them, Hua Hua, Yang Xinxin, Lu Keran, and Zhou Ke'er were all either strong fighters or skilled support members.

Even Liang Yue, a martial arts master, could be an ally.

Such a powerful team would make any rival reconsider.

Uncle You nodded firmly, “Then it’s settled—we’re moving!”

With Zhang Yi’s help, relocating was nothing more than a small task.

The group drove their snow vehicle back to the safe house.

Upon arriving, the women ran to them in excitement.

Zhou Haimei anxiously asked Uncle You if he was hurt.

Zhou Ke’er and Yang Siyah carefully checked Zhang Yi over.

Lu Keran watched with a shy smile, hesitating to approach, but Zhang Yi noticed and gave her a big bear hug.

“Thank you all. This victory wouldn’t have been possible without your support.”

Lu Keran bl

ushed, “I just did a little; it was you guys who did most of the work.”

“Don’t underestimate yourself; you’re very important to me!”

Zhang Yi playfully pinched her cheek, making her blush even more as she lowered her head, avoiding his gaze.

Then, he noticed two jealous looks from nearby.

He glanced down to see Yang Xinxin in her wheelchair, pouting at him.

Zhang Yi leaned down, giving her a hug, and said, “If you ask me, our biggest hero this time is Xinxin! Without your powerful hacking skills, our whole plan wouldn’t have had a foundation.”

Though he was clearly trying to flatter her, everyone agreed it was true.

Without Yang Xinxin, they wouldn't have had a chance against West Hill Base.

In truth, it was less Zhang Yi destroying the base and more the missile from Jiangnan District that created the opportunity.

And all of this was thanks to Yang Xinxin's work.

In the apocalypse, sometimes a genius in a particular field could be more valuable than a superhuman.

Chapter 329: Aftereffects of the Stimulant

Zhang Yi discussed moving back, which made Yang Siyah, Zhou Ke'er, and the others very happy.

The Safe House was far too cramped for so many people, definitely not as spacious as the Shelter. They had gotten used to luxury, so going back to simple living was hard.

The Shelter, with its five stories and all the facilities, was practically a palace.

Uncle You asked Zhou Haimei for her opinion.

She readily agreed and even asked Zhang Yi, "Is my old villa still there? I spent 180 million on it when I bought it!"

After all, it was a villa she paid for herself. Even though real estate had become worthless in the apocalypse, she still couldn't let it go.

Zhang Yi shook his head, smiling, "It was destroyed long ago! But there are still many other intact villas; picking a new one to live in will be the same."

Zhou Haimei sighed, feeling a sense of loss.

"That was my life's savings!"

Even for a celebrity, buying a house required great effort, so she couldn't help feeling emotional.

Still, she had no complaints about moving back.

It was just too dull here. Going back to Cloud Manor, she could even stop by Zhang Yi's place to visit Zhou Ke'er and Yang Siyah for a game of mahjong—what a treat!

So, everyone started packing.

But Zhang Yi stopped them from bringing everything.

"Just take the essentials. Keep the place as it is and leave some supplies behind."

“In case anything happens, this place can serve as a temporary refuge.”

Everyone agreed; it made a lot of sense.

Zhang Yi’s Dimensional Space was stocked with supplies, so they packed only the important items, leaving lightly.

Zhang Yi was the last to leave, locking the heavy alloy door.

No one else could enter this place without him, and he certainly wasn’t leaving it for others to use.

The group went downstairs, and Zhang Yi brought out the Snow Vehicle for everyone to board.

At that moment, Zhang Yi sensed someone watching from nearby.

He turned and spotted a figure in a black down jacket in the distance.

It was Li Jian.

Frowning slightly, Zhang Yi walked over to him.

Li Jian didn't flee, waiting calmly for Zhang Yi to approach.

"Out wandering instead of sleeping? What are you up to?"

Li Jian quickly answered, "There was a big explosion from the west tonight; it woke us up, so I haven't slept."

The explosion he mentioned was, of course, the missile.

Zhang Yi looked him over, considering his peculiar powers, and asked, "How's your health lately? Any strange feelings?"

Li Jian's powers were oddly bestowed by people who called themselves followers of the Snow God. Zhang Yi hadn't dealt with them directly, but he sensed that someday they'd cross paths. ❖

Knowing more about them could only be helpful.

Li Jian shook his head. "No, I barely dare to use my power. Professor Ge warned me that if I use it too much, I might end up as fertilizer."

Zhang Yi nodded, ending the conversation.

Li Jian's ability wasn't of much use to him now.

So he didn't plan to kill Li Jian or recruit him. After all, Li Jian had the people of Building 18 depending on him.

