

## Chapter 388

Although it was still dark outside, the wind and snow gradually stopped.

They held hope when they heard the car noise coming from outside of the hotel. "Thank god, the rescue team is finally here."

The binoculars were placed in the suite on the upper floor. However, there were no joyful looks on Charles and the others' faces when they came down.

Christina walked quickly towards them. "Didn't you see the car?"

Charles stood in the middle of the lobby on the first floor and looked at the anxious crowd around him. He raised his head and said loudly, trying to let everyone hear his voice.

"There are three cars parked in the area to the west side of the mountain."

"But they're too far away. The headlights aren't bright enough, and the binoculars can't see that far. I recognized the hotel logo on the cars."

In other words, the cars were not from the rescue team.

Charles was calm, and he added, "I think they are the repairing cars we sent but got lost later."

Everyone looked disappointed.

Everyone was talking at the same time. Only pieces of conversations could be picked up, "They're not here to save us."

"No one will come. The furniture is burned out. Without food, we will die here soon." The desperate voices rose again.

"Everyone, be quiet!"

Charles felt annoyed. He rushed over and pushed a copper knight beside him to the ground. After hearing the sound, everyone stopped complaining.

The room became quiet. No one was making a sound.

Charles looked at the crowd with burning eyes and talked to them, "I do have two good news."

"Although the cars we found are not from the rescue team, it is not a piece of bad news either. The hotel repair team has a satellite phone. I can use the satellite phone to ask my friend for help. My friend has connections with the military, and we will be rescued soon."

"Secondly, the wind and snow had slowed down a bit. The weather is not as terrible as we thought, and it will get

better soon."

Charles was trying to cheer them up, so he only told them about the bright side.

At least they won't be too desperate.

Christina pulled Charles to the corner and whispered to him using the language others couldn't understand, "Is there anything wrong?"

"The snowstorm did slow down, and the repair team also had a satellite phone, but," Charles lowered his voice, "It's strange that all three cars were parked with their lights on, but they didn't move."

"We thought that now the storm has stopped, we could go out to them."

Charles and the others were discussing who should go out and how to do it.

"We can't go on foot. It's too slow."

Someone suggested, "Without a car, the easiest way to go down the hill is to use a skateboard."

"It's too dangerous at night."

"We still have a few high-power torches to light up the road. We can pick the ones who can ski. There's nothing else we can do now. I think those cars were parked there because they were in an accident. We can't all wait here to die. We have to go to look for the satellite phone."

Christina listened to their discussion. She thought for a while and took a step forward. "I can go."

Before she could finish her sentence, Charles immediately pushed her behind him. "I'll go."

Christina looked at him and said, "I'm better at skiing."

Charles looked at her seriously and said, "No."

"Why?"

Charles became very agitated and shouted, "I said no."

"I brought you here. What should I tell Patrick if anything happens to you?"

Christina pursed her lips and stopped arguing with him.

The people in front of them turned around to see what had happened. They didn't say anything because they couldn't understand their language. However, they've witnessed Christina's excellent skiing skills.

"Are you going to ski down the mountain now?" She looked at Charles and the others worriedly.

Chandler walked over and patted Christina on the shoulder. "The cars are parked on the hillside. Plus, the west side of the mountain is not that steep. Now that the wind has stopped as well. Although it is night, we can go slowly and bring the flashlight. If it goes well, we can locate them in an hour and..."

"We can leave soon as long as we find a satellite phone and get in contact with Patrick."

Crystal saw them were discussing something, and she came nervously with Geoffrey in her arms. "Chandler, Are you going with them? With your skill?"

She was telling the truth. Among all the tourists, Christina and a few others were the best. Chandler was at most an intermediate player.

Charles was a little annoyed. "We've asked them. They don't want to risk their lives."

They were the kind that was very wealthy but was not willing to help at risk.

At this moment, the photographer, who had been directing the tourists, also walked over. The tall and skinny man listened quietly to their conversation but did not speak.

Christina checked out the photographer a few more times. No one knew how good the photographer was at skiing. He did nothing other than take photos with his camera when he arrived at the hotel. He didn't seem interested in skiing.

He was not interested in skiing, but he chose here for a vacation. Christina had a feeling that he was not only a photographer. He looked very professional in treating the old man with stroke just now. He also had a unique vibe.

