

Chapter 378

He was so pure. Christina was touched, "I won't do it."

Geoffrey was six years old, but he was sensible due to his mother. Erica disliked him after giving birth to him. Although he was a child, he knew it.

"I saw the brothers. If you don't want them, they will be sad. Keep them please."

Christina didn't want to be emotional. She turned on the TV.

"I like to see dummy elephants, crocodiles, pythons, leopards. The owls I saw last time are also interesting."

Christina watched TV and shared her thoughts, "I hate lions the most. The male lion with a beard is so lazy. The lionesses go hunting but he does nothing. He is a scumbag."

Geoffrey stole a glance at her. He found that Christina was careful whatever she did. Her eyes brightened even when she watched the animals on TV.

Geoffrey didn't watch many documentaries, but he felt that Christina was right. He said, "I hate male lions too."

It snowed heavily outside the hotel. They sat on the bed next to each other to watch TV with the soft lights on. It was harmonious.

In the information era, everyone was busy with work. After work, they played with their phones. It was rare that they chatted with each other face to face.

"I haven't watched documentaries with others for a long time. Crystal said it was boring."

Geoffrey looked up at her and asked, "Didn't Uncle Hopkins watch TV with you?"

Christina stared at the giant crocodile and shook her head expressionlessly.

Geoffrey knew that Patrick was busy.

Christina subconsciously looked through the contact list. She suddenly remembered Derek. When she was young, she didn't sit close to anyone except Derek.

"Who's the Sleeping Beauty?"

Geoffrey leaned over and saw it on the top of the list.

"Eric."

Christina told him directly and sent a message to "Sleeping Beauty", "Eric, your uncle is looking for you. Where are you?"

Although Geoffrey was young, he knew about the apps. It seemed that Christina was familiar with him.

"Will this person watch the documentary with you?" Geoffrey asked her inexplicably.

"Yes. I was accompanied when I was young."

She forced Derek, who didn't dare to resist when he was young.

"Is this a man?" Geoffrey was curious about him.

"Yes."

"Is he willing to accompany you now?" Geoffrey was serious.

Christina thought for a moment and was sure, "Yes."

Suddenly, they heard a bang outside.

Christina immediately got out of bed and looked out the window. Geoffrey followed her nervously.

It was early morning. It was dark without any stars. Four exquisite ice swans were put a hundred meters ahead of the hotel gate. They looked elegant and lively in the colorful lights.

Christina was in the high-rise suite. It was a little far away and she couldn't see the weather outside clearly.

She looked there with the faint colorful lights. It seemed that an ice swan was smashed by an advertisement sign, which was blown by the wind, and its neck was broken.

It meant that the snow was heavier than she had imagined.

The fixed metal signs were blown down. If a person was hit by it, he or she would be seriously injured.

Christina was serious. She was in the room with a heater and it was warm inside, but it was snowy outside. She touched the window and found that it was cold.

The snow was much heavier than the daytime. She was worried about how to leave.

It was 6 o'clock in the morning in the Hopkins's home.

According to the rules of their family, everyone sat together for breakfast as usual.

Patrick was having spaghetti. He ate slowly with a knife and fork in his hands. He was absent-minded and cut his finger with the knife.

The butler found that his finger was bleeding. He immediately asked a servant to get some medicine.

"You're useless."

Old Master Hopkins glared at him and scolded him.

It was just a small wound and Patrick didn't take it seriously. He put down his knife and fork. He had no appetite, so he stood up to leave.

The butler was anxious. He believed that Patrick should disinfect the wound with a disinfection wet tissue.

Patrick was tolerant of those who cared about him. He took the tissue and wiped the wound casually.

Judy, his mother, didn't look at him and kept having breakfast elegantly.

Patrick looked at the tissue with blood. He felt uneasy. He frowned and thought of something else.

"Patrick." Brianna called him timidly. She was concerned about him.

"It is a small wound."

He came back to his senses and looked at Brianna. He was patient with his introverted sister.

Patrick strode back to the study. He didn't want to go to the company these days.

"If you miss her, apologize to her."

