

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 631

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Chapter 631

Samba had a simple mind. He thought she was cured, so now they were going home.

"I'm not going back. I'm fine."

Christina stood up straight, trying to explain to him that the old witch was a fraud, and he didn't help at all.

She just suffered a food poisoning.

Strictly speaking, it was Samba who cured her somehow.

Samba had not tied her up with hemp ropes since she fell ill. At this moment,

Samba grabbed her right arm and tried to drag her away.

Christina was holding a tree with her left hand. It was obvious that she was unwilling to leave.

Christina had recovered from her food poisoning, but when she fell from the tree, her butt and back really hurt. Samba grabbed her right arm, causing her forehead to sweat in pain.

Although Samba did not understand what she said, seeing that she was unwilling to leave and she looked very uncomfortable, he immediately let go of her hand.

"I'm going to the palace."

Christina pointed in the direction of the palace.

Samba looked in the direction and soon understood what she was referring to.

Samba shook his head at her.

They are getting more and more familiar with each other, and he can be understood by her even if they couldn't communicate with each other with words.

"I have to go to the palace to find my friend."

Christina said word by word, her eyes fixed firmly on him, and her fingers pointed in the direction of the palace again.

Samba looked at her and remained silent.

"You and I are different. Do you understand?"

"I'm going to find my friend. I have to find her."

Christina looked at him without any fear. She gestured with her hands, trying to make Samba understand what she was trying to say and her determined heart.

"I'm leaving!"

Seeing that Samba was standing like a log, Christina said to him seriously.

"I'll find a way to contact my friend, Samba. Go back to the slope yourself. If I'm still alive, I'll definitely go find you!"

Without hesitation, she walked towards the palace.

But Christina took two steps and felt a little reluctant. Then she turned around and looked at Samba standing motionless behind her. She shouted and waved at him.

"I really have to go."

Samba finally seemed to understand her determination to go to the palace.

He was watching her little figure gradually disappear.

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It took Samba two minutes to react. He quickly chased after her.

Christina was lying on her stomach in the grass in front of the palace. She hid to observe the situation. She dared not act rashly.

Everything was just like what she had seen for the first time. There were

Barbarian Guards there, and people with signs could enter the palace. But she felt as if something had changed in this palace. Something was different. Christina was wondering when Samba came over. He did not grab her or tie her with a rope. Instead, he lay down like her and looked at her, then at the palace. When Christina saw Samba, she was excited.

After all people lived in groups. Although Samba was not the same species as her, she would feel much more at ease if Samba was willing to accompany her into the palace.

"What can I do to get in?"

"Where can I get that wooden sign?"

Christina reached out and pulled out Samba's black beard. She pointed at the wooden sign used for passing by and asked seriously Samba could guess what she wanted to ask.

Soon, Samba took out the only two pieces of gold he had from his waist and handed them to her.

Then Samba imitated her and gestured with his hands. He made a big circle, and pointed at the two pieces of gold.

"You mean I need a lot of gold to get the wooden sign to enter the palace?"

Christina could also guess it very quickly. At the same time, she was also surprised. Seriously? The people on this primitive island had become so snobbish and corrupt.

She had thought there would be some complicated procedure to enter the palace, but it turned out that she had to pay for it.

Samba was a poor man. He had no savings.

Samba could survive by hunting on the slope. He did not need to have gold. He had given his only two pieces of gold to her. But this was not enough.

"If I want to enter the palace, I have to find a way to make money first?"

For the first time, Christina was worried about money.

That day, Christina did not break into the palace by force. She followed Samba to the Barbarian Square. Every day, many poor Barbarians would gather in this big square. They would make a fire and sleep in the open for the night.

At night]

Samba started acting like a father again.

There were two pieces of rabbit meat left before. Samba immediately handed the meat to Christina. She took it, but she was in no mood to eat it.

Her mind was full of ideas of how to enter the palace safely and smoothly.

There was a river near here, where there were many fish.

The Barbarians didn't seem to like fish very much, probably because there were too many fish bones. Samba took two kettles to the river to get water. When he came back, he had a big carp in his hand, which should weigh about five or six kilograms.

Samba started to cut the fish open. Perhaps he didn't know how to remove the scales. He forked the fish with a branch and roasted it next to the fire. The fish was golden and crispy after cooked.

Samba immediately handed her another piece.

Samba seemed to think that Christina didn't like rabbit meat, so he caught some fish for her.

Christina looked at the big man taking care of herself so seriously and suddenly felt a lump in her throat.

I'm not picky about food. I'm just not in the mood to eat. You said I needed a lot of gold to enter the palace. don't know where to find so much gold. I'm just worried now.'

Christina thought about it, worried that Samba would think that she didn't like these two kinds of food, so he would go to get other things.

She didn't want to put Samba through so much trouble. She took a piece of roasted fish and ate some, regardless of whether it was fishy or not. Samba sat next to her and watched her eat seriously. Samba seemed happy. He picked up the rabbit meat that Christina didn't like and began to eat it. No matter why Samba had been taking care of her like this, Christina was moved. Although Samba was a primitive savage, he really regarded her as a family member.

Samba was simple, not as smart as she was.

How to make money was the problem for her to think about.

"The lighters and matches in this market sell so well and are so expensive."

"Samba, let's go to the rock zone and bring a lot of flints over. They are so stupid that they don't know that these stones can make fire."

"When we sell, we could teach them how to use the flints. I don't think they will think about which kind of stone it is at once. We will only accept gold instead of prey. Do you think this would work?"

Christina discussed her plan to make a fortune with Samba.

Samba obviously didn't understand, but he looked at her seriously.

Christina smiled and patted Samba on the shoulder. She decided for herself,

"Okay. Since you agree, let's do it."

"We can improve our lives and get off to a comfortable life. Samba, we're going to get rich."

Christina smiled brightly.

Samba looked at her and felt happy too.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 632

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Chapter 632

Christina started her flint business.

Even if the Barbarians had no experience in doing business, the reason why the lighter and matches sold so well in the Barbarian Market was probably that the Barbarians also knew that the fire was very important to their lives.

The daily necessities, such as lighters and matches, were too small for the Barbarians. Their fingers were too thick and it's hard for them to use the lighters and matches well. Moreover, after the matches were all consumed, the Barbarians had to buy new ones.

The natural and durable flint was quite big, and it was more suitable for the operation of the Barbarians.

Christina should be able to make money.

Christina and Samba decided to return to the rocky area

"... What are these stones?"

From the first day Christina entered the island, she was attracted by these black rocks of different sizes. The rocks weighted hundreds of tons and were scattered all over the island, especially in the rocky area.

Samba didn't know what Christina was going to do. He looked at her, and it seemed that Christina was interested in these stones.

"Where did these stones come from?" Christina looked at Samba and asked repeatedly on purpose.

Samba looked at her and thought for a long time. Then his thick fingers pointed to the sky.

Under Christina's influence, Samba also learned some body language.

Samba picked up a pile of small gravel from the ground, and then he threw all the

small gravel on the ground from high.

"... You mean, all the stones here fell from the sky?"

Meteorite.

Christina was really surprised. The stones were meteorites.

At that time, when so many meteorites collided with this land, there must be a great disaster. The earth and the mountains were shaking. The entire island was burned up and the people were plunged into an abyss of misery.

This island did have a devastating disaster. There were many legends about these stones. The old Matriarch said that these stones killed many people, and the fierce fire burned on the entire island all the forests and nraw disappeared. The rivers dried up and the sky was gray,

. Finally, the owner of Island saved them.

Samba himself could not understand these legends, and he was not interested in these stones because they could not be eaten.

Samba told Christina everything he knew.

Unfortunately, Christina could not understand the Aboriginal Language at all.

From Samba's expression, Christina could see some awe and scruples, as if he had said something terrible.

"... Are you afraid of these meteorites?"

Christina could only guess so.

In fact, the Barbarians were not afraid of meteorites, and they would sleep on them. They were afraid of the Owner of Island.

Christina had already started to learn the aboriginal language, but she really couldn't understand what the Barbarians was saying.

Christina squatted down and seriously picked up the smaller meteorite on the ground.