Just as Christina was thinking, Charles and the others had made a decision.

"Stop wasting time. We'll be doomed if the snowstorm comes back later. Although Chandler's not that good at skiing, he knows how to repair machinery. The cars below probably had some problems and couldn't restart. The west side of the mountain is not as steep as its east side. We'll be fine."

They started packing their tools after saying that. They put on their winter jackets, opened the hotel door, and strode out.

Before Charles left, he seemed a little worried and turned to talk to Christina.

"Be sure to stay at the hotel, and don't go anywhere."

Christina replied, "I know. I'll take care of Crystal and the others."

Crystal held Geoffrey in her arms. Geoffrey waved at his father and shouted at the top of her voice, "Dad, come back soon."

Charles did not dare to waste any time. He couldn't waste time being emotional at such an urgent moment.

Charles and the others slid down the mountain in a row, and the hotel door slammed shut behind them.

The people in the room dispersed and returned to their original positions.

At this time, all they could do was wait for Charles and the others to bring them the good news.

Christina led Geoffrey back to their original position. The photographer glanced at them with a strange look when they passed by him. His thin lips curved too.

She turned around vigilantly and saw that the photographer had turned around and strode away as if what happened was her illusion.

Christina lowered her head to pack her things. She had brought down some comforters, lighters, and a cooking knife from the suite. It was a six-inch-long steel knife. The steel was of good quality, and the blade was very sharp.

She hid the lighter in her pocket and the steel knife at her waist.



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"Mrs. Hopkins, how long will it take my father and Uncle Shepherd to come back?" Geoffrey asked.

It was snowing so hard tonight that the child could not sleep peacefully. Geoffrey leaned against Christina tightly and looked worried with his bright eyes.

"They'll be back soon." Christina comforted.

Christina didn't know exactly when they would be back and had to wait for them. Seeing that Geoffrey's little face was a little red, she immediately touched his forehead to check if he had a fever.

Christina found that he seemed to have a fever with a hot forehead.

As Christina glanced at Crystal, Crystal nervously touched his forehead and found he really had a fever. Then Crystal gently asked, "Geoffrey, do you feel uncomfortable?"

Geoffrey listlessly shook his head in a low voice. "I'll be fine. Don't tell my dad."

Crystal worriedly wrapped him in more quilts.

Christina thought for a moment and got up. "The hotel usually has some medication on hand, including cold medicine. I'll go find it."

When Christina walked through the crowd in the lobby and was about to ask the hotel staff for the medicine, she was stopped by two well-dressed young women.

The two beautiful foreign women with blonde hair and blue eyes suddenly knelt in front of Christina. "Miss, we beg you to save my father."

Christina was shocked.

"We can't just stand by and watch our dad die. He's in pain and needs to be sent to the hospital immediately." They said.

They referred to the old man who had suffered a sudden stroke. He lay flat on a long table and kept warm with a blanket in terrible condition.

"We are from a famous local family. You take my father's belt buckle and contact the people in the town. They will immediately send someone up the mountain to save us. We will definitely reward you with a large sum of money."

Crystal saw that Christina was stopped over there and decided to see what happened after asking Barbara to look at Geoffrey.

"Do you want Christina to ski down the mountain now?" Crystal asked.

Crystal was shocked and angry when she figured out their intention. "Although the storm has stopped, everyone knows that the ski resort in the east is so steep that it is dangerous to ski during the day after the snowstorm. Now it's late at night, she will die!"

A few more men came over aggressively. "This young lady is very professional in skiing. She must be able to go down the mountain."

Christina expressionlessly said, "I'm sorry."

In this situation, everyone had to keep themselves alive, not save others.

Christina promised to stay to look after Crystal and friends and would not leave this place because she would die if she skied down the steep slope in the east of the mountain although it would only take 20 minutes.

When the two beautiful women who had been kneeling on the ground heard her refusal, they immediately stood up to glare at her angrily and scolded when pointing at Christina's face. "You selfish person."

"You watched an old man die in such a cruel way. In spite of your ability to help us, you have refused us ruthlessly."

The woman shouted in a shrill and harsh voice.

Christina kept silent and felt that these people were ridiculous.

Christina thought that they only cared about the safety of their own relatives, not the lives of others.