Those people had no grudges with Zhang Yi and posed no threat.

For people like that, Zhang Yi didn't mind letting them live their lives.

Li Jian could stay here, in case he proved useful someday.

That night, the group returned to the Shelter.

Though only a day and a half had passed, returning felt like ages.

This place had almost been destroyed by a missile, reduced to rubble.

But now, their enemy was gone, and nothing could disrupt their peaceful life.

It was late, and everyone was exhausted, so Zhang Yi had them settle down to rest.

They could pick their villas after regaining their strength.

There were over ten untouched villas nearby, so Fatty Xu and Uncle You could choose freely.

Throughout, Zhang Yi made it clear that the Shelter wouldn't be shared with others.

It wasn't that he didn't trust Uncle You and Fatty Xu.

Zhang Yi had great faith in Uncle You, but he still had reservations about Fatty Xu.

As for Zhou Haimei, Zhang Yi kept up polite appearances mainly out of respect for Uncle You.

He didn't trust the two of them entirely; they were more like allies united by mutual benefit.

Keeping them out of the Shelter was better.

Besides, it would be inconvenient if they all lived together.

For instance, Zhang Yi had his own needs and lifestyle.

With others around, it would be harder to relax and go about freely.

Uncle You shared this sentiment, happy to live on his own.

As for Fatty Xu, after being used by Xu Lili, he had become a bit afraid of women.

At home, he only felt comfortable speaking with Zhang Yi.

He was more than happy to move out and spend time with his figurines and pillows.

After all these days of worry and over a month of tension, they could finally sleep soundly!

Zhang Yi embraced Hua Hua and returned to his cozy room.

He locked the door from inside, as he would soon enter a weakened state.

The stimulant had drained his energy, and the post-use aches and fatigue would be severe.

Especially since he'd taken three doses at once!

In the days that followed, life returned to normal.

Both Zhang Yi and Fatty Xu entered a weakened state.

They could only describe it as a limp body and a dull mind.

Zhang Yi just wanted to lie in bed and do nothing.

Thankfully, he had plenty of women around.

Zhou Ke'er, Yang Siyah, and Lu Keran took turns taking care of him, which felt quite nice.

Fatty Xu, however, was less fortunate, lying in bed alone and relying on manga to pass the time.

Each day, Yang Siyah would bring food to his bed, but there was no “feeding service.”

Zhang Yi, on the other hand, could enjoy this high-class treatment.

Meanwhile, Liang Yue led her students on a difficult journey to Xu Family Town.

The town was left with only elderly, women, and children, and many houses were vacant.

Liang Yue and her dozen students took up two empty houses.

The villagers avoided contact with them.

Especially when they saw Liang Yue in her Special Forces uniform from West Hill Base, they instinctively kept their distance.

The shadow left by West Hill Base’s Special Forces would likely haunt them until death.

With housing settled, the issue of food remained challenging.

The students weren’t fishermen; they didn’t have the skills to cut through ice for fishing.

Soft-hearted, Liang Yue couldn't bear to rob the weak.

So she had no choice but to go to the Shelter and ask Zhang Yi for food as he had promised.

Chapter 330: Teacher Liang, Have a Seat

"Zhang Yi, we're finally safe now. How about we consider having a baby?"

Zhou Ke'er's soft, gentle voice floated through the room.

She lay on the oversized bed, dressed in a black silk nightgown that hinted at her graceful figure. Years of training had given her a tall, well-proportioned body, an ideal physique with perfect curves. In the past, just by looking at her figure, one could tell she'd make an excellent mother.

Zhang Yi lay comfortably on her soft thighs, eyes half-closed, enjoying the soothing massage of her fingers.

"Why the sudden thought? Once we have a kid, we'll have to focus all our energy on them. Live in the moment—don't plan too far ahead."

Zhang Yi had no intention of having children at that point.

First, he didn't want a child to disrupt his current peaceful lifestyle.

Second, the world was still unstable; a new crisis could strike any day. Having a child would only add to the burden.

Zhou Ke'er pursed her lips, "But I want us to have a love child!"

With more and more beautiful women around Zhang Yi, Zhou Ke'er couldn't help but feel a bit insecure.

Many women have the same issue—seeing every other woman around their partner as a potential rival.

As the number of outstanding women around Zhang Yi increased, it wasn't unreasonable for Zhou Ke'er to feel worried.

She hoped to secure her place in his life by considering having a child.

“There’s a simpler solution.”

Zhang Yi opened his eyes and smiled at her.

“Oh? What’s that?” Zhou Ke'er’s beautiful eyes widened with curiosity.

“Keep yourself looking good, and maybe work on your skills a little more,” Zhang Yi joked.

