

# My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 651

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## Chapter 651

The sudden and unknown disease on the island made everyone panic.

There was no specific medicine or even any feasible treatment. The patient was covering his abdomen rolling around in abdominal pain, foaming at the mouth, shortness of breath and unable to eat. His face and eyes turned yellow and he was severely ill.

"He should have been infected with the bacterial virus in his intestinal tract..."

"We can't build a laboratory on Barbarian Island. Not knowing what kind of bacteria and virus it is, we can only take some medicine to blindly test it."

"We divided the patients into several experimental groups, and none of them improved after taking the medicine. The patients who took the antibiotics were slightly better, but we don't have enough drugs... No, no, none of these treatments could be used."

The people in the palace were so busy that they did experimental analysis without sleep. They couldn't come up with a good plan so everyone was anxious and restless.

After three days and nights of emergency treatment, there were some sad news and some progress in the research.

"So far, there are 521 people infected in the palace, with 52 deaths. As for the Barbarians infected outside the palace, there are 3522 people and 1 death."

Gary stayed up all night to sort out the data from all sides and his eyes were red. There was no computer on the original island so it took lots of time and effort.

"The Barbarians are strong. Even if they get sick, they won't get worse easily. The Barbarians got sick because they drank the river water."

"We speculated that the source of the palace disease is related to the river water. The first patient ate fish in the river the day before he was ill."

The river was the cause of the illness.

Gary and the others were also helpless. "If we took water samples for analysis as normal, we would soon know what the source of the disease was, but there was no equipment on this island."

"Antibiotics works, but we only have two bottles."

Now their conservative plan was to inform everyone not to drink the water in the river.

But this was not a long-term solution. Without water, they, the Barbarians, and all the creatures on the island would be affected, dying of thirst and illness, Crabbie said with a more serious expression, "Besides, we have confirmed that this disease is indeed contagious. The first batch of patients was infected because they drank polluted river water. They got the abdominal disease and vomited. The bacterias in their vomit were spread in the air and most of the patients in the palace were infected because of vomit."

The illness could be transmitted through the patient's vomit.

Everyone felt hopeless when they heard this. If they could not be isolated from the infectious disease in time, the continent would soon have no creatures surviving.

What should they do?

How to deal with these problems?

Everyone sat at the big round table, writing down the data, looking confused.

They were silent and felt anxious.

"Where are you going?" Patrick suddenly shouted.

Gary and the others were also shocked by Patrick. They all turned to look at Christina, who had just stepped in outside the door.

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Because of this sudden incident, everyone was suggested to stay in the house and not run around. The Barbarians were strong enough to hold on. But once they were infected, the death rate was as high as 10%.

Christina went out of the palace to look for Samba. She was in a good mood when she came back and didn't expect Patrick to scold her so severely. She was shocked and didn't move. She felt humiliated by being watched by so many people.

She remained silent in anger.

It was only when Patrick roared that he realized that he had gone too far. He looked into her angry eyes and didn't know how to continue.

Charles eased the atmosphere and said, "Christina, there is no medicine for this disease. You may easily get infected when you go out and that will be troublesome."

Charles just said what was in Patrick thought.

"I'm fine."

Christina did not want to continue the stalemate so she answered.

You're just lucky now. Barbarians have strong bodies and immune systems. We can't compete with them. You'd

better not go out." Charles advised her earnestly.

"We have just concluded that this disease can be transmitted through the patient's vomit."

Christina wanted to refute, but her expression was a little strange.

Patrick knew her very well and noticed that she looked strange. He immediately stood up and hurried towards her to ask her.

"Stop!"

Christina looked a little flustered and shouted at him.

"Patrick, don't come over. I, I accidentally came into contact with a sick Barbarian today. The Barbarian vomited all over me."

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### Chapter 652

"There was a sick Barbarian at noon today. He suddenly got sick and vomited all over me..."

Christina said with a complicated expression, "I asked Samba to help me wash the dirty things off my body with the river water."

Charles and Gary gasped.

"The patient's vomit is contagious and the river water has been polluted long ago. Why do you use the river water to clean your body?" Charles stood up and scolded her angrily.

Christina was also nervous.

"... I, I should be fine." Christina said uncertainly.

Her former neighbor, the barbarian carpenter, was sick. Christina went to Samba and stopped by to visit her neighbor. She didn't expect that the barbarian carpenter would vomited. The barbarian carpenter was very embarrassed, but Christina didn't blame him, and then she immediately washed her body with the river water.

Christina didn't think too much, and she didn't drink the water directly. She didn't know that the patient's vomit was contagious at that time.

"Don't come over!"

Christina shouted.

Patrick was standing three meters away from her. He stared at her with his deep eyes. He looked angry and nervous, and there was a hint of complicated emotion in his eyes.

Not daring to look into his eyes, Christina whispered guiltily, "I, I will isolate myself in my own room tonight. I won't infect you."

"Why did you run around!" Patrick was anxious and he strode towards her.

"Hey, don't come over!"

Christina immediately stepped back and looked at him. She said seriously, "Patrick, you can't get sick."

The disease was serious, and if they let it go without intervention, it would be a disaster.

Of all of them, Patrick must not get sick.

Christina would not drag him down,

Patrick looked at her anxiously. For the sake of the overall situation, he did not approach her again.

Christina avoided his eyes and turned her face away as if nothing had happened. She deliberately said in a flat voice, "I'm going into the room to be quarantined now. If anything happens to me, I'll shout. Don't break into my room."

As she spoke, Christina strode away in the direction of fewer people.

Charles and the others were in a daze and slowly regained their senses when they saw her running away.

"... Idiot!" Charles couldn't help but scold her.

Gary and the others were also worried. Although they lived on this deserted island by their own abilities and they had experienced much, people were always partial.

After all, Christina was Mr. Hopkins's wife.

Christina was obedient now. She stayed in the room and did not dare to walk out. The delivery man put the food at the door. She ate alone and was in a daze.

Whenever Charles had time, he would come to her door to shout and chat with her, but Christina didn't pay much attention to him.

Crystal also came to the door and asked if Christina was feeling unwell.

"... It's okay. I just feel a little bored."

Christina replied sullenly and added, "Don't get too close to this room. If you have one more patient, you will have one less person and you will have to work harder to take care of the patient."

Crystal Zhu was not sure if Christina was really in good condition. According to speculation, if Christina was sick, she would have had a symptom long ago.

Christina had been in the room for seven days, and she was really bored. If she were in modern civilized society, she could still play with her phone. But now she couldn't do anything.

"Do you feel uncomfortable?" Every day, someone came to ask her at the door on time.

"NO"

for seven days in a row, Christina answered like this, which made Patrick and the others feel relieved and confused

in fact, Christina could go out after three days of observation But she herself did not know about this disease, and Patrick was worried Patrick asked her to continue to stay in the room

\* Next time you make a barbecue, remember to add some fennel. It has small purple leaves, small white flowers, a pungent smell of coriander, as well as a bitter taste and a pleasant aftertaste..."

# was rare for Christina not to clamor to come out. She was patient and waited for them to observe Christina was afraid that she would infect Patrick and the others. However, she was fastidious about food and her nature was difficult to change,

Christina asked for better food. The barbecue was too greasy and not even as delicious as the meat Samba cooked

"Besides, I don't want small tomatoes for my daily fruit. I want large mangosteens."

Crabbie, who was taking notes outside the door, rolled his eyes. Christina was really picky.

However, every time Crabbie came to ask Christina about her health, Patrick stood aside. Although Patrick didn't say anything, Crabbie was sensible and agreed, "Okay, I'll send them to you tomorrow."

"How long do I have to be quarantined?"

