

Ice Age 72

Chapter 72: Uncle You's Request for Medicine

Upon hearing Zhou Ke'er mention her previous aid to Aunt Lin, Zhang Yi glanced at her.

Zhou Ke'er quickly explained, fearing Zhang Yi would think she was too saintly. "At the time, the snow disaster had just begun. I thought it would pass quickly."

Zhang Yi chuckled dismissively, placing his phone on the table and folding his hands. "That's not the issue."

"The supplies you gave them should have been used up by now. What has she been surviving on?"

Zhou Ke'er, still chewing on a piece of rib, paused and placed the rib back into her bowl. "Lin Xiaohu died about ten days ago because there were no medications."

Zhang Yi nodded. "That makes sense then." He laughed suddenly. "Aunt Lin always said Lin Xiaohu was her darling, and she would do anything for him. Looks like she did just that."

Zhou Ke'er couldn't help but cover her mouth, giving Zhang Yi a reproachful look. "I'm eating!"

"Hahaha!" Zhang Yi laughed heartily, pleased with his successful joke. Having someone to talk to made life more enjoyable.

While they were chatting, they suddenly heard shouts from outside.

They both turned to look out the window.

On the balcony of building 18, about ten meters to the west of their building, a naked man stood, raising his arms to the wind and shouting. Then, as they watched, he jumped off like a diver.

Zhou Ke'er frowned slightly, sighing. "When will this snow disaster end?"

In these apocalyptic times, many people chose to end their lives out of despair.

Zhang Yi shook his head. "Who knows? Changes in nature aren't something humans can control with current technology."

"As long as we can stay alive, that's all that matters."

Just then, Zhang Yi's phone rang. He picked it up and saw it was Uncle You, the security guard.

With his experiences from his past life, Zhang Yi only trusted two people in this life: Uncle You and Zhou Ke'er. Both had sacrificed themselves for others, adhering to human moral principles until their deaths.

That's why Zhang Yi allowed Zhou Ke'er to live in his house as a servant.

Uncle You was the second most well-prepared person in the building after Zhang Yi. As a single man in his sixties, without children, and working as a security guard, he had stocked up on cheap instant noodles and sausages to save on living costs.

Zhang Yi answered the phone.

"Hello, Uncle You."

"Zhang Yi, hey... how... how are you doing?" Uncle You stammered, his voice carrying a hint of awkward laughter.

Knowing Uncle You for many years, Zhang Yi understood that such behavior usually meant he needed something but felt embarrassed to ask.

Considering Uncle You's background, Zhang Yi figured he could lend him some supplies. After all, as a former soldier with good combat skills, Uncle You could be a useful ally in dangerous situations.

So, Zhang Yi was happy to extend small favors to him.

"Uncle You, I'm doing alright. It's just that with another person in the house, supplies are running out faster."

He glanced at Zhou Ke'er, who blushed and continued eating her meal.

"Oh, that is a problem. More people mean more consumption. Yes, that's true." Uncle You's tone grew weaker, indicating he was finding it hard to ask his favor.

After hesitating for a while, he finally spoke. "Zhang Yi, I need to ask you something."

"Uncle You, no need to be polite. Just say it. If it's within my power, I'll help."

Uncle You, embarrassed, said, "It's like this. Xie Limei's daughter Tang Bao has a fever, and I don't have any medicine."

"Her whole body is red, and Xie Limei and I are worried sick. Do you have any medicine?"

His voice trembled with urgency and pleading.

Zhang Yi's eyes widened in surprise. He didn't expect Xie Limei to find herself a caretaker like Uncle You! She certainly had good taste, finding the second most resourceful person in the building after him.

However, remembering Xie Limei's situation from the past life, Zhang Yi quickly understood. She looked pitiful but had survived longer than him, clearly not as simple as she seemed.

Xie Limei, not yet thirty, was quite attractive, scoring a solid six, and her figure was voluptuous despite having given birth.

A lifelong bachelor, Uncle You was naturally drawn to her allure.

Zhang Yi decided not to meddle in others' private affairs. If Xie Limei could secure someone to care for her child, that was her skill.

"Congratulations, Uncle You!" Zhang Yi said.

Uncle You, embarrassed, replied, "Congratulations for what? We're just surviving together. You know my situation. If not for this snow disaster, I wouldn't have found a partner."

Zhang Yi said, "I still have some medicine. You can come and get it later."

His tone was light, but mentioning "some" conveyed an important message—that he didn't have much left. Yet, in these harsh conditions, he was still willing to give it to Uncle You, showing his generosity and reliability.

Uncle You was moved, struggling to speak. "This... Zhang Yi, how can I thank you?"

"You've helped me twice now. If you ever need me, and I say no, then I'm not human!"

Moved, Uncle You made a vow.

Zhang Yi smiled. "Uncle You, we've known each other for years. In my eyes, you're like my own uncle!"

"Don't be polite. Come and get the medicine."

Zhou Ke'er, sitting across from him, pouted playfully and made a funny face at Zhang Yi. She realized that beneath his stern exterior, he had a cunning side.

After hanging up, Zhou Ke'er asked curiously, "Are you really that close with Uncle You?"

Zhang Yi picked up his bowl and chopsticks, replying casually, "Human relationships are based on mutual benefit. This is especially true in the apocalypse."

"Uncle You is kind and strong. Making him owe me a favor could be useful in the future."

He paused for a moment.

"And on a personal level, I don't want his humanity to be lost in this apocalypse. That's a precious thing."