

Ice Age 86

Chapter 86: The Sniper Rifle

After Zhang Yi finished speaking, the neighbors bowed their heads, weighing the pros and cons.

Someone asked, "Zhang Yi, it's understandable that you and Zhou Ke'er don't need to be on guard duty. But why doesn't Uncle You need to either? He's our best fighter!"

Zhang Yi stared at the man and said firmly, "Precisely because Uncle You is a key combatant, he needs to conserve his strength for critical battles. Understand?"

This reasoning was somewhat flimsy, but no one dared to contradict Zhang Yi.

In truth, Zhang Yi's real intention was to ensure Uncle You's safety. While the others were on the front lines, tasked with defending against enemy assaults from other buildings, effectively serving as cannon fodder or, more politely, expendables, Uncle You was skilled and loyal—an ideal subordinate for Zhang Yi, someone he wanted to keep alive for future usefulness.

After organizing everything, Zhang Yi instructed the neighbors to return to their homes, leaving only those on duty near the west wing. Any attacks on their unit would have to pass through the west wing, whether through tunneling from below or climbing through fourth-floor windows. Guarding this area would allow them to detect any intruders promptly.

Once everyone else had gone upstairs, Zhang Yi and Zhou Ke'er returned to their apartment. Zhang Yi never left his back exposed to those he didn't trust.

With no one else around, Xie Limei finally couldn't hold back any longer. "Zhang Yi, did you forget about our food?"

Zhang Yi looked up at Xie Limei, his eyes coldly amused.

Uncle You quickly pulled her arm, "What are you saying?"

Xie Limei insisted, "Uncle You did the most, yet we get nothing. That's too..."

Zhang Yi interrupted, "The supplies I brought back aren't just what's been handed out. The good stuff is still with me."

"Uncle You, come to my place later and get some."

Xie Limei's expression brightened instantly. "I knew you wouldn't let him work for nothing!"

Uncle You gave her a sideways glance, "I told you, Brother Zhang Yi is a trustworthy man!"

Zhang Yi smiled silently.

Back at home, Zhang Yi retrieved a box of instant noodles from his alternate space and placed it at the door, notifying Uncle You to come by in ten minutes. He then quickly shed his cold-weather gear.

“Clang!”

The frying pan hidden inside his leather jacket fell to the floor. Zhou Ke'er laughed as she picked it up. "There probably wasn't a soul outside. You're overly cautious!"

Zhang Yi grinned, "I won't need this thing anymore." He had found something better.

Police-issued bulletproof vests were snug and secure. Back in his warm home, Zhang Yi felt a profound sense of happiness. Even in cold-weather gear, the chill was pervasive, especially when riding the snowmobile, despite temperatures of minus seventy degrees.

He placed some food from his alternate space on the table. Since he had taken all the food with him, he and Zhou Ke'er had fasted all day. Now, they sat at the table, eating heartily.

Zhou Ke'er asked curiously, "What's it like outside?"

Zhang Yi replied, "What do you expect? The city is snowed in, with the lower floors completely covered."

"At this rate, even if the snow stops and temperatures normalize, it'll take over half a month for the snow to melt."

Zhou Ke'er nodded. "But now it's about to be winter, so the temperature will only drop further."

"That's not a problem for us," Zhang Yi said. "The real threat now is people."

"People in the apocalypse are more terrifying than demons."

After their meal, Zhou Ke'er cozied up to Zhang Yi, hugging his shoulder.

Zhang Yi glanced at her. "What are you doing?"

Her face flushed slightly. "Getting warm!" She pressed her body, "rich in fatty layers," against him. Ever since Zhang Yi had awakened her desires, she clung to him daily. Fortunately, Zhang Yi was young and vigorous; an average man wouldn't have been able to keep up.

Zhang Yi smiled and playfully slapped her on the butt. "I have no time for you now. Go take a shower and wait for me in bed!"

Zhou Ke'er flirtatiously winked at him before heading off to bathe.

What could make Zhang Yi set aside even the allure of beauty? Naturally, it was a man's true passion—guns!

He took out all the firearms he had collected today. Zhang Yi had some knowledge of guns, having been a member of Tianhai City's shooting club and frequenting the range. Police firearms, with their superior performance, easily replaced his black market purchases.

He swapped out his old guns for two police-issue pistols, fully loaded. With the gun holsters and tactical belts, he strapped them to his waist. Then, he turned his attention to the rifles and a sniper rifle.

While the shooting range in Tianhai City had rifles for target practice, it didn't have sniper rifles. Fortunately, the internet was full of detailed information on various firearms.

Zhang Yi praised the large companies whose servers still operated, likely in cooperation with the government, to maintain civilization's remnants. He quickly learned how to use these guns, thanks to his prior experience.

"Even if my aim isn't perfect, I know how to fire and reload. That's enough."

The presence of firearms alone was a significant deterrent. He loaded all the magazines and safety-checked the guns before storing them back in his alternate space for quick access in emergencies.

Zhang Yi found the sniper rifle particularly appealing. Guns are a man's romance, and his fascination with firearms was natural. He lifted the rifle, using the scope to look at the opposite building. The window lock fifty meters away was clearly visible through the scope.

"I need to try out this rifle. It's the perfect weapon for ambushes," Zhang Yi thought, smiling. He preferred covert attacks over direct confrontations. Sneaking in a corner and taking out enemies unseen was his style.