

## Ice Age 28

Chapter 28: One Pack of Instant Noodles for 2000 Yuan!

Aunt Lin had been robbed of her supplies by Chen Zhenghao, and both she and her grandson Lin Xiaohu were severely beaten.

Though the old woman managed to hold on, she was still able to move around.

However, her grandson Lin Xiaohu, who had been kicked hard in the stomach by one of Chen Zhenghao's underlings, was in a dire situation.

A six-year-old couldn't withstand such a blow, and his internal organs were severely injured.

In her desperation, she could only plead for help in the group chat, hoping someone would help save her grandson.

But due to her previous deceit in swindling supplies, no one felt any sympathy for her.

"Please, I know what I did before was wrong, but my grandson is innocent!" she cried.

"He's just a child. Please, someone save him!"

Aunt Lin's desperate cries filled the chat, but no one offered to help.

Instead, they mocked her.

"Who knows if this is true or another scam."

"Yeah, besides, we're not doctors. We can't help you."

"If you hadn't swindled supplies from everyone, Brother Hao wouldn't have beaten your grandson. It's all your fault."

Aunt Lin broke down, sobbing uncontrollably, "It's all my fault! I'll kneel and beg if someone can save my grandson!"

At that moment, a woman named Zhou Ke'er sent a message.

"Let me take a look at the child. I can't guarantee I can save him, though."

Zhang Yi immediately pictured a tall, imposing woman with a long ponytail.

Zhou Ke'er was a doctor at Tianhai City's First People's Hospital.

In his previous life, she had saved many lives with her medical knowledge and was one of the few good people among the neighbors.

Usually aloof and not one to chat much in the group, she spoke up now because she saw Lin Xiaohu was in critical condition.

Aunt Lin, remembering the doctor in their community, profusely thanked her and quickly sent Lin Xiaohu over.

Half an hour later, Aunt Lin's anxious voice rang out in the group again.

"Does anyone have hemostatic drugs, anti-shock medication, or antibiotics?"

"My grandson needs surgery. Please, help us! I'll kneel and beg!"

Lin Xiaohu was severely injured, his liver ruptured by the kick.

Although Zhou Ke'er was a doctor, she didn't have the necessary medications at home.

The residents laughed off Aunt Lin's plea.

"No one keeps those kinds of medications at home!"

Chen Zhenghao added sarcastically, "How about kneeling and begging right here in the group?"

A wave of "hahaha" messages followed.

Aunt Lin's voice, trembling with tears, pleaded, "If you can help, I'll kneel and beg right now!"

Zhang Yi raised an eyebrow.

He did have those medications in his interdimensional space, but he had no intention of giving them up to save Lin Xiaohu.

Firstly, in the apocalypse, medications were as crucial as food, and he didn't want to expose his supplies.

Secondly, he despised Aunt Lin and her spoiled grandson.

Even if Lin Xiaohu miraculously survived, he wouldn't last through the harsh winter.

It was better to keep the medications for himself.

No matter how much Aunt Lin begged in the group, no one stepped forward to help.

Eventually, Zhou Ke'er sent another message.

"I've temporarily stabilized Lin Xiaohu, but it's just an emergency measure. He needs proper surgery at a hospital to survive."

She also offered to treat any urgent medical issues the residents might face.

The group chat quickly filled with praises for her.

Even Chen Zhenghao and the wealthy heir Xu Hao eagerly lauded Zhou Ke'er's benevolence.

On regular days, the aloof doctor didn't receive much attention from the neighbors.

But now, everyone feared death, so they showered her with praise.

Zhang Yi stayed silent, merely observing the situation unfold.

For the past few days, Fang Yuqing hadn't contacted him.

Zhang Yi was quite content with the peace, knowing she would eventually come to him for help.

For now, she maintained her pride, considering herself too superior to lower herself for a man.

Except for wealthy men, of course.

But what about later?

The snow continued to fall, burying the entire first floor.

Leaving the community was impossible, and even exiting the building meant facing over five meters of snow.

Running out of supplies was inevitable.

When that time came, Fang Yuqing's nature would drive her to seek Zhang Yi's help.

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A week had passed since the apocalypse began.

Seven days might not seem long, but for those enduring extreme cold, confined to their homes, it felt like an eternity.

Initially, they held onto hope, but now, most had come to terms with reality.

Waiting for rescue was a slim possibility.

News of the global snow disaster, a once-in-a-hundred-thousand-year event, had reached them through the internet.

The entire world was buried in snowstorms, with temperatures in some northern cities dropping to below minus one hundred degrees, making rescue operations impossible.

Although the government encouraged unity and survival through limited channels, the sight of the frozen city had crushed their spirits.

As supplies dwindled, the situation became more desperate.

Aunt Lin's food had been taken by Chen Zhenghao, and her grandson lay critically injured, driving her to madness.

She ranted in the group, demanding everyone hand over their supplies, claiming her authority as a community staff.

But now, the residents were wiser and ignored her.

In the chat, a mother named Xie Limei, who lived on the 12th floor suddenly sent a message.

"Does anyone have food? My child and I haven't eaten in two days. I can pay a high price!"

This message caused a subtle shift in the group.

Previously, everyone believed the disaster would soon pass and the city would reopen.

While there were food transactions, the prices were only slightly higher than usual.

But now, as supplies ran out, food became life itself.



Soon, someone responded, "I have a few packs of instant noodles. If you want them, it's 1000 yuan per pack."

A pack of instant noodles for 1000 yuan!

In the past, this was unimaginable.

No one realized the impact this transaction would have on the entire building.

Zhang Yi, resting his chin on his hand, looked at his phone and murmured, "Interesting times are ahead."

Xie Limei hesitated, still holding onto a sliver of hope that the snow disaster would end.

But then, Xu Hao, the wealthy heir who hadn't spoken in the group for a while, suddenly chimed in.

"I'll pay 2000 yuan per pack! How many do you have? I'll buy them all!"