

## Ice Age 821

### Chapter 821: I'm Afraid I Won't Be Able to Hold Back

Zhu Yunque stared directly into Zhang Yi's eyes without backing down.

She retorted, "Since you can bring your woman aboard and let her enjoy the same privileges as you, why can't I?"

"So I demand Su Nuanxi's living standards be raised to match mine!"

Zhang Yi stared at her silently for at least four or five seconds.

Suddenly he asked, "Are you going through rebellious phase?"

"You—what do you mean! I'm just making a reasonable request."

Zhang Yi didn't waste words.

"Fine, I agree to your request."

Zhu Yunque and Su Nuanxi's eyes immediately lit up.

They exchanged glances, barely containing their joy.

Zhu Yunque thought to herself: At least you still know to give me some face.

Zhang Yi turned to the chef.

"Starting today, reduce Miss Zhu's meal standards to match that Su what's-her-name."

Instantly, everyone present was stunned.

They were all shocked by Zhang Yi's unexpected move.

Who was Zhu Yunque?

The niece of the supreme commander of the Jiangnan Region!

And Zhang Yi just downgraded her food provisions?

Su Nuanxi was dumbfounded. She thought her complaints had worked and she'd get better food—that this would open the door for more demands.

Who could have imagined Zhang Yi would lower Zhu Yunque's standards instead? Now she couldn't reasonably make further requests.

Zhu Yunque's eyes widened like copper bells, her index finger pointing at Zhang Yi, unable to speak for a long time.

"Looks like you're satisfied with this decision too, since you're not objecting. Good, it's settled starting today!"

Zhang Yi gave Old Tian and the chef a meaningful look, then turned and left.

The crew were all his people. Though they usually showed Zhu Yunque some respect, when Zhang Yi gave an order, they had to obey.

Besides, none of them liked the whiny Su Nuanxi anyway—this worked out perfectly.

"Zhang Yi!!!"

Zhang Yi had just left the kitchen when he heard a piercing scream.

Zhu Yunque had truly lost her composure.

She even forgot their agreement about not revealing his name in public.

This made Zhang Yi frown.

"Zhang Yi, stop right there! What exactly do you mean by this?"

Zhu Yunque stormed up to Zhang Yi, glaring at him angrily.

"Are you deliberately messing with me?"

Zhang Yi looked down at her without saying a word.

But the lazy indifference in his eyes had vanished.

A terrifying authority emerged instead.

Having killed countless people, when he wasn't deliberately hiding it, that killing intent naturally radiated from him.

Zhu Yunque, initially furious, now felt like a bucket of ice water had been dumped over her head. She sobered up instantly, the hairs on her back standing on end. *Ra?ÖßË*

"You...why are you so scary? You're the one being unreasonable first."

"Did I come here to reason with you?" Zhang Yi countered.

"Listen if you want, otherwise get lost! I'm not indulging your spoiled princess attitude. If not for your uncle's sake, do you think I'd bother with you?"

"If you're so capable, why didn't you sail out here on your own?"

Zhang Yi looked at her with undisguised disdain.

His voice wasn't particularly loud, but everyone could hear.

Zhu Yunque's face burned with humiliation—this was no different from Zhang Yi slapping her in public.

Su Nuanxi also buried her head, not daring to speak.

Zhang Yi said coldly, "Don't let there be a next time. If it happens again, I'll lock you in your room until we reach land!"

Zhu Yunque knew what he meant—revealing his name outside was forbidden.

Fortunately, the Rockflow Island survivors were isolated and hadn't heard of his reputation as the Jiangnan God of Slaughter.

Otherwise, Zhang Yi didn't know what measures he might take to prevent news of his voyage from leaking.

"Calling your name was my mistake, but you're at fault too!"

Zhu Yunque seemed somewhat intimidated now, her tone softening.

She tried to argue her case:

"You brought Zhou Ke'er aboard, but when I want an assistant to help with the children, you make excuses. Do you have something against me?"

She stubbornly lifted her chin, refusing to yield.

Zhang Yi smirked. "What if I do?"

Zhu Yunque: "???"

Zhang Yi didn't mince words:

"Who I bring aboard isn't questioned even by your uncle Zhu Zheng. Why are you so troublesome? Are you menopausal?"

"What do you think our relationship is? Why should I indulge you? Because you're Zhu Zheng's niece?"

"Sorry, but if you keep interfering with my mission, according to regional regulations, I have full authority to deal with you!"

Zhu Yunque was intimidated by his aura.

She really wanted to complain to Zhu Zheng about Zhang Yi bullying her.

But upon reflection, that wouldn't harm Zhang Yi—it would just get her scolded by Zhu Zheng, who wasn't one to spoil younger relatives.

Biting her lip and clenching her fists, Zhu Yunque felt three parts fearful but refused to show complete surrender.

"Hmph, so you're just abusing your power as captain!"

"You have a grudge against me and Su Nuanxi, so you're taking revenge."

"Even if you refused my request, did you have to humiliate me? Do you find that amusing?"

Zhang Yi laughed angrily.

"Abusing power? Do you think I have nothing better to do?"

"The lives of all 148 people aboard the Golden Edge rest on my shoulders!"

He demanded:



"Do you think these people obey just because we rescued them? Any gratitude will be temporary—soon they'll see it as their due."

"Then they'll start making demands. Today you open the door for that Su girl to live upstairs with better conditions."

"What next? Accommodate all her needs? Match your standards?"

"How will others react when they see this?"

"Take Li Zongyu and his wife—they're our primary rescue targets, yet they've stayed in mid-level cabins this whole time."

"What if they start making demands? What if they cause trouble?"

Zhang Yi narrowed his eyes.

"I dread that outcome, understand?"

As Zhang Yi explained, Zhu Yunque gradually realized the severity of the situation.

Inequality breeds discontent.

It might not show immediately, but unfairness accumulates into major problems.

"I...I didn't think that far. I just wanted company."

"I didn't mean to cause trouble."

Zhang Yi scoffed.

"Glad you finally get it. Otherwise, I truly fear this ship descending into chaos."

"Fear?" Zhu Yunque looked at him in surprise. "You feel fear?"

He was the renowned God of War!

After battles against the Moon of Corrosion and Reincarnation Squad, he'd become Blizzard City's hero, surpassing even Deng Shentong and Gao Changkong in reputation.

He could feel fear?

Zhang Yi nodded.

A cold, detached glint passed through his eyes.

"I fear killing so many people would dirty my ship. The cleanup would be troublesome."

He looked at Zhu Yunque, his voice emotionless.

"I'm quite particular about my living environment. Too much bloodstain would affect my sleep quality."

Zhu Yunque suddenly felt chills.

From Zhang Yi's expression, she could tell he wasn't joking.

If the passengers became troublesome, he would slaughter them without hesitation!

Chapter 822: Gratitude

Zhang Yi convinced Zhu Yunque to understand the potential troubles her actions might cause. Though somewhat dissatisfied with Zhang Yi's attitude, she wasn't completely brainless—coming from such a family background had given her some insight.

