

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 611

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

Chapter 611

They couldn't disperse when they entered a strange and dangerous place.

At first, Raphael suggested that they should be divided into two groups. Earl led a small group of people to the Barbarian Islands to look for Christina, while others, including Patrick, had to follow him to another island to look for the Scepter he wanted.

Patrick directly pointed a gun at Earl. Patrick would never agree or compromise. At 7 am, most of the people on the cruise ship had successfully arrived on the island.

The two boats were fixed on the shallow beach. Charles and the others stepped on the silver sands on the beach and looked up at the lush jungle in front of them. They could not help but sigh in their hearts that the trees on this island were really lush and tall. Though they were standing on the outskirts of the beach, they could still smell the freshness of the plants and hear the chirping of the small animals on the island.

Before entering the island, Raphael ordered everyone to check their luggage. Patrick walked to a large rock by the beach and spread out the map of the islands. The map was very old and had some ancient words written on it. They could not understand the words, and they could only vaguely recognize the coordinates marked on it and the approximate location of the islands.

"Where are we now?" Patrick turned to Raphael and asked coldly.

Raphael was stared at by Gary and walked over reluctantly. He glanced at the map and replied perfunctorily, "23 degrees west to south. We are on the satellite island."

Raphael looked quite indifferent.

"Which island is Christina on now?" Patrick looked at Raphael with sharp eyes.

Raphael compressed his lips and strode forward, as if he was quite interesting in what Patrick asked. He pointed to the left one of the three islands in the middle of the map with his long, fair fingers and said ironically, "My sister is lucky."

Christina was pushed onto the Barbarian Islands by the waves. She could walk a lot less, but it was also more dangerous

"You will spend at least half a month walking from here to the Barbarian Islands. Aren't you worried that you won't even be able to find her dead body when you arrive?"

Raphael said in a relaxed and cheerful tone, looking at Patrick with a provocative smile.

Raphael asked Patrick to divide into two groups so that they could save much time. Raphael did not care whether his half-sister was alive or dead. He only cared about his body, the ancient coffin, and the scepter,

Hearing what Raphael said, Charles got angry and really wanted to rush over to beat Raphael up. Raphael really deserved a beating.

Patrick put away the map and ignored Raphael's provocation. Then he turned to Gary and ordered, "Move northeast."

"Yes."

Gary and the others had already been ready to start off, and the whole team entered the dense forest orderly,

They took every step very carefully. There were many withered leaves and insects on the black soil under their feet. There were also towering trees. The

roots of the trees protruded on the surface of the soil. They did not know how many years these old towering trees had existed.

Even the air in the virgin forest was so moist. The vegetation here was so lush that only faint sunlight could pass through the leaves.

Fortunately, it was daytime. It would look very gloomy at night.

According to the map, they headed northeast towards the Barbarian Islands, As they walked, they looked around at the strange environment. At the same time, they had to find something to eat. After all, they didn't even have breakfast this morning.

When Crystal entered this primitive forest, she was so nervous that she felt her back chilly and her blood freezing. She walked with small steps. Chandler knew that she was afraid and held her hand tightly.

"I'm sorry," Crystal whispered.

At this moment, she really regretted and hated her own willfulness. She had always been at ease. Why did she lose her mind and ask Patrick to go to the islands? She was simply a burden. And Chandler was almost dragged into the deep sea by the storm.

Though Crystal had the experience of living independently abroad, she couldn't help but panic when she stepped on this strange and dangerous island. She couldn't imagine what danger she would encounter in the next second.

"We are following the whole team. It's okay."

Chandler comforted her gently. In fact, he was also very nervous, and he held Crystal's hand more tightly.

They were moving in group, so at least they could take care of each other,

"I don't know how Christina is now." Crystal lowered her head and muttered.

"Don't worry about her. Christina has always been very adaptable. Raphael had promised that she was still alive, and Lucy was with her at that time, Her mother, Mary, was one of the masters of the Islands, and Raphael also said that Mary would not abuse her."

Chandler whispered to comfort her. Charles, who was walking beside them, heard what they said and felt a little uncomfortable

Charles refuted, "No matter how adaptable Christina is, she will still be afraid."

As Charles spoke, he felt a little angry and quickened his pace to walk with Gary.

"Mr. Shepherd, don't say that you are not secretly in love with Junior Mrs.

Hopkins." Gary heard Charles's words and immediately teased Charles.

Charles said seriously, "My mother gave me a chivalrous heart!"

When Crystal and Barbara cried, everyone took pity on them. If something happened to Christina, they would only say that she was fine and strong.

Who was born strong? Damn it!

Charles hated this kind of differential treatment the most, and he cared more about Christina. Christina was the mother of his twin godsons, so they were family anyway.

However, Charles would not be bothered by such a trivial matter anymore.

Charles had already forgotten what he said. If something happened to Chandler and Crystal, Charles would still be the first to rush over to help them. Gary knew Charles's characteristics.

"What if we can't go back and can only stay on the islands?" Gary suddenly asked Charles,

"I don't know."

When Charles proposed to follow them to the islands, the Shepherd family objected him. "It doesn't matter. People can only live for decades."

"I didn't realize that you are so noble that you don't even care about life or death."

Of course, Charles was also afraid of death. It was better to live than to die, so he did not want to die. He was a little impulsive to follow them into the islands this

time, but he did not regret it.

He didn't have so much care and responsibility, so he could indulge himself in watching different scenery

"Larry also wanted to come with us."

"Yes, but he was driven away by Mr. Hopkins."

No one dared to say when they would be able to return, nor could they guarantee that they would be able to return safely and alive. Patrick had also thought about this, so he asked Larry to take care of the twins. Betty would also go to the Hopkins family to take care of the children.

If something really happened to Patrick, at least he had two children. If Senior Mr. Hopkins was physically strong, he would be able to educate the children himself. Patrick had left descendants for the Hopkins family.

After walking for about two hours, they saw a small sunny slope in front of them. There were many vines growing on the vegetation, and the dark "watermelons" immediately attracted their attention.

Charles was the first to run over excitedly. It was the kind of watermelons he ate yesterday, which was edible and could satisfy hunger and thirst.

It seemed to be a short distance from the slope, but it took Charles 10 minutes to run over. The surrounding plants were very lush. Charles stepped into a deep pit carelessly and fell down. He was covered in wet mud, and his right foot was hurt.

"Charles!" Gary and Chandler rushed to the pit nervously and shouted.

"Pull me up."

Charles raised his head feebly and responded. His handsome face was covered in black mud and he was in a mess.

"You should be glad that you are not seriously injured."

Gary and the others quickly pulled Charles up with their own safety ropes and examined his injuries. Fortunately, it was not serious.

"Everyone, be careful!"

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 612

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

Chapter 612

At night, it was dark and gloomy in the primitive forest. The cries of the hidden animals made people frightened and uneasy.

Patrick and the others had been walking in the dense forest all day. Except for a short rest at noon, they kept walking for the rest of the day. At night, when the sun went down, they made a fire and camped overnight.

Gary and his mates were not tired of this kind of trip. They were used to it. While Charles and the others turned pale. When they heard that they were resting, they immediately collapsed on the ground and gasped.

"... Can you keep going?"

Crabbie gave Crystal a bunch of small tomatoes. He was smiling and looked energetic, improving that he was a gentleman who cared for girls.

Crystal didn't look well. She managed to raise her head, took a bunch of tomatoes, and said faintly, "Thank you."

Crystal had been living under the shelter of her stepfather since she was a child. She had lived a hard life, so she was not delicate. However, she had walked the bumpy and muddy road of the forest all day and only ate a little fruit. Perhaps the water vapor in the forest was too heavy, and she felt very

powerless.

It was a stupid decision to go to the island with them.

The more Crystal felt that she was a burden, the more she did not dare to slow down. She gritted her teeth, afraid of dragging down the team.

During the day, Gary caught some small animals and picked up a lot of dry wood. They were starving and couldn't wait to roast them immediately. They formed a circle and skillfully cut open the stomachs of these prey, forked them up with sharpened wood branches, and roasted them on the fire.

Soon, the smell of meat wafted away.

Smelling the meat, their stomach growled even more. They looked at Gary with drooling eyes. What a damn forest! They couldn't even find a bigger prey. There were all rats that were difficult to catch and not enough to feed themselves.

But at this moment, they were even greedy for rat meat.

The rats they caught were not enough for everyone to share, so it was all up to who caught them. Whoever caught them was their food. The rest of them could only eat fruit.

Charles picked up a black watermelon and violently threw it to the ground. It fell into two pieces. He squatted down without any gentleman charm. He sat on the ground, leaned against a big tree, and bit half of the watermelon.

