

ICE AGE APOCALYPSE: I HOARD BILLIONS OF SUPPLIES

Chapter 4: Booking 500 Tables at a Five-Star Hotel

Zhang Yi and the two women pushed the three large carts of supplies back to the neighborhood.

Along the way, many neighbors witnessed this scene and couldn't help but start gossiping.

Zhang Yi no longer cared about being seen stockpiling supplies.

Since these two drama queens knew about his shopping spree, the news couldn't be kept under wraps.

If he were just trying to ensure his survival, he could sell all his assets and retreat to a desolate place to build an impregnable fortress.

But how could he avenge himself on the neighbors who had dismembered him alive in his previous life that way?

Without killing those people, Zhang Yi's inner torment would never disappear.

So, one of his post-apocalyptic plans was to stay in this neighborhood and exact brutal revenge on everyone who had wronged him!

Of course, this plan's prerequisite was that the security company could build him an impregnable shelter.

Otherwise, he would still need to prepare a backup plan, which involved constructing an underground shelter in a remote location.

Zhang Yi looked at the neighbors around him, who were smiling and gossiping about why he had bought so many supplies.

He could already foresee the scene of these neighbors trying to break into his house to rob him during the apocalypse.

He had experienced all this firsthand.

But he wasn't afraid because this time, he would be fully prepared.

He intended to make those people see the supplies but unable to obtain them, ultimately driving them to despair.

Zhang Yi and Fang Yuqing lived in the same apartment building.

Because Zhang Yi managed the warehouse at Walmart, neighbors often asked him to help buy discounted items.

Thus, everyone knew Zhang Yi.

Seeing Zhang Yi and the two women returning with so many supplies, a grandma with her grandson walked over.

She looked at the food in the carts, especially the fresh beef and lamb, and couldn't help but feel tempted.

"Zhang, why did you bring back so much stuff? Is it from the warehouse clearance?"

"You can't use all that; how about sharing some with the neighbors?"

This was Aunt Lin from the neighborhood committee. She often used her small power in the community to boss around the neighbors, acting like a leader.

In the past, she frequently asked Zhang Yi to help her buy discounted goods, as she loved getting bargains.

In the previous life, she had also pestered Zhang Yi for some food.

But when the neighbors stormed Zhang Yi's house to rob him, she was more energetic than the younger people.

Fang Yuqing and Lin Cainin didn't want to provoke this woman, quickly saying, "These are all Zhang Yi's purchases. We just helped him bring them back."

Aunt Lin's eyes immediately turned to Zhang Yi, smiling, "Zhang, it looks like these are from your warehouse. How about sharing some with Aunt Lin?"

As she spoke, her grandson, Xiaohu, had already climbed onto one of the carts and grabbed a box of chocolates.

Although he was young, he had a sharp eye. That box of imported chocolates sold for over two hundred yuan in the supermarket.

Without a word, Zhang Yi snatched the chocolates back.

He stated coldly, "I'm keeping these for myself."

With the apocalypse approaching, he couldn't be bothered to be polite anymore.

Aunt Lin's face turned soured, "You..."

Zhang Yi's outright refusal embarrassed her in front of the neighbors, and made her angry.

Especially since her grandson, Xiaohu, started crying for the chocolates after being pushed away by Zhang Yi.

He even pointed at Zhang Yi and cursed, "You bad guy, give me back my chocolates! Or I'll beat you up!"

Zhang Yi looked at him coldly and said sternly, "Say another word, and I'll slap you."

Xiaohu was scared into silence, then burst into loud sobs, rolling on the ground.

Aunt Lin hurried to comfort her grandson and angrily reproached Zhang Yi.

"How dare you, an adult, argue with a child?"

"It's just a box of chocolates. What's wrong with giving it to the kid?"

"Why don't you just give him a box? I'll pay you back later. We won't take advantage of you!"

Zhang Yi sneered.

Nowadays, with mobile payments, paying on the spot is incredibly convenient.

Her talk of paying later was clearly an excuse to avoid payment.

"I said these are for my own use. If you want some, go buy them at the supermarket!"

Zhang Yi chuckled coldly, then called Fang Yuqing and Lin Cainin to leave.

As they walked away, they could hear Aunt Lin cursing behind them.

Zhang Yi ignored it.

Aunt Lin's son and daughter-in-law worked elsewhere, leaving her alone to care for her grandson.

The old lady usually bought groceries daily.

So when the apocalypse arrived, their supplies would be the first to run out.

In the previous life, Zhang Yi had helped them out of sympathy.

But without his help this time, the immoral old woman and her mischievous grandson would be lucky to survive ten days.

Zhang Yi had no intention of arguing with soon-to-be corpses.

It's not that he was heartless, but everyone would struggle to care for themselves once the apocalypse arrived.

Others' lives naturally came after his own.

After pushing the three carts of supplies home, Zhang Yi dismissed the two women.

"Zhang Yi, don't forget to treat us!" Fang Yuqing said playfully, winking at him.

But Zhang Yi only felt nauseous at her coquettish behavior.

He gave a perfunctory response.

