

Ice Age 57

Chapter 57: Heavy Casualties

Zhang Yi watched the crowd outside his door, discussing their strategies.

This time, Zhang Yi didn't bother to aim carefully. Since they wanted his life, there was no need to be polite.

He wasn't a saint.

He raised his crossbow and began shooting.

Soon, several people were hit by arrows and fell.

Only then did the people outside realize how deadly Zhang Yi's crossbow was.

“He has weapons! Be careful!” someone shouted.

The crowd panicked, trying to scatter.

However, the corridor was so crowded, with over a hundred people crammed together, that there was no room to move.

In their fear, their hurried attempts to escape caused a chain reaction, with many tripping and falling.

Zhang Yi didn't care. He just focused on his work.

The sound of arrows whistling through the air was like a death knell, terrifyingly relentless.

This only made the crowd more desperate, as they frantically tried to squeeze into the stairwell.

Some people who fell were trampled by others before they could get up.

Screams of pain echoed everywhere.

Chen Zhenghao, standing at the stairwell with his gun, aimed at those trying to flee.

"What are you afraid of? He's just one man! Go get him!" he shouted, his cold eyes and the black muzzle of his gun forcing the crowd back into action.

Chen Zhenghao's goal was to use them as cannon fodder, depleting Zhang Yi's defenses. He couldn't let them escape.

Sun Zhichao and the others, hoping to survive, stayed far back, avoiding the arrows.

Zhang Yi fired dozens of crossbow bolts. In such a densely packed crowd, almost none missed their mark.

This caused immense suffering for the neighbors.

However, the desperation of the neighbors brought out their resourcefulness.

Someone noticed the shooting hole in the door and shouted, "He's shooting from that hole! Just block it!"

Immediately, someone raised a mop and broom to block the shooting hole.

Others tried to throw objects into Zhang Yi's room.

Zhang Yi remained calm, quickly closing and locking the iron door behind the shooting hole.

This door could only be opened from the inside and was impregnable from the outside.

With this, Zhang Yi had neutralized a significant part of the threat, taking down dozens of their fighters.

Seeing Zhang Yi could no longer shoot arrows, the neighbors slowly recovered from their terror.

The corridor was a mess, with many injured by arrows, their wounds varying in severity.

Some had been hit in vital areas and died on the spot.

When the neighbors saw the rust-covered tetanus arrows, their hearts sank.

They knew that all who had been hit were unlikely to survive.

Some, having lost loved ones, cursed Zhang Yi loudly through their tears.

“Zhang Yi, you damn scoundrel, you’re despicable and shameless!”

“Come out if you have the guts! Fight me one-on-one!”

“You devil, I’ll fight you to the death!”

“Zhang Yi! I will kill you!”

Their shouts and curses filled the air, but the only response was the loud music blaring from Zhang Yi's room.

The lively song lyrics echoed provocatively.

After love, you understand how deep love is

Only after losing do you know what to cherish...

Outside, the curses continued, while inside, Zhang Yi's room was filled with lively music, a stark contrast that seemed to mock everyone.

Indeed, it was a direct provocation.

Zhang Yi had fired dozens of crossbow bolts and felt his arm getting sore. He went to the kitchen, grabbed a bottle of Coke from the fridge, and gulped it down.

“Ah! So refreshing!” Zhang Yi exclaimed, then continued to monitor the crowd on his screen.

Seeing that Zhang Yi's door was unbreakable, the neighbors were both anxious and desperate.

"What do we do now?" someone muttered.

Just then, Sun Zhichao shouted, "Don't worry, I have an idea!"

Everyone turned to look at him, struggling to walk with his injured leg.

He pointed to the wall of Zhang Yi's apartment and smiled, "The door is made of alloy, but the walls are just bricks and cement. We can definitely break through them!"

Hearing this, everyone's eyes lit up with realization.

"Why didn't I think of that!"

"We can't break the door, but we can break the walls!"

"There are so many of us. It won't take long to smash through the wall."

“Haha, Zhang Yi, you scoundrel, you won’t expect this!”

Inside, Zhang Yi saw the neighbors suddenly cheering and raised an eyebrow.

The music was too loud, so he couldn’t hear what they were saying.

However, Zhang Yi remained calm, planning to watch their next move.

He wasn’t worried; he had considered all possible threats when building his fortress.

