

At 3:00 pm, the tourists finally exhausted all their patience.

"You said the reinforcements would arrive at 2:00 pm. Why haven't they arrived yet?"

The hotel customer service staff came out again and again to explain that they were on the way, but everyone felt the temperature was getting lower and lower. The sky outside was as dark as evening, and everyone was in a panic.

"Our hotel has done its best. The rescue cars are really on the way. They will arrive at night at the latest. Just like the delay of the flight, they've met some special circumstances on the way. And we can do nothing about it."

Over the crowd came the shouting one upon another. "Wait until night? I'm not sure if they can make it tonight!"

Everyone's luggage was packed, and 200 tourists were squeezed into the lobby of the hotel's first floor. Even the elevator entrance in the corridor was filled with people.

They were all in a hurry to go down the mountain, but now they couldn't leave.

The clamour lasted for half an hour. During the period, someone tried to rush out of the door, but the moment the door was pushed open, the strong wind and snow swept over, causing several strong men nearby to be unable to open their eyes. They covered their faces with arms, and their bodies were constantly pushed back by the wind.

The large vases, which were three meters high on both sides, clattered to the ground, and their sharp fragments were blown up by the wind. The crowd screamed in fear.

Christina pulled Geoffrey from the nearby chair into her arms. The brittle shards flew over and stabbed the wooden chair like darts, which were extremely sharp.

Geoffrey was so scared that his little face turned pale. He shrank into Christina's arms and did not dare to move.

More than a dozen tourists close to the door had been scratched by the shards. Their arms and faces were bleeding and they cried for help in pain. The door was closed urgently, and then the situation calmed down slightly.

Everyone knew that going down the mountain now was undoubtedly a suicide. The hotel staff bandaged the injured tourists' wounds. Fortunately, the bleeding was not serious. But now everyone calmed down.

"We have to wait in such weather."

Christina's face was expressionless. She muttered and lowered her head to pat Geoffrey's little head, and looked at him with her clear eyes. Geoffrey met her calm eyes, and suddenly, he somehow felt less afraid.

"Thank you."

Chandler thanked Christian sincerely. Thanks to her quick reaction, otherwise, his son would have been scratched by the broken vase.

Christina pinched Geoffrey's cold little face. "Be on guard at all times in an emergency. Only when you can protect yourself can you protect others."

Geoffrey replied shyly, "I see."

Chandler knew that Christina's grandfather, General Eisenhower, had been strict with her since she was a child.

"I'll go to Barbara and find out what's going on." Chandler stood up. He felt assured to entrust Geoffrey to Christina. "Charles, come with me, lest Ray kicks me out again."

Barbara had some conflicts with Christina. It was more convenient for Charles to ask about the situation.

Christina and Crystal were sitting quietly in the corner of the lobby, waiting for them back. Crystal was a little ashamed. She felt that she was useless. She thought for a while and decided that she was good at taking care of the food. "Christina, I'll go to the restaurant to get more bread, lest we don't even have enough food tonight."

"Let's go to the kitchen together."

Christina felt that she'd rather walk around than sit idly, so she took Geoffrey to the back kitchen of the hotel with Crystal.

Geoffrey looked up at her in confusion. "Mrs. Hopkins, do you dislike the bread?"

Under Charles' hard publicity, Christina is notorious for being picky about food.

"No." She was a little embarrassed.

Normally, customers were not allowed to enter the kitchen, but considering the current situation, no one cared so much. The three of them sneaked inside and found that there were no employees working in the huge kitchen, and the cutlery was also placed in a mess.

"This hotel is really unreliable." Crystal could not help but frown.

Christina's voice was calm. "These employees must know something that the customers don't know. They're not in the mood to go to work. Something must have happened."

"Will they run away early by themselves?"

"It's hard to say. Under the severe situation, life is the most important thing."

Just as they walked out of the kitchen, they saw Charles and Barbara chatting in a corner. They looked serious.

Christina walked straight over and heard Barbara say, "Ray has arranged it for me. I'll leave here in ten minutes."

"How can you leave without a car?"

"In this situation, even if there were cars, it would be difficult to ensure a safe evacuation."

As she spoke, Barbara lowered her voice. "Ray just told me that the eight people who left early in the morning were also out of contact and could not be reached by satellite phone."