Christina in the room began to wonder if she had been quarantined for too long. Crabbie subconsciously glanced at Patrick first. Patrick raised his eyebrows and thought for a moment. Then Patrick put out two fingers without changing his expression.

Crabbie immediately understood and said, "Two weeks..." Before Crabbie could finish speaking, Patrick glared at him.

Crabbie was startled and quickly raised his voice. "Two more months of isolation!"

"What? Two months?!"

Christina was depressed.

Crabbie said calmly and solemnly, "I can't help it. The incubation period of this disease is long. Not only did your skin come into contact with vomit, but you also washed your body with the river water. If the virus on your body infects us, it will be troublesome."

For a long time, Christina did not respond.

Christina wanted to sneak out, but she was afraid of being scolded by them. She was ashamed and angry.

Christina kicked the chair down and sat by the bed in a huff. She had to stay in the room for another two months!

Outside the door, Patrick smiled, and Crabbie did not understand why there was a sound of a chair being knocked down in the room.

"She really doesn't have any symptoms?"

in the evening, Patrick and the others ate together and talked about Christina.

Gary and the others thought it was incredible. "She didn't lie. We've checked it.

Christina was vomited with the dirty things on her arms. There were other Barbarians nearby and those passing Barbarians were all unlucky to get sick. Why doesn't Christina have any symptoms so far?"

"Did she suffer from abdominal pain in the room and not tell us?" Alan said.

Charles denied it. "Patrick and I secretly opened the window and observed her. She was very energetic."

During this period when Christina was quarantined, she ate and slept well. And she even put on a few pounds.

"That's amazing."

"It shouldn't be."

Although they all hoped that Christina was not infected, even the Barbarians passing by were sick. "Is Christina immune to this disease?"

They all frowned.

"She has no vaccine either. How can she be immune?"

"Then why didn't she get sick?"

It was so strange that everyone was confused.

Even Patrick frowned. Christina was immune to this disease? Why?

"Christina is related to Rafael by blood. The Strozzi family has a special status on this island. Maybe she is really immune to the disease..."

Charles and the others wanted to know the truth.

Soon, there was a clue. Samba broke into the palace, and he insisted on looking for Christina.

They isolated Christina and locked her up for so long. Samba had waited outside the palace. Finally, he was impatient. Samba didn't know what happened to Human Cub, so he had to see Christina in person.

"... Logically speaking, this Barbarian should also be sick. He was the closest to Christina and personally helped Christina clean up the vomit on her clothes."

It seemed that Christina and Samba were really immune to the disease.

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Patrick couldn't bear to do an experiment with Christina, but now Samba came here himself. Charles and the others looked at Samba slyly and coaxed him to go to the patient's area in the palace..

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Samba believed them. Samba thought that Human Cub was sick. So he looked very sad and worried, and he desperately searched for her in the patients.

Although Patrick and the others did not enter the area, the candles were lit at night, The huge and burly figure of Samba rushed around in panic, and Samba constantly looked for Christina.

It could be seen that Samba was very energetic.

It had been three days, but Samba couldn't find Human Cub.

Samba was very depressed. He even punched the door with his huge fists. Bang! If it weren't for that Gary had taken precautions, the door would have been smashed by Samba.

Samba thought that Christina was not there. He had to go out and look for Christina carefully.

"He's really not sick."

Charles came to this conclusion reluctantly.

They all had complicated expressions. It was strange. How could Christina and Samba be immune to the disease?

After a long time, Patrick said, "... Find out what they usually eat."

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### Chapter 653

"What do I usually eat?"

Christina was confused. Why were they suddenly so curious about what she ate? Through the door, she shouted gloomily, "How about this? I'll eat whatever you give me."

She had been in quarantine for almost two weeks, and she was going crazy. But she was afraid that she would really infect Patrick and the others with the virus. Knowing that it was not easy for them to deal with things outside, now she rarely learned to be considerate.

"No, we're serious. What do you usually eat? Herbs or something?"

At this moment, the door was open.

Yet sitting in the room, she was startled. "Get out, get out!"

She didn't want to make them sick.

Outside the door, Charles and Gary wanted to laugh after seeing her like this.

"It's okay. I'm sure you're not sick and won't infect us." Looking at her serious

face, they now realized that she could be so responsible.

Being silent for a moment, she saw their sinister smiles and felt that she had been tricked.

"I don't need to be quarantined for so long, do I?" She then fumed, "You locked me up on purpose!"

Damn it!

"We didn't mean to trick you. We just don't know why you're immune to this disease."

Charles also quickly explained, "Yes, even your Samba is immune as well."

"We want to find out if something you two eat is an effective treatment for this disease."

immune?

Although she was very excited, she deliberately put on a long face, "I don't know."

Charles then coaxed her, "Christina, this isn't a joke. It's really important. Do you know how many people out there are waiting for a cure? The herbs and fruits you gave Raphael last time made his whole body stiff and numb. So you must know more medicinal herbs, right?"

Quite a lot. I wonder which one you want?" At this time, she did not dare to delay any minute at such a critical juncture

The herb she and Samba ate the most was a kind of vanilla, which was used as barbecue seasoning. "With little purple leaves, small white flowers, a pungent smell of coriander, it tastes a bit bitter, and leaves a faint aftertaste in the mouth."

"We also ate a lot of succulent plants, such as cactus leaves, which were thick and juicy enough to quench our thirst. The taste was bitter and sticky. There were many of these in the rocky areas."

"However, I know that there is a kind of succulent plant that is poisonous. Eating it will numb people's nerves."

She told them in as much detail as possible. As she spoke, Charles and Gary took the notebook and recorded her words, but they were really unfamiliar with the ecological plants on the island. "Tomorrow, you and Samba, come with us to pick up some samples."

"Is Samba in this palace too?" She immediately stared at them.

"He seems to be looking for you."

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All of sudden, Charles felt very guilty. He then closed his notebook and ran away. When she found Samba, she realized that he had come into the palace to look for her three days ago. Yet Charles, this bastards, had tricked him into doing experiments in the patient area.

"Your lives are precious, yet the lives of the Barbarians are not?!" She was furious. If it weren't for the sake of other people's lives, she would not be willing to take these bastards to identify fruit and herbs.

Right now, Charles and the others were too guilty to look straight into her angry eyes.

"After Raphael ate this plant, he was poisoned and paralyzed..."

It was also a succulent plant. The tree was half a meter tall and wouldn't bloom. The green leaves were lush, thick and juicy. It had many thorns like a cactus, but the thorns were soft.

When she led them out to identify plants, they also picked some small tomatoes, large mangosteen, and black skinned watermelons with them.

There was also a large banana leaf, which was very wide and could wrap the whole person up. It was emerald green and had a strong smell of fresh grass, which could relieve some stomach discomfort.

Knowing that they were looking for herbs to treat the disease, Samba actively

pulled out a few different plants as he mumbled a few words  
One was a short slender purple grass with only three leaves. The root was also purple. It was very bitter and had a strong anti-inflammatory and analgesic effect  
The other was a vine plant with a dark-green leaf surface and gray white leaf bottom. It looked like a creeper. The plant was very dry and had almost no juice.  
Samba had once crushed the vines into pieces and stuffed them into Christina's throat. It had a kind of numb and spicy grass smell, which was very irritating to her throat and stomach

"Samba, you don't have to talk to these idiots." She glared at Charles and the others.

Lily, the female translator, also followed. Now that the disease was spreading on the island, no one could stay aloof. Therefore, everyone was now putting aside their prejudices and doing their own duty. At this time, she explained the function of the herbs that Samba had just mentioned,

The persons behind him quickly wrote it down.

And Charles and Gary looked guiltily at him. Even though he was bearded with a ferocious face, he seemed to be quite nice. They muttered in a low voice.

