

ICE AGE APOCALYPSE: I HOARD BILLIONS OF SUPPLIES

Chapter 6: Building the Ultimate Safe House

Chen Xiong's face lit up with a smile.

“Great. Our interest rate is 4%. You borrow 5 million, and you’ll have to repay 7 million. So, you need to give me an IOU for 7 million.”

“Additionally, you must have sufficient collateral. Houses, factories, cars, anything of value.”

Zhang Yi pretended to hesitate momentarily, then gritted his teeth and took out the property deed.

He had used this for the bank loan, which was still on him.

“My house is worth over 5 million. I’ll use it as collateral. I also have a Mercedes worth 300,000. If I can’t repay, you can take it too.”

Chen Xiong had never encountered such a straightforward client before and quickly took the property deed to inspect it.

After verifying the information, he felt even more satisfied.

According to the current market price, that house was worth at least 5.5 million!

With the car added, there was no way he could lose on this deal.

However, Chen Xiong still expressed dissatisfaction.

“Mr. Zhang, your house is worth at most 5 million. If you want to take 5 million from me, I’d be at a loss.”

Zhang Yi looked desperate and said, “Mr. Chen, you have to help me! I urgently need the money.”

“If you can get me the money today, I’ll settle for 4.5 million!”

Chen Xiong and Hu Minghua exchanged glances, amusement gleaming in their eyes.

They were in the business of exploiting desperation.

The more urgent someone needs money, the harder they’d fleece them!

“No, no, this deal isn’t worth it.”

Finally, after some haggling, they agreed on 4 million.

However, Zhang Yi demanded that the money be transferred to his account that day.

Though heartless, the loan company was highly efficient.

After signing the contract, Zhang Yi quickly received 4 million in cash in his account.

He chuckled inwardly.

For Chen Xiong, this money was as good as thrown at the dogs, and it was never returned.

“Hmm... there’s something self-deprecating about that analogy.”

Zhang Yi happily walked out with the money.

As he left, Chen Xiong and Hu Minghua's laughter echoed from the office.

“Ha ha ha! This deal was way too easy. That fool actually walked out with 4 million.”

Chen Xiong said smugly, “We’ll make at least 2-3 million from this deal. No worries about this month’s performance now!”

Hu Minghua leaned on the table, laughing, “Boss, he signed the contract so easily. Could there be an issue with the house?”

Holding the property deed, Chen Xiong smiled, “The deed is real, no issues. As long as the house is his, he can’t escape.”

With the property deed and the 7 million IOU, they had ways to take over that house.

Not only that, they had more methods to squeeze Zhang Yi dry completely.

Chen Xiong sipped his coffee elegantly.

“If worse comes to worst, we can contact overseas organizations and see if he has any valuable organs to sell.”

“We never do a losing deal!”

...

Zhang Yi left the loan company, grinning.

He glanced back at the office building with a hint of disdain.

“They’re so generous, giving me money for free.”

From now on, Zhang Yi would have no dealings with Chen Xiong and Hu Minghua.

More likely, they would perish in the apocalyptic cold wave a month later.

Zhang Yi now had about 9 million yuan in his hands.

Enough to execute his plans.

After all, with every purchase from now on, he could use prepayment methods.

That 9 million would have the purchasing power of tens of millions!

There is no need to scrape more funds; otherwise, he wouldn't mind milking various online lending platforms.

Zhang Yi drove to Tianhai City's renowned Zhanlong Security Company.

Zhanlong was one of the largest security companies in China, specializing in services for billionaires and celebrities.

Sometimes, even government officials hired them for protection.

Zhang Yi chose them because he had heard in his previous life that Zhanlong had built a billion-dollar top-tier safe house for the wealthiest heir in Jiangnan Province!

That heir, from a real estate tycoon family, lived lavishly even during the apocalypse, thanks to the safe house Zhanlong built for them.

Zhang Yi arrived at Zhanlong and explained his needs to the receptionist.

A staff member from the business department promptly escorted Zhang Yi to a lounge.

The receptionist served him freshly brewed coffee.

Shortly after, a burly man with a crew cut entered the room.

He wore a black suit, giving off an impression of a refined brute.

One couldn't help but worry that his suit might burst from his muscular frame.

But such a person instilled a sense of security in clients.

"Hello, sir. My name is Wu Huairan, business manager. How can we assist you?"

Wu Huairan sat beside Zhang Yi.

Zhang Yi sipped his coffee and said, "I need you to build a safe house for me."

"One that can withstand the apocalypse, the highest level of safety."

Upon hearing this, Wu Huairan's expression turned serious.

To others, such a statement might sound laughable.

But for Zhanlong, it was no joke.

The wealthiest and most powerful people often feared death the most.

Years ago, billionaires abroad had spent billions on apocalypse shelters.

In recent years, many wealthy people worldwide have followed suit.

Some genuinely feared large-scale natural disasters.

Others had too many enemies and sought extra security.

Zhanlong's doomsday shelters emerged to meet this market demand.

Wu Huai ren became more courteous upon hearing Zhang Yi's request for an apocalypse-grade shelter.

Such large orders were rare annually.

“Mr. Zhang, Zhanlong is a world-class security company. We can certainly meet your requirements.”

Zhang Yi immediately asked, “If I need you to remodel a room on the 24th floor, can you do it?”

Wu Huairan found this request peculiar. Typically, such shelters were standalone villas or underground bunkers.

Few wealthy individuals chose to build shelters in apartments.

But Zhanlong aimed to please its clients.

Wu Huairan confidently replied, “Absolutely! We’re the top security company globally.”

“With our technology, we can fulfill your request.”

Hearing this, Zhang Yi was satisfied.

If so, he would turn his house into a safe house!

He chose to stay to witness the demise of those who had wronged him.

Wu Huairan handed Zhang Yi a tablet.

“Our services are customized. You can select what you need from here, with corresponding prices listed.”

In the digital age, communication was convenient.

Zhang Yi took the tablet and carefully reviewed the services.

There was no doubt that Zhanlong was a professional company.

With enough money, Zhanlong could meet any requirement.

From building underground shelters 100 meters deep to constructing underwater safe houses.

However, these projects were too slow for Zhang Yi, who had only a month.