

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 641

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Chapter 641

Patrick and the others couldn't understand the native language, so they completely relied on Lily, the translator

Lily asked in the native language, "Samba, do you want to find her?"

Samba Mpped out instantly.

He shouted and flailed his hands in the air, saying that his cub had disappeared in a cave and he needed to find her.

Everyone present could see how agitated he was.

After a while, Lily turned and told Patrick, "He said he caught her in the forest and raped her in his cave."

Everyone froze in shock.

Samba had spent a long time with Christina so he could understand what Lily had said. He was provoked and pounced upon her fiercely.

He yelled that he hadn't hurt the cub and would never do that.

The barbarian guards knocked him off his feet and maliciously beat him. Samba was severely injured and crouched on the ground with blood on his arms and in his mouth, panting heavily.

Lily took a step back and added, "The barbarian said after he raped her, she never gave up escaping from him."

"Women are valuable here so he sold her to Leona. Leona's hut caught on fire last night and she was burned to death."

"He empathized that he raped and sold her but didn't kill her. She died of the fire so it was not his fault."

Charles's eyes reddened. He clutched the gun and fired a succession of shots at Samba.

Samba dodged in panic. He'd long registered what these guys had was fatal.

However, being badly injured, he moved a beat too late and got hit on his right leg. The wound was just a small hole on the look of it so Samba thought it was no big deal. He pushed away the barbarian guards and rushed outwards, desperate to find his cub.

Bang

Patrick shot a bullet into his heart indifferently.

Samba lifted his hand and touched the bleeding hole in his chest. It looked very small but it hurt like hell.

Samba's large body slumped to the ground.

Charles's fury subsided a bit when he looked at Samba's colossal, motionless body. He'd used all the bullets but only hit his right leg. Fortunately, Patrick had killed him before he escaped.

The barbarian's blood was thick and smelly.

Charles and the other stared at the body of Samba with a heavy heart and a lump in their throats. No one dared to break the silence.

"Where's Leona?" Patrick asked Raphael bleakly.'

Raphael was surprised that Patrick had killed Samba so casually. He answered in a calm voice, "Please leave him alive for the time being. We need him to find my sister's remains."

Patrick seemed to have been blown hard and muttered expressionlessly, "remains."

Suddenly, he whipped around and shouted at the entrance, "Bring Leona in."

Raphael was startled. All eyes swung to the entrance.
Alan and his men pushed Leona in and threw him to the ground in front of Patrick. He was dressed in flamboyant colors with gems piling around his neck. Apparently, he'd lived a really good life. But now, he had bruises and swellings over his face and his nose was crooked in a strange angle. His hands were tied behind his back.
Leona struggled to get up and was terrified to find Samba's lifeless body covered with wounds and blood.
Leona knew that he couldn't afford to provoke these guys and shouted at Patrick as if he wanted to explain himself.
Charles and the others looked warily at Leona. They couldn't understand what he was shouting.
Patrick lifted the gun and aimed at the heart of Leona. Raphael immediately stopped him with a frown. "Don't kill him."
Patrick ignored him and slightly pulled the trigger as though he'd made up his mind. He looked at Leona apathetically as if he was already dead.
Horried by the idea that he was going to die in a nasty way like Samba, Leona bolted to Raphael and roared at him, asking for help.
At this time, an old woman hurried in. She was the Matriarch, Leona's mother. She froze in distress when she saw Samba's body. He was her son too.
Then she looked at Leona nervously and asked him to leave Raphael. Leona wouldn't so they started to quarrel.
It didn't make sense that the Matriarch rushed in but only argued with her son Patrick's lips outlined a mocking curve as he put down his gun. He had no intention to kill Leona at all.
The Matriarch had a big fight with Leona. Although they spoke their language, it was obvious that they had serious disagreements.
The Matriarch walked to Raphael in fury and bawled at him for breaking his promise.
Charles and the others didn't know what was going on but it seemed that the Matriarch had known Raphael for a long time.
Raphael grew grouchy being pestered by the woman, his eyes a bit evasive. "Raphael, are you trying to get this part of the scepter?"
Patrick took out a stick-like thing wrapped in black silk from behind his back. With an icy smile, he patiently unfolded the silk.
In the silk was the golden end of a metallic scepter with ancient letters carved on its surface. It was about fifty centimeters long and was one of the three parts of the Golden Scepter.
Raphael stared mouth-opened at the scepter in Patrick's hand. His face turned frigid.
It was supposed to be in the Matriarch's hand. Raphael had been hellbent to get it and even threatened the Matriarch with her son. How had Patrick managed to get it before him?
"Where is Christina?"
Patrick didn't feel like negotiating with a despicable man like Raphael and cut to the chase.
He didn't believe that Christina was dead.
Raphael wanted this scepter, so they could make a deal.
Charles turned his eyes to Raphael and realized that he'd fooled them. Raphael had asked Lily to tell them a load of crap and deceived them.
"Raphael, you ingrate."
Charles was incensed and stormed to Raphael to beat him. Gary stopped him. They had more important things to do now
"Patrick, how did you find it out?" Raphael admitted it and asked.
None of the understood the Indigenous language so Raphael thought he had the

whole palace in control. How had Patrick figured out his scheme and got the scepter from the Matriarch?

Patrick didn't deign to answer him.

He narrowed her eyes and repeated his question, "Where is Christina?"

As he spoke, Patrick deliberately fiddled around with the scepter in his hand. He could destroy it any second so that Raphael would never get it.

Raphael was a smart man and understood Patrick's threat immediately.

"Okay, you win."

Raphael sounded relaxed instead of dispirited. It seemed that he was thrilled by what was going to happen.

"Go to my room and bring my little sister over."

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 642

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Chapter 642

In the early morning the palace was in a half gloom as there were no electric lamps, but a few dim lights exuded by the feeble flames of numerous scattering candles faintly illuminated the long corridors of the palace, Christina was locked in an iron cage.

Two strong barbarian guards came over, and she subconsciously flinched though she had been used to the ferocious appearance of the barbarians and their burly physique. She watched quietly. The two barbarians did not attack her but came to unlock the iron cage for her.

The barbarian guard yelled at her. "Come out! Someone is looking for you!"

Christina lived with Samba and could roughly understand the native language of the barbarians. Her mind was still a swirl of bewilderment as she could not figure out why Derek knocked her out and locked her in an iron cage when he saw her.

Now someone was looking for her.

She instinctively thought that it was Derek that wanted to see her. She had just misunderstood him.

Derek wouldn't hurt her.

Christina was alert and subconsciously held the Swiss army knife in her right hand, which was given to her by Samba. She carried it with her at all times to protect herself.

However, Christina followed the two barbarian guards along the palace corridor, took a few turns, and walked for five minutes, before she stood at the door of a room in front of her.

Christina was stupefied in shock.

More candles were lit in the room, and the faint light was enough to make everyone present visible to her. They, all of them were all here.

Patrick, Charles, and so many of them were here.

Christina's eyes were filled with astonishment and disbelief. For such a long time, she could not find any of her companions, but they were all right in front of her now.

When Charles and the others in the room saw her, their faces were also in a blank from shock. Patrick stood up straight, his deep eyes fiercely looking at her in front of him, trying his best to smother the excitement in his heart

Christina walked in step by step tentatively, and Patrick clearly watched her approach step by step.

She didn't have any injuries. She looked very healthy. She was still alive,

Silently looking at each other, they felt many words choked in their throat.

Suppressing the uneasiness in their heart they were uncertain and afraid that everything in their eyes was but an illusion, Christina, you are not dead! You're certainly not! I knew It! I know that you witch wouldn't die so easily!" Charles was the first to break the silence, speaking Incoherently in excitement.