Charles felt a little nauseous after eating too much watermelon. His face turned pale. "Damn it." He muttered and continued to eat the watermelon.

Living on this deserted island was unbearable.

"... Do you want to try the rat meat?" Gary had a good relationship with Charles. He generously gave him a small piece of rat leg, which was roasted golden and smelled like meat.

Charles would not be polite to him. He took it over. Just as he was about to take a bite, he immediately turned to look at Chandler.

After a moment of hesitation, "Give it to them." After all, Crystal was the only woman.

Gary raised his eyebrows, and Alan on the other side shouted, "Give it to me, give it to me!" He didn't have so much justice and morality. To live on such a deserted island, self-rescue was the most important thing.

"Didn't you just nibble on a mouse tail?"

"That's not enough to fill my teeth, okay?"

Gary refused him. "Dig the rat hole if you want to eat."

They went through fire and water together and they were rude and had no manners. There was no such thing as gentlemanly manner. It was common for them to fight for things. They would not hold grudges against each other. It was all about capability.

Crystal was flattered and looked at the half of the roasted golden rat meat. She didn't dare to take it or eat it.

Although the mouse was cut open, skinned, and roasted very well, when she thought it was rat meat, Crystal refused physically. She shook her head, thanked Gary several times, and said that she was a vegetarian.

"Give it to Patrick," Crystal whispered.

Crystal observed today and found that Gary did whatever Patrick said.

However, when Gary found the fruits and meat, they would not share them with Patrick. This was different from what she had expected. She thought they would give Patrick whatever they found.

During the whole time shuttling through the dense forest today, Patrick did not eat anything or ask for food from others except picking two sticks of tomatoes himself,

"Mr. Hopkins doesn't need us to take care of him. He'll do it himself if he wants."

Gary said as if it was very common

Crystal was surprised.

"No one here is more important. Unless he is seriously injured, no one cares if you could live. Self-rescue is responsible for yourself and everyone else."

Their principle of getting along with each other was not to drag anyone down, nor to give up anyone easily.

Charles, Chandler, and Crystal joined in as laymen, that's why they showed some respect at first. If the situation became worse later, there would be no such thing as humanity, morality, and lady first.

"Take this rat meat like mutton or beef and eat it with your eyes closed. I don't know how long it will take to walk out of this forest. It may be even more difficult to find food out of the forest. By then, you won't have a rat tail tat."

Crystal's face was complicated. She reached out to take it and thanked him. At this time, food was really important.

As soon as Gary finished speaking, the fragrance of meat wafted from the upper right...

Charles was the first to shout in surprise.... "Where did you get the chicken?"

Hearing the word "chicken" everyone immediately perked up and turned to look.

Everyone's eyes lit up as they stared at Rafael, who had set a big fire all by himself. At his feet, there were two colorful wild chickens lying beside him.

The fire leaped, and the golden light reflected on Rafael's fair and handsome face. He held a branch in his slender hand and twirled the fire in boredom. He smiled and turned to look at them.

Rafael seemed to be in a good mood. He picked up the almost cooked chicken from the fire with a branch, shook it, and told them, "This is rabbit meat."

Everyone gulped subconsciously.

At this moment, there were some noises coming from the dark forest. A small figure was coming this way, it seemed to be dragging something and it was a little slow.

After a while, everyone saw clearly in the light of the fire. It was Earl who held a wild chicken and dragged it to Rafael's feet with difficulty.

It turned out that all these prey were found by the cat.

Usually, Earl, the black cat, squatted proudly, and its eyes seemed to be extremely disdainful. Now, seeing it so clever and helpful to catch wild animals and chickens, everyone was envious and jealous in their hearts.

They had the urge to rob food from Rafael, and some of them were ready to do it.

"There are preys nearby. Look carefully tomorrow." Patrick, who was in the corner, suddenly spoke in a deep

voice, which made everyone dare not rob Rafael's wild chicken.

The black cat Earl's claws were poisonous, and Patrick didn't want them to cause trouble.

Rafael raised his eyebrows and looked at him. An interesting thing was interrupted by him and he felt a little disappointed

At this moment, under the same starry sky, Christina, who was also having dinner with head lowering, felt depressed.

She was brought back to the cave in the rocky area by Samba. Ever since she saw Lucy outside the palace of the Barbarian Market that day, she had been downhearted. She had seen Lucy fight back with all her might and kill a huge and burly wild guard. At the same time, Lucy had been beaten by other wild men until she fainted. Her whole body was covered in bruises. Finally, Lucy was dragged into the palace like a corpse with a hemp rope around her neck.

When Christina recalled, she was filled with resentment and unwillingness. At that time, her mouth was covered by Samba. She instinctively wanted to rush up to save Lucy and shout, but she could only watch helplessly.

Samba did not sell her. She cut the rope with a Swiss army knife to escape when

he slept. After Samba caught her, he was very angry and shouted at her. He was ferocious, bearded, and bulky. Thinking of Lucy's tragic experience, she was desperate. It was impossible to escape here.

Christina was depressed.

She didn't know if she didn't respond to the scolding or if she looked lifeless. After that, Samba didn't get angry at her anymore, and he still fed her regularly. "... I want to find my friend!" She roared.

Christina could not keep cautious anymore. She would die any time. She nerved herself and got angry with a straight face.

Samba's ferocious face froze, as if he could not understand why she suddenly became energetic or what she was saying, It seemed she was angry.

Samba's first impression of Christina was a newborn of a savage. Because she was too ugly and thin, she was abandoned in the forest by the savages.

Samba muttered to her again, still in a rough voice. He walked into the cave.

After a while, he came out with a dried leg of a wild boar and threw it in front of her face,

Christina was dumbfounded

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 613

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

Chapter 613

Patrick and the others brought with them fire starters, cooking tools, and self-defense weapons. For the first few days after they stepped into this island, they couldn't fully adapt to the life here.

After that, they did not starve anymore. They hunted a lot of rabbits, pheasants, and even wild boars, and a few sika deer.

After roasting some of the preys, they hung the meat on their backpacks and dried it naturally as reserved food.

Charles was happy about their improved diet. Every time they rested and ate dried meat, he could not help but sigh. "I wonder if Christina had any food." He was so worried.

Crystal also showed a worried expression when she heard this. And she felt a deep sense of guilt as she took a bite of meat.

After looking at each other, Gary and Patrick turned their gazes at Patrick on the other side. Patrick had not eaten much in the past few days and had lost much weight. They then glared at Charles.

At the same time, they had a tacit understanding of kicking him from both sides. Charles covered his butt in pain and jumped up. He then chased after them and shouted angrily.

At this time, Patrick put down a piece of rabbit leg meat on his hand and looked straight ahead with deep eyes, silent.

(Meanwhile, at the other side of the island]

Christina was squatting in front of the fire burning a pot of hot water when she sneezed.

She then rubbed her nose, worried that she might catch a cold.

Before, she was depressed because she saw Lucy being tortured, but she could not save Lucy. She felt that it was useless to resist. There was no way she could escape from the islands and go back.

However, even if no one came to save her, she couldn't just sit back and wait.

After a few days, she cheered herself up.

Lucy was so strong that she should not die easily. And she was not a foolhardy

person. She would definitely swallow her pride to save her life when necessary. Although she was covered in bruises and dragged into the palace cruelly, she was most likely still alive,

Thinking of that, Christina immediately felt that she could no longer be depressed,

Nothing could be changed by complaining. Lucy fought with the Barbarian so bravely just to survive, and her experience was much better than Lucy's. At least Samba didn't hurt her. Anyway, she could not be so decadent.

And she had to work hard to keep herself safe, adapt to the environment of the island and practice more skills.

Only when she became strong could she protect others.

As usual, Samba got up at sunrise and diligently went into the forest to catch the prey. At about 2 pm, he would usually come back with two or three hares or a wild boar.

They basically ate once a day. After he came back from hunting in the afternoon, he walked to the third cave entrance, moved the heavy wooden door open, and then led her out.

He would give her roast meat and water.

Yet she did not understand why he kept her in captivity. She guessed that it was probably because she looked too skinny and he wanted to fatten her up before selling or eating her.

This thought made her afraid to eat more every time and worried every day.

At first, she only ate one meal a day, and her stomach couldn't stand it. Therefore, when she ate barbecue, she would secretly hide a piece of meat for supper or breakfast.

Soon, she realized that he didn't care if she hid the roast meat or how long she would keep it.

After the food was distributed, he only ate his share. And as for her share, unless she threw it out herself, he then would pick it up and eat it. Yet he wouldn't snatch her food.

"A barbarian could be so noble?" She said to herself.

In fact, Samba was a very principled Barbarian. The swiss army knife and the small kettle he had given her seemed to be recognized by him as her personal property.