Old Master Hopkins yelled at him angrily, "You are always absent-minded. Compared with being scolded by her, it is worse that she meets a handsome guy and forgets about you at abroad. Idiot!"

The other people at the table were quiet and the servants looked serious.

Patrick glanced at his grandfather. He didn't say anything and went to the study.

Patrick didn't like to waste time on the Internet. But the people in his home found that he surfed the Internet as long as he was free recently.

It was strange.

It should be around 12 o'clock in the morning where Christina was.

When Patrick returned to the study, he browsed the Internet immediately. Christina posted that she watched a documentary with somebody.

She was up so late.

Patrick called Charles before. Although Charles was unreliable and hung up quickly, Patrick was worried that

Charles said that Christina didn't want to see him.

He was humble once it was about her.

Patrick looked at his phone and was annoyed.

He was angry that he was arrogant and hesitant.

His finger was bleeding. He casually picked up the tissue on the table and pressed it. It stopped bleeding slowly.

Patrick was sensitive to the smell and he smelled the faint blood.

He had a bad premonition.

He picked up the phone and called Christina without hesitation.

Her phone rang for a moment and the signal was gone.

Beep, beep, beep...

He couldn't get through.



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"The signal was quite unstable just now, and the line was cut off..."

Christina's phone was plugged in on the side. Geoffrey trotted over to get it, but before he could answer the phone, the signal was cut off.

Geoffrey handed Christina the phone, speaking excitedly, "It seems that Uncle Hopkins called."

Geoffrey had always worshipped Patrick even more than his father Chandler.

When Christina looked at the phone screen, she was stunned for a moment. It was indicated that there was no signal.

Why was the phone suddenly out of signal?

Just as she was about to check whether her phone was malfunctioning, the large LCD TV on the wall, which was originally playing a recording of the animal world, suddenly turned into snowflakes.

Even the TV was cut off.

"Is it broken?"

Geoffrey changed a few channels using the controller, but there was still no TV signal.

Christina felt a little worried. It was already 1 am, and the snow outside the window was still heavy.

"Geoffrey, go back to bed. It's late."

Geoffrey turned off the TV and climbed into bed obediently, but he couldn't sleep either. His small body was wrapped in the quilt and he tilted his head to look at Mrs. Hopkins, who was calling the customer service at the bedside table.

"Why is there suddenly no signal on the tv, even my phone was cut off..."

The lobby on the first floor of the hotel seemed to be a little lively. There was the sound of walking. The customer service replied politely to her, "I'm very sorry for this accident. We just noticed this situation. The snowstorm tonight broke some of the signal reception equipment outside, so all the signals on our side were temporarily broken off."

"The hotel logistics personnel are now leaving for emergency repair. Please wait patiently."

Christina listened to the explanation on the phone and subconsciously turned to look at the window. It was windy and snowy outside, and the temperature was very low.

"When will it be repaired?"

"Don't worry, our hotel logistics and maintenance department often deal with this kind of situation. It is estimated that the repair will be completed at 6 am."

It seemed that it was not a big deal.

"Okay," Christina answered.

Just as she was about to hang up, the hotel customer service suddenly reminded her, "We are very sorry for this incidence. As most of the guests are resting now, please try not to disturb other guests because of this. Good night."

It was 1 o'clock in the morning. Since the wind and snow were getting bigger in the afternoon, there were no outdoor activities after dinner and most of the passengers went to bed early tonight. It seemed that only a few night owls had discovered the fact that the signal was broken off in the hotel.

"Mrs. Hopkins, did something happen?"

Geoffrey rolled over again and asked curiously.

Christina ran to the window again. She stared at the three hotel repair cars outside the window, which were moving forward slowly. It seemed that this hotel was quite experienced in dealing with extreme weather.

"The wind and snow were so heavy that the signal equipment was broken. Our cell phones and TV are temporarily out of signal. The people in the hotel are repairing them."

Christina did not hide it from Geoffrey. She went back to bed and pulled the quilt for him. She was a little relieved.

"Uncle Hopkins just called and there was no signal..." Geoffrey sighed.

Christina reached out and turned off the bedside lamp, ready to sleep.