Christina walked up to them, "Who's a witch?" Charles's nonsenses actually made everyone relaxed instead.

"I'm just too happy." Charles ran over and patted her on the shoulder excitedly, almost knocking her down.

Patrick did not speak but looked at her with all his attention, his scorching gaze hardly able to be ignored. The moment Christina looked in his direction, she was even more shocked to find Samba covered in injuries.

"Samba!"

Christina became anxious and rushed over. She subconsciously shook Samba's bulk covered in bruises and bloodstains. The beard around Samba's mouth was also covered in blood, but his huge body did not move, his dark skin cold.

How could it be?

Christina's mind was in a mess in an instant. When she saw Samba not long ago, he was still fine. How could he have so many injuries? Why did he not move?

"Samba! Samba! Samba!"

Christina prostrated on the ground, shaking Samba hard and shouting anxiously. "Samba, wake up. What's wrong with you? Answer me."

Christina kept shaking him, shouting impatiently to urge him. But Samba's body was cold and motionless. Christina's hands were stained with his blood, and fear for death crept into her heart.

Patrick and Charles immediately looked at each other, wondering why Christina was so uneasy.

Rafael, who was standing in the corner, slightly quirked up the corner of his mouth in a smirk.

*Samba, Samba, wake up!" Christina couldn't wake Samba up however she tried, and her eyes were red with anxiety. "Who hit you so badly?"

When Christina saw the bullet mark on Samba's left chest, she suddenly stopped. She choked and looked up stiffly. She looked at Patrick, Charles, and the others in confusion,

"You, you killed Samba with your guns?"

Christina's eyes were red with anger. She choked and questioned Intermittently Patrick felt as if his heart had been punched in her gaze and he could not answer. Charles and the others looked at her expression and were even more surprised and had no idea how to explain it.

"Samba, Samba, you won't die."

Christina was in a panic. She muttered to herself, "Samba, you won't die." She kept checking Samba's wound with both hands and wanted to treat it, but there were too many wounds on him. She panicked and fluttered.

Christina was never so conscious of the barbarian's vulnerability towards modern weapons. However strong they were, they would still die when wounded vitally by guns.

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She was not in the mood to scold or reprimand. All she wanted was that Samba could survive.

She felt her mind in a complete disorder. She checked at Samba's breath and pressed on his bleeding wound, having no idea what to do.

Samba seemed to have lost his breath.

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Christina burst out in tears in anxiety, she choked and did not cry out loud, but her tears could not help but overflow

Patrick squatted beside her, about to say something. Christina grabbed him with her hands behind her back and pleaded, "Save him."

"I beg you, please save him. Would you save him?"

"How can you? Even if Samba has a conflict with you, you can't..." Christina sobbed in fear. "Samba won't hurt others for no reason. He's very quiet and mild. He won't hurt others on his own initiative."

"Samba, don't die, don't die."

Charles and the rest of them didn't expect this to happen at all.

"He, he still has a heartbeat."

Patrick pressed his hand against Samba's heart, and his voice was deep with complicated emotions.

Perhaps it was because Patrick's hands pressed down too hard on the vital wound of Samba, the intense pain caused Samba in a deep coma to open his eyes immediately.

Christina's eyes were misty with tears, but she was overwhelmed with joy to see him wake. She almost leaned

over Samba's beard, "Samba!" She shouted anxiously.

Samba saw her clearly and seemed to have a lot to say, but he was too badly hurt. Samba had never been so weak and he had no strength to close his eyes again, only muttering feebly in the native language of the barbarians.

Samba said that he had been waiting for her outside the hole in the palace wall. He had been waiting for a long time, for "an hour", and the sun was setting and they should go home together.

Christina was dissolved into tears.

She forgot it. She had kept Samba waiting for too long for that "an hour".

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Chapter 643

Fortunately, Patrick and the others had brought medical emergency supplies with them this time. Antibiotics and scalpels played a great role.

"... Samba, they're helping you."

"Don't move... That's a disinfectant. It has a little irritating effect. You'll be fine after a while. Please endure the pain for the time being."

Gary and Alan had never thought that the medical supplies they brought would be used to save a Barbarian.

It was very dangerous to give an operation to a Barbarian. Gary and Alan disinfected his wounds and hesitated for a long time.

The Barbarian was about three meters tall. Besides a large figure, he featured abundant hairs on his chest and feet, beards on his face, and rough and dark skin. His strong muscles, thick arms and his fists as big as the head of an ordinary man gave him a dreadful look.

"Are there any anesthetics?"

Alan whispered to Gary, for fear that the Barbarian would get angry and kill them with one punch.

Gary replied helplessly. "No."

Last time the ship encountered a big storm, which damaged the hull and caused a lot of supplies to be washed away by the sea. As a result, no anesthetic was found. How dare anyone operate on a Barbarian without anesthetics?

"Hurry up!"

Christina urged them.

Had it not been for Christina's company and comfort, how could Samba have been so calm and let them make an operation with knives?

Gary could only force himself to deal with the gunshot wound on Samba's leg first. After the wound was disinfected, he held the scalpel tightly and carefully cut a hole in the wound, ready to take out the bullet with tweezers. However, with a sudden move of Samba, who instinctively pulled back his leg in pain, the scalpel almost cut the artery of Samba, Gary immediately stopped, his heart beating hard with fear.

"*This operation is too difficult to carry out;" Gary shouted anxiously.

Christina was even more anxious. Seeing that the wound on Samba's leg was bleeding more profusely, she scolded angrily, "Who fired the gun? It's you who cause Samba to be like this. If you don't cure him, I'll fight with you at any costs!"

Gary's forehead was drenched in cold sweats. Though thin and small, Christina had the same imposing manner as Mr. Hopkins

"Samba, don't worry, I will avenge your suffering if they can't save you!"

Because it was at night and they were in a hurry to make an operation, the doors and windows of the room were closed tightly and countless candles were lit. The only two high-intensity torches they had were also used, and it was dark outside the palace.

Patrick and Charles stood outside and looked at the bright light in the room.

Several figures' quarrel and Christina's angry voice of scolding could be heard.

"How could Christina get along so well with the Barbarian?" Charles wondered.

Listening to her scolding in the room, Charles was a little nervous, because it was he who shot Samba in the leg...

Then it occurred to him that the most serious injury to Samba was caused by the gunshot in his left chest.

It was uncertain whether the bullets would be taken out smoothly. If the barbarian kept bleeding in the operation, how would they transfuse blood to him? Did the barbarian have a blood type like human beings? What was Samba's blood type? Damn it, it was too complicated.

"... May this barbarian recover quickly."

Charles was very anxious and said to himself, "Samba is strong. He shall not die."

Subconsciously, he turned his head and looked at Patrick beside him. "Patrick, why does Christina get along so well with this Barbarian? He might have attacked Christina out of instinct..."

Charles couldn't figure it out himself, with his mind in a confusion.

Patrick was silent and kept staring at the familiar figure in the room. He frowned with mixed feelings as if he was also a little anxious.

Samba was seriously injured. Two bullets on his body had been taken out, especially the one on his left chest. It took Christina five or six hours to take out the bullet. She operated on Samba with the knife and stitched the wound in person.

After taking these two bullets out, the other injuries were not so complicated to cope with, Gary and Alan finally breathed a sigh of relief,

Samba fell into a deep coma again because of the pain,

Christina knew that apart from the external injuries, the Internal Injuries and bleeding of Samba were also serious. Although she had given him a few life-saving pills, she was still worried that he would not be able to wake up again. "Don't wake him up. Let him heal himself. The Barbarian has strong vital force."

