

## Ice Age 55

### Chapter 55: The Neighbors Plan to Attack Zhang Yi

After much hesitation, Zhou Ke'er finally agreed to Zhang Yi's proposal.

Her morals and conscience didn't allow her to be a despicable person.

However, in her eyes, the neighbors' decision to rob Zhang Yi out of jealousy was even worse.

So she chose to help Zhang Yi.

Zhang Yi said, "Alright, I need to see useful information from you first, then I'll give you what you want. Let's see how you perform!"

Zhou Ke'er replied, "I understand."

She was kind-hearted but definitely not stupid. She wouldn't foolishly expect Zhang Yi to help her unconditionally.

Their conversation ended there.

Zhang Yi glanced at the large group chat, which had over 99+ messages, still full of moral coercion and threats directed at him.

“Zhang Yi, where are you? Give us an answer! Will you hand over your supplies or not?”

Some were getting impatient.

Zhang Yi smirked coldly. It looked like they were planning to attack his house.

“Go to hell!” Zhang Yi replied with a smile.

Immediately, the group chat exploded with curses and vile insults.

Zhang Yi didn’t care. If they had the guts, they could come.

Having killed with his own hands and feeling no guilt, he didn’t mind killing more.

“Fine, Zhang Yi, you asked for this!”

“Don’t say we didn’t give you a chance, you selfish, despicable person!”

“From now on, you will bear all the consequences!”

The cursing gradually subsided.

Zhang Yi guessed they had probably created a new group, excluding him, to plan their attack.

Taking a deep breath, Zhang Yi felt a mix of tension and excitement, his body trembling slightly.

Even though he knew his home was an impregnable steel fortress, facing an attack from over a hundred people was still nerve-wracking.

But the excitement ignited his blood.

He had longed to personally punish those who had cannibalized him in his previous life!

His eyes gleamed coldly as he summoned his weapons to the living room.

Five steel crossbows, three professional-grade composite bows, over 290 crossbow bolts, and 300 arrows.

There were also two large iron boxes of steel rods, machetes, a 1.2-meter-long crowbar, baseball bats, and hunting knives.

All laid out on the table, they were perfect tools for killing.

In addition to these physical weapons, he had pepper spray, electric batons, gasoline, a large number of chemical reagents, and dozens of Molotov cocktails made from bottles, cloth strips, and gasoline.

Zhang Yi's eyes glowed with a chilling light.

“Bring it on, as many as you want!”

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Just as Zhang Yi expected, the neighbors were furious when they saw he wouldn't hand over his supplies.

Sun Zhichao created a new group chat, adding all the living residents except Zhang Yi.

They even included Chen Zhenghao.

Seeing Chen Zhenghao made some people uneasy.

However, Chen Zhenghao reassured them, “Everyone, our top priority now is to deal with Zhang Yi. His supplies are likely more than all of ours combined!”

“If we take him down, we can get a huge amount of supplies.”

“So, don’t worry. I won’t attack anyone else for now.”

“But I want half of the supplies from this operation!”

Chen Zhenghao had suffered at Zhang Yi’s hands and knew his house was well-defended and equipped with crossbows.

He didn’t dare to attack alone, so he planned to use the residents as cannon fodder.

He figured over a hundred people should be able to breach Zhang Yi’s house.

How many weapons could Zhang Yi have? How many could he kill?

Even though Chen Zhenghao and his men were only six, no one thought his demand for half the supplies was unfair. Instead, they saw him as a good person.

He had a gun but was willing to share half with everyone. How generous!

Sun Zhichao said, "Right, we should temporarily set aside our past grievances. The main goal is to breach Zhang Yi's house and reclaim the collective supplies!"

With these two leading the charge, everyone naturally followed.

Seeing Zhang Yi's comfortable life made them all jealous, their eyes red with hatred, wanting to kill him and take his place.

"Knives in hand, follow me! Kill Zhang Yi, seize the supplies!"

"Kill that shameless selfish jerk!"

They roared with anger.

Only a few remained silent, like Uncle You and Zhou Ke'er.

Even those who usually had a good relationship with Zhang Yi, those he had helped, put everything aside for survival.

Nothing was more important than living. To survive, they could abandon all morals!

...

Zhang Yi was at home, cleaning his gun.

He was familiar with it, having used it often at the shooting club.

In the month before the apocalypse, he had intensified his training.

He had no pressure hitting a person at close range.

At that moment, Zhou Ke'er sent a message.

"They're planning to attack your apartment."

Seeing the message, Zhang Yi replied with an "Oh, got it."

Sitting on her sofa, Zhou Ke'er frowned at his calm reply.

She tightened the two layers of blankets around her and tucked her white feet inside.

"They've gone to every resident. They've seen your videos and have gone mad."

"Aren't you going to do something?"

Zhou Ke'er believed the most rational approach was to hand over some supplies to appease the crowd's anger.

Otherwise, one person couldn't fight off so many.

Over a hundred people could easily tear down an apartment!

Zhang Yi smiled without explaining much.

He simply said, "Remember, don't come over this time. I'm warning you once."



“Then, just watch the show!”

Zhou Ke'er frowned, filled with curiosity.

She couldn't understand where Zhang Yi's confidence came from when facing over a hundred people alone.

This wasn't a joke. If his home was breached, the crazed crowd would surely kill him!

“Could he be insane?”

Zhou Ke'er muttered to herself.

But it was Zhang Yi's choice, and there was nothing she could do.

She decided to follow his advice and not join the attack.

She had moral boundaries and wouldn't partake in such a bloodthirsty act, whether it involved Zhang Yi or the other neighbors.