

Ice Age 88

Chapter 88: Precision Shooting, Perfect Aim

When a man encounters a beautiful woman, his first thought is often to “get into” know her better.

Similarly, when he gets his hands on a good weapon, he can't resist trying it out. This instinct is ingrained, like the childhood habit of picking up a good stick and pretending it's a sword.

And now, Zhang Yi had a sniper rifle—a weapon most ordinary people in China couldn't even dream of handling, let alone use against others.

“Let's see how well this thing works!”

Zhang Yi retrieved the sniper rifle from his alternate space and stood on the balcony of his 24th-floor apartment, aiming downwards.

The 8x scope was incredibly powerful. What looked like tiny ants from the 24th floor were now clearly visible.

Zhang Yi held his breath to prevent his exhaled warm air from fogging the scope.

The seven people escaping through the snow were moving slowly, making it easy to aim.

Suppressing his excitement, Zhang Yi aimed at one person's back and pulled the trigger.

For some reason, at the moment the bullet left the chamber, he had a strange feeling—this bullet would hit for sure!

“Bang!”

The gunshot rang out loudly in the silent night, waking countless people from uneasy dreams.

Through the scope, Zhang Yi saw the person fall to the ground, blood staining the snow.

“Wow, how am I such a good shot? Could it be that I’m a natural talent?”

Zhang Yi was both surprised and delighted. He had only wanted to test the gun, not expecting a perfect shot.

“What was that strange feeling just now?”

He was puzzled but didn’t have time to dwell on it. The remaining men quickened their pace upon hearing the shot and seeing their comrade fall.

Zhang Yi quickly reloaded and aimed at the next person.

As he focused on his target, that mysterious feeling reappeared.

“Bang!”

Another gunshot, another person down.

Zhang Yi realized he wasn’t just lucky. This was a special ability!

Excited, he mumbled to himself, “It seems my awakened ability isn’t just about the alternate space. I didn’t realize my full potential until now.”

He could now confirm his ability was related to precision shooting.

Switching from close-range combat with bows and handguns to a sniper rifle, the feeling became more pronounced.

Thrilled, Zhang Yi reloaded and aimed for another headshot.

“Bang!”

The person's head exploded in a cloud of blood mist.

Confirming his incredible accuracy, Zhang Yi continued shooting.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

With each shot, a body fell. The remaining men couldn't escape back to their base, all dying midway.

Seven bodies lay in the snow, blood staining the white landscape.

Zhang Yi couldn't stop smiling. From now on, he could stay hidden and take down enemies from a distance!

Downstairs, the neighbors, hearing the gunshots and seeing Huang Wei's men fall one by one, were terrified.

“That gunshot came from upstairs!”

“It must be Zhang Yi!”

“A sniper rifle, from that distance, one-shot kills. Zhang Yi must be a sharpshooter!”

Stunned and fearful, they realized Zhang Yi could kill them as easily as squashing an ant.

Their imagination ran wild, making Zhang Yi seem like an elite soldier hiding in the city.

“It’s best to obey Zhang Yi from now on.”

“Yes, we’re only alive because Zhang Yi hasn’t turned against us.”

This night, Zhang Yi’s reputation skyrocketed. Anyone with some knowledge of firearms knew the difference between the power of a handgun and a sniper rifle.

When a handgun could dominate a building, the thought of someone wielding a sniper rifle was terrifying.

Zhang Yi put away the sniper rifle and massaged his shoulder. The recoil had made his shoulder ache.

Uncle You sent a message, asking if Zhang Yi was the one shooting. Recognizing the sound as a sniper rifle, he was curious if Zhang Yi had military experience.

Zhang Yi replied, "I got it from the police station today."

Uncle You, impressed, asked, "Were you in the military? Your marksmanship is incredible."

Zhang Yi laughed, "Just a natural talent."

Uncle You didn't press further, assuming Zhang Yi didn't want to talk about it. He was relieved to know it was Zhang Yi's shooting. If it were someone else, they would be in danger.

After chatting briefly, Zhang Yi went back to his room, lying in his warm, soft bed.

The next morning, he woke up around nine, washed up, and let Zhou Ke'er out of her room.

"Make something to eat. I want some freshly made food. How about two bowls of spicy noodles?" Zhang Yi said.

Zhou Ke'er smiled, "My cooking isn't as good as the restaurants."

Zhang Yi shrugged, "Just practice more. We have plenty of time."

Tired of restaurant food, Zhang Yi craved some homemade dishes for a change.

Zhou Ke'er obediently went to the kitchen and soon returned with two bowls of spicy noodles. Zhang Yi took a bite, finding the taste quite good.

As they sat at the table, Zhou Ke'er curiously asked, "I heard gunshots last night. Were you shooting from the balcony?"