She said, "Alright then, let Su Nuanxi eat with the crew. I won't give her special treatment anymore."

Zhang Yi smiled. "That won't do." His expression turned serious as he pointed at Zhu Yunque. "She doesn't even qualify for crew meals! From now on, she'll eat downstairs."

"Of course, if you don't mind eating less, you can share some of your portion with her."

"But as punishment, your food rations will follow the Rockflow Group's standard for the next week!"

Zhang Yi wasn't so easily swayed unless it concerned his own family. With outsiders, he remained unmoved by both soft and hard approaches. Zhu Yunque's concession wouldn't change his stance.

Zhu Yunque huffed angrily, "Fine, fine! We'll do as you say, okay?" What upset her wasn't Zhang Yi's actions, but his attitude toward her. At this rate, the task Zhu Zheng assigned her seemed increasingly unlikely to succeed.

She felt deeply frustrated—why was it so difficult for someone of her charm to win over a mere warehouse manager?

Returning to the cabin, Zhu Yunque found Su Nuanxi still hoping she'd secured some proper privileges. Instead, Zhu Yunque relayed Zhang Yi's decision.

"These are extraordinary times. Endure it for now. Once we reach shore, I can take you to the Jiangnan Region headquarters and arrange a decent job for you," Zhu Yunque said calmly.

Su Nuanxi's expression changed. Zhu Yunque raised an eyebrow. "What? Are you unhappy about this?"

Su Nuanxi quickly shook her head. "Of course not! I know you're the best, Senior Sister. I'm really sorry for causing you trouble!" She pouted pitifully. "I just never expected that Zhang guy would disrespect you like this."

"After all, you're the niece of the Jiangnan Region's supreme commander. And him? Just some low-level functionary." A flash of contempt crossed Su Nuanxi's eyes.

"Hmph, how dare he be so insolent toward you! I doubt he'll get any promotions in the future!" She still thought the outside world operated as it had before.

Zhu Yunque sighed. "The world outside has changed. Many things are different now, including the rules you knew."

Su Nuanxi asked doubtfully, "No matter how much changes, shouldn't subordinates still try their utmost to please their superiors and their families?"

"In the Huaxu Kingdom's system, the top leader has always held absolute power. That can't possibly change."

Zhu Yunque didn't know how to explain it to her. The Rockflow Group had been isolated too long—they didn't understand what a top-tier superhuman like Zhang Yi meant in the outside world.

In some smaller nations, individuals of Zhang Yi's caliber were practically deities. Even high-ranking officials from the six major regions had to actively court them—evident from how Zhu Zheng treated Zhang Yi more courteously than his own son.

"Just listen to me. Stay by my side and help me take care of Tommy. I won't let you suffer," Zhu Yunque said.

Su Nuanxi put on a sweet smile. "Dear sister, why would I suffer? I'm just indignant on your behalf, afraid you might be bullied." As fellow socialites, Zhu Yunque easily recognized Su Nuanxi's manipulative tactics.

Yet some truths, even when understood intellectually, remained difficult to act upon. Zhu Yunque's resentment toward Zhang Yi continued growing within her.

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A week had passed since leaving Rockflow Island. Order aboard the Golden Edge remained relatively stable without major conflicts.

Zhang Yi spent his days either practicing calligraphy with Zhou Ke'er in their room or monitoring the ship's order to prevent unrest among the passengers.

Most people remained content with their current situation, satisfied with having full bellies. But there were always those with ulterior motives.

The Rockflow Group members lived in eight-person cabins—standard bunk beds with four upper and lower berths, plus a small central table for meals. Li Zongyu and his wife enjoyed special privileges with their private room, while others weren't so fortunate.

At lunchtime, chef Xie Changming arrived, opening the middle deck's hatch. "Come get your food!" Immediately, representatives from each cabin came forward to collect meals.

The middle deck's rations were decent—daily protein supplements, meat every three days, with soy products and canned goods forming the staple diet. Xie Changming treated them with detached indifference, like a livestock keeper.

Former New Rohan official Che Haicheng approached with an ingratiating smile. "We're endlessly grateful for your generosity!" He never missed an opportunity to flatter Xie Changming during meal collections, having mastered the art of sycophancy.

Seeing Che Haicheng, Xie Changming actually cracked a slight smile. "I've been giving your cabin extra portions. You should show proper gratitude."

Che Haicheng's expression flickered briefly before his smile widened. He bowed deeply at ninety degrees. "Indeed! Your great kindness shall never be forgotten!"

Xie Changming set down his ladle and followed Che Haicheng toward the central cabins. Nearby crew members eating their meals merely chuckled at the sight.

Upon reaching the middle deck, Che Haicheng arrived at his cabin door just as his wife Kim Kimee appeared. As a former high-ranking New Rohan official, Che Haicheng had once commanded immense power and wealth—his women always being the finest.

Kim Kimee, his ninth wife, was a thirty-two-year-old former top idol from New Rohan. Though six months on Rockflow Island had left her haggard with dark circles, her graceful figure and charm remained evident.

Xie Changming leaned against the bulkhead and whistled at her. Che Haicheng quickly gave Kim Kimee a meaningful look. Understanding immediately, she walked over with an ingratiating smile, familiarly taking Xie Changming's arm before they disappeared into his quarters.

After each encounter, she received generous rewards from Xie Changming. Far from objecting, Che Haicheng actually benefited from his wife's arrangements—receiving extra food that elevated his status within the cabin to food distribution supervisor.

## Chapter 823: A Gathering of Talents

As Che Haicheng entered the room, all his fellow occupants turned to look at him with knowing smiles.

Xie Yunfan, a Columbus Ocean-born Chinese with cracked gold-rimmed glasses and a former executive at a major corporation, teased: "Che Haicheng, did you send your wife to entertain that cook again?"

Che Haicheng responded with a nonchalant smirk, even arching his eyebrows with a hint of pride. "You're just jealous!"

Xie Yunfan snorted coldly. "I have no interest in such vulgar pastimes."

With a hearty laugh, Che Haicheng placed the food on the table and began distributing portions into each person's lunchbox.

Liu Nansheng, a balding middle-aged man in his fifties, chuckled: "I truly admire Mr. Che's mentality! A real man knows when to bend and when to stand tall—that's how one achieves great things."

Xie Yunfan frowned in disgust at their conversation. Picking up his rice bowl, he muttered, "But what difference is there between this and pigs or dogs? Trading a woman's charms for benefits is utterly contemptible!"

Che Haicheng burst into laughter, eyeing him mockingly. "Says the man who seduced a wealthy Columbus Ocean widow through marriage fraud to split her assets."

Xie Yunfan's face darkened instantly. "Nonsense! That wasn't fraud—it was strategy! A scholar's tactics!"

The room erupted in amused laughter as everyone came forward to collect their meals. Trading barbed insults had become their daily entertainment.

"Hey, Mr. Che," said a brown-bearded man approaching Che Haicheng. "Since you're so generous, why not help out your fellow sufferers?"