Gary hurriedly packed up the scalpels and other tools and Alan was also wiping the blood stains aside. Looking at the slight rise and fall of the fainted

Barbarian's chest, they were surprised at the Barbarian's tenacious vitality. Without the anesthetic, he managed to go through the operation. Gary and Alan pushed the door open with medical supplies. But Christina did not go out. She was still sitting by the bed watching Samba.

The modern decoration of the palace was too strange and instilled uneasiness into Samba.

As it was around dawn, Samba woke up on his own. Christina immediately leaned over and whispered, "It's okay. It's okay now. Samba, you'll be fine soon."

Christina would always remember that when she was poisoned by food, Samba had done his utmost to take good care of her.

Although Samba was very restrained and uneasy about this strange environment, when seeing Christina beside him, he seemed to calm down. Then he closed his eyes, purred weakly, and fell asleep again.

Samba said that he felt very tired and wanted to sleep, promising that he would get up soon after sleeping.

Christina sat aside and looked at the badly injured Samba with guilt.

At 6 o'clock in the morning, the people in the palace brought in their breakfast. Christina did not say anything. She glanced at the breakfast and waved to signal them to go out.

"... Doesn't she eat breakfast?"

Charles and Crystal nervously approached the servant who delivered the meal.

* Have you asked Christina to come out and have a rest in another room?"

Most of the servants in the palace were bought from outside the island, consisting of young men and women who signed a contract.., "She seems to be very worried about that Barbarian."

Even the people who were bought to work on the island looked down on the Barbarians. They found the smells of Barbarians' blood especially strong. None of them could understand why Christina was so concerned with the Barbarian. Charles and the others were very excited when they finally found Christina, but now none of them dared to go in and talk to her.

Three days passed.

With his tenacious vitality, Samba quickly recovered from the injuries, and could slowly move his gunshot leg to get out of bed in small steps.

"... Don't get out of bed for the time being. You're supposed to stay in bed for a few more days."

The gunshot wound on Samba's left chest was very serious. If it weren't for the fact that the bullet was a little bit off the edge of his heart and he had thick skin, even gods wouldn't have been able to save him.

Samba felt that he was fine. With his dark eyes brightened, he muttered to her.

Samba said it was not safe to stay here.

"The villains here are very dangerous. We have to go home."

"... Don't worry, I know them." Christina didn't introduce others as her friends, but merely as people she knew.

Crystal brought some porridge and roast meat. She gently pushed the door open and walked in, as she happened to hear Christina's talk with the Barbarian.

She could not help but smile bitterly, finding it a terrible way to reunite with each other.

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Chapter 644

"I bring you some porridge and barbecue."

Crystal walked into the room awkwardly and greeted Christina and the others as calmly as possible, but when she saw the huge barbarian on the bed, she still looked a little scared.

After Samba was injured, Christina didn't want to see anyone for days.

Charles and the others were anxious and kept walking around, sighing. Patrick did not say anything, but obviously, he was worried too. It seemed that Crystal was the most suitable one to approach her, to explain to her that what they had done to Samba before was just a misunderstanding.

"Christina, we are all happy to see you recover so fast.":

"Patrick is really worried about you... And Charles is talking about you all the time," Crystal said with a smile and a gentle voice.

"They're really looking forward to seeing you. Christina, do you want to see them?"

Because of the shared experience of survival on the island, Crystal also became much more familiar with Charles and the others.

Christina listened but remained silent.

Seeing that there was not much expression on her face, Crystal did not dare to continue.

Samba, on the other hand, was alert because Crystal was in the room. He had a fierce look on his face and his dark eyes were fixed on Crystal.

Samba felt that these human beings were very dangerous and would hurt him and Christina

Crystal was nervous for being stared at by such a huge barbarian, and at a loss for what to do. She constantly told herself not to be afraid.

"Samba won't take the initiative to hurt you." Christina could see her nervousness.

"I, I'm also surprised to see you here," Christina said slowly. "I was alone on this island. At first, I was looking forward to someone coming to me. After waiting for a long time, I felt that it was impossible..."

Christina didn't seem to know how to face Patrick, Charles, and others. She had almost gotten used to life on this deserted island in the past few months,

She adjusted her mood and said, "I'll go out and tell them something in a few days, Samba's injury hasn't recovered yet. Christina said angrily at the mention of this, "He won't be able to defend himself if he goes out now."

She had only hoped that she could find Lucy in the palace so that she would have a companion,

It was a little unexpected for her to meet them like this

Since Christina said that she would talk with them in a few days, Crystal did not urge her anymore. It seemed that Christina was a little estranged from them now.

"I didn't expect you to get along so well with the barbarians on this island."

Crystal praised with a smile.

Christina looked at her and said nothing.

She would not say that at first, she was also very scared and uneasy.

Crystal left the food. She gently closed the door and went out.

Christina stared at the door. She knew that since Patrick and others had found her, she could finally go back and leave the island, but she was not as happy as she thought.

Three days later, Samba's wound recovered at an astonishing speed. The gunshot wound on his leg did not hamper his normal movements, but he could not run for the time being. The wound on his chest had already healed and scarred, and there was basically no aftereffect.

As long as Samba was in this palace, he would be uneasy all day long, worried about everything. No matter where Christina went, Samba had to follow her to

make sure she was safe.

A few days later, ten people were having their breakfast at a big, round table. However, the atmosphere today was a little tense. Christina and Samba were also at the table, along with Patrick, Charles, Crystal, and others.

"Christina, you seem to have gained weight."

Charles glanced at the big guy near him, and randomly found a topic to talk about.

"Yes. We were worried about you before. I didn't expect... You did better than us." Alan made the conversation continue.

Christina gave them a glance but didn't answer. She lowered her head to have her breakfast: a bowl of wild boar porridge and half a piece of roast lamb.

Samba's eyes were fixed on his deskmates, with all his muscles tight, as if he was ready to fight at any time. He was extremely worried and if anything happened, he would immediately pick up his cub and run.

"Samba, eat. We're going home later." Christina said in a flat tone.

Samba immediately turned to look at her and then he ate a piece of roast mutton.

This palm-sized roast meat was not enough for him at all, and then he learned to have porridge with a spoon. This was really difficult for Samba. Usually, he didn't even have soup and it was a little strange for him to have porridge.

The others at the same table quietly watched Christina's interaction with Samba. They were all surprised that he could really understand their language.

There was only some speculation before, but now they were all amazed after seeing it personally.

Was the Barbarian so intelligent?

Patrick was not interested in Samba. Seeming to have been suppressed for a long time, he turned to Christina and asked in a low voice, "Where are you going?"

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She just told the barbarian to eat and they would go home later.

She was leaving?

Patrick was very tense.

She had been injured before she entered the island and had completely forgotten about him. If it hadn't been for the people around to prove it, she wouldn't have admitted their marriage.

Patrick looked at Samba, the big guy sitting next to her, and felt very uncomfortable. That seat should be his.

He could tell that the barbarian was very protective of Christina, and she must have been taken good care of while she was on the island.

So he was no match for a barbarian now.

There were so many things he wanted to say to her and to hug her tight, but he didn't know how to say it.

And now, she said she was leaving?

Everybody at the table shut up immediately, and the atmosphere crackled with tension. They were afraid that Patrick could not help but say something harsh.

"Samba and I have a hut in the market. We'll go back and take a look later."

Christina didn't care about Patrick's dark probing eyes. She said frankly, "If you're interested, you can come with US."

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Crystal breathed a sigh of relief when she heard this.

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Charles immediately shouted with excitement, "We wanna go with you!"

In order to make the atmosphere at the table more lively, Alan and many others also tried to make conversation enthusiastically. "I heard that you made a lot of gold by selling lighter stones."

