

Ice Age 791

Chapter 791: Neon Pirates

Zhang Yi arrived on the deck. Just as Old Tian had said, around the Golden Edge, a dozen small boats were rapidly approaching.

Each boat carried three neon pirates, armed with firearms and rocket launchers.

Zhang Yi leaned against the railing. Several pirates spotted him and immediately started shouting loudly.

Through the translation system, Zhang Yi clearly heard them yell, "Stop the ship! Don't resist, and we'll spare your lives!"

But their neon accents still made people feel physiologically uncomfortable.

Without a doubt, these were pirates colluding with the Neon Sea Authorities.

Judging by their proficiency, this was definitely not their first time doing this.

Any civilian ship passing through Neon waters would be immediately surrounded by them.

A cruel smile appeared at the corner of Zhang Yi's mouth.

He flipped his hand and took out a rocket launcher from his dimensional space.

But after a moment's thought, he gave up on using that thing to blow up the neon pirates' boats.

Zhang Yi switched to his Sacred Executioner blade.

"Hey, you guys! Heard that? Are you so scared you're wetting yourselves? Hurry up and stop the ship, give up resisting!"

A neon pirate wearing a fleece-lined straw hat, his face marked with a scar, shouted arrogantly. He raised his AK high, aiming at Zhang Yi.

Zhang Yi lightly jumped.

His body became extremely light, and his toes touched the railing in an instant.

Then he leapt from the ship's deck, over ten meters high, diving toward the neon pirates' speedboat on the sea!

Black void energy clung to the blade. Only this world's hardest metal could withstand such terrifying power.

Meticulously refined, Zhang Yi's grasp of spatial power was far beyond what it had been before.

The neon pirates on the speedboat hadn't even reacted yet when a slash descended midair, turning into a crescent-shaped blade of light.

"Crack!"

The speedboat was cut cleanly in half, the cut surface smooth as a mirror.

"Puff!"

The two halves of the boat sank into the icy sea. The neon pirates aboard screamed in terror.

Falling into such frigid water would certainly mean death!

And before dying, they would experience their bodies freezing solid.

After cutting one speedboat, Zhang Yi's figure quickly vanished midair, then reappeared above another.

With another plain but brutal slash, he cleaved the second speedboat in two.

Repeating the same trick, within moments three speedboats had already been sliced and sunk.

The neon pirates fell into the water, screaming in panic and begging their comrades for rescue.

But before any other pirates could come to save them, their bodies gradually stiffened in the sea, their skin turning bluish-purple, looking terrifyingly like zombies.

This method of death was especially chilling, and it was exactly Zhang Yi's intention.

Killing them instantly would be too easy for these beasts.

These bastards didn't even know how many innocent people they had killed in these waters!

"They're superhumans! He's a superhuman!"

The pirates finally realized something was wrong. This time, they had met a tough opponent!

But their vicious nature made them reckless—they were determined to kill Zhang Yi at all costs!

They fired all sorts of weapons in Zhang Yi's direction, bullets from AKs and rocket launchers blazing.

Yet they couldn't catch Zhang Yi's movements at all. He flickered through the air like a ghost.

These clumsy fools even managed to sink their own comrades' ships.

Even if some bullets accidentally hit Zhang Yi's location, they were all absorbed by the dimensional space.

Zhang Yi killed one after another like a dragonfly skimming water.

He sank ships but didn't end the neon pirates' lives immediately.

He wanted them trapped in the icy sea, to feel the despair of freezing to death before their end.

Only now did the sailors rush up, and surprisingly, Zhu Yunque also came to the deck to observe the situation.

Then, they saw Zhang Yi's effortless and graceful killing method.

Over a dozen ships were all sunk with incredible ease by Zhang Yi.

They could even hear the desperate screams of the neon pirates as they sank into the icy sea.

“Save me! Save me!”

But those screams didn't last long before being completely swallowed by the blue ice sea.

The sailors on deck exchanged glances and smiled, some helplessly scratching their heads.

They hadn't even fired a single shot, yet Zhang Yi had taken care of everyone.

That's the advantage of having a strong teammate in the group.

Zhu Yunque looked at Zhang Yi's figure. The cold sea breeze blew her hair beneath her fleece hat, causing a strange gleam in her eyes.

“Actually, finding a man who can protect you isn’t bad. Although his manners are a bit lacking, he’s still a decent choice.”

Zhang Yi returned to the deck and said lightly to everyone, “Keep moving forward!”

Encountering pirates was not surprising; perhaps more would try to intercept them later.

But with Zhang Yi around, safety was absolutely guaranteed.

Zhang Yi didn’t put much thought into the matter.

However, after returning to her room, Zhu Yunque reported everything in detail to Zhu Zheng via her portable communicator.

“I understand. Since it happened in international waters with pirates, it’s hard to make a big deal out of it. With Zhang Yi here, don’t worry about safety.”

Zhu Zheng looked serious as he stared at Zhu Yunque.

“Just tell me, how is the mission I assigned to you going?”

Zhu Yunque's expression stiffened, and she said with some grievance, "He came with his girlfriend. Since boarding, he has been eating in his own room. I barely had a chance to get close to him."

The weather was too cold; everyone tried to avoid the deck and stayed in comfortable places even to eat.

Zhang Yi brought his own food, so he didn't join Old Tian and others in the mess hall.

But Zhu Yunque didn't have such treatment; she ate the same canned and prepackaged food as the crew.

Hearing this, Zhu Zheng said sternly, "Think of more ways. You can't expect me to teach you everything. You have to learn to rely on your own abilities to get things done."

Zhu Yunque pouted, "The overall situation is bad now! In the past..."

Zhu Zheng interrupted her, "Why is the environment bad wherever you go? You're the one causing trouble!"

"Stop acting like a lady all the time; take the initiative."

Zhu Yunque stammered her agreement.

But she felt somewhat wronged inside.

She opened her phone and looked at her own face from left to right.

“How am I worse than Zhou Ke’er? Why doesn’t he come to win me over?”

Zhu Yunque didn’t understand.

She was only a bit less pretty than Zhou Ke’er, with a slightly less good figure, and a bit more temperamental.

Besides that, what else made her inferior to Zhou Ke’er?

The Golden Edge left this sea area.

A few hours later, a ship nearby discovered the frozen corpses.

Physics was strange—bodies frozen into ice blocks would float on the water surface.

The people on the ship saw the bodies were intact.

This meant they hadn't died from firearms but drowned in the water.

But how exactly had a group of water-savvy pirates frozen to death in the icy sea, and where had those speedboats gone?

"There seems to be a very powerful superhuman on that ship."

At the bow, a leader of the pirate group said cautiously.

"That's a ship from the Huaxu Kingdom. Their people rarely leave the Southeast Sea area; this time they're voyaging far offshore. Something's off."

Someone nearby added.

"This is very strange."

"But we can't do anything. Our strength is too far below the Huaxu Kingdom."

“Hehe, we can tell the Colombian troops about this. They’ll definitely be interested in this news!”

After the discussion, the pirates dared not chase the Golden Edge.

They chose to return to Neon Island and pass the information to the Colombian troops stationed on Ropefly Island.

Chapter 792: The Columbian Ocean Fleet

Neon Pirate, Ropefly Island.

Since the last century, the Columbian Expeditionary Forces had maintained a garrison of fifty thousand troops here.

Though not particularly large in number, in the context of modern warfare, this force—armed with advanced aircraft carriers and warships—had always been an undeniable presence in the oceanic region no one dared overlook.

After the Ice Age descended, the entire Neon Pirate archipelago plunged into severe glacial panic.

The lower-class citizens suffered from shortages of food and clothing, with most perishing from cold and starvation.

