

Ice Age 94

Chapter 94: Chen Lingyu from Building 9

After Zhang Yi and Zhou Ke'er returned to their room, Zhang Yi threw off his cold-weather gear, sat on the sofa, and cursed vehemently, "That damned crazy woman!"

He sprawled out on the sofa, relaxing.

Zhou Ke'er walked into the bathroom, and after a while, she came out carrying a basin of hot water. Smiling, she knelt in front of Zhang Yi, gently removed his cotton socks, and began to wash his feet.

"Did that scare you just now?" she asked softly.

Zhang Yi leaned back against the sofa and replied, "Not really. Ever since the apocalypse began, nothing surprises me much anymore. In chaotic times, even the most absurd things can happen."

He was wearing a police-issue bulletproof vest. Unless the old woman was a nimble assassin capable of precisely targeting his neck, she couldn't hurt him. And Zhang Yi wasn't a stationary target; he could dodge.

"Did anything happen in the neighborhood while I was out? Especially in the other buildings, any unusual activity?" Zhang Yi inquired.

Zhou Ke'er nodded slowly. "I was just about to tell you."

Zhang Yi sat up slightly, his eyes filled with curiosity and caution. "Oh? What happened?"

While massaging his feet, Zhou Ke'er explained, "The person in charge of Building 9 is a former patient of mine, named Chen Lingyu. She contacted me today, hoping I could bridge a connection between you and her. She said she wanted to discuss something with you."

Zhang Yi frowned slightly. "Building 9, Chen Lingyu?"

The name was unfamiliar to him. Despite living in the same neighborhood, Yue Lu was vast, stretching about 500 meters from north to south. Building 25, where he lived, and Building 9 were like the ends of a village, with no daily interaction.

"What does she want to discuss?" Zhang Yi asked.

Zhou Ke'er shook her head. "She just said she wanted to talk about a collaboration with the head of Building 25. But the specifics need to be discussed with you."

Zhang Yi sneered. "Collaboration? Nonsense!"

"I lack nothing, while they're just waiting to die in their building. What can they offer in collaboration?"

Zhou Ke'er smiled lightly. "So, should I tell her you're not interested?"

Zhang Yi waved his hand. "No need to rush. Hmm... tell me about her and the situation in their building."

Zhou Ke'er then shared the information she had gathered.

Chen Lingyu owned a beauty and cosmetics company in Tianhai City valued at two billion yuan. Although it was called a cosmetics company, it was essentially a multi-level marketing enterprise. Chen Lingyu, 38 years old, had above-average looks and a strong, assertive personality—a typical tough businesswoman. She had met Zhou Ke'er during a visit to the First People's Hospital for treatment. Their relationship was limited to occasional nods of acknowledgment.

Building 9 was now under Chen Lingyu's and her subordinates' control. According to Zhou Ke'er, it was well-managed, with only ten deaths so far.

After hearing this, Zhang Yi cracked his knuckles and nodded. "In times like these, a woman managing a building? This Chen Lingyu is quite capable!"

Zhou Ke'er sighed lightly. "Yes, after all, she's been brainwashing people for years through her MLM business. She's skilled at manipulating people."

Zhang Yi laughed. "That's a ruthless person! Truly ruthless, willing to betray even family. Such a woman must not be underestimated!"

Zhou Ke'er nodded in agreement. "I don't have a good impression of her either. We hadn't been in touch for a long time, and today she suddenly reached out, asking me to relay a message."

Zhang Yi shrugged. "It's not surprising. News of my snowmobile and ability to gather supplies has spread throughout the neighborhood. Who wouldn't be jealous? Who wouldn't want my snowmobile?"

Zhou Ke'er nodded again. "So, do you still want to talk to her?"

Zhang Yi placed his hand under his chin, pondering for a few minutes. "Let's talk."

"I want to know what the other buildings are planning. At least I shouldn't provoke them all at once. Otherwise, if all 29 other buildings turn against me, it won't be good."

If Zhang Yi stayed in his fortified home, he wouldn't fear them. But now that he knew the outside world was a treasure trove, he needed to continue going out to gather supplies. For that, he couldn't afford to antagonize all the other buildings just yet.

While enjoying Zhou Ke'er's meticulous massage, Zhang Yi opened his WeChat. He had over 99 friend requests, most of which he ignored, as they were usually people begging for supplies.

Among the friend requests, the first one he noticed was from "A: Chen Lingyu, President of Furong Group." Her profile picture showed a woman in a business suit, white shirt, arms crossed, with an exaggerated smile—the typical profile picture of someone in MLM.

Just as Zhang Yi was about to accept, another slightly familiar profile picture caught his eye. Business people often used their personal photos as avatars, and Zhang Yi immediately recognized this one.

It was Li Jian, the CFO of Walmart South China. Zhang Yi had met him once at a company annual meeting.

Li Jian's friend request was sent just this morning, around 10:30 AM, shortly after Zhang Yi had left the neighborhood.

"It seems he's reaching out for the same reason," Zhang Yi thought.

After a brief consideration, Zhang Yi decided to accept both friend requests simultaneously.

Both responses were almost immediate.

"Mr. Zhang, hello! I'm Chen Lingyu from Building 9. I'm currently in charge here. I'd like to discuss something with you."

"Hello, Mr. Zhang. I'm Li Jian from Building 18. Thank you for accepting my friend request. I'd like to discuss cooperation on behalf of the residents of Building 18."

Zhang Yi opened Chen Lingyu's chat first.

"What do you want to discuss?"

Chen Lingyu replied quickly, "Text chat is inconvenient. Can we have a voice call?"

"No, I'm not available for that. Just say what you need to here."

Zhang Yi's response was cold. He knew MLM women too well; give them an inch, and they'd talk your ear off for days.

"State your business concisely. I'm not a patient man and dislike wasting words."