

Christina had already stood in front of Geoffrey, looking straight at the photographer with caution.

Bob's arm was injured, and he looked very haggard. He didn't want to fight with Christina but to occupy the stone house selfishly.

"This stone house was built by the hunters a long time ago. It has been standing empty for a long time. It's quite large and dark. Maybe there are black bears eluding the cold winter. It will be dangerous to rush in."

The photographer seemed familiar with this area.

The photographer paused and turned to look at Christina. "Miss Dickens has a lighter. Fire can protect us when we explore the way. And only by making a fire to keep warm can we survive the night. Otherwise, we will all die here."

Bob seemed to panic when he heard the word "die." The memory of the avalanches just now still haunted him. He just crawled out of the snow and out of danger. He didn't want to die.

"How do you know I have a lighter?"

Christina became more cautious. The photographer seemed to have paid much attention to her since they met and knew her very well.

A smile hovered on the photographer's lips and he said softly and casually, "I also know you have a 15 cm steel knife."

Christina's face tensed up.

Then, they found a few branches and spent nearly half an hour lighting them up with Christina's lighter. The roaring fire made them feel more at ease.

Christina bent over slightly and carried Barbara who was disabled on her back. Geoffrey followed them closely. The thin photographer held a torch and Bob did not dare to have any more objections. They walked cautiously into the stone house together.

The stone house might have been standing empty for a long time. The wooden door was already dilapidated. The room was dark and airless, giving them a gloomy feeling.

The stone house was a rectangle. It was only three meters wide, but it was very deep. Christina and the others were not interested in exploring inside the stone house. They walked about ten meters but still didn't reach the end, so they returned to the entrance of the cave and snuggled closer.

Christina found a wooden bed, a broken wooden cabinet, a few iron buckets, a big iron bowl, and a large bundle of thick hemp ropes.

She walked over to the cabinet and rummaged through it. She found a shotgun, but there were no bullets.

"There are really wild animals around..." Christina became vigilant. The shotgun indicated that it was not safe nearby.

Christina then found a large dusty bottle of whiskey at the top of the cabinet.

It was probably stored by the hunters before to keep them warm. Bob saw the whiskey and shouted at Christina in a rough voice, "Give it to me!"

Christina ignored him.

Bob was always overbearing and his face darkened after being ignored by Christina. He got up and wanted to grab it. But his wife immediately stopped him and muttered. She probably said that Christina had a knife, and Bob hesitated and subsided back.

Geoffrey snuggled up to Christina. He was young but knew people's evil sides.

The photographer seemed to be very experienced in surviving in the wilderness. He looked thin, but his physical strength didn't match his outward appearance. He walked to the wooden bed, broke it into strips with his bare hands, and quickly made a fire.

The bright roaring fire filled the stone house with warmth. They subconsciously approached the fire to keep warm.

Christina turned her head and looked at the man opposite her by the light of fire.

She suddenly realized that the photographer was not afraid of coldness. He was wearing the thinnest clothes, only two layers, but he sat far away from the fire. It seemed that he didn't like to crowd with others. Christina felt he was a little cold and arrogant.

At this moment, Barbara let out a low cry of pain. Her legs were badly injured.

Christina grabbed a few more wooden planks and the large bundle of hemp ropes, walked towards Barbara, squatted, and took out the steel knife from her waist.

Barbara saw Christina holding a sharp knife and screamed in shock, "What are you doing?"

Christina was expressionless and she deliberately scared Barbara. "Your feet are badly injured. I have to cut them off."

Barbara was scared to death by what Christina said. "No, no, don't do it..."

Christina neatly tore Barbara's pants and checked her wounds. She stopped bleeding.

Christina bit open the bottle of whiskey and poured it on Barbara's injured legs.

Barbara felt the sharp pain. Her face turned pale and she was shaking.

Seeing that Barbara was in great pain, Christina compressed her lips. "Alcohol can disinfect. I'm not lying. You can keep your legs."

Barbara was in so much pain that she glared at Christina. She was wondering if Christina was taking this opportunity to take revenge.

Christina rubbed Barbara's legs. "They're fractured. There may be a scar on your right leg. Take care of it."

Barbara's legs were numb from the cold.

And because of the alcohol, Barbara felt a more sharp pain. She paled and wanted to say something. But she saw Christina pick up two planks of wood to fix her injured leg, cut the hemp rope short, and wrap it around her leg.

After Christina had dealt with Barbara's injury, she turned to look at Barbara and said calmly, "It's better to feel pain than be numb with cold."

Barbara gasped in pain and gritted her teeth.

She knew that Christina was right. Feeling pain was better than losing her legs in coldness.

But Barbara really thought that Christina could never be a nurse because she would probably scare the patients to death.

Christina then set up a triangular rack above the fire with the other three long wooden sticks. She tied the triangular rack and an iron bucket with half a bucket of clean snow she collected outside with hemp rope. Snow gradually melted and boiled.

