

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 621

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Chapter 621

Raphael was lying!

He said it would only take three hours to walk out of the forest and find a place to stay. Bullshit!

Charles and Gary looked resentful. They had been walking for six hours, but they had not even reached the edge of the forest. It was more exhausting walking at night than during the day. Even worse, there were many traps and holes in the forest.

"Oh my gosh, I fell again."

Some curses came from the quiet forest now and again.

How many holes were in this forest? How long would it take to get out of the forest? They were all grumpier than usual.

It was almost dawn, and the forest was very humid. The dark forest was within the cries of animals. It was so gloomy around.

They set their teeth to walk out of this forest.

Crystal and Chandler didn't go as fast as those professionals. They supported each other and kept up with the group hardly. They were very weak, but they knew that they must not drag on the group.

"Stop here and have a drink?" Chandler asked breathlessly.

Crystal was too exhausted to speak. Seeing that other people were getting further, she anxiously pointed ahead and quickly followed.

Chandler took a deep breath and nodded.

In the past, he was always guilty and self-defeat for his failed marriage and his brother's death. Now it seems that he used to be too melodramatic.

He walked forward step by step with Crystal, undergoing a trial of death.

Chandler suddenly realized that this journey on the island was worthy even if he died here.

Charles was also very tired but in a better condition than Chandler. After all, he had always been a fitness enthusiast. Now his legs seemed paralyzed, as heavy as stones. However, everyone was united to continue to move forward and get out of the forest.

* ... Are you playing another dirty trick?"

"When will we be able to walk out of the forest?"

Charles turned his head and glared at Raphael, who was walking leisurely at the end of the line. This evildoer didn't pant at all.

Raphael looked up at him with contempt.

Earl also seemed tired. It stopped to lick its paws and then disappeared into the dense forest quickly.

However, Patrick was calm and did not question anything.

In fact, Raphael had been pampered since he was born. He lived on the islands and did not need to walk with his – feet at all. The forest on Barbarian Island did not cover a large area. It was just a three-hour journey to walk out of the forest.

Raphael had always been indifferent to everything. Now the three-hour journey seemed to be for the Barbarian to walk. They had big paces and amazing physical strength. It was no doubt that they walked fast.

However, it was probably near the edge of the forest.

Earl had already run out.

"We're out!"

Alan took the lead out of the forest. He turned around and shouted excitedly. The people behind seemed to hear the voice of hope, and joy appeared on their faces. They swelled themselves up and quickened their steps.

They walked out of the forest and finally got rid of the damp and oppressive feeling. Their sights suddenly expanded and they saw a large plain in front of them.

The moon was still bright before the dawn. They were holding torches in their hands like an orderly army. The flames were connected into a line, illuminating the barren land.

Everyone became optimistic and looked around curiously.

"Here seems to be a lot of big rocks."

Because it was too dark to clearly observe the landscape around, Charles curiously touched a hard black rock at his feet under the flame light.

"Meteorite."

Raphael suddenly said a word.

Charles raised his eyebrows and looked at him. "Are these all Meteorite?" He was surprised. Although he could not really see how many of these rocks were around in the dark, there must be a lot in his estimation.

Raphael was lazy to reply to them. After walking out of the forest, he sped up his pace and walked to the front of the line.

Others saw that Raphael had been on the road for days without getting tired, and he still strode forward with vigorous steps at this time. Although they all hated Raphael, now they had to admire his physical and mental perseverance.

Raphael had been a lazy person before. It was abnormal that he led the way after they walked out of the forest.

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. It was as if there was something he cared about on the Barbarian Island.

Gary ran to Patrick and wanted to tell him to be careful. Patrick said directly, "Follow him." Others could only obey his order.

It was almost dawn after they walked for another three hours.

They stayed up all night and were tired both physically and mentally.

"This is what you called fucking place to stay!" When they finally reached their destination, Alan couldn't refrain from swearing.

Here was just a hillside with a few caves!

What the hell was the place to stay?

"Do you want to stay at a six-star hotel?" Charles sneered. He was exhausted and sat down on the mud.

It was not bad to spend the night in a few caves on such a barren island. Now their requirements for life were getting lower and lower.

"Is this a lighter?"

They had been walking for more than 20 hours in a row and were dizzy now.

Crabbie was ready to take a nap, but he suddenly felt a small thing under his butt.

When he picked it up, he was even more confused.

"This plastic lighter isn't ours, is it?"

This is a very common and cheap plastic lighter that was simple to make.

They also had fire starters with a steel shell, which were more powerful, durable, and easier to ignite.

Normally, a cheap lighter would not catch their attention, but it appeared on such a desolated island, which immediately shocked all of them.

... Mr. Hopkins, we're sure this lighter doesn't belong to any of us." Gary reported to Patrick after asking

everyone

Patrick also looked confused. Who was the owner of this lighter?

*The Barbarians here not only dig holes to hunt but also have lighters?"
The others also frowned, as if all of the things that happened were far beyond their expectations,
The lighter was out of place with this deserted island.
Charles thought about a possibility and shouted excitedly, "Maybe Christina left it for us purposely."
"She was tied up by Mary. How could she find a lighter?"
"If this was her lighter, she wouldn't leave it here. This kind of fire-starting tool in the wild island is too important... Even if she really wanted to leave a clue, it was easier to just write a few words on the wall."
Someone immediately refuted Charles and despised his stupid thought.
"Mr. Hopkins, there's an iron pot here." They looked around carefully and found many modern daily necessities.
Both lighter and the iron pot were clearly the products of modern civilization.
Patrick turned to look at Raphael. Raphael was not surprised by these things at all. He immediately understood that these modern daily necessities must have been shipped into the island by someone.
"Is that how you rule the island?"
Patrick knew very well that Raphael's family was the owners of the islands.
Raphael pinched his lips and sneered, "Barbarians are stupid. In this island, we are more honorable than any ruler outside."
The Strozzi family, who had ruled the islands since their ancestors, were absolutely supreme. They had not only endless wealth but also terrifying divine power.
At the same time, Gary and the others found something strange again.
"... This big stone jar seems to be used for storing water. The big stone was artificially hollowed out. Half a ton of freshwater was stored inside.
"There are a lot of animal feathers and internal organs here..."
"There are ashes of the bonfire and leftover roasted pheasants. Someone might have had a barbecue here."
All of this seemed to deviate from people's common sense. "Do Barbarians also know how to molt and gut animals, then roast them?"
Didn't the Barbarians eat the raw meat and drink the blood? How could they be so civilized to make a barbecue?
When Raphael heard their conversation, his eyes glinted surprisingly. Barbarians weren't able to roast meat like this.
Then, his lips were parted in a half-smile. It was his dear sister who did these.

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Chapter 622

The Barbarians here seemed very mysterious.
Charles and the others didn't dare to underestimate the Barbarians on the island when they arrived at Barbarian Island. Because they had fallen hard into the holes in the forest and they saw lighters, iron pots, and stone urns for storing water.
"... Tsk tsk, the barbecue made by the Barbarians smells better than ours. It seems that they added some herbs."

Crabbie liked eating. Fearlessly, he picked up a string of roasted pheasants from the bonfire, blew off the dirt on them, and chewed them.

The chicken was handled cleanly. The skin of the roast chicken was golden and crisp, and it tasted fresh and tender. Although there was no seasoning, it seemed to have been added some herbs. The more he ate, the more delicious it tasted. Charles and Gary immediately surrounded him and the three men fought childishly. Crabbie protected his food and refused to hand over the roast chicken, shoving it furiously into his mouth.

Charles and Gary managed to get a chicken wing and a chicken head and chewed. They looked at each other in surprise and found that the roast chicken was really delicious.

Could it be that the Barbarians here were really smarter than them?

They went all the way without sleep. The sun had now risen and the sloping ground was bathed in the bright and blinding sunlight, but they couldn't stand their weariness at the moment. So they didn't care about the Barbarians and rested for a while.