Even she had repeatedly used that knife to cut off the hemp rope on her hand and cause him trouble, he did not take back the tools.

In this way, she took more advantage of him.

Today, he came back from hunting three pheasants with bright feathers in the forest. As usual, he went to the third cave as soon as he came back and opened the heavy wooden door. When he bent down and entered the cave, he found that the hemp rope tied to her hands had been broken by her again.

His face was bearded and his body was huge. Only his dark eyes flashed with dissatisfaction, but he did not yell at her. He then turned to grab a new hemp rope and was about to tie her up.

Today, she became bold. And quickly, she slipped out of the cave.

With a hemp rope in his hand, he was dumb for a long time before he clumped out. However, this time she did not escape. She went to pick up a handful of dry wood, used the flint she found

before to start a fire, found a rotten iron pot, filled it with water. And then she carried two small rocks, and put the iron pot on it to boil the water.

Standing still, he glued his eyes on her, not knowing what she was doing.

And he was very patient. Perhaps he felt that she could not run away under his watch, so he sat on the grass on the slope beside him and casually grabbed a handful of fresh grass growing on the slope and stuffed it into his mouth. It seemed that he was eating snacks.

On the other hand, she turned around and found that he was eating grass

leisurely and did not mean to tie her up.

Feeling excited, she was correct that he was a good-tempered Barbarian, just like a pet dog!

While waiting for the water to boil, she also grabbed a handful of grass from the slope and stuff it into her mouth like him. After she chewed, the bitter taste choked her throat.

It tasted foul. Why did he feel like he was eating something yummy?

Soon, the water boiled. She then threw the chicken that he had hunted back today into the pot, scalded it a few times, and carefully took it out to shed its feathers.

Although he was muscled, his eyes were full of surprise and confusion. He looked straight at her as if he was getting more confused about what she was doing.

When she finished plucking three chickens, she pulled out a swiss army knife and cut them open.

When she took out the chicken intestines in one breath, he was completely shocked. His burly body suddenly stood up and he roared at her and pointed at the dead chicken that had been completely eviscerated on the ground.

With a sad face, he looked at her as if she was too cruel.

She had been lived with him for a long time, and could probably guess what he meant. She suddenly became angry. "You're a Barbarian. Didn't you drink blood and eat raw meat? Why're you looking at me like that? I didn't do anything outrageous."

In his opinion, she had pulled away all the dead prey's hair and guts, which was simply vicious.

Ignoring him, she then rubbed her nose and continued to make herself roast chicken.

And she sharpened a few twigs, forked the chicken with them, and slowly barbecued it with fire.

It was different from the simple and rough way he cooked before. No matter what prey he brought back, they were thrown directly into the fire with the fur and internal organs. If the skin was burnt, he would bite it away and only ate the meat in the middle. Yet she felt that it tasted really terrible.

However, he felt that her actions were 100 disrespectful to the 'dead and that it would take a long time to roast them like this. He did not understand why she did not throw them directly into the fire, What was she was doing?

At this time, his fierce face showed Impatience, which made him look even more dangerous and ferocious, but she was no longer afraid of him,

She was in a good mood, watching her roast chicken crackle with the lire, the golden crispy skin of the chicken emitted a sizzling oll, and a smell of meat rushed to her nose,

This smell was much better than his "plg food." Every time he threw the prey directly into the fire, it smelled like coke, and the Internal organs were not removed from the meat, which was a little bitter,

"No seasoning..."

She then turned to look at the grass on the slope. Since he had caten it, it meant it was not poisonous, Quickly, she grabbed a handful grass, chopped it and used it as onions. It was good to neutralize the grease,

However, he began to suspect that she was playing, but cooking, "Have you learned?" When she handed him a skewer of roast chicken, she asked him earnestly.

Of course, he didn't know what she was talking about, but he took the roast chicken, sniffed it warily, took the first bite, and then instantly "fell in love" with this taste. In less than a minute, the roast chicken in his hand had eaten up, even the bones.

He then went to get the second roast chicken by himself. It could see that he was really enjoying it. Although he did not say anything, the way he gobbled indicated that he like the food much.

Casting him a glance, she didn't care whether he like it or not. In order to protect the dinner in her hand, she quickly shoveled the chicken into her mouth.

Never had he eaten such delicious food before. He was so excited that he almost reached out to grab her roast chicken. After being glared at by her, he immediately remembered his principles. He sat by the side and watched her eat. But he was only half full.

From time to time, Samba turned to look at the forest, as if he was struggling whether to rush into the forest now and catch another prey to roast.

"Don't expect me to be your cook." Actually, Christina hated cooking the most in her life.

She was like a boy since she was a child. Apart from the camping barbecue, the cooking and stewing were not her strengths. And she could only cook mushy noodles.

She ate slowly. And he looked at the chicken in her hand with greedy eyes. Yet he couldn't snatch hers. He then got up and dragged two branches full of fruits over which he casually broke from a tree.

The fruit on the branches was light yellow, in the size of an egg, and the skin was smooth, but it tasted a little sour.

After having one bite, she immediately spat it off.

The other kind of fruit was as big as a fist, and the skin was very thick. He chewed it directly. But she peeled the thick skin with her bare hands and only ate the crystal white flesh inside. It tasted a little like mangosteen, sweet and sour.

So, she only ate large mangosteen, and she didn't even look at the yellow fruits.

Today, he found out that the "cub" he had brought home was too picky about food.

She was ugly, thin, and a picky eater, no wonder she was abandoned in the forest. She then turned around with a strange expression. "What do you mean by that sympathetic look?"

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 614

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

Chapter 614

... Christina was still living a life of captivity.

When driven back to the cave by Samba, she felt she was like chickens or ducks which went out for food, and then was shooed towards the nest at the regular time.

Samba restricted the space and time of Christina's movement. But recently, the situation had got slightly better. Since Christina taught him how to roast his prey correctly, Samba no longer tied her up with ropes.

Christina was cheered up for this, feeling that her modern brain was much better than that of a primitive man like Samba.

In fact, Samba thought that it was useless to tie her up. She cut the ropes off every time. He had taught her for many times, but she was still disobedient.

Now, they would cleaned the fur and guts of the prey, fixed it with wooden stick, then slowly roasted them until it got golden and crispy.

Samba was very happy to eat this kind of roast meat, but he always had a deep sense of guilt when he made all of these preparation before cooking.

It made Christina feel funny all the time.

Maybe she had been used to this kind of process as a person of modern age, so she didn't feel guilty at all.

However, in Samba's view, it was very cruel to torture animals in this way. Even though he looked fierce and had a beard on his face, he still chanted and prayed seriously to salve his conscience. After getting these done, he started to clean the fur and guts, then roasted them with the fire.

... Don't be so pretentious. Don't eat them if you can."

Christina remembered that she had gone camping when she was studying. Many girls around her screamed that it was too cruel... When she went to slaughter the chicken, they looked shocked. But when they were eating the drumsticks, they looked extremely enjoyable.

Christina taught Samba with a serious expression: Don't be that pretentious.

"You are a barbarian. This is a wild island-you've got to be strong to succeed."

She stood with her hands on her hips and pointed at a big black boar that had been hunted tonight "The wild boar in front of you is no longer that lively boar. Now it is just our meal. It will sacrifice itself to support our lives. Amitabha Amitabha

After saying that, Christina added a few chants

Samba looked at and listened to her, although he could not understand at all,

In fact, Samba was not as pretentious as she thought. Samba was a barbarian. Not long after he was born, he was ostracized by his tribe. After he was weaned, he was exiled by them and made a living in the jungle. Samba had always lived alone, and it was the instinct for him to hunt and eat prey.

Samba had been so weird recently because he was frightened by Christina's behavior.

The boar was their meal tonight. It was a waste of food to throw the whole boar into the fire. Now, they divided it into several lumps to roast. The rest of the meat would be hung up and dried by the wind.

Samba had a huge appetite. Usually, two chickens were not enough for him to eat. Tonight, he ate a quarter of the boar, while Christina lost her appetite after eating a small piece of meat. To her, the boar meat was too dry with a weird smell. Moreover, she grew tired of the sameness of the food.

Samba reached his big hands to pressed her stomach.

Perhaps feeling that Christina hadn't got stuffed, Samba immediately pulled off a lump of pig's foot to her.

Christina shook her head and did not take it.

Samba mumbled with a strict tone, as if he was scolding her.

Christina kept expressionless and refused.

Samba failed to persuade her, feeling that she was really disobedient.

It was afternoon, the sun was still shining.

Christina now didn't know what time it is. She had turned off her phone because its battery had been running low. She didn't want to run down the battery just for checking the time. But according to the position of the sun, it would take about three or four hours for the sun to set.

To her surprise, Samba took her to the forest.