There were two big iron bowls on the broken cupboard. She took one of them and carefully scooped out half a bowl of boiling water. She sat down and Geoffrey snuggled up to her.

"Is it hot? Take your time." Christina told Geoffrey to drink some hot water to warm himself.

The photographer on the other side stared at Christina quietly and raised his eyebrows, seemingly surprised by her actions.

Bob saw her doing this, immediately ran over to grab another iron bowl, and scooped hot water into his iron bowl.

After Geoffrey took a few sips, Christina also handed some warm water to Barbara.

Barbara leaned weakly against the dirty and rough wall. She had never been in such a terrible state. She had encountered an avalanche and lived in such a shabby stone house. Her legs were seriously injured and she was in danger.

Despair welled up in her heart and she was lifeless.

But why was Christina so energetic?

Barbara did not take the half bowl of hot water. She almost lost her consciousness.

Christina was not gentle. Seeing Barbara give no reaction, Christina forced her to drink.

Barbara choked and the clothes on her chest were a little wet.

She glared at Christina angrily. "Christina, is this revenge?!" They had been at loggerheads all along. Now, Barbara was injured, and Christina could deliberately retaliate and torture her.

"I'm sorry, but I did it on purpose," Christina replied stiffly without any shame.

Geoffrey turned around and looked at them. "Aunt Parker, your lips are so dry."

Barbara had mixed feelings. Christina stood up and went back to sit beside Geoffrey. Then she reached out and touched Geoffrey's forehead. She was worried that he might have a fever. Fortunately, it didn't happen.

"Do you have a headache?" She asked.

Geoffrey looked at her with a tired face and shook his head.

"If you don't feel well, tell me, okay?" Christina said seriously.

Christina always met people who never told others they were sick, and she was not considerate. She didn't know they needed to be taken care of if they didn't say.

So some people said that Christina was heartless, and she was not a great wife because she couldn't take care of her husband.

Christina recalled some bad memories and was lost in her thoughts.

She didn't bother to explain.



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## Chapter 394

It was snowing again.

Fluffy white snow fell outside the stone house with the cold wind blowing. The scene didn't look romantic or beautiful in their eyes, it only made them flustered.

Christina took out her phone and found that it only had 15% of the battery left.

Although there was no cell phone signal in this area because of equipment failure, at least the phone could act as a flashlight, and the weak lighting was a little more reassuring than the darkness.

She also noticed that it was 9 pm on her phone.

Time passed so slowly.

They hid in this simple and dirty stone house, when will it last until dawn?

"Will someone come to save us?"

"The people in the hotel are waiting for rescue. How could they risk going down the mountain to save us... Maybe they thought we were all dead."

Bob and his wife were whispering to each other. They looked aggressive and fierce, but now their voices were full of frustration and helplessness.

They were all sitting directly on the dirty soil, all tired and haggard. They only hoped that dawn would come soon. They were trapped in this snowy mountain and they did not know where they were now. It was dark outside and full of danger. They could do anything but wait.

"There's not enough firewood." Suddenly, the photographer man sitting in the corner said.

With these simple words, Christina suddenly tensed up.

She looked down at the pile of broken planks behind her. The broken plank bed and wooden cabinet in the stone house were broken into strips to serve as firewood sticks. She calculated the time in her mind. The pile of broken planks could only be burned until 12 a.m. at most.

But it was the most dangerous after midnight.

Without an open fire, any emergency would be fatal.

"There aren't enough sticks, then stop burn so much. Slow down. Otherwise, in such weather, do you want to go out to pick up firewood?"

**Bob shouted irritably, "I will never go out anyway!"**

Barbara, who was sitting on the other side, had her feet tied to a wooden board. She was semi-disabled, and now she was cold and tired. In this primitive cave of the stone house, she was extremely tired, and her mind was filled with despair and anger.

Her expression was filled with despair. Suddenly, she shouted angrily as if she wanted to relieve her pressure before death, "Can you live if you burn less sticks? This stone house is so cold and there is not enough firewood. Just kill yourself!"

Barbara's cheeks were stained with mud and tears, dirty and disheveled, and her usual etiquette was left behind angrily.

How selfish they were! Bob was the same as those who thought they were nobles before, boasting of being superior.

"It's all your fault!!"

If it weren't for the so-called nobles forcing them to the ski resort, she wouldn't have suffered these crimes!

Christina hugged Geoffrey in her arms and turned to look at Barbara's resentful expression. This was the first time Christina had seen this elite woman lose control of her emotions.

Probably, she was too scared.

This kind of waiting was really depressing and desperate.

Christina reached out and touched Geoffrey's forehead, not participating in their conversation.

"Are you hungry?" She lowered her head and asked him in a low voice.

Geoffrey's small body was always close to her, and he felt very insecure. Christina kept asking him to close his eyes to rest, but he was afraid and did not dare to close his eyes. Although he was still young, he could understand what Bob and Barbara were saying.

