

Ice Age 93

Chapter 93: The One at Fault Is You

Zhang Yi finally understood the whole story.

“Oh, so that's how you see it,” he said, nodding. “But isn’t there some misunderstanding here?”

He looked down at Aunt Lin, meeting her hateful gaze. Then he lowered his voice, speaking softly, “You know, I’m actually quite soft-hearted, despite my tough exterior.”

“How could I bear to watch a child die in agony?”

“So, later on, I did bring medicine to your house.”

Aunt Lin’s eyes widened. “You’re lying!”

“No, I’m not lying. I really did go to your house. Think carefully. Oh, maybe you were too focused at the time and forgot.”

A hint of regret appeared in Zhang Yi’s eyes. “Actually, Lin Xiaohu was still alive then. I clearly saw his chest moving.”

“But why did you...?” Zhang Yi sighed. “He had a chance to survive, but you took that away from him. You’re such a good grandmother!”

His gaze turned cold, and his tone became icy.

Aunt Lin’s already unstable mind became even more chaotic upon hearing Zhang Yi’s words. Her eyes showed a mix of panic and confusion.

“Could it be that Hu wasn’t dead? Did I really kill him by mistake?”

“No, impossible! Hu was dead. You killed him!” Aunt Lin screamed.

Zhang Yi laughed, pointing at Zhou Ke'er. “If you don’t believe me, ask Doctor Zhou! Could Lin Xiaohu have been saved?”

Aunt Lin turned her head blankly to look at Zhou Ke'er.

Seeing Zhang Yi’s sinister smile, Zhou Ke'er felt a chill run down her spine. She finally understood why Zhang Yi hadn’t killed Aunt Lin right away and instead engaged in such a long conversation with her. He didn’t just want Aunt Lin dead; he wanted to destroy her mentally and emotionally.

Zhou Ke'er nodded slowly. “Yes, Lin Xiaohu could have been saved.”

“I contacted Zhang Yi at the time, and he agreed to send the medicine.”

“But you didn’t wait. You wrongly assumed Lin Xiaohu was dead. If you had waited a little longer, maybe he wouldn’t have died.”

Zhou Ke'er didn't finish her sentence, knowing it was already devastating enough.

Aunt Lin clutched her face, wailing in agony.

“No, that can’t be! I didn’t know he was still alive. I thought he was already dead!”

Her already broken mind further fragmented. She couldn’t distinguish reality from her chaotic memories. Her hatred for Zhang Yi had kept her going, but now his words and Zhou Ke'er’s confirmation shattered her world.

“Could it be that I, not Zhang Yi, was the one who killed my grandson?”

Zhang Yi suddenly shouted, “Hahaha, so that’s how it is!”

“This is the great grandmother of the Lin family, who claimed to love her grandson but ended up killing him herself!”

“You really loved him!”

“Your son and daughter-in-law entrusted their child to you. Can you face them now?”

Aunt Lin’s eyes grew vacant, and she clutched her head, howling in pain.

“No, that’s not true! It’s not true!”

“Yes, it is!” Zhang Yi taunted.

“No, it’s not true!”

“Yes, it is! You did it!”

Aunt Lin wailed in despair, while Zhang Yi stood by, adding fuel to the fire.

Even Zhou Ke'er felt a chill. Zhang Yi was terrifying in his methods. It was a mistake to provoke someone like him.

“Ah!” Aunt Lin suddenly screamed and ran headfirst into the wall.

She had lost all will to live. For her, death was the only escape.

But at the critical moment, Zhang Yi decided to play the hero. “Stop!” he shouted, kicking Aunt Lin away.

She tumbled down the stairs, her body falling to the next floor.

Zhang Yi sighed deeply. “Aunt Lin, you have to look ahead. Don’t give up on life!”

“After all,” his smile grew colder, “you survived by sacrificing your grandson. How will you face your family if you die now?”

Aunt Lin coughed up blood, unable to speak, but her eyes were filled with pleading.

“Please, stop. Please, don’t say anymore!”

Neighbors, alerted by the noise, came to see what was happening.

“Look everyone, Aunt Lin wants to kill herself!” Zhang Yi called out.

“How did she survive this long? Do you still have food at home?”

The neighbors looked at Aunt Lin with disgust. Despite doing whatever it took to survive, no one could stomach the idea of harming their own loved ones.

Aunt Lin, overwhelmed by the scornful gazes, coughed up more blood, her eyes filled with pain and struggle.

“She won’t last long. Half an hour at most before she freezes to death,” Zhou Ke'er said quietly to Zhang Yi.

Zhang Yi had beaten her so severely that her internal organs were damaged.

“Freeze to death?” Zhang Yi frowned. “That’s too cruel. In this cold weather, letting her freeze to death is inhumane!”

The neighbors were shocked by Zhang Yi’s words.

Was Zhang Yi going to spare Aunt Lin?

Zhou Ke'er, knowing Zhang Yi well, glanced at him. "What are you planning?"

Zhang Yi sighed, "It's hard for an old woman. Let's make her warm before she goes."

He pretended to reach inside his coat but actually took out a bottle of alcohol from his alternate space. He unscrewed the cap and poured it over Aunt Lin.

The neighbors then understood Zhang Yi's intention. Despite their shock, they found it fitting—after all, this was Zhang Yi.

When had he ever shown mercy?

After emptying the bottle, Zhang Yi quickly stepped back, lit a cigarette, took a few puffs, and then flicked it at Aunt Lin.

"Whoosh!"

Flames erupted, engulfing Aunt Lin in seconds.

Her screams echoed through the stairwell.

Zhang Yi turned away, not bothering to look back.

The neighbors, terrified, quickly made way for him, their eyes filled with fear.