"Crabbie said before that he was jealous of the barbarian who was so intelligent. It's no wonder if it was Christina..."

And they continued the breakfast nosily. After breakfast, they were afraid that Christina would run away alone, so they followed her out of the palace into the market, After walking for nearly half an hour, they arrived at Christina and Samba's house.

It was a simple hut, in African aboriginal style. Charles and others looked around curiously.

In fact, Christina had a bigger one before, but that was destroyed. They accommodated themselves there for the time being

"Samba, I'm going back to my home."

"My home is somewhere far away..."

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 645

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Chapter 645

*... The water in that big stone jar outside would be changed once a day. Inside, I shared a room with Samba. The fire in the middle was usually used to cook and barbecue."

Christina briefly introduced her cottage to Charles and the others.

As Charles and Alan watched, they showed amazed expression. "Did you build this hut yourself?"

Most of the Wildlings in the Barbarian Market chose a big tree as the main support and then built their own cottages. Charles and the others took the initiative to move into the palace after entering the area, so they had no chance to have intimate contact with the Wildlings.

"... Christina, aren't you afraid of rain and lightning living in this cottage?"

Charles didn't think twice before he said. It was normal for such a big tree to be struck by lightning.

Christina was still not used to getting along with this playboy with anecdotes all year round. In her opinion, he could hook up with anyone quickly.

"There are so many thatched cottages. If the lightning just stuck my house, I'll accept it. Even if such a thatched cottage collapses, it won't kill anyone."

Christina's tone was much more distant.

Charles's eyes widened. He didn't know why she despised her suddenly?

She had forgotten all about them before she entered the island. He was annoyed but helpless.

"... There are some Wildlings here who specialize in manual work," Christina completely ignored Charles's emotion. She calmly introduced them to Alan and the others. "The cow carriage outside us is also made by them."

"Are they really that smart?"

"I drew a rough sketch on the ground. My neighbor is a carpenter. He loves to do manual work."

Christina took them to the next room for a tour. The carpenter was seriously shaving wood with a planer,

Although Wildling was a strong man with a fierce face, he looked stupid. The carpenter measured the wood in his hand and carefully polished it by using his knife bit by bit. This working attitude surprised Charles and the others who claimed to be *Advanced creatures."

Savages also had their own interests and love.

Christina changed their previous understanding of the savage, who were vicious, and dull

– Most of the savages are very quiet. They don't provoke others easily."

Therefore, if people were attacked by a savage, they might offend them first.

Alan and the others listened carefully to Christina's explanation, and they admired her a little more.

Previously, they were worried that Christina, who had always lived a fruitful life, would be frightened to cry by these huge savages on this island, but the reality seemed to be the opposite.

Christina was so well adapted to such a strange environment.

On this trip, Patrick also came to visit. He always stood at the back, quietly watching and carefully listening to everything she said.

She was always stronger than he thought.

Even if Christina was alone, she could still live a good life.

She never needed to rely on anyone, including him.

Mixed emotions surged in Patrick's deep eyes and he remained silent.

On this trip, Charles and the others were all very excited. This strange island actually had a lot of interesting things.

"... Did you make a lot of gold by selling flints?" Crabbie couldn't help but ask.

"Why did you think of selling flints?"

Christina saw that there were still some goods in the thatched cottage and decided to take them to the scene to see how to set up a stall for business.

"Samba, we're going to set up a stall." Christina waved to Samba and motioned for him to help carry the remaining flints onto the oxcart.

Samba had a tacit understanding of her. He quickly picked up those stones, looked for bags, and packed firewood and fruit tools...

Charles and Crabbie looked at them and wanted to try. In their opinion, this was a fun thing and they were eager to be the cab horse.

*Their stalls are not fixed. When you get up in the morning, whoever got there earlier, who would have the rights of selling things there." As Christina looked for a place, she also taught them some common knowledge about savages

"I see." The Crabbie suddenly realized,

"First come, first expected." It really fit the savage

Because they came late, they could only find a remote place, but it didn't matter.

As usual, Samba made several fires and skillfully roasted fish and meat, attracting a group of savage customers.

A savage came over and said something to Samba, then threw three small pieces of gold. Samba immediately gave him two flints and a skewer of grilled fish.

Charles and the others watched in disbelief. It turned out that it was so easy to make money!

"Let me try it!"

"I'm good at collecting money."

"Is there enough firewood for barbecue? I'll go pick some. Uh, where can I pick it up." Crabbie and Alan were also very active.

Making money was fun.

Some savages didn't have gold on them, and they wanted to trade their prey for flint. Christina was flexible and willing to accept it.

"... The logic is simple for them to do business. You can trade for anything you want. They won't force you."

"These savages are simple-minded, but they were considerate and reasonable."

Crystal watched in surprise. She also wanted to try setting up a stall to make money, but these savages really looked fierce. They were all shouting when doing business as if they were ready to fight at any time. She was timid and looked at them quietly.

She had always admired Christina in her heart, who was not afraid of anything.

Apart from Crystal, who was timid and did not dare to approach, Patrick also stood straight aside and kept a distance.

"... We got a lot of gold in an afternoon!"

Charles and Crabbie were very excited. Looking at these ferocious savages, they felt they were very cute, who were all big fools who sent gold to them willingly. These stones could actually be exchanged for gold. What an amazing island.

"It's not yours. These are all Samba's."

As soon as Christina turned around, she immediately emphasized, "No one could get a piece of money! Don't be greedy.

"Don't be so stingy." Charles wanted to keep a small piece of gold as a memento.

"You people don't lack money. Go to the palace and get whatever you want.

These are all Samba's!" Christina glared at them and ordered them forcefully,

"Put the gold in the cart. The sun is going down. We have to go back."

Charles and Alan were very resentful, but they looked at Patrick beside them who was silent, so they could only listen to Christina and work hard.

Christina spoiled them without any pity or sorry feelings.

Bah, in her heart, they might be probably worse than a savage.

Back in the hut, Christina pulled Samba to a corner.

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"... Samba, all the gold we earned is for you."

When Samba heard this, he was confused with his eyes fixed on her.

Christina knew that under normal circumstances, the savage did not have the idea of saving money, and the savage would not deliberately pursue wealth.

However, as a modern person, Christina knew the importance of taking precautions and preparing for the future. If some accidents suddenly happened to the Samba, it would be convenient to solve the problem with much gold.

"Samba, keep these gold. If you need, you can use it anytime."

"Samba, live a good life in the future."

"I'm leaving. I'm going home."

Samba listened to her very carefully. He didn't understand where this little baby was going and he didn't know what the word "home" mean.

Samba muttered a few words. Wasn't this their home?

Did she want to go back to the cave on the slope?

"... My home is far, far away." Christina smiled and said goodbye to him. Her forced smile revealed her feeling, "I'm going home. We can't meet again."

Samba froze as if he had been frightened,

Christina picked up Samba's tough hand and pointed at his heart. "You, Samba"

Then she pointed his hand at herself. "Me, Christina."

"... Samba, remember my name. My name is Christina!" |

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 646

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Chapter 646

As dusk tell, the Barbarian Island gradually quieted down, and the sky became dark.

During the day, the Barbarian Market was noisy, with hustle and bustle. At night, all the Barbarians packed up their things and went back to their homes. Even some homeless Barbarians would gather in the square to spend the quiet night peacefully.

For Samba, it was an extremely cold and quiet tonight.

His cub left.

Right now, he stood still in front of the hut. Christina gave him a lot of gold before she left. Yet he didn't need it, but she said it was all for him. And she told him many things.

She said that she was going home, which was far away from here.

He would never see her again.