These adults said no one would come to save them.

He thought they were all dead.

"Will Aunt Zhu be fine?"

He kept his head down and his childish voice was a little sobbing. He wanted to cry but did not dare to cry.

Christina looked straight at the snow outside. After a while, she said, "She will be fine."

"The impact of the avalanche on the direction of Crystal's run is relatively small. As long as she runs fast, she would not be washed down the mountain..." She was not good at lying, and her tone was full of uncertainty.

She hoped so.

Geoffrey lowered his head and sobbed. He was silent for a long time. He probably knew that he should not cry at this time and not cause trouble for adults. He behaved very carefully.

He wanted to see the person closest to him the most. "My father will never abandon me."

Christina looked at his little face and felt touched.

When she was pregnant, she read some parenting books that Patrick bought. He put them in the study. And she randomly read it.

According to the book, every child has a fear in his heart. He is afraid of being abandoned by his parents and even unconsciously tries to imitate and please them.

Even with a strong personality like Patrick, he seemed to have tried to get close to his mother when he was a child...

They were anxious for a favor and worried lest one should lose it.

Christina took a deep breath and looked at the snow outside the cave of the stone house again. To be honest, her childhood was very happy. She did not understand the anxious feeling.

Christina suddenly felt that the man in the corner opposite the fire was mocking her.

She turned her head sensitively and saw that the photographer man's stereoscopic. She could tell at a glance that he was European. His lips were very thin, slightly curved, looking a little playful.

Her dark brown eyes, which were half-smiling, were clearly mocking her.

She always thought this man was weird.

"What's your name?" Christina suddenly asked him.

The man seemed to be surprised for a moment, still maintaining a slight smile, but his eyes expression changed, which was with a hint of double meaning.

"What is the situation now? You're still in the mood to hook up with men." Bob said irritably.

The photographer looked at her but did not say anything. Christina frowned.

"Mrs. Hopkins..."

Geoffrey suddenly talked to her. He took out a roll of egg bread from his pocket and handed it to her. "Mrs. Hopkins, I have a loaf of bread."

Christina suddenly felt warm when she saw that he was offering a treasure in such a difficult situation.

She took two wooden boards and added them to the fire to continue burning. She held Geoffrey tighter to keep him warm and chuckled. "You eat."

As soon as she spoke, the family of Bob looked at them in unison. Bob's daughter pointed at Geoffrey and ordered arrogantly, "Give it to me!"

The girl spoke the local Romansh language of Switzerland. Christina could not understand her words, but seeing that the girl was acting like a delicate princess, she probably knew that the girl wanted Geoffrey's bread.

Geoffrey was also very sensitive. He immediately hid his bread and covered it.

"My daughter is hungry. Give me your bread." Bob's wife asked Christina for it in English in such a righteous tone.

Christina looked unhappy and replied directly, "No."

"You! You are too selfish!" The woman condemned her in a sharp voice.

Christina ignored her and lowered her head to Geoffrey. "It's yours."

However, Bob's daughter burst into tears.

The originally quiet stone house became irritating. The girl was also around 6 to 7 years old. As a foreign girl, she was strong and was especially delicate, pounding her parents' arms. "I want that bread, I want bread!" The girl screamed and cried tirelessly, and her feet kept kicking the dirt and gravel on the ground.

The burning fire was messed up by the girl's kick and the wooden boards with fire were scattered everywhere, but the couple remained indifferent and comforted their daughter as if they had been wronged.

Christina was dissatisfied and said, "Mind your daughter!"

Bob's wife scolded her with a wicked look on her face, "You wicked woman!"

"She was just a child, how heartless you are!"

After scolding Christina, the wife turned around and scolded her husband, "How can you let others bully our baby?"

Christina's expression darkened when she heard this. Geoffrey seemed to be frightened by these people and huddled up.

Bob had a fierce face and a burly figure, he stood up and left a huge shadow behind. He raised his strong arm and shouted at her, "Give the bread to my daughter immediately!"

Christina clenched a steel knife in her right hand and was furious to attack him.



Geoffrey, who was nestled in her arms, suddenly took out the bread from his little hand. He did not speak. It was obvious that he was willing to give his bread to the girl.

Bob snorted, grabbed the bread from Geoffrey's little hand, strode back, and sit down.

Geoffrey turned around and hugged her tightly. His head was close to her shoulder, and suddenly he become a little needy.

Christina was full of anger. Although Geoffrey's strength was insignificant, she could feel him touching her shoulder. It was as if he wanted to stop her from fighting with Bob. He was probably afraid that she would be bullied by Bob.

Bob's baby daughter got the bread, but she was very unhappy. "I don't want it anymore!" She threw the bread that her father handed her into the fire as if she was noble.

Some kind of "princess's illness" seized.

Christina was furious.

"Come with me to pick up the branches!" She stood up abruptly and walked to Bob in a strong tone.

Bob immediately scolded, "Who are you? Why do you order me..."