As Christina dragged Crystal away, one of the men behind suddenly shouted angrily, "My father could not die in this way. You have to go down the mountain!"

"What, what do you want to do?!" Crystal asked.

Crystal looked frightened and saw the man holding a pistol at Christina.

As they were getting noisier and noisier, the onlookers retreated in fear. From time to time, someone shouted, "Put down the gun."

Christina seriously pushed Crystal behind and subconsciously touched the steel knife at her waist with her right hand.

"Your father has a stroke and is ill. I'm sorry, but I could not help you." Christina said.

Christina tried to calm down and confronted the man in front.

The man, in his 40's, was nervously holding a gun and put the gun on safety to wave it in the crowd.

"You ruthless woman, you refuse to help us and watch my father die in this way. You will have a bad day. We will die together if you refuse to help me!"

As the man brandished this gun and pointed it randomly at people, people screamed and dodged in fear.

The man was crazy to threaten Christina with a gun at this moment.

Someone in the crowd shouted in fear, "I've seen you ski. You're a professional skier and can go down the mountain to save the old man."

"The old man is very pitiful. He made a great contribution to the local community when he was young. You should take the risk for him to go down the mountain. This is your honor."

Someone shouted, "You are the only one who has the ability to not save him from death!" They were all blaming Christina in unison.

"You cowards!" Barbara said.

Barbara walked over with Geoffrey in her arms and felt furious. "You're bullying her. We are foreign visitors, but we are just as human as you. You think you're noble and don't care about other people's lives. You are obviously very skilled in skiing. Why don't you dare to go down the mountain? You are the cowards." Barbara scolded.

"Shut up!" These women were enraged.

"I order you to go down the mountain right now to find someone, or I'll kill him now!" The man ferociously suddenly aimed the gun at Geoffrey.

Crystal rushed over in a panic, "Calm down!"

Christina was afraid that Crystal would really provoke the man and immediately grabbed her when glaring angrily at the so-called nobles in front.

Barbara hugged Geoffrey tightly and was frozen when facing the black metal muzzle in front.

There was silence in the lobby.

After all, Geoffrey, a child held back his tears and looked at Christina in fear.

"Don't cry," Christina whispered to him.

Geoffrey sobbed and trembled because he had a fever and was now frightened when he held back his tears and looked very distressing.

"I promise to ski down the mountain. Put down your gun." Christina had to say.

Christina had to answer angrily.

But these noble women said, "We're going to the ski resort now. As long as you follow our orders and go down the

mountain to find someone to save my father, I won't hurt the people here..."

The man held the gun and asked Geoffrey to be the hostage.

When Barbara carried Geoffrey to the ski resort step by step, Christina and Crystal followed them vigilantly. Behind them were several noblewomen with guns, as well as a few unfamiliar tourists.

When they walked half an hour to the ski resort, one of them was holding two high-lit torches. Though the snow had stopped, it was freezing outside.

Christina changed the ski equipment because she needed someone to bring the flashlight and another person to go down the mountain.

At this moment, the tall and thin photographer stepped forward. "I'll go."

Christina looked at the photographer and felt that this man was unusual.

But the man with the gun chose a bearded man who was also very good at skiing and asked the photographer to stay here because he knew some emergency medical skills and could help the old father who was dying. The bearded man was pushed out.

"Why should I go? No!" The bearded man said.

The bearded man cursed angrily when he was forced to ski by two strong men

But no matter how hard he struggled, the bearded man had to do what they said when he faced the dangerous muzzle.

Christina looked down the steep mountain and felt frightened when seeing that it was dark and gloomy.

Geoffrey in Barbara's arms shouted at Christina and cried, "Mrs. Hopkins."

"Christina, you, you will be fine, right?" Crystal asked.

Crystal was flustered and bordered on crying. Crystal looked very pale and pretended to be strong. "It's okay."

"Hurry up. Go down the mountain now. It's only about 20 minutes down the steep mountain here. To find the mayor of the town immediately." The man with the gun urged impatiently.

Christina ran to Crystal to give her the steel knife. When Christina lowered her head to fetch the steel knife at her waist, Crystal was standing opposite and suddenly looked frightened.

"Christina, what that is?" Crystal tremblingly looked at the mountain.