The dark blue fluorescent could be seen in the black meteorite under the light, and the texture of the meteorite was very hard.

"Ouch..." Christina frowned in pain.

She accidentally cut her finger with a sharp stone. The wound was deeper than she imagined and blood flowed out.

Samba's eyes widened as he watched Christina's fingers bleed. He immediately ran over and spoke loudly, as if he was educating Christina.

Although Samba worried about it, Christina herself did not care about this injury. Christina took the water from the kettle, washed the wound, and pressed her hand on the wound. After ten minutes, the bleeding gradually stopped. Christina was tough.

She was now more interested in these meteorites. "The density is so high. If the stones are all sharp, they might be more useful than iron."

Unfortunately, the density was too high and the stone couldn't be polished.

The big meteorites should have collided with each other during the disaster and caused so much gravel.

The shapes of the small stones were different. Some of them were long, and the sharper ones could be made into spears or knives

Christina found a long, pointed meteorite and a straight tree pole. Then she asked Samba to tie the small meteorite to the top of the tree pole with hemp rope, just like a spear.

Christina picked up the meteorite spear and she threw it hard towards a big tree in front of her. The sharp meteorite was firmly inserted into the tree. It was a good weapon.

Samba watched it surprisingly.

Christina handed the spear to Samba and pointed to a hare that had just emerged from a hole not far away.

Samba quickly understood it. He was strong and skillful. Samba threw the spear,

and the hare did not expect a sharp weapon to fall from the sky.

The rabbit became their lunch.

"... Samba, this spear will be your weapon. If someone bullies you, you can use this against them. We will never let anyone bully us!"

Samba did not understand Christina's words, but he understood that Christina gave this weapon to him. Samba was very happy.

Christina gave it to him.

Christina and Samba were looking for more small and oval meteorites, which were most suitable to be used as flints.

Samba saw that Christina had been picking stones, and he followed her example. Soon, he picked up a lot of small oval meteorites.

It had to be said that Samba had a very strong learning ability.

"... We're going to take all these to the market to sell." After picking the stones for half a day, Christina found that it was difficult to transport these stones which weighed at least a thousand kilograms.

There were no trucks on the island. And it took two days to walk from the rocky area to the market.

In the end, Christina had to use the most primitive method,

Christina asked Samba to find a lot of vines, which were flexible and unbreakable, Christina wasn't good at handiwork. Fortunately, she could make a net. Although it was ugly, she could make it as dense as possible.

This bug net made of vines could hold these stones, Christina made two such big nets, with about 500 kgs of stones on both ends, and found a strong tree trunk Samba was like a huge farmer, carrying stones on both sides of his shoulders. He walked step by step, carrying a thousand kgs of stones. It seemed that he walked with ease.

Samba even wanted to carry Christina. He thought that Christina had not fully recovered.

Christina had been busy with making tools. She was so tired that she panted, but she waved her hand. "No, you don't have to carry me. I have to do it.",

She made herself two small nets with 50 kgs of stones on both sides.

The sun was shining brightly above them. Christina and Samba were walking with stones on their shoulders. When they were tired, they stopped to rest.

Christina had never done any heavy work since she was born and it was the first time she did that. Her shoulders were sore and painful, but in order to earn money, she gritted her teeth and endured. She had to take these stones to the market to exchange for gold no matter what.

"Make money, make money!" In order to make money, Christina had to make it.

Christina was suddenly confused when she brought these flints to the market after a lot of hard work.

She had no experience in business.

How should the flint be priced?

Lighters were expensive. A lighter costed at least a piece of gold.

However, Christina's flint raw materials were completely free. Flint was a novel thing for the Barbarians. If the Barbarians could not accept it, it would be worthless.

Christina was not in a hurry to set up a stall to sell the goods. Instead, she found a hidden place to put these stones away, and then took Samba around the market to see how other Barbarians did business.

After two days of observation, Christina had a little experience.

It turned out that the Barbarians had no rules about pricing.

With the same iron pot, the Barbarians could buy three cows or a pig.

Besides, the Barbarians' stalls were not fixed. Whoever came first and occupied a place, the place belonged to

him. And they didn't care how much space others would occupy, The rules for the Barbarians to make money and what they sold all depended on their mood.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 633

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Chapter 633

Christina had some ideas in her mind. She decided to carry out a sales promotion first.

Before dawn the next day, Christina woke up Samba. They went to choose the best position which had a large flow of people and a big tree for shelter to set up their stall.

Christina circled a large stall of more than 20 square meters. On the first day, she brought 500 flints which were only a small portion of flints.

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She asked Samba to find some dry grass, which was used to show how to use flint correctly on the spot. The dry grass was easy to burn.

She also ordered Samba to pick up many dry sticks to make a fire. There was many delicious fish in the river in front of the market. Christina then asked Samba to catch five big fish.

After removing fish scales and cutting fish into palm-sized chunks, she washed them in the river to remove the fishy flavor. Then Christina picked up some sweet and sour fruits to marinate the fish for seasoning. Finally, she strung the fish with a clean tree branch and roasted it slowly by the fire.

After Christina and Samba had prepared all this, the other barbarians slowly began to set up stalls.

As the saying went, a slow sparrow should make an early start. Now they had many strings of roasted crispy fish, the smell of fish wafting in the air.

Primitive creatures like barbarians had strong instinctive desires, especially for food.

Christina's stall was soon surrounded by a dozen curious barbarians. All of them looked burly and ferocious. They were staring at the barbecued fish by a few fires, eager to grab them and stuff the fish into their mouth.

Samba thought that Christina wanted to sell roasted fish.

A bulky barbarian staggered over and muttered a few words to Samba. Although Christina did not understand, she knew that he was coming for their roasted fish.

Samba told the guest in a professional manner that the roasted fish was to be exchanged for gold.

This fat barbarian should be rich. Without hesitation, he took a small piece of gold out of his animal skin bag.

Samba was going to charge him.

"No, stop, our roasted fish is not for sale!"

Christina shook her head at Samba and pointed to the roasted fish, then to the dry sticks on the ground, as well as other prey such as cattle and rabbits,

Samba immediately understood what she meant. Roasted fish was exchanged for dried firewood or prey.

It was called barter,

Christina only wanted some dry sticks, prey, and even fruit.

Samba looked at her blankly for a long time, confused. Christina had warned him to take the gold. Why did she change?

At this moment, Samba primitive's mind was in a daze.

However, Human Cub could change whatever she wanted, Samba was good-tempered. He listened to her.

Therefore, Samba communicated with the first guest in the native language. He had to exchange prey, dried wood, or fruit for roasted fish.

For the food, especially the delicious food with the smell of fish, the barbarian obviously became dizzy. He did whatever they asked.

Christina and Samba had made their first deal.

They used five skewers of roasted fish to exchange for a fat pig and two rabbits. Christina felt it too cost-effective, and the barbarian buyer was also very happy to take five skewers of roasted fish. He couldn't wait to gobble it up and staggered away.

It was up to Christina that how many skewers the prey could exchange for. These customers had no objections.

Both sides got what they wanted, feeling satisfied.

One deal after another.

The barbarian's imitation ability was very strong. Everyone was ready to buy their specially made roasted fish.

In less than half an hour, all the roasted fish they had prepared were sold out.

"Ten goats, three pigs, 16 rabbits, and five pheasants. That's all we got." There was also a pile of dried firewood and fruits.

Christina looked at her gains and smiled brightly.

In fact, this was the first time that Samba had made a deal, Being ostracized by his race since he was a child, he had been living alone in the hillside area. Samba did not like to talk too much with other barbarians.

When Samba saw that the five fish was worthy of so many preys, he was stunned for a long time, looking in disbelief.

Samba thought it easy to catch fish from the river. However, those barbarians seldom ate fish.

The Samba still could not figure out why they were willing to exchange goats and rabbits with them as they were harder to catch

"This is called value-added product."

Christina solemnly educated Samba, "These fish, after processing, are no longer the original products."

Christina had a smattering of knowledge of the business:

Whether Samba understood it or not, he looked very serious about his studies from beginning to end. Christina was very proud, thinking that she was much smarter than barbarians.

