

Ice Age 64

Chapter 64: Enjoying the Benefits of Scheming

Zhang Yi could accept Zhou Ke'er, but she had to prove herself first. Zhang Yi's requirements were simple: be useful, pose no threat, and above all, don't be a saint. He had confidence in the first two points but wanted to see if Zhou Ke'er could be ruthless when necessary.

He assigned her a task.

Zhou Ke'er did not immediately respond, clearly struggling with the decision. Zhang Yi wasn't in a hurry; time was on his side. If Zhou Ke'er couldn't pass the test, he would abandon her without hesitation. After all, Zhang Yi was in good health and the likelihood of sudden illness was low. He also rarely went outside, minimizing the risk of injury. Zhou Ke'er's survival, however, was uncertain.

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The next day, Zhang Yi slept until ten in the morning. After getting out of bed and freshening up, he changed into his workout clothes and started exercising on the treadmill. In the apocalypse, maintaining good physical fitness was crucial for dealing with danger and avoiding illness.

He ran for an hour, sweating profusely, then took a hot shower. The sense of pride he felt was overwhelming; such luxuries were unimaginable for many people now.

Suddenly, there was a loud noise from outside.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Zhang Yi quickly wrapped himself in a towel and went to investigate. He heard cursing from Zhou Peng. Turning on the surveillance, Zhang Yi saw Zhou Peng hacking at his door with two kitchen knives.

"Zhang Yi, get out here! All you do is hide inside like a coward, you useless piece of trash!"

Zhang Yi smirked, "Oh, really? Go on, then. What's next?"

It was laughable. Those who couldn't survive dared to use provocations against Zhang Yi? They were the ones desperate, not him.

Zhou Peng was using his left hand to strike the door, barely able to lift his right arm. Zhang Yi realized Zhou Peng's arm was infected. Upon closer inspection, he saw that it was swollen.

Approaching the door, hands in his pockets, Zhang Yi calmly said, "Zhou Peng, feeling the effects of infection?"

"I remember in biology class, the teacher told us about wound infections."

"Tetanus bacteria on the rusted iron enter your wound, proliferating like maggots on a corpse."

"Your arm's wound must be at least ten centimeters deep. Despite the cold outside, your flesh is warm, a perfect breeding ground for bacteria."

"The wound festers, exuding pus, as the bacteria multiply and eat away your flesh. Eventually, they travel through your bloodstream, infecting your entire body."

Zhang Yi's vivid description made Zhou Peng's arm ache even more. Cold sweat poured down his face as he felt the bacteria consuming his body.

Even knowing Zhang Yi was trying to scare him, he couldn't suppress the terror.

"Ahhh! Zhang Yi, I'll kill you!"

Zhou Peng had lost his mind, knowing he was doomed. He made one last desperate attempt, though it was futile.

In the next room, Chen Zhenghao's subordinates heard Zhou Peng's screams and asked, "Should we kill him?"

Chen Zhenghao thought for a moment and said, "He's nearly dead from infection. You want to eat diseased meat?"

They exchanged looks and decided not to take the risk.

Zhou Peng continued hacking at the door, cursing Zhang Yi, until he was exhausted and slumped to the ground, crying for mercy.

Zhang Yi sighed, "You're done for. Your wound is rotten and beyond saving. You might as well do something you've never dared to do while you're still alive."

Tears filled Zhou Peng's eyes. Hearing Zhang Yi's words, he fell into deeper despair.

Was he really going to die?

Fear consumed him, but soon, anger took over. With nothing left to lose, he was no longer afraid.

Struggling to his feet, Zhou Peng kicked Zhang Yi's door, but the pain from the hard door almost made him faint.

Ignoring the pain, he staggered back to his place, seeing Sun Zhichao using a candle to heat a knife before pressing it to his wound.

"Sizzle—"

The sound of burning flesh and the smell of smoke filled the air as Sun Zhichao screamed in pain despite biting down on a cloth.

He hoped this would kill the bacteria, but it was a futile, ignorant attempt.

"Brother..."

Wang Min watched Zhou Peng with sorrow, unable to offer any comfort.

She knew Zhou Peng wouldn't last much longer. The stench of rotting flesh filled their home, an unbearable pain for the living.

Zhou Peng ignored Wang Min and headed to where Fang Yuqing was held.

Seeing Zhou Peng, Fang Yuqing screamed, "Zhou... Zhou Peng? What are you doing?"

Zhou Peng approached her, his bloodshot eyes fixed on her.

"Yuqing, will you marry me?"

Even at the end of his life, this pitiful man only wished to marry Fang Yuqing, a ridiculous yet humble request in the apocalypse.

Fang Yuqing, pinching her nose in disgust, replied, "No, I won't!"

Zhou Peng's heart shattered. He had given so much for Fang Yuqing, even his life, yet she had never felt a thing for him.

"No!! You love me, you do! I must have you, even if I die!"

Losing his mind, Zhou Peng was determined not to die without getting what he wanted.

Outside, no one cared about the noise. To them, Fang Yuqing was the cause of their misery and deserved her fate.

"Get away from me! You stink, it's disgusting!"

Fang Yuqing yelled.

"You dare call me disgusting?"

Enraged, Zhou Peng ripped off his bandage. His wound was swollen, black, and oozing pus.

In a horrifying move, he grabbed the rotting flesh and stuffed it into Fang Yuqing's mouth.

"Eat it! Eat it!"

Fang Yuqing gagged and retched, but Zhou Peng forced the rotten flesh into her mouth.

Zhou Peng grinned maniacally, feeling unprecedented satisfaction as he humiliated his so-called goddess.