

Ice Age 27

Chapter 27: Kicking Lin Xiaohu

Soon, Zhang Yi heard Aunt Lin's shrill scream, like that of a pig being slaughtered.

After storming into the apartment, Chen Zhenghao slapped Aunt Lin hard across the face.

"You old hag, tricking the neighbors out of their supplies! I'm doing this as a service to justice!" Chen Zhenghao laughed heartily.

Aunt Lin was knocked to the ground, her head spinning, unable to speak for a long time.

Chen Zhenghao ordered his men, "Search the place! Take all the food and drink. This was collected from the neighbors and shouldn't go to waste on her!"

His henchmen laughed, winking at each other, and swarmed into the kitchen and bedrooms, ransacking every corner of Aunt Lin's house.

They quickly found a large stash of instant noodles, bread, biscuits, bottled water, and more.

Aunt Lin crawled over, crying, and clutched Chen Zhenghao's leg, pleading, "You can't take everything. Some of this is for my grandson and me. How are we supposed to survive if you take it all?"

Chen Zhenghao stared at her coldly and sneered, "Not my problem! Get lost!"

With that, he used his good leg to kick her in the face.

"Ah!!"

Aunt Lin screamed and fell backward.

At that moment, a shout came from the bedroom, "You bastards, get out of here!"

It was Aunt Lin's grandson, Lin Xiaohu, who had seen them take the chocolate biscuits he had hidden. His eyes turned red with rage.

He pulled out a fruit knife from a drawer and stabbed one of Chen Zhenghao's henchmen in the buttocks.

In such extreme cold, any injury could be fatal.

The henchman yelled in pain.

When he turned and saw it was a child who had stabbed him, his eyes flared with anger!

"Damn you!"

Enraged, the henchman kicked Lin Xiaohu in the stomach with all his strength.

The full-force kick from an adult was not something a six-year-old could withstand.

Lin Xiaohu screamed and was sent flying through the air, crashing into the wall and sliding down like a rag doll.

The scene was exactly like the saying, "hitting someone like hanging a picture."

Chen Zhenghao and his men burst into laughter at the sight.

"Haha! Fifth Brother, when did you get so good at kicking?"

"You actually sent that little brat flying. Impressive!"

The henchman, nicknamed Fifth Brother, pulled the knife out of his buttocks and said smugly, "How's that? Too bad you didn't get that on video!"

Aunt Lin, herself injured, had initially wanted to play dead on the floor.

But seeing her beloved grandson kicked so hard, she cried out in despair, "Hu, my grandson!"

She crawled over to Lin Xiaohu.

Chen Zhenghao pointed at Aunt Lin and said righteously, "This is the price you pay for deceiving your neighbors. I'm doing this as a service to justice!"

With that, his group laughed heartily and left Aunt Lin's house with their spoils.

Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow at this brutal scene.

Seeing the despicable Aunt Lin and her family beaten up brought him immense satisfaction. He felt no sympathy for them.

However, this scene also signified the beginning of the collapse of civilized society within the building.

From now on, violence and savagery would only increase.

After all, once a crack appears in the ice, it rapidly expands.

"Alas, it's a shame it doesn't concern me."

"Watching them fight to the death over a few supplies, while I lie at home comfortably, is quite dull."

Lying on his imported sofa, Zhang Yi smiled contentedly.

Then he uploaded the recorded video to the group chat.

The chat was filled with residents cursing Aunt Lin for deceiving them.

When they saw the video Zhang Yi had uploaded, showing Chen Zhenghao breaking into Aunt Lin's house and beating her and her grandson, they cheered.

"Haha, the swindler got what she deserved!"

"Brother Hao is awesome! This is how you deal with such people!"

"That's the price for being a liar!"

"Hehe, trying to steal a chicken but losing the bait. Hilarious!"

Although they knew Chen Zhenghao wouldn't return the stolen supplies, they were delighted to see Aunt Lin beaten.

Some even started praising Chen Zhenghao as a hero.

"Brother Hao is the best!"

"No wonder he's a big shot. He has a strong sense of justice!"

"If it weren't for Brother Hao, we wouldn't have known what to do with that shameless old hag."

"Brother Hao, be careful. That old hag might report you to the police."

Some even offered advice to Chen Zhenghao, showing concern for him.

Chen Zhenghao had gained both fame and fortune, not facing any collective opposition from the residents and securing a large amount of supplies.

Zhang Yi watched the chat and smirked, shaking his head.

The residents failed to realize one crucial point.

If Chen Zhenghao could break into Aunt Lin's house today, he could do the same to theirs tomorrow.

As people gradually lost hope for the outside world, such events would only become more common.

However, seeing the residents still chatting happily in the group suggested one thing.

Despite their complaints, they still had some supplies.

Many residents worked in warehouse districts and had a habit of stockpiling supplies.

Even those who didn't work in such areas had purchased discounted goods through various channels.

A box of nearly expired instant noodles could sustain a family of three for five days if rationed carefully.

Therefore, while staying warm and well-fed was challenging, survival was still possible with careful rationing.

In his previous life, Zhang Yi survived for a month before starving neighbors broke in and devoured him alive.

Everyone knew the saying "Don't flaunt your wealth," and in the current situation, no one dared show they had supplies.

They all pretended to be in dire straits to avoid others asking to borrow from them.

However, they were merely surviving, with no quality of life.

Zhang Yi stopped reading the chat.

He took out a target from his interdimensional space and set it up against the wall.

Then he picked up his crossbow and compound bow, practicing his shooting skills.

Even though his safe house was as solid as a fortress, survival in the apocalypse required constant vigilance.

Only by practicing survival skills daily could he ensure his continued survival.

Moreover, practicing shooting was an enjoyable pastime for Zhang Yi.

He didn't need to practice his marksmanship with firearms.

As a member of the shooting association, he knew how to use guns.

While not an expert marksman, holding a gun was inherently intimidating!

With only a hundred bullets, unlike reusable arrows, he needed to conserve them.