

Ice Age 75

Chapter 75: The Power of White Phosphorus

Zhang Yi reacted swiftly. Still in his pajamas, he jumped out of bed, immediately retrieved his handgun from the alternate space, unlocked the safety, and held it firmly.

He turned on his phone to check the surveillance footage.

The living room was intact.

In Zhou Ke'er's room, she was curled up in a corner, clutching her blanket and looking terrified.

Seeing that everything inside was safe, Zhang Yi breathed a sigh of relief.

Then he checked the footage outside.

He noticed a group of more than ten people sneaking around.

They were armed mainly with shovels, rebar, wooden boards, and axes.

However, the wooden boards caught Zhang Yi's attention. Upon closer inspection, he realized they were red composite boards commonly used on construction sites.

Zhang Yi remembered clearly that there were no construction workers living in their building.

However, in neighboring building 26, over twenty workers lived in a company-rented house.

As the dust settled, the intruders rushed to the door to check if the explosion had been successful.

It was evident that they had come well-prepared, with a clear goal: Zhang Yi's supplies!

Zhang Yi's gaze turned icy. It seemed the news of his well-stocked home had spread outside.

Outside the door, Second Uncle and his group were dumbfounded by the intact, heavy metal door.

"Old Donkey, what kind of job did you do? This thing didn't even scratch the door!" one of the workers angrily questioned Old Donkey.

Old Donkey was equally surprised. "This isn't right! The explosives I prepared were fine."

"Maybe they got damp," he suggested.

Old Donkey was a demolition expert in the engineering team, but he used primitive methods. So, while the explosion was loud, it lacked the power of professionally made explosives. If it had been more potent, it would have at least damaged the surrounding walls, if not breached Zhang Yi's door.

In short, it was more of a scare tactic than a real threat.

Zhang Yi felt relieved after confirming via his phone app that his house was undamaged. But his anger flared up.

These people wanted him dead!

Well, he'd kill them first!

The group outside was still complaining, with some trying to break down the door with their shovels. They didn't notice the small window above the iron door opening.

Zhang Yi lit a Molotov cocktail and threw it outside.

Flames instantly erupted.

Unsatisfied, he retrieved several small white bottles from his space, containing a nearly transparent liquid.

These were bottles of white phosphorus dissolved in sulfur dioxide, essentially makeshift white phosphorus grenades.

White phosphorus grenades, known as "hellfire," burn at temperatures exceeding 1000°C, incinerating all biological matter within their range. The explosion produces intense light and splattering burning fragments that are nearly impossible to remove once they contact skin, creating horrifying wounds and psychological terror. Internationally, the use of white phosphorus grenades is banned.

But Zhang Yi didn't care about such restrictions. He would use any means necessary to effectively kill his enemies!

The Molotov cocktail fell to the ground, creating a blaze. However, its lethality wasn't significant since the attackers' clothes were soaked from the snow, making them harder to ignite.

Yet, the flames on the ground caused the sulfur dioxide to evaporate rapidly, igniting the dissolved white phosphorus!

Instantly, the temperature in the air soared to over a thousand degrees!

The fire splattered onto their clothes, which wouldn't extinguish no matter how hard they tried.

The hallway outside turned into a sea of fire within moments.

Zhang Yi's swift action caught the attackers off guard, giving them no time to react.

Many were engulfed in white phosphorus flames.

Their down jackets and cotton clothing became perfect fuel.

"Ah!!!"

"Help! Save me!"

Their agonizing screams echoed like cries from hell. Being burned alive is one of the most excruciating ways to die. Even a matchstick burn causes intense pain, let alone being engulfed in flames.

Feeling unsatisfied, Zhang Yi retrieved his handgun and started shooting outside.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

He no longer cared about conserving bullets, shooting wildly like setting off firecrackers.

One by one, bodies fell.

Of the more than ten attackers, eight corpses remained. Only five or six managed to escape.

Zhang Yi didn't chase them, adhering to his principle of safety first.

After ensuring the attackers were dead, he closed the shooting window and turned on the air filtration system to prevent smoke from entering the house.

Zhang Yi looked at his empty gun, shaking his head. "This thing runs out of bullets too quickly. Good thing I didn't buy a machine gun, or I'd run out of hundreds of bullets in no time."

He realized he needed to find more firearms and ammunition.

Previously, his sense of danger hadn't been as strong. But today's attack using explosives served as a wake-up call.

Surviving in the apocalypse meant facing formidable opponents.

If someone came with enough explosives, they might blow up his entire building!

Of course, that was an exaggeration. Such a large quantity of explosives would be hard to come by.

Still, the incident made Zhang Yi more vigilant.

"I'll kill every last one of those bastards!" Zhang Yi muttered angrily.

He walked to Zhou Ke'er's room and opened the door.

Zhou Ke'er was curled up in a corner, her head buried between her knees.

"It's over," Zhang Yi said.

Hearing his voice, Zhou Ke'er felt a sense of security wash over her. Though he was overly cautious and often cold, at this moment, he was her greatest comfort.

She looked up at Zhang Yi and tried to sound defiant. "I wasn't scared. I just thought it was an earthquake, so I hid in the corner."

Zhang Yi chuckled. "On the 24th floor, hiding wouldn't save you from being crushed in an earthquake!"

Zhou Ke'er stood up and asked, "What happened?"

Zhang Yi sat on her bed.

Before Zhou Ke'er moved in, the room was bare, with no bedding. But now it had a cozy feel, with a pink velvet blanket, yellow bedspread, and black lace underwear and stockings hanging on the windowsill.

It was clear she was a meticulous woman.

Her daily cleaning kept not just her room but the entire house, including Zhang Yi's bedroom, spotless.

Zhang Yi thought, "Having a sensible woman around is really nice. If it weren't for the apocalypse, a woman like this would cost a fortune in bride price."