

# My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 661

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## Chapter 661

They finally arrived at the junction shown on the map

Where the Barbarian island met the Second Largest island was before them, the wide river that stretches out

"This river..." Gary was surprised and stopped saying abruptly.

The river was completely different from what they had expected.

The width of the river was about 50 meters according to the enlarged scale of the map, but the opposite shore was estimated to be at least 1000 meters far away from them.

At first, they were only worried about the depth of the river, as they feared that an ordinary raft would not be able to cross it if the current was swift. However, it was impossible to use a raft because the river was densely packed with many lush water plants, which rose to an average height of half a man.

The river looked so clean and thorough that the black silt at the bottom was visible to the naked eye, which was more like a swamp.

"Is there a mistake?"

Until this moment, a word appeared in their minds at the same time, which was "lost".

"We followed the map."

How could it be wrong?

Charles held the precious ancient map with his eyes goggling at the coordinates displayed on it, and then fiercely staring at the vast swamp.

It was clearly a river on the map. Why did it become a swamp?

Damn it!

Perhaps because of this huge swamp, with its heavy sublimated water vapour and overly humid air, everyone vaguely felt a little heavy in body and feet and chill at the back.

The sun was obscured by thick clouds and the sky was grey. Since they arrived here, no wonder if it was an illusion or not, they felt as if all of heaven and earth had fallen silent.

Instinctively, they were scared and nervous.

"I can't hear cicadas or birds." Crabbie directly expressed the suspicion of everyone.

As if it was a forbidden place that no living creatures were in,

Or maybe there was something scary nearby that made the animals run away.

Everyone couldn't resist holding their breath and looking at each other.

It felt like they were in a place they shouldn't have been,

"What should we do now?"

"Continue or go back?"

Everyone looked at Patrick involuntarily.

Patrick frowned and swept around with his eyes. He did not immediately say what to do, but his tone was calm.

"The smell disappeared."

All of a sudden, Gary and the others were surprised. It was true that the pungent chemical smell had disappeared.

Remembering that they had been walking along the river, as they went further, the smell grew stronger. They were guessing that something was wrong with the source of the river.

However, why did it suddenly disappear here?

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"What the hell is this place?"

Why did they seem to have crossed into a completely new field in an instant?

They all felt creepy.

"The Third Island," Christina muttered with a confused expression.

She stood up and looked at the surroundings in a daze, which was the same as what was in her dream. "At night, there will be a thick white fog."

"It will wet our fire. There is no dry wood to burn around."

They did not reply anything, so Christina's low voice sounded clear.

In such a damp and cold place, they were already chilly after a short while, not to mention staying here all night, which was definitely torture,

"Go back." Patrick made up his mind.

He was not a person who enjoys great achievements, moreover, the safety of all should be paramount in this

unusual situation

Charles secretly breathed a sigh of relief. He did not dare to cross this swamp for he always felt that there was something terrible in it.

"Go back the same way! Great!" Charles shouted excitedly.

They wanted to get out of here before it was too late, to find a normal place to rest first, and wait until tomorrow to solve any problems. It always settled the mind when there was sunshine.

Everyone dared not hesitate and hurriedly withdrew.

"Follow the map and retreat."

Charles and Gary were looking for their way with the map. They checked the compass and said, "23 degrees southeast."

Christina followed behind them, carrying a wicker basket made of vines, and her head hung low with a sullen expression.

"Why did you say this was the Third Island?" Patrick walked softly to her and asked in a low voice.

"There was a voice in my head. I was hallucinating. I have a hunch that across this swamp is the Third Island."

Christina did not hide it from them, but even she was confused.

"The Third Island is dangerous, and there are many ferocious beasts?"

Patrick knew very little about the islands, but Christina might know more about for she had a blood relationship

with Rafael.

In Patrick's opinion, the Barbarian Island were home to a large group of uncivilised wildlings, where the weak were preying on the strong. Could the Third Island be more dangerous?

Christina shook her head. "That voice didn't appear again."

At this moment, there was a loud noise in front of the line.

Patrick frowned and saw that Charles and Gary seemed to quarrel. How could they argue in such a situation?

Patrick's face darkened and he strode forward, ready to warn them, but Charles rushed over and shouted, "Patrick, we can't get out."

"Bullshit!" Gary cursed with an angry look. "Do you know how to lead a team or read a map?"

Charles growled in a low voice. "Why don't you lead the team? We've been walking for half an hour, but the

swamp is still on the right. We are lost and wandering around the original place."

The sky was still grey. According to previous time estimates, the sun would start to set in another hour, and the longer they delayed the worse it would get.

"Find again."

They were split into three groups and had to grasp at straws and look in all

directions for a way out.

It turned out that they were still gathered together in the end. Everyone was astonished and scared.

"How could it be?"

It was all so unreal.

Just as they were feeling uneasy, a thin mist began to rise in the air. They could sense that the visibility was gradually decreased.

Christina looked at them and suddenly said, "If we can't walk out, we can cross this swamp. Across from it is a grassy plain."

After all, the plains were safer than the swamps.

"Damn it. The map didn't match the geographical environment here. We shouldn't rush forward."