The man was Rudolf from southern Prussia. Despite his rough appearance, his hands were remarkably delicate.

Far from taking offense, Che Haicheng grinned slyly. "That depends on what you can offer me."

Rudolf reached into his pocket and produced a Rolex gold watch.

Che Haicheng shook his head. "That's worthless to me now. Bring me something actually useful!"

"Damn it!" Rudolf cursed angrily. "As a professional pickpocket, I only steal valuables! And now they're all useless junk!"

In a fit of rage, he threw the solid gold watch to the ground and stomped on it, shattering the glass.



Che Haicheng looked at him disdainfully. "Kim Kimee is my most important asset right now—I need her to cozy up to the ship's officers! Don't even think about touching her."

"Come on, you're not being fair! We've suffered together. Back then, just a chicken leg would've gotten you through the night."

Their bickering continued, but not everyone joined in the noise.

A melancholy Western man with long curly hair and a thick beard quietly picked up the shattered watch, studying its dial intently.

Meanwhile, by the porthole, Li Zongyu's colleague—a Columbus Ocean native who went by the Chinese name White Mo—stared blankly at the frozen sea, as still as death.

"Why won't they respond? I don't want to go to a foreign land. Talitha... is she still waiting for me back home? Are she and our child okay?"

White Mo thought of his wife and daughter on the other side of the ocean—his reason for surviving this long.

For six months, he had desperately reached out to Columbus Ocean authorities through every channel available, whether contacting the homeland or their naval forces stationed at Ropefly Island.

But his pleas had vanished without a trace, like stones sinking into the sea.

After half a year of waiting, salvation had come instead from the Huaxu Kingdom's rescue ship.

If he set foot on that land, he would be at the farthest point on Earth from home.

In this apocalyptic world, he didn't know if he'd ever see his homeland again.

"Hey, White Mo, what's troubling you?"

Having failed to get what he wanted from Che Haicheng, Rudolf came over to chat with the brooding young man.

White Mo glanced at him and sighed. "I was wondering... will we ever get to go home?"

His words cast a contemplative silence over some in the room.

Eisenmann turned to give him a deep look but said nothing.

Rudolf, however, simply shrugged. "Anywhere is fine as long as there are girls and booze."

Xie Yunfan, leaning against the wall, frowned deeply. "But I don't want to stay in that country."

Che Haicheng shot him a glance. "Xie, didn't you grow up there?"

Xie Yunfan straightened up irritably, glaring. "That's irrelevant! The point is, I'm now a Columbus Ocean citizen."

Che Haicheng scoffed. "Even White Mo here, a genuine Columbus Ocean citizen, got no rescue. You should've given up by now."

"You seem more loyal than their actual natives. Too bad—right now, no matter where you go, you'll be at the bottom. So stop deluding yourself!"

Xie Yunfan bristled like a ruffled rooster.

Sputtering, he retorted, "What do you know?" Mumbling something about "freedom" and "rights," his words were drowned out by the room's laughter.

They'd get by just fine without Xie Yunfan anyway.

Che Haicheng pulled an egg from his pocket, grinning as he peeled and savored it slowly.

The others naturally received no such luxury.

"Tch."

Some clicked their tongues in feigned disdain, though inwardly they burned with envy.

But without wives as beautiful as Che Haicheng's to trade for food, they had to pretend they were above such things.

Soon after, Kim Kimee returned from the upper decks.

Che Haicheng hurried over, glancing cautiously at the others before whispering, "Well? What did you get this time?"

Kim Kimee smiled smugly and pulled out a pigeon egg-sized diamond ring, showing it off proudly.

"Look! A diamond ring! Such a big one!"

Che Haicheng's eyes bulged, his body freezing on the spot.

"Uh..."

"Are... you joking with me?"

His smile was strained.

Kim Kimee pouted, admiring her new ring. "Why would I joke? You've never bought me one this big!"

Che Haicheng paled, hissing under his breath, "You idiot! At a time like this, diamonds are worth less than dirt! What the hell do you need that for?!"

## Chapter 824: Fin Dragon

Che Haicheng was furious and berated Kim Kimee harshly.

Kim Kimee was equally angry. "Hey, what are you talking about? This diamond is really expensive, you know?"

She couldn't understand why Che Haicheng was acting so irrationally.

Such a large and beautiful diamond, and all she had to do was accompany Xie Changming once to get it.

She was overjoyed.

Che Haicheng took a deep breath and tightly closed his eyes.

He silently reminded himself: \*Don't get angry, don't get angry. She was always a foolish woman obsessed with money.\*

After calming himself for a long while, he glared at Kim Kimee and pointed at her nose. "Next time, get me supplies! Sugar, milk, cigarettes, eggs... anything! Just don't bring me useless jewelry!"

After the apocalypse, these things had become worthless.

Only a vain woman like Kim Kimee would still care about them.

Kim Kimee nervously tightened her clothes.

"Understood."

Her fear of Che Haicheng was deeply ingrained in her bones.

At least for now, she had no intention of rebelling.

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**\*\*Upper Deck\*\***

Zhang Yi suddenly felt a sense of being watched.

It was already nighttime.

He looked out the window but saw nothing but endless darkness.

The ocean stretched endlessly, devoid of any light.

The cold moonlight was faint and obscured by thick clouds, barely casting a dim reflection on the sea.

Zhang Yi frowned.

Ever since awakening his **\*\*Echo of Time\*\*** ability, his intuition had grown sharper.

Especially when it came to sensing danger.

This instinct told him that something dangerous in the ocean was watching them.

"Is it that sea beast I injured earlier?"

Zhang Yi had given the creature a name: **Fin Dragon**, due to the enormous, shark-like fins covering its back.

"Or maybe it's just my imagination."

After a moment of thought, Zhang Yi decided to get up and check the control room.

He quickly left his cabin and walked down the corridor to the **Golden Edge**'s control center.

"Any abnormalities detected?" he asked.

The control room was staffed 24/7.

Old Tian, who was on duty, immediately checked the radar. "No unusual ships or creatures nearby. Just some sharks passing by half an hour ago."

Zhang Yi pressed, "Sharks? How big?"

Old Tian replied, "According to the radar, just ordinary sharks around five meters long."

A massive creature like the **Fin Dragon** would definitely be detected if it approached.

"What's the detection range?" Zhang Yi asked.

Old Tian answered, "Underwater, we can detect movements within 10 nautical miles up to 200 meters deep. For surface ships, unless they're military vessels with stealth functions, we can spot them within 50 nautical miles."

Zhang Yi chuckled dryly.

"If anything appears in these waters, it definitely won't be a civilian ship."

"Alright, we need to be extra cautious on the return trip. Add another person to night shifts."

Old Tian nodded. "Understood!"

As Zhang Yi turned to leave, Old Tian stopped him.

"Commander Zhang, there's one more thing I need to report."

Zhang Yi glanced back. "Go ahead."

Old Tian explained, "It's about Old Xie in the kitchen."

With over a hundred people now on board, Old Xie was the only one handling meals.