Because of his huge body and ferocious face, they were prejudiced against him in their hearts. Only when they got along with the Barbarians did they realize that unless there was a conflict of interest, these aboriginals would not take the initiative to attack and were even quite willing to help.

How could a Barbarian be so noble?

After three days of work, in addition to carefully identifying the various vegetation on the island, Charles and the others also learned to know the temper and habits of the Barbarians.

"So, it was quite lucky for Christina that after she had just fallen into this island, she was taken home by a Barbarian."

But who among them would have thought so at that time?

After dinner, while they were sorting out the herbs they had collected, a man said in a low and mysterious voice, "Lily told me that Samba had been calling Christina Cub."

All of a sudden, Charles and the others were speechless.

In the eyes of a Barbarian, Christina was a Cub.

She was raised as a cub...

In another room, she suddenly sneezed,

She was not good at Aboriginal Language, and Samba had been calling her a strange pronunciation. So far, she did not know it meant Human Cub.

Early the next morning, she pulled Samba out of the palace as she had done the other day. He thought they were

going to look for plants today, but she said, "Let's sneak away. Don't let them know."

Yet he stood still and froze for a long time. He then waved his hands and muttered, "No, we can't. We have promised them."

"Just don't let them know," She explained briefly.

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At present, his eyes were filled with shock, and his brain went totally blank.

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Despite his ferocious look, he had a good temper and always kept his words. She then sighed. "Samba, there are only a few people on the island who won't get sick now and we're one of them."

"Clean water is very important. Let's take a look at the situation along the upper reaches of the river today and see if there is a clean water source."

Now the water stored in the palace was very limited, it would soon be used up.

The Barbarians in the Market had begun to drink the river water directly. People could not live without water, and neither could the Barbarians. So more and more

barbarians were sick recently.

If the situation continued to deteriorate, the consequences would be unthinkable and everyone would die in the end.

As for the herbs, Gary and the others would do a group experiment. Now that she and Samba were immune to the disease, it would be more helpful.

After he understood, he was convinced and then nodded at her.

In fact, no matter what she said, as long as it was logical, he would believe it.

However, recently, he became smarter and actually asked, "Why couldn't we tell them?"

With a strange expression, she smeared them, "Samba, they are bad people."

If she went out to find water, Patrick wouldn't agree.

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### Chapter 654

When Charles and the others were about to go out to look for herbs, they found that Christina and Samba were not in the palace. They had run away.

Strictly speaking, they did not run away in secret. Christina left a note.

"You can go to get the herbs. Samba and I will go to look for water. Don't catch me back."

The last sentence showed her determination.

Charles immediately took the note to Patrick. Patrick looked at it and wanted to say something, but he fell silent.

Patrick didn't go out to look for herbs these days. He had something else to deal with.

He had one-third of the scepter that Raphael wanted, and the ancient writing pattern on the golden scepter needed to be deciphered. And he must also understand the "Barbarian Song" that Raphael mentioned last time.

Patrick was really busy, and everything had to be reported to him.

Whether it was on such a deserted island or in the Hopkins family in the past, Patrick was always really busy and rarely had time to accompany Christina.

Christina could live well alone, and she didn't need Patrick's company at all.

Patrick remained silent for a long time.

"Go and do your own things," Patrick said in a low voice.

Charles was so surprised that Patrick was relieved that Christina was with that Barbarian outside. It was not Patrick's style.

At this time, Christina and Samba had already walked 20 kilometers. They slipped out of the palace before dawn and kept walking along the upper reaches of the river.

Christina looked up at the sun above her, which was rising. She thought that Charles and the others probably knew about her and Samba's outing. She had no choice but to act first and report afterwards.

Patrick was a domineering man, but Christina always felt that he was worried about separating from her.

Christina didn't like being controlled.

When Samba saw that she was tired from walking, he handed her a kettle.

Christina shook her head at Samba. Clean water was very precious now, and she couldn't bear to drink it until she was really thirsty.

On their left was a great river, in which the clear water was flowing. All the dead fish in the river had been fished

before. The water kept flowing down from the upper reaches. The river looked nothing unusual under the sun. The water was very clear and transparent, but there were no living beings in the water. Christina stopped and noticed that the plants near the river seemed to be a little withered.

As she approached the river, Samba grabbed her in panic, as if there was something terrible in the river.

"It's okay. I just want to pull some weeds by the river."

Samba understood what she said and quickly strode over. He randomly pulled up a few small weeds with his big hand. The roots of the weeds were wet with mud. Christina took a closer look at those weeds, some of which even had rotten roots. No wonder they looked withered.

"Even the plants are affected."

In the past, the plants growing by the river were much lusher. "Is this river poisonous?"

There were no laboratory machines on the island, and they didn't know what was in the river now. Gary and the others could only test the water with some primitive methods.

"Samba, I saw it yesterday. The water in your kettle is the river water." Christina suddenly said to Samba.

Since a large number of dead fish appeared in the river, everyone, including the Barbarians, was informed not to drink the river water. They could only eat some succulents to quench their thirst, or go to the lake in the forest to get water.

"Is the water in your kettle now the river water?" Christina wanted to snatch the big kettle tied around Samba's waist

Samba was frightened and quickly stepped back.

He was as nervous as if someone had discovered his secret. His huge body was stiff, and his expression was very restrained. He was at a loss and did not dare to look at Christina.

It was as if he had done something wrong. He did not deny it, but he held his large kettle tightly and refused to let Christina take it away

Christina would give up so easily. She continued to try to open his hands and snatch the bottle away.

If there was anything delicious to eat, Samba would immediately share it with Christina. And Samba was far less smart than Christina. As long as Christina said something logical, Samba would think it was right even if it was wrong.

But Samba wouldn't give her his big kettle.

"If you don't give it to me, I can use the materials in front of me." Christina said.

Then she ran straight into the river, cupping some water and drinking it.

Samba was so scared that he screamed and ran over quickly. He grabbed the clothes on the back of her neck with his big hand anxiously.

"Samba, if you can drink this river water, I should be able to drink it too."

Christina looked innocent.

It was impossible for her to deliberately attempt suicide.

Christina found out the secret of Samba drinking the river water yesterday, and he didn't suffer any side effects, so she wanted to sneak out today to find out whether the river water could be drunk or not.

Samba ignored what she said and wanted to reach into Christina's throat to make her vomit the river water.

"I've drunk it. I can't vomit it. I think it's okay." Christina struggled to escape from Samba's hands.

Samba looked heartbroken.

It seemed that Christina was going to die.

Christina sighed helplessly.

"I won't die." She waved her hand vigorously.

The river water that Christina drank just now was bitter.

11 she hadn't tasted it herself, she couldn't believe that the river water which she drank before she entered the island was cool and sweet. There was no industries on the island, and all the natural ecological conditions here were primitive and pollution-free,

The water in the river became bitter, and it made her tongue a little numb. She felt her whole mouth very uncomfortable, as if she had drunk a heavy chemical dye. And there was also a smell of sulfur and other irritant smells

Christina didn't know much about chemical elements, but she was sure that the river was definitely polluted by a large number of toxic substances

The fish and shrimps in the river were all dead, and the plants along the river began to wither,

Fortunately, Christina didn't feel unwell now.

"Samba, I'm very strong now. Don't worry about me."

Christina showed up the muscles on her arms to comfort Samba. After entering the island, she was more flexible and muscular than before. Living here was more effective than taking any modern bodybuilding training

However, Samba felt that Christina's skin had turned a little fairer because she was locked up in the cubicle for two weeks. He had been worried for a long time and felt that she had become ugly and unhealthy.

Christina was helpless. She had explained it many times that her skin was naturally very fair.

But Samba always looked at her sympathetically.

