

ICE AGE APOCALYPSE: I HOARD BILLIONS OF SUPPLIES

Chapter 8: Supplies Gradually Arrive

Zhang Yi left his address with the staff, instructing them to deliver the hot pot base later.

As for the food supplies, he would retrieve those from Walmart's warehouse.

Hot pot bases from the store would never be leaked. Usually, the retail packs available in the market were far inferior to what the restaurant used.

Otherwise, no one would bother going to the restaurant for hot pot.

After finishing his meal, Zhang Yi received a call from the hotel manager when he planned to return home.

"Mr. Zhang, your orders are ready to go. Should we deliver them right now?"

"Yes, just deliver them."

Zhang Yi returned home, waiting for the delivery of the feast.

Those 500 banquet tables would be enough for him for two to three years at least.

With eight to nine million yuan in his hands, he no longer cared about spending money; he was eager to spend it all.

On his way home, Zhang Yi pondered what other foods he liked.

He then placed orders with several major restaurants in Tianhai City, asking them to deliver a hundred tables each.

He ordered thousands of tables covering the eight major Chinese cuisines and Western food!

This effectively took care of his food needs for the next several decades.

Shortly after, the catering trucks from the Grand Fortune Hotel arrived at the entrance of Yue Lu Community.

A convoy of twenty to thirty vehicles caused a massive traffic jam, leaving the community residents stunned.

The security guard, Uncle You, hurried over to stop them, asking about their purpose.

The hotel manager explained the situation, but Uncle You insisted that the homeowner had to come down before he could open the gate.

Given the scale of the operation and the trucks' unknown loads, he couldn't let them in without ensuring the community's safety.

The hotel manager had no choice but to call Zhang Yi.

Zhang Yi came downstairs to the entrance.

The entrance was crowded with residents, including neighbors from his building and the onlookers Fang Yuqing and Lin Cainin.

Zhang Yi approached Uncle You, smiling, "Uncle You, they're delivering food for me. Let them in."

Uncle You looked astonished.

"Food delivery? What are you ordering that needs so many trucks?"

The surrounding neighbors were equally shocked upon hearing it was a food delivery.

"Goodness, this must be at least several hundred tables! Where is he planning to put them?"

"Could Zhang Yi be hosting a banquet at home?"

"Is he getting married? But several hundred tables seem excessive!"

"Look closely, it's from the Grand Fortune, a five-star hotel!"

"Ordering several hundred tables from there must cost at least a few hundred thousand yuan!"

“My goodness, spending hundreds of thousands on a banquet. Zhang Yi must be a hidden millionaire!”

The neighbors chatted animatedly, their gazes towards Zhang Yi now tinged with awe and respect.

Fang Yuqing, witnessing this, bit her lip and resolved to win Zhang Yi over.

She walked up to him smiling, “Zhang Yi, what have you been up to lately, buying so much?”

Zhang Yi ignored her and handed Uncle You a cigarette.

Seeing the homeowner arrive, Uncle You opens the gate, allowing the Grand Fortune Hotel convoy to enter.

Zhang Yi led the way.

Though he didn't acknowledge Fang Yuqing, she didn't mind, continuing to walk beside him, chatting merrily.

“Is there something going on at home that you can't tell me? Aren't we good friends?”

“In the future, I hope to learn more about you. Don't treat me like an outsider.”

Zhang Yi gave her a deep look, then sneered, "These items are for my boss. The last time we visited the restaurant, it was his treat."

He sighed, "I wish I were that wealthy."

Fang Yuqing's expression changed instantly.

"You... you're joking, right?"

Zhang Yi shrugged, "Why would I lie to you? We've known each other for years. You know my family's situation."

"My parents passed away years ago. I'm just a warehouse supervisor. How could I have that kind of money?"

His explanation left Fang Yuqing's face clouded with uncertainty.

She suspected a true wealthy heir would have a substantial family business.

Zhang Yi's parents had been gone for years, and he had only a modest inheritance, so he couldn't be a wealthy heir.

Now that Zhang Yi himself admitted he wasn't wealthy, her suspicions were confirmed.

She silently distanced herself from Zhang Yi, adjusting her hair and smiling politely, "Whether you're rich or not, we're still good friends, right? I'm not a gold digger."

She emphasized the word “FRIENDS.”

A schemer never burns bridges, always keeping backup plans and admirers for their convenience.

Zhang Yi smirked, saying no more.

Meanwhile, the Grand Fortune Hotel staff began unloading the banquet tables and moving them to the location Zhang Yi specified.

Given his good rapport, Zhang Yi borrowed an underground storage space from the community’s management to temporarily store the items.

Although 500 banquet tables were large, they didn’t take up excessive space once packed in meal boxes.

Zhang Yi ordered the finest foods: abalone, sea cucumber, shark fin, Australian lobster, truffles, caviar, and more.

Moving these 500 banquet tables into the storage took some time.

Even the hotel manager was astounded. He had never encountered such a massive takeaway order in his career.

Zhang Yi simply told them to continue moving the items into the storage.

He then discreetly waited for the movers to leave before storing everything in his interdimensional space.

Others might find his actions odd, but who had the time to care about someone unrelated in this cold world?

So, whether neighbors or hotel staff, they at most gossiped a bit, but none truly cared.

Soon, all 500 banquet tables were stored in Zhang Yi's interdimensional space.

In the evening, Zhang Yi received a call from Wu Huairan, the manager at Zhanlong Company.

Wu Huairan informed him they were ready and could start constructing the safe house anytime.

He asked when Zhang Yi would be available for the work to commence.

Zhang Yi told him they could start the next day.

Meanwhile, he planned to move to a hotel temporarily.

After discussing the safe house, Zhang Yi awaited further news from Wu Huairan.

He had another crucial matter to discuss with Wu Huairen—acquiring weapons.

After a moment's hesitation, Wu Huairen spoke in a low voice, “If you genuinely need something like that, I can refer you to a source. However, it will be quite costly.”

Zhang Yi nodded, understanding the situation.

Money was no longer meaningful for him now.

“That’s not an issue, as long as the quality is good.”

Wu Huairen relaxed, “Alright, I’ll make the arrangements. I’ll let you know where to trade in three days.”