Although they couldn't communicate with each other in language, Samba succeeded to control her in a simple way. He stood up and carried her on his shoulder. Christina was so scared that she let out a series of screams. She had a misunderstanding that Samba was going to roast her. It was not until she saw Samba strode towards the forest that she slowly calmed down.

Samba was a burly man and moved at a big pace. He had got used to cross this road. He felt that it was easy to carry Christina, because Christina was lighter than a boar. Two hours later, they reached the edge of the forest.

Samba did not take her into the center of the forest, but walked around the edge. He would pick some fruits casually. Sometimes, he would put them into his mouth and chewed them as his big beard shook. The fruits were fresh and juicy

that really catered to his appetite

Sometimes, Samba would also pass the fruits to her. But Christina's body was swayed and jolted as he walked, thus, she was not in a good mood to taste the fruits.

Moreover, Samba was an omnivorous man. Christina had witness that he ate the grass with relish. Therefore, she could not believe in his taste, the fruit must be unpalatable.

Christina patted him on his stone-like shoulder, roared and shouted, "Put me down. I want to walk by myself. Walk by myself -"

Although Samba didn't understand what she said, her intention was obvious.

Samba seemed a little hesitant. He turned his head and looked at her with dark eyes. After a long, long time, he decided to put her down.

As soon as he put her down, Samba regretted it.

Samba regretted it

Again, she was nowhere to be found.

Christina ran through the dense forest as if she were having fun. Because it was just the edge of the forest, the trees were not so tall and thick. There were only a few low trees that were only as high as her waist, and a few fruit trees that were three or four meters tall. There were not much prey here. Only some small animals, such as squirrels, were looking for food on the trees.

Although it was only the edge of the forest, there was a meandering river passing by. Christina ran over excitedly as she found the water source.

The river was very cool and clear with a few small yellow fishes swimming in it.

The riverbed was covered with smooth cobblestones.

Its depth was about a meter.

Christina took off her shoes and walked straight into the river with her clothes in.

A thoroughly coolness hit her skin and nerves and spread all her body. After a while, she had got used to it and didn't feel that cold. Christina hadn't taken a bath for a long time. Hence, she dived into the river to wash herself. At the same time, she didn't forget to scare the fish around her.

When samba saw that she was in the river, his fierce face showed a frightened expression. He thought she was dead

Samba run with his huge body. His big feet stepped on the soil, making a loud sound that was similar to the bang of an earthquake. She immediately came out of the surface of the water and looked around nervously.

Sambas angry face was in front of her, "I didn't run away. I was just bathing in the river."

Though Samba could not understand, she needed to say something, because Samba always listened to her very carefully, as if he was studying her language, Christina was afraid of being punished. She was immersed in the water and did not dare to move, let alone went ashore

Samba's eyes were fierce, and he seemed really angry. He walked into the river, and grabbed her collar to drag her onto the shore with his big hands..

Christina lost her energy in a instant. Her whole body, together with her long hair had got wet. In addition to her expression of fear and guilt, she looked really pitiful.

Samba roared at her, looking like an irritated parent who was scolding the disobedient kid.

That day, when Samba returned home with a bunch of fruits, Christina was tied around her waist with tree roots while the roots were controlled by Samba.

Christina, again, returned to her life of captivity. Moreover, Christina also found that her feet were injured after crossing such a long distance. Honestly speaking, it was not bad to be carried by Samba

When samba took her to the forest the next day, Christina still dove to the river.

Samba used his primitive brain to think for a while, but he was still confused

about about the reason she loved river.
Maybe this was her habit, Samba thought.
Since then, Samba would take Christina to the river. Although she was still living a life of captivity, she got a certain range of activity.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 615

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

Chapter 615

Unknowingly, the life of Samba who was a Barbarian had changed a lot.

Samba was now very skilled in using flints.

Compared to modern lighters and matches, the simple black flints were more suitable for Samba. His hands were very thick and wide, and his fingers were thick. Modern lighters and matches were difficult for him to operate. If he exerted a little force, they would be broken by him. Moreover, lighters and matches, which were extremely expensive, could only be exchanged at the Barbarian Market. In addition, Samba's cooking skills improved.

He was now quite skilled at shedding fur and disemboweling his prey. He even learned to use Christina's Swiss Army knife to dismember his prey. His skill could be compared to that of a butcher.

However, Samba also maintained some of his principles. Every time he dealt with his prey, he would mumble prayers solemnly for the prey.

Yesterday, Christina taught him to dig deep holes in the forest and lay some dry firewood branches on them as traps to catch pheasants.

In the past, Samba spent most of the day catching pheasants in the forest. When he was lucky, he could catch three or four pheasants. Samba was already very hardworking and patient, but the pheasant was really hard to catch. The trees in the forest were lush. Even if Samba who was heavily built moved slightly, there would be a loud noise and little animals like pheasants would be scared away.

"... Follow me, dig a hole."

Since there was no shovel in Samba's cave, Christina had to use the old iron pot to scrape the mud.

She dug for half an hour in high spirits. When she looked up and saw that Samba was standing by the side without moving, she pulled him over and handed him the iron pot. She required him to work hard and dig deep holes.

Samba was much stronger than her. In less than half an hour, he had dug a big hole around one meter deep and half a meter wide.

Christina gave him a thumbs-up, praising him for being a master at digging the ground.

She carried a large bunch of dry branches and covered the hole with many dry branches

Christina also picked three big bunches of small tomatoes and gently placed them on the dry branches as bait, because she saw several times that many small animals in the forest liked to peck at small tomatoes.

Samba was tall and bulky. He stood by and watched, not knowing what she was doing.

Samba looked for food every day, and there was nothing else in his life, but he found that Christina who had been brought home by him thought differently.

This cub was very special.

She was very lively and energetic every day. She liked to run up and down the rivers in the forest. Sometimes she grabbed him and asked him to help her dig holes, and he would be very cooperative. Samba really wanted to see what she

wanted to do.

That afternoon, Christina's trap caught two pheasants and a fat rabbit. The two pheasants fluttered but couldn't get out.

Christina was overjoyed. The little animals in the forest really liked to eat tomatoes, and they had low IQ. Perhaps it was because no one had ever used traps to catch them here. The fat rabbit probably fell down the hole without looking where it was going. Hahaha.

Christina was proud of being an intelligent being. Samba's dark eyes were full of shock as he looked at the prey at the bottom of the pit. Then he turned around and looked at Christina with an adoring and unbelievable look for a long time. Samba muttered to Christina in a rough voice, his tone a little cautious. It seemed that he was asking her something.

Because of the language barrier, Christina didn't know what he was asking. She pointed to the two pheasants and the fat rabbit at the bottom of the hole, looked up at Samba and pointed her finger at the ground around her. "Start digging more holes in other places tomorrow. We won't have to worry about food anymore."

"... Do you understand? Take this to dig the ground when you have time."

Christina was afraid that Samba couldn't understand, so she picked up the old iron pot and made a digging motion

Christina could not understand the native language of Samba at all. In terms of communication, Samba was much smarter than her. He understood what Christina meant immediately.

Therefore, the next day when Christina went to the forest, she accidentally fell into a pit. She was very depressed and crawled out of the pit with mud all over her body. Samba dug the pit too diligently.

In these short ten days, Christina lived a very fulfilling life.

She was no longer waiting to be fed and kept in captivity. She taught Samba a lot of modern skills, and Samba learned them very quickly, Christina felt very proud that now Samba looked at her with sparkling eyes and admired her.

And Samba taught her a lot.

For example, Christina learned which fruit could be eaten, which fruit was delicious, how to climb a tree to get eggs, and so on.

In the past, Samba would only take her to the edge of the forest for a walk along the river after eating barbecue in the afternoon. Later, the two of them became familiar. Samba probably didn't think that she was useless. Now, he would take her to the forest to hunt for food early in the morning.

Christina watched Samba climb trees with her own eyes. Although Samba was huge, he was very flexible when he climbed old trees that had been growing for hundreds of years. He could always know which tree had a nest, and every time he went down the tree, he could get a big bag of eggs.

There were all kinds of eggs, and Christina didn't know what kind of eggs they were. Samba often ate bird eggs raw. He probably used them as a nutritious drink to quench thirst and satisfy hunger.

Christina had been as naughty as a boy since childhood. Climbing trees could not defeat her. But when she looked at these tall trees, which were more than ten or twenty meters high, her feet were a little weak. She was afraid that she would accidentally fall down.

At first, she chose a fruit tree three or five meters tall and climbed up to pick the fruit.

Samba did not specifically tell her which fruits could be eaten. After seeing what he had eaten, Christina would pick some and tried to remember the characteristics of the fruit.