There were only three satellite phones in the hotel. The earliest maintenance team took one, and the eight people who left early this morning also took one. Now the hotel only had one satellite phone that could contact the outside world.

Christina's footsteps were quite light. She suddenly walked to two meters away from them and asked in a low and steady voice, "The repair team has lost contact with those people this morning. Can you still leave safely?"

When Barbara heard her voice, she raised her head in shock.

Barbara decided to tell them frankly, "Ray said it's easy to get lost by car in such a snowstorm. Many trees have collapsed and caused roadblocks. The best and safest way to leave now is to take a cable car down the mountain. It's very fast. It only takes 20 minutes to get to the town below the mountain."

Chandler immediately understood. There were cable cars on the ski resort, and the cable car was indeed the fastest. But generally, the cable car would stop operating in snowy weather, unless someone forced it to start.

Barbara looked at them for a long time and finally said, "If you guys want to go down the mountain as soon as possible, I'll ask Ray to see if he can make an exception."

Chandler and Charles exchanged a look. Before they made the decision, Christina spoke first, "We'll wait here."

Barbara was a little surprised by her refusal and smiled. "In this situation, if the weather continues to worsen, it will be life-risking. Christina, you don't have to refuse because of me."

Christina's expression was calm. "The food and the heating equipment in the hotel are enough for all of the people to last at least half a month. I just don't think there's any need to take the risk."

Seeing her calm attitude, Barbara felt a little sarcastic. "Well, you choose to stay. I'll go down the mountain first."

The head of the hotel, Ray, held a meeting in the manager's office and ordered to let the first batch of people leave by cable. If it worked, they could continue to send people down the mountain. However, they could not tell everyone about the plan at present, lest there would be a conflict.

"The cable car will automatically shut down in snowy weather. The forced operation will affect the equipment to a certain extent. Can you really guarantee safety?"

Christina didn't want to meddle in this matter, but when she saw Barbara and the other four people excitedly leaving through the back door, she couldn't help but go forward and question Ray.

Ray turned around and glared at her impatiently. "When we get down the mountain to the town, we'll arrange for

you to continue sitting on the cable. But if you hinder us now, no one can leave."

"We are senior members of this hotel. We have the right to leave first!" The burly bearded man she met this morning roared at her.

They were worried that Christina would run to the lobby and tell everyone about their sneaking away by cable car.

Christina tried to remain patient. "I just want to say that the mountainside which had the ski resort is quite steep. It's not safe for you to go down by the cable car against the storm."

Ray disdained her words. "The cable equipment in our hotel is completely safe. And the current snow is not very heavy now. If you are interested, you can put on your ski equipment and ski down the mountain."

Christina was angry. Besides the extreme athletes, who would ski in this weather?

Ray and the others were fully dressed and put on eye shields. They walked into the snow and set off for the cable car.

"Let's go back to the hotel!"

Chandler reached out and tried to close the back door. The wind was so cold that he felt a sharp pain in his lungs when breathing.

Charles held the door and made a suggestion. "Christina and I can follow them to see how they operate. If the cable car is really feasible, we'll have another choice."

Although the food and warmth in the hotel were not a problem, staying here for a long time was also stressful.

Christina wrapped herself tightly and walked out with Charles in the snow.

It took about half an hour to walk from the hotel to the ski resort. Along the way, Christina paid attention to the scenery around her. Except for those advertising signs that were blown into a mess, there was a complete whiteness in front of her.

The sky darkened, and the thick layer of cloud above her was oppressive.

After walking for a while, Christina and Chandler could see that the team of five had got into the cable car. The main switch of the cable was forced to start, and over there came the sound of the engine. From afar, they could see the excitement of the five people in the cable car.

The cable car started slowly.

Charles looked at them. "It really seems feasible." Compared to the automobile, the cable car was much faster, and it was not afraid of bumping into roadblocks or getting lost.

"Charles, what's that over there?" Christina suddenly reached out and grabbed him anxiously.

Charles did not react and looked in the direction of her finger. "Nothing. Just a frozen river. What's so strange about it?"

"No, on the river bank..."

Charles looked ahead and saw a piece of metal equipment on the right. "On the bank of the river, that's the power supply equipment for the hotel..."

"I mean the left bank!" She shouted anxiously.

There was a roar in the sky. A towering tree on the left bank, which was shaking, fell down in the strong wind and hit the power supply equipment on the right.