Yet the Columbian Expeditionary Forces continued to enjoy a life of luxury.

According to the agreement between Neon Pirate and Columbia, the living supplies for the expeditionary forces had to be guaranteed.

Thus, it was bitterly ironic.

While the civilian mortality rate on Ropefly Island soared to 90%, few in the expeditionary forces died from hunger or cold.

Even their discarded canned food kept many locals alive.

This scene bore an uncanny resemblance to a century ago.

The onset of the Ice Age disrupted transportation between the expeditionary forces and the Columbian mainland across the ocean, effectively turning the expeditionary forces into a warlord-like entity in the region.

The relationship between the Ocean Fleet and the Columbian high command was ambiguous.

Though they ostensibly obeyed orders from the high command, they enjoyed substantial autonomy in the oceanic region.

The commander of the Columbian Expeditionary Forces, five-star general Douglas, had essentially become the local warlord.

One day, the communications department of the expeditionary forces received a call from the Neon Pirate maritime authorities, informing them of the discovery of a Huaxu Kingdom icebreaker heading toward the southeastern sea.

This naturally drew the attention of the expeditionary forces.

As their most formidable rival in the oceanic region, every maritime operation by the Huaxu Kingdom post-apocalypse warranted their scrutiny.

The information was relayed up the chain of command until it reached Colonel Karlosen, commander of the 50th Task Force.

Upon reviewing the intelligence, Karlosen took the matter seriously.

"Since the Ice Age began, every nation has struggled to survive, barely maintaining basic operations on their home soil."

"So why would a civilian vessel from the Huaxu Kingdom embark on a long voyage now? How do they plan to handle supplies along the way?"

His aide, Lieutenant Trandell, stepped forward. "Should we intercept them for a thorough investigation?"

Karlosen frowned, deep in thought.

Intercepting a civilian vessel from the Huaxu Kingdom in international waters would undoubtedly spark major controversy.

Currently operating independently overseas, the expeditionary forces were wary of provoking conflict with the Huaxu Kingdom, especially given the delicate global situation.

After all, if a real fight broke out, the Huaxu Kingdom's Death Reaper of Love aboard the Xifeng could easily annihilate their carrier strike group.

Karlosen carefully examined the intelligence.

Information about the Golden Edge was readily available—as one of the world's most advanced icebreakers, detailed records existed.

"Privately owned, originally belonging to a couple who loved global travel before the apocalypse. After the collapse, it fell into the hands of an armed group in Tianhai City."

"A civilian vessel, unlikely to carry heavy weaponry..."

After a long deliberation, Karlosen made his decision.

"Ignore it. It's just a civilian ship—no threat to us. But monitor its course closely. Report any anomalies immediately."

"Yes, Colonel!"

Trandell acknowledged the order and instructed the reconnaissance department to track the ship's movements.

In truth, even if they boarded the vessel for inspection, they wouldn't find anything suspicious.

The true secret of Zhang Yi's mission lay with a certain individual on Rockflow Island—something hidden in that person's mind held the real value.

Thus, during the voyage, Zhang Yi had prepared for possible interception and questioning.

Backed by the Huaxu Kingdom, he wasn't overly concerned about regional forces or nations risking open conflict with them.

Pirates were another matter, but Zhang Yi wasn't afraid of those ragtag militias either.

Trandell carried out his orders and headed to the reconnaissance department, which managed the naval base's radar stations and satellite surveillance.

They could monitor signals across most of the ocean.

Trandell briefed the head of reconnaissance, Major Helisen, on the task of tracking the Golden Edge's movements.

Helisen confidently replied, "Don't worry. As long as they're sailing in these waters, they can't escape our sight."

Trandell added, "Unless they're using military-grade cloaking tech."

"But that would mean they're not a civilian ship—they'd be on a special mission for the Huaxu Kingdom."

Both men exchanged knowing smirks.

If that were the case, the situation would take a different turn.

As they spoke, Trandell noticed stacks of A4 paper nearby, covered in dense symbols and English text.

"Still getting this many messages lately?"

He picked up one sheet, which read:

"We've been stranded in Malay for six months. For God's sake, send ships to protect us! Otherwise, the pirates here will turn us into jerky.

In the name of God, save us!"

The plea was signed by Jackman Brick, Oceanic Division President of Edtosen Shipbuilding.

Helisen scoffed. "These rich folks are still clinging to life even after the apocalypse. But expecting us to rescue them? Hilarious."

"I still can't figure out how someone with that kind of brains climbed so high in the first place."

After the apocalypse, oceanic travel became extremely perilous.

Only major factions could afford it.

First, vessels had to be sturdy enough to withstand pirates and deep-sea monsters.

Second, the difficulty of transporting fuel made naval deployments rare.

Post-collapse, hundreds of thousands of Columbian citizens in oceanic regions had submitted rescue requests.

Fleet Commander Douglas had only one response: "Tell them to pray to God, not the navy."

...

After dealing with the pirates, Zhang Yi's ship continued toward distant Rockflow Island.

Only after entering international waters did Zhang Yi fully grasp why Zhu Zheng had insisted on assigning him this mission.

Long voyages across the sea were both monotonous and hazardous.

Only a captain capable of carrying vast supplies and holding his own in combat could lead a civilian vessel safely to an island 3,700 kilometers away in the South Seas.

The initial encounter with Neon Pirate was just the prelude.

The Golden Edge sailed for seven more days, with Old Tian skirting dangerous deep-sea zones by following the coastline.

Then, they entered the territorial waters of a nation called South Taku.

Shortly after, they found themselves surrounded by hundreds of vessels of all sizes!

Chapter 793: Southern Expansion Kingdom

The Golden Edge was tightly surrounded by hundreds of vessels, leaving not an inch of empty space in any direction.

There wasn't even an escape route left for them.

These ships varied greatly in size, ranging from large coast guard vessels to civilian fishing boats.

The people aboard wore all sorts of clothing, representing every social class imaginable.

After encircling the Golden Edge, two short, brown-skinned men in thick cotton coats emerged from a coast guard ship. Armed with AK rifles and megaphones, they began shouting at the vessel.

Old Tian remained unflustered. Donning a bulletproof vest, he ordered sailors armed with rifles and riot shields onto the deck to communicate with the men in their local dialect.

"Everyone on board, dock immediately! We're coming aboard for inspection!" shouted what appeared to be a paramilitary group.

Old Tian stood his ground. "This is a vessel from the Morning Rain Organization of Tianhai City! Get out of our way!"

The Morning Rain Organization had once dominated these waters and still carried some reputation. This wasn't Old Tian's first encounter with such situations.

After the apocalypse, these small southern maritime nations had descended into complete lawlessness, with every citizen turning pirate.

Any vessel passing through their waters would inevitably be intercepted.

At minimum, they'd loot everything aboard—literally everything.

Ships, supplies, even people.

Able-bodied men were kept as slaves, the weak slaughtered for food, and women retained for their amusement.

Hoping for peaceful resolution under such circumstances was pure fantasy.

Old Tian sought to intimidate them with the Morning Rain Organization's name, hoping they'd back off.

But they were too far from the Huaxu Kingdom now—these ignorant pirates couldn't care less about the Morning Rain base.

A pirate opened fire without warning, spraying the ship with AK rounds that pinged against the hull.

Enraged, Old Tian cursed and returned fire with his crew.

Their weapons, provided by Zhang Yi, were superior in both firepower and ammunition capacity.

Beyond standard rifles, they had Gatling guns and various rocket launchers.

These weren't ordinary sailors—they were Tianhai City's former naval elites.

Every survivor among them was a combat powerhouse!

While they might not measure up against superhumans, they could easily dominate these small-nation pirates.

The pirates' weapons were far cruder—some even wielded kitchen knives and spears.

