

## Ice Age 92

### Chapter 92: If You Don't Save My Grandson, You Deserve to Die!

After distributing the food, Lin Cainin caused another commotion but was beaten badly by Zhang Yi's lackeys, Jiang Lei and Li Chengbin. Then, Zhang Yi sent everyone back home.

As Zhou Ke'er walked beside him, she linked her arm with his and whispered, "Something feels off in the neighborhood today."

Zhang Yi subtly withdrew his arm and asked indifferently, "Oh? What's going on?"

Zhou Ke'er hesitated momentarily, realizing that Zhang Yi didn't want to be restrained in any way, especially outside their home. "I have this strong feeling that many eyes are watching us. It's quite unsettling."

Zhang Yi laughed lightly, "It's not surprising. The appearance of a snowmobile is bound to attract envy. This is the South, and such a vehicle is extremely rare. Having it means being able to go out and search for supplies, which translates to survival. Who wouldn't want that?"

Zhou Ke'er looked worried. "Do you think people from other buildings might attack us too? It could become very dangerous."

Zhang Yi looked around to ensure no one was nearby and then lowered his voice. "We have plenty of cannon fodder, don't we? And besides, no matter how capable they are, breaking into our home is nearly impossible."

Zhou Ke'er laughed, "But if people are desperate, who knows what they might do!"

Zhang Yi nodded, "You're right about that."

As they conversed, Zhang Yi habitually scanned their surroundings. He noticed a black crack at the edge of his vision. As they passed the 13th floor, he saw the iron door of the stairwell slightly ajar with a blood-red eye staring through the gap.

"Who's there!" Zhang Yi's muscles tensed. Even with his bravery, the sudden encounter made him uneasy.

The stairwell door burst open with a bang. A disheveled woman rushed out, wielding a bloodstained kitchen knife, and aiming at Zhang Yi's head.

"Ah!!" Zhou Ke'er screamed.

Zhang Yi quickly pushed Zhou Ke'er aside, causing himself to fall as well. The knife missed its target. The woman, however, continued her assault. Zhang Yi rolled down the stairs, protected by his thick clothing and bulletproof vest, preventing serious injury.

As he steadied himself several floors down, he recognized the woman—Aunt Lin, who had disappeared for a long time. She relentlessly pursued him, eyes bloodshot, brandishing the knife.

"Zhang Yi, you must pay for my grandson's life!"

"Damn old hag!" Zhang Yi, now composed, retrieved a thick crowbar from his alternate space and swung it at her. The narrow stairwell left Aunt Lin no room to dodge. The crowbar didn't hit her head but struck her shoulder instead.

"Crack!"

Zhang Yi heard the sound of bones breaking. The frail woman crumpled to the floor, clutching the bloodstained knife, glaring at Zhang Yi with hatred.

"Kill... kill you! Avenge my grandson!"

Zhang Yi coldly stared at her and then smashed the crowbar onto her hand, shattering her fingers and making her drop the knife.

"Ah!!!" Her screams echoed through the stairwell.

Hearing the commotion, the patrol team rushed over. Seeing Zhang Yi and Aunt Lin, they asked, "Brother Zhang, what happened?"

Zhang Yi replied icily, "This old hag tried to kill me!"

The men cursed, "This old woman deserves to die!"

"Brother Zhang is our hope. If she wants to kill you, we should just kill her!"

"She's crazy. She's going to be a problem if left alive."

Aunt Lin had indeed lost her mind, constantly spouting nonsense in the group chat before disappearing.

Zhang Yi said, "Go back. I'll handle this."

They didn't dare disobey and left quietly. Zhou Ke'er, standing on the stairs, looked worriedly at Zhang Yi.

"Zhang Yi, are you hurt?"

Zhang Yi pointed at Aunt Lin's head, "She can't hurt me!"

Aunt Lin defiantly glared at Zhang Yi. "Zhang Yi, you deserve to die! You killed my grandson. You'll go to hell for this!"

Zhang Yi didn't immediately act. He calmly asked, "Your grandson wasn't killed by me. Why are you seeking revenge from me?"

Aunt Lin had timed her attack perfectly, waiting for Zhang Yi to return and then ambushing him. Zhang Yi had been momentarily distracted by his conversation with Zhou Ke'er, allowing her to get close. Normally, his vigilance would have prevented such an ambush.

Zhang Yi wanted to know why this madwoman had targeted him.

Aunt Lin, eyes filled with hatred, snarled like a rabid dog. "My grandson died because of you! You deserve to die! I should drink your blood, eat your flesh, and bite you to death!"

Zhang Yi remained calm. "But I didn't kill your grandson. In fact, I'm your benefactor. It was Chen Zhenghao's men who kicked your grandson to death. I killed Chen Zhenghao for you. You should be thanking me."

Aunt Lin hesitated, and then her anger flared. "Don't pretend to be a good person! My grandson didn't die right away. He suffered and died because you wouldn't give me the medicine to treat him. You're the murderer!"

Spittle flew as she raged, her eyes bloodshot like a vengeful ghost.