After a short rest, Christina asked Samba to help with the roast meat.

Just like how they used to make food, they boiled water, molted the rabbits, and cut them into chunks. Then they seasoned them with vanilla fruits and roasted them slowly.

The passing barbarians would always stop. They were curious and even shocked to see their way of processing preys.

Today, Christina's stall was definitely the most crowded.

Out of curiosity, these guests stopped and watched them. Because in the eyes of the barbarians, plucking, cutting open the stomach, and digging out the internal organs were very cruel.

Christina even heard the barbarians around them screaming and shouting at them.

They might blame them for being so ruthless.

Christina didn't feel surprised. As long as these barbarians did not attack her, it did not matter what they said.

She used the Swiss Army Knife in her hand to handle the roast meat. Samba used yesterday's sharp stone spear to help her. The two of them were faster.

Seeing that there were enough guests around them, Christina asked Samba to light a fire with flint and roast meat on the spot. After all, before selling flints, it was necessary to let barbarians know how to use them,

Half of the barbarians were curious about the flint in Samba's hand, staring at it without a blink. The other half were more interested in roast meat.

(An hour later.)

Christina's skewers of roast meat began to smell greasy and meaty, making people hungry.

The noisy barbarians glared at their kebabs without making a sound. They were all swallowing.

Roast meat was more popular with wild barbarians than roasted fish. These big pieces of meat attracted a lot of barbarians. Their stall was crowded and many barbarians shouted at Samba anxiously.

They wanted to eat roast meat, and they wanted to buy it!

"Calm down, calm down!"

"Don't crowd. Line up, line up!"

These primitive foodies really widened Christina's knowledge. They were so crazy for delicious food.

She regretted making so much roast meat to tempt them. This was out of control. Samba couldn't handle it alone. The two of them were surrounded by a large group of barbarians. It was too scary. They would step on them and hurt them if they were too anxious.

Fortunately, the barbarians were very disciplined. Although they all rushed over and shouted fiercely, they did not rob but queued up honestly to pay.

"Samba, we don't want any prey this time. If they want to eat roast meat, give us the gold. Two skewers of roast meat and two flints can be exchanged by a small piece of gold." Christina communicated with Samba in her way.

This time, they only wanted gold instead of goods.

Samba understood and nodded at her.

These barbarians, who were fighting for the roast meat, didn't know or care what flints were. They threw a piece of gold to them, took two skewers of roast meat, and devoured them.

For those who wanted to buy more after eating up, Christina limited their purchases.

"Tell them that they can only buy it once per person. We'll come back tomorrow."

Samba looked at Christina in a daze, as if he didn't understand why she didn't ask for more gold. Samba still took her advice and told the excited guests in the native language.

This made foodies very angry. They wanted to buy but they refused to sell.

Fortunately, they did not smash their stall. Although they wanted to eat more, they just left angrily with two inedible stones.

However, even so, there were countless barbarians coming to their stall one after another, Christina couldn't stop them either. She had a harvest today.

"We just want more barbarians to take the flint home, so we have to limit the purchase. We don't sell roast meat but stones."

"These roast meat can help us earn a lot. But it was too tiring. We have to do it ourselves. It's not best to spend our own time making money. We don't do such a business unless we can hire people and buy other people's time."

"When they are familiar with the use of flints, we will set the price higher. These stones are free. As long as their value is equal to that of a lighter, we can easily earn more gold in a day. There is no need to cook for others."

After a whole day of roast meat, Christina stopped. She sat down on the ground

and preached to Samba. In fact, she was too lazy to do it. Samba couldn't understand all but nodded at her seriously.

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Chapter 634

On the first day of setting up the stall, all the flints Christina and Samba brought were sold out and exchanged for 263 small pieces of gold.

"I earned it. I earned it with my wisdom." Christina kept counting the gold excitedly like a miser.

"Samba, we're rich!"

The gold they earned today was placed in the bag made of furs. Christina cupped the gold in her hands. When she saw Samba coming back from a distance, she immediately ran over to show off.

Seeing that she was so happy, Samba rubbed her head with his giant palm, which was much bigger than Christina's head.

"Samba, is the gold enough for us to exchange for the wooden pass?" Entering the palace must have a wooden pass.

Christina looked up at him wistfully.

Samba shook his head at her.

Christina suddenly felt a little down and sighed. "I knew it may not be that simple."

She dropped her head and looked at the large sack of gold in her arms. It was heavy, but the size of them was different

Today, they sold grilled meats and flints. Two sticks of grilled meats and two flints were sold for a small piece of gold. The shape and size of the gold Barbarians brought were different. It was not Barbarians' contemptible trick to take the lighter ones, but they seemed to have no strict definition of the gold's size.

For Barbarians, gold could be exchanged for food and daily necessities. They didn't take the size and weight of the gold into consideration. They didn't think of cutting a piece of gold into two pieces.

Most Barbarians were simple-minded, unsophisticated, and easy to be satisfied, In addition, Christina found that although Barbarians were giant, burly, and horrible looking, they were obedient to some rules. They would not easily cross the line and were disciplined.

It was as if the Barbarians on this island had been used to the oppression and power.

Today, they stared at our grilled meats fiercely. I was afraid that they couldn't control themselves and rushed over to loot Fortunately, they all paid and didn't cause any trouble."

Christina was surprised at Barbarians' strong obedience.

Because of the language barrier, Samba could not explain too much about the Barbarians to her.

It was a long day that they sold goods. Maybe they grew tired of the smell of grilled meats today, Christina and Samba would rather eat vegetarian food and chew some fruits before falling asleep at night.

The next day, they sold flints. They used the same ploy as the day before. First, they roasted a bit of the meat in exchange for a batch of prey, firewood, and fruits.

Then they officially sold goods. Two sticks of grilled meats and two flints were

sold for a small piece of gold.

The Barbarians were not good at making rules. They were used to obeying rules. Anyone attracted by the smell of their grilled meats when they passed by would first put hands into pockets to make sure if there was gold in it.

Christina and Samba had a flourishing trade. The next day, when they started their business, Barbarians stopped shouting and held a piece of gold, waiting for the grilled meats as they experienced the first day.

At sunset on the second day, Christina and Samba had sold out more than 1000 flints and made 563 small pieces of gold.

Christina felt tired of the gold. Looking at the big sack of gold, she was no longer excited like the first day. Moreover, she thought the gold was dirty, so she didn't bother to count it one by one. She threw them into a pile and put them away.

"Samba, why do I think other Barbarians are so stupid?"

Christina had been busy roasting the meat all day. She was so tired that her hands were cramped and her back ached. She actually became a cook for Barbarians.

This was different from what she had expected at the beginning. She wanted to sell flints, but why did they come for the grilled meats now? Every time she and Samba used flints to make fire when they roasted meats on the spot. These "customers" should have learned how to use flints.

The flint had the same value as a lighter, and it was more durable. Didn't the Barbarians know?

She sighed, "Samba, fortunately, you're not that stupid."

On the third day, they continued to sell goods,

Christina laid out the remaining flints which were more than 1500 for sale. This meant that she and Samba had to work harder to roast more meats today,

"Bundling setting

Christina gave Samba lessons while plucking a pheasant. "They're all coming for our grilled meats. We can sell them flints at the same time. This is called bundling selling

Samba didn't understand but nodded at her seriously.

Samba felt that the human he picked up was smart because she earned so much gold in just a few days.

To sell more nints meant that they had to roast more sticks of meat.

Originally, Christina planned to work hard for another day and count the gold before making a plan. After all, everyone's life was hard. It was a good deal to do business with Barbarians.

When the old Barbarian sorcerer came to buy their grilled meats, Christina recognized the "Doctor" with a grudge. It was the old man that swiped at her head with a stick a few days ago and got a piece of gold from Samba by a trick.

"Up the price!" Christina immediately shouted at Samba.

She raised the price depending on her mood. Since she was unhappy, she doubled the price.

"Two sticks of grilled meats and two flints are sold for two small pieces of gold."

Samba stood up straight and roared at groups of guests outside, "Prices go up!"