"Yes, we can only walk through this swamp on foot. The water is not deep, but who knows what will come out."

"Can we go back and out?"

Christina's rhetorical question doused all their unrealistic illusions. They could only face even if there were beasts and unpredictable difficulties. Christina did not dare to say that she felt that something seemed to lead them here and forward, and there was no way back.

The air was damp and cold, everyone was tense and their cheeks chilled as they stared hard at the surroundings. A lush swampy, shallow, clean-looking river with many reed-like water plants growing in streaks, secluded and quiet.

Damn it. After all, life would always be ended in death.

Everyone braced themselves.

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### Chapter 662

When Christina stepped into the water of the swamp, she immediately felt a chill. She could not help but tremble.

"it's about 1500 meters from here to the other side of the swamp. It's not far, so we'll be able to walk there soon."

Gary shouted loudly to cheer everyone up.

"Remember that if anything happens, you should throw away the backpack on your shoulder without hesitation, and the nearest people should immediately pick up the tools to provide cover for others. If you are unlucky to step into the swamp and sink, don't panic. You must obey the instructions."

Although the sun had not completely set yet, the sky seemed to be covered with thick clouds.

The water in the swamp in front of them was clear and transparent, and the lush reeds and grass around them were so green. They were walking through the cold swamp step by step carefully with heavy bags on their shoulders. This scene was so unreal that it seemed like an illusion.

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Patrick, Gary, and the others were all professionals, and they were only worried about whether Christina could walk through this swamp.

In order to take care of Christina, Patrick lead the way in front and asked Christina to walk in the middle of the team.

"Christina, if you fall into the mud, you must throw away the heavy things on your body first, and then lean forward to increase the area of force."

Charles walked behind Christina and reminded her.

"Yes," Christina replied.

Then she concentrated and continued to walk towards the other side of the swamp step by step.

As they walked through the swamp, they would always be blocked by a lot of reeds, so they could only take a detour. Perhaps the water vapor in the middle of the swamp was more humid, and it seemed that the vision in front of them was more hazy. The white mist in the air made their visibility greatly reduced, and they could only vaguely see the environment around 10 meters.

The thick fog around them made them nervous. They wanted to run, but they didn't dare.

It was just more than a thousand meters, and they walked with trepidation, Fortunately, Patrick landed successfully soon,

He stood on the shore and shouted at the swamp, "I'm ashore. Follow the people in front of you. Keep your speed and don't fall behind."

Patrick's voice encouraged the others and made them feel that the swamp was nothing to be afraid of,

However, although Patrick was standing on a high place, he did not dare to relax at all.

He looked around at the swamp in front of him and found that it was already covered by a thick layer of white fog. Patrick could not see his team members, nor could he see the grass in the swamp. He could only see a vast expanse of white fog.

"As long as you follow the people in front and walk step by step, you can get ashore quickly and smoothly!"

Crabbie was the second one to get ashore. He soon noticed with fear that the thick fog had completely covered his vision. He shouted at the people in the swamp with all his strength.

As long as the team walked orderly, everyone should be able to get ashore smoothly.

The fog was getting heavier and heavier, and the people behind couldn't help but quicken their pace. Christina suddenly tripped over something and said, "Don't push me." She almost fell into the water. She stood still and turned round, thinking that Charles was walking too fast and bumped into her.

But there was no one behind her.

She was a little flustered now.

"Charles!" She stood there and shouted.

"Christina, I can't see you."

She heard Charles's voice far away.

"You are following me, aren't you? Where are you now?" Christina looked at the vast expanse of white fog in front of her. Her visibility was less than two meters now. She immediately became anxious.

"I don't know. Something hit me just now. I fell into the water and couldn't see you when I got up."

Charles should be right around here. Christina could vaguely hear his voice, but there was white fog all around, and Christina could not take her bearings.

At this time, Christina was also very angry to find that she had also lost the person in front of her.

The team was completely in a mess now,

"Where's the people behind?" Patrick waited for the team members to come ashore one by one and soon found something wrong.

"I don't know."

The team members who went ashore were also very confused. They followed the instructions to walk and did not notice what happened behind them.

At this time, the swamp was completely covered by white fog, and they could not

see anything clearly.

There were still 9 people behind the team who hadn't landed. Someone said, "Christina was following me."

Crabbie roared anxiously at the white mist in front of him, "The people who are still in the swamp, can you hear us? Say something!" Everyone was very worried. As soon as Crabbie finished shouting, he suddenly heard three sharp gunshots from the swamp.

Patrick and the others startled.

"What happened?" Patrick shouted anxiously.

"Hey, reply to me. What's going on over there?" Crabbie and the others were also very anxious.

Without the white mist in front of them, they could have rushed over to help them, but they could not see anything clearly now, so they had to wait anxiously on the shore.

Patrick and the others were frowning and trying to figure out how to drive away the thick fog. Crabbie continued to shout loudly to guide them, hoping that they could hear it.

However, Christina and the others were not in the mood to shout to reply to them at this moment. "Damn it! There's something in the water. What the hell is swimming in the water?" Charles tumbled several times in the swamp and finally confirmed that something huge was swimming in the swamp water.