Sometimes, when Christina saw what other animals were eating in the forest, she

would pick some out of curiosity and put them in her mouth to chew, wondering what they tasted like.

Samba was also very good at finding burrows made by rabbits and rats. The burrows of these small animals were well hidden, and many of them were empty. But if Samba was lucky, he could reach in and take out a bunch of rabbits.

Christina was now well adapted to life here, not as terrified as she had been when she first came to the island.

Even without Samba, she would not starve to death. She could catch some prey by herself and pick fruits to satisfy her hunger

When Christina rested, she would quietly observe Samba. She never gave up trying to escape.

Samba didn't keep her in the cave all day now.

In the morning, Samba went hunting in the forest with her, and in the afternoon, he came back to barbecue with her, but in the evening, he drove her back to the small cave on the slope as before and moved a heavy wooden door to block the entrance of the cave.

The wooden door blocking the entrance of the cave was actually a large and strong piece of wood. Christina could not push it with her strength.

Tonight, Christina pushed it hard for another hour. She was panting and the wood at the entrance of the cave was not moved at all. She was very disappointed.

"... Why on earth did he keep me here?" Christina was distressed and worried.

Samba had always been good to her. To be honest, if he hadn't caught her in the first place and kept her in captivity, she might have encountered wild animals in the forest or starved herself to death.

After a period of time together, Christina was even more grateful to Samba. She had taught him a lot of modern skills. Samba was already better than other savages.

But no matter what she said, Samba would lock her up at night and wouldn't let her go far. Every time she ran a little farther, Samba would definitely look for her. Christina was depressed.

She had to run away and go to the Barbarian Palace to find Lucy. She couldn't really be a barbarian here for the rest of her life.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 616

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

Chapter 616

Ever since Samba brought Christina home, his life became much better.

In the past, he had been busy hunting for food all day long. He would eat well if he was lucky, but was usually half hungry.

Now he had plenty of food. He dug many traps and pits in the forest. Small animals like pheasants and rabbits fell into the pit and became their meal.

Samba didn't need to run around the forest for food anymore. He only needed to patrol the deep pits of various traps and pick them up if any prey fell into it. As a result, he could pick up more than ten pheasants and hares every day. Like a rich man who collected rent, he lived a very comfortable life.

What made Samba even happier was that the girl he had picked up had recently gained some weight and her

skin colour was not that ugly. Although she was still very thin and small, she was getting healthier.

Christina had recently gained weight and was tanned. Her originally fair and smooth skin had turned wheat coloured. Her hands, arms and legs were stronger

and she was more agile than before.

Today, Christina followed Samba to the forest to inspect their traps. She looked like a renter to see if there were any prey in the pit to pick up. By the way, she casually laid firewood branches as a cover, and put some small tomatoes as bait.

Sa.

Sad

Samba's face was bearded, and his dark eyes were as sharp as a beast's. His huge body was full of muscle and he had a sturdy chest and thick arms. He was full of strength. His skin was dark and rough. Only a leopard skin was around his waist, and his long legs were as strong as elephant's. Samba was more dangerous than a tiger or a leopard at a glance.

Christina had never thought although Samba looked scary and dangerous, he would smile.

Christina was very shocked and she felt unbelievable. She looked at Samba's bearded face and could not see his expression, but his eyes were really relaxed and satisfied. They were walking in the forest and Samba turned around to smile at her.

Christina froze.

In the past few days, Samba seemed to be in a good mood.

Although Christina did not know if the savage had a "Brain", she wondered if the savage be in a bad mood or if they have emotions and thoughts. She thought the answer should be yes, because the newborn baby and dog also had emotions, "... Why is he so happy?"

Christina couldn't figure it out. But it was good for her that Samba was in a good mood, If Samba got angry, he could beat her flat with his big fist.

Today, they caught many preys. There were 18 pheasants, 16 rabbits, and a big wild boar screaming at the bottom of the pit.

This made her happy. Christina especially laughed loudly when she saw the wild boar at the bottom of the pit, who couldn't climb up and scream. "Next time, we can dig more pits under the sunny hillside and put a pile of wild boar's favourite fruits..."

Even Samba would get injured when he hunt fierce animals like wild boars. His injuries were not obvious because his skin was rough and dark. It was common for him to get hurt in hunting. Catching wild boar in this way, however, was incredibly easy.

Samba also seemed to be surprised to see the wild boar falling into the pit.

Although he did not understand Christina's language, every time Christina spoke, Samba would look at her seriously, as if he could understand.

Christina had many expressions and she would play in an exaggerated way to express. Samba was clever so he could quickly understand what she was trying to express.

A primitive savage and a modern woman could live together and cooperate with each other.

After harvesting so many preys today, lazy Christina didn't want to bring all of them back. Anyway, there would be prey every day, why didn't they let them go? Samba didn't agree with that. Samba was abandoned by his race at birth. He was thrown into the forest to live by himself as soon as he was weaned. If it weren't for his good luck, he would have been eaten by other animals, He was used to being short of food, so he cherished food very much.

In the savage's world, food represented everything.

Samba would bring all the prey that harvested today back to the cave.

... I can't. I can only carry two pheasants." Christina refused to work.

A quarter of the chicken a day was quite enough for her. Why should she bring so many preys back? It was troublesome to raise them, and they could not finish

eating them today. Besides, they would have preys every day

Samba was very obsessed with food. However, he became smart after living with Christina

saliba uprooted a tree about two meters tall. This kind of tree was like a poplar tree, with a straight stem as thick as palms and few branches

In the depths of the forest, there were many old trees over a hundred years old.

Like the old banvan tree. the

trees got old and their roots fell down. These old roots are very flexible and strong, and Samba often used them to tie up prey.

The prey was not killed. Instead, pheasants and hares were tied up with old tree roots and then tied to the straight tree trunk. Samba used the trunk as a shoulder pole, with strings of prey on two ends.

Christina was surprised, "When did you become so intelligent?"

He actually knew how to use tree trunks as carrying poles to string up so many preys and bring them back.

However, there was still a wild boar weighing more than 300 kilograms. The pig's hooves were tied up, but the wild boar was too fierce and kept struggling.

Although Samba was huge, it was a little difficult to bring so many preys.

"Forget it. Let the wild boar go."

Christina pointed at the wild boar, especially carefully looking at its dangerous fangs.

Samba stood still, and he seemed to be hesitant. At this moment, Samba suddenly became nervous and glared fiercely at the left.

Christina didn't know what happened at that time. When she came to her senses, she heard something coming from the tree on her left.

Just as Christina was about to take a look, Samba's big hand pulled her behind him and hid her. Not long after, she saw three savages passing by.

They were a sturdy bearded adult male savage, a plump adult female savage, and a skinny cub as tall as Christina

It seemed to be a family of three.

Christina hid behind Samba and peeked. She was surprised because she had not seen any savages except Samba for a long time.

The last time they went to the savage market, she found that savages had a lot of communication with each other, but Samba was isolated and liked to live far away from them.

At first, Samba ignored the savage family. But the female savage walked towards him. Christina felt that the female savage looked at him with a burning and ingratiating look

They talked in their native language. The female savage was very plump. She seemed to be very excited to talk to Samba a lot, but Samba answered tersely as usual

The male savage also walked over. He reached out to his companion, but it was obvious that the female Savage was one violent. She was very dissatisfied and shouted at the male savage, feeling as if the wife

12:39 AM

despised the husband for being too useless. Moreover, in the savage's society, the status of the female was higher.

Christina quietly watched the female savage fawning on Samba while roaring at her male companion. She could not help but wonder if she was trying to seduce Samba.

Judging from the figure, Samba was indeed stronger than her male companion. Most facial features of the male savages could not be seen with their beards, but Samba's eyes were sharper, more energetic, and he was younger and more charming than the other male.

And now Samba is more intelligent than other savages. Samba could hunt for more food and was the new noble among the savages.
Was the female savage going to abandon her husband and hook up with Samba?

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 617

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

Chapter 617

Samba should've invited the female Barbarian home!

Christina couldn't understand the aboriginal language, but when the three of them helped Samba carry their prey, she was completely surprised.

Christina was clear about Samba's persistence in food. Normally, if other hunters fought with him for food, Samba would fiercely counterattack. Once Christina went out and encountered Barbarians who wanted to take her away, Samba immediately rushed over and beat them hard.

"How could he share so much prey with them?" Christina questioned inly, puzzled.

It didn't mean Samba was very stingy with the same race, but in Christina's opinion, sharing food went far beyond her expectation. There were many Barbarians trading with each other.

However, the family didn't exchange anything with Samba who gave them a wild boar of over 300 pounds and several pheasants and hares.

What the hell was that?

Christina was inexplicably depressed, "How should he casually bring a stranger home..."

