

Ice Age 62

Chapter 62: Live-Streaming a Feast for the Neighbors

"Open the door, open the door!"

"It's Chen Zhenghao. We're swapping houses with you. Open up, or I'll shoot!"

Inside, the young couple clung to each other in fear.

"What do we do? They're here to take our house. We won't even have the last bit of food left," the wife said, looking at her young husband with despair.

The husband, a bespectacled office worker, hugged his wife, trying to comfort her, "Don't worry, it'll be okay. If they want the house, we'll give it to them."

"Quick, hide the remaining food on us."

The couple hid their scarce food in their clothes and, trembling, opened the door.

Seeing the fierce-looking Chen Zhenghao and his men, the man swallowed nervously and bowed, "Brother Hao, this house is yours now. We'll leave immediately!"

As he tried to leave with his wife, one of Chen Zhenghao's men sneered and raised an iron pipe.

"Bang!"

With a dull thud, the man's vision went black as he collapsed, disbelief etched in his eyes even in unconsciousness.

He didn't understand why, even though he had complied, they still attacked him.

The woman screamed in terror, watching her husband fall, only for another pipe to strike her head, silencing her screams.

Two of Chen Zhenghao's men approached, ensuring the couple would never speak again.

Zhou Ke'er, witnessing the murders, covered her mouth, utterly shocked.

She had never seen such brutality and couldn't maintain her composure despite her strong psychological resilience.

Chen Zhenghao glanced at her, smirking coldly, "It's too cold. They were going to die sooner or later. Dr. Zhou, you need to get used to this."

Having killed many, Chen Zhenghao had lost all respect for life.

Moreover, he feared Zhang Yi's bounty and the recent attack had instilled fear in him.

He needed to suppress the residents more brutally to make them submit.

Zhou Ke'er stifled her nausea and said nothing.

Chen Zhenghao arrogantly entered the apartment, instructing his men to clean up the bodies.

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Over the next few days, Zhang Yi often heard noises coming from the apartment next door.

He knew it was Chen Zhenghao and his men searching for weaknesses in his defenses.

They also took turns monitoring Zhang Yi's front door and back window, hoping to catch him when he went out to dump trash or fetch snow for water.

But Chen Zhenghao didn't know Zhang Yi had a huge storage space with ample water supplies.

However, Zhang Yi couldn't risk opening the window to throw out trash since Chen Zhenghao had a gun.

Yet, having more trash wasn't a big deal for a homebody like Zhang Yi.

When bored, he played games or watched downloaded movies and TV shows.

The resident chat group still echoed with pleas and furious curses directed at him.

"Zhang Yi, you're an inhuman bastard!"

"You could extend our lives, but you're too selfish!"

"You're destined to be lonely forever!"

"Don't you have a heart? By not helping us, you'll live your life in guilt and regret!"

Facing the neighbors' curses, Zhang Yi had a simple response.

He decided to live-stream his meals, recording his daily life to show them.

"Hello, everyone. Today, I'm making braised pork!"

He tossed a large piece of pork belly, weighing at least two pounds, onto the cutting board.

The neighbors went crazy with envy.

"Why use so much pork belly for braised pork? If you can't finish it, don't waste it. Give it to me!"

"Zhang Yi, you're a beast! You don't deserve that pork belly!"

"Zhang Yi, I haven't had meat for a week. Please, just let me have some pork skin!"

"Even a sip of the oil would do. You don't need it, right? Give it to me, please!"

The starving neighbors had no resistance to such high-fat food.

Zhang Yi cooked skillfully, the aroma of the braised pork seemingly wafting through the screen.

After a while, Zhang Yi frowned, tasted a piece, and spat it into the trash.

"Too much soy sauce! Damn, the whole pot is ruined."

Although he cooked often, Zhang Yi rarely made large dishes, and an excess of soy sauce had ruined the taste.

The caramelized sugar was also overdone, making the meat bitter.

"How can I eat this? Such a waste, such a waste!" Zhang Yi shook his head, frustrated.

Intending to show off his cooking skills, he had messed up.

Regrettably, he had no dogs at home to eat the ruined pork, so he had to throw it all away.

The group chat exploded instantly, the neighbors going mad.

"Don't throw it away! My mouth is a trash can; throw it to me!"

"Why did you throw it away? Why, why, why? Ahhhh!!!"

"Throw out your trash now, and I'll pick it up!"

"Master, your old servant is late. Do you need a dog to handle your trash?"

Some were so angry they nearly fainted.

Their hearts bled at the thought of the wasted food.

In the freezing cold, with no gas for cooking, even a hot meal was a luxury, let alone braised pork, which they couldn't even dream of.

Yet, Zhang Yi had thrown away an entire pot!

"Better eat something ready-made."

Zhang Yi shifted the camera to his clean, neat table, filled with various dishes.

The warm yellow lamp made the food look even more appetizing.

Zhang Yi pointed to each dish, enthusiastically introducing them.

"Tonight's dinner includes oil-braised shrimp, scallion-braised sea cucumber, specialty tofu, sweet and sour Yellow River carp, nine-turn intestines, marinated fish fillets, sweet and sour pork tenderloin, blackfish egg soup, and candied yams."

"Folks, the dishes are ready. Time to eat!"

He set up his phone like a food vlogger, picking up his chopsticks to feast.

The group chat went wild.

"Zhang Yi, just give me a bite. I'll kowtow to you!"

"Zhang Yi, let my child have a bite of fish, even just the tail!"

"Zhang Yi, you're my father, and I'm your son. Let me have a sip of soup!"

The desperate pleas filled the chat, with some even bombarding Zhang Yi's phone with calls.

Ignoring them, Zhang Yi enjoyed his meal, savoring each bite.

Seeing the furious expressions of his neighbors made the meal even more delicious for him.