Old Tian's crew unleashed their firepower without restraint, following Zhang Yi's orders to never conserve ammunition—after all, it all came from the Jiangnan Region's armory.

A dozen sailors on the Golden Edge unleashed hell.

Old Tian personally manned the deck-mounted Gatling gun, its multiple barrels protected by thick metal plating.

With a roar, he opened fire on dozens of small boats ahead.

"Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!!!"

The gunfire rattled like a rattlesnake's warning, blue flames dancing at the muzzle.

In an instant, high-caliber rounds tore through both vessels and pirates alike.

Flesh and wood exploded outward simultaneously—neither bodies nor boats could withstand such destructive force.

The sea soon ran red as pirates screamed and fled in panic.

Not pursuing further, Old Tian lit a cigarette against the glowing-hot barrel and ordered, "Full speed ahead!"

The icebreaker plowed through the wreckage and corpses, continuing its journey.

The haste was necessary—experience taught that killing pirates guaranteed retaliation.

For safety, Old Tian reported to Zhang Yi.

"We might have trouble ahead. Your intervention may be required."

Zhang Yi responded calmly, "No matter. We'll handle them when they appear."

True to Old Tian's prediction, within half an hour of travel, deafening cannon fire erupted from shore.

A dozen coastal artillery pieces unleashed a furious bombardment at the Golden Edge!

Yet as shells approached, they didn't strike the hull—instead vanishing into dimensional space.

Two antiquated warships now blocked their path.

Zhang Yi materialized at the bow and, without ceremony, used [Full Counter] to return every absorbed shell.

"BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!"

The coastal artillery exploded spectacularly, operators sent flying like scattered blossoms.

Pirates screamed in terror, "That's no civilian ship—it's a warship! A warship!"

They mistook the Golden Edge for an armed vessel.

The two blocking warships commenced their own bombardment.

Though outdated, their main guns remained formidable, hammering the Golden Edge's bow relentlessly.

Zhang Yi's eyes gleamed with both mockery and growing anger.

His dimensional space absorbed every incoming shell before returning them identically.

"BOOM!" "BOOM!" "BOOM!"

The warships suffered under their own fire, soon reduced to battered hulks.

But such attacks couldn't fully destroy the sturdy vessels—this method was too slow.

Zhang Yi's patience wore thin—how dare they attack him during peaceful travel?

Drawing Holy Judgment, he flashed through the air to hover above a warship.

On deck, he saw small, brown-skinned pirates gripping AKs and rocket launchers, faces frozen in shock or fear, cursing in their native tongue.

"Slice!"

A single swing bisected seven or eight pirates at the waist!

Those behind froze in terror before desperately unloading their weapons at Zhang Yi—to no effect, as bullets vanished harmlessly around him.

A reverse stroke sent them all to the afterlife.

"They all must die," Zhang Yi decided instantly.

He'd be returning through these waters—sparing them now meant certain retaliation later.

Never one for half-measures, only complete eradication would suffice.

Sword in hand, Zhang Yi carved through the ship from bow to stern, deck to hold.

Previously, he'd always fought superhumans—never an easy battle.

But these pirates were mostly ordinary, with any superhumans among them being low-level at best.

His blade reaped lives like harvesting vegetables.

No guilt troubled him—not after discovering skinned corpses hanging belowdecks, some reduced to bare skeletons by knife work.

These pirates had long forfeited their humanity.

Chapter 794: All Monsters [Bonus 2]

Kill! Kill! Kill!

Zhang Yi showed no mercy to the pirates, slaughtering every single one he encountered.

He methodically cleared the area room by room.

Eliminating evil completely - he wouldn't leave a single pirate alive on this ship today.

The terrified pirates desperately tried to resist, but they couldn't even touch a hair on Zhang Yi's head before being chopped into pieces.

"Bang!"

Zhang Yi cleaved through a door with his blade and kicked it open.

The room was pitch dark, filled with an unbearable stench, with excrement covering the floor.

In the corner, he spotted five or six women chained up, their bodies covered in filth, their eyes long devoid of light.

Frowning, Zhang Yi casually severed their chains with his blade and turned to leave.

Whether they survived would depend entirely on their own fate now.

But just as he was about to step out, a new thought occurred to him.

He turned back, adjusted his smart voice system to the local language, and asked the women:

"Do you know where those bastards' main hideout is?"

The women, watching their broken chains, simply huddled together fearfully, staring at Zhang Yi with numb expressions but offering no reply.

Zhang Yi pressed on: "I'm here to help you kill those scum. If you tell me where they are, I can help you get revenge."

After a moment's thought, Zhang Yi retrieved two large bags of bread from his Dimensional Space and placed them on the ground.

"I can also give you this food."

At the sight of food, the women's eyes immediately lit up with desperate hunger as they frantically scrambled forward.

They paid no attention to who Zhang Yi was, tearing into the bread like rabid animals.

Zhang Yi took two steps back to avoid getting their filth on his clothes - they were still covered in feces.

"I asked - do you know where their main base is?"

One woman looked up curiously while chewing bread, staring at Zhang Yi.

She grinned foolishly.

"No hideout... no hideout. Everyone became ghosts! None are good people!"

This single sentence made Zhang Yi fully comprehend the situation in this small country.

A tiny nation with few people, lacking resources - when the apocalypse came, everyone went mad.

Either be eaten or become the eater.

Every living person on this island was a member of the pirate gangs.

"Then do you know where the largest group is located?" Zhang Yi asked patiently.

The woman rolled her eyes upward - clearly her mental state had long deteriorated. After a long pause, she giggled:

"General Baocha! General Baocha has the most people! He rules the whole island!"

"Thanks, that's all I needed to know."

Zhang Yi left the ship and boarded another vessel to repeat the cleansing process.

Zhu Yunque's voice came through the communicator: "Mr. Zhang, after dealing with these pirates we should leave quickly! There's no need for excessive slaughter - it could give others grounds to attack us."

Old Tian's voice came through another channel: "Mr. Zhang, what's our next move?"

Zhou Ke'er also inquired about the situation outside.

Zhang Yi opened a public channel and brought them all in.

"Every pirate on this island must be eliminated! Otherwise they'll become trouble during our return voyage."

Zhu Yunque grew anxious:

"Zhang Yi, this could cause international complications!"

Zhang Yi coldly replied: "The moment they attacked our ship, they signed their own death warrants!"

"Also, Miss Zhu Yunque, let me remind you - this is the apocalypse now!"

Zhu Yunque calmly countered: "Zhang Yi, I know you're agitated right now, but calm down first."

"Our current mission is covert - we shouldn't draw too much attention. We've already killed the pirates blocking our way - why can't we just leave now?"

Zhang Yi's killing intent was resolute.

"You're being naive. If we deliberately hold back, that would actually seem suspicious."

The more they tried to conceal, the more obvious it would become.

Wasn't it perfectly reasonable for an icebreaker on an ocean voyage to have capable fighters?

Being attacked by pirates and fighting back was standard procedure.

The more low-key they acted, the more suspicious they'd appear.

Ignoring Zhu Yunque's advice, Zhang Yi gave Old Tian his orders:

"Stay on the ship with weapons ready. If you see anyone armed, open fire immediately - no need to verify identities. There are no good people left alive on this island."

With that, Zhang Yi grasped Holy Judgment and vanished into the air with several blinks, arriving on South Taku's island.

From a distance, he spotted observers watching him covertly.

Clearly intimidated by his display, they didn't attack but kept surveillance instead.

General Baocha's men would likely arrive soon.

Zhang Yi took out an ordinary Desert Eagle and fired several precise shots, eliminating all the spies from thousands of meters away.

Finding General Baocha's headquarters would be simple.