Blushing, Zhou Ke'er pressed her long, slender finger to his chest.

A glint of mischief flashed in her eyes as she leaned down to whisper into his ear.

“You only know how to tease me! But how am I supposed to practice this alone?”

Zhang Yi felt a pleasant tingling in his heart.

However, being in a weakened state, he couldn’t muster much strength.

“Damn! You can gloat for now, but just wait until I’m back to full strength—I’ll show you what I’m made of!”

“Hmph, I’ll be waiting!”

As the two bantered, there was suddenly a knock at the door.

“Zhang Yi, Liang Yue is here. She wants to see you.”

It was Uncle You’s voice.

Of the three of them, only Uncle You’s body didn’t show any side effects from the medication.

After all, his superhuman ability was body reinforcement, giving him a strong resistance to drugs, so he quickly expelled the toxins from his system.

Zhang Yi smirked when he heard Liang Yue had arrived.

Everything was unfolding just as he had anticipated.

It wasn't difficult for Liang Yue to lead the students out, but how could a martial artist like her support them all?

Eventually, she'd have to come to him for help!

"Guess she'll have to play by my rules now."

Zhang Yi chuckled with a wicked grin.

Zhou Ke'er looked at him, bemused. "Are you planning something shady for Teacher Liang?"

Lazily, Zhang Yi sat up, giving her a playful slap on her rounded backside.

"Slap!"

The sound was crisp, and the bounce was perfect!

"It's called fair trade, not 'shady plans.'"

Zhou Ke'er let out a small yelp as Zhang Yi climbed off the bed, then casually walked over to open the door for Uncle You.

At the door, Uncle You asked, "Liang Yue's waiting outside. Should I let her in?"

"Yes, let her in. I actually have a few things to discuss with her."

Liang Yue was a stubborn one with a strong sense of duty as a teacher. Zhang Yi liked that in a person.

He was shameless, so he enjoyed dealing with kind-hearted, honest people. He'd always come out ahead with them.

Liang Yue's combat skills were valuable, and he intended to keep her firmly under his control.

When Zhang Yi entered the living room, Yang Siyah noticed him and quickly moved to support him.

"No need. I'm not that weak."

Zhang Yi waved her off, saying, "Just go make some coffee."

Yang Siyah asked, "I'm not sure what Teacher Liang likes."

"Just make a cappuccino. Right now, you could serve her plain water, and she'd still appreciate it."

Obediently, Yang Siyah went to prepare the coffee while Zhang Yi used the smart system to open the main door, allowing Liang Yue inside.

This was Liang Yue's first time entering the shelter's inner area.

As she stepped in, she marveled at her surroundings.

This luxurious villa was like a palace in the apocalypse!

She'd been to Chen Xinian's Second Life Pod before, but compared to Zhang Yi's shelter, it was like night and day!

After all, the West Hill Shelter was an old, temporary refuge, built mainly for wartime and natural disaster protection. Comfort was never its priority.

Now, she understood why Zhang Yi had refused Chen Xinian's recruitment and insisted on staying here.

Going from here to the Second Life Pod was like going from a five-star presidential suite to a budget hotel that cost thirty yuan per night.

“Teacher Liang, have a seat!”

Zhang Yi, in a set of white cotton pajamas, lounged lazily on the sofa, waving her over.

Liang Yue took off her down jacket, revealing her toned figure beneath.

Her chest was on the smaller side—not entirely flat, but modest enough that, to Zhang Yi’s experienced eyes, it seemed almost pitiable.

But for a martial artist, this body type had its advantages.

Zhang Yi noticed her down jacket didn’t seem to fit well—it looked grimy, with sleeves that were too long. Clearly, it wasn’t hers; it was likely scavenged from a corpse.

With the freezing temperatures, washing it wasn’t an option, so it looked quite rough.

“Why aren’t you wearing your combat gear?” Zhang Yi asked curiously.

Combat gear was standard issue for the Special Forces Team at West Hill Base, with even better quality for captains. Besides powerful bulletproof capabilities, it had excellent temperature regulation, suitable for both cold and hot conditions.

Liang Yue replied helplessly, "The temperature control system drains power."

Zhang Yi slapped his forehead, suddenly recalling that he didn't lack electricity. The generator in his basement was always running.

With his supply of fossil fuels, energy scarcity wasn't an issue for him.

However, not everyone in this world had such favorable conditions.

Outside, the government still provided daily intermittent power, enough to prevent widespread deaths from energy shortages.

This modest power was barely sufficient for heating food or the most critical warmth needs.

Many people had even given up using their phones.

So, Liang Yue's choice to forgo the energy-draining combat suit for regular clothing was indeed out of necessity.