A flame rose up and the equipment exploded, shaking the nearby snow-capped mountains.

Charles was shocked by the sea of fire in his eyes.

At the same moment, Barbara and the others in the cable car screamed in panic, "Help, help!"

The power supply equipment kept roaring, and the sea of fire continued to spread. Fortunately, the snowy storm was heavy, and the frost made the fire gradually weaken, but the power was cut.

At the same time, the cable car stopped.

The cable car Barbara took was parked in midair. They were so scared that they shouted, "Find someone to save us!"

There were two workers in the room in charge of the cable car, but when the explosion happened on the riverbank, they were also astonished. After they came back to their senses, they rushed to the hotel in a hurry.

Because of the sudden power outage in the hotel, the family members of the workers were also panicked. Everyone was at a loss at this moment. The sky was dark, all the lights in the hotel died out, and the heating also stopped. Now the hotel truly became an isolated island.



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"Please pull us down the mountain!"

Bob was probably used to the cold weather. He was relatively strong. He pulled Christina and the others back to the cable room. He decided to open the manual handle and pull the cable car back.

Charles really wanted to curse.

Damn it, Bob was still thinking about going down the mountain at this time. The cable car was still far from going down the mountain. Pulling such a huge cable box down to the mountain was back-breaking. He was not a servant!

"If you say one more word, you'll freeze to death here!" Charles scolded back angrily.

Christina and Charles looked at each other and walked quickly towards the cable room.

At this moment, Ray, who was stranded in midair, was holding the last satellite phone in the hotel.

He looked flustered, and his fingers seemed to be frozen stiff. He took out the satellite phone from his backpack with difficulty, intending to ask for help. However, a gust of wind and snow swept through, and the cable car shook violently. He didn't hand the phone steadily. Therefore, the black satellite phone fell straight down into the white snow.

"No, my phone!"

Ray's eyes widened as he saw the only satellite phone that could be used to call for help lost. Then he shouted in an upset manner.

"What a fool!"

Charles walked to the door of the computer room and heard the voice behind him. He turned around and looked very angry. The three satellite phones in the hotel were all gone now. What should they do? Damn it!

They found the emergency manual handling device for the cable. It was round, and they had to turn it around to pull it back. It might be that they hadn't opened the manual handle for too long. They didn't have enough strength.

"Let's pull them back." The cable car was only a hundred meters from the top of the mountain, which was a short distance. However, it was also very difficult to fulfill the task with the strength of the two of them.

Although they were wearing gloves, their fingers were stiff and red from the snow. Now they were shaking a manual handle with all their strength. Christina tried her best, cooperating with Charles. The two of them turned counterclockwise, and the bones in their hands were about to break.

The cable car moved slowly. Ray and the others did not dare to move at all.

Bob's wife saw that the cable car was not heading down the mountain, but on the way back, she immediately

screamed. In a commanding and unhappy tone, she shouted toward the computer room, "It's wrong, not in this direction. We are going down the mountain!"

Christina could hear the sharp and harsh voice coming from afar. Her face was tense and pale. Charles cooperated with her strength and breathed heavily. Her hand did not clench for a while, so her handle was loosened and she rolled back a few times.

At this moment, the cable car slid back to its original position at a rather fast speed. It suddenly sped up, scaring Ray and the others, who screamed in horror.

Christina craned her head to look at the window. She wanted to try harder to help Charles.

Then the situation went worse than they had expected, probably because the cable car was forced to start, and the cable on the cable car was damaged to a certain extent. Now that it suddenly accelerated, one of the cables above the head suddenly broke. So it was unable to withstand the weight of the cable car.

Barbara and the others screamed in an uproar.

They fell down 6 meters in unison.

They fell into the snow with a bang.

Christina ran over quickly. Bob and Ray, who were in a panic, untied their safety ropes and climbed out of the snow without getting hurt.

Bob's wife cried and cursed at Christina, "You're murdering people. I'll sue you!"

"You want to kill me. You want to kill me on purpose!" The lady cried hard and she pointed at Christina and scolded Christina crazily.

Christina walked up to the woman, raised her hand, and slapped the woman in the face.

Christina hit her hard. The lady seemed to be dumbfounded and she stopped shedding tears. She looked at Christina with a blank and panicked expression and did not dare to scold Christina anymore.

"Calm down!"

Christina reached out and pulled the woman up from the snow. She impatiently looked at the woman with a sharp look.