Yet he only stood there dumbfounded and did not move. He looked at the large group of people who gradually dispersed, and Christina also left.

She and her companions went back to the palace together.

When she departed, she didn't even look back.

Expressionless, she showed no sadness or reluctance. She only did what she should do. Samba and she were different species, so she was inevitable to leave. But even so, she still felt a little uncomfortable for the loss she had suppressed in her heart.

She hated leaving. However, she had no other choices.

"Did you really say goodbye to that Barbarian?" Charles asked in surprise.

But she just looked at him without saying a word.

"Christina, well done. We're not of the same kind as savages." He then laughed.

"Don't get Samba involved in your troubles."

She warned. The life of the Barbarian was very simple. And Samba should return to his original life right now so as not to be dragged into Patrick and the others' big trouble.

After hearing that, he snorted angrily, thinking that she was too protective of that giant Barbarian. What was so good about Samba? He had just given her a few pieces of barbecue.

But she used her actions to show her favoritism. The first thing she did when she returned to the palace was revenge!

"Raine."

Raine was locked up by Patrick and the others. She brought a gun over and shot randomly due to her poor shooting skill. Bang, bang, bang.

Yet she did deter him.

Right now, he shrank into the corner in fear and looked at her with dread, muttering some native language.

"If you dare to trouble Samba again, I'll shoot you with this."

Although she didn't speak native language very well, she raised the dangerous gun and mentioned Samba. No matter how stupid Leona was, he should understand what she meant. And he then immediately nodded in panic.

Looking straight at him, she told him, "I burned your hut."

Instantly, his eyes widened with shock. He was not angry or unwilling, but more afraid.

For the Barbarians, they worshipped the strong and preyed the weak because of their nature. Especially like Leona, she had to make him fear and awe in order to have a deterrent effect.

Now that she succeeded in scaring him, he would show his respect when he saw Samba.

Patrick and the others looked at her without stopping or saying a word.

The servants in the palace prepared a rich dinner for them. Compared to the coarse food and barbecue that she used to eat with Samba, the delicious dishes braised in the palace were especially exquisite and sumptuous.

"I'll take a shower first."

She felt a little tired both physically and mentally. Looking at the rich dinner, she felt empty and unaccustomed.

Therefore, Patrick postponed dinner and everyone went back to their rooms to wash up and tidy up. At dinner, they gathered together to discuss some

important things.

In the past, when she lived with Samba, it was a luxury to take a bath. Back then, soaking in the river and washing casually, she was all wet, and so were her clothes, which were naturally dried by the sun later.

At this moment, she was immersed in warm water, and her mind became confused. Sometimes, she really couldn't tell what was real and what was illusory. Samba returned to his primitive barbarian life, and she returned to where she belonged.

After taking a hot bath, Christina tried to cheer herself up as soon as possible and patted her cheeks with both hands. "When we get back, we should reunite with our family and move on."

"We can't go back now."

After she changed her clothes and walked into the dining room, she heard Patrick and Charles talking.

Their words surprised her. "Not going back?"

She thought that Patrick and the others would be eager to leave the island.

"We did come to the island to find you."

"But so far, we haven't found Lucy..."

Alan showed a worried expression. Although Lucy, the evil woman, usually bullied him, they did not want to hear bad news about her.

Christina then found a seat and sat down. "I saw her being dragged into the palace by Barbarian Guards." She sat between Charles and Crystal, and Patrick was opposite her.

Patrick looked up at her. "When?" His tone was as cold as a superior asking a subordinate.

Yet she didn't care about his indifference to her. "It's about two months from now."

"Did you really see Lucy enter the palace two months ago?"

"But the Barbarians in the palace and the servants who were bought here all said they had never seen her."

One of their teams was good at drawing portraits. They interrogated everyone in the palace with Lucy's charcoal portraits and they all said they had never seen her before. And they even asked the Barbarians in the Barbarian Market for many days, but there was still no news of Lucy.

*Is she killed?" Crabbie whispered to himself.

As soon as Christina heard that, she became emotional and retorted, "That's impossible. I saw her kill a Barbarian Guard by herself at that time. And she's so skilled and smart. It was impossible..."

After the plane crashed, she wouldn't have stayed alive so long if Lucy hadn't been with her.

for a long time, the search for Lucy was the motivation for her to survive on this island. She was not as strong as

Charles and the others said. She had once thought of giving up on herself,

'Are we really not leaving here now?' Chandler suddenly said

"Raphael has ulterior motives. He wants us to stay on here just to make use of us," he then looked around at everyone. "The longer we stay here, the more dangerous it will be."

"I don't think we should stay here any longer. It's too risky..

Just then, Alan immediately objected loudly, "Lucy may be waiting for our rescue. We must not leave now!"

Lucy was also their friend, and they would never give up their partners easily.

Chandler frowned. "Listen to me, I mean, we can let some people leave first."

"After all, people like Crystal and I will only drag you down. Since Raphael and the others have a way to transport daily necessities like lighters here, we also can find a way to get in and out of here freely. Some of us can leave first as backup

and find out the safe routes inside and outside the island..."

During the dinner, a few people discussed in a low voice. Crabbie and Alan also gathered together to analyze in a hushed tone.

Chandler's words did make sense.

"For now, none of us can leave this island." Patrick suddenly spoke.

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Chapter 647

Christina didn't pay much attention to them before because Samba got a serious gunshot wound

At this time, since they were eating at the same table, Christina looked around and asked, "Where's Derek? Why didn't I see him?"

Charles and Crystal changed their expressions suddenly. They finally got this said, "He's your brother."

Brother?

When did she get a brother? :

Christina frowned and turned to look at them, thinking that she had misheard.

"... I came in through a dog hole outside the palace wall that day. Derek was the first person I met. But I didn't know why he knocked me out and locked me up."

Christina had been thinking that Derek may have some special purposes. But no matter what, he wouldn't hurt her.

"Such a dirtbag!" Charles cursed angrily.

At first, in order to find Christina, they had to cooperate with that bastard, Rafael. Now that Christina was found, and Rafael's scepter was also in their hands, so there was no fucking need to hide their feelings anymore. Charles and Gary vowed that they would definitely beat Rafael up, once they saw him again.

"That's Rafael, not Derek."

"Rafael is related to him only by half-blood. He shares the same father with you."

Chandler explained concisely to her. As he spoke, he looked at Patrick seriously and raised his voice. "Patrick, why do you say that none of us can leave this island right now?"

Christina was still in a daze. Charles leaned over to her ear and reminded her....

"Anyway, remember, Rafael is a traitor."

Now that Rafael had no trump cards to threaten them, Gary and Alan were more concerned about what Patrick had just said, "Mr. Hopkins, did anyone tell you something?"

They knew Patrick well for working together for so long, so they realized there was something he didn't tell.

Patrick did not hide it and mentioned a name, "LUCY"

Everyone was shocked.

Alan slapped the table excitedly and stood up, looking incredulous. "Is it really LUCY?"

"Hahaha, I knew that bitch wouldn't die so easily. Sure enough."

Lucy became their secret military advisor.

Patrick took a few leaves and put them on the table. They were very common willow leaves in the palace. They were slender and not not-eyecatching at all. But once the members of the club saw them, they find something special and looked surprised and happy.

Every members know an internal password which is similar to the morse code.

There were small round holes arranged in an orderly manner in the slender

willow leaves. It looked like they had been bitten by bugs, but, in fact, they were passwords written on the leaves.

(The scepter is in the barbarian matriarch' hand]

1

(The black cat has been following Christina]

[None of you can leave]

The password was translated into these three sentences sent by Lucy specifically.

