

Chapter 134 Not Losing Is Winning

My body felt like it had been lit on fire by Chu Xiaoxiao's words. If we were next to each other, I would have stripped her naked and done the deed.

I punched my pillow in frustration. "Keep teasing me and I'll face the typhoon to get to you."

"Hey, don't be rash. I'm only teasing you." Chu Xiaoxiao seemed to make a decision and tittered. "What are you in such a hurry for? I'm yours sooner or later."

I lay on the bed and giggled, clinging on to the blanket as if it was Chu Xiaoxiao. I really wished that I was hugging her.

After some flirting, the signal cut out. I tried to call again, but there was no reception.

Exiting the room, I saw Baldie and Gan step out of their rooms too, probably due to the same reason.

Suddenly, I remembered that Baldie's phone was still with me. I told him to wait and turned back to my room.

I was about to go in to get his phone when he stretched out his hand and waved it at me with no expression on his face. His phone was in his hand.

F me, when did he get it back?!

It was impossible. I had spent the whole night in my room and he had not come over. As special forces, especially doing reconnaissance, there was no way I could have slept so deeply that I did not notice someone enter my room.

Baldie did not make any explanations. He brushed past me and walked down the corridor.

As I stood there, stunned, Gan tugged at me and asked me what happened. I told him about the incident with the phone.

Gan clicked his tongue. "That's so mysterious! But Young Master, don't you think your friend isn't a normal person? Yesterday..." Gan took a furtive glance around before continuing, "How did he kill that man? Did you see? I didn't see anything. What did he use to kill that man that's more accurate than a gun!"

I was just as confused as Gan. I had been wondering how Baldie had killed the Thai assassin since last night.

Baldie must have used some hidden weapon. But what weapon could strike the temple of the assassin in such weather?! How strong was the hand that used this weapon?!

Even if it was the most accurate handgun, at that distance and in that weather, it was simply impossible to be so accurate.

Also, after Baldie killed the assassin, he seemed a bit too adept at clearing the area and disposing of the body. He seemed to be even more like an assassin than the assassin he killed.

Who was he really?!

"He's not really my friend. It's a coincidence that he saved me. Shh, let's not bother him," I admonished Gan, lest Baldie was offended.

Just as I finished speaking, the man in question appeared again, wearing his baggy hip-hop style clothing and his baseball cap.

"The signal tower's been blown over," Baldie told me.

I sighed deeply. "Ugh, we don't know when this weather's going to blow over either. Looks like we're trapped here for the next couple of days."

Baldie seemed to be completely unmoved. Before I could finish speaking, he turned and went back to his room.

Speechless, I heard Gan pat my back. "This is a good thing, it gives us more time. Go and rest. I'll use the landline at the front desk to make a few phone calls."

That was all we could do. We could not go out, and neither could Liu Rong. The whole of Tong City had come to a halt in the face of such a strong typhoon, and Junran was no exception.

I could only watch the hotel's satellite television.

After some time, Gan returned, shaking his head. The landline was out too.

"The television report said that this typhoon will take three days to blow over," I updated him.

Just as I finished speaking, the television flashed and was replaced by a blue screen.

"No effing way!" I ran over and stabbed at the remote control. There was no signal either. Three days of no television, no phone, no Internet... I was going to die of boredom.

The saying was right: Blessings did not come in pairs and misfortunes never come singly.

By the time night fell, the typhoon had successfully taken out the power lines, plunging the small hotel into darkness.

I had already given up and assumed that nothing else would go wrong, but then... The water stopped working that night.

Trapped in the hotel for a whole day, even Baldie was bored and left his room. The three of us bumped into each other along the corridor.

I recalled his uncaring face earlier and poked fun at him. "I thought you wouldn't be bored."

"I thought you special forces guys could lie in place for four days."

"Damn you, I was special forces, not a blockhead."

Gan was wary of Baldie, and worried that we would fight. He spoke up to calm the situation, "Alright, alright, it's very boring being stuck in the room. I saw there were people playing poker by candlelight in the lobby. Shall we go take a look?"

"Sure! It's not like there's anything to do," I said enthusiastically.

In the army, we occasionally played poker. My skills were pretty decent, and I could go a few hands. And my memory was particularly good, so I could count cards.

I did not expect Baldie to come along with us. He did not say anything, but he looked interested.

There were not many people staying in the hotel, and everyone was gathered in the lobby.

No one found it strange. In this weather, with no electricity or water, being in the lobby with everyone else felt a lot better than being alone in your room.

The hotel staff had set up candles in the lobby. You could barely make out the seven or eight people standing around a large table. There were two candles on the table itself, and the flames flickered in the breeze coming from the gaps. However, the card players did not seem to notice.

The three players were a bearded man, a young woman, and two boys. The boys played as one. They looked to be around sixteen years old, still teenagers.

"You boys have already won so much, but if you lose this hand, you'll lose everything," the bearded man was saying, "Why don't you stop here? You've won enough."

I glanced at everyone's cards. The man had a two, a three, and a four; all hearts. The woman's hand was terrible and not worth going into detail over. But the boys had three aces. No matter how you looked at it, they had a higher chance of winning than the man.

The young woman laughed. "Big brother, there's only one ace left in the deck. Are you sure you can get it? Whatever card these boys get, they'll beat you. You're afraid of losing, so you're asking them to quit."

The man grimaced. "This is for your own good, boys."

Gan muttered in a low voice, "The big guy might win. The kids might have won a lot, but continuing won't be too their advantage."

But Baldie scoffed. "The kids will win this hand."

Gan shook his head. "It only looks to be so. You can't stop your luck, and the chances seem good, but it's just probability. You win if you don't lose."