In Samba's opinion, only tanned skin was healthy.

Christina sighed deeply again and changed the subject, "Let's take these withered weeds back. We have to tell them that the plants on the island are beginning to wither."

Everyone was about to run out of their fresh water. The water of the lakes in the forest was limited, and it didn't seem to rain frequently on this continent.

Christina hadn't seen rain on the island since she entered the island.

Their original plan was to try their best to choose plants to quench their thirst before solving the problem of diseases. For example, although succulents tasted bad, they were full of water. However, even the plants began to wither now.

Everything was getting worse.

"I don't know what will happen." Christina looked at the blue and cloudless sky in panic.

At this time, Patrick took the imprisoned Raine to the Matriarch's house.

They were talking secretly in the room.

Patrick said that he could let Raine go, but it had conditions.

The Matriarch did not like Patrick. The people outside the island were so ambitious that they had been bullying the Barbarians for many years, and the Matriarch had handed her most important golden scepter to them. The Matriarch was angry but helpless when she saw Patrick coming.

Raine was imprisoned for some time, and the wound on his body recovered a lot. He was shouting for his mother to save him.

"Ask her about everything about the Barbarian Islands, including those songs, legends, and curses \* Patrick said to the interpreter

At first, the Matriarch was unwilling to speak, but Raine kept roaring as if he was blaming his mother for not saving him

"The river will become bitter, and the forest will wither. People will be sick, and the sky will set fireballs. The dark moment will come, and the sun will no longer

be seen.”

The Matriarch sung in hoarse voice with sadness.

# My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 655

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## Chapter 655

Christina went back to the palace before the sun went down.

She didn't know if it was her illusion, but she felt that everyone in the palace had become absent-minded as if they had been frightened and were all in a trance.

Christina and Samba were only out of the palace for half a day. What happened here?

“Why does everyone seem to be scared?” From afar, Christina saw Charles. She called him and immediately asked.

Charles deliberately avoided the question and said, “We thought you and Samba wouldn't come back.” He accused Christina of leaving without informing them.

“If I told you, would you allow me and Samba to go out to find water?”

“You don't need to worry about it...”

Christina heard him lecturing her and immediately interrupted, “The river has become bitter.”

“What?”

Charles looked at her in surprise, then there was a panic in his eyes. He was nervous and asked, “What, what did you just say?”

Christina frowned, not understanding why he was so scared all of a sudden.

She repeated with a serious expression, “The river, the river has become bitter.”

It was not his hallucination.

Charles heard clearly that the river had become bitter.

Charles's eyes were filled with fear. His breathing quickened and he tried to calm himself down. “How do you know?” He was too nervous and unconsciously raised his voice.

\*Tve tasted it.” Christina said frankly.

The river has become bitter, and even the tip of my tongue is numb. I feel very uncomfortable as if I have drunk a heavy chemical dye and it has an irritating smell like sulfur.”

The river really became bitter,

Charles stiffened and stared at her as if his mind went blank,

Christina was also surprised that the river had become bitter, but she didn't think it was unacceptable. Charles overreacted.

“Charles, what's wrong with you?”

Christina looked at him up and down in confusion. “Your reaction is a little strange.”

As she spoke, Christina took out a few withered grasses from the animal skin bag around her waist and continued to tell him, “Today, Samba and I also found that the plants near the water source began to wither and yellow, and the roots began to rot...”

The plants began to wither and turn yellow.

Charles paused for three minutes without saying a word. He took a deep breath and said in a hurry, “I, I will... No, you should go to Patrick now!”

“No.”

Christina subconsciously thought she was going to be scolded. She left them a note and ran away this morning, feeling a little guilty.

But Charles didn't care about it. “Christina, you must tell Patrick exactly what you

just said!" He dragged Christina to the lobby where Patrick and the others worked.

Christina felt that it was not because she ran away. There was something important to happen.

Patrick and the others were talking at the long table in the hall. Charles hurried in and whispered a few words. Christina followed him in and noticed that their expressions were strange.

"Has the river really become bitter?" Gary asked eagerly.

Christina nodded.

Patrick looked at her and said in a deep voice, "How do you know?"

"I tasted it myself."

Hearing this answer, Gary and the others were secretly nervous.

"Have you really tasted the liver yourself?" Patrick repeated.

Patrick was suddenly furious. We told everyone not to drink the river water. But you said you tasted it yourself today!

It was not that he didn't believe Christina, but that he was angry at what she had done.

Everyone had different purposes, and the matter they cared about was different. Gary and the others cared about the river, but Patrick was annoyed that Christina tasted it herself.

Patrick was concerned about Christina, but he wouldn't say it. He cared about her every moment.

Christina met his angry eyes and was scolded by him. For some reason, her heart beat wildly. She lowered her head and did not dare to retort.

Normally, Charles and the others would be happy to see that Patrick scolds Christina. But at this moment, they must first understand the meaning of the "Song".

"Christina, bring them the grasses." Charles whispered a reminder.

Christina obediently put the withered grasses that she picked up today on the table. Gary and the others immediately picked them up and examined them carefully.

The roots of the grasses really began to rot, and the edges of the leaves began to wither and turn yellow.

Seeing

The expression on their faces became even more depressed and solemn. "These plants were picked by the river?"

Christina nodded.

Gary and the others looked strange and nervously discussed something in a low voice...

Christina brought back the news in time, but at the same time, they were even more frightened.

"... The river has become bitter. The forest has withered. People are sick. The sky has set fireballs. The dark moment has come, and the sun can no longer be seen."

An ancient song has been passed down from generation to generation by the Barbarians.

Even Matriarch did not know the origin of this song. She said that this song has been around for a long time and this was the curse of the Wilding Island. This afternoon, Patrick and the others went to inquire about the relevant news. The Matriarch sang the song in her hoarse voice. Although they could not understand the aboriginal language they could understand its endless sadness. Then the interpreter explained it to Patrick and the others. When they returned to the palace, the barbarian song spread, and the people in the palace became nervous.

"The river has become bitter."

"The forest has withered."

"People are sick."

Gary muttered these words. All of them began to come true.

"What does it mean by 'The sky has set fireballs'?" They were discussing.

"The dark moment has come, and the sun can no longer be seen."

"The sun can no longer be seen. Does that mean that everyone on the island is dead?"

Now all the discussions were just conjectures. This was originally an ancient culture belonging to the Barbarians, and it was even harder for them to understand the meaning of this song.

Christina listened to their heated debate and realized that this was what the barbarian song was about.

This barbarian song was like a warning.

The Barbarians used to call it a curse.

"The last sentence should mean simply the sun can't be seen anymore." Christina expressed her opinion.

Judging from her communication with Samba, Christina knew that the Barbarian's thoughts were straightforward and simple. If the song implied that all people were dead, it would definitely be directly expressed. The greatest sadness in the song was not death, but living in despair.

"Darkness fell, and the sun could no longer be seen... Something should be blocking the sun."

As soon as Christina said this, Charles had an idea and said, "This island has been enveloped by thick fog!"

Gary and the others immediately became excited. "Yes! When we first flew to inspect this area, the islands in this area were wrapped in thick fog, so we couldn't see the topography of the island at all..."

It was the thick fog.

Black fog.

"... The sky has set fireballs. The dark moment has come, and the sun can no longer be seen."

Patrick's face was solemn and he said in a low voice, "The volcanic eruption." This was the most reasonable guess imaginable at the moment.

Soon, the island will experience an unprecedented disaster, a supervolcano eruption,

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 656

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### Chapter 656

Volcano?

The Barbarian Island would have an unprecedented volcanic eruption.

"According to the legend of the Barbarian, it should be a volcanic eruption..."

Gary and the others were all in a heavy mood.