Hearing Patrick's name, she picked up her phone again and checked it. Looking at the extremely familiar number on the screen, she had mixed feelings.

After thinking for a while, she got up and knocked on Chandler and Charles's door.

"What?"

"Have all the signals in the hotel been cut off?"

Chandler was already asleep. They were a little confused hearing what Christina said.

"It's snowing outside. Listening to these whistling sounds, I'm sleeping soundly. I don't know anything." Crystal leaned against the door in a daze.

"What did the hotel people say?"

Chandler soon became vigilant. After all, safety was the most important thing when they were outside.

"Three cars were sent out just now. They are rushing to repair the equipment. They expect to finish repairing by 6 am."

Chandler frowned. "It was already late night and the snow was very heavy outside. Why did they still ask people to repair..."

"They are probably used to dealing with this kind of extreme weather. Don't worry about them. We could decide what to do if the signal were not repaired tomorrow." Charles didn't think it was a big deal. The service in this hotel was quite good.

Chandler also felt that there was nothing serious about the temporary interruption of the signal. He said to Christina, "Go to sleep first. We'll figure it out when we wake up tomorrow."

Christina hesitated and finally said, "Patrick just called me."

When she mentioned the name "Patrick," Chandler and Charles got excited immediately.

"What did he say?"

"The ring sounded three times and the signal was cut off!"

It meant that Christina didn't know why he suddenly called her.

The signal was cut off at the time Patrick wanted to talk to her.

Chandler was a little serious, but he didn't say anything.

The word coincidence was not suitable for Patrick. He had said that he never believed that there were so many coincidences in the world. So he always prepared a lot before doing anything."

Charles looked a little awkward and stammered, "During the day, Patrick called me and asked when we were going back home. It seemed that he wanted to say something. But I... I told him not to come here and hung up the phone."

Oh no, he was very arrogant during the day. He only hung up on Patrick for one time, but now it seemed that Patrick really had something serious to say.

"Maybe he wanted to remind us to be careful."

Chandler looked at Christina, "Where's Geoffrey?"

"He's in my room. I told him to sleep." Christina turned around and pointed at the opposite door.

Charles sighed. "Why does Geoffrey listen to you so much?" And he liked to pester Christina so much.

Chandler made a decision. "Geoffrey will sleep with me tonight. Crystal, go sleep with Christina. If there is an accident, it's more convenient for me to take Geoffrey with me."

As Chandler spoke, he went straight to the opposite suite and picked up Geoffrey on the bed.

If an emergency really happened, Geoffrey was still a 6-year-old child. Of course, it would be safer if he was with his most familiar relative.

Christina watched Chandler carry Geoffrey back to his room, feeling that Chandler was too nervous about his son. Crystal had no objections. Geoffrey was still a child, and Christina probably couldn't take care of him well.

There was no signal on their phones, so they couldn't call each other. They went back to their rooms and all set the alarm clock at 6:00 am, hoping that everything would be fine when they woke up. They wanted to return home as planned.



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"I want to leave now!"

"Yes, we don't want to stay in this awful place anymore. We want you to arrange a car to drive us down the mountain..."

In order to provide the best skiing service to guests, the hotel was located at the top of the mountain. Although the mountain was not high, anyone who wanted to go downhill had to take the car specially provided by the hotel, or he or she would get lost easily on their way. What's more, some stretches were really steep and there must have been a lot of fallen trees on the road after the heavy snow.

"I'm really sorry. The construction team drove three cars out for repair early this morning, so currently, there are only two left in the hotel..." The receptionist explained to them in a hurry.

"We don't have much backup gas right now. Both of the two cars only have less than two-thirds of the gas. If anything happens on the way driving down the mountain, there is a high possibility that the car will stop halfway due to lack of gas..."

The passengers in the lobby were even angrier when they heard that the car was running out of gas.

"What is wrong with this hotel?"

"Are you trying to trap us in the hotel and force us to spend money here? I'm going to report this to the police."

The whole lobby was filled with angry complaints.

Christina and the others sat in the corner, looking at the restless guests around the reception. Chandler walked through the crowd to look for the senior manager of the hotel.