If it were in the past, Christina dared not be so arrogant, but now she peered at the watching Barbarians calmly. After they heard Samba, the malevolence expressions on their face seemed to freeze and they stared at each other.

Then Christina saw some of them sighing and turning away with a small piece of gold in their hands because they had only brought one.

The price went up so they didn't have enough gold to buy it. They had to go home to chip in.

"They really didn't create a disturbance at all."

Christina was amazed to see that. Who would've thought that such a ferocious

giant man would be so obedient and not know how to resist at all? For this reason, Christina was even more curious about the temperament of Barbarians.

It turned out that not only was Samba so "Obedient," most Barbarians were obedient and disliked causing trouble. No matter who set the rules, they would be highly obedient.

"Was the nature of Barbarians, or did someone tame them like this?"

Christine vaguely sensed that the ruler of this island must be a ruthless character. Otherwise, how could ferocious Barbarians be so obedient?

That day, although Christina raised the price willfully, in the end, they sold out of all grilled meats and fints.

Christina and Samba's business was so hot that nothing couldn't stop it.

Christina didn't mind how much gold she had earned, "Is such heaps of gold enough to be exchanged for the pass?" She was only concerned about this.

Samba ran out to find a channel to ask about the pass. Seeing Christina panting and pointing at the accumulated five bags of gold, he shook his head.

Christina was furious, "What? So much gold is not enough to be exchanged for a poor pass!"

Samba still shook his head.

"Damn it. I thought I'm black-hearted enough. Those who sell the pass are even more unscrupulous." Christina gritted her teeth.

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However, in other people's places, they had to obey the rules of others.

It was the law of the jungle.

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Chapter 635

"... Were the Barbarians born with it, or did someone tame them like this?"

Christina vaguely sensed that the ruler of the Barbarian Islands must be somebody. Otherwise, how could the ferocious Barbarians be so obedient?

That day, although Christina jacked up their prices unscrupulously, in the end, their barbecue and flints were all sold out.

Christina and Samba's business was really booming and unstoppable.

In fact, Christina cared little about the gold she had earned... "Is this, such a large pile of gold enough to buy a pass?" She was only concerned about this.

Samba ran out to ask about the pass. Seeing Christina panting and pointing at the five bags of gold accumulated, he shook his head helplessly

Christina was furious. "What? So much gold is not enough to exchange for a pass!"

Samba still shook his head.

"Damn it. I thought I was corrupt enough, but those who sell passes are even more corrupt than me." Christina gritted her teeth.

However, they were in a new environment, so they had to obey the rules.

You know, Big fish swallowed little.

Irritated, when eating the barbecue, Christina swore to herself that she must be smarter. "We will definitely raise

the prices of our barbecue and flints!"

Confused about Christina's anger, Samba touched Christina's head comfortingly.

In fact, Samba meant to say that the Matriarch wasn't at home now, so even if

they had enough gold, the pass was unavailable. Therefore, they needed to wait for the Matriarch. However, Christina misunderstood Samba's words
*We've earned 360 standard gold bars in three days."

Ever since Patrick and the others occupied the palace with armed weapons, Rafael had shamelessly taken over the sovereignty, and Gary and other men had settled down in the palace

No used to wga leisure life, Cary and lus men usually roamed the Barbarian Market. Recently, they heard some interesting things

"I heard that they mainly sell barbecue. Those who buy barbecue can get flints at the same time."

"Two skewers of barbecue added with two flints cost two pieces of gold." Gary stretched out his thumb and gestured. The gold was at least 25 grams.

"Damn it." Alan was jealous.

Charles wandered around with them and was suddenly curious. "Where is that stall? I want to have a look..."

"They don't set up a stall today," Cary thought for a moment. "Maybe they've gone to the wholesaler."

The flint was actually a small piece of meteorite, whose cost was pretty low.

Even more jealous, Alan complained, "These Barbarians are really backward. How can they accept such a ridiculous price? It's excessive."

It really went too far. How could two kebabs and two broken flints be so profitable?

"Does someone sell meteorites?" Crystal was with them as well. It was clear that the small stones can be seen everywhere at the front.

"A flint is more useful than a lighter." Gary sneered. "Aren't we regretful? None of us are as smart as a Barbarian."

Charles had been a businessman. After thinking for a moment, he said, "I don't think it's aimed at selling the barbecue. Perhaps it's to open up a new market of flints by promoting them. After all, the flint is a new product. Once other Barbarians get used to using flints, they will earn more money later."

"Impossible. How could a Barbarian so smart?"

Crabbie thought Charles's theories complicated, not to mention the Barbarians.

"If flint replaces the market share of lighters, will it be tons of money?"

They had all witnessed the scenes of Barbarians lining up to buy lighters, which was excessive profit.

Suddenly, they all fell silent.

Chandler said seriously, "It's smart to think of using the barbecue to attract Barbarians."

Yes, Barbarians, the primitive species, always liked food, especially the face-to-face barbecue, which attracted them to spend impulsively.

What's more, the businessman knew to hook Barbarians on a bundle of services, promote new products, and seize market share...

*# seems that there is a unique Barbarian here." Chandler seemed to be vigilant.

It all the Barbarians were brilliant like the one, it would not be an easy job for them, a group of outsiders, to have a foothold here.

Less concerned, Charles cursed indignantly... "If there really is such a smart Barbarian, I hope he will break into the palace and kill Rafael."

"Rafael is manipulating us!" Gary was furious as well.

Their hatred towards Rafael was increasing, making them eager to beat Rafael, the damned devil, up.

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... Didn't he say he had sent his men to look for Christina? Why hasn't there been any news?"

"Do you really believe him?"

"Then what can we do besides believing him?"

Rafael acted arrogantly, for he was the only person who could find Christina. The group walked around the Barbarian Market with a female "Translator" sent by Rafael. Many young men and women were sold and taken into the palace. They had voluntarily signed the Deed of Sale and settled down on the island. As a result, they probably learned some native languages.

The interesting story about selling flints to earn money was told by the female "translator" as well.

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"Beauty, we are scolding Rafael. You can report directly to him. Never mind. The most important thing is not to affect your work."

Charles was good at flirting with a woman. With a beautiful smile, he seemed to be considerate.

Lily, the female "translator" was in her early twenties and had never met such handsome young men as Charles.

Hearing his words, she soon blushed.

"Lily, if the flint stall is set up again, please inform me. I really want to taste their barbecue."

With a bright smile, Charles gazed straight at the girl.

"Okay." Lily shyly agreed immediately.

Speechless, Crystal held her forehead. If Christina saw it, she would definitely scold Charles for flirting with an ignorant girl.

Suddenly, Crystal thought of another little creature... "I haven't seen that black cat for a long time."

The black cat was named Earl.

Gary raised his eyebrows and looked grave. "Yes." Earl was really something.

Did Earl find Christina?

At this moment, Earl was squatting on a big tree, looking at Christina and Samba with a pair of golden eyes.

"Samba, tell him we're going to build a big thatched cottage."

Christina wanted to occupy some space in the market. Otherwise, there would be nowhere to store her gold.

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Chapter 636

The barbarian carpenter spared no effort to build the thatched hut. He climbed up and down, fiddling with the wood and adjusting the angle, ate only once a day, and worked tirelessly under the scorching sun.

The 'carpenter' also perkily told Samba that he had spent a lot of gold in exchange for some tools that could help make the wood better.

Christina leaned over curiously to see that the barbarian indeed had a complete collection of modern woodworking tools such as planer tools and chisels.

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Putting aside her previous impression of the barbarians as bigoted and ferocious, she was surprised to find that they had their own hobbies.

Christina hoped that the barbarian carpenter could make her an "ox wagon."

Because there was no pen and paper, she made a rough sketch on the open muddy ground. The structure of the "ox wagon" was simple. First, they needed to

make two "wheels". The bearing part could be completed with the help of tools such as a planer tool and a chisel.

Christina communicated with the barbarian carpenter with Samba's assistance. After listening to the requirements Samba asked for, the barbarian carpenter agreed with alacrity to help Christian make this new gizmo, and they made a tentative decision to make the wheels using the cross-section of a tree, which turned out to be round as well.