"Are we going to run?" Charles said hesitantly.

"Where can we escape to?" Suddenly, he felt that this question was a little ridiculous and pathetic.

If the prediction of this Barbarian song was true, then no one would survive.

Where could they escape to?

"Our cruise ship..."

"Our cruise ship was badly damaged after the last big storm and hasn't been completely repaired according to time. Moreover, it will take at least a month for us to return to the original place from here. When we are on our way, will we

encounter a volcanic eruption?" Only God knew the answer. Chandler tried to speak calmly. "I think we should first confirm the location of the crater and the scale of the volcano."

"As far as we know, there is no volcano on this island."

"Could it be a volcano under the sea?"

Christina thought for a moment and guessed, "Could it be in other islands?" Her words reminded the others, Right, they almost forgot that this archipelago was made up of three major big islands, surrounded by countless satellite islands. They were only on one of the three big islands, and the supervolcano could be on other islands.

"How do we find it?"

There was a serious lack of transportation. By the time they found the volcano, they would have been burned by the molten lava

"The volcano shouldn't have erupted recently

Everyone hoped this way, keeping a fluke in the hearts

"The river water becomes tatter now, and the people on the island are getting sick one after another. The plants have just begun to wither and turn yellow so it should take a while before it.

Then they had to hurry up and strived for a chance to survive.

"Let's ask the Barbarians about the volcano first. The Matriarch should know something..."

Just as Charles and Gary were about to leave the house and kidnap the Matriarch, Patrick stopped them. "Wait a minute."

"Ask Raphael for information first."

There was no need to go far. Raphael must know something.

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Only then did Charles and the others realize that they had forgotten about that pervert Raphael.

Ever since he was stuffed with a handful of grass by Christina, his limbs were stiff and he could not move as if he were a vegetable, which really made them delighted.

Raphael, who was despicable and shameless, had never been a good person. They had thought about it. They helped him recover and asked him to answer a few questions.

"Where's he?"

When Christina and the others came into the room, they looked astonished. And Gary's face turned grim. He then turned to the guard outside and shouted, "What's going on?"

The two people outside the door didn't seem to know what was going on. They rushed in. At first sight, the bed was empty and they looked very surprised as well.

"He, he is clearly in bed and can't move."

"We have fed him this morning and noon."

Raphael couldn't move his limbs. How did he run away?

"He has accomplices."

Just then, Christina found some small leaves on the bed. This slender purple herb was used to treat stiffness. When Samba accidentally fed her this grass, he saved her life.

And Raphael's accomplice was Earl. How could they forget that black cat? That cat was capable of doing anything.

"Where's that bastard Raphael?"

At this critical moment, they suspected that he had deliberately absconded, making them anxious.

"Damn it. I should have punched him more before he could move" Gary and the others really regretted it.

When they were vexed by his escape, outside the palace, more Barbarians were suffering from abdominal pain from drinking the river water, and the disease was spreading wantonly.

The plants on both sides of the river bank withered rapidly overnight. Gradually, even the vegetation far away from the river began to turn yellow.

The situation was getting worse.

"Haven't you figured out what herbs to use to treat this disease?" They didn't want to rush on the experiment, but right now everyone grew anxious.

"We brought back all the fruits, leaves, and vines that Christina mentioned before. We divided them into different categories and let the patients do group experiments to observe their condition. At present, it seems that there are three kinds of plants that may be effective, but we can't be sure if they are used alone or in combination."

How could it be so easy to find an accurate treatment plan? They had to be divided into groups and took time to observe.

"If those three plants don't have too many side effects, let everyone eat them just in case."

Now they could only make every possible effort.

Their main treatment target was the servants bought from the palace. The Barbarians had a strong immune system. Even if they were infected with this disease, they only had severe abdominal pain and became weak, but it did not threaten their lives.

Now every time Christina and the others went out of the palace, they could see that the Barbarians were suffering from abdominal pain. They had to bend down and walk, who used to be so fierce, yet now became ailing.

What was worse, the forest vegetation outside the palace was also withered. The edges of the leaves turned yellow and dry, all drooping.

Even the grass eating animals in the forest were affected. The rabbits and boars had lost weight and their reactions had become much slower.

The island was enveloped in an invisible sense of fear.

"Do you think there seems to be a pungent chemical smell in the air recently?"

Charles asked in a low voice, suppressing the fear in his heart,

Yet Chandler and Gary didn't answer. Everyone knew that even the air they were breathing had been polluted.

The uneasiness in their hearts increased.

It was as if they were trapped in a poisonous fog, unable to break free and slowly waiting to die.

Charles couldn't help but suggest, "I think we should go back to the beach immediately, get into the cruise ship, and take shelter first."

They couldn't really wait for death here with these aboriginal Barbarians!

And Chandler seconded. "We really can't delay any longer. We should go back to the cruise ship immediately."

As he spoke, he added, "I really don't understand what exactly Patrick is waiting for!"

If Patrick had given the order, they would have gone back a long time ago, instead of waiting here for nothing every day.

Yet Gary and the rest became surly. "We won't leave unless Mr. Hopkins gives order." Their voice was sonorous and powerful.

"But we won't stop you from going anywhere!"

Hearing that, Charles and Chandler did not dare to raise any more objections.

Gary and his men only pledged loyalty to Patrick. If they said anything more about him, they might be beaten up by Gary and the others.

# My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 657

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## Chapter 657

Everyone on the island was immersed in depression and desperation. But fortunately, there was good news today, They had found effective herbs to cure the disease that spread across the island. The herbs turned out to be Fennel that Christina and Samba used as a seasoning for roast meat.

Fennel mainly grew around the rocky slope, which was near the cave where Samba lived. That area was scattered with meteorites of all sizes. The Fennel especially liked to grow in the crevices of the meteorites. There was a lot of lush Fennel.

Fennel grew in small clumps like grass. Its leaves were dark purple, and it had small white flowers, smelling like pungent coriander. And it tasted bitter. Christina and Samba ate most of Fennel. They would put it in roast meat to reduce the greasiness.

"There is no chemical laboratory on the island. So I don't know what special ingredients this grass contains. After patients in the experimental group take Fennel on time and in dose, their symptoms are significantly reduced. If they keep eating it, their diseases can be effectively controlled. Moreover, there are almost no side effects after taking it."

What a miracle herb!

Christina was shocked to hear it, asking, "Can Fennel cure the disease?" She took it as a vegetable.

Christina liked to eat coriander and only felt Fennel taste like coriander. So she named it casually and threw it into the barbecue as a seasoning as long as it was non-poisonous.

"I thought vine grass and grass juice which tastes bitter is anti-inflammatory and more medicinal."

The two herbs were very stimulating. They both tasted bitter. Since bitter pills might have welcome effects, she thought they could cure the disease but didn't expect the most common Fennel to be effective.

Alan was responsible for the analysis of the herbs' experimental data. He also said in surprise, "The two kinds of herbs that taste numb and bitter do have a certain effect on this disease. However, the effect is not obvious. Besides, their side effects are severe, causing the patient to vomit, diarrhea, and "It's great to hear that the Fennel can relieve the disease. This herb tastes much better. Whether it's fresh, dried, or roasted, it's effective. We've sent people to the meteorite belt to collect a lot."

"The diseases that spread across the island should be effectively controlled soon."

That was great.

inally a piece of good news dispelled their long lasting depression

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief,

Christina happily told Samba about this. He was very surprised and said that he wanted to go back to the cave meteonte zone Samba was homesick. After all, he had been living in the meteorite zone since he was a child, Christina had thought that she could come back with Samba to collect Fennel and then sell it in the market. She would definitely make a lot of money.

However, since she had enough gold, she did not have much desire for money.