At that moment, the ground shook.



The crowd screamed and ran around in panic.

As the snow rushed down fiercely and rapidly, everyone was trapped in snow and could not escape.

As the two lighted torches fell to the ground, people hastily ran around in a panic. Someone fell and others screamed.

Barbara hugged Geoffrey and fell into the snow. In this situation, she was so scared that she crawled on the snow and kept trembling.

Barbara raised her head and looked at the avalanche in horror.

"Crystal, run, don't look back. Run all the way to the right!" Christina shouted.

At the critical moment when Christina first noticed Geoffrey who was sitting in the snow and shocked, she shouted at Crystal.

"I'm going to find Geoffrey. Crystal, don't look back. I can't protect so many of you. Run!" Christina said.

The avalanche shook the entire mountain and engulfed everything. Soon, all people who were screaming and crying were buried alive.



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Finally, the repair team was found.

"You lost contact with the hotel. Do you have an accident?"

"We got a notice that there was no signal nearby that night. Ray is indifferent. It was snowy and a fallen tree was in our way after we drove for some time. We had no navigator and lost our way after driving for a while. A car was trapped and we were anxious..."

They talked. Everyone looked tired and weak. It was freezing cold and the car engine was broken. They could only wait for help with the headlights on.

The leader of the team said slowly, "We tried to ask for help with the satellite phones, but we failed. The people at the foot of the mountain are influenced by the weather. The communication apparatus in the town is seriously damaged. And we couldn't get through the public emergency call." He was in despair.

"Give me the satellite phone." Chandler urged anxiously.

The leader roared in despair, "We cannot get through. I've tried hundreds of times!"

Chandler was serious. He got into the car and rummaged for their backup tools.

After he found the black satellite phone, he was relieved. It would be out of battery. He dialed the number.

Chandler was anxious. He held the phone and waited.

He waited for some time but no one answered.

"Damn it!"

"What's Patrick doing?" Chandler cursed irritably.

Seeing that he couldn't get through, the leader sneered, "It suddenly snows. The weather bureau didn't predict the extremely cold weather. The people at the foot of the mountain are busy dealing with the traffic... We have to wait for at least three days for their help."

"We can't wait three days!"

Charles gritted his teeth and roared.

He kept calming himself down before. He was shocked now and ran to Chandler. He urged, "Keep calling Patrick."

The leader was exhausted and leaned against the back seat, "No one will come in the snowstorm..."

"What's it?"

Suddenly, they looked around in horror. The mountain shook.

The leader was experienced. He got out of the car and looked to the east of the mountain. He said in a hoarse voice, "It is an avalanche."

Charles looked at the mountain. It was a ski resort. He didn't know why he was anxious.

"Fortunately, no one will go to the ski resort now... there are several avalanches after a snowstorm every year. It is disastrous. It seems that a lot of equipment has been destroyed."

The leader took out a pair of binoculars from the car. He was serious and looked at the mountain that was smashed by the heavy snow. The trees and equipment were buried in the snow.

It was white there.

It was empty and silent.

"There is another sound..." Charles looked up at the dark sky excitedly.

It was the sound of mechanical rotation. It was a helicopter!

They jumped out of the car and looked up in unison. The sound of the helicopter was getting bigger. They were ecstatic.

"Helicopters!"

Two helicopters appeared. They were illuminated by the high-intensity lights.

They waved excitedly at the sky and shouted, "Here, here..."

"Help.."

The helicopter flew through but didn't land.

They were anxious and shouted at the sky, "Here! Help us!"

The sound of the helicopter was loud and their voice could not be heard.

Charles looked at the helicopter in the air. He grabbed the binoculars. Damn it. He would remember the department.

When Charles saw the logo on the helicopter through the binoculars, he was stunned.

Just then, Chandler grabbed Charles's shoulder and shouted, "The line is through!"

He was excited and pointed at the sky.

"Patrick is up there!"

Charles looked at the people on the helicopter. It was dark and the light was too bright. He felt uncomfortable, but he saw Lucy, who looked down on the helicopter.

Patrick was here.

Charles was angry and despaired before, he was hopeful now. He couldn't react for a moment and muttered, "Patrick comes with them..."

Lucy and the other people on the helicopter only did some special tasks for Patrick and didn't work for IP&G Group.