There were three caves on this slope, and the first one was the largest. It could accommodate more than 30 people to have a good sleep.

The second cave seemed to be a storage room with a lot of dry wood branches, a few animal hides, and three mouldy legs of wild boar.

The third cave was the smallest, like a small room of ten square meters. There were several piles of hay and several hemp ropes on the ground,

... This smallest cave would have been used for captive animals." Alan and Patrick were not sleepy but continued to patrol around carefully

The hay was obviously for animals Alan had a very sensitive sense of smell, so he could smell the foul smell of animals in this cave, and the smell they could hardly describe,

"This hemp rope is the root of an old tree in the forest. It should be used to tie animals up." They picked up the

hemp rope on the ground and analyzed it as they watched.

Patrick raised his eyebrows slightly and said, "This cut is very neat."

These hemp ropes were cut by knives.

Alan was shocked, "Can the Barbarians here use knives skillfully?"

The place they had initially thought to be a primitive deserted island now appeared to be semi-modern, which represented more potential crises for their mission here.

"... I don't care. We will find ways to deal with them. We should take a good rest first. Mr. Hopkins, have a good rest in this small cave."

Alan was about to leave as soon as he finished speaking.

"Samba, Raine, Matriarch," Patrick murmured some strange names in his deep voice. Suddenly, he turned around and grabbed Alan's arm. He ordered sternly, "Call Raphael here immediately!"

Alan was confused and looked at the mud wall on the left side of the cave. The names carved with knives were "Samba, Leona, Matriarch."

Someone carved these words in their language in this cave.

Alan immediately got excited and ran out for Raphael.

Raphael had always been aloof. He was sitting alone under a rock with his eyes closed. It was not until he heard Alan asking him to go to the cave and saying there were words on the wall that he stood up reluctantly and followed Alan to check.

Raphael was also a little surprised to see the names on the wall.

"... These words can never be carved by Barbarians. They are carved by humans."

Charles heard it and ran over, shouting excitedly, "It must be a clue left by Christina!"

(Samba, Raine, Matriarch)

"They're definitely not carved by a Barbarian, but the one made it may not be Christina. It could be someone else on the same plane, like Lucy."

"If Christina really carved these, what did she mean by writing these?"

"The first two should be names. Maybe they were the people who took her away at that time, or maybe they were the other people she met... Matriarch? Is there a Matriarch in this place?"

Charles and the others were all out of sleep because of this important discovery and were discussing it enthusiastically

Patrick's eyes were fixed on the words carved on the muddy wall. Although the carving was not like that written with a pencil and pen, he was already excited. He could recognize that it was carved by Christina.

Patrick clenched his right hand into a fist, his face as cold as ever. He turned to look at Raphael and said in a deep but urgent voice, "What do these mean?"

"It should be the name of the Barbarians, but I don't know them."

Seeing his nervous expression, Raphael said slowly, "...So my little sister was caught by a Barbarian." He deliberately lengthened the ending to gloat.

Patrick's face darkened when he heard Raphael's tone.

Charles and the others were shocked, "Are these really written by Christina?"

"She was caught by a Barbarian and locked up in this cave. Where is she now?"

Charles asked Raphael anxiously

But Raphael was not anxious at all, "I don't know."

"Aren't you related to her by blood? Can't you see where she is now... Raphael, are you fucking trying to fool us?"

Seeing that Raphael was still indifferent, Charles scolded him anxiously.

Raphael did have the ability to spy on Christina's current situation, but it would take a lot of energy.

To put it bluntly, he only cared about his own business. Since Patrick refused to split the team and do things for him, he didn't want to care whether his dear little sister was alive or dead.

Patrick suppressed his mixed feelings and asked, "What would happen if caught by the Barbarians?"

Raphael knew that Patrick was not good-tempered, but he hadn't crossed Patrick's bottom line yet. He would tell what he had to say, "They would be sold by Barbarians in the market once caught alive."

"Sold?"

"Christina was sold by the Barbarians!" Charles and Gary became nervous.

Seeing their expressions, Raphael laughed playfully and added, "She's also possible to be raised as wife by Barbarians." He seemed to be looking forward to something.

It was a matriarchal society here. There were very few female Barbarians and they were very valuable. It was not easy for a man to marry a wife. If the male Barbarian caught a female, he might be horny.

With the huge physique of the Barbarian, he wondered if his little sister could endure it or not.

Patrick's face darkened. He clenched his fists and his veins were throbbing. Just as he was about to punch Raphael, Gary and the others immediately rushed forward and stopped him, because they were familiar with his temper, "Mr. Hopkins, don't take his word seriously. He said it on purpose... Let's go out and discuss it." Then they persuaded him to go out.

"Mr. Hopkins, the black cat is missing. We looked around carefully but didn't see it. Raphael must have sent it to find Junior Mrs. Hopkins."

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They went out of the cave and went to the bonfire to discuss it.

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"Raphael has been very active since he stepped into Barbarian Island. There must

be something he wants.”

“Raphael needs our help so he led us to the island with great efforts. I guess he used to have a very high position on this island but he might be suddenly betrayed. Mary is probably his enemy.”

“Since Raphael has asked for our help, he can’t give up Junior Mrs. Hopkins. He also mentioned that he wanted to split the team and let Earl find her. It seems that he wants to control Junior Mrs. Hopkins first and then negotiate with us.”

Although Gary and Alan were usually not serious, they were all experienced veterans. They could see the pros and cons of the whole thing clearly.

Now, they hoped Mr. Hopkins not to be impulsive. After all, the onlookers knew better than the players.

They analyzed the situation and said that the overall situation was the most important. It was not appropriate to have a bad relationship with Raphael now. Patrick gradually calmed down. Of course, he knew it, but the tease in Raphael’s eyes when Raphael mentioned Christina made him lose his temper.

He knew the overall situation was the most important and he had to analyze rationally. But he was not a god. He was just an ordinary person and had his emotions,

“Everybody stay where you are and rest for two days.”

Patrick regained his usual composure and gave the order in a low voice. After a pause, he added in a more

serious tone, “. Fire colorful flares into the sky

When Charles and Gary heard this command, they looked shocked. Generally, they would not fire flares into the sky.

The white flares represented a call for help.

The colorful flares were just to let their teammates know where they were, but at the same time, they would expose their whereabouts to the enemy.

Patrick ordered to fire the colourful flare in the hope that Christina would know he was here.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 623

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Chapter 623

They hadn’t had a good rest since they set foot on the island.

Patrick ordered that they could rest and tidy up on the slope for two days, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief. After all, people were not made of iron, and they had been tired of traveling for days.

“... I wonder what those barbarians look like?”

“What the hell are you afraid of? As soon as I shoot with this submachine gun, whether barbarians or monsters will all fall down.”

They had a break in batches and took turns on duty.

Those who woke up early could relax around and observe the environment.

Charles and Alan had slept for three hours. They were tired but not sleepy.

Therefore they chose to get up and walk around. “Why do you think there are so many meteorites here?”

“How would I know?”

Curiously, they touched these black meteorites of different sizes and some of them even weighed hundreds of tons. The density of the meteorites was very high, and they did not know what these meteorites were made of.

“They could be used as a flint!” Charles picked up two small ones and knocked them against each other in boredom. There appeared a tiny flame between the

small pieces.

Alan's eyes lit up and he quickly picked up a few small pieces on the ground and put them in a bag. "If we can go back alive, this meteorite might make me rich." How could he relieve his worries after he escaped from here? The only way was to get rich!

Charles was not interested in money but he cherished his life. So he asked, "Will these meteorites have radiation?"

As he spoke, he quickly threw away the two small stones in his hand.

The islands were almost isolated from the rest of the world, and it was not easy to enter them. The storm and whirlpool in the dead sea almost killed them, and meteorites actually fell on the island, and there were so many scattered meteorites. It was conceivable that it was a devastating super disaster when a large number of meteorites fell from the sky and slammed into the island heavily. Hearing what he said, Alan also felt that these meteorites made him a little scared and he did not dare to take

them rashly

Everything on the islands was strange.