Christina was afraid to encounter dangers if she had such a windfall. So she stopped thinking about it.

Samba was simple-minded. He told Christina seriously that Fennel could cure diseases because of meteorites mysterious power. Fennel grew between the cracks of meteorites.

The barbarians were particularly in awe and worship of foreign things such as meteorites.

He didn't know if meteorites on the island really had some mysterious power. Samba said that when he was a child, he was seriously injured by a wild boar in the forest. Then he climbed onto a large meteorite and waited quietly for death to come. But the next day, he woke up safe and sound. He didn't bleed or hurt anymore, feeling much more energetic.

"Are those meteorites so magical?"

"Why haven't I heard you mention it before?"

Christina knew that Samba wouldn't lie. But it sounded incredible.

It seemed that the fact that Fennel could cure the disease was closely related to the meteorites.

Samba scratched his big head awkwardly. He was not as smart as Human Cub. He didn't think about the cause and effect of those logical problems.

Samba suggested that he wanted to go back to the meteorite zone where he grew up. Alan happily agreed. With Samba leading the way, their people could pick more herbs.

In the beginning, Alan feared and hated the barbarians. But later he gradually understood them and got close to Samba. Now Alan had accepted barbarians on the island and no longer rejected them.

Samba had a better temper than Hulk. Moreover, he was strong, high combat effective, and most importantly, simple minded. He was amazing.

Samba was very popular in their team. Everyone was good to Samba,

Of course, Patrick was indifferent to him. But their boss never treated anyone very warmly.

Something unexpected happened.

Now they had found effective herbs to treat diseases. They were more confident and active. The team deduced that the source of all diseases was the river, Patrick led the team to the upper reaches of the river.

"Am I going to?"

Christina was informed that she needed to follow the team to the upper reaches of the river for inspection because she was the first to find the withered plants on both banks.

Patrick did not order her directly. After thinking about it and analyzing it, Christina thought the problem of the river more serious. "Now there is a strong pungent smell in the air." It was urgent to find the source as soon as possible.

"Okay, I'll go with you." Christina agreed very immediately.

Patrick looked at her calmly with a slight smile.

So when Samba and Alan's team set off to pick up the herbs in the meteorite zone, Christina followed Patrick's team in the other direction along the upper reaches of the river.

When Samba found out that Human Cub did not go with him, he seemed to be deeply depressed.

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Alan felt sympathetic at Samba's disappointed look. Samba wanted to raise Christina as a Human Cub of him. But their boss might not agree.

After having breakfast together in the palace, Christina and the others set off.

After walking for about an hour, she noticed something strange, saying, "Are you

going back?"

This time Patrick's team had fewer people, including Charles, Gary, Crabbie, and the other 12 people. If Christina was counted, there were a total of 17 people. They all carried big backpacks on their shoulders. The smallest backpack weighed 40 kilograms at least. Except for Christina, who was with a light package, everyone else seemed to be ready for a long journey.

It was obvious that they would not go back to the palace in a short time, Charles quickened his pace and deliberately ran away, afraid that she would ask him.

"Hey, I'm asking you. Are you not going back to the palace for a short time?"

Christina ran to Patrick.

She rarely actively got close to him. Patrick was carrying a backpack weighing 50 kilograms. He looked at her sideways and answered naturally, "We're leaving Barbarian Island"

"Heading to another island

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 658

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### Chapter 658

Patrick took out a map of the Strozzi Islands,

He spread the old yellow map on the rock and discussed with others, "...We are on the Barbarian Island now."

"According to the message Lucy left us, the palace on the Barbarian Island is equivalent to a mountain resort for fun."

Patrick pointed to the central area of the map with his slender finger. "This area is the largest and busiest island of the Strozzi Islands. This is our destination."

"...where the owner of Island lives."

The island in the middle was the lair of the Strozzi family.

Christina was standing at the periphery of the crowd. Although she couldn't squeeze in, she was still surprised to hear their discussion.

Her mother, Mary, probably lived there. If it had been as desolate as the Barbarian Island, Mary would have run away long ago.

The Strozzi Islands mainly consisted of three large islands, with many small islands in the marginal area. Now, apart from the Barbarian Island in the east, they knew nothing about the Second Largest Island in the center and the Third Island in the north.

"... We've used both coercion and cajolery to ask the Matriarch of the Barbarians for information. But she didn't know anything about the other two big islands."

"Rafael is nowhere to be found. The strongest possibility is that he is now on the Second Largest Island. Plus, the Elder of the Barbarian Island is also missing."

The leaders of the Barbarian Island were always female, while the Elders were highly respected men.

"There have been legends of Eight Elders in the Strozzi Islands. In addition to the Elder of the Barbarian Island, the other seven Elders are likely to be on the Second Largest Island, too."

... There is no bridge between the Barbarian Island and the Second Largest Island. According to the map, we have to cross a big river. How deep is this river?"

"We could build a raft to pass over to the other side of the river."

After the discussion, Patrick folded the map. Gary and the others looked ahead, and their eyes were filled with both anticipation and uneasiness.

Christina was the only woman in their small team of 17, and she was obviously

ostracized. Standing in a corner, she was not welcomed to participate in the conversation

\* Why should I come with you?" Christina was a little dissatisfied, "You are the first to find that the vegetation on the riverside is becoming embrowned, and you are immune to the polluted water." They spoke in a bureaucratic tone again.

Christina began to suspect that these were just excuses.

"I haven't told Samba that I'm leaving the Barbarian Island..."

At first she was only told that they were going to carry out a survey in the upper reaches of the river. No one said anything about leaving the island. Otherwise, she would have said goodbye to Samba. If she did not go back for a long time, Samba would worry again.

Patrick looked at the river beside him as if he was carefully examining these unleashed breakers, while others all played dumb, pretending not to have heard her complaints.

Christina knew that it was going to be a long and dangerous journey, so she did not dare to toy with this great issue. "Won't it be troublesome to bring me with you?"

Charles turned his back to her and rolled his eyes. God knew that he had been strongly opposing taking Christina along from the beginning.

But Patrick insisted. What else could the rest of the team do?

"... Why don't you let Crystal come with you? At least she can cook delicious food for you." Feeling she had been tricked, Christina was indignant.

Finally, Patrick retorted calmly, "Crystal is weak and not suitable for this long journey. What's more, she has a great natural aptitude for learning languages. Staying here, she can learn the Aboriginal Language of the Barbarians."

He was right. In a short time, Crystal had developed higher proficiency in the Aboriginal Language than Christina.

In other words, Christina was someone of more muscle than brains, which made her well-fitted for this arduous journey

Christina had no choice but to accept it. The group started to proceed upriver. Before, Charles and Gary were really worried that Christina would drag them down. This trip is of great significance and full of danger. Crystal had gone with them before. Although she tried to hold on, they could see from her pale face that she was physically exhausted,

Fortunately, although Christina was also a woman, she was not run down so far. Instead, she walked even faster than the men.

Of course. We all have to carry heavy bags. She's the only one who travels light."

Patrick had been carrying her share of luggage

Christina did not know the worries these men had about her.

She had proved with her actual deeds that she was not a burden. After all, she had been with Samba for so long and had learned the most useful survival skills of the Barbarians.

The journey was full of danger, expectation, uneasiness, and at the same time boredom.

They marched along the river in an orderly manner. The vegetation around big rivers was usually relatively lush. As they walked, they observed the condition around the river. For example, whether the water quality had changed, and whether the plants had turned withered.

Christina, on the other hand, picked fruits and leaves as she walked, and sometimes just ate the fresh fruits with relish.

She also picked up a lot of flexible vines and weaved a soft and dense basket as she walked.

With her crude craftsmanship, the basket looked really ugly, but it was big, dense, and strong – very practical.