Though most of the food was pre-made and only needed reheating, the workload was still overwhelming.

Lately, Old Xie's health had started deteriorating—today, he even complained of back pain and asked for an assistant.

However, every crew member already had their own duties, and no one could be spared.

So, Old Tian suggested recruiting help from the lower decks.

"Those people just sit around eating all day. It's time they contributed—let them cook their own meals!"

Zhang Yi smirked.

"Do you really think I don't know why his health is failing?"

The others in the control room couldn't help but laugh.

Every part of the ship was under surveillance—except bathrooms and bedrooms, per Zhu Yunque's insistence.

Zhang Yi was well aware of everything that happened on board.

The crew had been at sea for a long time and had their needs.

Among the passengers, there were women willing to exchange favors for supplies.

Zhang Yi understood and didn't interfere.

Old Tian grinned sheepishly. "My apologies."

Zhang Yi's expression turned serious.

"Can we trust them with food safety? One mistake could poison everyone on board."

He was extremely cautious.



His own food and water were separate from the others, so even if something happened, only the rest would be affected.

Still, as captain, he had to remind Old Tian.

Old Tian nodded firmly. "I'll have Old Xie supervise them closely. Besides, poisoning isn't easy—they'd need the right ingredients."

Toxins weren't readily available.

All passengers had been thoroughly checked—no weapons or suspicious drugs.

After surviving on the island for half a year, they barely had anything left.

Zhang Yi conceded. "Fine, arrange it yourself. Pick a few trustworthy ones."

Old Tian saluted. "Yes, sir!"

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**\*\*On Deck\*\***

Zhang Yi stepped onto the swaying deck.

The **\*\*Golden Edge\*\*** advanced steadily through the icy waters, traveling nonstop to save time and avoid maritime dangers.

Even the slightest swell in the cold ocean created massive waves, making the ship rock violently.

It was enough to unsettle anyone, fearing a single rogue wave could capsize them.

But Zhang Yi walked effortlessly across the unsteady deck, his mastery over spatial forces making it as easy as walking on flat ground.

\*"Woo—"\*

A distant, eerie howl suddenly echoed in the wind.

Zhang Yi's eyes narrowed as he swiftly turned toward the sound.

The night wind howled fiercely—was it just the gale, or something more sinister?

His lips thinned.

\*"Has that thing followed us?"\*

The **\*\*Fin Dragon\*\*** was a creature of terrifying power—Zhang Yi had witnessed it firsthand.

On land, he wouldn't fear it.

He knew his own strength well.

But this was the ocean—humanity's domain no longer.

If the **\*\*Fin Dragon\*\*** destroyed the **\*\*Golden Edge\*\***, everyone aboard except Zhang Yi and Zhou Ke'er would perish.

And that was an outcome he refused to accept.

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## Chapter 825: Liu Zhengnan

In the following days, Zhang Yi heightened the ship's security measures.

His focus remained fixed on the vast frozen ocean.

A persistent intuition told him that the massive sea creature—the Fin Dragon—which he had previously severely wounded, wouldn't let them off easily.

All creatures hold grudges, especially powerful ones.

The Fin Dragon was undoubtedly lurking somewhere in the ocean's depths, biding its time to strike.

Its current inaction stemmed from fear of Zhang Yi's strength, avoiding direct confrontation.

However, should the Golden Edge encounter any mishap at sea or Zhang Yi show signs of vulnerability, the beast might surge from the abyss!

With its colossal size and terrifying strength, a single strike could capsize the Golden Edge.

In such an event, everyone aboard except Zhang Yi and Zhou Ke'er would likely perish.

Zhang Yi had no perfect countermeasure.

The ship lacked heavy artillery, equipped only with depth charges and deck-mounted cannons—insufficient to seriously wound such a monstrosity.

Though his Dimensional Space contained heavy artillery, land-based cannons were nearly useless aboard a ship.

Stabilizing them on turbulent seas would be challenging, let alone managing their massive recoil.

Yet, they weren't entirely at a disadvantage.

Zhang Yi's presence and the advanced radar system served as their best defense.

The Fin Dragon would be detected once within range, allowing Zhang Yi to prepare.

Now with a superhuman ability index of 9,600, Zhang Yi could hold his own even against an Epsilon-level superhuman at initial stages—let alone a sea creature rated at 9,000+.

Were they on land, slaying the beast would've been trivial.

His inability to dive remained his greatest limitation.

"Full speed ahead. Let's hope nothing goes wrong on our return journey," Zhang Yi silently prayed.

Meanwhile, chef Xie Changming, with Zhang Yi's permission, went below deck to select an assistant.

He eventually settled on Liu Zhengnan from the Rockflow Group.

Liu Zhengnan claimed to be a chef, and Xie Changming confirmed his culinary skills through testing.

According to the Rockflow Group, he had been their cook on the island.

His flattering tongue also endeared him to Xie Changming and the crew, quickly integrating him aboard.

Zhang Yi remained vigilant, scanning the icy waters for the Fin Dragon or other mutated sea creatures.

Fortunately, the others had learned their lesson and avoided provoking him.

Zhu Yunque kept a low profile, though she occasionally tried cozying up to Zhang Yi.

But Zhang Yi had little patience for self-important noblewomen and responded indifferently, much to her frustration.

Her attendant, Su Nuanxi, however, maintained a poorly concealed disdain for Zhang Yi.

Though she dared not speak ill, her gaze betrayed her contempt—likely still clinging to her highborn pride and looking down on a mere rescue team leader.

Zhang Yi ignored her. As long as no one courted death, he wouldn't waste time on them.

Completing the mission was his priority.

He had also contacted Zhu Zheng several times.

Warships would meet them once they entered Huaxu Kingdom waters.

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That morning, the control room crew diligently navigated while radar scanned the surroundings.

The kitchen bustled with activity.

Xie Changming lounged on a sofa chair, smoking premium Huangshan cigarettes while playing cards with crewmates.

The cigarettes were a luxury—courtesy of Zhang Yi.

Aside from alcohol, Zhang Yi provided ample food, cigarettes, and even contraceptives to maintain morale during the long voyage.

This thoughtful care earned him the crew's genuine loyalty, beyond mere fear of his strength.

The kitchen workload fell entirely on Liu Zhengnan.

Preparing meals for over a hundred people was no small task, though reheating prepackaged dishes simplified things.

Liu Zhengnan, a balding man in his fifties, worked up a sweat but never slacked.

Xie Changming flicked ash from his cigarette and played a two.

On his wrist gleamed a golden Patek Philippe worth millions—a gift from Liu Zhengnan.

"Old Liu, you don't seem the type to rough it, yet you handle a kitchen well," Xie Changming remarked, having won over a dozen cigarettes that day.

Liu Zhengnan wiped his brow and bowed obsequiously.

"My family ran restaurants. Had to learn the ropes to manage properly."

The crew knew the Rockflow survivors—especially Huaxu nationals or overseas Chinese—came from privileged backgrounds, at least middle-class or above.