Christina quickly waved the steel knife in her right hand. The sharp edge of the knife was directly against the main artery of his neck. "Go with me or not!" She gritted her teeth.



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Bob was afraid that his neck would be scratched, and his big body stiffened. "Don't, please don't hurt us."

"No. Please. Don't hurt us." His wife also shouted nervously.

Christina's face was pale, but she did not show any mercy to them. The knife was pressed against the Bearded Man's neck. The cold metal blade instantly left a visible blood mark on his neck. A thin trace of blood dropped down slowly.

"I'll go! I'm going! I'll go out and get the firewood!" It turned out that the Bearded Man was also afraid to be hurt, and he said hurriedly.

His wife burst into tears. "She is insane and too scary!"

Christina ignored them. Geoffrey tugged at her pants nervously beside her.

"Could you please help me take care of him for a while?" Christina turned around and told the photographer.

The photographer seemed to be surprised by her words. He looked at Christina thoughtfully and did not answer for a while.

Christina didn't understand why she trusted this stranger, but someone had to go out to pick firewood under this circumstance. It was not safe to go out alone, so two people had to go together.

However, she didn't trust the Bob. So she must went with him.

It would be better to let the photographer stay behind and take care of Geoffrey and Barbara.

Why did she trust him?

Christina didn't know why she trusted him either. Strictly speaking, she felt that an arrogant man like him would not attack the weeks and children.

She had no choice at this moment. Someone had to go out and get firewood.

"I'm going to get us some firewood and will be back no later than an hour. It's too dark and cold outside. It's too easy to get lost if you go out."

Christina squatted down beside Geoffrey and kept saying. "Wait for me here in the stone house, okay?"

Geoffrey struggled a little and refused to let Christina go.

"I promise I will be back," She promised him in a low voice.

Geoffrey's eyes were wet, and his eyes were filled with reluctance. "Mrs. Hopkins, you have to come back.

Promise!"

"Okay."

Christina stopped wasting time. She rubbed his little head, glanced at the photographer before she left, and strode into the snowy darkness.

The Bearded Man was forced to walk forward by Christina. He was very reluctant. "It was suicide to go outside in the weather like this."

"The trees were buried by the avalanche earlier. There are no branches for the fire. Even if you can find some, it will be difficult to start the fire because of the wetness."

Christina ignored him and turned the flashlight on her phone, which had only 15% battery left. However, the light was still weak.

The pitch-dark sky looked heavy, and the snow was still falling from the sky. It seemed too empty and gloomy around them. Bob's voice echoed in the mountains, which made Christina feel a little braver.

The previous avalanche buried the whole area on the left side of the mountain. Christina walked to the opposite side, hoping to find some branches as soon as possible and go back to the stone house.

"We can't go that far! What if we get lost and can't go back to the stone house?"

Bob walked more and more slowly. Looking at the empty and silent mountain, he shivered all over in the snow and wind. He felt more flustered as he walked further and turned to shout to Christina.

Christina pressed the knife against his back and said with a cold face, "Keep going!"

"You're insane, you know?!"

Bob's face was ferocious, but he didn't dare to do anything with the knife against his back. He continued, "That man said that there were black bears on the mountain... Do you want to kill us both?"

Christina's expression darkened. She felt that the Bearded Man was useless and replied angrily, "The black bears are hibernating!"

But just then, they heard a strange sound coming from a small patch of forest in front of them.

It sounded like the sound when animals walked by the forest.

Christina immediately stopped. She straightened her back and held the flashlight in her hand. The light was too weak to see what it was, but she could tell that the thing was about 100 feet ahead. A dark shadow was rushing towards them.

Bob shouted in fear. "I told you there were black bears!" He turned around and ran away in panic.

He bumped into Christina's side when he was running away. Her cell phone fell on the snow, and the light source disappeared. It was so dark that she could not even see her fingers.

The temperature was so low that she felt the cold go into her bone. Her lungs were burning as she breathed in the icy air.

It was undoubtedly hazardous to walk around on such a night.

Christina looked ahead. Her legs were numb from the cold, and her thought was in a mess. She hesitated whether to run away, but she knew that it could not be the black bear. The bears had already hibernated.

It didn't sound like an animal either.

The speed of the thing wasn't that fast, and the sound of footsteps was a little heavy. It sounded more like a human.

Sure enough, she was right.

Someone was running towards them.

Christina heaved a sigh of relief and bent down to pick up her phone. The dim light of her phone shone on the tall and muscular man's face in front of her.

It was Ray.

Christina was surprised to see him. Ray wasn't washed down by the avalanche. She heard that he had fallen down the mountain fighting with another tourist. She did not expect to see him alive.

There were many injuries to his body. There was a big wound on his forehead, and the blood had formed a clot. He looked very ferocious.

"How are you feeling?" She asked out of politeness.