"With so many meteorites hitting this archipelago, is the magnetic field here special?"

"I don't know."

For mysterious and unknown things, they'd better stay away from them to avoid getting into trouble.

Crabbie and other people were very energetic to patrol other places. They found a river at the edge of the forest.

The river was clear and its water was sweet. There were fish swimming in the river, and the water was drinkable.

"It's been a long time since we took a shower."

The men immediately stripped themselves naked and jumped into the cold river. They felt quite cool.

When Charles and Alan learned that there was a river at the edge of the forest within three hours' walking distance, they also went there to take a bath excitedly. After all, they had been hurrying on with their journey before, so they had no time and no mood to wash themselves up. They already smelled sour, "Crystal, there's a river over there. You can take a bath."

Charles ran to tell Chandler and Crystal about this. They were the weakest and had slept for eight or nine hours.

Crystal was the only woman in the team. They gave her the smallest cave to let her rest in it. Such a long walk was really too difficult for Crystal. She walked all the way relying on her perseverance. She slept soundly and thought it was a dream to enter the island.

"I can take a bath there?" Crystal also became excited in an instant.

However, those who were taking a bath in the river were all men. They were bare-chested and some even took off their pants... Thinking of this, Crystal was embarrassed.

She felt that she had dragged down the team, and it was really unsuitable for her to join the voyage,

"I'll get you some water. You can take a brief shower in this cave."

Chandler found a few waterproof backpacks, which were used by Gary and the others. The backpacks were very big. It should be enough for her to take a bath if he asked a few more men to carry some water back.

Crystal nodded with a blush, "Then I'll make some chicken soup for you."

She thought she should work hard to perform and do something for everyone.

Crystal was a good cook. Even on this primitive island, she could still cook delicious food.

They had carried their own iron pots and shovels, but they were too busy to use

them before. Now Crystal asked a few men to help build more than a dozen fires. They moved a few stones to set up fixed bases and put the iron pots on the fire to burn hot water.

Crystal took out the dried meat that they had stored before and put the meat into the water to boil them into a white soup base. Then she had people pick a lot of small tomatoes and she added them to the soup for seasoning. The thick fragrant meat soup had a sour and sweet taste of fruit, and its fragrance was overflowing.

Compared to the barbecue they had eaten before, the soup warmed their stomachs and made them feel much more comfortable.

"This fruit is like a large mangosteen. Is it really edible?" They had never tasted this kind of fruit when they saw Crystal dealing with it. They wondered if it was poisonous or not.

Crystal pointed in the direction of the second cave with a smile. "It should be edible. I found some stored by the Barbarians in that cave."

Charles boldly peeled off the thick shell and took a bite of the white flesh inside the fruit. He was surprised and said, "It is delicious." It was slightly sour while sweet.

"... Christina would definitely like its taste." Charles blurted out subconsciously. Crystal became worried instead, "I hope she's safe and sound and we will be able to find her soon."

Even no Barbarians tied her up, Christina would still suffer a lot when she lived on such a primitive island with her poor cooking skills.

Charles was also very worried, but he cursed, "It's just the right time for her to get rid of her bad habit of being picky about food."

Raphael deliberately did not let them find Christina so smoothly. But because Christina had her value, Raphael did not dare to let her be fatally hurt. But it was inevitable for her to suffer. They all hoped that Christina could hold on and survive.

It was rare for them to rest for two days. They did not know what kind of enemies they were going to face and what kind of strength those barbarians had. Gary and his fellows were born with such a character that they believed that one more day they lived was one more day as extra profit for them. At this time, they were laughing and joking.

After a meal of chicken soup made by Crystal, the elite troops began to crave food. As the saying goes, 'food is the first necessity of people, and they also love delicious food.

Early the next morning, they went hunting in the forest. They wanted to catch a few live birds and bring the birds

back for making soup and roasting meat.

To their great surprise, many small preys like pheasants and hares were caught in the traps in the forest that they hated deeply,

"... Hahaha, we are lucky to find these windfalls. It saves us both time and labor."

"The animals here are so brainless that they can fall into such pits."

As they talked jauntily, they jumped down to the bottom of the pits and picked up pheasants and hares. "We should thank the people who dug the pits before.

They were so diligent that the forest was full of pits. Call more people over.

Don't waste it. Let's pick them all up and bring them back. Hahaha..."

They picked up more than thirty pheasants and rabbits for nothing.

On the other side, Charles and Gary were weaving a net with grass and vines, intending to catch fish in the river.

The fish here had never been caught by other people, so the fish's reaction was particularly slow. Charles and the others caught more than five kilograms of little yellow croakers in two hours. Although this kind of fish was not big, its flesh

tasted delicious, and the fish soup made with it must be delicious.
Crabbie went into the forest with another group of people to pick fruits. They would pick back all the fruits they had eaten before, and when they saw some small animals such as squirrels had bitten on some fruits, they would also pick some of such kinds of fruits back to have a try.
At noon, they had already started cooking with more than a dozen fires. Everyone talked happily and sat directly on the ground and grass. The sky was blue and the clouds were white, and they had an open view.
Like a primary school student who got a reward, Alan smiled brightly and said, "Guess what I found... Look, more than a hundred bird eggs!"
"There are many bird nests on those towering trees... Hey, don't grab them away. Don't snatch them all. I've worked so hard to get the eggs out."
Before Monkey could finish speaking, everyone rushed over and snatched the eggs.
With more than enough food, Charles and the others laughed happily, and they hadn't laughed so happily like they did today within a long period of time.
The simpler life was, the simpler happiness would be.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 624

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Chapter 624

Patrick and the others had rested on the slope for two days. After that, everyone was refreshed and felt no longer exhausted as before. They all felt very good. The sky was blue and cloudless. The sun had just risen and the morning sun was shining. The weather today was good.

After a rich breakfast, they were ready to leave for the Barbarian Market!

"Barbarian Market, is that the place where Barbarians are gathered?"

"Damn. Don't tell me that Barbarians can do business too." Weren't Barbarians stupid?

Alan and the others were in high spirits, carrying more than 25 kilograms of luggage and weapons on their shoulders. Their backs were straight and they walked briskly as they chatted with their companions.

"The names Christina carved on the mud wall are the key clues... Samba, Leona, Matriarch, I don't know where to find them."

"Why didn't she write more clues? She left just a few names and made us guess. If it was Lucy, she would have written the whole story clearly."

"Can Christina compete with Lucy? We can't even defeat that cruel bitch Lucy."

As a child, Charles was carrying more than 15 kilograms of luggage and equipment on his shoulders. He had never walked as briskly as Alan and the others. Every time when he took a step, he took a deep breath. He was too ashamed to complain about being tired.

Charles, who was unwilling to be left alone, gasped and trotted to Alan and his group and said, "Lucy is a professional. It shouldn't be a big problem for her to live on this island. Christina has never suffered like this. I don't know how miserable she is now."

"That's true. Christina is just a rich lady who is a little bolder."

"If she is caught by a Barbarian, she will be scared to death."

It seemed that they were going to collect her body. Maybe there were no bones of hers left

Everyone sighed

Steing their stupid exhibition, Crabble couldn't help rolling his eyes, "A woman

who can marry Mr. Hopkins must have some ability i tunk she's quite smart. She forgets physical pain when she has recovered. She is optimistic.

Charles continued to self pity, *. Christina probably didn't know we would come to find her, so she never thought of leaving us a clue."

"Samba, Leona, maybe she can't stand the torture of the Barbarians. She wants someone to avenge her on them."

The more Alan and others talked, the more excited they became. After all, it was a very boring thing when trudging. They had to find some topics to talk about.

"Keep your voices down. Mr. Hopkins can hear you!" Gary glared at them. These elite troops were reduced to a group of gossipy men.