Xie Changming teased, "With that soft skin, you must've been a big boss!"

Liu Zhengnan deftly opened a steamer, plated a prepackaged meal, and chuckled.

"Just a few family-owned diners, scraping by. Boss Xie, just order me around—no need to stand on ceremony."

Xie Changming and the crew smirked. They wouldn't go easy on him.

These were rescued passengers, after all.

As Zhang Yi had declared, apart from Li Zongyu and his wife, the rest would become labor hands at Tianhai City's bases.

Later, Zhang Yi strolled the deck and followed the aroma to the kitchen.

The crew hastily stood, abandoning their game.

"Commander Zhang!"

Zhang Yi waved. "Don't mind me. Just smelled something good."

"Can't deny these prepackaged meals smell tempting—almost made me hungry."

He rarely visited the kitchen and glanced around.

Steam filled the warm space.

Liu Zhengnan rushed over, wiping his hands on an apron, bowing obsequiously.

"Commander Zhang! Anything you'd like? Just say the word—I'll prepare it immediately."

## Chapter 826: Yamada Masami

Zhang Yi smiled. He wouldn't eat the pre-made food here. Not that he was picky, but his dimensional space contained plenty of delicious delicacies - why bother with this garbage? Even the rich aroma probably came from excessive food additives and chemicals.

Zhang Yi originally intended to leave, but Liu Zhengnan's obsequious, fawning face seemed oddly familiar. At first he didn't think much of it, but his gaze inadvertently fell upon the steamers filled with pre-made dishes. Suddenly, memories surfaced in his mind.

He smiled and asked, "What's your name?"

Liu Zhengnan froze, confused why Zhang Yi would ask a nobody like him for his name. "I'm Liu Zhengnan, just a cook."

Zhang Yi's brow furrowed slightly. "Liu Zhengnan? Where are you originally from? You seem quite skilled - what cuisine do you specialize in?"

At this question, Liu Zhengnan suddenly became evasive. After several seconds, he stammered, "I'm from... uh... Guangdong. I know some Cantonese dishes."

"Then say something in Cantonese!"

Liu Zhengnan swallowed hard, sweat already beading on his forehead. "Gong tit gor, han yan lui han sau piu gor..."



The smile on Zhang Yi's face widened, but it was cold - the smirk of someone toying with prey. "You don't seem like a Guangdong native. In fact, you don't seem Huaxian at all."

The four crew members nearby immediately sensed something amiss. "Captain, is there something wrong with this guy's identity?"

Xie Changming rushed over and kicked Liu Zhengnan to the ground. "Damn it, old bastard! Who the hell are you really? Daring to pretend to be Huaxian!"

Clutching his stomach in pain, Liu Zhengnan vehemently denied it. "I really am Huaxian! I've just been away from home too long, my dialect isn't good."

Zhang Yi narrowed his eyes. "Yet your Mandarin is quite excellent."

As Liu Zhengnan tried to explain further, Zhang Yi coldly cut him off: "Enough with the act... President Yamada."

By now, Zhang Yi had fully recalled who this man was - Yamada Masami, president of the Neon Corporation Yamada Group. Their Tianhai branch's warehouse had been near Zhang Yi's workplace. Some Neon companies had the custom of printing their president's face on products or trucks, which explained why Yamada looked familiar.

Hearing this, the crew members' eyes burned with fury. "A Neon bastard!"

"You fucking dare pretend to be Huaxian? You're dead, dog!"

They rushed forward, mercilessly beating Yamada Masami with fists and kicks aimed at the most painful spots. Yamada howled in agony. "Stop! Please stop! I... I'm Huaxian in spirit! My great-grandfather was from Guangdong! I have Huaxian blood!"

This only earned Zhang Yi's cold laughter and the crew's curses. "Mutt bastard! That makes you even more deserving of death!"

Hostility toward Neons in the Jiangnan region had reached unprecedented heights after recent Ronin attacks across seven or eight cities caused tens of thousands of deaths. Merely mentioning "Neon" now made people gnash their teeth.

Zhang Yi leaned back in his chair, eyes closed, savoring Yamada's screams. The sound was music to his ears. Though he'd killed members of the Moon of Corrosion, eliminating just over a dozen perpetrators didn't feel satisfying. Why should they invade Jiangnan, slaughter countless Huaxians, while Zhang Yi's group could only kill a handful of ringleaders? This injustice couldn't end so easily.

Now that Yamada Masami had appeared on his ship, the outcome was inevitable. Among the crew, Xie Changming beat the man most viciously - since he'd selected Yamada, he needed to demonstrate his stance to avoid Zhang Yi's displeasure.

Yamada initially kept denying his Neon identity until eight teeth were knocked out, leaving him only able to whimper through bloody lips. The floor became slick with blood as Yamada could barely gasp for breath.

When Xie Changming grabbed a boning knife to finish him, Zhang Yi stopped him. "What do think you're doing?"

Xie Changming blinked, then said angrily, "Stabbing him to death! Why keep this dog alive?"

Zhang Yi eyed the knife. "That's kitchenware. Don't use it to slaughter pigs."

Hope flashed in Yamada's eyes as he looked pleadingly at Zhang Yi, but the smile he received was cruel. "Besides, dying like that would be too merciful."

Yamada trembled violently, terrified of what Zhang Yi might do next. "I... I may have Neon citizenship but I've never harmed any Huaxians!" he wailed.

Zhang Yi ignored him, gazing out at the freezing ocean winds. "Throw him to the sharks." In these temperatures, he'd freeze into an ice block within seconds - clean and sanitary.

As the crew hauled Yamada away like a slaughtered pig, they encountered Su Nuanxi leading Zhu Yunque to block their path. Seeing Yamada's condition, Zhu Yunque's pupils contracted. "What are you doing? How can you treat an innocent man like this!"

Su Nuanxi wailed, "Teacher Yamada!" before throwing herself at him, sobbing hysterically.

Xie Changming explained helplessly, "Miss Zhu, this man's a Neon! The captain ordered us to feed him to the sharks."

Zhu Yunque's face darkened with burning fury. "This is downright demonic behavior!"

Zhang Yi emerged from the kitchen, realizing Yamada's pig-like screams had drawn attention. Not that he cared.

His nonchalant expression further enraged Zhu Yunque and Su Nuanxi. The latter pointed at Zhang Yi, crying, "Zhang, you're too cruel! Teacher Yamada cooked for us all on Rockflow Island, caring for me like a father! How could you brutalize him without even investigating? You're not human - you're a monster!"

## Chapter 827: You Don't Understand the Cruelty of the Apocalypse

Su Nuanxi was utterly enraged, unable to tolerate how Zhang Yi was treating someone she admired.

Zhang Yi glanced at her.

"Slap her."

He had no extra words for a woman like this.

A crew member immediately obeyed, stepping forward to deliver a harsh slap across Su Nuanxi's delicate face. The force left one side of her cheek swollen and several teeth knocked loose.

Zhu Yunque's expression changed as she raised her voice. "Mr. Zhang, this is too much!"