Christina did not walk in a straight line like the rest of the group did, but ran around like a kid. After a while, she had picked up so many things that her basket was half full.

Gary and Charles didn't know what to say. It felt like she was having an outing. "... I didn't hold you back." Christina turned her head and said leisurely. Seeing a few towering trees 500 meters ahead, she quickened her pace and ran over.

Charles was a little anxious. "Hey, don't run so fast." This woman was way too careless. What if there was something dangerous?

Patrick saw everything and was very calm as if he was herding a sheep.

Christina was agile, like a monkey. She used both hands and feet and shinned up an old tree. The thick leaves blocked their views, so no one knew what she was doing on the tree.

When they hurried to the big tree, Christina had nimbly climbed down from the tree. There were more than 20 eggs in her ugly basket. With dark gray eggshells, these eggs were slightly bigger than goose eggs.

Originally, they wanted to scold her, but when they saw the eggs, everyone was surprised

Christina looked as if nothing had happened. She ran to the river, picked a large leaf that looked like a lotus leaf,

and covered it directly on her head, just like she was wearing a big green hat. It looked absurd, but it could act as a great sun helmet.

Charles watched her back. She was walking briskly in front of him, with a big green leaf on her head and an ugly basket on her back. The basket was stuffed with a lot of messy things. Charles was helpless with laughter.

Gary and the other men were also chuckling. Christina kept strutting around, not knowing it at all that she looked funny.

Christina ignored these idiots.

She deeply understood that on this island, attractive personal appearances were completely superfluous. The only thing necessary was to survive.

Patrick also went to pick a big lotus leaf. When Charles and the others saw his ridiculous look, they all bit their lip hard to prevent themselves from laughing.

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 659

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

### Chapter 659

Patrick and the others had been walking for 5 hours since morning. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon now, the hottest time in the day.

They decided to take a rest where they were for an hour.

They sat under a few big trees beside a river. Unfortunately, the water in the river had been polluted, so they could only take a sip from the water in their own bottles when they were thirsty.

Patrick, who had tricked Christina to go on this journey with him, walked to her to give her a bottle of water. He only brought two bottles with him.

Christina was sitting alone behind a giant stone to stay away from the sunshine. She crossed her legs, tidying up the ugly vine bag she made by herself.

Her head was lowered down as she stuffed something in her mouth. It must have been something delicious since her face bulged while she kept chewing them.

Patrick sat down beside her. Only then did he see the thing Christina was eating. A thick leaf of succulents that looked like a cactus without thorns.

"Is it delicious?" He asked in a low voice.

Christina turned to him as she kept chewing the succulent in her mouth. "No," She answered frankly.

Patrick handed her the bottle with a smile, "Drink some water."

Christina took it over immediately. However, instead of drinking it, she put the bottle in her vine bag carefully.

Touched by the scene that she cherished this bottle so much, Patrick softened his voice and spoke to her in a way as if he was coaxing a baby, "I'll find a stream for us..."

It was his duty to take care of her as her husband.

Christina rarely asked for anything from him. Patrick couldn't help but feel moved when he saw her cherishing the bottle given by him so much.

"I'm afraid we won't be able to find a stream for the next few days."

Christina didn't buy his words.

She continued to eat the succulent calmly, "This thing tastes gooey and bitter. A little disgusting but really quenches my thirst"

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Then she advised him to stop being so Dicky and igin her to eat the plant

Patrick was amused.

He picked a leaf from her succulent and took a bite. It really tasted bad. Patrick frowned immediately.

Charles and Gary, who were sitting under another tree, glanced at Patrick and Christina from time to time, not daring to disturb them. Inspired by Christina, they were thinking to themself whether they should quench their thirst with plants as well.

They brought some jerky with them. Although the jerky could be stored for a long time, it was extremely difficult to chew them up since they were all tough and dry. They had to keep them in their mouths for minutes before they could actually eat them.

They made meat soup with jerky and tomatoes in the past. The sweet and sour soup tasted quite delicious and kept them warm at the same time. However, now that the water was so precious, they couldn't afford to make soup anymore.

Charles and the others had no choice but to eat the jerky directly. It was difficult, but at least they wouldn't be hungry anymore.

Christina refused to eat the jerky. "I'll find myself something else to eat." She stood up and started to pick up the dry branches around the trees. Soon, she got herself a large pile of them.

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She picked out a thick branch and dug a small hole with it. Then she put all the branches into the hole and made a fire on it. To keep the fire burning, she picked up more branches and added them to it.

"What are you doing?" Charles and the others asked curiously.

Christina didn't even look up. "Making charcoal." As she spoke, she squatted down to look for something in her bag.

Charles and the other had a mixed feeling when they saw more than 20 bird eggs in her bag. They were so poor compared to her.

Obviously, Christina was going to roast those eggs with hot charcoal.

She was much smarter than all of these men here.

Gary and a few members of his team stood up indignantly. They took some improved bows and pistols and then headed to the dense forest nearby. Now that Christina was smart enough to come up with the idea of cooking herself some bird eggs, they should at least hunt some small prey.

The forest was different from the training ground, Hunting was difficult here, even for these marksmen.

With the help of bows and guns, they spent a lot of time trying to catch a rabbit

and still failed in the end. The cunning rabbit just jumped into a hole and disappeared

All of them sighed in disappointment.

It wasn't a big forest, so they didn't find much prey here. Besides a few squirrels and rabbits that passed by from time to time, they didn't see anything else that they could eat.

"Let's see if there are larger forests in front."

Gary was encouraging his team while Christina walked over leisurely. In the surprised gaze of these previously arrogant men, she walked around the hole which the rabbit had jumped into, squatted down, and then reached her arm into a small hole under a tree nearby.

Then she pulled out a bunch of rabbits.

Gary was dumbfounded.

Christina grabbed the two biggest rabbits with both her hands while the other rabbits fled away quickly.

Charles, the first who came back to his senses, shouted, "Catch them!" Reminded by him, those men finally started to chase after the rabbits and caught only two small ones in the end.

"Who said first that she was going to drag us down?" These men sighed in embarrassment.

One of them muttered, "If we ask her for an egg, will she give us?"

"Aren't you a man with backbone?"

"My backbone can't bring me any food!"

"Will she be willing to give me a rabbit leg?"

"No way for such an ugly like you."

"Mrs. Hopkins isn't so shallow!"

They seemed to be willing to do anything for food.

Christina saw the hidden side of Patrick's elites this time. They were all smirking at her like a group of large dogs sticking out their tongues, They were actually making themselves a joke.

Among them, Patrick was the most shameless one who steal her food directly  
\* tastes good.

He was eating a roasted egg.

Then he tasted a rabbit leg and commented, "Well, we should have brought some salt with us."

Charles, Gary, and the others couldn't be more jealous. However, no matter how eager they were for the food, they didn't dare to act on their own.

Patrick took a few bites and then looked up. Looking into a dozen pairs of eager eyes, he said calmly, "Eat your own food."

Gary and the others collapsed in disappointment.

Charles didn't want to give up, so he walked over to Patrick, "There won't be many opportunities left for you to project yourself if Christina adapts to the situation here so well."

Patrick glanced at him and replied calmly, "Don't be jealous of how capable my wife is."

Charles widened his eyes speechlessly, not expecting Patrick to answer that way.

In the end, Christina gave each of them an egg generously. Gary and the others were so grateful to that and thought more highly of her ever since.

After the lunch break, this group of 17 continued on their way. When it was almost dusk, they pitched a camp for the night and made a fire.

It was not the first time they had slept in the wilderness. This night, they would still guard on shift.

Christina fell asleep next to a giant stone quickly probably because she was exhausted from walking this far today. She had a lot of dreams tonight.