Charles helped Barbara and another 6-year-old girl up. They didn't shout but seemed to be scared out of their wits. Their faces were awfully pale, and they were trembling.

Fortunately, none of them were hurt. However, the snow was still howling in their ears.

"Let's go back to the hotel."

Christina didn't even want to look at them anymore. She walked towards the hotel step by step on the thick snow. Charles helped Barbara and followed them with big steps.

Ray and Bob's family of three shivered at the back. They had never suffered such before. As a result, they walked slowly, looking pitiful and helpless.

Bob's wife was annoyed. She leaned against her husband, feeling aggrieved. "These two people are too cold and heartless. We must not let them go."

Despite the extremely cold wind and snow whistling here, their voices could also be transmitted far away.

Christina and the others could clearly hear the curses of these ungrateful people. The wind and snow were cold, and the hearts of the people were even colder.



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Chapter 385

The towering buildings and star-rated hotels stood on the summit, looking magnificent. However, due to the power outage, it was dark. Moreover, the wind and snow howled against them.

Before Christina and the others arrived at the hotel, they had already heard noises, including cries and shouts.

They entered through the back door of the hotel. Without the heating, they were shivering from cold in the room.

It was crowded and dark.

Christina was trying to find Crystal and the others, while the people around her screamed, ran, trampled, and cursed.

Fortunately, Chandler didn't walk far from the back door of the hotel. When he saw them coming back, he immediately stepped forward. "We seemed to hear an explosion just now, and then the power suddenly went out. Now everyone is panicking. What happened?"

"Some of the staff in the hotel didn't quite understand what was going on. They said they were going to turn on the backup power. But half an hour later, there is still no electricity."

Crystal hugged Geoffrey and huddled in a corner to warm each other. The heater stopped. They were not wearing super warm clothes to protect themselves from the cold, and now their lips were purple from the cold.

"Let's go back to the hotel suite and get more quilts to keep warm first."

Christina did not explain the power outage. She pulled Crystal and Geoffrey towards the stairs. Without power, no matter how high the floor was, they had to take the stairs.

Charles and Barbara followed closely behind them. When they saw Chandler, they immediately told Chandler, "The wind and snow blew down the big trees and hit the power supply equipment, causing an explosion. The spare power can't be used anymore. Don't go out. The temperature outside is very low. Now hurry up and find more things to keep warm."

Chandler's face darkened after hearing it, then he immediately followed them up the stairs. "Christina took Crystal and Geoffrey to the suite to get the quilt..."

Barbara lived in another suite on another floor. However, at the critical moment, she did not dare to act alone anymore. So she followed Charles and the others all the way.

"How shall we open the hotel suite. Without electricity, we cannot open the door."

When Charles climbed to the 8th floor of the hotel, he realized that many of the facilities in the hotel were of smart intelligence. That was to say, as long as there was a power outage, none of the facilities could be used.

Chandler was also rather anxious. According to the original plan, even if the rescue workers at the foot of the

mountain could not arrive in time, the hotel's heating and food could be maintained for at least half a month. So there was no need for them to panic.

Unexpectedly, the power failure worsened their plight.

When Barbara followed them to the stairs on the 12th floor of the hotel, she heard reckless crashes.

Due to the heavy snow outside, the dark clouds kept surging, and the whole sky was dark and gloomy. The corridor on the 12th floor was also dark and invisible.

Only when they approached did they see it clearly.

Crystal held her phone as a flashlight, which shone on the door of the suite. Next to her, Christina took off her heavy winter clothes. She picked up the emergency fire hammer and smashed the electronic door fiercely.

Christina was also tired of hammering on the door. She dropped the sharp hammer and the door was almost loosened.

She took three steps back and kicked the electronic door open.

Barbara was dumbfounded.

Christina panted tiredly, sweat oozing from her forehead. She pointed to the room. "Get all the blankets. I have a fully charged charger and a lighter in my bag..."

Charles and the others also ran over quickly. Chandler hugged Geoffrey's frozen little body and immediately wrapped Geoffrey tightly with a down quilt. Charles also used his cell phone flashlight to look for something to use.

As for Christina smashing the electronic door of the hotel, it was no surprise to them.

In such a harsh environment, only by being decisive rather than delicate could they survive.

"Thank you."