With snow covering the island, he just needed to follow the tracks of people and vehicles.

Zhang Yi didn't need to use Origin Bullets, nor determine who were pirates or civilians.

From the moment Golden Edge was attacked, from when he saw those imprisoned women on the ship, he had decided to purge this entire island.

Gunfire erupted across the island.

Dozens of armed gang members charged from the snowy plains, shouting incomprehensible curses as they opened fire wildly at Zhang Yi.

"Good, saves me bullets!"

Zhang Yi extended his right hand - all bullets flying toward him were absorbed into his Dimensional Space.

The next instant, they came roaring back like a torrential downpour!

"Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud!"

The bullets tore through their cotton-clad bodies, riddling them with holes.

Some brought out rocket launchers, thinking rifles weren't powerful enough.

The result? The rockets flew right back where they came from.

Seven or eight men were instantly blown apart, their remains scattering everywhere.

The commotion grew increasingly intense.

South Taku originally had only a few million people - post-apocalypse survivors numbered barely over ten thousand, all turned pirates specializing in raiding passing ships.

They rarely encountered high-level superhumans.

The few superhumans in their gangs were worshipped like gods.

Thus, they were utterly terrified by Zhang Yi's abilities.

Some gang members wet themselves in fear, kneeling and kowtowing desperately for mercy.

Zhang Yi showed no hesitation - he put bullets through their heads one after another.

He advanced steadily, leaving a trail of corpses in his wake.

Within fifteen minutes, he had slaughtered seven to eight hundred people.

The island's interior was filled with traps and dangers.

But to Zhang Yi, these were meaningless obstacles as he flew through the air, ignoring all attacks.

His target was clear - the island's most conspicuous landmark: a silver-white palace-like structure - General Baocha's stronghold!

Chapter 795: So You Call Yourself a God?

Zhang Yi stormed into the palace and discovered the island's regular troops. Unlike the bandits encountered earlier, these soldiers wore standard military uniforms and carried more advanced weaponry. Seeing Zhang Yi flying through the air, they were utterly dumbfounded.

Yet a squad leader still raised his gun and shouted, "Halt! Who goes there? This is the territory of General Baocha of South Taku! Leave immediately! Otherwise, our great General Baocha will deliver divine punishment upon you!"

Zhang Yi looked down at them, a mocking thought crossing his mind. "Your people just robbed me. Shouldn't South Taku give me an explanation?"

The squad leader froze. His tongue wasn't quick, and he didn't know how to respond. "This... this is all a misunderstanding. Just leave! We can pretend this never happened."

Zhang Yi sighed. "But I can't pretend it never happened." Hovering high in the air, he waved his right hand, and hundreds of grenades rained down from his Dimensional Space.

The soldiers only saw dark objects falling from above, not realizing what they were until the explosives landed at their feet. Their faces twisted in horror. "RUN!!"

"BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!"

Hundreds of soldiers were blown to pieces instantly.

Inside the palace, General Baocha, clad in an ornate white military uniform with silver hair, watched the scene with a dark expression. "Who dares cause trouble in my kingdom? Seeking death!"

Several captains of his guard hurriedly advised, "General, we can't let this continue! He's killed too many of our men—this will severely impact our business!"

Another added, "Yes! With fewer hands, how many fewer ships can we rob in the future?"

General Baocha snorted coldly. "If we're short on men, we'll just raid elsewhere to replenish our ranks! But it's time I stepped in. Let him learn that the god of South Taku is not to be trifled with!"

With that, General Baocha crouched into a sprinter's stance. His leather boot slammed against the ground, shattering the floor tiles as he shot forward like an arrow released from its bow, charging

straight at Zhang Yi. His subordinates watched with worshipful eyes. "The General is a god! An invincible god!"

"THUD!"

General Baocha landed, blocking Zhang Yi's path just as he was about to enter the palace grounds. The general appeared to be in his forties or fifties, his eyes filled with the ruthlessness of a seasoned killer. His muscular frame strained against his combat suit. "Outsider, trespassing in my palace and killing my men will cost you your life!"

Zhang Yi walked right past him.

With a casual swing of Holy Judgment, the general's head soared from his shoulders and rolled across the snow-covered ground.

Everyone in the palace stared in stunned silence. The scene had unfolded too abruptly. They had expected their revered god, South Taku's strongest warrior, General Baocha, to brutally crush this invader. Yet... what just happened?

As Zhang Yi strode deeper inside, he spotted a trembling soldier. "Where's your general?" he asked coldly.

The soldier numbly pointed at the headless corpse on the ground. "That... that was him."

Zhang Yi blinked, then scratched his head. "Got carried away and forgot to ask first."

Having battled countless powerful superhumans in the Jiangnan Region, arriving in this small country felt like a max-level player entering a beginner's village. He almost felt... unaccustomed to such weak opposition.

"Well then, you can all die too."

Zhang Yi swung Holy Judgment, and the unstable dark matter along its blade surged like black flames, extending into a serpent dozens of meters long. With a gentle flick of his wrist, the dark serpent pierced through one soldier's chest before rapidly darting to others—one, two, three... ten, twenty!

In mere seconds, every soldier in the courtyard had been impaled, massive holes blown through their chests. Desperate wails finally erupted through the palace—from General Baocha's subordinates and concubines.

Unlike the common bandits outside, these people were well-dressed, even extravagantly so. The general's harem was enormous, a veritable rainbow coalition of women in every color imaginable.

Zhang Yi levitated into the air, blade in hand, surveying the massive palace below. Without needing to guess, he knew it must be full of secret passages for the general's escape. But Zhang Yi couldn't be bothered to search room by room.

The dark matter on his blade surged violently, forming an enormous serpent before he brought the sword down upon the castle!

With an earth-shaking explosion, the entire structure split in half, revealing a chasm dozens of meters deep. Beneath lay a massive burial pit—layer upon layer of skeletal remains, clearly accumulated over many years.

As buildings collapsed, storage rooms were exposed. One held food supplies—piles upon piles of naked corpses. No vegetables or grains remained in sight, just pale flesh. Another stored gold, jewels, and the general's collection of luxury watches and famous blades plundered from around the world.

Considering the principle of waste not, Zhang Yi collected everything of value. By the time he finished, the palace had been completely looted, stripped bare.

The women rescued from the ship's hold had said this island was full of devils—that no one here was innocent. Zhang Yi observed the general's concubines now kneeling and begging for their lives, some even bluntly offering to serve him. Seeing their elegant makeup and delicate features, he sighed. "You all look so refined, like high-class ladies. But how much innocent blood stains your hands?"

One woman widened her eyes, shouting in Chinese, "No! Not me! I've never killed anyone!" She had realized Zhang Yi intended to eliminate them all.

Zhang Yi smiled. He wasn't a judge here to hold trials—he didn't need evidence. Living in hell while claiming not to be a demon? That was just mocking others' intelligence.

More importantly, Zhang Yi had revealed his abilities here, which risked exposing his identity. Not a single witness could remain.

Dark matter erupted skyward, swallowing them all instantly—not even dust remained. Their bodies had been disintegrated into fundamental particles.

Blade in hand, Zhang Yi slowly departed the ruins. He wasn't in a hurry to leave—first, he would patrol the entire city. He'd promised that in this bandit stronghold, this nation of sin, aside from the kidnapped victims, not a single living soul would be spared.

Chapter 796: The Hypocrite

Zhang Yi spent two hours on this island in South Taku, eliminating all the bandit groups he discovered.

Apart from these people, he also found some kidnapped women.

Like those women in the ship's hold, they were all chained up as playthings for the bandits.

As for the men from the plundered ships, they had all been killed and used as food.

Out of humanitarian concern, Zhang Yi burned all the corpses he found, allowing them to rest in peace.

