

Ice Age 82

Chapter 82: Food for the Neighbors

Zhang Yi arrived at the Wanda Plaza in the Economic Development Zone. As expected, only the roof was visible above the snow. Following his usual method, he broke the glass on the roof and used climbing ropes to lower himself inside.

Inside the mall, traces of its former bustling atmosphere remained. The circular layout showcased various stores filled with exquisite goods. Expensive clothes, shoes, and various household items were now worthless and could be taken freely. Zhang Yi selected some useful items, filling his space with everything from entire stores.

The supermarket was located on the basement level. After collecting some supplies, Zhang Yi headed down. As he anticipated, being far from residential areas, the supermarket was still fully stocked. However, the quality of the goods left much to be desired.

The mall had partially collapsed under the weight of the snow, letting cold air in, which ruined the food. Shelves were covered in frost. Snacks and cookies had ice layers, and the vegetable section, though not rotten, was severely dehydrated and tasteless. The meat section fared better, with frozen solid meats that resembled zombie flesh. The fish tanks had burst, leaving no chance for fresh fish.

In normal times, this food would be thrown away or sent to factories to be repurposed. Zhang Yi shrugged, "I wouldn't eat this even if it were free!"

However, to his starving neighbors, this subpar food would be a luxury.

Zhang Yi took out two large duffle bags and filled them with rotten vegetables, zombie meat, and some waterlogged bread and cookies. Soon, both bags were full. He left the rest of the food, thinking it might save others' lives in the future.

After finishing, Zhang Yi checked his Rolex. Even in extreme cold, it kept running, though the time might not be precise. It showed 3:30 PM. Returning to Yue Lu neighborhood would take another hour.

Not wanting to waste time, Zhang Yi left the supermarket with the supplies and rode his snowmobile back. By the time he reached Yue Lu, it was getting dark.

The engine's noise was particularly noticeable in the quiet neighborhood. As Zhang Yi returned, faces appeared in windows, staring intently at him.

On the 15th floor of Building 26, Huang Tianfang, the Tianhe Gang leader, squinted at the new snowmobile. Half his face, burned and scarred from the fire, looked even more menacing. "There's such a thing, as a vehicle that works in the snow. If we had it, we could find food outside instead of eating rotten meat," he murmured.

A burly man beside him said, "Second Uncle, in our region, this is called a snowmobile."

Huang Tianfang's eyes locked on the snowmobile. "Whatever it's called, we need to get it!"

Others watching Zhang Yi had similar thoughts. After half a month of isolation, many were on the brink of insanity. Leaving the neighborhood was their only hope for survival, and Zhang Yi's snowmobile reignited that hope.

Zhang Yi felt the greed and murderous intent in their gazes but felt secure knowing the weapons he had found. He parked the snowmobile in the underground garage, where it was out of sight, and stored it back in his space.

Carrying the two duffle bags, Zhang Yi walked towards his building. His heavy footprints excited the neighbors, who shouted from their windows.

Huang Tianfang's men also noticed. "Second Uncle, do you think it's food?" one asked.

"Of course! Why else would he go out?" Huang Tianfang replied.

Excited murmurs spread among his men. "If he found food, we're saved!"

"Let's rob him and take the snowmobile too!"

Their eyes turned red with greed, but Huang Tianfang cautioned them. "Don't rush. That kid is Zhang Yi, the one who killed Chen Zhenghao. He's ruthless and has a gun. We need to be careful."

Some workers grumbled at Huang Tianfang's caution, believing they should strike while Zhang Yi was outside. A few decided to sneak down, armed with knives and wrenches.

Meanwhile, Zhang Yi, carrying the supplies, entered the building. He texted Uncle You to meet him for assistance.

Uncle You, hearing the snowmobile, had already rushed down. Seeing the two large duffle bags, he exclaimed, "Zhang Yi, you found so much stuff!"

Zhang Yi smiled, "Professional tasks need professional people."

The two hurriedly carried the supplies upstairs. Zhang Yi knew some of Huang Tianfang's men had followed, but he wasn't worried. He had anticipated this and was fully prepared.