

Ice Age 58

Chapter 58: Despair

Chen Zhenghao and his group spent the entire morning hammering away at Zhang Yi's walls. However, after peeling off the plaster and flooring, they discovered a thick layer of steel plates.

The 20 cm thick steel plates were nothing short of a nightmare for them!

Using only human power, there was no hope of breaking through.

Operating in the extreme cold, without sufficient food to replenish their energy, they were only hastening their own deaths.

Many were exhausted, collapsing to the ground.

Their stomachs rumbled loudly, a symphony of hunger.

They clutched their empty bellies, feeling the gnawing hunger take over.

There wasn't much food left among them.

Some began eyeing their neighbors, their thoughts turning dark as they noticed the white flesh peeking through the gaps in clothing.

A horrifying idea started to form in their minds.

This is meat.

The terrifying thought sent chills down their spines as they tried to banish it from their minds.

But once the idea took root, it provided a desperate option in their bleak situation.

They knew that if it came to it, cannibalism would become inevitable.

“Is there really no other way?” Sun Zhichao asked in anguish, feeling his arm start to fester and swell.

Without antibiotics or even basic anti-inflammatory medicine, they couldn't effectively clean their wounds.

The rust from the arrows still lingered in their injuries.

Under such conditions, death seemed unavoidable.

“Damn Zhang Yi, why are you so ruthless? Why should you live while so many of us die? What’s so wrong with sacrificing yourself for the greater good?”

Sun Zhichao screamed at the sky, his soul twisted by despair.

At that moment, a neighbor spoke up.

“Maybe you can try the balcony. When they renovated their house, they turned the balcony into a large floor-to-ceiling window. You might have a chance to break in!”

The other residents couldn't see the back of Zhang Yi's house, but this neighbor could.

Building 25 had some floors with balconies, and Zhang Yi's apartment on the 24th floor had a small platform.

Normally, he used it for growing flowers and drying clothes.

Hearing this, the desperate crowd looked up.

“The window? Yes, if there’s a window, there’s a way in! It can’t be sealed off completely!”

“If there’s a window, we can break in!”

Without hesitation, the group stormed into Zhang Yi’s neighbor's apartment.

The two balconies were separated by about 15 cm and had a fence in between.

But these barriers were nothing to the crazed crowd.

However, the balcony wasn't as insulated as the hallway.

While the hallway was sealed off by each household, retaining some warmth, outside, the north wind howled, and the heavy snow could freeze a person in hours.

But Chen Zhenghao and his group didn’t care. As long as they could break into Zhang Yi’s house, they believed they would have everything they needed!

Howling like madmen, they jumped onto Zhang Yi’s balcony.

Naturally, Zhang Yi noticed this.

The two sides locked eyes for less than a second before the neighbors, wielding their tools, began hammering at the large floor-to-ceiling window.

Zhang Yi dragged his white recliner to the window, leisurely lying down and pouring himself a steaming cup of coffee.

The small balcony quickly filled with a dozen people.

Their faces, pale and twisted with madness, resembled living corpses.

Their crazed expressions were utterly devoid of humanity.

Zhang Yi thought, if there were real zombies, they would probably look like this.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

The dull sound of hammering echoed off the glass.

Braving the wind and snow, the group frantically smashed the window.

Even when accidentally injuring themselves, they felt no pain, letting their blood flow and then freeze.

While hammering the walls, the desire hadn't been as strong.

But now, separated only by a layer of glass, they could clearly see how luxurious Zhang Yi's life was!

Inside, the fireplace roared with flames. Zhang Yi, wearing only light clothing, lay like a lord in his white recliner.

Next to him was a cup of steaming coffee, likely a cappuccino, judging by the foam.

Weapons cluttered the coffee table, but that wasn't the focus.

The focus was the pile of half-eaten snacks beneath the table.

Chips, burgers, soda, pizza, roast chicken, roast duck, even spicy noodles!

These items drove the neighbors on the balcony mad.

Though only half a month away from such luxuries, they were as excited as seeing long-lost family.

“Roar!!”

“Ahhhh!!!”

Their excitement made them forget how to speak, resorting to desperate howls.

They hammered the window with all their might, using every ounce of strength.

Zhang Yi sipped his coffee, enjoying the show.

He calmly remarked, “Who said glass is weaker than metal?”

The cost of this wall had been astronomical. For the sake of living quality, Zhang Yi had declined Dragon Security Company’s proposal to use metal, opting instead for custom-made bulletproof glass.

He remembered the security company’s manager, Wu Huai ren, saying, “This wall is so thick it can withstand not just bullets, but even cannonballs!”

The bulletproof glass used in vehicles for Western leaders was made from this material, though only half as thick.

Soon, the hammering crowd noticed something wrong.

They had expected the glass to shatter after a few hits.

But after dozens of people hammered away for a long time, there wasn't even a crack.

"What kind of glass is this?"

"Is it bulletproof glass?"

The term "bulletproof glass" came from a bespectacled man's throat, filled with despair, like a voice from the depths of hell.

If it could withstand cannonballs, it certainly wouldn't yield to their tools.

"No, I don't believe it!"

A young man roared, “My fate is mine to control, not the heavens! I refuse to believe I can’t break it!”

“If I break it, the fireplace, the food, and drink inside will be mine. I must break it!”

Perhaps it was the extreme cold or the vacillation between hope and despair, but their minds seemed frozen.

They chose to abandon reason and brute force their way to a future!

Zhang Yi clapped for them, moved by their determination.

But he felt a bit hungry.

So he retrieved some food from his storage space: braised pork knuckles, caramelized bananas, and some snacks, including pure cocoa chocolate.

He continued to eat while watching the show outside.