However, she saw the strangeness after she met her eyes. Ray's eyes were wide open, but his pupils were unfocused and looked lifeless. He opened his mouth, revealed blood inside, and roared as though she was his enemy, "You people dare to hurt me!"

Ray lunged forward to attack her like a madman.

Christina was caught off guard and fell on the snow. She didn't get a chance to react before his strong arm grabbed her throat.

His crazy strength made Christina unable to move. Her breathing became more and more rapid. Her face was filled with panic, and she kept struggling. His heavy body was sitting on her made it impossible for her to escape.

"How dare you hurt me! How dare you!" Ray roared. He had a conflict with a tourist and fell down the mountain

with injuries all over his body. He exploded with rage.

The force on Christina's neck was so heavy that her skin turned purple under the cold air. Her breathing was shallow, and she kept trying to escape with both hands and feet. However, her strength was leaving her slowly.

Christina's hand kept groping around her waist, and her fingers found the icy knife.

Her expression became harsh, and she tried her best to stab Ray in the calf.

Ray felt the pain, and he set up straight and covered his injured leg with his hands instantly. Christina took the chance, pushed him away, and got up on her feet.

She breathed heavily, and her whole body was exhausted. Her throat was still throbbing.

"You bitch!"

She thought that Ray would not have the strength to attack her after being stabbed if he didn't die.

However, he seemed to have lost his mind. Ray pulled the knife out of his calf with his big hand, and the blood gushed out. He didn't seem to feel the pain. He rushed over again, even angrier than before, "I want you dead!"

Christina ran desperately in one direction before she could have a chance to gasp for air or to make sure where she was running to.

Ray dragged his injured leg behind her, and the blood was all over the white snow. The smell of blood drifted in the air. Ray's huge body limped, chasing after her like a fierce beast.

Christina was breathing heavily and running wildly. Her heart was beating so fast. She kept looking around, although everywhere was dark. "Is there anyone there? HELP!" She shouted. Deep down, she still hoped that Bob would be nearby and could help her.

She ran into another forest. The snow was thicker here, perhaps because it wasn't a tourist site. The path was covered by the shadow. She kept running.

Ray dragged his injured leg, and his pace was unsteady. He roared wildly, "I will catch you! I will!"

Christina was panting as she ran. She kept turning around to check and thinking about how to escape in her mind.

She could climb up the tree.

Ray's leg was injured. She could climb up a tree and avoid him for a while.

"Ah!"

Just as she was thinking about what she should do while she was panicking, Christina missed a step. The soil under the thick snow loosened, and her whole body started to fall.

It was pitch-dark below, like a huge mouth waiting to swallow her.

A figure flew over from her left.

The giant palm held her right wrist at the edge of the cliff.

Christina's heart fell back to her stomach.

She was hanging in the air, and her right wrist was pulled hard by the person. She raised her head and saw the familiar face with her blurry vision.

Christina was shocked for a second. She knew it was him.

It was Patrick Hopkins.

They were on such an icy mountain, on a dead night—they met in such a mess. There was a second that she felt that she had seen an illusion.

"Don't move."

Patrick's voice came from above, as deep and familiar as usual.

Christina looked at the man in front of her and felt the time go back to before. She felt mixed feelings when she heard his voice. She was surprised to see him here, but there was a part of her that was sure that he would come to save her.

It was too dark to see Patrick's expression. He was trying to pull her up.

"Be careful!"

Christina shouted nervously.

Ray dragged his injured leg and was furious like a wild beast. His vast body, heavy footsteps, and crazy roar were enough to show how insane he was.

Patrick was on his stomach at the edge of the cliff and tried to pull Christina up with both hands.

She raised her head anxiously. "Be careful! Behind you!"

Ray's angry face came into her sight as soon as she finished talking. He held the bloody knife in his big hand and stabbed it into Patrick's body with rage. With a sound, the sharp metal pierced into his body.

Christina's face turned pale.

~~On the edge of the cliff, Ray was still in a rage and continued to punch and kick at Patrick's crawling body on the~~

ground.

Christina was so worried that the tears rushed over her eyes. She shook her arm and said, "Open your hand!"

"Patrick Hopkins, I said open your hand and just let go!"

He could stand up if he let her go, and he didn't have to be beaten up anymore.

Her breathing became shallow, and she shouted, "Let me go and stand up!"

"I won't hurt if I fall. It's snow everywhere."

She used the other hand to try to open his grip, and tears rushed out of her eyes because of anxiety and worry. However, he grabbed even tighter as if he had used all his strength on his hand.

"Patrick, I told you to let go!!!"



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## Chapter 396

Ray punched and kicked Patrick, who was lying on the edge of the cliff, crazily. Patrick never let go, nor did he say a word, not even cried in pain.

When he found the opportunity, he quickly turned sideways and kicked Ray's injured leg hard with his right foot. Ray's huge body fell into the snow.

Ray tried to get up several times. He was exhausted. Finally, he fainted and stopped moving.

Above the cliff, Patrick immediately sped up and dragged Christina up.