If these people could easily breach his defenses, then he deserved to die.

The crowd, armed with tools, quickly lined up in front of Zhang Yi’s outer wall, swinging iron hammers and axes.

“Bang!!”

A burly man used all his strength to smash the hammer against the wall, causing cracks and white dust to fall.

Seeing this, everyone's eyes filled with excitement, thinking they had found Zhang Yi's weak point.

They attacked with even more vigor.

But as the burly man swung the hammer for a second blow, a metallic clink sounded.

“Clang!”

The man screamed, dropping his hammer, his hands bleeding profusely and freezing in the cold.

“What's going on?”

Everyone was confused. What kind of wall could withstand such a heavy blow?

Someone brushed away the white dust, revealing the underlying material, and was shocked.

“This... this wall is made of steel!”

Everyone was stunned and rushed over to see.

Indeed, beneath the outer layer of plaster was thick, heavy black metal, the same material as the door.

One person couldn't help but scream to the sky, "Why would anyone build an apartment with steel walls?"

"I can't believe the entire apartment is made of iron!"

Several people desperately hammered at other parts of the wall, hoping to find a weak spot.

But wherever they hit, they found the same solid steel walls.

Inside, Zhang Yi smirked.

"You think I didn't foresee this? Sorry, my home is built with 20 cm thick steel plates."

"Even a cannonball can't break it, let alone your iron hammers and axes."

Zhang Yi's greatest trait was his fear of death. He had considered every possible scenario and fortified his apartment accordingly.

During the final inspection, he checked every inch with a hammer to ensure its durability.

Having been invaded and eaten in his previous life, the psychological trauma was immense. He would do anything to prevent it from happening again.

The hammering continued outside, but Zhang Yi, annoyed by the noise, activated the noise-cancellation feature in his room.

This feature also prevented anyone from using sound-based attacks against him.

After about twenty minutes, the noise finally ceased.

The entire building's residents stared blankly at the solid metal walls, their hopes as cold as the snow outside.

“How can this be? Why would anyone build a apartment like this?”

Someone covered their face, screaming in despair.

Zhang Yi's neighbors, the young couple, also expressed their frustration, "We knew they were renovating, but we didn't expect this."

Few normal residents would construct such a fortress.

Sun Zhichao, Zhou Peng, and Ge Jialiang's eyes were bloodshot.

If the entire building's residents couldn't break into Zhang Yi's home today, they were doomed to die.

Sun Zhichao bit his lip so hard it bled, but he didn't notice.

"Zhang Yi knew about the snow disaster all along! He did everything to prepare for it!"

He pointed at Zhang Yi's apartment, shouting in anger.

The neighbors glared at him, cursing Zhang Yi through their tears.

"Despicable Zhang Yi, thinking only of himself!"

"If we all die, what's the point of you living alone? Won't you be lonely if you're the only one left?"

“One day, you’ll regret not warning us or helping us! You’ll be consumed by guilt and remorse!”

“How can you sleep at night? Don’t you feel any guilt?”

Realizing they couldn’t do anything to Zhang Yi, some resorted to self-comforting thoughts.

They hoped that one day, Zhang Yi would face divine retribution for his actions.

Little did they know, Zhang Yi was living comfortably inside, caring little about these familiar strangers.

Chen Zhenghao, supervising with his gun, also saw the steel walls and recognized the challenge they posed.

Now, he was only interested in taking Zhang Yi’s apartment.

“What’s the rush? This is just the beginning!”

“Even if the walls are made of steel, what about the ceiling? The floor?”

“I don’t believe he turned his home into an iron box!”

Chen Zhenghao’s words reached Zhang Yi through surveillance.

Zhang Yi nodded in approval.

“This guy is clever.”

But he sighed, shaking his head, “Too bad, I’m not stupid either.”

The neighbors, encouraged by Chen Zhenghao, moved to the floors above and below Zhang Yi’s apartment.

They used hammers, axes, chisels, and wooden sticks, trying every method they could think of.

They were just 20 centimeters away from their hope of survival.

But soon, they fell into more profound despair.

They discovered that Zhang Yi's apartment was indeed an iron box!

Every angle, up and down, left and right was sealed with thick steel plates.

In this powerless environment, without electric saws or drills, they would have to chisel away for a year without food or drink to break through these walls.