However, regarding how to handle those women, apart from leaving them some food, Zhang Yi couldn't do much more.

Given their current mental state, even if they were set free, they probably wouldn't survive for long.

But there might still be a few with strong wills among them.

At this time, Zhu Yunque had already come ashore.

She reported the incident to Zhu Zheng.

Zhu Zheng's instruction was that all matters during the voyage should be decided by Zhang Yi.

As long as they didn't clash with major forces, Zhu Yunque shouldn't interfere.

But when it came to handling the kidnapped women, Zhu Yunque insisted on voicing her opinion.

"We can't leave them here, or they'll just die!"

Zhu Yunque stared firmly at Zhang Yi. "We can take them on board and bring them to the Jiangnan Region. You have plenty of supplies anyway, so taking a few more people won't matter."

Zhang Yi widened his eyes, looking at Zhu Yunque in disbelief.

He had thought so-called do-gooders only existed online, but now the young lady of Blizzard City turned out to be one too?

"Do you have any idea how troublesome it would be for us to take these women?"

Zhang Yi frowned and retorted.

"Do you know who they are? If we take them aboard, what if our mission gets leaked?"

Zhu Yunque, however, said earnestly, "No matter the circumstances, human lives come first. I can't bear to abandon so many lives—they're living, breathing people!"

She took a step forward, staring at Zhang Yi. "You should know that if you leave them behind, they'll all die!"

From her gaze, Zhang Yi realized one thing—this woman was dead serious.

It suddenly occurred to him that Zhu Yunque had studied abroad for a long time, so her mind was filled with Western ideals.

Zhang Yi admitted that if he were one of the kidnapped, he would very much hope to meet someone like Zhu Yunque.

But he wasn't.

And he wasn't some kind-hearted saint either—he was just an ordinary, selfish person.

Facing Zhu Yunque's questioning, Zhang Yi sneered inwardly.

Slowly, he opened his mouth and asked in return, "Miss Zhu is absolutely right. Your nobility fills me with admiration."

"But let me ask you this—when the apocalypse first struck, where did Jinling City's fifteen million people go?"

"Why are there fewer than two million left, and why were so many elderly who couldn't work driven out to fend for themselves?"

Zhang Yi's eyes were full of mockery.

"Where were you, the kind-hearted Miss Zhu, back then?"

His words left Zhu Yunque flushed with embarrassment.

In Blizzard City, she had no say in such matters.

"Th-That was different! Blizzard City didn't have the resources to support so many people back then!"

"But it's different now! You have enough supplies to keep them alive!"

Zhang Yi shot back, "Why should I? Yes, I have plenty of supplies, but if I were to share, I'd give them to my own people—not some strangers from a foreign land."

"Miss Zhu, save your cheap sympathy! This is the apocalypse!"

Looking at the women wrapped in filthy blankets, Zhang Yi sighed inwardly.

He took out enough food from his Dimensional Space to last them a week, then turned and walked away.

Zhu Yunque watched the women scrambling for the food, then turned helplessly to Zhang Yi.

Without Zhang Yi's approval, she couldn't save them—the sailors wouldn't listen to her.

Angrily, she shouted at Zhang Yi, "But what's the point of what you're doing? Giving them some food to ease your guilty conscience? You know they'll die—you know it!"

"You're just lying to yourself!"

Hearing this, Zhang Yi suddenly burst into laughter.

"You're right. I left them food just to make myself feel better. Truth is, I don't care about them at all—I'm not compassionate enough to look after everyone."

Hypocritical? Pretending to be kind?

Zhang Yi couldn't care less about Zhu Yunque's judgment of him.

He didn't consider himself a great man—if anything, he was somewhat wicked—so no label bothered him.

Pointing at Zhu Yunque, he mocked, "Actions speak louder than intentions. At least I helped them. And you, the kind and noble Miss Zhu—what have you done?"

Later, in her anger, Zhu Yunque left behind her own three-day ration.

And Zhang Yi, ever the gentleman, informed the kitchen that they needn't prepare meals for her for the next three days.

The Golden Edge continued onward.

Zhu Yunque sulked in her room, refusing to come out.

Zhang Yi couldn't care less—three days without food wouldn't kill her.

Zhou Ke'er, however, advised Zhang Yi, "She is Zhu Zheng's niece, after all. Aren't you worried she might complain to him about you?"

Zhang Yi shrugged. "Zhu Zheng isn't foolish enough to let this affect our relationship. If I still had to kowtow to those in power now, what was the point of surviving the apocalypse?"

Smiling, he stroked Zhou Ke'er's fair cheek.

"Don't worry. Right now, it's Blizzard City that needs me—not the other way around."

The only reason Zhu Zheng could maintain his position as commander of the Jiangnan Region was because Zhang Yi had chosen to save him back then.

Otherwise, Gao Changkong would have killed him long ago.

Zhou Ke'er chuckled. "I still think it's best to inform Zhu Zheng. Some things are better cleared up. Even if he doesn't say anything now, any lingering resentment might cause trouble later."

Zhang Yi thought about it and followed her advice. He took out his communicator to contact Zhu Zheng.

Being far out at sea, the signal was poor, but fortunately, they had brought an advanced communications system from headquarters before departure—the Golden Edge had its own base station.

Using the world's most advanced Huawei base station, signal quality wasn't a concern at all.

Zhu Zheng received Zhang Yi's report and laughed.

"My apologies for the trouble! My niece means well—she's just inexperienced and doesn't understand how cruel reality can be."

"That's exactly why I sent her with you—so you could teach her a lesson. Don't hold back—just do as you see fit!"

With Zhu Zheng's reassurance, Zhang Yi's last trace of hesitation vanished.

Now he was acting on Old Zhu's orders—if Zhu Yunque threw another tantrum, his palm was ready to teach her a lesson.

Disobedient children needed their bottoms spanked, after all.

Chapter 797: Not a Single Tear

The great philanthropist, benevolent saint, and ever-compassionate Miss Zhu Yunque, after enduring a full day of hunger, decided to forgive Zhang Yi for his mistakes.

She sat on the bed hugging her knees, hesitating for a long time before sending Zhang Yi a message.

"There's no need for us to argue like children. How about we make up?"

At that moment, Zhang Yi was enjoying a delicious cheeseburger, its steaming hot juices dripping with every bite.

Seeing the notification, he picked up his phone, glanced at it, and tossed it back onto the table.

After a while, another message from Zhu Yunque arrived.

"If you don't reply, I'll take it as agreement."

"I'm a bit hungry. Could you spare some food?"

Zhang Yi nearly choked on his burger, laughing so hard he almost spat out his food.

He smirked at his phone and sent a voice message in reply.

"I already gave you food! Didn't you give it all away?"

Zhu Yunque's eyes widened at the message. Fuming, she threw her phone onto the bed before clutching her stomach and collapsing onto the mattress.

Zhou Ke'er said to Zhang Yi, "You're really not going to feed her? Three days without food might break her."

Zhang Yi replied indifferently, "Those who've never experienced hunger have no concept of food's value. One day without eating and she can't handle it? Then why did she treat my provisions so carelessly?"

"This is her first lesson."

Zhou Ke'er sighed helplessly. "Starving her completely could cause stomach problems. A little hardship is enough—we've just set sail. No need to turn her into an enemy so soon."

Zhang Yi considered her words and found them reasonable. Still, punishment was necessary.

He retrieved a bag of whole wheat bread and some plain boiled chicken breast from his Dimensional Space—the ultimate diet meal.

"Take these to her in two hours."

Zhou Ke'er looked at the unappetizing food, knowing it would require tremendous willpower to consume.