This barbarian carpenter was indeed a very ambitious craftsman. In order to hurry to finish Christina's "ox wagon," he devoted himself to this job and spent the whole night digging wood and fiddling with the arrangements, even forgetting to eat and sleep.

"... This carpenter seems to be smarter than Samba."

Christian remembered that she had just praised Samba as the smartest barbarian not long ago, but she didn't expect that she would realize that there was someone cleverer out there so soon.

With the help and instructions of Christina, the barbarian carpenter succeeded to make the first "ox wagon" on the island.

Christina was very excited, for she didn't have to work so hard to transport the flints with such a wagon

Ever the grateful one, she asked Samba generously to tell the very talented" barbarian carpenter that he could make such a" wagon" for sale in the future, and specifically reminded him that the price must be more than five pieces of gold. Most of the barbarians on this island were thick and goofy, and she wondered if they were too used to being oppressed by the rulers.

At first Samba didn't know how to use the wagon, so he carried the wagon on his shoulder and walked with it.

Christina sighed and ran up to give him a lecture,

After struggling for two hours, Samba reluctantly learned to walk with his hands pushing the wagon. Samba felt that it was strange for he walked faster by himself, so why should he push this stuff?

* You can push it or let an ox do the work."

However hard she tried to persuade them, it was no better than a real demonstration.

That day, Christina bought three strong ox. One of them was tied up in front of her own small wagon, and two were tied up in front of the super big one pushed by Samba.

They went to the rocky area again and spent a day picking up flints. After resting in the wild for a night, Christina and Samba carried the flints onto the ox wagon the next day, and all they had to do was to lead the oxen.

From time to time, Samba turned to look at the wagon behind him with wide eyes, then he looked at the hemp rope in his hand, feeling incredible to be able to move so heavy a cargo with such a thin thread.

Christian simply sat on the back of the ox, not even bothering to lead it.

"... Samba, you're overweight. So there's no way for you to sit on the ox, and you can only lead it and walk." She was still not as tall as Samba on the back of the ox. Although the wagon was not a high-tech product, it was already very advanced used on this primitive island.

Christina and Samba brought the flints to the market on the wagons, attracting the attention of many a curious barbarian.

This trip to transport the flints took three days, which was half the time they had used to carry them on their shoulders.

Christina looked at the two carts full of flints with an easy heart. Her large hut had been built and a room had been specially reserved for these flints.

Samba wisely used the net woven by the vines as a net bag to carefully store the

flints.

Samba was used to putting two large stone urns in front of his house and bringing fresh water back from the river every day

There were also flowers. Samba picked some fruits in the forest and brought a large bunch of colorful flowers on his way back. Although the flowers were randomly placed in a pile, the light fragrance they exuded pervaded in the whole hut, and their beauty also added to the cozy atmosphere in the simple hut.

"... Samba, you're really good at housekeeping," Christian couldn't help but praise him.

In addition, what satisfied Christina the most was a "bathroom" separated in the thatched hut. She asked Samba to carry a stone urn containing water into it, which was convenient for her to take a bath. On this island, it was a blessing to be able to take a bath every day.

Christina also taught Samba to dress. "Don't tear it off!" She spent a lot of gold in exchange for cloth. Although the dark blue coarse linen was not a good material, only the 'rich' could afford it on this island,

Raine, the smug and haughty one, was dressed up like a curry muncher in clothes as colorful as a peacock, with strings of gems hanging on them.

Christina wanted Samba to get used to wearing clothes. At first, Samba was reluctant because he found clothes troublesome, but he couldn't stand Christina's wrapping him up all the time, so eventually, he complied.

In the middle of their hut was a log fire, around which Christina sat opposite Samba with an old iron pot placed on top of it to boil water. A large plate of meat was thrown into the pot and boiled into meat soup. Samba added some small tomatoes to add to the flavor. Christina tasted it in a stone bowl and was surprised to find it unusually tasty.

Christina suddenly had a feeling of settling down in a peaceful life.

Their hut was supported by a big tree. As long as it was not struck by lightning in a thunderstorm, it was quite comfortable.

Early in the next morning, Christina and Samba began to set up their stall and do business again.

There were actually other barbarians who imitated them to make barbecue, but she was not sure if it was because they were too lazy or they could not overcome their psychological barriers, the barbecue they made was an entire prey directly thrown into the fire and scorched, without shedding fur, let alone being cut open in the belly.

Of course, the taste of the barbecue was a lot worse, so there was no impact on Christina and Samba's business even if others followed suit. They still earned a large sum of money.

"... Samba, tell them that we've raised the price. Now one who buys a flint shall pay three pieces of gold and will receive a bunch of barbecues."

Christina gave clear instructions to Samba before she sneaked away to take a nap under the shade of a tree lazily

Samba continued to work hard to earn money alone.

"A wagon?"

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At this moment, a few special figures appeared in a group of barbarians. Charles looked at the two similar "ox wagon" beside the table, astonished.

"Did this thing come in from outside, or did the barbarian make it himself?"

"It must have been brought in from outside. How could a savage have such wit?"

Finally, the stall they had been waiting for was set up. Charles and the others were very interested in the barbarian merchant, but when they saw Samba who was doing business, they couldn't help but feel disappointed.

The vendor in this stall looked like an ordinary-looking barbarian, with nothing special about him.

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Chapter 637

Charles gave two small gold to Samba. He wanted to buy two skewers of barbecue from him.

But the samba didn't sell.

"Why won't you sell it?"

Charles looked at the savage in front of him strangely. Apart from his strong body, he could not see any difference between him and other savages.

"He said the price went up." ..

Lili, the female translator, was a little angry and bargained with Samba. She was probably saying that Samba was not honest. He used to sell two skewers of barbecue for two flints and two pieces of small gold before.

Now he wanted three small pieces of gold for only a skewer of barbecue.

Samba stood in front of them. He was bearded and stared at them with his dark eyes. He didn't want to explain anything.

This was how wild people made deals. They bought whatever they wanted if they could afford it or left if they couldn't.

Samba was very interested in the translator in front of him. He was looking at this skinny female attentively.

She was similar to his cub.

Stared at by Samba, the translator trembled with fear. She did not dare to bargain with him anymore.

She usually worked in the palace and rarely came out to hang out. She had long heard of the ferocity of the savages. Coupled with the huge body of the savages, she unconsciously retreated.

Samba stared at the translator with his dark and sharp eyes, then turned to look at a small figure behind the shade of the tree. After looking for a few minutes, he was finally satisfied.

Samba felt that his cub was better,

Charles could also see that the savage in front of them had other feelings for their female translator, Lili. He was worried that the savage might act under impulse, which would be troublesome.

Charles immediately took a step forward and threw a small piece of gold on the ground, "Give us a skewer of barbecue His tone was also a little cold and vigilant Samba seemed to understand Charles's words at once. He didn't mind squatting down to pick up the money. He carefully put the gold into a big animal skin bag beside him. He immediately took a skewer of roast meat and two flints and handed them to Charles.

The savage's move was faster than Charles had imagined as if he could understand his words in an instant

Charles took the barbecue and the flints and kept looking at Samba warily.

Crabbie took the opportunity to take the barbecue in his hand and stuffed it into his mouth. "Yummy, this barbecue is really yummy."

Crabbie felt that the taste of this barbecue was a little familiar as if he had been eaten it once somewhere before, but he couldn't remember it for a moment.

"Why did you do that? Pay me back."

"There's a lot of gold in the palace. Don't worry about it, brother... Ask the female translator to buy more from the savage. It won't cost us anyway."

"Can't you see that the savage has been staring at Lili? Go buy it yourself."

"But I don't speak the native language of savages," Crabbie had always been uninterested in beauty and only loved delicious food.

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"What are you afraid of? We have a lot of people and weapons. He won't dare to mess around alone. And I don't think he's interested in Lili. He keeps looking back at the tree behind him."

Charles also looked at the big tree when he heard this. He was surprised to see someone's back!