Christina kept silent. She did not move, nor did she shout for him to let go.

This desolate and cold snow-capped mountain was incomparably silent.

She was hanging on the edge of the cliff, unable to find the force point, surrounded by snow.

She could only let him drag her hard.

But Christina knew that the steel knife was stuck in his body...

Drops of blood fell from above, and the sticky blood slid along his arm, past his cold fingertips, and intertwined with her hand.

Christina's stiff body was in midair and she almost held her breath. She did not dare to breathe the bloody smell.

He persisted in trying his best to pull her up bit by bit.

Christina quickly got up and saw the steel knife in his right shoulder. She squatted down and held the handle in her right hand, but her heart trembled.

The front half of the blade penetrated his body deeply.

She knew how sharp the knife was because it was she who had brought it here.

"I told you, I told you to let go!"

She was trembling with the handle of the knife in her hand and couldn't hold back the tears in her eyes. Christina cried and scolded as if she was on the verge of breaking down.

"Patrick, do you think you're great... Why don't you want to discuss anything with me? You're used to making decisions alone. There's a lot of snow down there. Even if I fall, I'll be fine."

"Do you think you are a hero? I don't want you to save me. I don't want you to protect me."



"I don't need you!"

Christina did not dare to touch the steel knife. The knife pierced his body deeply. It would be dangerous to pull it out forcefully.

Tears kept streaming down her face.

In the past few days, she met many unexpected things. The tourists screamed and cried in fear. In fact, she was also afraid, but she endured it.

She couldn't be scared. She had to protect Crystal and the others.

She had always been firm, firmer than many women and even men. But now, for some reason, tears were like a river that broke its banks, and she couldn't help but cry bitterly.

"Patrick, I don't need you..." She scolded him hysterically, "You shouldn't be here. I didn't ask you to save me..."

"I told you to let go. Can't you hear me? I told you to let go. Why didn't you..."

"I don't need you."

Patrick clearly heard her cry and scold, and his body stiffened for a moment.

He turned over slowly, propped himself up on the snow with his right hand, and half-sat up to look at her.

Christina cried like a drowned mouse.

He didn't know what to say and just looked at her quietly.

She seemed to have suffered a great grievance and had been crying.

"I, I'm... I'm afraid you'll fall."

Patrick wanted to get closer to her, and his voice was low and hoarse, "Christina, I'm afraid you'll disappear again."

Her eyes were misty with tears. She turned her head and looked at him blankly. Patrick moved his body and pulled the wound on his back. He sighed in pain subconsciously.

He was never good at expressing his feelings to women. He looked into her eyes and did not say anything more.

Christina suddenly raised her hand and wiped the tears off her face with her sleeve. Her eyes looked stubborn as if she had never cried before.

"There's a stone house ahead. Geoffrey is there. I promised him that I would go back as soon as possible."

She held him up and said quickly. Patrick let her support him and walk forward step by step. He knew that she was

not as weak as other women. She suddenly cried just now, which made him very flustered.

Patrick was in special winter clothes and carried various field tools. He turned on a flashlight on his waist.

Christina looked straight ahead at the road. She carefully remembered the direction to the stone house. At the same time, when she looked at the bright light of the flashlight, she felt a sense of security.

Maybe it was because of the light in the night, or maybe it was because of him.

It was snowy and icy all around, and white snowflakes were on their shoulders. They snuggled up to each other and walked forward.

It took about an hour for them to get back to the stone house.

Geoffrey ran out anxiously when he saw her coming back. When he saw that there was another person beside Christina, he shouted excitedly and happily, "Uncle Hopkins!"

There was a pile of firewood burning at the entrance of the cave of the stone house, and the fire reflected his handsome face. At this moment, it was clear that Patrick looked tired and haggard.

"Go in."

Christina urged Geoffrey to go back to the house to keep warm so as not to get frostbite.

While holding Patrick, she strode into the stone house. When Bob saw Christina coming back alive, his eyes widened, "Weren't you, weren't you attacked by the black bear?" As he ran away, he could hear some sound of fighting from afar.

Christina was furious. It was because Bob ran away ungratefully. Otherwise, they could deal with Ray together! She was hurt by the lunatic Ray.

"Patrick?"

Barbara, who was half unconscious in the stone house, opened her eyes when she heard their noisy voices and was shocked to see the familiar side face.

"Patrick, are you here to save us?" At the end of her sentence, she couldn't help but get excited.

Patrick looked in her direction and seemed surprised that Barbara was also in the stone house, but he did not say anything.

"Knife, why the knife..." Geoffrey pointed at the sharp steel knife on Patrick's back and shoulders in shock. There was blood gushing out of his clothes. Geoffrey was so scared that his face turned pale.

"He's fine."

Christina looked at him, with a calm and comforting tone.

She wanted Patrick to sit on the ground, "How are you?" She wanted to see the knife wound on his back against the fire, "Let me see the wound on your back..."