Barbara walked to Christina and suddenly thanked her, "I was in the cable car just now. I really appreciate you and Charles for not leaving. You saved us."

Christina was rummaging through the drawer for a lighter. She turned to look at Barbara and thought for a while. "You're welcome."

"It's not that I'm so kind-hearted. It's just that I saw you. If I didn't save you, I'll feel guilty. It has nothing to do with you are."

Watching Christina busy looking for the lighter, Barbara had mixed feelings.

If it had been her, she would have run away.

It was not an obligation to save others. In such a bad snowstorm, most people would only save themselves.

"The quilt is not enough for us to keep warm."

Chandler touched Geoffrey's cold body and said worriedly, "If we drag on like this for less than three hours, the elders and the children in the hotel will have a high fever and get sick."

Even the rescue workers at the foot of the mountain would not have thought that the hotel had a sudden power outage, which further worsened the situation.

Time passed minute by minute, and the people were in greater danger.

Charles was both anxious and annoyed. "The operation in this hotel is so inefficient! That fucking person in charge, Ray, is really incompetent. Why does it take so long to find people to go up the mountain to rescue us?"

Chandler suddenly thought of something. He grabbed Charles's arm and asked anxiously, "Is there a satellite phone in the hotel now?"

"Is the satellite phone with Ray?"

"We can contact Patrick by satellite phone. No matter how strong the snowstorm is, Patrick's subordinates are efficient and will definitely send people over soon."

When Chandler said this, he subconsciously looked at Christina.

Christina was expressionless and her eyes were fixed on something.

Charles replied angrily, "It's useless!"

"How can it be useless? Patrick knows we're on vacation here, and Christina is here. He might have known in advance that the weather here would worsen. As long as we tell him that there's a sudden power outage, and we need immediate help..."

Charles's expression was oppressive and complicated, and he gritted his teeth. "I mean, it's useless because Ray lost the last satellite phone!"

Just now, Charles saw that idiot Ray accidentally dropped the last satellite phone into the white snow.

Suddenly, no one spoke.

The silent atmosphere was depressing and suffocating.

In fact, they could have contacted Patrick from the beginning, but none of them expected that they would not be able to hold on for long without electricity, lights, and heating.

"Mrs. Hopkins, is Mr. Hopkins coming?"

Geoffrey's face was so cold and stiff that he shrank under the quilt. He was still very weak. He suddenly reached out his cold little hand to hold Christina's wrist. He held it very hard. Apparently, the little guy was scared.

Christina found a red woolen hat that belonged to her from the closet. She looked at him. Her eyes were clear and firm in the dark space. She told him frankly in a low voice, "I don't know."

As she spoke, she put the hat on Geoffrey's small head. The woolen hat was a little big, blocking half of his small face. But at least it could keep him warm.



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The power went out and the whole hotel was out of heat.

It was not warm enough to stay in the hotel suite with the quilt. Christina took all the warm quilts, clothes, socks, hats, and so on. They walked up the stairs to the lobby on the first floor.

Charles felt that he was like an ostrich walking with a big white duvet and thinking it must be very funny.

He was still in the mood to turn to her and say, "Is your phone charged? Take a picture of me. If I can leave this ghost place alive, I must frame it."

"We can't leave here?"

Geoffrey was hugged by his father and buried in the duvet. His head popped out and he looked at Charles in panic.

It would take some time and energy to go down from the 12th floor to the 1st-floor lobby. Christina was already a little tired. Seeing that Charles was scaring the child, she answered, "Ignore him, this ostrich." She then reached out and patted Charles on the head.

Charles held the back of his head and deliberately screamed, "Oh, my head hurts... I can't do it anymore. You have to carry me down. You have to be responsible."

They were originally trapped in the hotel, with no electricity, no light source, no heating, and they were depressed. But Chandler and the others chuckled when Christina joked with Charles as they walked down the stairs.

Even if they were trapped in a hotel, it was no big deal. It was fine to wait.

When they finally reached the lobby, they could still hear the noise from afar. It was really difficult to calm down when being trapped in the hotel. Besides, it was snowing heavily outside.

They appeared at the entrance of the stairs wrapped in duvets, and the others looked at them in surprise.

The crowd immediately whispered, and several people rushed up the stairs. They probably wanted to go back to the suite to get the quilt, at least to keep warm.

But at the staircase entrance, they could hear people discussing angrily upstairs. "It is an electronic lock, but the power is off now. How can we open the door and get the quilt..."