When Zhou Ke'er delivered the meal, Zhu Yunque initially brightened, thinking Zhang Yi couldn't bear to starve her.

But her face turned green upon seeing the whole wheat bread and flavorless chicken.

Diet food's specialty was being unpalatable—especially whole wheat bread, which scraped the throat even when washed down with water.

"Zhang Yi expects me to eat this?" Zhu Yunque asked in disbelief.

Zhou Ke'er smiled. "Isn't this good? Very healthy."

Seeing Zhu Yunque's aggrieved expression, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears, Zhou Ke'er added, "Miss Zhu, let me offer some unsolicited advice. This is just how Zhang Yi is—he doesn't indulge anyone."

"So when dealing with him in the future, it's best not to oppose him too directly."

Zhu Yunque bit her lip, on the verge of crying. "But that doesn't mean he can bully me!"

Noticing her distress, Zhou Ke'er quickly comforted her. "Don't be too upset. This will blow over in a few days. Just don't let those little pearls fall, okay?"

Hearing this, Zhu Yunque immediately lifted her head and forced a laugh.

"Don't worry! Not a single tear will fall!"

Zhou Ke'er suppressed a chuckle and left.

Once alone, Zhu Yunque locked her door—and the tears cascaded down her cheeks.

"Wuuuwu... Damn Zhang Yi, how dare he treat me like this!"

Glaring at the food, she stubbornly refused to eat.

Ten minutes later, Zhu Yunque huddled at the foot of her bed, washing down the whole wheat bread with mineral water while gnawing miserably on the chicken breast.

"So disgusting! Wuwuwu!"

After forcing down the meal—though the taste nearly made the pampered heiress vomit—at least her stomach stopped growling.

Venturing out for fresh air and ocean views, she passed the crew's lounge and caught a whiff of fried chicken.

Old Tian noticed her and greeted cheerfully, "Miss Zhu, where are you off to?"

Zhu Yunque's eyes darted toward the room, spotting tables laden with food.

Zhang Yi never stinted on his crew's meals—well-fed workers were productive workers.

"You all eat quite well," she remarked casually, turning her head to hide her longing.

Old Tian laughed heartily. "Of course! Mr. Zhang treats us wonderfully. Back in Tianhai City, we'd be lucky to eat like this once a month. Now it's feasts every day!"

Suddenly remembering Zhu Yunque's food situation, he offered, "Miss Zhu, haven't eaten yet? Join us if you'd like."

She nearly accepted—but couldn't bear giving Zhang Yi lifelong ammunition.

"Ha! No need. Mr. Zhang already provided food. Did you really think he'd starve me?"

Old Tian nodded. "True, you're an official from the district. Mr. Zhang wouldn't neglect you."

Zhu Yunque couldn't resist asking, "What exactly are you eating today?"

"Just some roast chicken, barbecue, grilled fish, and mashed potatoes," Old Tian replied.

Internally weeping rivers, Zhu Yunque thought: That bastard Zhang Yi feeds them better than me!

"Oh, I had the same things," she lied, quickly walking away.

...

The Golden Edge continued its voyage. Unnoticed, twenty-six days passed.

Originally, the trip to Rockflow Island should have taken twenty-eight days—but reality proved harsher than expected.

First, they had to detour around dangerous deep-sea zones.

Then came encounters with other factions—pirates, even foreign navies.

Frequent blizzards further slowed progress.

This was Zhang Yi's first ocean voyage. During stormy nights, howling winds rocked the icebreaker violently, the tempest roaring like monsters outside.

The experience was genuinely terrifying.

Zhou Ke'er clung to him shivering, refusing to let go.

As Zhang Yi marveled at nature's power, he soothingly stroked her back.

"It's alright, no danger here. With me around, everything's fine."

Though slightly nervous himself—a natural reaction for any first-time sailor—he knew his abilities could ensure their survival even in disaster.

After the blizzard passed, they sailed on... only to encounter more uninvited guests days later.

Chapter 798: Malayan Navy [Bonus 1]

That morning, sunlight pierced through the clouds to illuminate the sea surface. The pale white sunlight appeared icy cold, offering little warmth. Even though it was mid-July and they had reached tropical waters, the temperature remained below minus twenty degrees Celsius. Yet compared to the northern regions, this was practically paradise. At the very least, human survival rates improved significantly in such conditions.

After a night of snowstorms, Zhang Yi and the others couldn't help but come up to the deck, gazing at the gradually calming icy sea with complex emotions. Just then, a series of "toot-toot" horn sounds reached their ears. At the endless horizon, a black dot was slowly approaching.

Old Tian hurried over and reported to Zhang Yi: "There's a warship approaching - it's the Malayan Navy!"

Zhang Yi asked curiously: "Isn't this international waters?"

Old Tian smiled bitterly: "You should know by now that maritime rules have become like land rules - many old regulations no longer apply. Due to resource shortages, many small nations have turned into pirate states. Some national navies even moonlight as sea bandits. Apart from world powers like our Huaxu Kingdom or Columbia, this situation is quite common among other nations!"

Zhang Yi slowly narrowed his eyes. Malaya was a significant nation in the ocean region. Unless they showed hostility first, Zhang Yi couldn't just attack outright. "What do they want?" he asked.

Old Tian replied: "They've requested to board for inspection. Mr. Zhang, what should we do?" Old Tian's heart was pounding. The Malayan warship was no joke - equipped with advanced weaponry. Even the Golden Edge's thick armor couldn't withstand naval artillery and torpedoes.

Zhang Yi narrowed his eyes, considering countermeasures. Zhu Yunque suggested: "We can communicate with them. If they know we're from Huaxu Kingdom, they wouldn't dare cause trouble."

Zhang Yi glanced at her: "If we drop the Jiangnan Region's name and say we're dispatched personnel from Blizzard City, they might hesitate. But are you sure you want to expose our identities?" Zhu Yunque immediately fell silent - they were on a covert mission and absolutely couldn't reveal their identities!

"Even as civilian ships, perhaps..." Zhu Yunque's voice trailed off. Having witnessed so much violence during their journey, her mindset had gradually changed. In this apocalypse, human life was cheaper than grass. If they were truly civilian ships, no one would care what happened to them.

Old Tian asked: "Then what's your decision?"

Zhang Yi calmly rose from the railing. "Let them come. We'll play it by ear." It depended on their intentions. Zhang Yi didn't seek trouble, but feared none either. Strength was his greatest asset.

Following Zhang Yi's orders, Old Tian immediately had the crew respond to the boarding inspection request. Zhou Ke'er leaned against Zhang Yi, her small hand enveloped in his large one, instantly dispelling her nervousness. Looking up at his composed profile, she smiled with relief.

Zhu Yunque was actually quite nervous too - this was her first time facing such a situation in her life. Without revealing her identity, she was just a civilian. It was impossible not to feel tense about facing foreign naval inspection on her first experience as a commoner at sea. She had wanted to move closer to Zhang Yi for a sense of security too, but seeing him with Zhou Ke'er made her feel utterly superfluous.

Soon, a gray warship approached the Golden Edge. Not particularly large - slightly bigger than their ship - it was packed with soldiers completely wrapped in white combat suits, weapons in hand. Zhang Yi never took his eyes off them - at the first sign of unusual movement, he would immediately deploy his Dimensional Gate to block any attack.

On the Malayan warship, an officer-looking figure stepped forward, his combat suit distinctly different from regular soldiers. He waved, and the two ships slowly drew alongside each other. Soldiers laid planks and filed across onto the Golden Edge's deck.