But Patrick put his hands around her and pressed his head against her arms directly. Christina was forced to hug him and subconsciously pushed him, but she saw his sickly and haggard face.

She compromised.

There was a steel knife in his back, which made it inconvenient for him to rest against the wall. She could only let him lean against her.

"Patrick, don't sleep."

She tilted her head and saw him close his eyes.

He looked very tired, and his heavy body had no strength but leaned against her, "Let me take a look at your knife wound. Don't sleep now..." In such cold weather, it was as if he wouldn't wake up if he fell asleep.

"The special clothes on his body are thick, and the wound is not as deep as you thought, but if this knife is pulled out now, he will definitely bleed profusely. It's best not to touch it now..." The photographer man in the stone house suddenly spoke.

The man looked at the snow outside the stone house, "It seems that our adventure is over. They will arrive in two hours."

"What do you mean?" Bob exclaimed.

"Is anyone coming to save us two hours later?"

The photographer smiled jokingly with his thin lips and did not answer Bob.

Christina subconsciously looked at the photographer. At this moment, Patrick, who was leaning on her shoulder, opened his eyes and looked at the strange man meaningfully.

In fact, Patrick suddenly appeared here, so it was not difficult to guess that there must be backup personnel to help.

However, the photographer man's tone was so firm that he seemed to know Patrick's way of doing things very well.

"Is my father here to save us?"

Geoffrey could also understand the adults' conversation and get close to Christina and the others. He could not suppress the excitement on his small face.

Christina touched his little head with one hand and smiled at him, "I think so."

"That's great."

"I knew my father would come to save me." Geoffrey suddenly became much more energetic.

Bob and his family were also very excited. They kept walking out of the stone house and looking around to see who was passing by.

Patrick, on the other hand, was very quiet and did not even respond to Geoffrey's call. Christina looked at his tired face with some worries in her eyes.

He used to stay up late to review documents and travel on business. He was always energetic and rarely looked so haggard.

"Geoffrey, give me that half bowl of water." She pointed to an old iron bowl.

Geoffrey was very obedient and asked her if she wanted to add some hot water. Christina had set up an iron bucket on the fire to boil the snow for them to drink to keep warm, but the snow water in the iron bucket was now too hot to let the child scoop up the boiling water.

"Coldwater is fine."

Christina was holding the half bowl of water when Patrick turned to look at her, "Do you want some water?" She asked in a low voice.

He didn't say anything but Christina knew that he wanted to drink water.

She put the bowl close to his lips and he took a few sips slowly.

Geoffrey looked at his Uncle Hopkins and Aunt Hopkins, and then he carefully picked up the burning stone beside the fire. Compared to the cold ice and snow, the warm stone could keep warm.

"Uncle Hopkins, are you cold? It will be warm if you hold the stone." He put the stone next to Patrick.

Patrick's voice was a little hoarse, "No."

Geoffrey was happy to hear that his Uncle Hopkins had finally spoken to him, "Uncle Hopkins, does your back hurt a lot? Are you sick?"

"Aunt Hopkins said if there's anything wrong, you must tell her."

"Aunt Hopkins is very powerful. She saved me and Aunt Parker. She carried Aunt Parker behind her back and hugged me... She burned snow into water for us to drink, and taught me to burn stones to keep warm..."

Even in such an extreme environment, Christina would try her best to take care of others. Patrick had always known her character. She was firm, brave, responsible, and sometimes very willful.

As she said before, she didn't need him.



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## Chapter 397

As the photographer had expected, two hours later, the rescuers really found the stone house and rescued them from the terrible and cold snow-capped mountain.

Hearing others walking outside, Bob immediately ran out to shout for help.

Geoffrey also looked out excitedly at the entrance of the stone house. Christina gently pushed the man leaning on her and whispered, "Patrick..."

Patrick looked pale. After returning to the stone house, he lay still in Christina's arms.

Christina didn't think too much. She just let him lie in her arms and waited for someone to come. What worried her was that Patrick's wound would get inflamed if they stayed here for too long.

"Patrick," Christina called him again.

Actually, Patrick was awake.

Christina did not realize that it had been a long time since she had called his name in such a caring and calm tone.

After the rescuers noticed the stone house and the fire, everyone in the cave ran out, led by Chandler, "Geoffrey!!" The voice was filled with anxiety and excitement.

"Dad!"

Geoffrey ran, stepped on the thick snow, and threw himself excitedly at Chandler ahead. "I knew you would find me."

With his eyes and nose red, the little boy spoke in a pure and childish voice.

"Are you hurt?"

"Is there anything wrong?"

Chandler was filled with anxiety and held Geoffrey tightly in his arms, with tears welling up in his eyes. "Are you scared? Don't be afraid."

After the avalanche, everyone was so close to death, and the rescuers had dug out several bodies. Chandler was really afraid of Geoffrey's death. If something happened to Geoffrey, Chandler really didn't know how to face it.