In fact, she was also a stranger to him.

We

The sun rode high in the sky.

They were walking towards the rock slope.

Christina's hands were empty. Today, they collected over 30 pheasants and hares, and a wild boar, carried by Samba and others. Appreciating those fruitful results, the family of three's eyes lit up, unlike Christina complaining about their weight.

The cub of the Barbarian was excited claiming two hares, so Samba gave him them generously.

"I also have a part of these prey..." Christina mumbled.

Thin, small, and obscure, she walked the slowest. Seeing Samba so generously distributing prey to them, she was unhappy with it: It was weird to treat three strangers so well.

However, Samba was a goody-goody. He might be helping them as he did to her. Woolgathering, Christina followed Samba to the rock slope with her feet almost broken.

"What?"

Upon arriving at the familiar place, she screamed in horror as Samba pulled her towards the cave.

Previously, Samba would lock her at sunset after barbecuing meat on the slope.

Today, as soon as they came back, Samba dragged her into the third cave. Before she could resist, he moved the heavy wood to block the entrance.

Christina was so angry that she pushed the wood hard. Out of breath, she couldn't move it at all. She cursed, "Dates before mates!"

"What the fuck? You bring them back and don't allow me to dine? I taught you to catch those prey... Let me out! The sun hasn't set yet!"

The Barbarians about to make fire and roast meat on the hillside heard the noise from the cave. Although they couldn't understand, the female Barbarian and her

cub turned around with great interest.

Samba, with a beard all over his face, was staring at the flint in his hand with his black eyes. He was sitting on the mountain, setting the firewood into a pile, making fire, boiling water with iron pot, and cleaning up the prey before grilling. He knew Christina was shouting in the cave, but he turned a deaf ear and continued cooking barbecue as usual.

He used two small black stones to collide with each other many times which burst into sparks. Suddenly, flames and thick smoke were ignited on the extremely flaming yellow dry grass.

The bulky and burly man standing next to Samba, hurriedly retreated as if seeing something incredible with instinctive vigilance and fear. He took a few steps back and stared fiercely at the two fire stones in Samba's hands.

The female Barbarian also witnessed it. She whispered to Samba, who politely answered every question.

Then Samba scalded the hair of pheasants and hares they fetched. Squatting aside, he skillfully peeled off the feathers, which scared the three who roared in fear.

Besides, when Samba cut open the prey's stomach with a Swiss Army knife, the three were further frightened, roaring in fury.

Locked in the cave, Christina could also hear them shouting.

"What are they doing?"

"Are they fighting? Mass brawling Samba?"

Unable to push the big wood at the entrance, Christina sat on the muddy ground dejectedly, focusing on listening to the sound outside, depressed,

"You deserve it!" she cursed,

17:40 AM

She was pissed off. If Samba was bullied by that family, she swore she would sit by.

Always duplicitous, Christina was a little worried, however.

Samba was simple and honest. Could he be bullied by other Barbarians?

Before, when Samba took her to the Barbarian Market, they met the female Matriarch and an arrogant male Barbarian called Leona who obviously bullied him, so did the vendors selling matches.

Samba was a primitive Barbarian with an unevolved brain. Christina became increasingly concerned thinking about what he was going to do with the family of three.

She was so worried about him! While he locked her up!

Three hours later, the sun was half hanging on the mountainside. At five o'clock p.m., Samba finally took her out for dinner.

Christina was moved that he didn't forget her, which lasted only a moment because she saw the three Barbarians sitting around the fire and devouring the roasted meat.

She taught Samba how to remove fur, cut open the stomach, and roast meat with vanilla.

Obviously, the family also liked to eat barbecued meat in this way. They enjoyed it.

As usual, Samba pushed Christina to the edge of the fire, tore off a piece of roasted drumstick, and handed it to Christina. But she had no appetite.

The family across the fire couldn't wait to eat the half-cooked roast meat not cooked yet, with blood. With sharp teeth, they almost swallowed in one bite, creepy.

Subconsciously, Christina sat far away from the fire. She ate the small drumstick nervously at which the cub stared as if he wanted to rob it.

She felt a chill on her back: if he really pounced on her, he could completely bite off her neck.

Nevertheless, Samba didn't seem to care how much the family consumed. The three already full, Christina considered them greedy, especially the adult male one. Hungry for ages, they threw the wild boar into the fire and burned it into charcoal after eating over 20 pheasants and hares. Christina ate the drumstick and didn't reach out for more. Samba ignored her, busy entertaining the guests. Since the wild boar was ready, Samba pulled one of its legs down, bit off the black charred skin outside, and ate the meat inside as usual. The family pounced on it like starving wolves. Having forgotten Christina, Samba didn't give Christina any slice of the meat, so she just watched far away. As the sun set, the sky began to darken. As usual, Samba pushed Christina into the cave with a poker face. Instead of resisting, she took her kettle and the Swiss Army knife and entered obediently. Then Samba blocked the entrance again. Christina had thought about escaping at night as long as she could to push away the heavy wood. Today, she was more eagerly pondering over the method. Because that night, she heard some strange howls of animals in heat, hasty, sharp and lingering. Christina's mind was in a mess that they came from the cave beside. Was Samba mating with the female Barbarian? All animals have natural desires. Samba should be an adult. He had sexual desires... Barbarians lived in a maternal society. Were they having a three-way? For the whole night, the sound of wild roaring lasted. Christina understood what it meant. if it was from a modern man and a woman, she would probably blush with her heart beating fast. But at that moment, she was incomparably sober. She and Samba were two different species, She was a far cry from these Barbarians. Despite getting along well with Samba, she felt down, more determined to flee

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 618

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

Chapter 618

Perhaps it was because their sex all night, this morning, the female barbarian was in high spirits and looked at Samba with seducing eyes. Samba was very considerate of the female barbarian. He took out the dried chicken and pork legs for her breakfast. There was no courtesy for savage, so she took it and began to devour it. Christina stood by and watched, feeling upset. It was the first time she knew that Samba would take care of others for breakfast. He only ate one meal a day before. Only the female could have breakfast. The eyes of the male and their cub were shining, obviously they wanted to have some, but they did not dare to snatch it. This also proved once again that in the tribe of barbarians, female's status was higher. The female barbarian's secondary sexual characteristics were very prominent. She was really curvy with big breasts, and her lower body was even fatter. Her big butt was chubby.

The cub should be male, about 1.7 meters tall. His skin was dark, his muscles were not strong enough, and his face was not covered with beard yet. It was like an ancient ape's face, and his two big black eyes were sharp and attractive. Christina guessed that the cub would not be fully bearded until he reached adulthood.

The tall and sturdy barbarians that she met at the market last time were mostly bearded like Samba, and she could not see their facial features clearly. If Samba shaved off the beard on his face, it would probably be close to the appearance of people in African tribes.

She wondered how many years it took for a barbarian cub to reach adulthood, and how old was Samba now?

Christina was thinking about something boring. Suddenly, she looked up, and found the cub sitting opposite her was staring at her. It felt like he was looking at his prey. His eyes were fierce, suppressing an impulse and a strong desire to possess.

Christina shivered, profoundly scared.

Samba walked over. His huge body blocked the cub's fierce gaze. He held a thick hemp rope in his hand and tied it to Christina's waist,

The same when they first met each other,

But Christina was used to being free recently. She was very resistant to being tied up by Samba with hemp

ropes. "Don't tie me up." She patted his big hand hard and immediately pulled the hemp rope around her waist.

Samba was very smart. He would definitely know what she meant.

But Samba didn't listen to her. His big hands tied it in a knot and pulled hard. It was useless for Christina to pull it, unless it was broken by the Swiss army knife.

Christina had been a little disappointed with Samba since yesterday.

Samba only cared about the female savage, but now he even tied her up with hemp rope, which made her even angrier. She tried to get her Swiss army knife, but Samba snatched it.

It was exchanged with gold at the Barbarian Market. At that time, Samba bought it for her, and he thought it was her possession. Every time Samba used it to kill the prey, he would mutter to her before taking it.

Christina has a face like thunder. Samba took her knife. He wouldn't have done this before.

After the female barbarian finished her breakfast, she also took a piece of hemp rope. She tied her son up. Properly speaking, she put the hemp rope around the neck of the cub and dragged him away.

It was like putting a collar on a dog.

Christina was surprised that the barbarian treated the cub so cruelly.

The female barbarian turned to look at her and walked over. Her expression was a little fierce. She said something to Samba, pointed at the hemp rope that tied to Christina's waist, and then pointed at her neck.

It probably meant that Samba should put a hemp rope around her neck.

Christina was even more disgusted with this female barbarian. She immediately grimaced and glared at Samba angrily, "You tie my neck, I will definitely retaliate!"