. Patrick was also carrying more than 25 kilograms of equipment on his shoulders too. He was tall and strong, and he walked with strength. He heard talks from Charles and the others from time to time. His face was cold and he kept looking ahead.

They marched in a long line with clear order. Raphael had been very active since he landed on the Barbarian Islands, and he was leading the way.

The journey went quite smoothly. There were no forests in this area. Occasionally, there was some small vegetation. The terrain was flat and the view was wide.

There were many scattered huge meteorites around.

People in the group were also very curious about these meteorites, but they did not dare to stay or study them for fear of delaying their journey.

After walking day and night, Raphael chose the left direction at a fork in the road and everyone followed him.

"Where are we going in that direction?"

As he walked, Patrick suddenly seemed to hear something. He turned around and looked in the right direction of the fork.

Raphael also subconsciously looked to the right. He was not interested in the road and said lazily, "The hilltop where female Barbarians are raised and educated."

Because the number of female Barbarians born on this Barbarian Island was small, the traditional barbarians for hundreds of years had respected females, and their leaders were all female. After female Barbarians were born, they were usually sent to a place to be well raised. When they grew up, they would be arranged for a spouse or several spouses.

"My dear little sister has been captured by Barbarians. There is a 90% chance that she will be taken to the Barbarian Market for sale," Raphael's tone was always a little sardonic and brisk.

Patrick and Gary looked at him and felt that Raphael didn't seem to be lying.

"Is there a 10% chance of otherwise?" Patrick sounded cold and deep.

Raphael suddenly smiled, "There's still a 10% chance that she manages to escape from Barbarians." After a

pause, the sense of his mockery was stronger, "That's impossible."

With the physical strength of Barbarians, his dear little sister could not escape.

Gary glared at him angrily, and his fists were itching. He must beat up this evildoer when he had the chance.

But Patrick was still a little restless and looked at the fork on the right.

Raphael was afraid that he would disrupt his plan again, so he stepped forward and said, "That's the mountain where female Barbarians are raised and disciplined. Only children will be sent there."

Christina was an adult and could not be taken to that place.

"You'd better go to the Barbarian Market as soon as possible to redeem her, or her buyer will do something to her. Females are very popular on this island.

Especially a woman like my dear little sister, who is so fine and delicate..."

Raphael sounded relaxed as if he were joking, but he meant for what he said.

Raphael didn't lie. Everything he said was true. Patrick could tell the truth from his eyes, but Patrick still frowned and looked deeply at the fork on the right, unwilling to miss it like this. However, reality and reason urged Patrick to move to the left. Gary could understand Patrick's thoughts and knew that he was very anxious. Gary then turned to the large army behind and shouted, "Everyone, cheer up. We have to get to the Barbarian Market as soon as possible and see what those Barbarians look like!"

"Okay!"

The crowd behind them shouted and quickened their pace.

This meteorite region was wider than they had imagined. They traveled almost day and night and even saved time for breaks. They ate the dried meat as they walked. After walking for nearly five days, the geographical environment around them remained unchanged, and many huge black meteorites could be seen everywhere.

The sun was shining fiercely above their heads. During the day, they were all sweating as if they were walking in a desert. They only dared to take small sips of the stored freshwater.

At night, they could only camp around some sparse trees or near big rocks. They made a lot of torches and set three shifts of manpower to guard against possible attacks of wild beasts in the night. In addition, the temperature difference between day and night here was very big. Most of them would be woken up and shivered out of coldness in the latter half of the night, and even their clothes would be bedewed with dew.

Crystal really could handle this burden, judging by her strength. Her original backpack and luggage were given to Gary and others to carry. Crabbie then gave her an extra bottle of fresh water. But even though she walked while carrying light things, she was still dizzy and her footsteps were dragging. Finally, Chandler and Charles helped her from the right and left to walk slowly, barely following the tail of the marching.

The harder the journey became, the more silent Patrick was.

He should be blamed for Christina being kidnapped by Mary. He deliberately led Mary into the Hopkins family so he could observe her unusual behavior, but it was his negligence to lead a dangerous person like Mary into the house.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 625

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Chapter 625

The harder they are on the journey, the more silent Patrick became.

It was his fault that Christina was kidnapped by Mary. It was his fault to let Mary get into Hopkins family to keep an eye on her. It was him who led a wolf into the house.

He made her suffer so much.

Patrick looked straight ahead with sharp eyes. His hands clenched into fists, suppressing the guilt in the heart.

Finally, on the seventh day, they arrived at their destination.

After walking through the meteorite zone, they saw a sparse forest with a rich river and a group of green-shaded villages. They filled the empty bottles with water immediately. Looking in the direction of the river, there were people bustling in the tributary area.

Over there, it was the Barbarian Market.

After arriving at the Barbarian Market, Charles and his companions really had an amazing experience.

The appearance of these Barbarians was not much different from what they had imagined. They were burly, huge, and bearded, usually more than 2.8 meters tall. With ferocious faces, strong limbs, well-developed chest muscles, and twisted muscles, they had hair all over their bodies, and even their feet were covered with black hair.

At the first sight of the Barbarians, one would be afraid and become stiffened. This kind of huge Barbarians didn't look very smart. They talked like low-level, undeveloped beasts, roaring at each other, but they actually knew how to do business!

"They know how to trade" Alan held the submachine gun in his hand vigilantly and looked around at those huge Barbarians. He was a little confused.

"They're selling lighters and matches!" Charles couldn't believe it.

Gary went in, took a box of matches, and looked at it carefully. There was "made in C Country" printed on the bottom of the box. He couldn't help but laugh out, "Oh, it's made in our country."

This meant that all the daily necessities here came from outside, someone bought these goods and made a profit at a high price, squeezing the wealth of the Barbarians.

"They wade their prey for daily necessities Damn it, isn't it 100 much? Three buffaloes for a lighter?"

Savages trade things for goods, but they are really surprised by the unfairness. Selling lighter would make you a rich man here.

"Mr. Hopkins, they know how to trade in gold."

Gary pointed at the other side in surprise. A savage gave a small piece of gold to the Barbarian dealer for an iron pot.

He actually knew how to use gold as a trading medium.

Patrick turned to look at Rafael. Rafael looked at these stupid Barbarians trading gold with a sneer on his lips as if he had seen many of these things.

It was the Rafael family who led the Barbarians to trade gold deliberately.

"These Barbarians look like uncivilized ancient people. They only abide by the principle of trading in gold, but they don't seem to be concerned about the size and weight of gold."

Gary observed that the barbarians did not need to weigh the grams of gold. It all depends on their willingness, as long as the gold is big enough in their eyes they will be willing to trade.

"It seems that we have thought too much before."

These savages simply had strong bodies but no brains, and intelligence.

There were 126 people in a total of Patrick and his companions. Although they looked much weaker than the Barbarians, they were all armed and dressed in uniform, looking like a well-trained army.

They traveled through the Barbarian Market and observed the trading of the Barbarians. Many Barbarians also looked at them curiously. But it seemed that they didn't want to cause trouble, so all of them made way for Patrick and his fellows subconsciously.

Being stared at by such a large group of Barbarians was like being surrounded by a group of wild animals. Patrick and his fellows were more vigilant with weapons in their hands.

Rafael led them all the way to the gate of a palace. The high wall made of old stone bricks was ten meters high. There was a suspension bridge in front of the gate. Eight strong barbarian guards armed with spears and knives were standing on both sides of the gate.

Patrick was a little excited when seeing this.
Surprisingly, there was a palace in such a place,
"Who lives inside

"The life here is better than an emperor to rule an island and let the Barbarians work for you."

"Damn it!"

Charles and other people couldn't suppress their excitement and cursed directly. Rafael's destination was this palace. There was something he wanted here, and he wanted to get it.

Rafael walked towards the palace gate. Patrick suddenly reached out and grabbed his shoulder. "Where's Christina?"