Charles, on the other hand, didn't seem to be influenced by this mess. It was early in the morning and he was hungry, so he bought some bread for breakfast in the restaurant and said, "Eat something first."

Christina was surprised to see that Charles still had an interest in eating. "There's no signal here. Aren't you worried at all?"

Charles shared his bread with Geoffrey and looked up with a smile. "Well, the hotel has a satellite phone. Relax. We won't be trapped here forever."

"Everyone, please calm down and listen to me!"

A tall European man in a suit came out of the manager's office and made a quiet gesture with his hand as he walked to the reception.

"I'm in charge of this hotel. My name is Ray."

This man spoke English, whose tone was however a little rusty. He was a swiss, but English wasn't one of the four official languages of his country.

Charles looked up and explained to Christina, "He is actually the youngest son of the hotel manager, who hasn't officially taken over the family business yet. Barbara took this business trip to meet with him. Well, he's not a smart man. I bet his EQ is low."

Ray looked confident and even a little arrogant.

"There's no need to worry. We're dealing with the signal problem right now. I'm sure it'll be fixed soon. As for the shuttle cars, as long as the construction team returns, we will have enough cars to use. Besides, I've already contacted the company by satellite phone, and they will send cars over too."

"Instead of making a fuss here like fools, why don't you wait until the company cars arrive at 2 in the afternoon? Anyone who insists on leaving now, we won't be responsible for anything that happens on your way downhill!"

The tourists were irritated by his arrogant words. "You won't be responsible? You're just shirking responsibility!"

"Distinguished guests."

"I'm the manager of this hotel. I'm very sorry that what our person in charge just said dissatisfied you."

A fat middle-aged man in his fifties ran out in a hurry, whose tone was much calmer. "The snowstorm last night was a natural disaster. No one wanted an accident, so for your safety, please don't go down the mountain now. We have already contacted the company and they will send cars here immediately. Please wait in patience. You can go to the restaurant to have breakfast first..."

The tourists were not unreasonable. They just panicked when they woke up early in the morning and found that there was no signal on their phone.

After a brief discussion, the tourists began to walk towards the restaurant.

However, now that they couldn't use the Internet, time passed extremely slowly. Everyone was in a bad mood, looking up anxiously at the big clock on the wall from time to time.

Chandler talked to the manager of the hotel through his personal connections. He looked worried when he walked out of the manager's office.

Crystal left him some spaghetti as breakfast but Chandler was not in the mood to eat it. He told them some bad news in a low voice.

"The hotel called the weather station by satellite phone. Due to the snowstorm, many flights have been grounded. If this bad weather continues, even the airport will be temporarily closed."

Crystal was shocked. "This serious?"

"Is it that so serious?"

As soon as Crystal finished speaking, a few managers came out of the office in a hurry. They looked anxious, walking quickly and talking in a foreign language.

Charles frowned and suddenly seemed to hear some bad news.

"They said that the three cars sent by the maintenance team last night were all out of contact."

They were talking in a minority language, Romansh, which only Charles could understand.

"Some of the passengers raged when they heard the news. They didn't believe the hotel at all and were fighting for the remaining two cars in the garage."

Geoffrey put down the bread in his hand and leaned on his father. He looked up nervously. "Dad, shall we go over and grab a car?"

"Then what should we do?"

Crystal was nervous too. Geoffrey and she looked at Chandler and the others anxiously. It is understandable that ordinary people are more likely to panic in an emergency.

Christina glanced at Chandler and motioned to him to stay. "I'll go out with Charles to have a look."

On this trip, whenever they encountered bad weather, Chandler would take care of Crystal and Geoffrey, as they were the weakest.

Christina and Charles walked side by side to the hotel's garage, where more than 20 strong people from all over the world were shouting, and some even punched the hoods of the cars angrily.

"Ray, you know nothing but eating, drinking, and playing. You don't have the ability to take over this hotel. I won't believe your bullshit. I want this car now. Who dares to argue with me?"

The bearded man yelled at the hotel manager. He grabbed the car key, opened the door, and pushed his wife and daughter into the car. He wanted to sit in the driver's seat and leave.

"There are only two cars left. Who are you to take one? Get out of here!" The others were very dissatisfied.