A helicopter began to land. The grass and trees were blown to the side by the wind of the helicopter.

The people on the ground raised their arms to block the wind. They narrowed their eyes and looked at the helicopter. After it landed, the leaders and his teammates ran ahead immediately.

Lucy came out of the plane quickly. She looked cold and asked, "Where is she?"

The leader and his teammates just rushed to the helicopter. They wanted to leave immediately.

Lucy was tough. She reached out to stop them at the door. She looked at them with sharp eyes and repeated impatiently, "Where is she?"

They were tired that they didn't understand her, "Help us! We haven't had food for a whole day..." After that, they tried to push Lucy away rudely to get on the helicopter.

LUCY didn't use any weapon and grabbed the man in front of her by the throat with one hand. The man was pained and begged for mercy in suffocation.

The leader saw the weapons in the helicopter. He didn't dare to offend her.

"Let him go." Charles panted and ran over.

Lucy, Patrick's trump card, was so ruthless.

Lucy recognized Charles and said directly, "Get on." She let go of the man and pushed him to the ground ruthlessly.

Chandler got in with the leader.

"You can't leave us here..."

The people on the ground shouted angrily in vain. Lucy didn't even glance at them. She commanded the pilot, "Catch up with the helicopter in front."

The helicopter slowly took off and flew to the Peak Hotel.

"Where's Patrick? Is he in the helicopter in front?"

Chandler calmed down on the plane.

He looked at Lucy, who was tall and had an exquisite face. She was a short-haired European beauty, but she was ruthless. Charles thought that he should avoid contacting her as much as possible.

Lucy was cold. She looked around the sky, "He is at where Christina is."

Charles replied, "She is in the Peak Hotel..."

Lucy turned to him and smiled strangely, "It'd better be like this."



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## Chapter 391

Lucy acted abnormally.

Charles was a little confused by her strange smile. He sat in the helicopter and looked down at the white snow-capped mountains. When he saw the ski resort in the east, he felt rather unnerved.

When the helicopter landed on the hotel tarmac, Charles was startled. "Avalanche..."

"You were all waiting in the hotel after the avalanche. It's none of your business. But where are the rest people?"

Charles ran over to grab one of the hotel staff's collars, shaking the man excitedly and rashly. "Tell me, where are my companions?!"

Christina, Crystal, Geoffrey, and even Barbara were all nowhere to be seen...

The people who stayed in the hotel didn't seem to want to talk about the topic. They all looked very strange and deliberately lowered their heads as if they were guilty and remorseful.

Charles raised his hand and punched the silent man in the face. "I'm asking you!" The man hissed in pain and pushed Charles away.

"Who the hell are you?" Two other hotel staff ran over to stop Charles.

Lucy was standing at the entrance of the hotel when someone ran over and whispered in her ear.

Then she looked surprised and quickly shouted at Charles, "Ignore these fools and come with me!"

"What do you mean!" The other tourists in the hotel shouted at Lucy and Charles.

"Where are you going?"

"Didn't you come to save us from the mountain?"

There came two helicopters successively. The men who got off the plane ten minutes ago wore a cold and terrifying look. He seemed to be looking for a woman. Then he rushed to the ski resort without uttering a word.

They came with professional treatment equipment and some military weapons.

Wasn't he the official who was sent to rescue them?

Lucy looked coldly at the anxious and haggard tourists in the room and sneered. "Did we say we were here to save you?"

What a sarcastic rhetorical question.

The quiet crowd immediately began to stir. "You didn't come to save us from the mountain, did you?"

Chandler looked all over the hotel lobby. He was so anxious that he rushed to Lucy and grabbed her. "Do you know where Christina and Geoffrey are?"

"They are buried alive in the ski resort by the avalanche."

Lucy spoke concisely and expressionlessly.

Chandler froze, unable to accept the sudden news. "How could it be!"

He screamed hysterically, "How could Christina and Geoffrey go outside! Impossible!"

Charles was pushing through the crowd towards Lucy. When he heard their conversation, he immediately recalled the avalanche that had taken place before, and he felt devastated...

Another man in a black special uniform ran up to Lucy and whispered, "Mr. Hopkins is already at the ski resort. Three male bodies have been found so far... Mr. Hopkins asked you to contact the rest of the helicopters immediately. The armored vehicles must be here within 30 minutes."

