

## **Ice Age 60**

### Chapter 60: Bounty on Chen Zhenghao

The pitiful cries of the women outside the window continued unabated. Their foreheads were bleeding from kowtowing so forcefully, presenting a heartbreakingly scene.

Zhang Yi sighed, walked to the window, and said, "Everyone, don't do this. It makes me feel bad."

He lifted a steaming bowl of noodles in his hand.

"When I feel bad, I just want to eat."

"Slurp—"

Zhang Yi took a big mouthful of noodles, making the neighbors drool with hunger. They couldn't have been more envious.

Upon hearing this, the cries intensified, and they kowtowed even more vigorously.

"Zhang Yi, we were wrong. We just want to survive!"

"Please spare us some food. Let us live like dogs if we must."

"We'll do anything you ask from now on, just please help us."

Zhang Yi continued eating his noodles.

In times of hunger, being able to eat large mouthfuls of noodles was an unimaginable blessing.

After eating half the bowl, he casually placed the remaining noodles right in front of the floor-to-ceiling window.

The neighbors, separated by a single pane of glass, could see the noodles but couldn't reach them. They pressed their faces against the glass, hoping somehow to eat.

"Don't say I didn't give you a chance. Whoever brings me Chen Zhenghao's head will get noodles like this from me for a week, every meal until full!"

Zhang Yi had no intention of pitying these people.

But their constant hammering on his walls and windows was irritating.

So, why not let them turn on each other?

That would be the most interesting thing to watch.

He posted his message in the group chat, informing everyone in the building.

The neighbors outside his window hesitated upon hearing his words.

Chen Zhenghao had a gun; going after his head might cost them their own lives.

But facing Chen Zhenghao was still better than facing Zhang Yi.

The piles of corpses around Zhang Yi's apartment proved that he was much more dangerous than Chen Zhenghao!

At that moment, Chen Zhenghao was observing from the neighboring balcony, unable to hear Zhang Yi's words but sensing the growing tension.

He had already lost two more men in this failed assault.

To continue controlling the building, he needed more manpower.

As he contemplated his next move, Chen Zhenghao felt a sharp, pricking sensation on his back, making his hair stand on end.

He turned suddenly, gun in hand, to find everyone staring at him with strange expressions.

"What are you all doing?" he demanded.

Seeing his gun, they hesitated, stepping back.

"Get lost!" Chen Zhenghao roared.

Their expressions remained odd, almost like they were looking at food rather than a person.

Feeling a chill, Chen Zhenghao quickly gathered his remaining men and left.

"What about Zhang Yi's place?" Sun Zhichao asked.

"Fuck it, we can't break in. Think of something else later!" Chen Zhenghao cursed and left in a huff.

The neighbors outside Zhang Yi's window, unable to withstand the bone-chilling wind and snow, gradually dispersed.

Zhang Yi lay comfortably in his warm home, waiting for the real show to begin.

After this battle, the building had lost around thirty people.

Almost everyone had participated in the attack, exhausting their energy.

With fewer resources, the internal conflicts would become even more terrifying.

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Soon, Zhang Yi received numerous private messages.

After the battle, the neighbors were thoroughly intimidated.

Their limited strength was nearly depleted, preventing them from launching another large-scale attack on Zhang Yi's home.

Facing Zhang Yi's impenetrable defenses, they had lost all hope.

Many started begging Zhang Yi for mercy or offering trades.

For instance, Xu Hao, a rich second-generation, sent pictures of his girlfriend, offering her in exchange for food.

"Zhang Yi, I'll give you my woman. Just give me some food, okay?"

"She's a famous car model in Tianhai City. Look at her figure and face, she's top-notch! I guarantee you'll like her. Help me, please!"

Zhang Yi recognized the model. Xu Hao had bought an apartment here just to be with her.

She always dressed provocatively, exuding a constant allure.

In the past, she wouldn't even glance at the men around her.

Now, Xu Hao was willing to trade her for a few meals.

And the woman seemed eager for the trade, knowing Zhang Yi's home had plenty of food.

"Such worthless goods!" Zhang Yi sneered.

He had to admit, the model had an impressive figure and stunning looks.

But Zhang Yi would never let a woman like her into his home.

She might stab him in his sleep and take over his home.

A woman willing to sell her body for money had no moral bottom line.

Zhang Yi disdainfully watched her video five times before closing the chat window.

There were other messages too.

Men rarely contacted him, knowing they had nothing valuable to trade for food.

Uncle You was the exception, happily congratulating Zhang Yi on repelling the attackers.

However, many women reached out.

For instance, Fang Yuqing messaged excitedly, "Yi, you're amazing! I knew you'd be fine."

"They've locked me up at home. Don't worry, I'll find a way to come to you!"

Zhang Yi chuckled, ignoring her message.

The sky quickly darkened. It was only about 5 PM, but the nights were long and cold, with temperatures dropping another ten degrees.

The remaining TV stations continued broadcasting.

"Thanks to official efforts, the snow disaster is improving. Please stay calm, the problem will be resolved soon."

"Due to severe cold, avoid going out to prevent frostbite. Provide assistance to those in need."

"Let's unite to overcome the current difficulties. Tomorrow will be better!"

Zhang Yi found the news more entertaining than comedy shows.

He was curious how these TV stations maintained operations and where they had relocated.

Listening to the amusing news, Zhang Yi scrolled through the chat records, reading the neighbors' curses, pleas, and groveling.

Those cursing him had lost family members.

When in a good mood, Zhang Yi responded with mocking blessings.

"Congratulations to those who lost family members. You can roast them for a funeral feast and mix their ashes with rice!"

His sarcastic remarks provoked even harsher curses from them.

Suddenly, he noticed movement on the balcony.

Curious, Zhang Yi walked to the window.

The bright snow outside provided ample light, revealing people moving corpses.

Specifically, they were moving the charred bodies.

These people were wrapped up tightly. When they noticed Zhang Yi watching, they jumped in fright.

"Zhang Yi, we're not here to harm you. Don't misunderstand!"

"We're just here to move the corpses."

Their voices trembled, avoiding Zhang Yi's gaze.

Zhang Yi smirked.

"Oh? Moving corpses? Are they your family?"

"And why not just throw them below? Are you building a grave at home?"

They stammered, "Well... these corpses are useless to you, so just ignore us."

Forcing themselves to stay composed, they quickly dragged the bodies away.

Zhang Yi waved at them through the glass.

"You're quite ruthless, finally reaching this point?"