

## Ice Age 44

### Chapter 44: Why Should I Give Alms?

Although no one saw Liu Tiantian's end, everyone could guess what happened.

A girl falling into the hands of a group of wolves—what outcome could there be?

Even if Chen Zhenghao spared her life, she would still die, having lost all her resources for survival.

However, there wasn't much sorrow among the residents. Instead, they breathed a sigh of relief.

At least Liu Tiantian could keep Chen Zhenghao's group fed for a while.

Yet, this served as a wake-up call for the other residents.

If things continued like this, none of them would survive for long.

That afternoon, Zhang Yi found himself added to yet another chat group.

He chuckled wryly. In such an unstable environment, people's suspicions grew, forming more and more small groups.

As if gathering in numbers would make them stronger.

Zhang Yi glanced at the group members, noticing only six or seven people.

Zhou Peng, Fang Yuqing, Lin Cainin, and a few other neighbors were among them.

Zhang Yi frowned slightly, unsure of their intentions.

Soon, someone reached out to him.

Fang Yuqing: "@Zhang Yi, Zhang Yi, it's too dangerous outside. Chen Zhenghao will eventually come for us. We must unite."

Zhang Yi replied indifferently, "I'm fine on my own right now."

Lin Cainin added, "That's not the point. You're alone, but Chen Zhenghao has five or six men and a gun! So you're not safe either."

Zhang Yi smirked. Why didn't they ask Chen Zhenghao who broke his leg?

Chen Zhenghao hadn't dared to retaliate because he knew Zhang Yi was tough.

Zhang Yi asked, "So, what do you want?"

Fang Yuqing quickly responded, "Living scattered is too dangerous. We decided to move in together. This way, even against Chen Zhenghao, we have strength in numbers."

Zhang Yi laughed, "What, gathering together makes you unafraid of his gun?"

Ridiculous. If numbers mattered, the building's fifty households and over a hundred people could easily stomp Chen Zhenghao to death.

They were all cowards, gathering only for psychological comfort.

Another member, Sun Zhichao, a finance white-collar worker, spoke up.

"With more people, at least they'll be cautious. We can also barricade the door together, making it harder for them to break in."

"But we need a good stronghold."

Fang Yuqing quickly added, "Zhang Yi, your place has a balcony and a sturdy security door, perfect for resisting Chen Zhenghao."

"So, we hope you can join our team. Let's fight Chen Zhenghao together!"

Zhang Yi understood now.

Fang Yuqing must have told them about his fortified home.

They probably knew he had a perfect insulation system and ample food.

Zhang Yi sneered. Their plan was loud and clear to him!

Zhang Yi curtly replied, "I don't need it, thanks. I'm quite comfortable on my own. If you want to cohabit, find your own place!"

Letting seven or eight people crowd into his home?

Who knew who was human and who was a ghost? That would only bring danger to himself.

Besides, Zhang Yi owed them nothing. Why should he help them?

After Zhang Yi's refusal, the group members were obviously displeased.

Sun Zhichao: "Zhang Yi, we're all in danger. You can't be so short-sighted! Only together can we survive!"

Another member, Wang Min, added, "We chose your place because it has a balcony for fetching snow. We're not taking advantage of you; we can protect you too!"

Zhang Yi laughed so hard his mouth twisted.

He sent a message to the group: "Protect me???????"

The string of question marks showed his ridicule.

Did they know how he was living now?

Protect him? The audacity!

Cuddled under a blanket, Fang Yuqing pursed her lips and began her moral coercion.

She knew Zhang Yi disliked her and wouldn't let her in.

So, she used the group to pressure Zhang Yi.

She thought that, in such a life-and-death situation, Zhang Yi should be magnanimous despite past grievances.

Lin Cainin: "Zhang Yi, okay, I admit we need your help. But think about it, letting us into your home could save seven or eight lives!"

"Can you really watch us be killed by Chen Zhenghao? We've been friends and neighbors for years!"

Of the seven or eight people, Zhang Yi indeed knew them all.

Some were even on good terms, including a colleague from the same workplace.

They all pleaded for Zhang Yi to let them in, considering their past friendship.

But after being persecuted to death in his previous life, Zhang Yi was no longer soft-hearted.

Many in this group had shared his suffering back then.

In the apocalypse, humanity meant nothing.

Survival was the only rule!

So he said, "At this point, whether we survive depends on our own abilities. You're of no value to me, so why should I protect you?"

With that, Zhang Yi immediately left the group.

Trying to exploit him was a dream!

Without morals, he wouldn't be morally blackmailed.

After the chat, Zhang Yi took out a box of potato chips from his space.

He sat by the window, in his soft recliner, eating chips and enjoying the view.

Ignoring the extreme cold outside, the snowy landscape was indeed beautiful.

The ground was covered in a pure white blanket, pleasing to the eye.

At that moment, he saw a black dot moving on the 18th floor of the opposite building, followed by a desperate scream.

Looking closely, Zhang Yi saw a person falling through the air.

In an instant, the person disappeared into the six or seven-meter-deep snow.

With temperatures below minus seventy degrees, anyone buried in the snow was doomed.

It seemed that the situation in other buildings was just as dire.

As supplies ran out, fights for resources, even violence and murder, were breaking out everywhere!

Every inhabited place was becoming a hell on earth.

While munching on chips, Zhang Yi contemplated the future.

It seemed he needed to be wary not only of his neighbors but also of survivors outside.

In the apocalypse, anything could happen.