"One car can accommodate 8 people."

The bearded man was very irritable. He was starting the engine, honking the horn with his big hand and warning, "You people are not qualified to sit with me. Get out of my way, or I'll hit you with my car."

Christina and the others stood by, watching and frowning. These people seemed to be crazy with anxiety.

The fat manager tried to persuade them, "Since you all know that the maintenance team lost contact with us last night, it's even more dangerous to go out now."

"Reinforcements at the foot of the mountain will arrive at 2:00 PM. As long as we wait for another 4 hours, we will be safe."

"Don't believe a word from them anymore. I overheard the loss of the maintenance team outside the manager office. They have no intention of telling us about these. They are all unscrupulous profiteers."

"There are only two cars left. If you want to leave, leave now. Otherwise, the hotel staff will definitely drive them away secretly."

They quarrelled again.

Charles walked over leisurely. Christina raised her eyebrows. She didn't know what he wanted to do. Did he want to fight over the car as they did?

"Only 2/3 gasoline is left in these two cars. There must have been a lot of obstacles on the snowy road last night. However, if you go the long way round, it's very likely that the car will stop halfway. Why don't you take out the gasoline from one of the cars as a backup and drive another one down the mountain?" Charles said and approached the furious crowd.

His Romansh was very standard. If it weren't for an Asian face, they would have thought he was a local.

"In that case, there's only one car left!" Some refuted.

The atmosphere became even tenser, but they all knew that Charles's idea was more workable. It's safer to drive a car with enough backup gasoline.

"If you want to leave, bring some instant food, water, and warm coats. The old and children would rather not take the risk. It's better to bring a satellite phone to call for help in case of unexpected circumstances."

Charles was sociable and had no difficulty communicating with them. After speaking, he turned to the bearded man in the car. "It's urgent now. If you want to leave, draw a lot."

Charles just implied that he would not get involved in their plan to leave at all. He just came over to take a look and give them a suggestion.

"Yes, that's right. Take out the gasoline from the other car as a backup. And prepare some food and clothes to keep warm. There are 8 seats in each car. We can draw lots to decide. The hotel must give us a satellite phone."

The bearded man was dragged down by several men, as they were all willing to draw lots.

Christina stood beside Charles. She didn't understand what these people were talking about, but she could see them drawing lots. It seemed the fiercest bearded man didn't win, so he cursed angrily in English. He probably

meant that he had a lot of money. Whoever was willing to sell him seats, he would write a check immediately.

However, no one paid attention to him.

Life is more important than money.

It was not snowy at the moment. The 8 people who won couldn't wait and drove away.

The remaining 10 people in the garage watched the car drive away with agitated expressions on their faces. After cursing in all kinds of languages, they all left.

"I thought you were going to draw lots with them." Christina and Charles walked last, but they both looked relatively calm.

Charles shrugged. "You can't stop these people from leaving. If you don't let them go, they will make trouble. By then, no one in the hotel can have peace. I'd rather wait a few more hours."

Seeing his calm expression, Christina teased him, "Aren't you afraid that reinforcements will be delayed again?"

"Are you afraid?"

Charles suddenly turned around and asked her seriously.

Christina was used to his lack of seriousness so that serious look made her a bit uncomfortable.

She looked ahead at a vast, white snow-capped mountain. The wind and snow had stopped, but the sky was grey, and the heavy clouds over the horizon were gathering and surging.

It was as if an even bigger snowstorm was coming.

In a strange place, in this extremely cold weather, when the signal is interrupted, people will definitely panic.

Christina looked back at Charles calmly. "I'm not afraid."



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Time passed slowly. And the hands of the clock on the wall moved second by second.

Everyone waited from 7 a.m. to 1 p.m. It was hard to spend this period of time. And the snowstorm outside became heavier. The temperature was obviously decreasing.

There were four ice swans on the large disk in front of the hotel gate, but they were smashed by the billboard which was blown away last night. The hotel logistics staff were moving and cleaning up.

Through the glass door, Christina looked at the thermometer on the stone pillar. It was 12 degrees below zero.