Zhu Yunque explained to them: "We're from Huaxu Kingdom. This is just an ordinary civilian ship carrying no contraband." The Malayan Navy ignored her. Instead, a soldier strode over, roughly shoved Zhu Yunque to the deck, pressing his gun barrel against her forehead. "Speak only when spoken to! Now shut your mouth and keep quiet!" The dark muzzle pointed at Zhu Yunque's head - she could even see the cold spiraling grooves inside. Never in her life had someone pointed a gun at her. The young noblewoman froze in terror, sitting dumbstruck on the deck.

Zhang Yi silently observed this scene without intervening, though his eyes tracked the soldier's trigger finger. The gun was just intimidation - his finger wasn't on the trigger. "Now, all of you stand properly with hands behind your backs for inspection!" the soldier shouted, brandishing his weapon. Other soldiers had already rushed into the cabins to loot.

Zhang Yi remained expressionless. The ship carried minimal supplies - anticipating such situations, he usually kept only about a week's worth of provisions onboard. Zhu Yunque turned pale with fright, casting pleading looks at Zhang Yi, only to see his calm expression. Clearly, he didn't want their identities exposed. Little pearls began falling from Zhu Yunque's eyes. Zhang Yi simply didn't care about her. She could only stand up obediently and move beside Zhou Ke'er.

A soldier demanded they surrender any weapons. Zhang Yi subtly signaled with his eyes, and everyone placed their guns on the deck. Their cooperation prevented rougher treatment from the Malayan Navy.

The officer-looking man scanned Zhang Yi's group. "Who's the captain here?"

Zhang Yi replied: "Sir, I'm this ship's captain." The Malayan officer, Oberon Ques, stared coldly at Zhang Yi's face. "Huaxu people, what brings you thousands of kilometers out into the ocean? State your purpose!"

Zhang Yi gulped, affecting a frightened stutter: "I-I received my sister's distress signal. She's stranded on an island! I'm here to rescue her!"

"Rescue? What a touching brother," Oberon Ques sneered, clearly unconvinced. Loud banging came from the cabins as the soldiers ransacked everything with brutal thoroughness.

Zhang Yi couldn't help saying: "Sir, we're already low on supplies. Could you leave us some food?"

Chapter 799: In for a Penny, In for a Pound

Oberon Ques completely ignored Zhang Yi's words.

Soon, the soldiers carried out many items from the ship's cabin.

All sorts of canned food and firearms were piled up in a dazzling array.

Seeing this, Oberon Ques said to his adjutant, "Did you find anything else suspicious?"

The adjutant replied, "We've checked. It's just an ordinary civilian ship. Nothing suspicious."

Oberon Ques nodded, "Take them with us. Let's return!"

He said this openly in front of everyone, and Zhang Yi heard it clearly.

Zhang Yi's eyes slowly narrowed.

"Sir, we still have matters to attend to—"

"Shut up!"

A soldier immediately pointed his gun at Zhang Yi's head.

"You have no right to speak now! Your ship has been requisitioned by the Malayan Navy. And you—you now have the glorious opportunity to serve the Malayan Navy. Thank God!"

Zhang Yi let out a long sigh. Old Tian and the others looked at the soldiers before them, pitying them.

Why couldn't they just live peacefully? Did they have to seek death?

"In my life, I hate nothing more than having a gun pointed at my head!"

Spatial Acceleration—Thirtyfold!

Zhang Yi's figure suddenly vanished before the Malayan Navy's eyes.

A black streak of light flashed through the air like a dark serpent materializing out of nowhere.

In an instant, over a dozen navy personnel were sliced in half—guns and all!

Oberon Ques's hair stood on end as he sensed the approach of death.

He raised his arms, transforming them into a massive crystal shield in front of him.

Yet all his desperate struggles were in vain. With just one slash, he met the same fate as the ordinary soldiers—instantly killed.

Two seconds.

Every Malayan Navy soldier on the Golden Edge's deck was dead.

The navy personnel on the warship realized something was wrong and hurriedly prepared to open fire.

But Zhang Yi had already leaped onto the warship's deck.

How terrifying was the full power of a top-tier Delta-level superhuman?

To ordinary people and low-level superhumans, he was a god!

Zhang Yi held nothing back, unleashing his full strength to slaughter the Malayan Navy before him!

This operation had to remain secret. Even a one-second delay could allow the enemy to transmit information about them to Malaya's naval headquarters.

If that happened, their entire plan would be exposed.

Zhang Yi couldn't afford that risk.

That was why, initially, he had intended to offer some supplies to settle the matter peacefully.

Unfortunately, these Malayan Navy soldiers were too greedy—so they had to die.

After annihilating the soldiers on the deck in seconds, Zhang Yi swung his blade in a reverse slash!

"Crash!"

The bulletproof glass and thick armor of the command center were torn apart like paper!

The soldiers inside were also bisected along with the command center.

"Quick, take control of their command console!" Zhang Yi shouted to Old Tian and the others.

Then he reversed his grip on Holy Judgment's hilt and plunged it into the deck below!

Dark matter surged like flames, instantly destroying the propulsion systems beneath the deck before flooding into every compartment like a torrent.

The Malayan soldiers were engulfed by the dark matter. No matter what material their combat suits were made of, they were immediately submerged and disintegrated into particles.

Zhang Yi leaped down through the gash in the deck to eliminate any survivors.

Old Tian hastily led his men onto the warship to seize control of the command console.

The counterattack was completed in moments—from Zhang Yi's first move to Old Tian's boarding, less than half a minute had passed.

Within dozens of seconds, Zhang Yi had killed everyone on the warship.

The slaughter had been swift. Zhang Yi panted heavily, feeling oddly exhilarated.

Not from fear, but from concern that he hadn't been fast enough—that intel about them might have been sent out.

If that happened, their mission could be compromised.

He returned to the deck with his blade. The command center's roof had been sheared off, exposing all its electronic equipment to the frigid wind.

"Well? Did they transmit any information about us?" Zhang Yi asked.

Among the sailors was an engineer, who inspected the equipment before replying, "Mr. Zhang, they didn't have time to send anything. But this ship is severely damaged. It won't be long before the Malayan Navy notices something's wrong."

"Can we buy some time? The longer, the better."

The sailor said, "At most two hours before they realize something's amiss. And with their technology, they'll definitely track our location."

"If that happens, we might face a Malayan Navy siege. That would be troublesome."

Zhang Yi bit his finger, then immediately returned to the Golden Edge and contacted Yang Xinxin in Tianhai City via communicator.

"Brother! Xinxin missed you so much!" Yang Xinxin's adorable face appeared on the screen.

Zhang Yi smiled. Even at sea, he video-called his family every few days.

"Xinxin, I've run into a serious problem. Can you help me figure something out?"

Zhang Yi explained the situation.

Yang Xinxin, sucking on a lollipop, replied, "That's easy to solve! Since you have their communication equipment, just connect it to Xinxin's computer. I can fake their communications with the Malayan Navy."

"That way, it'll take them at least 30 hours to realize something's wrong."

Yang Xinxin sat in the shelter's control room, surrounded by dozens of large screens.

Her delicate fingers flew across the keyboard.

"Malaya is just a mid-tier small country. Their management systems must be chaotic right now. I'll find an excuse to buy time."

Recalling their attempt to seize the Golden Edge, Zhang Yi suggested, "Tell them they encountered a ship from the Neon Nation and tried to loot its supplies."

If they could redirect the blame, even better.

"Got it! I'll follow your script, brother!"

Zhang Yi plugged a signal receiver into the warship's console, and Yang Xinxin quickly hacked into its system.

She then sent a message to the Malayan Navy, claiming the ship they encountered wasn't from the Huaxu Kingdom but belonged to Ronin from the Neon Nation.

They were currently in pursuit.

In the apocalypse, with limited intelligence, this story wouldn't easily raise suspicions.

Afterward, Yang Xinxin would maintain periodic contact with Malaya to stall for time.