"Over there, under the shade of the tree, there seems to be a woman lying there" With her back to them, he could only see the back of her head.

As soon as Charles said this in his excited voice, Samba immediately strode forward. He blocked his sight with his huge body, and he was defensive, standing with a posture indicating that he was ready to fight and attack.

Samba shouted angrily at Charles for that he had been angered.

Charles was frightened and instinctively took a step back. Why did the savage suddenly lose his temper?

Crabbie and Gary saw that the Samba was fierce. They stopped messing around and immediately stood up straight with weapons in their hands. If the savage went crazy, they wouldn't go easy on him. They were ready to shoot at any time. The two sides were at daggers drawn and looked at each other.

Although Samba did not know what weapons were on their shoulders, he instinctively felt danger. He looked at them as if trying to remember their faces.

Samba didn't fight with them,

Samba threw down the barbecue and the Nints. He only took the big bag of gold, ran behind the tree, picked up the sleeping person, and ran away with a few quick steps.

Crabbie and Gary didn't understand for a moment. They just thought that the Samba was afraid and ran away.

"This savage is very observant. He knows that he couldn't afford to provoke us. He gets afraid and runs away."

"He took something away behind the tree."

Crabbie was stunned. If he was not mistaken, it seemed to be a woman.

"Mr. Hopkins."

Gary saw in the distance that Patrick was walking towards them. He waved and greeted him.

Charles said quickly as if he was extremely excited. "Patrick, did you see that just now? That savage suddenly went crazy and almost fought with us."

"Is that the smart savage you're talking about?" Patrick subconsciously looked around.

There had been no news of Christina recently, and Patrick had been anxious these days. Occasionally, he heard some interesting things from Charles and the others.

"Yes, this savage now sells the stone to three gold pieces," Charles also pointed to the carts under the big tree in front of him. "Maybe he made that too."

Patrick walked straight over and carefully observed the two very rough and crude bullock carts, which could be used as transportation tools.

"Where is the savage?" Patrick was curious about such a savage.

"Mr. Hopkins, that savage was scared away by us."

Scared away?

Patrick looked carefully at various items on the stand, including the remaining flints and some roast meat roasting on the fire. He felt a sense of familiarity.

"What's the name of this savage?"

Patrick's voice was deep. He was expecting something.

Charles and Crabbie looked at Lili. Only Lili could communicate with the savage.

How could they know the name of the savage?

"I don't know." Lili shook her head,

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Chapter 638

Christina was poor at Aboriginal Language. She could not communicate with Samba fluently but only roughly understood that Samba said some people were coming and it was very dangerous. So he took the gold and run away with her.

"What kind of person?"

Christina frowned and was amazed. What kind of person will make Samba felt dangerous. Could it be the Barbarian Guard in the palace?

Their business wasn't good today. Some of the flints weren't sold out. Anyway, considering that money can be earned at any time they decide to go back to their grass nest and put this business down for a minute.

Christina's thoughts seemed to go backward ever since she got used to living on this island. She actually felt that her humble hut in Africa was a super comfortable five-star house.

As she and Samba walked home, they talked about the accident just happened. When they were about to arrive, five or six strong and huge Barbarian Guards rushed towards them with spears and weapons and surrounded them.

Samba hold Christina in his arms instinctively and let out a ferocious warning roar. Christina was also shocked by this sudden attack. She held the swiss army knife tightly in her hand. In case of conflict, she could protect herself.

The five burly, black, and strong Barbarian Guards only pointed their spears at them but did not attack them. Not long after, Leona dressed in colorful cloth as usual. He walked over proudly and looked at Samba with contempt, wearing strings of gems on both head and neck.

Leona shouted at Samba arrogantly. Christina could only understand a few words, like "bastard", "not qualified", and "leave".

Christina was boiling with anger. Leona treated Samba like this every time, he acted so superiorly and humiliated others wantonly.

Samba only held Christina tighter and did not reply.

Leona kept scolding Samba arrogantly, perhaps because he saw that Samba was indifferent toward his scolding. Leona walked over aggressively and punched Samba roughly in his right cheek.

"Damn it, how dare you?"

Seeing Samba was beaten up, Christina was furlous. If Samba hadn't held her tightly, she would have rushed over and stabbed Leona back.

Leona now put his attention on the little man in Samba's arms. His eyes narrowed with a sinister thought and stretched out his strong arm to snatch her, forcing Christina to come out,

Samba raised his fist and hit Leona Immediately on the bridge of his nose. Leona did not expect that Samba would dare to resist him. His nose was crooked from the punch, causing a nosebleed.

Leona stiffened in anger and looked at him fiercely. He raised his body like a beast and was about to pounce on hlm. Samba hid Christina behind him quickly and prepared to fight.

Unexpectedly, the six Barbarlan Guards stopped Leona and muttered a string of aboriginal words. "Matriarch", "Palace", "No".

Leona seemed to be afraid of these words. Maybe the situation was unstable at this time, so he did not dare to fight recklessly. He restrained his anger suddenly and could only glare at Samba fiercely.

Leona had his six Barbarian Guards yell and push Samba away, just like they drove Samba away from the market last time.

Samba bent down and held Christina tightly in his arms, allowing the six guards to push and drive him away.

Christina was so angry that she glared at Leona and the six barbarian guards.

Samba did not fight back and could not defeat them,

Christina did not know what had happened between Samba and Leona, but she felt very uncomfortable when seeing Samba being bullied like this.

But she could do nothing but watch. Right now she can't stand up for Samba.

Leona seemed to feel that only driving away Samba was not enough to relieve his anger. So he asked someone to tear down their straw hut. The hut was smashed by these rough savages with its bottom lifted and the beams and pillars broken. Also the pots and bowls were thrown everywhere. Christina looked at the mess in a blankly,

Christina was anxious and wanted to get out of Samba's arms.... "Samba, why don't you resist?"

But Samba hugged her tightly and wouldn't let her run out.

Her eyes were red with anger. She shouted at Leona angrily, "How dare you do this!"

The more anxious Christina became, the more unscrupulous Leona turned to be. Leona raised his chin, looking proudly at Samba in a contemptuous way. He was in a condescending attitude as if Samba was in a lower position and could be wantonly teased.

Until their house was completely destroyed. The pillars, hay, pots, bowls, and even stone jars were all pushed. These people finally swaggered away. Leona was just showing off his power and bullying the weak in a dishonest way.

Samba released Christina. Looking at their shrinking house, she fell silent.

Samba dug out all the gold they had hidden and brought all these bags of gold in front of her.

"... It's not about gold. Don't you understand? Why didn't you say anything when they were pushing you around? Aren't you angry? You're such a loser. Why don't you resist?"

Christina shouted at him and punched him angrily.

Samba could only understand that she was blaming him. So he stood upright, lowered his head in silence.

Christina was so angry that she didn't want to talk to him. She turned around and ran away.

Samba had a slow reaction time. When he came back to his senses and turned around, Christina had already run away. He was a little nervous and didn't know what to do. He looked at the dozen bags of gold and then looked behind.

Christina, his Human Cub had gone out of sight!

Samba knew that this gold was very important to Christina, so he hid the gold back in its original place quickly and rushed toward the direction that Christina had run away.

But until it was almost dark, he still couldn't find her after searching for a long time. Samba became a little panicked.

In fact, Christina had climbed up a tree. She sat on a branch and punched the tree trunk angrily. She was very indignant at Leona's behavior and was resentful of Samba's unfair treatment.

The lower class always suffered losses and grievances. There was no justice, no matter in modern or primitive society.

Not only their house was torn down in front of their eyes, but also they were being humiliated and chased away... She gulped and was nearly unable to take a breath.

Seeing that it was getting dark, Christina knew that Samba must be looking for her. She wanted to calm down and go back, but she couldn't calm down.

"... Tear down my house, you bastard. I don't care what kind of shit you are. How dare these brainless savages fully me. I'll burn your whole house down!"