Christina felt that she was physically but not mentally weaker than the barbarians like Samba. As long as she had the chance, she would even set fire to Samba's cave!

In short, she was not to be bullied.

Samba seemed a little confused. He muttered to the female barbarian. The female barbarian glared at Christina with a ferocious face, which made Christina frightened and uneasy

Compared to the rough fists of the huge and burly man, the female barbarian had a hint of gloom and cruelty which was even more frightening in the end, Samba did not touch her neck with a hemp rope. Cristina did not know the resistance was effective so Samba felt sorry for her. She saw that the female barbarian had a bad temper, raised her thick eyebrows, and was in a bad mood. As usual, early in the morning, Samba took her into the forest, and today the barbarian family of three also followed. Out of instinct, Christina was afraid of the female barbarian and kept walking beside Samba, afraid that she would fall behind. The barbarians were physically strong with thick and long legs. They had long strides, and did not even pant when they ran. Usually, when Samba went into the forest with Christina, he would deliberately slow down to turn around to see if she had followed him. Today, Christina was almost exhausted and her soles were worn out again. Christina was still wearing clothes and shoes. The shoes were of good quality, but they would soon be scrapped. By then, she would have no shoes to wear. Besides, she only had a suit, which was already very dirty. She didn't know how to get new clothes and kept being worried about it. In the forest, as usual, they began to patrol the deep pits of the traps, pick up the prey at the bottom of the pits, and lay new firewood branches to cover the traps. After a day, some pheasants and rabbits accidentally fell into the pit, and Samba skillfully jumped down to pick them up. The three barbarians at the side were surprised. Samba talked to them in native language, pointing at the pit from time to time, then at the baits such as firewood, small tomatoes, and other fruits. Christina could not understand what they were talking about, but it was obvious that the family was very excited. They spoke quickly and muttered a series of questions. "He actually taught them how to trap and hunt." He selflessly taught the family of three the wisdom she had taught him. Christina felt a sudden inexpressible feeling. The female barbarian looked at Samba with burning eyes, full of worship and affection. Christina was tied to a hemp rope around her waist and was led by Samba. Samba and the others were excitedly patrolling the traps and prey. Christina was especially silent today. She was thinking about how likely she would succeed if she suddenly reached out to grab the Swiss army knife, broke the hemp rope around her waist, and ran away. With the Samba family of three and four barbarians, there was no possibility to flee. All the morning, Christina was gloomy. These days, she had actually regarded Samba as her companion. She even thought in her ridiculous subconscious that Samba would help her break into the palace to save Lucy. There was no one else she could rely on. On this island, she was alone. No one would come into the island to save her. Lucy was also in danger. Life was too miserable and helpless. Christina knew that her optimistic thought was that she needed companions too much. When she came to this island, she had no acquaintances to speak to. Even if she was only accompanied by enemies, she could at least scold them. She had no companions, and she could not communicate with the barbarians at all. Samba had never been her companion, but she thought he was.

Christina seemed to have suffered trauma and became depressed. Samba and the other barbarians picked up more than a dozen pheasants and rabbits in the trap pit in the morning. Although they were not as many as yesterday, they were all very excited to pick up the prey for nothing.

Suddenly, the female barbarian walked up to Christina and tugged at her clothes. Christina suddenly came back to her senses. Her face was in a state of shock. She quickly pushed her away and retreated.

She didn't know what this female barbarian was going to do.

Christina turned her head and subconsciously wanted to ask Samba for help, but she saw that Samba took off the animal skin covering his waist, revealing the huge and ugly thing between his thighs...

She averted her eyes.

Christina was in a daze.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 619

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

Chapter 619

Although Christina had known Samba for only a month, in her subconsciousness, Samba was a savage man. Even if he was naked in front of her, she would not feel weird.

But when Samba suddenly took off the animal skin around his waist, Christina was shocked to see the ugly and sturdy thing under his crotch.

When she came back to her senses, she immediately turned around.

Why did he take off his pants all of a sudden...

The savage woman showed a fierce look and began to tug at her clothes.

Christina was struggling to resist her... "What are you going to do to me? Don't touch me!"

She picked up a sharp stone and threw it at the savage woman.

The savage woman probably never thought that Christina would attack her.

Although the stone was only as big as a fist, it was very hard and sharp. It cut right through the woman's burly arm.

a.

as

vo

n

Blood flowed out of the woman's arm.

The dark red blood dripped onto the grass with a pungent smell.

The savage woman didn't seem to know that she was hurt. She touched the wound on her arm with her fingers. As her finger was stained with blood, she put the bloody finger in her mouth and licked the thick blood with her long tongue.

The blood made the woman look even more sinister. She widened her eyes and shouted angrily at Christina.

The woman was furious.

She bent down and revealed her fangs. It looked like she couldn't wait to pounce on Christina the next second.

Christina was so scared that her mind was blank. She subconsciously grasped the sharp stone in her hand even tighter

She was so regretful that she had attacked the savage woman.

She thought she was about to die.

For a moment, she felt an inexplicable sense of relief. She knew that living on this deserted island was just a temporary thing. She didn't have any friends here,

and no one would come to save her. Maybe it was better to die at this moment. All of a sudden, Christina was overwhelmed by the pessimism she had over the past few days. She told herself that there was nothing sad about ending her ridiculous life. People would die anyway.

The savage woman seemed to be in desperate need to kill her. Her nails were very thick and sharp. She rushed over like a beast. Christina was knocked down by her brute force and fell to the ground. The back of her head hit the ground hard and the pain made her wanna cry.

The savage woman's nails pinched Christina's delicate neck. She widened her dark eyes and gave Christina a ferocious sneer as if she was enjoying the process of strangling Christina.

Christina's face was turning blue and white because of the pain. She felt suffocated and her neck was about to be wrung by the woman.

She thought she was going to die. At this time, Samba suddenly rushed over and grabbed the wild woman. They were fighting like wild animals.

Christina could not see anything clearly. Her whole body was powerless. She did not know what had happened all of a sudden. She was panting weakly and hearing the roaring beside her.

After a long time, she was pulled up by someone. She opened her eyes and saw Samba standing beside her. His big hands were supporting her and shaking her hard. It seemed that he was confirming if she was still alive.

Christina had almost lost her life. When she was shaken by him so hard, she felt even dizzier.

seen

Samba seemed to be communicating with the savage family. They roared and shouted at each other in a hostile tone.

In the end, They seemed to reach an agreement and stop fighting. Samba carried Christina on his right shoulder and went back to the cave on the slope. She was locked back in the original small cave and the entrance blocked by wood.

When Christina opened her eyes again, she recalled what had happened before. She was covered in a cold sweat and her heart was still fluttering with fear.

She pinched her thigh. The pain was so real. She was still alive.

She was surprised that Samba fought with the savage woman for her. Her previous loss, shock, depression, fear, and everything else stopped her from thinking.

At this moment, Samba came over and took her out of the cave.

Christina smelled barbecue. She looked up at the sun. It was around 3 o'clock in the afternoon. She had been unconscious for about 3 hours. It was just enough for her to rest and regain her spirits.

Christina became very obedient after what happened.

Samba took her out and they sat beside the fire together.

Samba put a piece of roasted chicken drumstick in her hand. She lowered her head and ate it. While she was eating, Samba was muttering something to her, but Christina did not respond to him. Then Samba took out her kettle and put it into her hand. The kettle was full of water. Christina took a sip of the water and curled up her body. She was trying not to resist or provoke these savage people. The savage family was still there, and they were gobbling the food in a fierce way. Christina lowered her head and tried to make herself as inconspicuous as possible.

Samba seemed to think she was sick and kept staring at her. From time to time, he patted her on the head with his big palm to make sure that she was not unconscious or dead.

Normally, when Samba slapped her so rudely, Christina would turn around and glare at him angrily. But now, she was very sick. When he slapped her, she

consciously stepped back and sat away from him.

Samba guessed that she was not in the mood. He took another big drumstick and stuffed it into her hand. Christina took it but did not eat it because she had no appetite. Samba anxiously spoke to her in his language, but she could not understand a word at all. The closer he got close to her, the more afraid she became and stepped back.

Christina was really afraid of these savage people.

She was too naive to think that Samba would not hurt her. He was harmless and the savage people were easy to get along with. As it turned out, these huge savage people could easily kill her.

After calming down, Christina noticed that as long as these savage people had food, they would not pay attention to her. Occasionally, when she looked at the savage woman, the woman would glare at her fiercely and then lowered her head and continued to tear the roast meat.

At 5 pm, they ate up all their prey today.

When they were full, they seemed to be in a good mood. Christina huddled up and secretly watched them, She found that the savage woman took off her clothes because she wanted Christina to wear the animal skin as she did.