The two women initially wanted to stay and look for clues that Zhang Yi was a hidden rich heir.

But seeing his disinterest in hosting them, they had to leave.

After they left, Zhang Yi opened his interdimensional space and stored all the supplies inside.

He intended to observe whether the supplies would change after being stored in the space.

After completing this task, it was already late.

Zhang Yi didn't rush to rest but took out paper and pen to meticulously plan the next month's preparations.

Although he was usually lazy, the will to survive could unleash immense potential.

"To live comfortably in the apocalypse, first, I need to secure food. That's easy."

"Besides my regular purchases, I can get more from the warehouse. But I must proceed cautiously and only gather supplies a few days before the apocalypse to avoid attracting attention. Getting arrested now would be fatal."

Zhang Yi wrote "Food" in his notebook and ticked it off.

"Next is heating."

"After the apocalypse, energy supplies will be extremely scarce, and air conditioning will soon become unusable."

"Therefore, I need to use the simplest method. A fireplace is the best option!"

Fireplaces are similar to traditional Chinese kang beds, using primitive methods to generate heat.

This is a common way to survive the long winters in Europe, where winters are especially cold.

"That means I need to remodel the house, preferably adding insulation."

Thinking about remodeling, Zhang Yi recalled how his home was broken into in his previous life, making him anxious.

"I need to turn my home into an impregnable fortress."

"First, I need to install thick steel plates or alloy materials, strong enough to withstand explosions."

After the apocalypse, people would do anything to survive, so thorough preparations were necessary.

He couldn't afford to gamble with his safety. Having tasted death once, he never wanted to experience it again.

The security house problem could also be solved.

Tianhai City had security companies that provided services for the elite, including building safe houses.

Zhang Yi remembered reading about a top billionaire overseas who built a super fortress capable of withstanding small nuclear attacks.

"Next, I need to ensure I have enough medicine. I can't risk falling ill without treatment."

"Walmart's warehouse has plenty of common medications for colds and fevers, but that's not nearly enough."

"The post-apocalyptic storm will last for decades, so I need to be fully prepared."

Fortunately, Zhang Yi had good connections in Tianhai City.

As a warehouse manager, he knew people in hospital storage departments.

He could get any medication he needed if he offered enough money.

With these issues resolved, Zhang Yi tapped his notebook with his pen.

"There's one more critical issue to address."

His gaze sharpened.

"That is weapons!"

Humanity would lose its moral compass in the apocalypse, and fights for resources would be commonplace.

Lives would be as insignificant as weeds. To survive, one must have sufficient combat power.

Zhang Yi wasn't a martial arts expert; even the best fighters feared a well-wielded knife.

He wouldn't have to worry if he had prepared enough powerful weapons.

"Machetes, crowbars, and axes are easy to get."

"Bows, crossbows, and air rifles can be sourced too."

"But the most formidable option is American-style cutlery. However, acquiring this within the country would require accessing the black market."

"Going abroad to get it? That's impractical. It's a long trip, and I don't have a foreign firearms license, so I can't just buy from weapon stores."

Zhang Yi scratched his chin. This problem wasn't immediately solvable.

But with a month left, he should be able to find a way if he was willing to spend money.

He spent three hours crafting a perfect plan, then took a satisfying hot shower and fell asleep in his comfortable bed.

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The next morning, Zhang Yi got up from bed.

He hadn't slept well, waking up from nightmares several times.

When he woke up and realized he was still in his warm, comfortable bed, he breathed a sigh of relief.

The apocalypse had left a deep scar on his psyche.

To avoid repeating past mistakes, Zhang Yi was more determined than ever to be fully prepared!

After getting up, Zhang Yi made himself breakfast.

He then opened his interdimensional space to check the status of the supplies stored overnight.

To his delight, the meat, fruits, and vegetables were as fresh as the day before.

Meat's condition might not show much quickly, but fruits and vegetables typically lose freshness overnight.

However, stored in the interdimensional space, they looked as fresh as the day he bought them.

"My interdimensional space must be independent of this world's time flow, perhaps even slowing or stopping time. This is fantastic news!"

"Now, I can store as many things as I want without worry."

Thinking this, countless items came to Zhang Yi's mind.

What about prepared meals if he could store fresh meat, vegetables, and fruits?

Though he could cook, he wasn't as skilled as professional chefs.

Eventually, he'd get tired of his cooking.

So, Zhang Yi immediately called Tianhai City's largest five-star hotel, Grand Fortune.

This hotel offered takeout, and their food was top-notch, which Zhang Yi loved.

"Hello, this is Grand Fortune. How can I assist you today?"

Zhang Yi quickly said, "I need to book 500 tables for a three-day feast at my home."

The person on the other end was stunned.

Five hundred tables would take a long time to prepare.

Moreover, being a five-star hotel, their cheapest banquet table costs thirty thousand yuan.

Five hundred tables would total over ten million yuan!

The staff didn't dare decide alone and quickly said, "Please hold, I need to consult our manager."

After a while, another person took over the call.

"Good day, sir. I'm Chen Dingfang, the manager of Grand Fortune. How may I address you?"