She clenched her fists, took a deep breath, and glared at Zhang Yi.

"I understand your anger, but even if he's from Neon, you shouldn't treat him this way!"

"Every debt has its debtor, and not every Neon person is evil."

"How are you any different from those ruthless Ronin?"

The commotion quickly drew others on the ship—members of the Rockflow Group from the middle decks and Huaxu Kingdom citizens and expatriates from the lower decks.

They didn't know what had happened, only seeing Yamada Masami beaten bloody, his face bruised purple, while the petite Su Nuanxi lay sobbing on the ground.

Instantly, everyone stared at Zhang Yi with strange looks.

Though they feared his authority and the gun in his hand, as lower-deck residents, they instinctively saw him as the villain.

People's perspectives were always shaped by their positions.

Before Zhang Yi could respond to Zhu Yunque, Li Zongyu, leader of the Rockflow Group, stormed over.

His face barely contained his fury as he positioned himself between Zhang Yi and Su Nuanxi.

"Mr. Zhang, you promised to protect every member of our group!"

"I demand an explanation for this."

Encouraged by Li Zongyu, others grew bolder.

"How can you just beat someone like this? You nearly killed him!" Xie Yunfan of the Rockflow Group shouted.

White Mo crossed himself. "Dear God, this is barbaric. He's an old man—he could die!"

The crowd's pity for Yamada deepened, their glares at Zhang Yi turning venomous.

Li Zongyu's girlfriend, Zhang Weiwei, a surgeon, bravely stepped forward to examine Yamada's injuries.

Zhang Yi kept his hands in his pockets, scanning the crowd. Even Zhu Yunque and the others were giving him veiled hostility.

It almost made him laugh.

"I'm throwing him into the sea. Got a problem with that?" he asked bluntly.

Li Zongyu looked stunned. "Just because he's Neon?"

"Mr. Zhang, it's the modern era! How can you still harbor such racist views? That's terrifying!"

Zhou Ke'er silently moved to Zhang Yi's side in support.

To Zhang Yi, no one else's opinion mattered. On this ship, Zhou Ke'er was the only person he cared about.

"Exactly. Because he's Neon. So today, he's getting off my ship."

He spread his hands with a grin.

"Hey now, why the weird looks? Isn't that reason enough?"

"Of course not!" Su Nuanxi struggled up, pointing accusingly at Zhang Yi with tear-streaked fury.

"Your mindset is monstrous! Killing someone over nationality is worse than the devil!"

White Mo and other foreigners paled—if nationality was grounds for execution, what did that mean for them?

Zhang Yi pointed at Su Nuanxi but addressed Li Zongyu and Zhang Weiwei.

"Seems you all had a cozy six months on Rockflow Island!"

"Enough leisure to worry about others. How nice."

Zhang Weiwei frowned. "There's no need for sarcasm. We suffered too, and we're grateful you're taking us to Huaxu. But that doesn't justify murder!"

Others nodded in agreement.

Zhang Yi chuckled.

"You think I'm joking?"

At Zhang Weiwei's silence, his smile turned cold.

"Tch. You know nothing. Yet here you are, preaching to me."

He turned to Old Tian. "Old Tian! Tell them what happened in the Jiangnan Region these past six months!"

Old Tian barked, "Yes, sir!"

He faced the crowd, his gaze icy.

"In six months, the Jiangnan Region lost 190 million lives—a 92.79% death rate!"

"Tianhai City alone saw over 20 million dead. Fewer than 20,000 survived."

The numbers stunned everyone. No one had told them the state of the outside world.

Now, their spines chilled at the unimaginable horror beyond Rockflow Island.

Xie Yunfan protested, "But natural disasters don't excuse your violence!"

Old Tian's murderous glare made him recoil.

"Only 20% died from the calamities. The rest were killed by people!"

He took a sharp breath. "In July, Neon Ronin landed in Linhai City. In ten days, they slaughtered 3,000!"

"They rampaged through eight cities—Jiangning, Huazhou, Weining—killing over 20,000 directly or indirectly!"

The Huaxu citizens in the crowd erupted in fury.

The ancient hatred for Neon reignited.

Many had let history fade, unwilling to live with grudges.

Yet here were those same vermin, attacking Huaxu again in the apocalypse—

And leaving tens of thousands dead!

"Damn those Neon devils!"

"Animals! While the world suffers, they stab us in the back!"

## Chapter 828: More Than You Know

After learning Zhang Yi's reason for punishing Yamada Masami, over half of those present immediately changed their stance. Most citizens have straightforward moral values. They don't care for elaborate justifications, but they clearly understand the principles of settling grievances and repaying debts.

Even Li Zongyu and Zhang Weiwei could no longer voice objections. National hatred and personal vendettas were understandable reasons. Still, Li Zongyu said to Zhang Yi, "I can understand your feelings, but Mr. Yamada is innocent. He helped us greatly on Rockflow Island. Could you spare his life?"

Seeing this, Zhu Yunque stepped forward to persuade Zhang Yi: "Yes, don't condemn an entire group for one person's actions. That's not right, and it might make you appear narrow-minded." She moved closer to Zhang Yi and glanced at the Rockflow Group members before adding, "Besides, there are many foreigners and expatriates on this ship. Your actions might frighten them and harm our unity."



Su Nuanxi wiped her tears while touching her swollen cheek, glaring at Zhang Yi with eyes full of hatred. "If you dare harm Mr. Yamada, I'll never forgive you!"

Seeing so many people speaking up for him, Yamada Masami's face lit up with hope. "Thank you all! I'm deeply grateful!"

Zhang Yi sneered. "Spare him? Why should I?" He walked over and pointed at Yamada Masami's head. "How much do any of you really know about him?"

Su Nuanxi immediately declared, "Mr. Yamada is a good man! I can vouch for him, and so can everyone in our group!"

Li Zongyu also said, "Mr. Yamada was genuinely kind to us on the island."

"Oh, was he now? What a wonderful man!" Zhang Yi paced the deck with a cold smile, looking down at Yamada Masami with amusement. "The world works in mysterious ways—the worst villains often pretend to be saints in public. I bet back in Neon, you frequently donated to temples and charities, helping the poor, didn't you?"

Su Nuanxi looked at Zhang Yi in surprise. "How did you know? Mr. Yamada is a renowned philanthropist." But she quickly changed her tone. "Knowing what a kind man he is, how could you do something so evil to him? You're truly heartless! I advise you to repent immediately, apologize to Mr. Yamada, and get him medical treatment!" With one hand on her cheek and the other stubbornly pointing at Zhang Yi, she looked every bit the righteous warrior.

Zhang Yi shot her a cold glance and snapped, "You know nothing!" His sharp retort made Su Nuanxi stumble back several steps.

Zhang Yi continued leisurely, "Yamada Masami, if I recall correctly, you once went by a Huaxu name—Liu Zhengnan. The name sounded familiar when I first heard it. Five years ago, you established Weimin Food Co., Ltd. in Tianhai City, specializing in pre-made meals. Back then, you were known as Liu Zhengnan, and since you spoke fluent Mandarin, no one realized you were actually from Neon—your real name being Yamada Masami."