The reason Samba had taken off the animal skin around his waist before was that he wanted to make a new animal skin to replace the old one,

*... see" Christina suddenly understood what happened.

Samba had collected a lot of large pieces of wild animals' fur. The savage woman roughly tore the skins into small pieces and ordered all of them to wear the "new clothes".

Christina was very regretful that she almost lost her life because of the "Now clothes".

When Samba suddenly took off his pants, she thought he wanted to do something "dirty" to her.

Except for Christina, they had all changed their skins to beautiful leopard fur. The savage woman was still glaring at Christina fiercely. It seemed that she still remembered what Christina had done to her.

Samba immediately pulled Christina behind him. After they muttered to each other for a few minutes, they set off from the opposite direction of the forest.

Christina didn't know where they were going.

Perhaps Samba thought Christina was walking too slowly, he carried her directly on the shoulder. They rushed in the same direction as if they were in a hurry to do something.

Christina originally had no spirit, but when she saw where they were going, she suddenly awoke her spirit. They were going to the market.

To the savage people market?

Then she could go to the palace to find LUCY.

Suddenly, Christina felt a glimmer of hope. If she found LUCY, at least she would have a companion on this island.

Christina had this thought in her mind, but she did not know what these savage people were going to do. Of course, she did not have the strength to think too much.

The sun was going down, the savage people were hurrying on with their way.

By the time it was dark, they were some distance away from the original cave.

ere son

ce a

e

The savage people found a place, made a fire, and camped there for the night.

Because they had barbecues before, they were not hungry. As these savage people had no entertainment time, they rested when it was dark.

The savage baby was tied to a tree like a dog. The hemp rope was tied around his

neck and the other end was tied to the tree trunk. The baby seemed to be used to it. He rested against the tree alone,

Christina also understood another thing. It turned out that the anxious and shouting voice yesterday was made by the savage couple.

In front of them, the savage couple was entangling with each other and releasing their primitive desires.

Christina covered her ears with both hands and tried not to look at them, At this moment, Samba suddenly stood up and looked warily at the forest behind him.

Christina also glanced at the forest like him. Samba immediately pulled her up and hid her behind his back Christina's back was a big rock, her front was blocked by Samba's huge body. She could not look at the forest, nor did she know what was going on in the forest.

Suddenly she heard a loud "Bang". She didn't know if it was her illusion or not, but it sounded like a gunshot,

"... Damn it, who has dug so many holes in the forest!" cursed Charles, who was crossing the forest.

At this moment, Patrick and the other people had arrived at the Barbarian Island,

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 620

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

Chapter 620

"Damn it, who dug so many holes in the forest!"

Charles had already fallen into holes twice in rapid succession so that his butt hurt. He crawled out of the hole with mud all over his body. Fortunately, there were no traps at the bottom of the hole, or else he would be screwed.

They had pressed on for days, and it was already evening. It was difficult for people to walk in the forest at night, so they had been very careful, but nobody would know the situation.

Bloody hell. Why were there so many "man-made" pits in this virgin forest?

The pits were more than a meter deep and about half a meter wide. "These are definitely not natural pits because they are covered with firewood..."

Alan added, "Yes, there are strings of tomatoes on them. Therefore, they must be traps dug by people."

At this moment, Crabbie shouted excitedly on the other side, "I caught two hares at the bottom of the pit!"

Crabbie was so unlucky that he fell into a pit. Unexpectedly, there were two fat hares in it, so he immediately let out a loud guffaw.

It seemed that there were people on this island who used the traps to catch the prey.

"The aborigines on this island are quite smart," Charles muttered.

He thought there must be no intelligent creatures on this isolated island.

They all walked with torches in their hands. Moreover, they were armed and the islands were full of prey, so they almost didn't go hungry along the way.

Although their feet were aching, they were in good spirits.

Gary and the others knew that although Patrick didn't say it, he was very anxious. Everyone was not afraid of suffering, so they tacitly agreed that as long as they had strength, they would press on even at night.

They arrived at an island at the border of the Islands at the beginning, then they continued onward, following the direction of the map, Along the way, they went through forests, waded rivers and swamps, and did not (enernter how many miles

they had walked. This morning, they stepped on this new island, where the forest was denser than they had seen, and there were more species of birds and beasts, They realized that the island was vaster,

They thought maybe they would meet new beasts, but they were surprised by the man-made pits in front of

meant that the aboriginals of the island were more dangerous than they had expected,

Charles looked at Gary and the others and they had the same thoughts. The aboriginals on this island were not people to be trifled with, so they had to deal with them carefully

At the same time, everyone grasped their weapons vigilantly. "Watch out. Pay attention to the surroundings!" They took every step very cautiously.

They worried that there would be other traps.

"Why don't we rest here tonight?" Chandler suggested for safety's sake.

It was too dangerous to grope through the darkness in the forest full of traps.

Gary thought for a while and agreed with Chandler. He turned around, walked towards Patrick, and asked, "Mr. Hopkins, shall we rest here..."

At this moment, Patrick walked up to Raphael and said in a serious tone, "This is Barbarian Island."

Patrick sounded pretty sure.

Raphael raised his eyebrows and sneered, but did not answer.

However, Raphael's tease in his eyes seemed to be saying that this was exactly Barbarian Island.

Patrick immediately had mixed feelings. Seeing Raphael's expression, he knew that there were many dangers hidden on the island and Christina had lived alone on such an island for more than a month.

Although Raphael walked with them, he was the odd man out. Gary and the others were mean to him and were wary of him all the time. Raphael was arrogant and disdained to go with them side by side. He always followed them and deliberately slowed down as if he was not in a hurry.

This was Barbarian Island. Were the barbarians so smart?

Gary was also shocked and confused. He thought that the savages should be bulky and too stupid to dig a hole to catch prey

*Patrick, we haven't met barbarians on this island yet. Let's stay where we are for the time being."

Charles walked over and said. According to the current situation, they would rather meet a beast like a tiger or a leopard in the forest than meet a wild man suddenly since they didn't know how to deal with them.

- Do you think the savages here are smarter than us?* Alan teased

Everyone subconsciously looked at Raphael, because he must know the strength of the savages on this island. Nevertheless, Raphael didn't get along with them.

He was so arrogant that he completely ignored them.

Alan was furious and wanted to beat him up.

If it hadn't been for Mr. Hopkins's exhortation, he and others would have beat Raphael up together and see whether Raphael, the arsehole, would be complacent then. Bah!

Alan and the others hated Raphael while Patrick treated him with courtesy.

Patrick weighed up the pros and cons, so he thought they didn't need to use such reckless means. However, if necessary, Patrick would not be soft-hearted.

"Stay where you are..."

Patrick said calmly. As he spoke, Raphael suddenly interrupted and said slowly, "If we walk on, we'll walk out of the forest three hours later. There's a place to stay."

Alan looked angry and retorted, "Why should we listen to you? You're talking nonsense."

"Where can we stay?"

"Are you taking us to the savages' lair?"

They had been camping overnight ever since they landed on the island. A dozen of tents were not enough for them, so most of them slept in the open air. The temperature difference between day and night on this island was large. Therefore, their clothes were wet with dew in the middle of the night and they shivered from cold.

If there was a place to stay, it would be good as they didn't have to rest in the open air. What's more, it felt damper in the forest. Even if they built fires for the night in the forest, they would be worried all night. Insects and birds chirped and they would be afraid of any wild animals rushing out at any time.

Presumably, Raphael also didn't like to spend the night in the forest.

"Hey, is the place dangerous?" someone in the team shouted at Rafael anxiously. Raphael still acted as if it was none of his business and he left the decision to them.

Therefore, everyone subconsciously looked at Patrick since they all listened to him.

Patrick frowned and pondered. Every word he said was related to everyone's life. Raphael seemed to hate spending the night in the forest. Seeing that Patrick was going to reject his proposal, he immediately added in a strange tone, "You'll see her soon."

As expected, Patrick's expression changed.

It was obvious that Raphael was implying she was Christina, Christina was nearby

Gary and the others were excited and said before Patrick, "Pack up. Carry on walking!"

They would do everything for what Patrick cared about. They went to the islands to find Christina. Therefore, they couldn't miss the opportunity since Raphael said that she was nearby.

It seemed that Charles felt refreshed. He jumped up and urged everyone, "Hurry up, hurry up. Christina has been waiting for us on this island for so long..."

Everyone was very active. Although Crystal was exhausted, she was also excited to hear the news, so she immediately got up to press on.

They held torches, and the golden light of the fire lit up the dark forest. As they moved forward, the dense forest sparkled.

Patrick couldn't help but quicken his pace. He restrained his excitement. There was a surge of emotion in his eyes. She was indeed nearby.

He would see her soon,