Lucy looked awful, "What if we get corpses..."

She turned her head and looked straight at the group of tourists with sharp eyes. She warned fiercely, "All the young men step out and immediately go to the ski resort to dig for missing people."

"Why?"

"It's so cold outside. Do you want us to freeze us to death?!"

The tourists were shouting angrily. Lucy hated talking to those stupid people. She said coldly, "If you find them, you will survive. If you can't, you will die here!"

The passengers standing in front did not make a sound any longer. Seeing Lucy run anxiously towards the helicopter room, they did not dare to delay.

It was snowy and icy cold.

The sudden avalanche destroyed and buried everything. Christina felt someone crying in her ear. The person called out to her and shook her body.

When she endured the pain and slowly opened her eyes, she haven't regained all her consciousness. She just felt chilly cold.

It was a dark night. On the snow-capped mountain, the temperature was below zero. Even when breathing, there was a burning pain in her lungs. There was blood on her forehead, and the smell of blood was on her lips.

"Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Hopkins..."

Geoffrey, who was in her arms, was crying hysterically. His small hands were red and swollen from the cold. He shook her in fear and helplessness, and he kept crying.

Christina subconsciously reached out to touch the wound on her forehead. When she saw Geoffrey, she suddenly came back to her senses.

"Are you hurt?"

She anxiously cupped his face in both hands to check if he was hurt. When she opened her mouth, she found that her throat had become dry and hoarse, probably because of the terribly cold weather.

Geoffrey saw that she had finally opened her eyes, he cried bitterly. He hugged her neck and couldn't stop crying. "Mrs. Hopkins, I'm so afraid that you'll die..."

"It's okay." Christina's eyes were red.



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## Chapter 392

The avalanche was coming and crashing down. She could hear screams of panic.

Christina was glad that she was forced to ski down the mountain, so she was wearing winter clothes. When she rushed over and grabbed Geoffrey, she immediately unzipped her winter coat and hugged Geoffrey tightly.

She was hit by the heavy snow and rolled down the mountain.

She felt that she might really die on this snowy mountain. Her mind was empty and she could not think about anything. When her forehead heavily the sharp stone, the pain made her clear and she struggled to climb behind the big stone to hide.

Christina's forehead ached. In the gelid weather, she let out a long puff of white fog and froze all over.

At least she was still alive.

Holding the stone, she slowly stood up. Geoffrey was tired from crying. He hugged Christina's neck tightly in fear and did not dare to move. Christina stood up straight and looked at the white snow in front of her.

How many people were buried alive in this avalanche?

Christina sniffled and muttered, "I don't know how Crystal is..." She was in a low mood.

She could no longer remember the scene. It happened too suddenly and she was flustered.

The crowd screamed in horror, scrambled to push, and there were chaotic footsteps on the snow. Everyone ran around in a panic.

After the avalanche, it was dreadfully quiet.

She didn't know where she was now.

Christina took a few steps forward. She raised her head and could not see the hotel on the mountain top. She thought that she was probably hit by the avalanche to the mountainside.

Suddenly, there was some movement in the snow on her left.

At night, her vision was hazy, and there seemed to be someone in the snow. The person struggled to reach out for help and Christina could hear some weak cries.

Christina immediately put Geoffrey on the ground. She quickly ran over and pulled the people out of the snow.

"Crystal!"

When she saw the woman's slender arm, she first thought that it was Crystal. However, when she pulled her out of

the snow, Christina found that it was Barbara.

"Save me. Help..."

Barbara, who was in a mess, cried after being pulled out. She seemed to be scared. Her clothes were torn and her hair was in a mess. She crawled on the snow, keeping crying.

Christina was in no mood to comfort anyone even she saw how frightened Barbara was.

Christina Looked at the snow-capped mountain in a desperate mood. "How many people could still live?"

Geoffrey's clothes were not enough to resist the cold, and he almost had a fever before. Christina adjusted her mood and immediately turned to pick up Geoffrey to warm each other.

Barbara cried uncontrollably in the snow for a long time. Until she began to clear her mind, her first reaction was to rush to Christina. In the face of life and death, she wanted to live.

"Don't leave me alone. I beg you..."