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Before, Rafael tricked them into believing that Christina had been caught, raped, and killed by the savages. They were so angry that they fired at Samba. Were it not for Patrick's showing up with the female patriarch and the one-third scepter, Rafael wouldn't have let Christina go so easily.

"... The black cat has been following Christina." This meant that Christina was not hurt or killed, and that Rafael want to seduce her in the next round so that he could regain his power.

Ver.

"... The scepter is in the hands of the barbarian matriarch." Although they did not understand the function of the scepter, Rafael must have wanted it very much. If they took the scepter first, they could suppressed Rafael.

So, ever since they entered the palace, Lucy really helped a lot for not showing up but send them messages secretly.

"Why did Lucy tell us not to leave?" She did not explain the reason, and it was not convenient for her to write too much detail, lest Rafael would find something.

Gary and Alan were silent. Since Lucy had reminded them so, they had to wait.

"Rafael has nothing to threaten us within this palace. What is Lucy afraid of? Why didn't she show up to meet

us?

Crabbie didn't understand and muttered with a frown.

Why did Lucy not let us leave?

... There's only one explanation. It's dangerous to leave now."

Everyone was so thoughtful at the dinner that they became cautious.

Lucy would contact them again definitely, and at this moment they could only wait patiently.

After dinner, everyone dispersed. Although the palace was very luxurious, the rooms were still limited. Since there were more than 100 people of them, not everyone can enjoy a single room. So a room would be shared by three or two at least.

Christina was assigned to Patrick's room of course.

The palace was particularly gloomy at night for lack of light. After all, there was no power system, so only candles could be used. There were only a few candle lamps in the long corridor. Since they didn't have many modern goods here, even candles were luxury.

In such a dim environment, the stars seemed to be more dazzling in such a beautiful night.

Christina had never been a romantic so she didn't have the mind to enjoy the beautiful scenery. She just wanted to sleep now.

She complained in her heart that no wonder the ancients began to work at sunrise and retired at sunset. It was dark at night. Without any lights, what else could they do besides sleep?

Even Samba was the same. Once he saw the sun going down, he would think of going home immediately.

Christina sighed. She wondered how samba was doing right now.

Before, she lived with Samba in a cave, a thatched cottage, and tried her best to get rich and earn gold. That kind of life was actually quite simple.

Now looking at the palace, these modern buildings, wooden doors, tables and

chairs, and big beds. Though their workmanship was a little rough, it could be considered luxurious already.

Those kinds of miscellaneous things were still filling in her mind. She pushed the door and entered. The room was in a dark without any light.

Suddenly, she was hugged by someone.

She was astonished at first. Her waist and shoulders were hugged tightly, and her body was close to the person. She could feel the strong heartbeat of the person clearly, and there was a familiar male breath...

"Hey!"

When Christina knew it, she recognized the person immediately and shouted angrily

He had always been calm but now he was acting like a hooligan.

When seeing Christina, Patrick looked very calm, but he actually pretend to do it. Now, he didn't want to hide his feeling. Before Christina could shout, he pressed the back of her head with his big hand, forced her to lower her head, and kissed her hard on the lips.

There was an entanglement between their tongues. Christina didn't feel gentleness, but a strong force that had been suppressed for a long time.

Christina's lips were hot and red from the kiss, and her body was softened. There was a mixed feeling in her mind. All of sudden, she was confused and even forgot to resist as if her brain had crashed, letting Patrick obtained his objective.

Just as Patrick was so deeply in the kiss, he reached his hand beneath her clothes and his fingers rubbed against her smooth skin. At this moment, Christina exploded immediatly. "What, what are you doing!"

Christina came to her senses and acted quickly. She picked up her swiss army knife subconsciously and put it on Patrick's neck.

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Chapter 648

"You octopus!"

Christina came to her senses and subconsciously picked up her Swiss Army Knife and put it on Patrick's neck.

"How dare you really touch me? I won't let you go." She blushed with anger and warned him loudly.

He looked fixedly at the sharp knife on his neck and then at the woman in front of him.

He could not bear to suppress his emotions and desire while Christina's eyes were clear and she was really angry now.

Even though the room was dark now, Patrick could still look at her carefully under the faint starlight outside closely. Her movements were more agile and nimble than before and her skin was a little wheat-colored. She was very healthy and fine.

"...I'm here to find my child's mother."

Patrick looked into her eyes and said with a low and hoarse voice.

"Christina, you are my wife. You'd better get used to this identity quickly."

Whether she remembered it or not, this was the truth, and he did not allow her to deny it.

"So what!"

Christina looked a little annoyed. She was unwilling to admit it as she was not convinced of his being so tyrannical.

She took back her Swiss Army Knife and did not want to argue with him about it anymore. "I want to sleep. You go out."

Patrick had enough time to deal with her and this woman had asked him to leave the room several times,

*... Were a couple. Who should I sleep with if I don't sleep with you?" Patrick asked seriously on purpose.

Christina was speechless at the moment,

* You, you go sleep with Charles," she raised her voice and yelled at him but her face was a little flushed.

Patrick knew her personality so well and knew how to make use of her shortcomings. Suddenly, he felt that it was a misstep to kiss her so hastily just now.

He had to spend a lot of patience dealing with his wife.

"I'll sleep in this bed and you can't go to another room. It's all arranged already. There's no bed for you anymore." Patrick told her solemnly and restrained all his previous impulses.

Christina showed a serious look and wanted to yell. "I don't believe you."

Patrick casually said.... "Do you think we will do that if we sleep in the same bed?"

The man could not see her face clearly in this dark room. He was too shameless to be so straightforward.

Then Patrick continued in a low voice,... "I'm very tired now and I just want to have a rest. I can satisfy you another day if you need me to do something with you."

Patrick didn't look at her anymore and lay on the bed.

He just pretended to be tired and want to sleep now. He didn't want anyone to disturb him.

Christina was completely defeated. She was dumbfounded for a minute and then glared at the man on the bed angrily and hatefully. What did he mean? She didn't have that idea at all!

Miss Dickens exploded. Seeing him sleeping so comfortably, she thought. "Why did he get away with it? Why should I go out and sleep in the hallway?"

Of course, Christina was disaffected.

She was already tired and sleepy and wanted to sleep as soon as she entered the room. She climbed into bed quickly and occupied half of the bed. She could not let him feel comfortable himself.

She and Patrick slept with their backs facing each other.

He seemed really tired and slept so soundly that he did not have any reaction at all. Christina deliberately pushed his head with both hands and grabbed the pillow.

She took away the quilt and the pillow and even occupied half of the bed.

He was asleep and didn't do anything to her. Now she could rest at ease now.

However, Christina found that she couldn't fall asleep now.

She didn't think much but her mind was in a total mess. Patrick's cool masculine breath and his body temperature affected her all the time.

Christina used to sleep next to Samba but Samba protected her well and she wouldn't be so upset.

She closed her eyes tightly and forced herself not to think about anything. How would she be afraid of Patrick? Although she had secretly expected him to come to her when she first wandered on this island, she had not expected him to come here as a long time had passed.

... He now really came.

The next morning, Christina woke up with two black eyes as she expected. She was even angrier when she saw Patrick in such high spirits.

She had so much to think about last night but he actually slept so well.

"... Oh, Christina, were you having a good time with Patrick last night? Take good care of your body, young man."

Charles immediately came over and smiled wickedly seeing her sleep-deprived look.

Christina really didn't get enough sleep so she was too preoccupied last night to think. She glanced at him, "I don't understand why I made friends like you."

Logically speaking, she disdained to make friends with a playboy like Charles. He really deserved a beating behaving like this.

"... Christina, you can't say that. I'm so sad," Charles pretended to be so sad and wiped the corners of his eyes like his mother.

