

Ice Age 80

Chapter 80: Snowmobiles

The neighbors were like people who had met their savior. Even those who had lost all hope and were wrapped in blankets waiting to die now had a glimmer of light in their eyes.

"Zhang Yi, can you really go out and bring back supplies?"

"If you can do that, we can survive!"

"Although the blizzard has sealed off the city, the resources produced in the past few decades should be enough for us to live on!"

"Zhang Yi, I'm really... so touched!"

"We treated you so poorly before, and now you're still..."

Some people choked up.

Previously, many of their family members had been killed by Zhang Yi. But now, their hatred seemed to vanish, replaced by gratitude.

Zhang Yi spoke deeply, "Since I've become the head of this building, I have to take responsibility for everyone!"

"Besides, my own supplies are running low. Going out to find more is our only way to survive."

Zhang Yi's words reassured everyone. In a post-apocalyptic world, when someone claimed to be doing good deeds, others often found it hypocritical. But if the person had their own interests at stake, it seemed more believable.

After all, the apocalypse had lasted for almost a month. Many families had already starved to death. So, they thought, even if Zhang Yi had hoarded a lot of supplies, it would run out eventually, especially with two people now consuming it faster.

The neighbors were immensely grateful, praising Zhang Yi as if he were a deity.

Even Zhou Ke'er joked, "If you started a religion now, you could be a prophet!"

In times of disaster, religion often grew rapidly because people needed spiritual support.

Zhang Yi smiled faintly, "There's no need to complicate things with cannon fodder."

"Just a moldy bun is enough to make them see me as dearer than their own fathers."

Zhou Ke'er asked curiously, "But are you really going out?"

Her eyes showed a hint of worry and guilt.

Zhang Yi understood she genuinely thought his supplies were running low and felt she was a burden.

He pinched her soft cheek, smiling, "Don't worry, there's enough here to feed you."

"I'm just looking for a good opportunity to see what's outside."

Normally, Zhang Yi wouldn't dare venture out, fearing ambushes from crazy neighbors. But now, he had become everyone's hope for survival, so they wouldn't attack him.

Zhou Ke'er nodded, "Then let me go with you!"

She knew Zhang Yi didn't fully trust her, so she volunteered to accompany him.

Zhang Yi looked at her deeply and slowly shook his head, "We're in this together now; do you think I still doubt you?"

"A woman should stay home and wait for her man to return!"

Zhang Yi stood up slowly.

Zhou Ke'er's eyes filled with emotion.

But it didn't last long because Zhang Yi quickly packed the remaining food and coal into his alternate space.

"I trust you completely!" Zhang Yi said with a smile.

Zhou Ke'er was speechless, feeling both touched and exasperated. Just when she was moved by Zhang Yi, he reverted to his usual self.

Ignoring Zhou Ke'er's helpless expression, Zhang Yi returned to his room to change clothes.

This was his first time leaving the building since the apocalypse began.

Despite the snow sealing the city, making it devoid of life and less dangerous, Zhang Yi took precautions. He wore a cowhide jacket, hard to pierce without significant force. He placed a frying pan on his front and back for added protection against bullets. Finally, he put on a heavy coat, feeling both bulky and secure.

He took a crowbar from his space, testing its weight. In a real fight, a heavy crowbar was more effective than a machete. A crowbar strike could incapacitate someone immediately, unlike a knife wound.

Fully armed, he loaded his handgun's magazine and put it in his pocket.

Once ready, Zhang Yi left his home.

Despite wearing professional-grade cold-weather gear, he could still feel the cold. However, it wouldn't hinder him; physical activity would warm him up.

Holding the crowbar, Zhang Yi cautiously descended the stairs, observing his surroundings. Being careful was paramount.

He encountered no incidents on his way. Most people weren't foolish enough to challenge him.

Zhang Yi entered the west building, finding it deserted due to the Tianhe Gang's activities, which had driven residents to the upper floors. The place was a mess, with broken windows and dismantled security bars letting the wind howl through.

Zhang Yi carefully climbed out through a hole in the window. His feet sank into knee-deep snow. Fortunately, the snow had compacted, preventing him from sinking further, but it was still hard to walk through.

He surveyed the silent Yue Lu neighborhood, hearing only the wind. No one seemed to be watching.

Zhang Yi took out a snowmobile from his space, filled with gas beforehand.

Operating the snowmobile wasn't complicated. Zhang Yi quickly learned from the manual and hopped on.

The engine roared to life, and Zhang Yi drove the snowmobile out of the neighborhood. He sensed eyes watching him from windows but wasn't concerned. The noise from the snowmobile was loud and drew attention, but he didn't fear exposing it. Many already had designs on his supplies; this wouldn't change much.

He drove through the snowy landscape, familiar enough with the area to navigate by landmarks despite the buried streets.