By then, Zhang Yi and his crew would have sailed far from Malayan waters.

Even if the Malayan Navy tried to pursue them, the lack of intel and the high cost of long-range naval operations would likely deter them.

Yang Xinxin took control of the warship, sending false signals to the Malayan Navy.

Zhang Yi and the others returned to the Golden Edge.

"Old Tian, full speed ahead! Get us out of these waters as fast as possible!" Zhang Yi ordered.

"Yes, Mr. Zhang!"

Old Tian didn't dare delay, immediately commanding the crew to go full speed.

The crew members' faces were alight with excitement.

Seeing their leader's overwhelming power—casually slaughtering an entire navy—filled them with pride.

Everyone worked with renewed vigor, returning to their posts.

Only then did Zhang Yi notice Zhou Ke'er treating Zhu Yunque.

A soldier had shoved her earlier, injuring her elbow.

In the cold season, the human body was more fragile and prone to injury.

Coupled with Zhu Yunque's delicate upbringing, this wasn't surprising.

"There, there, you'll be fine," Zhou Ke'er said, using her [Doctor] ability to heal the injury quickly.

But the pain wouldn't fade so fast.

Zhu Yunque's eyes were red with grievance as she stared resentfully at Zhang Yi.

"Why didn't you help me when they bullied me?"

She felt deeply wronged.

If Zhang Yi had intervened earlier, she wouldn't have been hurt.

Since when could a mere soldier push her around?

"If you'd kept your mouth shut earlier, this wouldn't have happened," Zhang Yi replied dismissively.

Chapter 800: Talking Past Each Other

Zhang Yi's attitude made Zhu Yunque extremely upset.

That Malayan soldier had just pointed a gun at her head!

She had almost died!

"You don't care about me at all!"

She shouted angrily at Zhang Yi.

"From our very first meeting, you've treated me poorly. Tell me, what exactly have I done to offend you?"

"I've been trying my hardest to build a good relationship with you! What more do you want from me?"

Zhang Yi remained silent.

How did this suddenly become his fault?

Hadn't Zhu Yunque been the one acting arrogantly toward him from the beginning?

Besides, they were merely work partners. Zhang Yi had no obligation to please her.

"My promise to Commander Zhu was only to keep you alive. But this mission is important, and I don't want deadweight around."

"If you could just be more sensible, I wouldn't have to treat you this way."

Zhang Yi frowned, looking at her like she was a child.

"Rein in that spoiled young miss attitude of yours. The things you take pride in are completely useless in this world now."

Zhu Yunque was deeply stung, but refused to admit it.

How could she be in the wrong?

The fault clearly lay with this cold, unfeeling man who didn't know how to treat a lady properly.

"You're lying! You're still holding a grudge because I mentioned you didn't remove your gloves when shaking hands! This is your petty revenge!"

She shouted loudly.

Zhang Yi replied without hesitation: "Damn, you actually figured that out? How clever of you. Yes, I never forgave you for that incident."

Zhu Yunque was stunned.

She had just been venting - she didn't actually expect Zhang Yi to admit it.

Zhang Yi pointed at his own nose with a smirk.

"You should learn more about me. Zhang Yi is famously petty and vindictive."

"Surprised?"

He slowly opened his eyes, a flash of impatience in his gaze.

"So from now on, don't bother me again."

His eyes casually drifted toward the vast icy sea.

"In places like this... accidents happen all the time."

Having just killed people, the thick scent of blood still clung to him.

This murderous aura made Zhu Yunque's neck prickle with fear.

Her face pale, she staggered back several steps before hurriedly retreating to her cabin.

With the annoying person finally gone, Zhang Yi exhaled. "Peace and quiet at last."

Zhou Ke'er, however, looked concerned. "She is Zhu Zheng's niece after all. Was speaking to her like that appropriate?"

"No problem at all."

Zhang Yi leaned against the railing as the Golden Edge sailed at full speed, icy winds blowing past him.

Not that he could feel the cold through his advanced thermal suit.

"I was never known for high emotional intelligence. Being diplomatic and pleasing everyone was never my style."

Zhang Yi said with an amused smile.

Zhou Ke'er studied his expression, suddenly reminded of when she first met Zhang Yi half a year ago.

When the apocalypse came, he had refused to humor anyone, living with complete freedom.

And now, Zhang Yi remained unchanged.

She smiled gently. "Sometimes I wish I could be as carefree as you."

"Easy! Just abandon your morals and no one can guilt-trip you. Live without a care and life becomes simple."

Meanwhile, in her room, Zhu Yunque's first thought was to complain to Zhu Zheng.

Like a schoolgirl bullied in class - or at least feeling wronged - she went straight to her authority figure.

Usually, this was a shortcut to preferential treatment, a tactic Zhu Yunque knew well.

The communicator connected to Zhu Zheng's office, revealing his stern face behind the desk.

"Yunque, what's wrong?"

Zhu Yunque sniffled. "Uncle, I almost died just now!"

She poured out her grievances to Zhu Zheng, expecting him to reprimand Zhang Yi afterward.

But Zhu Zheng simply laughed. "Don't worry, it's nothing serious. We don't need to concern ourselves with some Malayan country. Our Huaxu Kingdom's ships sail wherever we please!"

He thought Zhu Yunque was crying because of the Malayan soldiers.

Zhu Yunque said discontentedly, "Uncle, the Malayan soldiers were awful, but Zhang Yi treated me terribly too! When I was pushed down and had guns pointed at me, he didn't stand up for me!"

Zhu Zheng asked in surprise, "Didn't Zhang Yi eliminate all those Malayan soldiers? Isn't that standing up for you?"

Zhu Yunque hesitated. "Well... yes, but he seemed completely indifferent at the time."

Zhu Zheng chuckled. "That's just how Zhang Yi is - cold exterior but warm inside. He may seem uncaring, but the lad's actually quite passionate."

"He's like dry firewood. You need to ignite him with your own flame first before the heat builds up. Dry wood burns fiercely, understand?"

"Yunque, Zhang Yi is crucial to me and the entire Jiangnan Region. You must build a good relationship with him, win him over!"

Zhu Yunque was utterly speechless.

She even felt Zhang Yi held a more important position in Zhu Zheng's eyes than she did.

Her complaints died in her throat.

She wasn't stupid - she knew continuing to criticize Zhang Yi would only displease Zhu Zheng.

Yet after ending the call, she couldn't suppress her frustration.

"Zhang Yi, you're blind! How can you be so cold toward a woman like me with both looks and substance?"

Zhu Yunque fumed.

She did want to get closer to Zhang Yi.

But Zhang Yi always had Zhou Ke'er by his side, leaving no opening for her.

With Zhou Ke'er around, Zhu Yunque's charm paled in comparison.

The Golden Edge continued southeast.

At mealtime, Zhu Yunque proactively approached Zhang Yi.

This time, her attitude was much improved.

"I've spoken with Uncle about the Malayan Navy incident. He said you needn't worry and should continue the mission. The region will handle any issues properly."

Seeing her gentle demeanor, Zhang Yi couldn't help but mock, "I thought you were just going to complain about me to your uncle!"

Zhu Yunque immediately flustered. "How... how dare you falsely accuse me?"

Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow. "So I was right?"

The truth cut deepest.

Zhu Yunque took a deep breath. "Fine, I admit I had some prejudices against you before. From now on, I'll try to listen to you more, alright?"

"I hope you'll treat me better too."

"You should know I'm not an unreasonable woman. And in the future, I can be of great help to you."

She hinted that being with her could grant Zhang Yi more power and status in the Jiangnan Region.

Zhang Yi paused briefly while eating, then offered no response to Zhu Yunque's words.

They were completely talking past each other.