"Why don't we have breakfast together first and then you take me out to the Barbarian Market so that we can deepen our feelings?"

To put it bluntly, Charles just wanted to go there playing.

Yesterday, Christina showed them the local life of the Barbarians, which really shocked them.

... I want to go too." Alan heard them chatting from afar and shamelessly wanted to join them.

These people were talking loudly at breakfast. Christina was also thinking about going out of the palace. Although she had told Samba ruthlessly yesterday that she would not see him again, she still wanted to go back

Now that the news left by Lucy made them stay here, for the time being, she could secretly see him and his life

there,

However, just as they were excitedly preparing to leave the palace, several maids and servants rushed over with anxious looks, "Something strange happened!"

The maids and servants in the palace were bought from outside the island so most of them could speak English Charles and the others immediately turned to look

The maid spoke in English huntedly *Today, in the palace, many people suddenly had abdominal pain...

Crystal asked with concern, Are they sick?"

The maid shook her head desperately and looked a little scared.

Alan immediately felt something wrong and said in a serious voice, "Make it clear."

"... They first had abdominal pain, then foaming at the mouth and rolling on the ground in pain," the male servant was a little more rational and he quickly calmed down. "We didn't care at first and just gave them some medicine but more and more people are like this as if it was an infectious disease."

"Now more than half of the servants in the palace are in this condition. Those who have been in contact with sick people will soon suffer from abdominal pain. Those drugs don't work and..."

The servant's voice trembled. "Besides, the Barbarians in the palace said, this, this is a curse without salvation."

Christina frowned while Charles scolded, "Nonsense."

"Barbarians don't have brains. Don't you have brains either?"

At this moment, another maid also rushed in. It was the female translator, Lili. Her face was pale as if she had seen something terrible. Seeing that there were many people here, she immediately rushed over.

"What's going on?"

Lili pointed outside with her lips trembling. "The river outside, all the fish are dead." There were pieces of dead fish there overnight.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 649

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Chapter 649

The area of the Barbarian Market and Barbarian Palace were the Center of Power of the Barbarian Island. A large river nourished the island from northwest to southeast, which was abundant and the water was clear and sweet. Except for a small part of the lakes and streams in the mountains, this river was almost the mother river where the Barbarians depended on for survival.

However, something strange happened to the river today.

"All the fish in the river are dead." Lily, the female translator, ran over with a pale face and said with trembling lips.

Overnight, piles of dead fish floated on the river.

"Ho ho ho!"

Gary and Alan glanced at her and said sarcastically, "Rafael let you lie to us again, right? What nonsense."

Lily usually helped them translate the Barbarian Aboriginal Language, but she deliberately distorted Samba's words and sowed discord last time, so nobody would believe her this time.

Even if Lily wanted to lie, she should tell one that can be possibly believed.

"That's true!"

Her eyes red with anxiety, Lily pointed outside and shouted.

Chandler was more rational, feeling Lily didn't look like she was lying. Last time, she just obeyed Raphael's order.

"Is that really the case?"

"... The Barbarians outside the palace began to panic, kneeling and bowing to the river, shouting. There seems to be unrest at any moment. What should we do?"

Having just returned from outside, Lily was frightened by the scene in front of her. She had lived on this island for many years and had never encountered such a strange thing. What she was even more afraid of was the

Doomsday Curse that the Barbarians said.

On the other side, the servants in the palace had become ill and fallen down one after another, who had the same symptoms that were first abdominal pain, foaming at the mouth, and then shouting in pain.

Christina and the others were shocked that these things happened too suddenly.

* ... More than half of the people in the palace already have the disease. We gave them some common medicine, but it didn't work. They still have abdominal pain."

"It seems to be an infectious disease. More and more people are sick. What should we do?"

Everyone looked flustered, frightened of these unexpected and unknown disasters at once. Moreover, everyone subconsciously did not dare to contact the people who took care of the sick, for fear of being infected.

Suddenly, everyone panicked, confused, and had no idea.

"... Go to the City Wall and the High Tower first."

Patrick, who had just walked in, originally planned to have a meeting with Gary and the others today. Hearing so many things at the door of the room, he glanced at Lily, then looked at Christina and the others and ordered.

The City Wall of the palace was ten meters high, with two towers specially built on the main gate of the palace, which was convenient for the ruler to look down at the continent and the big river from the tower.

Patrick would not easily believe the people in the palace. Maybe it was another

trap set by Raphael. Seeing was believing, so he was used to witnessing the truth himself.

He took a deep look at Christina almost subconsciously.

It meant obviously that he asked her to follow him and come over to him.

Christina instinctively walked towards him, side by side with him, and walked quickly to the High Tower. Even Christina herself did not understand why she could read his meaning at a glance, as if there was a tacit understanding between them.

Charles and the others followed. When they stood on the High Tower and looked at the green and lively primitive continent, they sighed at the natural scenery. From afar, there were many black things floating on the river, and piles of fish corpses filled the whole river, which was shocking.

Christina was astonished.

The banks of the river were already crowded with many Barbarians, who looked frightened and uneasy. Some of them even knelt on the ground and bowed to the river.

The Barbarians roared, like a large group of trapped animals roaring at each other uneasily. The whole continent seemed to be shrouded in a thick unknown fear,

*. How could that be?"

Compared to the panic and helplessness of the Barbarians, the Modern People were much calmer,

"Is it because the water is poisonous that all the fish in the river died overnight?"

'Were the large number of dead fish caused by climate or by someone?"

Thinking more rationally, Charles and the others walked out of the High Tower.

They walked in unison to a place where they could find Raphael to interrogate!

"... Raphael, what do you want to do since you made the servants in the palace sick and spent a lot of time poisoning so many fish?"

They all agreed that it was Raphael who had done all these unexpected things on purpose.

No one was so vicious except him.

"Take out the antidote!"

"Otherwise, the dead fish in the river will rot, and the water quality will be seriously affected. If the people in the palace were not being treated, they would die as well!"

If it dragged on, the dead fish and dead bodies would be too many to be cleaned.

At that time, there would definitely be an infectious disease.

Charles and Gary shouted angrily, "Raphael, you grew up in this archipelago.

Won't you be afraid of retribution by killing so many creatures."

They thought Raphael had to come out to solve these things.

Christina looked at the man opposite her very quietly, who had a fair and handsome face, blue eyes, and a slender figure. It was clearly Derek, who curled his lips arrogantly facing their interrogation.

... I'm afraid it's your own business."

Raphael said casually with a trace of interest. "I don't have any antidote, and I don't know what happened."

Actually, he was looking forward to what would happen next.

You're lying

"How could you not know what happened!"

They simply didn't believe him.

*Raphael, what are you trying to do? You made everyone in the palace sick, What's good for you? The fish are dead and the water quality is affected. Won't you drink water?"

However, this bastard really didn't seem to have any reason to do such things

Patrick looked straight at Raphael and said in a low and intimidating voice, "What

happened on this island before?"

Raphael glanced at him and raised his eyebrows, as if he didn't want to make it clear.

Christina suddenly said, "The legend of this island, those meteorites, and the owner of Island..."

After only a few simple words, Raphael immediately looked at her with a stern expression, as if she said something right. "My dear little sister, you know a lot too." Then he became careless.

"... I wonder if you've heard a song here."

Raphael suddenly became so gentle that he deliberately asked her in a low and mysterious voice. He let out a smile in his handsome and fair face, which was both familiar and strange.

"What is it?"

Christina was furious when he deliberately provoked her in this strange way while clearly occupying Derek's body.

Seeing her so angry, Raphael deliberately compressed his lips and looked at her with a smile, clearly unwilling to say anything.

Clenching her right fist with a gloomy face, Christina walked towards him step by step.