Patrick didn't care about what he wanted. He came here just to find Christina. Rafael shook him off and said calmly, "As long as we control this palace, isn't it easy for you to find someone on this island?"

"You'd better not play tricks."

Patrick looked at him and seemed to feel that he would have some actions later. Rafael just compressed his lips and sneered. His handsome profile and blue eyes were clear and beautiful, but they were no longer as pure and clean as "Derek's". Instead, they were ridiculously arrogant.

Patrick and his fellows stopped at the entrance of the palace in a line. There were more than a hundred people, each with heavy weapons and a serious look.

Rafael, on the other hand, seemed to strut in borrowed plumes. Relying on the troops behind him, he strode onto the hanging bridge and talked to the leading guard.

Because of the distance, Patrick and his fellows couldn't hear what Rafael was talking about with the Barbarian, but they had seen it before. It seemed that they had to show a wooden sign to enter the palace.

"What the shit are they talking about..."

Rafael seemed to have gained a position in the islands, so Charles and others thought that if Rafael showed a notice board to the guards, they could also enter the palace smoothly.

However, just then, there was a piercing gunshot.

Rafael held a shotgun with a sinister look in his eyes. The huge Barbarian Guard in front of him fell to the ground with a bang. The bullet passed through his blood vessel accurately. And he seemed to have no idea what had happened. He covered the artery of his neck slowly, but his blood gushed out, and he was unable to get up.

Patrick's face darkened when he saw this,

"Did Rafael deliberately try to make them hate us? Damn it!"

Gary cursed angrily, and at this moment, more barbarian guards rushed out of the palace.

They were unable to negotiate with the Barbarians. What's more, being on the same boat with Rafael, they had to fight against them.

Gunshots were heard everywhere, and bodies in the blood were scattered all over the place. There were roaring sounds echoing from all around.

The Barbarians were so strong. They rushed over and attacked with spears. But Patrick and others can dodge easily with their nimble bodies using guns to kill these huge Barbarians in an instant.

The blood of the Barbarians was fishier, and the smell was disgusting. So the air was full of the bloody smell after the fight.

Finally, Patrick and his fellows scared the Barbarians. They did not dare to rush forward again.

Rafael laughed and moved on arrogantly.

.... Brothers, come in and visit our palace." Rafael was so unscrupulous that he announced the palace was already his

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Chapter 626

At midnight, Christina shivered with cold and woke up with a start.

Ever since Samba and the Barbarian family took her away, they had been living outdoors. The temperature varied widely from day to night, and the cold always awakened her at midnight.

The Barbarian family were sleeping soundly and snoring.

The firewood was burning briskly in the fire, and the firelight shadow was dancing. Samba sat by the fire to keep watch at night, adding firewood to the fire from time to time. When he found Christina wake up, he immediately turned to look at her.

Samba was huge, with a beard all over his face, and he gazed at her with great intensity.

Christina was very depressed about why Samba could not sleep at night, and she could not find a chance to escape.

It was already the seventh day since they set off. At first, Christina thought that they were going to the Barbarian Market. She longed to find Lucy and her companions, but they chose to turn right at a fork in the road.

Christina knew that the road on the left led to the Barbarian Market because she had been there.

However, they turned right and hurried on their way, so Christina didn't know where to go.

Christina couldn't sleep for the rest of the night. With a hemp rope around her waist, she wrapped her arms around her knees and gazed at the starry river in the dark sky in confusion.

"Is that a firework?" She remembered that someone fired a signal flare into the sky like fireworks a few days ago.

Moreover, she guessed that the flare location was probably on the slope where Samba lived before.

"Who is it?" Christina had been thinking about it.

However, it was a pity.

If she and Samba left a day later, they would meet those people.

Just as she was absorbed in her thoughts, Samba suddenly came over, handing her the big kettle with his strong hands.

Christina was startled and looked up, knowing that this meant that the kettle was for her.

She shook her head to show that she didn't need it.

They had been on their way for the past few days, and they were very thirsty. The Barbarian family didn't prepare

water because they were thirsty-resistant. However, when they saw that both Samba and Christina had kettles with them, their greedy eyes showed that they wanted to take possession of them, but they did not dare to take action for fear of Samba.

When they were thirsty, the barbarians would pick a succulent plant that looked like a cactus. Although it was bitter and astringent, it had a high water content.

Water resources were very precious on this island, so food was hard-earned.

Samba ignored her refusal and put the kettle at her feet without a word.

Then, Samba sat with his back towards her beside the fire.

Christina gazed at the kettle beside her feet in a daze.

"Where are we going now?"

She mustered up her courage and asked Samba.

"I don't like the Barbarian family. Samba, don't stay with them. They'll lead you into a wrong way."

"Can you take me to the Barbarian Market? I want to find my friend, and I'll give you a lot of gold in return!"

Christina had not chatted with Samba for a long time. Ever since the Barbarian family arrived, she had instinctively distanced herself from Samba.

However, she had been depressed for a few days. She had never been a person with deep thoughts, so she couldn't help but say out.

As usual, Samba did not know what she was talking about, but he would turn around and gaze at her gravely as if he was listening very carefully.

Christina did not expect Samba to understand. She was too lonely on this island and wanted to chat with someone to relieve her feelings.

At dawn the next day, they continued on their journey.

Samba always carried her on his shoulder, so Christina didn't feel tired. At first, she felt uncomfortable but gradually got used to it.

Like the day before, the Barbarians woke up at dawn and continued their journey without a fixed time to eat and rest

At noon, the sunshine was so fierce that Christina felt dizzy. She opened her little kettle and took a small sip. The Barbarian family would pick some leaves along the way to quench their thirst.

Suddenly, a group of dark birds appeared in the sky and flew past in panic as if a force had intruded and broken the original balance, putting the land in turmoil.

Samba and the Barbarian family immediately stopped and looked behind them.

Christina also turned to look in the direction where the birds flew out. It was the opposite of her current path as if it was the Barbarian Market.

What happened at the Barbarian Market surprised the animals to flee.

Samba and the Barbarian family let out a rough roar. They roared at the sky as if they were crazy, especially the female barbarian. She picked up the stones on the ground and threw them into the sky fiercely as if she wanted to drive away evil spirits.

Samba and the Barbarian family were all afraid.

Christina could feel that they were shouting angrily at the sky as if they were trying to drive away something unknown, but it also revealed their fear.

Christina got nervous.

She looked in the direction of the Barbarian Market and felt uneasy. "What exactly happened there?"

No one answered her question.

Samba and the Barbarian family might know what happened, but Christina could not communicate with them. She could only feel their unease as they continued on their way.

Samba and the Barbarian family sped up their journey, and they did not even rest at night. After five days, Christina finally saw the destination.

She was shocked that the mountain stronghold was vast, surrounded by tall walls. In the rolling hills, the towering walls formed an extended ring.

What surprised her the most was that there seemed to be full of female Barbarians!

Standing outside the high wall of the mountain stronghold, Christina was placed on the ground by Samba. She looked into the mountain stronghold and saw that all the people were females. She was shocked and turned to look at the Samba and the others,

At this moment, Samba was talking to the Barbarian family, and the way they spoke was still crude.

Then, Christina saw that the female barbarian threw three small pieces of gold at Samba.

Suddenly, she had a bad feeling.

Did Samba want to sell her?

The female barbarian walked to Christina, grabbed the hemp rope around her waist, and dragged her into the mountain stronghold.

Christina resisted subconsciously.

The female Barbarian immediately became fierce due to her resistance. She raised her big fist and was about to hit Christina. Samba quickly stepped in the middle and muttered a few words in a hurry.

The female Barbarian roared back impatiently and rushed over to grab Christina's long hair. Christina felt pain, but she was no match for her strength.

Samba seemed worried. He suddenly picked Christina up and raised her, barely escaping the drag of the female barbarian. Christina was suffering from the shock.

The female barbarian stared at him fiercely and roared at him angrily.

She seemed to say that if Samba took her money, he should give her the person!