Christina climbed down from the tree. She ran to the barbarian carpenter she had already known and asked about Leona's residence with her poor Aboriginal Language. The carpenter told her a lot about Leona. Although she can't understand all of his words, it's enough for her to know where the arrogant and brainless barbarian of Leona lived

Christina really burned down Leona's house. The raging fire burned especially brightly in this kind of grass house, illuminating the night and attracting many barbarians to watch in shock,

The grass huts of Leona were connected one by one in succession. So the fire spread quickly. Leona was stunned in front of the house. His guards rushed forward to put out the fire, but they were all in vain. The wind was strong tonight, and the fire grew stronger as the wind blew.

It was not until Christina saw the beams and pillars of Leona's house were burned down that she was finally relieved. "Now dare you tear down my house again!"

Noticing a big fire here, Samba ran around in a hurry to look for Christina. And he breathed a sigh of relief after seeing her small shadow behind the bush.

Samba quickly walked to Christina and whispered a few words to tell her not to run around next time.

Christina turned to glare at him with an angry face. "What! Am I wrong in burning his house? I must do it, otherwise, I won't be able to sleep tonight."

Heard what she said, Samba was stunned looking at the house which had burned into ashes.

Christina, his Cub was a little fierce.

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Chapter 639

If a person didn't offend her, she would also play nice. If someone did offend her, she would seek revenge for the smallest grievance

That was Christian's principle.

She was not a saint. Of course, she would seek revenge. Anyway, she didn't feel guilt at all burning down Leona's house.

Samba was extremely shocked about that. Knowing that he even glared at her with a fierce look. Samba was worried that he would be burned while sleeping. Anyway, his cub was a little fierce.

Samba decided to talk less and work more, trying to help his cub to earn more gold.

"... Didn't you say that there was enough gold?"

"When will that bastard elder come back?"

Christina seemed to be grumpy. She could be easily agitated by Samba. Especially when he still sold goods as if nothing happened.

Well, Christina was not happy about making money anymore, "Stop the business!"

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"How could it benefit you to treat them with free barbecue? Those Barbarians are ungrateful. No matter how good you are to them now, will they stand up for you? If you make yourself an ass, don't complain if people ride you!"

Christina scolded Samba in the native language fluently for several days. She didn't expect to learn it so fast. Now she even didn't need to think while speaking. Although she was thin and small, she was quite energetic and fierce

Samba stood still and accepted them all.

He thought that this cub was so great that she could scold others in such a fast way.

Christina glared at Samba who was big. She was so angry that her words could not hurt him at all.

* Haven't they set up a stall for five days?"

Charles were very concerned about the stalls setting flintstone. He planned to ask for some information kindly. But they didn't come out in several days.

"Were they really scared by us and didn't dare to come out?"

But it seemed impossible. The barbarians were huge and ferocious. How could they be so easily frightened by such small people like them?

Gary enjoyed sitting on a rocking chair, swaying and cracking melon seeds. He said slowly, "This shows that they are very vigilant. They know they shall not mess with us."

Unlike the time they first entered the island, at this time, most of them entered the palace. There was enough food and drink here, and a group of servants were bought outside to serve them. After more than ten days, they gradually realized that life here was actually very good. The air was especially fresh. There was not so much pressure at work, and life was simple.

On the other side, Alan lay on the bed with his limbs stretched and two maids were massaging him. From time to time, he let out a low moan, "So comfortable." Charles rubbed his forehead and sighed. "Why do I feel that you are becoming more depraved?"

"Mr. Hopkins didn't give us a mission, did you? We have nothing to do at all."

"... I heard that there was a big fire at the market last night."

Idlers they were, then more gossipy they became.

"I also heard that. The maid in the palace told me that it was a grass house of the son of a local Matriarch. Three in a row, they were all burned to ashes."

"... The wind was so strong last night. I guess there was nothing left."

"The funniest thing is that these barbarians worshipped fire and were very superstitious. Since there was a fire, a group of them knelt down in fear around the house, thinking it was the anger of the gods. Hahaha... These brainless barbarians. Though they are big, somehow they are very timid."

Charles, Gary, and Alan, the self-proclaimed "Advanced beings", mocked the barbarians in a very arrogantly and happy way.

Crystal had been resting in the palace for a few days, and she felt much better. When she came over and heard what they were talking about, she couldn't resist saying, "I feel that the barbarians here are quite peaceful."

Unlike their savage appearance, the barbarians' temper seemed to be more restrained as if they were afraid of something.

"... They might lose their ability to be angry since they're tortured by perverts like Raphael."

"As far as I know, Rafael was born by the first wife of the current leader of the Strozzi family, and he had lots of women. Though not many heirs can survive. Many of them were killed before they reached adulthood. Rafael should be the next orthodox leader now. But somehow there were civil wars here."

*... Lily told me in private that the elders of this island had teamed up to deal with Rafael. He, the prince was in deep trouble, so, he was in a hurry to find the sceptre. It was said that that was the symbol of the kingship, and Rafael should be eager to get it."

"Rafael asked Patrick to help him with the search. But Patrick insists on finding Christina first."

Since they mention Christina, Crystal felt that it was a sin to live comfortably here. "Didn't Patrick leave some people at the cave on that slope? Were there any news?"

It was the cave where they first found Christina's notes that were engraved on the mud wall. When they left, Patrick left 12 people guarding nearby.

"No one came back there."

This made them very depressed. If they had walked a little faster, they might have found her. What a shame.

"What about Lucy?"

"Haven't you heard from Lucy for so long?"

Gary shook his head regretfully and felt weird. Lucy was so meticulous and careful. Why didn't she leave any clues to them? Was she really dead?

Crystal didn't want to be so depressed, so she said actively, "I heard that the name of the barbarian whose house caught fire last night was Leona. Do you think it could be."

"There are too many barbarians with the same name. How could that be the one we were looking for?"

Charles thought for a moment, then suddenly figured out something and exclaimed, "Hey, who said that it was the son of a matriarch?"

All the leaders here were female. Leona was a matriarch.

What a coincidence.

Gary and Alan immediately saw that. Just now, they were laughing at that freely. Now they all stood up and wanted to do something.

"Let's go find that unlucky Leona,"

"Shall we inform Mr. Hopkins first?"

Charles and Gary shook their hands in unison. "Don't mention it yet. We'll tell him when we're sure." Lest Patrick rejoiced too soon.

Then, they rushed out of the palace...

Just then Christina was still standing outside of the palace, wondering if there was any way to sneak in

Thave a friend inside, i want to go in and find her."

Now that she was more fluent in the native language, she could easily communicate with Samba, especially cursing

Samba told her that the elder had some errands to attend and had not been home for a while, so he could not get the wooden card to enter the palace.

"Samba, you use gold to change their pass to the palace. They were really frankly depraved."

She thought that the elder was so noble and prestigious, but it was the opposite. Samba told her seriously that she could not speak ill of the elder, or they would be punished.

Christina now was even more certain that these elders had done a lot of evil things in secret.

Not knowing when the elder would come back, Christina was so impatient with her gold. She stayed at the entrance, looking around. Today, there were some barbarians who passed with the wooden cards.

Suddenly, she had an evil idea. She wanted to rob someone.

... Samba, let's go to rob someone. Is that possible?"

Christina stared at the wooden card in their hands jealously.

Samba's eyes widened in shock and he immediately muttered to her, "no, no, no,

you can't take others' things."

Christina felt that Samba was a noble man.

"Then what do you think we should do?"

"... The other day, I saw my friend being abused. She was covered in wounds and was dragged in by the barbarian guards. Now I don't know if she was still alive."

She was unhappy and kicked the pebble beside her. Unexpectedly, she saw a dog hole under the palace wall!

She became so excited that she ran over. Indeed, there was a big hole covered by grass.... "Samba, I, I can get in!"

Samba also seemed surprised. He looked at the small hole under the wall and was silent for a while.

Only she could get through it, and it was as big as Samba's arm.

Samba shook his head. He disagreed.

Because he could not get in and also he felt that it was not safe inside.

"Till just go in for a look. If anything goes wrong, I'll come out immediately." she wanted to try and soon enough, she already put her head into the hole.

Samba stood outside worried. Without thinking, he immediately dragged her feet and pulled her out.

She was upset and turned around. "I'll really be back soon."

Samba looked at her silently.