"Your company's main business was pre-packaged food. You sourced substandard, unsafe ingredients from overseas through various channels and pushed them into the market." As Zhang Yi paced, recounting Yamada's past, Yamada's face gradually turned pale.

Among the crowd, entrepreneur Ma Wenzheng frowned, as if recalling something.

Zhang Yi continued, "In 2047, roughly four years ago, you bribed officials to get your company's food into schools across multiple Jiangnan cities. Later, a food poisoning incident exposed your company's safety violations. People discovered that your so-called 'premium imported ingredients' were actually rejected waste materials from other countries—even expired products!"

"By the time this came to light, you'd already pulled off your escape—transferring company assets and fleeing back to Neon. That scheme must have netted you billions, right? Maybe tens of billions? Sorry, I'm just a lowly warehouse keeper—I don't know the specifics. But since my workplace was near your warehouse, I always knew what kind of filth your company produced."

"Your warehouse workers told me themselves that even pigs shouldn't eat that garbage—they refused to touch it themselves." Zhang Yi glanced down at Yamada with disgust, as if looking at a filthy swine.

"Feeding children your shoddy, harmful products, damaging their health, even hospitalizing them with food poisoning—did your conscience ever ache? Oh wait, you don't have one. After all," Zhang Yi deliberately raised his voice, "those were just Huaxu children's health being ruined. What did that matter to you, a Neon executive?"

Yamada Masami trembled violently like a sieve. The others finally understood why Zhang Yi had been so ruthless upon seeing Yamada.

"Someone like him deserves death!"

"I remember now! There were news reports about food safety issues in Jiangnan—it was this bastard's doing!"

An enraged woman rushed over and kicked Yamada repeatedly. "So you're the one responsible! My son got food poisoning from your company's products! That was a high-end private school—how did you even infiltrate it? Die, you scum! Just die!"

Now, no one dared speak up for Yamada Masami. Che Haicheng strode over indignantly, delivering several kicks while shouting, "You Neon bastard! You motherf— Shake it! Aish— I knew you were no good! You pretended to be kind while deceiving us all! Thankfully our wise captain saw through your act and exposed your pathetic lies! You vile insect—atone with your life for those poor children you harmed!"

Yamada Masami looked up, weeping. "I'm scum! I'm inhuman! But I was forced! Even if I didn't do it, others would have! And I only got a small cut—your own people took the lion's share! Please, spare me! I've reformed! I pray to Buddha daily! I donate to orphanages and nursing homes!"

His pleading eyes swept the crowd, but everyone avoided him. Someone like him truly deserved death.

Yamada's heart sank—until he remembered Su Nuanxi, that exceptionally kind girl. He crawled to her feet, clutching her legs while sobbing. "Miss Su! I've always treated you like my own daughter! You know my daughter died young—from the moment I met you, I saw you as her replacement!"

## Chapter 829: The Giant Ocean Turtle

Su Nuanxi couldn't bear it, remembering how Yamada Masami had treated her kindly on Rockflow Island.

Fearing she might go hungry, he always gave her priority whenever there was something good to eat.

So Su Nuanxi stepped in front of Yamada Masami, staring directly at Zhang Yi as she declared:

"Everyone makes mistakes, but correcting them is what truly matters. Why can't we give him another chance?"

"He's a genuinely kind person now. You can't just take his life like this!"

Zhang Yi looked at her like she was an idiot.

"Are you out of your mind?"

Her saintly compassion had reached such nauseating extremes.

"I'm not joking around!"

Su Nuanxi stamped her foot in frustration.

"I can personally vouch for his kindness," she insisted.

"When we were starving on Rockflow Island at first, he was the one who suggested catching sea turtles to make turtle meat for everyone."

"When my body temperature dropped too low, he held me at night to keep me warm."

"How could someone like that possibly be a bad person?"

Her large, earnest eyes swept across the crowd, her resolute expression making it clear she wasn't joking - she truly believed Yamada Masami was a good man.

Zhang Yi's lips curled into a mocking smile.

"So turtle meat was his idea, was it?"

Zhou Ke'er frowned meaningfully. "She actually believes they could catch giant sea turtles on that island?"

Su Nuanxi blinked, then snorted triumphantly. "Shows what you know! There's a species of giant ocean turtle that survives in cold waters - massive creatures with plenty of meat."

She turned to Li Zongyu. "Professor Li, you've caught turtles before, right? Tell them it's true!"

Li Zongyu's expression darkened.

The turtle incident was a secret he'd rather forget.

Yet it was indeed Yamada Masami's suggestion.

Most group members remained unaware that even this so-called "turtle meat" had been a hot commodity on Rockflow Island.

Yamada had proposed they go hunting, which explained why their later food supplies seemed fresher.

Zhu Yunque couldn't take it anymore.

"Lisa, drop this subject."

Su Nuanxi grew angry. "But I really ate it!"

Zhang Yi rubbed his nose.

He'd assumed everyone knew the truth.

That they were just deceiving themselves about what they'd consumed.

But Su Nuanxi proved genuine fools still existed in this world.

In reality, since the stronger men in the Rockflow Group usually gathered food daily,

most members had unquestioningly believed the "turtle meat" or "seabird meat" stories.

But Su Nuanxi's accidental revelation and Zhang Yi's pointed remarks made even the dimmest realize the truth.

The crowd's expressions shifted dramatically, their gazes at Yamada now filled with horror and disgust.

The perversion of Neon people knew no bounds.

Still oblivious, Su Nuanxi boasted, "You all should study marine biology! Giant turtles absolutely exist!"

Zhang Yi smirked. "You're absolutely right. Some grow as big as humans."

Since the truth was out anyway, she'd figure it out eventually.

"Now that we've settled this matter, let's toss him overboard!"

Yamada's eyes bulged in terror as he screamed, "No! You can't do this! I don't want to die! Li-san, you promised to get me back to land! Save me! Miss Su, I love you most! Don't let me die!"

Zhang Yi waved dismissively. "Nobody's opinion matters now."

"Stop! I won't allow this!"

Su Nuanxi spread her arms, physically blocking two crew members.

"Why can't you understand? You should practice universal love instead of solving everything with violence!"

Zhang Yi finally lost patience.

Dealing with a stupid woman was like wrestling with a pig - you both got dirty, and the pig enjoyed it.

"How amusing - defending a black marketeer who poisoned children with tainted food!"

"Fine! Since you're so protective, from now on you can eat his company's products every day!"

His Dimensional Space still contained some food collected from supermarkets long ago -

subpar quality he'd kept for charity cases.

Now he'd found the perfect recipient. Left in the warm, humid kitchen for a few nights, it would ferment beautifully.

Su Nuanxi clenched her teeth. "If sparing Mr. Yamada means eating that food, so be it! It won't kill me!"

"Won't kill you, eh?"

Zhang Yi savored her words, his expression unreadable as he repeated them.