In half-sleep, she heard a voice calling. "Don't come in. Run!"

Christina shivered as she woke up and realized this was a dream. Patrick beside her wiped the cold sweat from her forehead gently.

"Nightmares?" Patrick cast down his eyes, staring at her.

Only then did Christina realize that she had been nestled in his arms. Her head was pressed against his chest closely, so she could hear his heart beating.

Snuggling up to him, she felt like her whole body was held in his arms

Christina blushed, "When did I allow you... Don't touch me They're watching."

She wondered if he had always been such a shameless man

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 660

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

### Chapter 660

Christina didn't know what was wrong with her body. She had hallucinations,

"You should go back."

"There will be danger ahead."

\*... You, didn't you hear anything just now?" She looked confused and hesitantly asked the people around her.

Led by Patrick, this small group had 17 people and marched swiftly according to the direction of the map. The target was the second largest island. Among them, only Christina was a woman. At first, Gary and the others had many concerns and worried that Christina would drag them down. But after two days together, everyone respected her more sincerely as their sister-in-law.

To put it bluntly, Christina was more adapted to the living environment of this island than any of them. She could quickly find food, camp in the open air, travel for days, and sweat profusely. No one heard any complaints from her.

They had to admire Christina for her tenacity.

"Sister-in-law, I didn't hear anything just now," Crabbie replied respectfully.

This was the third time Christina had asked him the same question.

"Sister-in-law, did you find something?"

Christina was really uncomfortable with their addressing of "sister-in-law." She turned around and looked around for a while. She looked a little confused. She did hear a lot of voices.

But why could only she hear it?

Was it an auditory hallucination?

!"... Nothing." Christina didn't say much to him.

She was not the kind of warm-hearted and enthusiastic person. It took her a long time to befriend others. She looked a little cold.

Crabbie did not ask further. The first thought in his mind was that it must have been a long and painful process for their boss to court Christina.

"Christina, what are you two talking about?" Charles trotted over with a smile on his handsome face.

Mr. Shepherd was born to be easy-going and open-minded. He could get along well with people of all ages.

Crabbie straightforwardly said, "Our sister-in-law said she heard some noise."

Charles despised it when he heard Crabbie calling Christina "sister-in-law" so naturally. Christina looked cold but had a warm heart. At first glance, people would think she was a flower growing in the high mountain, but in fact, she was stubborn and soft-hearted. She was mean and vengeful. She was just a witch girl.

"... What did you hear?" Charles was curious.

Christina was biologically related to Raphael. Perhaps she could really detect something unusual.

Christina did not want to pay attention to this easy-going Mr. Shepherd. She changed the subject and pointed randomly to the river beside her, "The smell of the river is getting stronger and stronger."

The water in the river that crossed the islands had been polluted. The fish and shrimps in the river had all died, and the vegetation on the edge of the river had also turned yellow. The water still looked clear and clean, but on closer inspection, it smelled like a chemical stimulant mixed with sulfur. The smell of the river became bitter.

They traveled along the upper reaches of the big river. The closer they got to the source of the water, the stronger the smell in the river became.

"... It looks like there's really something wrong with the source of the river."

"Do you think it's man-made or natural?"

"It would be too fucking immoral if someone poisoned the water."

Charles and Crabbie chatted as they walked.

They did not notice that Christina suddenly looked pale and her eyes were filled with fear. She suddenly stopped.

The voice in her mind roared in a hurry and angerily, "Stop, you can't go any further!"

"Stop, stop!"

Christina shouted in panic.

When she shouted, the team members turned to look at her. Patrick and Gary walked to the front. They heard Christina's panic and immediately walked up to her. They asked, "What's wrong?"

"I don't know."

Christina's tone was frigid and she looked numb as if she had been stimulated by something and had not come back to her senses for a moment.

"Why did you ask us to stop?" Patrick repeated patiently.

"I don't know."

Christina didn't lie. She really didn't know. She didn't know what was going on. She was just frightened by the auditory hallucinations in her mind. Everyone looked at her doubtfully.

She asked uncertainly, "Is it dangerous for us to continue walking forward?"

\*According to the map, if we walk another 20 kilometers, we can see the junction of the Barbarian Islands and the second-largest archipelago. And we can reach our destination by crossing the river."

"Yes, we'll be there soon. There shouldn't be any problems."

"The only consideration is how deep the river is at the junction. I don't know if ordinary rafts can cross..."

Anyway, everyone thought it was not a big problem. The second-largest archipelago was the area where the Strozzi family lived. It was estimated that the environment there would be more modern, which made them look forward to it. Even after listening to their analysis, Christina was still a little uneasy.

Patrick ordered, "... Rest here for an hour and we will reach the border before the sun sets."

They thus rested on the ground, ate dried meat, and chewed leaves, so as to replenish their strength.

Christina had no appetite. She sat under a tree and rested with her eyes closed. Her breathing was a little quick, and the noise in her mind made her restless.

"... What did you hear?" Patrick sat quietly beside her.

He had heard from Crabbie that she had a similar auditory hallucination. Because she and he shared different memories, Christina exhibited such distrust in them.

Just as Patrick asked her in a low voice, Christina fell asleep with closed eyes. Her mind was in a daze and she felt like she was in a strange environment.

In her dream, she was standing on a plain with many green weeds. The air was very humid, and she could vaguely hear the sound of a flowing waterfall in the

distance.

Christina looked around in panic. There was no one around in the dream, only she was there, "Who is it?" She plucked up her courage and asked loudly.

"Who's been talking to me!"

"Hey, who are you?" Her voice trembled nervously.

Suddenly, the dream became hazy, and the verdant plains in front of her were shrouded in a layer of mist.

Everything became unreal and unclear.

In the dream, she panicked even more, and the voice came again, which sounded cold and sharp, "You shouldn't be here."

"The forbidden area here."

"Get out of here. Strangers can't step on the third island."

Christina suddenly woke up with confused eyes and cold sweat on her forehead.

Patrick's deep eyes were filled with worry as he looked at her. When she calmed down, he took a deep breath and slowly asked, "Did you have a nightmare?"

"What nightmare?"

Christina shook her head. There was nothing scary in her dream, "I dreamed of a grassland. There seemed to be a waterfall nearby." But the atmosphere was so oppressive that she shuddered out of fear.

"... Patrick, do you think we might be lost?" She asked hesitantly.

Patrick frowned and asked her, "How do we get lost?"

"We're going to the second largest island now, aren't we?"

"Yes."

"Do you know anything about the third island?"

"Not yet."

Patrick's answer was concise and to the point. His voice was calm and steady, giving off a reassuring feeling.

"Maybe I was thinking too much," Christina looked at him and her heart gradually calmed down. She muttered, "These days, I have always felt that we are walking in a very dangerous place. A forbidden area."

It was too unrealistic to go back just according to her own thoughts.

We have enough weapons and equipment. Gary and others have very practical and professional experience in the field practices. If something really goes wrong later, we can return in time." Patrick comforted her in a low voice.

Christina nodded.

After an hour of rest, they continued walking.

Patrick walked side by side with her. Perhaps it was because she calmed down, she had no auditory hallucinations along the way.

This relieved her a little.

The sun gradually set in the west, and the light golden sunshine in sunset sprinkled on the land. The vegetation around them seemed to be more gentle, and they were no so nervous.

"There seems to be some noise." Crabbie suddenly stood still and looked in the direction of the setting sun.

Christina was shocked and looked around nervously. She did not hear any hallucinations.

"What, what sound?" She asked quickly.

The group stopped quickly.

Gary spoke first, "...In the distance, it was the sound of a waterfall."

Waterfall

Christina was shocked when she thought of the dream.