

Ice Age 59

Chapter 59: Use More Force, Haven't You Eaten?

Separated by just a window, the people outside braved the fierce wind and snow, hammering at the glass with twisted expressions.

Inside, Zhang Yi lay leisurely in his recliner, enjoying his delicious food.

The stark contrast drove the neighbors outside nearly mad with jealousy.

They cursed loudly, their voices hoarse and eyes bloodshot.

“Zhang Yi, you just wait! I'll kill you soon!”

“When I break this glass, you're dead, you selfish scum!”

“You won't be arrogant for much longer; today is your death day!”

“All that food and hot coffee, it's all mine, all mine!!”

Hearing this, Zhang Yi raised his coffee and gestured toward them.

“Keep it up, you can do it!”

Soon, the people outside grew tired.

This was the 24th floor, with strong winds and heavy snow quickly lowering their body temperatures.

They had to switch out every ten minutes.

But after half an hour, the glass only had a few small scratches.

Their hearts sank further into despair.

However, the sight of Zhang Yi's comfortable life behind the transparent glass filled them with jealousy, preventing them from giving up.

Half an hour later, they were still at it.

Zhang Yi noticed a few of Chen Zhenghao's subordinates among the crowd.

Clearly, Chen Zhenghao wasn't completely uninvolved in this.

Zhang Yi decided it was time.

He got up from his recliner, walked to the coffee table, and picked up a bottle.

The glass outside was frosted, and the neighbors didn't know what Zhang Yi had, thinking it was just a drink.

But then they saw him light something with a lighter.

A hole appeared above them, and a ball of fire was thrown out.

As a countermeasure, Zhang Yi's home had shooting holes at the front and back.

The bottle arced through the air, and in the shocked eyes of the crowd, it hit the ground.

“Smash!”

A clear sound, followed by roaring flames!

Zhang Yi had made Molotov cocktails. Even in extremely low temperatures, gasoline could burn fiercely, releasing heat.

Gasoline splattered everywhere, igniting immediately!

The balcony was small, and the down jackets and cotton pants of the dozen people caught fire, quickly engulfing them in flames.

Zhang Yi's mouth twisted into a playful smile as he lit another Molotov cocktail and threw it outside.

“Ah!!! Fire, fire!!!”

The dozen people crowded together, with the divided balcony making it hard to jump to the neighbor's balcony.

They couldn't escape, and the flames consumed them.

Zhang Yi watched them turn into twisted, burning fireballs.

Some tried to roll on the ground, using the snow to extinguish the flames, but the effect was too weak.

Gasoline can burn even when wet.

Others tried to climb to the neighbor's balcony but lost their grip in their panic and fell from the 24th floor.

With a long scream, they plummeted.

From that height, the snow below might not cushion their fall enough to save them.

Physics dictated that even if they survived, they'd be severely injured, their internal organs ruptured.

Essentially, they were as good as dead.

Zhang Yi laughed, "At least falling to your death is better than burning to death!"

"Bang!"

A grim face suddenly pressed against the glass, twisted and terrifying, glaring hatefully at Zhang Yi.

“Help me, save me!”

In extreme pain, he begged Zhang Yi for help.

Zhang Yi raised his coffee cup in a mock salute.

“Save you? Go to hell, trash!”

The man’s desperate cries were drowned out as the flames consumed him.

On the neighbor’s balcony, sixty or seventy people waiting to take turns were pale with fear at the sight of this hellish scene.

“Help, save me!”

“I don’t want to die, please help!”

The burning people tried to climb over, grabbing the railings.

But a man on the neighbor’s side kicked their hands without hesitation.

“Get away! You’re already done for; don’t drag us down!”

He kicked harder when they wouldn’t let go, eventually kicking their fingers off.

The man struggled for a while, then looked at them in despair before falling at the railing.

The smell of burning flesh filled the air, a scent familiar from summer street vendors.

In a short time, all the dozen people had died.

Some had only been lightly burned initially but were prevented from escaping by their neighbors, who feared the flames would spread to them.

Some, in too much pain, jumped from the 24th floor.

The burning fire brought a rare warmth to the people.

Slowly, they moved closer, warming their hands, sneaking looks of satisfaction.

The fire burned for over twenty minutes before dying down.

The neighbors looked at the charred bodies with fear in their hearts.

They had lost over thirty people trying to get to Zhang Yi!

With no way to break down the doors or walls, how could they seize Zhang Yi's supplies?

Despair filled the air.

But another feeling grew stronger, changing the neighbors' expressions.

Starving for so long, they couldn't ignore the horrifying thought creeping into their minds.

Their throats moved constantly.

Suddenly, a woman started crying.

“I can't take it anymore!”

After working all day, they had hoped to break into Zhang Yi's apartment easily.

But the results left them in despair!

So many dead, yet they hadn't even cracked Zhang Yi's walls or windows.

She ran to Zhang Yi's balcony, and Zhang Yi thought another group was coming to hammer the glass.

But she suddenly knelt before the glass.

“Zhang Yi, I'm starving, please save me! Just give me a piece of bread!”

She wasn't alone. Others came, kneeling and crying, begging Zhang Yi for food.

Their plight was truly heart-wrenching.

Most of those kneeling were women, hoping to gain Zhang Yi's sympathy.