The entire crew wore similarly complicated expressions, avoiding eye contact.

Su Nuanxi found this baffling.

"Why are you all looking like that? Don't you know basic biology?"

Zhu Yunque finally snapped.

Her intolerance for stupidity had reached its limit watching this clueless goose embarrass herself.

"Just shut up already!"

Su Nuanxi pleaded, "Alice, you have to help me!"

Zhu Yunque leaned close and whispered something that made Su Nuanxi's face gradually shift from shock to numbness.

When the whispering stopped, Su Nuanxi's eye twitched.

She turned mechanically toward Zhu Yunque.

"Alice... you're joking, right? That's too ridiculous! How could I possibly believe that?"

Zhu Yunque gave her a pitying look.

Su Nuanxi's pupils contracted violently before she lunged at another woman, shaking her shoulders.

"This is all lies, right? Giant ocean turtles exist, right? RIGHT?"

She kept demanding confirmation, but received no satisfactory answer.

"Maybe... seabird meat?" the woman offered weakly.



But this made no sense - any edible creatures would have been consumed immediately on the island.

White Mo approached reluctantly. "Look on the bright side, Miss Lisa... at least it was nutritious?"

Su Nuanxi could no longer delude herself, seeing the strange looks from everyone.

"NO!"

She screamed, covering her face as she fled below deck.

Zhang Yi shrugged. "The foreigner's got a point - at least he just made you eat it."

Chapter 830: After All, I'm Not Some Demon

Su Nuanxi was completely broken by Yamada Masami's methods.

Li Zongyu shook his head helplessly.

Back on the island, he had noticed Yamada Masami making inappropriate advances toward many women in their group.

However, being just a fifty or sixty-year-old man, he lacked the courage to actually do anything.

So he could only secretly use despicable means to satisfy his perverted desires.

Zhou Ke'er covered her mouth, feeling nauseated as she glared at the old pervert from Neon with utter disgust.

Zhang Yi, however, remained unfazed.

When people are starving, they'll eat anything.

Back at Yuelu Residential Complex, he'd even seen neighbors eating their own waste.

When pushed to the brink, concepts of morality and shame vanish completely—humanity's darkest instincts emerge, becoming more depraved and terrifying than beasts.

Zhang Yi signaled two crew members to take action.

The two immediately hauled the limp Yamada Masami toward the railing.

This time, no matter how pitifully Yamada begged, weeping and soiling himself, not a shred of sympathy remained for him.

Among the Rockflow Group, Bai Mo and others watching the scene were deeply shaken.

Bai Mo's face turned deathly pale, his body trembling violently.

Through Yamada Masami, he seemed to see himself being thrown into the sea, frozen into a block of ice—a horrifying fate.

Overcome by terror, he actually fainted on the spot.

"No! Please! Spare me!"

Yamada Masami's pleas fell on deaf ears as he was thrown from dozens of meters high.

A single scream echoed, followed by the faintest splash.

The old pervert thrashed in the water for mere seconds before the subzero temperatures froze him solid.

Che Haicheng rushed to the ship's edge, loudly cursing Yamada Masami.

"That scum deserved to die! Long live Mr. Zhang! You're an agent of justice—thank you for exposing this filthy rat among us!"

"I, Che Haicheng, swear absolute obedience to your every command!"

Che Haicheng shamelessly groveled before Zhang Yi—literally.

He knelt and attempted to kiss Zhang Yi's shoes.

Zhang Yi frowned and stepped back.

"My shoes are expensive. What do you think you're doing?"

"My deepest apologies! I shouldn't have defiled your precious shoes with my filthy mouth!"

Che Haicheng kowtowed fervently.

Everyone could see his terror—he was desperately begging for mercy, trying to avoid becoming the next Yamada Masami.

After all, Che Haicheng's own crimes in New Rohan were dozens of times worse than a mere merchant like Yamada.

Zhang Yi despised such people.

Yet he couldn't deny their occasional usefulness.

Smiling slightly, he looked down, his gaze sweeping across everyone on deck.

The passengers shivered as if blades were scraping their skin.

"Prove your loyalty through actions. Tell me—are there other pieces of trash aboard this ship?"

"Especially Neon people. Find them all for me!"

Che Haicheng's expression turned vicious.

"I know two more Neon people!"

He scrambled up and charged into the crowd.

A woman and young man immediately tried fleeing in panic.

Che Haicheng grabbed the woman and presented her triumphantly.

"This was Yamada's ex-wife! Another worthless piece of trash!"

The woman pleaded: "We divorced three years ago! I'm just an immigrant—I have nothing to do with him anymore!"

Meanwhile, crew members apprehended the young man and brought him before Zhang Yi.

Zhang Yi glanced at the woman but focused on the trembling youth.

"Name?"

The young man stuttered his reply—his thick Neon accent confirming Zhang Yi's suspicion. The youth had never spoken in Zhang Yi's presence before.

"I'm innocent! I've never harmed anyone from Huaxu! This has nothing to do with me!"

Zhu Yunque rushed forward.

"Zhang Yi, enough!"

"Enough, ' you say?"

Zhang Yi's piercing stare made Zhu Yunque falter, leaving her momentarily speechless.

Zhang Yi laughed.

Old Tian approached, silently asking if they should beat the captives first.

But Zhang Yi said: "Relax, I'm not some demon."

He addressed the pair calmly: "Don't worry, I won't kill you. I'm not some unreasonable executioner."

They sighed in relief, profusely thanking him.

Zhang Yi continued: "However, while I won't kill you, I have no obligation to save you either. The thought of this ship rescuing two Neon lives makes me deeply uncomfortable."

"Unfortunately, I'm too softhearted to harm ordinary people."

He pointed at them.

"Therefore, I'll give you a lifeboat. Leave this ship immediately."

"With luck, ocean currents might carry you to land in about six months."

Their hopeful expressions shattered.

This was no different from a death sentence!

Survival at sea was impossible—even reaching land wouldn't save them.

Leaving Golden Edge meant certain doom!

They begged desperately while other passengers found Zhang Yi's actions absurd.

Xie Yunfan muttered: "Stop pretending to be merciful. This is just killing them with extra steps."

Others shared similar thoughts, viewing Zhang Yi as hypocritical.



Zhu Yunque voiced it outright:

"You're still sending them to their deaths!"

Zhang Yi nodded: "Obviously. What did you expect?"

"You—"

Zhu Yunque and the others were utterly speechless.

Zhang Yi said: "Why must actions always have meaning? Maybe I just want to amuse myself."

Zhang Yi had never needed to explain his decisions to anyone.

He wouldn't kill these two personally because he avoided harming those who hadn't provoked him.

But saving them? Never.

Let fate decide—simple as that.

Their survival meant nothing to him. He wasn't their father!

"They should thank me. Drifting offers a one-in-a-billion chance of survival. If they refuse to leave, then I really will take action."

Che Haicheng's ecstatic voice rang out nearby:

"Long live Mr. Zhang! Your mercy toward these Neon people proves you're a saint—no, a god among men!"