She kept staring at the cleaners outside. One of the strong male employees was holding a hammer in his right hand. As he turned around, he happened to hit the thermometer on the stone pillar.

As if it was just an accident, they continued to clean up.

"Although there's a heater in the hotel, I feel colder and colder. Is it my illusion? What's the temperature outside now?"

Crystal curled up with cold and walked towards her with a thick scarf.

"It is 12 degrees below zero outside."

Christina replied calmly. She took the scarf and wrapped it around her neck casually.

When Crystal heard that, she was stunned for a moment. "Impossible." Looking out of the glass door subconsciously, she remembered that there was a thermometer on the stone pillar next to the ice sculpture.

It was broken.

Christina's eyes were clear and she said with a flat voice, "The staff in the hotel probably didn't want to cause panic. I saw that they broke it on purpose."

All the doors and windows of the hotel were locked, and the entrance of the lobby was guarded. Tourists were not allowed to enter or leave at will.

Everyone seemed to be ready to leave. Their luggage was packed and they walked up and down the elevator. More and more people gathered in the lobby. It was as crowded as an airport waiting room.

There were about 200 people including passengers and staff. They spoke various languages with thin voices. Perhaps because there was no signal, they couldn't make phone calls. Everyone was very anxious.

"Go to the restaurant for lunch."

Christina struggled through the crowd and walked towards the hotel restaurant. Crystal followed behind Christina

hurriedly. "Christina, do you think that the eight people have already arrived at the bottom of the mountain? Hey, it's better to leave early. The hotel is crammed with people. The atmosphere is so tense that I feel terrible."

Originally, she was very happy because of going on a trip. But now it was as if a refugee was rushing home. She had no appetite to eat anything.

"If you don't fill yourself up, you won't be able to run anymore."

Crystal was nervous when she heard that, "What do you mean? Didn't the hotel manager tell us to wait until 2 p.m.? There will be a car to pick us up."

"Anyway, it's better to fill yourself up."

She patted Crystal on the shoulder, "You still have to take care of Geoffrey. He'll laugh at you later for being such a coward."

Crystal also knew that she was timid, "I don't know how to show my stepmother's imposing manner. Geoffrey has never been afraid of me. Maybe I'm really useless." But it was really hard for ordinary people to calm down in such an atmosphere.

They were joking with each other. Suddenly, they were quiet. On the right, they noticed Barbara pulling her suitcase and talking to a hotel staff irritably.

"What do you mean? You said 2:00 p.m. before, but now you told me that I wouldn't get a car until night." Barbara looked quite angry.

She was so angry that she spoke Chinese. Then Christina and Crystal reacted immediately.

... They had to wait for the car until night.

Crystal cursed sadly, "Gosh, the hotel is too unreliable."

The hotel staff kept apologizing and comforting Barbara, "Miss Parker, I'm really sorry."

"Do you know how much time I have wasted? I still have a lot of work to do. How can I cooperate with you with ~~such~~ such a service attitude?" Barbara looked angry.

The director of the hotel, Ray, came over. Because Barbara was on a business trip this time, she and Ray had been friends, so she could get more information early.

Ray waved at her mysteriously, "Miss Parker, please come to my office. I have something to tell you..."

They stood in the hallway leading to the dining room. They spoke Chinese, but the foreign guests who came back and forth hurriedly did not understand, so they didn't pay attention to them.

Feeling something was wrong, Crystal tugged at Christina's sleeve, "Do she engage in special privileges?"

Christina glanced at Barbara and ignored her. She pulled Crystal to walk quickly towards the restaurant, looking for Charles and the others to gather together.

As they ate lunch, they talked about the thing just now.

"If anything really happens, Ray will definitely inform Barbara in advance. After all, IP&G is their biggest partner at the moment. Recently, there is a project that is very competitive in Europe. If Anta wants to make achievements, he won't dare to offend Barbara, the high management of IP&G."

As Chandler spoke, he mocked himself, "I went to his office this morning. He kicked me out directly. It seems that he only gave IP&G face."

When Charles and Crystal heard that, they immediately subconsciously looked at Christina with burning eyes, "Do we need to make a relationship..."

Christina ignored their eyes.



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