Christina also said that she was not a god and could not break the door for these strangers.

If these people wanted to keep warm, they should think of their own ways.

Chandler chose a corner and they sat together. Christina put on the winter coat she had got before and gave her quilt to Crystal and then got up to walk towards the crowd.

Under the crystal lamp in the center of the hotel lobby, there was a round marble table, on which stood a tall and thin foreign man.

The man didn't seem to be particularly afraid of the cold. He was wearing a shirt, trousers, and coat. He shouted at the crowd, "Everyone, please be quiet."

"Everyone wants to leave here safely, so we must unite and cooperate with each other."

"Healthy men, please stand up. We need some people to strengthen the doors and windows to prevent the wind and snow from blowing in. We also need to find all the flammable materials and start a fire on the spot..."

The man's voice was very special and a little hoarse. Although he spoke English, it sounded a little awkward, as if his original mother tongue was not English.

His voice was seductive, like a born ruler, and he could easily order people to do something.

The only wish of the passengers in the lobby was to leave safely. It seemed that what the man said made sense and these people quickly cooperated with each other to check the surrounding doors and windows.

The extra chairs and tables in the hotel were set on fire, and a big fire was set up in the middle, illuminating the dark lobby and giving people a sense of security.

It was not safe to make a fire in the room, but there was no other way now. The power was off, so they could only use this primitive way to keep warm.

Christina narrowed her eyes and looked at the man seriously through the flames. She found this man familiar.

Suddenly, she remembered that the man had taken a picture of her with an SLR camera the day she arrived at the ski resort.

The man was very sensitive. He turned around and looked straight at her.

She could not see the man's expression clearly by the dim flame, but she was sure that the man looked at her unfriendly. She could feel that the man smiled ironically and he was waiting to watch what would happen.

He said to her, "Are you afraid?"

Christina was confused for a moment. She wondered if she was mistaken.

"Don't throw the plastic in. It will produce poisonous gas," someone warned.

A beautiful woman in her 30's suddenly burst into tears. "When will someone come to save us?"

The woman helped drag a large wooden table and couldn't help but cry as she asked, "The people at the foot of the mountain didn't know that there was a power outage here. They might only come here in a week. We can't hold on for that long. There's not so much furniture for us to keep warm."

No one answered her.

Everyone was nervous.

Most of the tourists were more cooperative in their work as if venting their anger on this hotel. They pulled the thick curtains and threw expensive wooden furniture into the fire one by one.

Because the hotel was built on a high mountain, there was no natural gas pipe, and all it used was liquefied gas. Fortunately, there was still some liquefied gas to cook food.

The chefs in the hotel also knew that they could not leave anywhere for the time being. Seeing that everyone was so united, the chefs all cooperated to prepare dinner for everyone.

This time, people could not have dinner decently or elegantly as usual in the restaurant, they all squatted on the carpet and sat around the fire, each holding hot soup in their hands and gulping it down regardless of the dining etiquette.

"Try to eat as much as possible."

"Don't worry too much about the food. I went to the kitchen and saw that they had plenty of ingredients."

Everyone ate quietly, feeling warm now. They were at least not so tense, and at this moment, the sound of fighting came from the hotel manager's office.

Many people looked around, and Christina and Charles immediately stood up.

Two figures scuffled in the manager's office and punched each other. "Bastard!" They shouted angrily.

After a while, another stout man rushed in, and quickly someone won. Ray was dragged out by the two men with a swollen head and a bruised face.

"As the head of the hotel, he tried to sneak away in a cable car. This selfish guy wants to leave us alone." One of the men cursed.

When the people in the hotel heard this, they began to make a noise.

When the guests heard that Ray and Barbara wanted to leave early and privately, they were very angry.

Ray didn't seem to be ashamed at all when he was scolded by everyone. Instead, he scolded boldly, "You lowly people."

Ray has aroused public anger. Many people hated him and rushed forward to hit him.

Charles looked angry. "I should have let him freeze to death in the cable car."

Ray was also frightened by the anger of the crowd. He quickly ran into the back kitchen and hid.

"You can't lock the pantry."

"I'm in charge of this hotel. I'm in charge. These bitches dare to hit me. When they want to have a meal, they have to beg me. I want them to kneel down, or I won't give them any food."

