

## Ice Age 89

### Chapter 89: The Warehouse District

Zhang Yi glanced at Zhou Ke'er and smiled. "Yes."

He took a bite of the noodles. Zhou Ke'er's cooking was average, but noodles are relatively simple to make, so they were decent enough.

"I found it while I was out. It's a sniper rifle," Zhang Yi said casually.

Zhou Ke'er's beautiful eyes sparkled with excitement. "A sniper rifle? Do you know how to use it?"

"Not only do I know how to use it, but I'm also very good at it," Zhang Yi boasted. "Last night, I took down seven people with seven bullets."

Men love showing off their trophies to women, and Zhang Yi was no exception. He felt proud and wanted to impress Zhou Ke'er.

Zhou Ke'er looked at Zhang Yi with admiration. Being with such a capable man gave her a stronger sense of security.

"Zhang Yi, you're amazing!" she exclaimed, resting her chin in her hands and gazing at him with admiration.

Zhang Yi chuckled, "Aren't you curious about how I know how to use a sniper rifle?"

Zhou Ke'er shook her head. "What does it matter to me? Even if you were a murderer or a psychopath in the past, I'm sticking with you now. It's better than dying out there, right?"

Zhang Yi nodded, "You're smart, unlike some foolish women who always ask too many questions."

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In Building 26, the Tianhe Gang discovered the bodies of Huang Wei and his men in the morning.

Huang Tianfang had felt something was wrong when he heard the gunshots last night but didn't dare check until morning. Seeing the ten corpses piled outside, he was filled with rage, but his fear was ten times greater.

The Tianhe Gang was now down to nine people, significantly weakening their combat power. Even if they forced the remaining residents to join, it wouldn't compensate for the loss of skilled workers. If a fight broke out with another building, they'd be at a severe disadvantage.

"They have guns, not just any guns, but possibly rifles or sniper rifles," Huang Tianfang said gravely. "The shots last night were dense, which means they have plenty of ammunition. This opponent is not to be underestimated."

His men were equally terrified.

"Boss, what do we do now? Big Wei and the others are dead. We've lost half our people. Do we still fight?"

Huang Tianfang looked viciously towards Building 25. "Fight my ass! They have guns. What do we fight with?"

His men grew anxious. "But if we don't rob his supplies and snowmobile, we won't have enough food to last a few days!"

After a moment of silence, Huang Tianfang said, "Tonight, we'll go and retrieve Big Wei's body."

His men exchanged uneasy glances. They had been through thick and thin together, and now they had to... They felt a pang of sorrow but remained silent. Survival took precedence over everything else.

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After Zhang Yi and Zhou Ke'er finished eating, Zhang Yi stood up. "I'm heading out."

Zhou Ke'er quickly stuffed a bag of chips into her pocket. Zhang Yi didn't say anything but, this time, he didn't put away the two boxes of food in the kitchen. After living together for a while, he trusted Zhou Ke'er's intelligence. She wouldn't betray him unless a better opportunity presented itself.

Zhang Yi went downstairs. The guards on duty straightened up immediately upon seeing him.

"Brother Zhang, are you going out?"

Zhang Yi nodded, "Keep up the good work!"

He climbed out of the west wing window, then pretended to go to the garage. Soon, he rode his snowmobile out of the neighborhood.

Many eyes watched him from behind windows, their gazes filled with complex emotions—excitement, envy, and anger.

In Building 21, the self-proclaimed Tianlang Gang, composed of young men in their twenties, watched Zhang Yi leave.

Tianlang Gang leader Wang Qiang, holding a bloodstained machete, frowned. "Where does he hide his snowmobile?"

Last night, he had sent people to steal Zhang Yi's snowmobile.

His second-in-command, Xiao Lu, replied, "Our neighborhood is quite large, and he's hidden it well. It's hard to find."

Wang Qiang scoffed, "We must get that snowmobile no matter what! With it, we can search for supplies and expand our gang."

Xiao Lu nodded, "Indeed. Heroes rise in troubled times. This era is our opportunity!"

He looked in the direction Zhang Yi had gone, his eyes bloodshot. "But first, let's find some cigarettes. I haven't smoked in half a month; I'm going crazy!"

Elsewhere, leaders of other units discussed Zhang Yi. To them, Zhang Yi was both a threat and an opportunity. He had guns, including high-powered rifles, but also a snowmobile for fetching supplies. Some wanted to fight him, others to cooperate, but one thing was certain—they would soon confront him.

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Zhang Yi first checked nearby supermarkets but found they were all buried under snow. Even the small ones were completely covered.

"It seems the entire city is off-limits for food unless the snow melts. Only large supermarkets and warehouses are viable options."

Zhang Yi thought of the place where he used to work.

In the southwest direction of the Economic Development Zone, there was a large area of warehouses built by various companies due to cheap land prices.

Zhang Yi had already looted the Walmart warehouse, but other companies' goods—medical supplies, food, cars, toys—were still there.

"Let's take a look. Maybe there's something useful."

He decided and headed towards the warehouse district.

The warehouse was about ten kilometers away, so he arrived in under twenty minutes. The area was vast, with tall factory buildings that hadn't accumulated too much snow.

As Zhang Yi approached, he could still see some rooftops.