

Ice Age 54

Chapter 54: Zhou Ke'er

How did Zhang Yi react to the messages from the female residents?

He simply treated them as entertaining little stories and didn't bother to reply.

Some daring ones even sent him private selfies, but Zhang Yi glanced at them without much interest.

These women were overly confident. A few looked decent, but most were average.

Unlike professional influencers who knew how to pose, these women had little appeal.

Testing men with this?

What men could resist such a test?

As for the male residents, it was even more straightforward.

Some addressed him as a brother, asking for help. Others were elderly, morally coercing Zhang Yi to take care of them.

The most disgusting was a gay man whose requests Zhang Yi didn't even want to discuss.

After scrolling through the messages, Zhang Yi felt bored.

He placed his phone on a stand in front of him, waiting for some more creative ideas to pop up.

Then he lay on the sofa, drinking red wine and eating foie gras, admiring the beautiful snow outside.

Half a month had passed, and the snow hadn't stopped.

The entire city was covered in snow. According to Zhang Yi's memory, after a month, everything below the west building would be buried.

How long it would snow, he wasn't sure.

But he had no reason to go outside.

People ventured out searching for survival, but now no one knew where they could survive—except Zhang Yi.

He lazily mused to himself, “Staying home every day is boring. Maybe I should go out for a bit?”

Once most people in the building died, he could go out and explore.

Zhang Yi remembered he had several snowmobiles in his warehouse.

These were meant to be delivered to a nearby city for use at an artificial snow park.

So, even if the snow outside was ten meters deep, he had a way out.

“Though I can't leave now, with this method, I can go out safely later.”

Feeling tempted, Zhang Yi considered it.

Staying home all the time could get boring; going out to relax might be nice.

He had state-level cold-resistant clothing and snowmobiles, so he wasn't afraid of minus sixty or seventy degrees.

Zhang Yi continued to scroll through the neighbors' messages out of boredom.

Among them, one caught his attention.

Zhou Ke'er's message wasn't about pleading or sending private photos.

She calmly proposed a trade.

"Mr. Zhang, our food and medicine are running low. I hope you can provide some help. In return, I can offer medical assistance."

"Zhou Ke'er?"

Zhang Yi quickly recalled her appearance.

She was a doctor at Tianhai City's First People's Hospital, 26 years old, tall and slender, about 175 cm.

What impressed Zhang Yi most was not her cool, ascetic beauty but her impressive figure with a 36D bust.

Especially in winter, when she wore black sweaters, her figure was hard to ignore in the elevator.

“No wonder she’s a doctor. Very rational. Not begging for charity, but proposing a trade.”

Zhang Yi appreciated Zhou Ke’er’s approach.

In the apocalypse, only valuable people deserved to survive.

Zhou Ke’er showed her value through her medical skills.

Without certain abilities, she couldn’t have worked at Tianhai City’s top hospital.

In the apocalypse, medical skills were crucial.

Although Zhang Yi had prepared many medicines and studied this area, he wasn’t arrogant enough to think he could handle all diseases.

Having a doctor around would significantly enhance his chances of survival.

Moreover, Zhang Yi had assessed Zhou Ke’er’s character.

In his previous life, she died after giving food to Xie Limei.

Whether out of complete despair or genuine kindness, Zhang Yi saw a glimmer of humanity in her.

Adjusting his posture, Zhang Yi pondered aloud, “Maybe I should keep her around to take care of me and my little brothers?”

“While I’m living comfortably, my brothers aren’t doing so well. That’s a problem.”

Zhang Yi was a young man with needs. In a world where morals and laws had collapsed, people didn’t need to suppress their desires.

“Hahaha!”

Zhang Yi suddenly laughed, slapping the armrest.

“I’m tempted, but unfortunately, I’m very afraid of dying. Although Zhou Ke’er is a good candidate, without complete control over her, I can’t let her in.”

“Let’s wait and see!”

“Survivors will appear eventually. With my resources, finding good doctors and women won’t be hard.”

Zhang Yi was pragmatic, a man who had died once.

He replied to Zhou Ke’er, “I’m healthy now and don’t need a doctor. But I do have plenty of medicine and food.”

“If you want to trade, offer something useful to me.”

No matter how beautiful or talented she was, Zhang Yi wouldn’t let her take advantage of him.

He never made a losing deal.

After a long silence, Zhou Ke’er replied.

“Can it be an advance payment? I... I really can’t hold on any longer.”

Her tone carried hesitation and shame.

It was clear that, without other options, she wouldn't easily plead with a man she barely knew.

After pondering, Zhang Yi responded, "I can give you food and medicine. But you have to do me a favor."

"What favor?" Zhou Ke'er asked.

Zhang Yi said, "The neighbors are likely to attack me. If you find out their plans, inform me."

Zhang Yi knew the desperate neighbors would come for his supplies.

But he wasn't afraid.

He spent a fortune building his steel fortress, choosing various features personally.

The goal was to withstand such an assault!

His home was like a war bunker, albeit with less firepower.

Even armed soldiers couldn't breach his house without heavy weapons.

Let alone these half-dead neighbors, starving and freezing for half a month.

He proposed this condition to give Zhou Ke'er an excuse.

Moreover, having an inside informant added an extra layer of security, allowing him to prepare in advance.