Christina's face was pale, and her heart was beating fast. She felt humiliated for being sold by the Barbarian, but at the same time, she hoped that Samba would not give her to a female Barbarian because she had no good impression of her.

However, Samba seemed to have compromised after hearing the female Barbarian's angry scolding. He put Christina on the ground again and pushed her back with his thick palm.

He meant that Christina should go in with the female barbarian obediently.

Christina's face turned pale, and she felt her blood froze. The female barbarian finally dragged her into the mountain stronghold, and Christina felt a sense of despair.

She was dragged to the gate, where the massive wooden door was more than ten meters high.

Christina turned around from time to time and found that Samba stood on the same spot, gazing atnet.

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Chapter 627

Christina went white as a sheet, and she froze. The female barbarian dragged her into the mountain. A deep sense of despair overwhelmed Christina.

She looked back several times. Samba did not leave immediately. He stood still and stared at her.

He sold her for three bars of gold. Christina thought that he was really despicable.

Christina found it ridiculous that Samba really got a good price from her.

A male barbarian came out carrying a female barbarian. He walked to the gate and dropped ten bags of gold.

Christina vaguely guessed that females were kept in captivity in this place, they were bought from all over the country and then sold to males at a high price.

"This was such a humiliation!" Christina thought.

All her anger snapped at that moment. In her opinion, she was a human being, a person from a world of modernization and civilization, so she would not let herself be sold arbitrarily by these brainless barbarians.

Christina would rather die than give in to them.

The female barbarian who was dragging Christina did not expect that Christina

would suddenly exert her strength to escape. When a female barbarian was handing over her to the person inside, Christina took the opportunity to pull back the hemp rope with a strong force. She dashed out in one direction in a panic in one breath.

The female barbarian did not have enough time to respond. She noticed that the hemp rope in her hand had just now disappeared, then she turned around and watched Christina running away. She was furious and shouted in the direction of her escape.

Soon, Christina heard the footsteps of someone approaching her from behind. The body of the barbarian was very huge, so the earth shook when he was running, and he let out a roar of anger.

The female barbarian hadn't caught up with Christina, so she lifted large stones furiously and threw them at Christina's back with all her strength, Christina's legs, footing, and waist were hurt by these hard stones. She felt it really hurt Christina was so scared and her heart was in her mouth at that moment. The more nervous she was, the more difficult it was for her to keep balance She stumbled and fell on the ground covered with rough sand and stone, which scratched her palms and elbows drew blood

The female barbarian ran over and she cast a huge shadow on the ground. She shouted and cursed at Christina fiercely. Then, she raised a big stone and aimed at Christina's head,

Christina was so scared that she kept trembling. She crawled weakly on the ground and did not have time to turn over to avoid her attack. She held her breath in fear when she looked at the horrible shadow of the female barbarian on the ground.

Christina was on the verge of death and she froze.

At this moment, Samba's bulk rushed over and knocked off the female barbarian two meters away.

Christina was so frightened that she only remembered that Samba carried her on his shoulder. The female barbarian shouted angrily at Samba and punched him on his chest.

Samba did not fight back and allowed the female barbarian to hit and scold him, but he still did not hand Christina to her.

Christina couldn't understand what Samba said to her, and her brain stopped working at that time.

She only knew that Samba returned the three bars of gold to the female barbarian in the end.

Samba took her away from the mountain, and the female barbarian behind them was yelling.

They backtracked and walked for a long time, but Samba did not put Christina on the ground. Even at night, Samba still cradled her against his chest tightly.

Two days later, Christina's sense slowly recovered from the fright. Samba put her on the ground and his arms encircled her slender waist. When he held her in his arms, Samba grabbed the kettle with his big hand and watered her carefully.

Christina was thirsty and took a sip of water instinctively. Suddenly, she realized her situation, "Let me go, let me go!" She was terrified and struggled to escape, but Samba pulled her back with his big hand.

Samba seemed to think that Christina became energetic again given that she could scream now. He mumbled some words in Aboriginal language to her delightedly.

Christina tried to make herself calm down. She knew that she shouldn't fight against Samba or irritate him.

Samba noticed that she became amenable again.

He continued to talk to Christina patiently in Aboriginal language, but she still couldn't understand. She plucked up the courage to turn to look at Samba's

expression. Although he looked fierce, it seemed that Samba spoke to Christina in a way of handling children.

Samba was a silent barbarian, but he talked to Christina quite a few times. Samba seemed to know that Christina didn't understand his words, so he spoke to her over and over again.

"You should go to the female barbarian's mountain. The barbarians who lived there are all female."

"You will not be abandoned. They will feed you and water you before adulthood."

In fact, that was what Samba wanted to express. Christina looked at him warily.

Although it was possible that what Samba said repeatedly might be very important, her current aim was to go to the Barbarian Market and contact Lucy

Samba realized that she did not respond, so he did not continue speaking

anymore. He still took care of her as before and provided her with food and drinks as if that he sold Christina for golds had never happened.

. However, Christina couldn't pretend that nothing had happened. She bore in mind this lesson deeply.

She knew that if Samba sold her once, he could sell her again.

"I don't have gold now. I owe you three bars of gold."

"I'm leaving," Christina said.

They were still on their way to the slope. Samba didn't sleep last night because of the night watch, so he chose to have a rest under the big tree for two hours at noon. Christina was kept by his side.

On the fifth day of their return journey, Christina finally got a chance. She reached out her hands and quietly picked up the Swiss Army Knife, which was carried at Samba's belt, and then she cut the hemp rope around his waist.

She said goodbye to Samba and expressed her gratitude in her heart.

Then, Christina grabbed the Swiss Army Knife decisively and ran as fast as she could without looking back. She was afraid that Samba would suddenly wake up and catch up with her.

Christina did not know that Samba had already woken up as she reached for the knife at his waist.

Samba's bulky frame rose up and he looked at Christina, who was small and slight, running away in panic. He stood there without making any noise or chasing after her.

One big step of Christina was just equal to a small step of Samba, and it was obvious that her physical strength was not comparable to that of Samba, Christina put all her thoughts behind her and ran forward with all her might. She dared not to look back until she was breathing heavily and got sore feet. She was out of breath at that time.

Christina was also glad that Samba was sleeping soundly. He did not notice that she had stolen his Swiss Army Knife, and she ran far away from there Samba would definitely not be able to find her if she kept running

She deliberately didn't go back by the same route She hid behind a tree, and it was difficult for Samba to find her since she was small

In fact, Samba was following her all the way.

Samba didn't know why she ran away. He wondered whether Christina didn't like living with him. If so, he couldn't understand why she did not go to the mountain of the female barbarian.

Although Samba was a barbarian, he could feel that Christina was angry with him. However, Samba couldn't figure out why Christina got angry. He had always been very good to her. He thought that she was too skinny, so he tried to give her more food, but she was very picky. Since they were on the journey, there were not many choices for them. He tried to persuade Christina to eat more to gain weight, but the cub could not understand what he said, which made Samba very

distressed.

Samba didn't know why the cub could not even speak.

He also wondered where she wanted to go now.

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Chapter 628

While Samba was asleep, Christina grabbed the swiss army knife, cut the hemp rope around her waist, and ran away.

This was the third day after she successfully escaped.

She was still like a frightened bird, watching everything around her.

Christina was relieved, but she also felt it had gone too smooth to be true.

Three days later, Samba did not catch up.

According to her previous experience of escaping, she would be caught in about half a day.

"Samba should have gone back to the slope by himself."

"I took a footpath. It was normal that he couldn't find me." |

Christina looked around at the blue sky and the spacious surrounding. In front of her was a large plain. There had many grass and low trees, and there were scattered large rocks. Occasionally, she could see a few big trees.

"Although I'm worth three gold pieces, he wouldn't try to catch me at all costs."

She climbed onto a large rock and looked southeast. There was the Barbarian Market.

That was where Christina was about to go.

She took a deep breath to relax her tense nerves. She needed to rest.