Raphael was interested to see what she wanted to do to him. "Little sister, be careful. Don't hurt my body, lest you feel sorry for yourself." He teased.

What a bastard.

Christina's face darkened even more.

To Raphael's surprise, without attacking him, she just stuffed a handful of Herbs and Fruits in her right hand into his mouth

".. What, what did you give to me!" Rafael felt a smell of bitterness in his mouth.

He would not spit out the things in his mouth, because it was too disrespectful and he had never experienced before,

He really swallowed the unknown thing with a pale face.

Smiling with a good mood, she said slowly, I don't know either"

"... Once I ate it and then I was poisoned

She raised her eyebrows slightly, looked at him carefully, and said deliberately, "Eric, help me try out which one is poisonous. I know you would like to."

She asked him to test the poison.

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He stared at her fiercely. Just as he was about to speak, something unusual happened to his body. His limbs began to stiffen and he became weak...

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Retribution.

It must be retribution.

Charles and Gary wanted to beat him up, but there was a gap in strength. They didn't expect Raphael was stiff and motionless after being poisoned today.

"... You, detoxify me!"

Raphael gritted his teeth in anger with a grim face.

"There's no antidote."

Squatting down, Christina looked at the familiar face, pinched his nose, pulled out his hair, and rubbed his ears. She said to him kindly, "You won't be able to speak in a while."

Standing beside, Patrick looked at her and smiled, with his thin lips slightly pressed together.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 650

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Chapter 650

Usually, the Barbarians did not like to catch fish in the river. This island boasts rich natural resources, especially fish. But this sudden emergency caused the greatest number of deaths of fish. The fish body piled up and noated all over the river.

Under the scorching sun, millions of pounds of dead fish began to rot, which contaminated the entire river. The fishy odor was so strong that it made people nauseous.

"We must deal with the dead fish in the river immediately."

Gary and his fellows went to investigate along the river in person. They could smell a strong stench far from the river bank. The floating dead fish began to rot. Mosquitoes, flies, and cockroaches were all over on them. The disgusting scene made them nauseous.

Under this condition, the Barbarians would only bow down to God in panic. Even Gary and his fellows were not the locals, they had to step in this disaster.

"Once the river is completely polluted, we are doomed too." The water source is very important.

Fortunately, Patrick and his fellows ruled the palace, and the Barbarians were very obedient to the strong. After an emergent meeting, they immediately arranged to deal with the dead fish. All the dead fish must be refloated.

The river was very long but there were not enough Barbarians in the palace. So Gary also assigned people to join the refloatation.

"Go to the market and find Matriarch and the elder. Tell them to issue an order to stop drinking the river water now."

"And go to find more Barbarians to help us catch the dead fish as soon as possible."

Just then someone rushed in.

"There are some sick Barbarians in Barbarian Market!"

"The symptoms are similar to those palace servants. They suffer from abdominal pain. Barbarians get sick one after another. I'm not sure if it's an epidemic." The man said in a shaky voice,

These massive Barbarians rarely got sick. The look of suffering from the pain was terrifying.

Even Barbarians got sick.

Charles, who had been talkative, also looked scared

After the panic, Chandler immediately took a deep breath and asked, "Did these sick Barbarians drink the river water?"

"I don't know." the servant tried to report calmly. "There are language barriers. Even we try to ask more questions, those severely sick Barbarians were so violent that they wouldn't cooperate with us."

Alan frowned his eyebrows deeply, "In addition to the dead river fish, the sick palace servants and the sick Barbarians should be dealt with immediately."

But the problem was that they were short of manpower and modern medical drugs too.

Patrick and his people immediately dispatched humans, "All the patients in the palace should be placed together. The rest of the healthy people are not allowed to contact with them for the moment."

Before the disease was confirmed to be contagious, all the patients were isolated first. If it was really an epidemic, it would be an undeserved disaster.

"Our medical personnel will immediately begin the drug testing and analysis and find out the source, the mode of infection, and the means of treatment as soon as possible. But we lack manpower, please send some healthy servants to join us."

In the face of danger, no one dared to waste time.

Receiving the order, they immediately got down to business.

This sudden disaster concerned everyone. Be it palace servants, Barbarians, or outsiders like them, they must unite and deal with the emergency.

Christina knew that she was helpless in making decisions. So she went to Raphael, "What's that song?"

Christina was raised up as the only child of her family. Now she had grown up and suddenly had an "elder brother" for no reason. The worst part was this brother was a pervert.

"You must feel sick. Your whole body is stiff like wood. What a pity! Do you want me to feed you some antidote?"

Raphael was lying on the bed, of which the limbs were stiff like a puppet. He was unable to move, but his ears could hear and his eyes could see. His little sister really taught him a lesson!

Though he couldn't speak, he understood clearly that she was trying to intimidate him.

With a hint of arrogance in his eyes, he knew what his sister wanted but he refused to utter a word.

Christina realized his arrogance, "Since you're not willing to tell me, there's no need for you to speak forever. It's good to be in a vegetable state for the rest of your life. We can bully you, take off your clothes, pull out your hair, and throw you into a cesspit"

Raphael's eyes were filled with anger, but he couldn't move to get rid of her. He had never suffered such humiliation

Christina walked to the bedside and examined the familiar and beautiful face.

This shameless man stole Derek's body.

If it weren't for Derek's body, she would have thrown some punches at him.

See how long his arrogance could last, pshaw!

Crystal anxiously trotted over to look for her, "I heard that the Barbarians caught the disease too."

Hearing this, Christina got nervous. "Barbarians are sick too."

Trying to catch her breath, Crystal nodded heavily.

Christina thought of Samba in the first place, "I must go now."

She was worried about Samba's health.

Christina was not in the mood to pay attention to her "brother." He definitely wouldn't tell her the "songs" of this island. She decided to go to Samba and asked Matriarch about this.

So Christina rushed straight to the Samba's grass hut.

From afar, Christina saw the huge figure of Samba. He lowered his head and squatted in front of the hut listlessly. "Samba!" She shouted.

Hearing her voice, he immediately turned his head.

His face was beared, and his dark eyes looked dejected. When he saw Christina running towards him, his eyes suddenly lit up, as if he had come back to life.

Samba drew himself up to his tall and strong body. There was a hint of uncertainty flashing in his sharp eyes.

After a slow reaction, Samba roared excitedly.

It was Human Cub.

Human Cub was back!

Christina had already run up to him. They were extremely excited as if they had

long been parted. "Samba! Oh, great You're fine!" She hugged his right arm and leaned on him.

Two days ago, Christina told Samba that she was going home. Samba got really upset for he couldn't see her anymore

After she left, simple-minded Samba couldn't help looking at the direction where she had left. For a long time, he

squatted down and rarely ate. His mind was in a mess. Human Cub's left had messed up his mind.

Without Human Cub, suddenly his life lost all meaning.

As usual, Samba picked her up on his shoulder then hugged her tightly in his arms for fear that she would be uncomfortable. He hugged her tightly in the way that he took care of her when she got sick. All of sudden his heart was filled with satisfaction.

Christina was almost strangled by him. She patted his chest to calm him down. "Samba, the river fish are all dead. You must not drink the river water."

As soon as Christina was finally put back on the ground, she told him the emergency lest Samba would get sick from drinking the polluted river water.

Samba didn't know about the dead fish. He was surprised and whispered that since she had left, he hadn't gone anywhere. He hadn't set up his stall, eaten anything, or walked around. He just sat in front of the hut.

Samba's words made Christina emotional.

Luckily, God sends fortune to fools, Samba had sat in front of the hut, stared blankly, and had not eaten or drunk for the past two days, which exactly kept him from disease