Ray was furious, locking the storage room of the back kitchen. It was a big steel lock. It was hard to open unless one used a chainsaw laser. Moreover, Ray took the only big key that others could not unlock the pantry.

The chefs in the kitchen who knew about it all looked frightened. They looked at each other in dismay and did not dare to tell anyone about it now. Otherwise, people would be furious.



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Chapter 387

The antique clock in the lobby ticked.

It was 8 o'clock in the evening. In normal situations, this was the most energetic time for people, but now they were trapped in this place because of wind and snow. Perhaps because the doors and windows of the hotel were all closed, the carbon dioxide produced by the burning fire in the lobby made people's minds a little sleepy.

Everyone was listless and looked anxious and haggard.

They leaned against their family members and warmed each other. They could do nothing but wait.

"No one will come to save us tonight."

Someone sobbed softly and looked at the snowy weather outside. It was dark. The blizzard outside sounded like ghosts crying and wolves howling, which was quite gloomy.

Christina closed her eyes and was half asleep.

Beside her, Crystal held Geoffrey in her arms and they had fallen asleep. Barbara hugged the quilt and curled herself up. She was nervous and could not rest. She opened her eyes from time to time to look around.

Chandler protected them by their side, while Charles and a few other men were on the other side chopping wood furniture with axes to support the fire to keep on burning to warm up everyone.

At night, in addition to the constant howling sound of the snow outside, it was the sound of Charles and the others chopping wood with axes. Most of the tourists here were rich people who had never done physical work. They were also not good at holding axes or using them, and they kept making the banging sound because they always hit something else.

The night was so quiet that it made people panic.

Christina listened to the sound of Charles and other men chopping the furniture. Instead, she was relieved and fell asleep.

But just as she was about to fall asleep, a scream came from outside.

Christina jumped up in shock.

Some people in the lobby also noticed the strange sound and turned to look outside vigilantly. However, it was dark outside the thick glass wall and there was nothing.

Suddenly, a figure ran past with a panicked expression. The light of the fire in the room faintly shone on him, and it could be seen that it was a figure of a man.

But the man outside looked pale and he seemed to be startled as he kept shouting. He pounded on the door with his

hands. The look in Christina's eyes was a little frightened because she clearly saw that the hands of the man outside were stained with blood.

"Open the door."

"Open the door for me!" The man at the door shouted anxiously as he pounded on the thick door of the hotel.

Many people inside woke up and everyone looked fear and hesitant.

They didn't understand why someone suddenly appeared outside, and his hands were stained with blood.

Christina and Charles did not move. At this moment, a tall and thin man came out of the crowd and walked towards the door step by step.

Christina saw clearly that the man was the photographer who had instructed the tourists to lock the doors and windows.

Before everyone could speak, the photographer opened the door.

In an instant, the wind and snow swept over into the hotel.

Some people sitting near the door shouted in an uproar. The wind and snow at night were weaker than expected and were not so strong, but the temperature was still very low. The big fire in the center began to extinguish under the wind and snow.

The photographer acted quickly. He pulled the man outside the door in and immediately closed the door again.

The photographer asked him directly, "What exactly happened?"

The man was stared at by everyone, and he looked panicked, "I, I really didn't mean to kill him..."

"Ray locked the food storage room at the back kitchen. I wanted to get the key back, and then I accidentally..."

He seemed to have been too startled. His big hands were red and swollen from wind and snow and were stained with blood. He covered his face directly. The man was crying uncontrollably and kept explaining.

"We were fighting at the back door. Ray had the keys to all the exits of the hotel. He wanted to freeze me to death outside, so I dragged him out. We were fighting, and I wanted to grab the keys from his waist... I didn't mean to do it. I really didn't mean to do it. It was Ray who turned around and fell off the cliff himself!"

Ray was dead.

Everyone was surprised to hear the news.

"So did you get the key back?" Someone shouted anxiously.

Sympathy was no longer worth mentioning at such a critical moment. They didn't care whether Ray was alive or dead after he fell to the bottom of the cliff. What they cared about most now was that the food storage room had been locked.

The man was crying uncontrollably as if he had a mental breakdown. "I didn't mean to it. I really didn't mean to kill him." He seemed to be really scared and slumped to the ground, muttering those words over and over again.

A man ran up impatiently to check if he had the key on him. The next second, he cursed in frustration, "Bastard, you didn't get the key back!"