"I will sleep for two hours."

She muttered to herself. For the first three days of her escape, she was too afraid of being caught by Samba. She did not dare to sleep,

Christina's phone still had about 20% of its battery capacity. She was worried that she would oversleep, so she turned on her phone and set an alarm clock.

On an island like this, once her phone ran out of battery, she would not be able to charge it, so she had always used it carefully and was reluctant to turn it on,

It had been a long time since she touched the screen of her phone. She quickly browsed through the messages,

phone numbers, and those familiar social apps.

The once at hand modern civilization was so far away from her now.

No social apps notices, phone messages, or calls. There was no signal at all.

The sun was shining brightly.

Christina chose a big stone, found a place where she could hide from the sun, and slept with her eyes closed next to the warm stone.

She curled up and slept uneasily.

At this moment, Samba was watching from a distance.

Samba had always been interested in Christina's phone. He didn't know what it was, but it belonged to her, so he wouldn't rob it or touch it.

Samba thought the cub he found was special. Sometimes she was clever and taught him to dig and hunt. But more often than not, he thought she was ugly and thin and rather stupid

Christina didn't sleep for three days and three nights. She slept for two hours.

The alarm clock on her phone kept vibrating and couldn't wake her up until a sudden noise woke her up.

Christina opened her eyes in panic and looked around. Her nervous heart beat wildly. She was nervous and worried that something would attack her, but she found a big bird beside her.

This big bird actually died at her feet.

The bird was big. Its wings could spread out more than two meters long. It was like a vulture. Its feathers were black, and it weighed about ten kilograms.

Christina stood up vigilantly and kicked it. It didn't move.

She looked around in confusion and felt that all this was unbelievable.

"Did this bird get sunstroke?"

This big bird had no obvious injuries. It was literally food that fell from the sky to Christina.

"Thank you, god."

Christina looked serious and very pious. She put her hands together and bowed to the sky.

During the three days she had escaped, she only had some leaves along the way to support herself. Now her stomach was full of grass that she ate.

Christina was really hungry.

She picked up some firewood, lit a fire with a flint, and threw the big bird directly into the fire. The feathers made crackle sounds on the fire.

Christina used to disdain such a primitive way of cooking, but now she couldn't be picky about food. She had no water to boil and clean the bird.

Christina imitated Samba. She bit off the feathers and charred parts of the bird and ate the meat inside.

Clutching the charred meat with both hands, she wolfed it down. Her mouth, teeth, and face were all dirty with soot.

After Christina was finally full, she divided the rest into several pieces.

She picked some broad-band leaves and packed the meat with them and some vines. She tied them around her waist like bells the way Samba did.

Christina felt ridiculous for that she was acting exactly the same as Samba.

She looked to the southeast and continued on her journey.

Samba followed closely behind her.

Behind Samba was a black cat. Its fur was black and shiny. Its golden eyes stared at them without blinking.

Earl's tail twitched, and the cat's eyes looked a little confused as if they were a human's.

Seeing that the barbarian threw the prey at Christina's feet while she was stupid enough to thank god for it, Earl squatted in the grass and looked at the two people in confusion.

At night, Christina would usually find a big tree first, climb up the tree, hold a torch in her hand, and stay on the tree for the whole night.

She was afraid of meeting any wild animal on the flat plain. Even a passing barbarian might attack her.

She took a piece of today's big bird's roast meat from her waist and took a few bites. Then she began to wait for the sun to come out.

The night was the most difficult for her, and a quiet night would make people feel sad. Thinking of how she was fighting alone on this island at this moment, her eyes were a little red, but she did not dare to cry.

"It'll take a few more days to get to the market. Lucy will definitely be able to survive. Maybe she's looking for me now."

This kind of belief cheered her up.

She had been on a smooth journey these days and had not encountered anything terrible. She should be able to

reach the market soon. But she was not so lucky tonight.

In the second half of the night, she suddenly felt pain in her stomach. She

covered her stomach and began to sweat on her forehead. She might have eaten something unhealthy since she had eaten a lot of grass in the past few days, and she had also eaten that big bird. She didn't know what kind of food made her like this. Christina took a deep breath. She felt that she could endure the pain for a while, and the pain would go away. But her pain became more and more serious. She began to feel dizzy, her vision became blurred, and her body was weak... At this moment, she was sitting on a tall tree, shaking. Only then did Christina realize that she was in a dangerous situation. She tried to stay awake, pinching her thighs to wake herself. But the next moment, something even worse happened. Her legs were numb, and she felt no pain pinching them.

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Gradually, her hands and body began to numb. She was frightened, but there was nothing she could do. She fell straight down from the tree. Her butt landed on the ground first, and her whole body fell heavily, like a broken doll. After she fell, her limbs were stiff and strange. Her whole body was numb. She felt no pain. She was unable to stretch or move.

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Chapter 629

Christina fell off the tree. She fell on her butt, and her whole body hit on the ground heavily like a broken doll. Her limbs were stiff, and her posture was weird after she landed on the ground because her whole body was paralyzed and she could not feel pain and was unable to stretch herself or move. It was possible that her bones were broken, but Christina didn't feel pain at all. At that moment, fear clutched at her heart. She opened her eyes wide in fear. She was scared to death, and she couldn't even close her eyes. However, her heart was still beating, and she could look at this strange and terrifying island. After a while, Christina heard some hurried footsteps approaching. It seemed to be like a whopper and the earth shook when it was running. Christina was not able to move or run away, so she had completely despaired of being alive. She realized that it was the Samba. Samba leaned against a large rock for rest not far away from her. Hearing the noise, he slowly stood up, glanced at her, and immediately ran towards her. Samba shook her and mumbled in a hurry. Although he had a beard and looked quite fierce, Christina could feel that Samba was anxious and worried about her. Suddenly, the rims of her eyes were red with crying. Tears poured down her face. Christina felt that she was so mean. She was suspicious of Samba and alienated him. Even worse, she took his knife and tried to run away over and over again. However, Samba was still worried about her at that moment. Christina could not move her mouth and speak now. She was full of guilt and really wanted to apologize to Samba. Finally, she cried out loud. She kept telling herself to stay strong and hold on since she was stranded on this deserted island alone, and she should not cry or be

weak, but tonight, she couldn't hold back her tears anymore and cried like a baby. Her voice was husky with grief and tears poured down her cheeks.

Samba froze and there was a shock in his dark eyes. Staring at Christina, who was crying with deep sorrow, Samba was nervous and he did not know how to react. Samba had never been in such a situation before, so he was panic and looked a little frightened.

He was surprised when he found the female cub in the forest because she was so small and ugly Samba was so sure that this cub was abandoned because he was thrown into the forest by his family at a young age and they did not care about whether he was alive or died Then he decided to take her to the slope and feed her,

Samba lived near the slope, and sometimes he would go to the market to exchange for something, but he rarely went to the market, because Leona and the Matriarch wanted to drive him away. He could only depend on himself since he was born.

However, this cub was going to die now.

Samba immediately scooped Christina up in his arms and shook her weak body roughly and shouted at her anxiously as if he wanted to check whether she had consciousness and she was dead or not.

Christina did not recover consciousness though she was shaken violently. She could not move her hands and feet, but she noticed that Samba's dark eyes were filled with nervousness, helplessness, and concern.

She had never thought that this brainless barbarian would be so sad for her death. Christina also thought that she was dying.

Actually, she was calm at that moment as if she had seen through the world. She thought that she had died on this island without being buried in a grave and her body would just disappear. It was a great relief for her to have a barbarian to mourn for her.

Stars studded the sky, and the galaxy was shining so brightly that night.

Samba was holding her in his arms at a loss, sitting next to the big stone without making a fire. On this dark night, a look of despair came into his eyes. He sat motionlessly and looked down at Christina as if he was mourning with deep grief. However, Christina felt that her heart was still beating as time went by, and her temperature was normal although she lost all feeling in her limbs. Besides, she could hear and see,

It seemed that she looked like a paralyzed vegetable and would not die temporarily.