When Barbara was hit by the avalanche, she fell into a big tree and broke her legs. Blood was still oozing from her knees. The frozen snow made her numb and unable to move her legs.

After the avalanche, life is fragile and vulnerable.

If Christina ignored her and left, she would definitely die here. But she didn't want to die.

Christina's right foot was tightly held by Barbara's hands. She did not move, and she was hesitant. She need to hold Geoffrey to keep him warm. If she took Barbara with her, she was afraid that she would not be able to walk out of this desperate snow-capped mountain.

However, Christina couldn't see Barbara die in front of her.

"Geoffrey, are you afraid?"

Christina patted him on the head and forced a smile.

Geoffrey's little face was covered in tears and had calmed down. He choked and hugged her neck with both hands. His head was on her shoulder and he did not speak.

"Miss Parker is afraid, so we can't be afraid, okay?" She whispered to him.

Geoffrey didn't understand. His small face looked weak and pale. He raised his head, looked at her with bright eyes, and then nodded.

Christina took out her phone from her pocket and turned on the flashlight mode. She asked Geoffrey to hold the flashlight. In this cold and desperate snow-capped mountain, at least they had a light.

Fortunately, Barbara was petite and not too heavy. Christina was not badly injured, just her forehead hurt a little. She bent down to carry Barbara, and she had to hold Geoffrey in front of her.

The weather was very cold, and she was also tired of carrying Barbara and Geoffrey.

But Christina knew she had to move forward. Step by step, she gritted her teeth and stepped on the snow, leaving deep footprints.

Barbara was carried by her. At this moment, she could not express it in words.

She really thought she would be left behind.

After Christina rescued her, she did not even say a word. All along, Barbara felt that Christina, the young lady of the Dickens family, was born with good luck, especially Christina did not pay much attention to her relationship with Patrick, but Patrick loved her so much.

Why did Christina get Patrick's love so easily when Barbara tried so hard but failed?

She was still unconvinced, but now she was touched.

"Thank you."

Barbara's voice was hoarse and low. She was not sure if Christina had heard it or not, but she could see that Christina did her best to help them.

She walked for about twenty minutes.

It was a dark night, and the snow-capped mountains were cold and eerie. Although there was a weak flashlight on her cell phone, Christina was not sure if she chose the right direction or not. Although she felt numb from the cold and her breathing was rapid, she endured it and took another step forward.

There seemed to be a sound.

Christina stopped where she was. Her eyes were blurry from exhaustion. She took a deep breath to clear her mind.

"There's a quarrel ahead," Barbara, who was on her back, pointed ahead and shouted excitedly, "There's someone in front!"

When Christina heard what she said, there was a glimmer of hope in her heart.

There were people who could at least help each other.

With all her might, she quickened her pace and walked in the direction of the sound in front of them.

"It seems that you still have strength."

In front of them in the darkness, a voice suddenly came with a lightly teasing tone.

In such a difficult situation, he could still speak in a relaxed tone.

Christina was surprised. She could recognize the voice as the photographer man from the hotel.

She took a few more steps forward, and the faint light from the flashlight of her cell phone reflected the figures in front of her. Not only were the photographers, but Bob and his family.

There was no glad, but Christina was more relieved to meet a few living people on such an outdoor snowy mountain.

It was a gentle slope. Christina looked ahead to the left. Her eyes lit up and she thought that it might be a cave entrance.

This meant that they could rest inside.

Christina put Barbara on the snow and walked towards the stone house with Geoffrey in her arms.

"This is the stone house I found first." Bob ran over and stopped her, which meant that he wouldn't let her in to rest.

Christina frowned and shouted at him with a gloomy look, "Get out!"

The series of bad things exhausted her physically and mentally, and she had no more patience.

Bob was very strong and he clenched his fists to scare her. "I told you, I found the stone house first. You can't..."

Christina glared at him fiercely. She felt that it was unnecessary to say anything more to this barbarian. She squatted down and was about to put Geoffrey down in her arms and deal with this brainless man.

"I suggest you don't fight her." The photographer approached them in a calm tone.

Bob turned around and glared at him gloomily, as if he wanted to scold him for being nosy.

The photographer's face was expressionless. He pointed at Christina, who was still squatting on the ground, and said slowly, "You can't defeat her."



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