"... I'll be out in an hour."

She knew that Samba couldn't react soon. While he was thinking, she had slipped into the other side of the palace like a loach.

When Samba came to senses, he found her was in.

He immediately growled.

"Samba, don't be so loud. I might die if someone finds out."

Christina was just worried and she wanted to calm Samba down. While she didn't expect that the word "die" would make Samba even more upset.

Samba was very uneasy. He picked up the stone beside him and dug hard at the edge of the hole, trying to make a bigger one so that he could follow in.

However, as Samba dug, he bent down and looked into the palace. He was extremely shocked. His cub was being naughty again and he didn't know where she had gone!

The palace wall was made of hard stones, and even with Samba's strength, it was difficult to make the hole

Christina didn't want to waste time she was small and had become more agile recently. She was like a cat, shutting through this strange palace. Her heart was beating wildly when she wanted to find Lucy. She desperately thought about where Lucy might be. She looked left and right and somehow she came to a strange farm

where she was attacked
and she stopped

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Chapter 640

Christina thought it was ridiculous. In order to get into the palace, she tried her best to make money and wanted to get a wooden pass. Now, she made it through a dog hole in the palace wall.

Because the dog hole was very small and covered by grass, probably no one would have known it. Such a small hole was meaningless to the barbarians.

Samba could not even push his head through it.

"... I'll be out in about an hour."

Christina said to Samba after she went into the palace, separated from him only by a wall.

Samba was very anxious. He took a stone and desperately dug into the wall in order to make the hole bigger, so he could go in and find her.

Samba didn't know how long 'an hour' would be. He had been digging the wall for a long time. The stone bricks of the palace were very hard. His thick palms were worn and bleeding, but he was making little progress.

Samba lay on the ground, looking at the hole in the wall in a daze.

The sun was about to set, but Christina had not yet come out.

In his opinion, they should be heading home together when the sun set.

Why hasn't Christina come out yet?

Samba had been lying outside the wall watching for a long time, not daring to blink for he was afraid to miss Christina.

The sun was gradually setting. The sky began to darken, and the temperature also dropped. The view was dim. Nothing could be seen clearly from the hole anymore.

Covered in mud, Samba got up and sat against the palace wall in a daze. He looked around in the dark night.

After Christina went in, she just disappeared.

As one of the hominids, the more he looked at the hole, the more he felt that it could eat people. Suddenly, he retreated for his fear

But when he thought of Christina who was still inside, he was overcome with grief. He shouted at the hole and kept pounding the wall

The birds in the nearby trees were frightened by his roar and flew into the sky in disorder

After a while of venting, Samba became even more depressed. He was sure that Christina had died inside

Samba ran to the main entrance of the palace desperately and glared at it. The drawbridge of the palace had already been raised. The palace had a rule that the drawbridge would be raised at night and no one was allowed to enter or leave the palace.

Samba was very unwilling to stay outside. Christina was inside. He must go in and find her!

Samba now was full of strength. He wanted to run over and jump up the bridge all by himself. Under the bridge was the bottomless moat. He did not care that if he didn't make it, he would die.

The foolish suicide of Samba was suddenly stopped by the sudden appearance of many torches around him, and the noise from far to near

A large group of ferocious barbarian guards, with spears and torches in their hands, soon surrounded Samba.

Looking at so many bright torches in the dark, Samba's reactions were very slow, as if he could not tell whether it was true or not.

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"... Catch him!" An angry voice shouted.

Samba was astonished by the shout and immediately turned to look. He could understand these words, which were once said by Christina.

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"... Take him in. We want him to die!"

The scowl on Charles's face deepened. He and Gary, with guns in their hands, looked at Samba with disgust and hatred, wishing that they could shoot him to death.

Samba did not know what had happened. The palace's barbarian guards rushed

over and pinned him to the ground, tying him with thick ropes. He almost instinctively resisted and shouted.

But Samba was outnumbered. When the barbarian guards saw him resist, they beat him until he was black and blue and was spitting blood out.

The drawbridge slowly fell down, and the barbarian guards violently dragged Samba into the palace. Samba was dizzy and weak. He clambered awkwardly to his feet. Originally, he still struggled to resist, but when he saw these people taking him into the palace, he immediately stopped. He followed the guards and staggered into the palace.

Gary was furious. He ran to Charles and said, "I'll tell Mr. Hopkins about it first."

Samba was kicked hard, and with a bang, the iron door behind him was locked. He was trapped in a huge iron cage, waiting for the trial of death.

At this moment, Christina was also locked up.

"... Why did you do this!"

Christina still felt incredulous. She entered the palace through the hole in order to find Lucy, but she saw Derek in a luxurious and spacious room. She was overjoyed for she had never expected that someone would really risk it to look for her. But Derek was here. He must have come for her.

Then, she ran over happily to meet him, but Derek turned to look at her in shock and knocked her unconscious.

When Christina woke up, she found that she was locked in an iron cage. She did not understand. Did she make a mistake?

But she had known Derek since childhood. She would never forget his slender figure.

"Eric!"

Christina clutched the iron cage tightly with both hands and shook it fiercely. The chains clanked.

Derek was standing at the door, five meters away from her. It was already night. The room was dark, with the moon outside the window shining faintly. He turned to look at her. His fair skin, handsome face and blue eyes were all familiar to her, but there was a hint of coldness in his smile.

Without saying a word, he walked out of the room.

Christina was stunned.

She was sure that he was Derek, but he was nothing like Derek.

"What's going on?"

This room was quiet, dark and unlit. There was only the dim moonlight outside the window. Christina looked at the cage and the modern tables and chairs in the room. She was a little confused.

It seemed that she could not tell whether she had lived with Samba before, or perhaps, whether what she saw now was true or not.

She was alone on a deserted island. Then she met Samba. She wanted to enter the palace. She was excited to see Derek again. But he locked her in this cage.

Christina couldn't figure it out and her mind was in a daze.

She forgot that she had told Samba that she would be back in an hour.

... At the same time, Samba had been beaten up ever since Charles found him. He was punched and kicked by a few barbarian guards, which made him even unable to stand up.

Samba angrily shouted at the barbarian guards and asked why he was caught and why he was beaten.

Samba wanted to fight back, but he could not defeat them. He was hurt all over and was as irritable as a beast at bay. But he still remembered that he was looking for Christina

The barbarian guards completely ignored Samba's roar and punched him as subhuman, as if they were venting their anger.

Samba was badly beaten, and blood flowed from the corner of his mouth. He lay on the ground, panting heavily as if he was about to pass out. It was not until a few particularly good-looking 'little people' came in that the barbarian guards stopped.

"Samba."

A tall, thin figure came in. Someone was reading his name.

When Samba heard the sound, he gasped and wiped the blood from the corner of his eyes, trying to see the person in front of him clearly

These 'little people' looked a little like Christina.

"... So you caught my little sister?"

Raphael, dressed in the most luxurious clothes in the palace, stood in front of Samba, looked at him like a stray dog, and asked very plainly.

Samba became alert. He tried to get up silently. His dark eyes were fixed on all the "little people" in the room.

Charles, Gary, Crabbie, and Patrick were also in the room.

Charles's eyes were a little red. He clenched the gun tightly and kept urging the female translator Lily. "Lily, ask him what he did to Christina. Is she... Is she really dead?"

Charles's tone was sad and angry. This was what they had heard this afternoon. He hoped that it was fake news. If the barbarian hadn't killed her, he could let him go. Otherwise...

Charles held the gun and glared at Samba with gritted teeth.

"Did you kill her?" Raphael spoke first in Chinese and turned to look at Lily. "Ask this barbarian what happened. I want to know everything."

Lily nodded at Raphael, then carefully stepped forward and spoke in the native language of the barbarians.

"Samba, the woman you caught is in the palace now. Do you want to find her?"

When Samba heard this, he became excited immediately.

He roared and made a gesture, saying that Christina was missing. She burrowed into a hole. He wanted to find her..

Everyone saw that Samba was very excited. After a while, Lily turned around and looked at Patrick. "He said that he caught her in the forest at first. He took her back to the cave, and raped her."