The next day morning, Samba seemed to understand that the cub that he picked up was not dead and it was just because her body was stiff.

Samba had been nagging and he whispered to Christina for quite a long time.

Samba wanted to cure her. He carefully held her in his arms. As he was walking along the way, he saw a purple herb, which was short and thin. He picked one and squeezed it into herb Juice with his left hand. The juice gradually flowed into Christina's mouth,

Christina tasted the bitterness of the herb when she gulped down the liquid.

Samba pulled out five purple herbs and led her with the juice of this purple herb.

Then, Samba walked forward. He found another plant that looked like banana leaves. He picked a lot of that kind of leaves and wrapped Christina with the Christina looked like a Mexican Chicken Burrito, and she smelled the fragrance of the leaves

Samba was dealing with those things for the whole day. He also found a vine that had no juice. Then, he put it on the rock and ground the vine into powder with another stone. He opened Christina's mouth and poured the powder into her mouth using his big fingers, and asked her to swallow them.

Christina felt very uncomfortable. Samba fed her with various kinds of herbs, of

which the flavors included bitterness, puckery, pungency, and spiciness. However, she sighed resignedly in her heart and couldn't refuse him when she realized that Samba took it very seriously.

Samba only knew that the cub was sick, but he didn't know how to treat her disease, so he had to feed her every herb he knew that could work.

Samba really made every possible effort to save her life.

After being tortured by him for three days, Christina thought that she would be killed by these strange herbs provided by Samba even if she would not die of the poisons she took before.

She had never seen treatment like this.

However, Christina also accepted her fate. After all, as a barbarian, Samba was not able to think too much and had already tried his best. Moreover, he did not give up on her, which touched Christina deeply.

Samba, a chunky barbarian, did not abandon her. However, as a citizen in modern society, Christina was very complicated and suspicious of others. She always despised Samba's intelligence, so she was really ashamed of herself.

Samba headed to the market with Christina because there were more barbarians in the market, so he thought that maybe he could find a treatment for Christina there.

They journeyed day and night, and Samba kept walking even at night.

Samba ate whatever he could find. He picked a few cactus leaves and shoveled them into his mouth. He was chewing these leaves as he was walking, and he left all the water in the kettle to Christina. He carefully watered her with his big rough hands. He also knew that Christina might feel uncomfortable under the blazing sun.

Christina was so deeply moved that she mixed up her words, "I am so sorry, Samba. I really shouldn't run away."

Suddenly, Samba stopped, lowered his head, and stared at her with his dark eyes. Christina did not know what happened for quite a while, then she came to realize that she could make sounds, "I can speak now!" She shouted loudly.

Samba froze at that moment, then he yelled at her excitedly. He was so delighted that he shook her, threw her high into the air, caught her, and then repeated it again,

Being tortured by Samba in this way, Christina's face became as white as a sheet. She wanted to swear at him, but she let it go because, after all, Samba had saved her life.

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[/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much](#)

Chapter 630

Samba fed her various kinds of herbs and one of them worked. Christina's numb limbs started to have feelings and she could talk again.

"What a fluke," Christina commented in a self-mocking tone.

She'd been in dire despair and resigned to fate thinking that she would definitely die.

Now that she woke up, she couldn't be more grateful.

She tried to recall what she'd eaten that had paralyzed her body and made her senseless like a vegetable. She didn't want to suffer that again.

"It couldn't be the big bird coming out of nowhere."

Samba had eaten it too yesterday.

At last, she thought that one of two kinds of plants was most likely to be the

culprit.

One was a succulent plant that was half a meter tall without bloom. Its lush leaves were thick and juicy and had many thorns like a cactus, but the thorns were soft.

There were many different kinds of succulent plants in this area. Some of them were edible but it was possible that the kind Christina had eaten was poisonous. She blamed herself for being too careless.

The other kind was a fruit whose shape was very similar to that of a cherry tomato. Its skin was bright red. Its tree was covered in these mouth-watery fruits but it actually tasted bitter and sour.

She'd plucked one and eaten half of it. The rest had been thrown away. She decided to carefully study them after she fully recovered so that she wouldn't eat the poisonous one by mistake again.

The poisonous one was not worthless. It could be used against enemies.

Samba carried her in his arms and kept walking in a hurry.

"I don't want to eat any more herbs."

Samba grabbed a handful of some vine and tried to shove it into her mouth.

Christina could speak now. She shut her mouth tightly off and refused to eat it.

Although she hadn't fully recovered, she secretly moved her limbs this morning and happily found that her toes could curl. It seemed that in a few days, she should be able to walk on her own.

Samba looked at her with a serious expression.

He was very happy that she could make a sound and was getting her energy back, but it bothered him that the cub became fussy about food again and wouldn't take the herbs.

For the sake of her health, Samba stuffed the herbs into her mouth and forced her to eat them. However, the cub actually bit him.

It didn't hurt but Samba could tell from her eyes burning with fire that she was angry.

Samba took on a helpless expression on his bearded and ferocious face and stopped forcing her to eat the herbs.

The herb was so bitter and spicy. Christina spat all of it out."

She understood Samba was doing it for her good, but she wanted no more strange herbs.

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Christina was getting better and better but she only stretched her body furtively when Samba was away.

She slyly pretended to be ill.

—

She intended to deceive Samba.

Samba was completely unaware of it and still meticulously gave her water and meat every day.

Afraid that she couldn't get enough food, Samba would put her on the rock during the day and leave for a while to catch some small animals like rabbits to make her barbecue. He would give most of the meat to Christina.

Christina chewed the meat and felt guilty.

But she had to do it.

She guessed that Samba was taking her to the Barbarian Market to see the doctor because he thought she was

Now they were heading towards the Barbarian Market.

"If he knew I recovered, he wouldn't bring me to the market."

Samba didn't get suspicious and scrupulously took care of Christina along the way. Three days later, they reached the Barbarian Market.

Christina was very excited.

She finally arrived at the Barbarian Market,

It would take twice the time if she came here by herself. Samba was sturdy and tall and walked much faster than her.

Christina noticed that Samba acted stealthily after they entered the market.

It seemed that he was trying to avoid someone.

"Leona and the matriarch?" Christina immediately thought of the two barbarians. She clearly remembered how Leona and the matriarch had expelled Samba and forbidden him to get close to the market.

"Damn it, how could they bully around like that just because they were powerful and rich?" Christina felt indignant for Samba.

She was gnawed by guilty more. Samba wouldn't have risked coming here again if it weren't for her.

Samba had brought her here to save her.

The market was boisterous as usual. Many barbarians came here to trade daily necessities. Lighters were still very popular

Samba carried her and took many turns in the market. They walked into a secluded lane and around them were huts made of branches. They resembled those used by African indigenous people, simple but sufficing to shelter people from wind and rain.

Soon, Samba found Christina a doctor.

She sized up the old barbarian in front of her.

She couldn't tell his exact age but he looked ancient with a bald head and a crinkled face. He had bizarre feathers and shells on his head and around his neck and a stick in his right hand.

He looked more like a sorcerer to Christina.

Samba carefully placed her on the plank in the middle of the hut. The old sorcerer seemed to think that Christina was possessed by some evil spirit and murmured spells to her. Later, he started hitting her head hard with his stick, "Ouch."

It was so painful that Christina got up and ran away.

"Why did you hit me?" She forgot that she was pretending to be sick.

Samba thanked the old sorcerer excitedly after he saw Christina rise to her feet and gave him a chunk of gold with both hands.

Christina felt an impulse to snatch the gold back.

Samba had saved so long for that gold and that sorcerer had done nothing at all, but she couldn't explain it to Samba, neither did she speak their language.

Christina stomped her feet, feeling conflicted.

After leaving the sorcerer's house, Samba intended to take Christina straight home.

Samba's mind was simple. Now that her illness had been cured, they needed to go home.