A few people in groups ran to the back kitchen with serious expressions, and Christina also followed them.

Sure enough, the food storage room at the back kitchen was locked by a large steel lock.

Since the key was lost, such kind of steel lock could only be broken with a strong laser or an electric saw. It was impossible for any man to break it with an axe.

There was no food supply anymore.

Everyone was instantly sleepless. Crystal's face turned pale and she hugged Geoffrey tightly in her arms. Both of them stiffened helplessly. Chandler walked over and patted them on the shoulder, but at this moment, everyone's expression was so grim that they could not even say a word of comfort.

"We don't even have food now..."

A few women couldn't help but burst into tears, "Why did god do this to us? The furniture will be burned out soon. We will have no food to eat, and the people at the foot of the mountain can't come up in time to save us."

A middle-aged woman ran towards the fire in the center of the hall as if she had a mental breakdown. She picked up a big torch, waved it around, and cried awkwardly, "No one will come to save us..."

"We will all die."

"We will all die here!" She cried and shouted in despair. She threw the torch held in her hand at the thick curtains on the window.

"We are going to burn down this hotel to make it be buried with us. They harmed us and tricked us into coming to this devil's place. This place is hell!"

Everyone in the lobby seemed to be enveloped by the desperate smell of death and lost the hope to survive. There was no one who went to stop her. The torch quickly lit the curtains and the flames burned up.

Christina tried to squeeze through the crowd and scolded angrily, "You're crazy. I don't want to be burned to death!"

Her words, "be burned to death," awoke some people in the crowd. If there was a fire in the hotel, then they would

be burned before they were frozen to death, and there would be no place for them to hide from the wind and snow.

Christina wondered if it was because the doors and windows were closed and the air in the room couldn't circulate that made these people lose their heads.

She was so angry that she reached out regardless of the flame and pulled down the burning curtains. Dragging the curtains which were on fire, she quickly threw them into the big fire in the center of the hall so that other places would not be ignited.

Charles immediately ran over to help her. Seeing that her hair was on fire, he hurriedly took off his coat and patted her on the back. "Christina, some of your long hair is burnt."

Christina scolded the crowd angrily, "Whoever wants to die can go out now. Don't get in the way here!"

Everyone looked at her and they felt too guilty to say a word.

Everyone lowered their heads, and fear had been suppressed in their minds. In particular, most of the tourists here were people who enjoyed wealth. They hadn't suffered from difficulty at all. Now, they were trapped here like refugees, and it was uncertain whether they could survive.

How could they be able to pretend to be strong at such a tense moment?

Crystal and Chandler huddled together. She tried to hold back tears in the corner of her eyes. The disaster was more frightening than she thought. How could she learn to be calm?

The temperature was low and everyone was in an unstable mood. An old man suddenly had a stroke.

The photographer seemed to be a doctor as well. He professionally diagnosed the old man who had suffered a stroke and looked up to tell his family, "He had a cerebral hemorrhage."

Although Christina did not walk over, when she heard the words "cerebral hemorrhage," she felt a little nervous. Her father Donald almost died because of a cerebral hemorrhage a while ago. It was a very urgent serious illness.

"What should we do?"

"I need to take my father to the hospital immediately..." The family members around the old man were crying nervously, but when they looked at the snowstorm in the darkness outside, their voices became helpless and desperate.

"Please save my father."

"We can't just watch him die..." Several family members cried and grabbed the photographer's arm. The photographer only shook his head at them. There was nothing he could do.

The old man's family members had been crying, and the blizzard was howling outside. The crowd suddenly quieted down, and the silence made people panic.

Geoffrey was still a little boy. When he heard them crying on the other side and talking about death, he trembled with fear.

Christina sat down next to him and covered his ears under his hat with both of her hands, not letting him hear the sad cries.

As for the matter of life and death, no matter how sad you cried, sometimes there was nothing you could do.

In addition to the majority of people who warmed themselves in the lobby of the hotel, a small number of people were more willing to go back to their own suite to wait in their small space.

Suddenly, there was an urgent running sound on the stairs. "I saw a car on the west side of the mountain with binoculars..."

His words immediately cheered everyone up.

One man was an astronomy enthusiast. He carried some high-powered binoculars with him. From the high-rise suite, he found three cars with headlights on at the west side of the mountain with his binoculars.

"The rescue car is finally here..."



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