

## **Ice Age 65**

### Chapter 65: Zhou Ke'er's Decision

Zhou Peng tore off Fang Yuqing's clothes, disregarding the room's temperature of over minus sixty degrees Celsius. Fang Yuqing lay there helplessly, her eyes vacant.

But when Zhou Peng took off his pants, he discovered a cruel reality—he couldn't get an erection.

In such extreme cold, and with his deteriorating physical condition, even given the chance, he couldn't perform.

“Get up! Get up!” Zhou Peng tried various ways to stimulate himself, but nothing worked. It seemed like that part of him had lost all sensation.

Seeing this, Fang Yuqing sneered, “You really are useless!”

“Ahhhhh!!!!”

Zhou Peng's desperate scream echoed through the room, resembling the howl of a defeated beast.

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Zhou Ke'er, after a night of deep contemplation, finally gave Zhang Yi a definitive answer. She knew this was Zhang Yi's test for her.

Although it was extremely dangerous, if she didn't do it, she knew she would soon die at the hands of Chen Zhenghao and his men.

She had to take the risk.

That evening, Chen Zhenghao and his men were sitting in the living room, and he sent one of his lackeys to the kitchen to cook.

Zhou Ke'er, who was observing from the corner, suddenly stood up and said, "I'll help him."

Chen Zhenghao's cold gaze fell on her, and he smiled eerily.

"Hahaha, I knew you couldn't hold out any longer!"

Zhou Ke'er's whole body tensed, her blood nearly freezing.

Chen Zhenghao continued, "Two days without food—anyone would break. Dr. Zhou, it's not shameful to want to live!"

Zhou Ke'er breathed a slight sigh of relief and bit her lip. "You're right, I don't want to die; I want to live."

Chen Zhenghao, thinking she had come around, nodded, "That's the right attitude. You're still useful to me. I don't want you to die too soon!"

Zhou Ke'er took a deep breath and silently turned to help in the kitchen.

The kitchen was filled with bloodstains, and even with a stuffy nose, the stench was overwhelming.

Suppressing her nausea, she began chopping wood and lighting a fire as directed by the lackey.

Given the energy crisis, they were forced to burn furniture for cooking.

The makeshift stove in the kitchen held a large iron pot.

Once the fire was lit, snow in the pot began to melt into water.

The melted snow was murky and filled with impurities, but in these dire times, no one could be choosy.

While watching the lackey, Zhou Ke'er also observed the activity outside the kitchen. Her palms sweated nervously because if she were caught, she would surely die.

After a while, the lackey threw some ingredients into the pot and added some random spices.

“Watch it,” the lackey said coldly, leaving the kitchen.

After ensuring it was safe, Zhou Ke'er took a small bottle from her pocket. She hurriedly unscrewed the cap and poured a heap of white powder into the pot.

Afterwards, she quickly hid the bottle and stirred the powder into the soup.

Despite the danger, no one noticed her actions.

Later, Zhou Ke'er brought out a large pot of food, and everyone eagerly gathered to eat.

Zhou Ke'er also took a bowl of soup to gain their trust and returned to her room.

No one cared about her; they only focused on eating the hot food that represented survival.

Sitting on her bed with the bowl of soup, Zhou Ke'er waited.

She had added a large dose of sleeping pills to the pot. As a doctor, she knew the effects well—this amount would knock out even an elephant.

Soon, she heard the snores from the living room.

Cautiously, she found everyone asleep on the sofas and chairs.

Zhou Ke'er held her breath and messaged Zhang Yi.

“I drugged them heavily. They’re all unconscious. What’s next?”

Zhang Yi had been waiting for her message to confirm she could complete the task and prove her value.

“Drag them to the balcony,” Zhang Yi replied.

Zhou Ke'er bit her lip. This was a terrifying task, as she could be killed if they woke up.

However, as a professional doctor, she was confident in the drug's potency.

Following Zhang Yi's instructions, she dragged each person to the balcony. Even in the freezing cold, they remained deeply unconscious.

Zhang Yi watched everything from his window, satisfied.

After completing the task, Zhou Ke'er asked with trembling voice, "What now?"

"Wait a moment," Zhang Yi said, putting down his phone.

He retrieved a thick winter coat and ten child-sized ropes from storage space.

Armed with a loaded crossbow, a machete, and a handgun for extra safety, he felt a sense of security.

Opening the locks on his balcony door—each with fingerprint, electronic, and physical mechanisms—Zhang Yi stepped outside for the first time since the apocalypse began.

Despite the cold wind, his professional-grade winter clothes kept him warm.

Zhou Ke'er shivered near the window, hugging herself.

“Are you going to kill them?” she asked.

Zhang Yi grinned, raising his gun at the unconscious thugs and tossing the ropes at Zhou Ke'er's feet.

“Not me, you are.”