

Ice Age 87

Chapter 87: The Tianhe Gang's Revenge

Zhang Yi felt a thrill as he held the sniper rifle, using the scope to observe the entire neighborhood.

It was nighttime, and without electricity, the apartment buildings were pitch black inside. However, the snow reflected enough light that the outside remained a white expanse where some scenery could still be seen.

Suddenly, Zhang Yi's eyes narrowed.

When he looked toward the garage, he saw two small black dots moving.

"The garage, people. Looks like they're going after my snowmobile!"

Zhang Yi's lips curled into a mocking smile.

Earlier, he had pretended to store the snowmobile in the garage. Sure enough, someone had come sneaking around at night. Unfortunately for them, it was a futile effort.

A while later, Uncle You arrived.

Seeing the unopened box of instant noodles at the door, his eyes welled up with emotion.

"Didn't expect it to be Bai Xiang brand. Zhang Yi, you're so generous!"

This box of instant noodles, if rationed, could feed his group of three for a week.

Uncle You felt deeply touched when he thought about how Zhang Yi didn't have much food left yet still gave him so many noodles.

Zhang Yi didn't have many of these instant noodles at home, only around twenty thousand boxes in his warehouse. He hadn't even eaten one yet, preferring the gourmet meals prepared by top chefs at home.

Uncle You picked up the instant noodles, knocked on the door, and said, "Zhang Yi, I'm taking the noodles. Thank you!"

Zhang Yi put down the sniper rifle and went to the door, saying, "Uncle You, no need for thanks between us!"

Zhang Yi didn't care about others, but he made sure Uncle You had enough to eat. Only by ensuring Uncle You was well-fed could he be a top fighter and human shield.

Zhang Yi wasn't heartless; he wouldn't let Uncle You die unless absolutely necessary. Well, unless absolutely necessary.

Uncle You scratched his head and chuckled. "Don't take what Xie Limei said to heart. She tends to be a bit sharp-tongued."

Zhang Yi lowered his eyelids and smiled lightly. "Why would I hold a grudge against a woman? I'm not that petty!"

"But Uncle You, are you really going to raise someone else's child?"

Zhang Yi's tone carried a hint of probing. He didn't like Xie Limei but didn't want to sour his relationship with Uncle You either. So, he planted seeds of doubt subtly.

Uncle You laughed. "In these times, what can we say? Finding a woman like her is already fortunate."

Zhang Yi nodded. "True. Sister Xie is a good woman, not bad-looking, and she can bear children."

"I don't mean anything else. Just think you're underestimating yourself, Uncle You."

"In these times, strong men who are good fighters are in high demand! Jokingly, you could even get a celebrity if you wanted."

Uncle You was pleased by the praise. "Am I really that good?"

Zhang Yi replied, "Look at the current situation. Those pretty boys who can sing, dance, and rap are useless, unable to fend for themselves."

"Only men like us can give women a sense of security."

Then Zhang Yi changed the subject. "But still, Sister Xie is quite good. Work hard, and maybe she'll give you a child too!"

"After all, every man should have his own child. Raising someone else's kid is... well..."

Uncle You felt uneasy. Zhang Yi's words stirred thoughts in him. He liked Xie Limei—she was well-built, skilled, and satisfied him, an old bachelor. But her child was a burden, often waking him at night and disrupting his rest. If the child were his own, he'd accept it. But raising someone else's child was different.

People are inherently selfish. Uncle You had been suppressing these thoughts, but Zhang Yi's words made him reconsider.

"Haha, thinking about children now is unrealistic. Maybe later, when things stabilize," Uncle You said, forcing a smile.

"Right, right, just saying. I hope you and Sister Xie find happiness."

Uncle You nodded. "I'll be going now. Contact me if you need anything!"

After Uncle You left, Zhang Yi loaded the sniper rifle's magazine and stored it in his alternate space. These rifles and sniper rifles would be his secret weapons.

A while later, the sound of water in the bathroom stopped. Zhou Ke'er came out, wrapped in a pink towel. Her milk-white skin and long, shapely legs glowed under the light.

Lying on the sofa, Zhang Yi massaged his temples and lazily said, "I'm a bit tired today. Come and give me a massage."

Zhou Ke'er nodded, walked over, and began massaging his body gently.

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That night, the weakened Tianhe Gang launched another attack on Building 25.

Their recent successes made them dismissive of everyone in Building 25 except Zhang Yi.

This time, they were surprised to encounter resistance.

Leading the attack was Huang Tianfang's nephew, Huang Wei, known for his stealth attacks.

Around 2 AM, he led eight men into Building 25 under the cover of darkness.

They were met with a barrage of bricks from above.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The guards quickly retaliated with whatever they had—kitchen knives, sticks, stones, and bricks—hurling them down to delay the attackers. They also banged on stair rails and windows to alert everyone else.

Soon, the entire building was awake.

Driven by revenge and desperation for supplies, Huang Wei's men pressed on despite their small numbers.

But their numbers and fierce fighting skills were no match for the well-prepared residents of Building 25. The promise of food for every kill spurred the residents into a frenzy, each eager to claim the bounty.

The fight lasted only a few minutes, leaving three bodies behind.

Seeing the unfavorable situation, Huang Wei shouted, "Retreat, now!"

As they fled, the residents of Building 25 cheered, chasing after them. One worker, too slow to escape, was struck on the buttocks with a kitchen knife, screaming in pain as he struggled to climb out.

The residents didn't dare pursue further into the night, unsure of what awaited outside.

Zhang Yi, awakened by the commotion, went to the balcony and watched the fleeing Tianhe Gang members. An idea struck him.

"Could I take them out with the sniper rifle from this distance?"