Christina had mixed emotions when seeing Chandler and Geoffrey reunite.

When she had first seen Patrick, she had actually been moved...

But they didn't seem to be so excited.

Chandler carried his son into the dirty and small stone house. At that time, Christina was helping Patrick stand up. Then, Chandler reached out to hold her hands tightly and said excitedly.

"Christina, thank you for saving Geoffrey. I was really flustered when hearing of the avalanche. And I was worried and helpless... Later, when Crystal said that Geoffrey was with you, I had hope in my heart. You saved Geoffrey's life. I will remember it forever."

People who encounter disasters would be immersed in the fear of death, while the people looking for them were also confused and helpless in the fear of despair.

Christina was a little embarrassed in face of others' sincere gratitude. "Nothing serious. It's my duty to protect him."

"You just mentioned Crystal, how is Crystal now? Have you found and saved her, haven't you?"

"Crystal was found by us at the top of the mountain. She was covered in a layer of light snow and was fine. After we saved her in time, she woke up quickly. But she had been blaming herself and was especially concerned about you..."

Christina explained seriously, "I asked her to run alone. If Crystal didn't run, I couldn't protect both of them. Don't blame her."

Chandler smiled at her with a guilty look. "I never blame her."

The moment he found Crystal, to be honest, he really blamed her, an adult, for not taking good care of Geoffrey. He was angry that Crystal was alive while Geoffrey could be alive or dead.

Rescue workers drove several equipped SUVs over, which were equipped with medical equipment. Two medical staff stepped forward and had a simple exam on the knife wounds on Patrick's back.

Christina let go of Patrick and turned to look at Barbara who was left behind.

Just as Christina walked towards the stone house, the photographer approached Patrick and whispered, "The pain on your back is in vain."

Patrick examined the strange face. "Who are you?"

The man sneered as if he didn't want to talk to Patrick, and turned around to go away. Suddenly, the man said, "Patrick, you take the signal fireworks with you, but you choose to stay here for two hours until the rescuers came. If I hadn't seen it personally, I wouldn't have believed that you would have done such a stupid thing..."

Patrick watched the tall and thin figure leaving and lowered his eyes to think about something. At this moment, a familiar figure jumped out of the last SUV. It was Charles who rushed over excitedly. "Patrick, where's Christina?"

Hearing the news, Charles immediately rushed over. "I have told you that she's lucky and she'll be fine..."

"Gone."

Patrick seemed to be used to reaching into his pocket to rummage, but he seemed more and more anxious.... "It's gone."

"What?" Charles looked confused.

"Why is my pocket watch missing?" Patrick suddenly became agitated with his voice loud.

He suddenly looked serious, turned back, and ran towards the stone house...

The medical staff in front saw Patrick's anxiety and immediately followed him nervously. "Mr. Hopkins, you're injured, don't run..."

Noticing Patrick's anxiety, Chandler ran to catch up with him as well.

"What's wrong?"

Charles was clear about the importance of the gold pocket watch carried by Patrick, but how could it be gone? It was really difficult to find it in such a large snowy mountain.

Barbara was the last to leave the stone house. Her legs were broken, making it hard for her to walk. It was really a tragedy, but she was lucky that the rescue team arrived so soon. She had thought that her legs would have to be amputated if she would be rescued tomorrow or even later.

"Thanks to Christina..."

There was a glint of mockery in her eyes, and she was mocking what she suffered at the moment. At the same time, she moved slowly towards the entrance with the help of her hands.

If she hadn't been lucky enough to experience the disaster with Christina, how could Patrick have been here?

Thinking of how Patrick was lying in Christina's arms just now, Barbara's eyes darkened. Barbara had known Patrick for so many years, and Patrick had always been strong. Even if he was injured, he wouldn't show his weakness...

Leaning on a woman's shoulder in this way made him like a little boy.

Even though Barbara knew that her love was in vain, she had tried her best. But after tonight, she was exhausted and gave up. She realized that however hard she tried, she could not replace Christina, although Barbara was reluctant.

Just as she passed by where Patrick had sat, Barbara's eyes brightened. The fire at the entrance had not been extinguished. Under the orange flames, she could clearly see a finely made gold pocket watch.

"It's Patrick's pocket watch," Barbara muttered, looking at the watch in her palm.

"What are you doing?"



Christina suddenly appeared and found that Barbara seemed to be in a daze with something in her hand.

Barbara quickly hid the watch in her palm, raised her head, and answered stiffly, "Nothing."

Christina did not ask her anymore. At this moment, two medical staff came over with a single bed. Then, they helped Barbara up and took her out for treatment.

Christina was also about to leave, but it was unexpected that Patrick rushed over.

Without saying anything, he walked straight inside as if he was looking for something anxiously. He turned the stone house upside down, but in the end, he found nothing.

"What? What are you looking for?" Christina suddenly felt a little angry.

"My pocket watch."

Patrick looked at Christina with a mixed expression. "Did you see my pocket watch?"



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