"Shut up!"

The rest people of the team gathered together and focused on the swamp below their feet. They all raised the guns in their hands and were ready to shoot the creatures in the water.

But there was white fog all around, so it was very difficult for them to shoot the creatures in the water.

Christina rummaged through her rattan bag in a panic and finally found a long-handled lighter given by Patrick. The fire was fierce, and the light blue flame quickly lit up a small area near her. The white fog also melted a little because of the fire.

She finally saw clearly that Charles and the others were fifty meters behind her. She walked towards them step by step and looked carefully at the movement under the water.

Suddenly, a big black creature swam towards her quickly. Christina was shocked and cried out, "That thing

swam towards you. It has thorns on its body." Probably because she had a torch, the creature did not attack her directly

Almost at the same time, she heard a painful cry from the other side.

Then she heard endless shot.

Everyone was shooting into the water in panic.

When Christina came closer, the fire in her hand melted some white fog. At this time, the others clearly saw the swamp water rippling out some smelly blood, and the dead mysterious creature floating on the water. One of the team members was lying in the water in pain. Something bit a big piece of meat on his left foot, and his bones were revealed.

"Damn it! I want to see what kind of monster it is!"

Gary angrily stabbed the tip of his gun into the mysterious creature's body. It weighed more than 100 kilograms, so Gary dragged it forward.

The injured person was supported by two people to walk.

Christina was holding the fire. Instead of walking in a long line, they were close to each other this time. They were on guard in all directions, covering each other and moving forward bit by bit.

After about twenty minutes, they finally came ashore.

Patrick and the others relaxed a little when they saw a small glimmer of light in

the white mist of the swamp, but when they saw that one of the team members was seriously injured and saw the mysterious aquatic creature dragged ashore by Gary, they were very shocked.

"Is this a carp?"

It was a black carp.

"Have you ever seen a carp weighing more than 100 kilograms?" Gary kicked the dead fish's head with hatred and said, "Damn it! This carp's teeth are much sharper than a wolf's."

It was really a terrible place.

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### Chapter 663

After crossing the swamp, they found the air on the bank so stuffy and humid that it was hard to breathe.

Christina and the others felt very uncomfortable just standing there.

"Make a fire." They'd encountered a carp with wolf-like fangs weighing one hundred kilograms in this mysterious area. There was no telling what was awaiting them in the darkness since the sun had totally set.

"Gather branches to make as many fires as possible," Patrick said.

Fire was the best weapon in the dark.

Gary and Crabbie stopped cursing and complaining and went to collect branches.

The branches and twigs they found were all too damp to set ablaze with a lighter.

Being trapped in a damned place, Gary got irascible and used the flamethrower to light the wood. The wet branches cracked in the fire.

"Are you okay?"

There were seventeen of them and they built three fires. The flames roared and illuminated the exhaustion and anxiety on everybody's face.

Gary used to be the most composed one but because of the carp, he was on edge now. Sitting on the muddy ground with his legs crossed, he took out an exquisite flask from his pocket.

Gary didn't answer that question and took a swig of the spirits in aggravation.

He came to the man who had got bitten on the thigh by the carp. The carp here was not only huge but also fierce. It'd actually tore a large piece of flesh off the man's leg.

"Hope its teeth were not poisonous." In the dancing light of the flames, all eyes quietly turned to the injured man.

Gary took another gulp and spat it on the bloody bite. The injured man growled in agony.

Because of the unknown epidemic on the island, they had almost run out of medicines.

Christina watched noiselessly as Gary brutally treated the man's injury and gave that hapless buddy two tablets of antibiotics to prevent the bite from inflammation. The man's face was ashen.

"I don't think its teeth were poisonous. The edge of the wound doesn't turn black," Charles soothed. The burly man looked up with difficulty and forced a smile, "Lucky me."

He was a man. He couldn't sob and whine like a pussy.

They didn't have time for sorrow. They needed to eat to replenish their energy and take turns to keep vigil,

They'd like to cook the carp but didn't for fear that its meat might be toxic.



"Primitive weapons are maybe more effective than our guns on this island," Crabbie said and sharpened a wood stick.

They'd been frightened and shot more than a hundred bullets at the carp to kill it, but now in retrospect, it was like they'd killed a sparrow with a cannon.

People responsible for the dinner made a pot of thick broth with dried meat and fruits.

Others searched for logs and sharp stones to make some simple tools.

While everyone was having hot soup in iron bowls, Gary rummaged through the pile of weapons and then walked towards Christina with something black in his hand.

"Here. This is a flamethrower. It's a really powerful weapon here." All beasts were afraid of fire, not to mention an enhanced modern flamethrower.

To protect the weak in the team, Christina took it without ceremony.

Any injured man would be a burden to the team.

After they were full, they started to take turns to keep vigil. Charles and Christina were exempted from it and were assigned to take care of the injured man.

"The air here is suffocating." There always seemed to be a big stone pressing on one's chest.

The surrounding was so depressive that those resting on their sides couldn't fall asleep at all.

The injured man was having a worse time. His face was pale and he gritted his teeth. Apart from the sultry air, he also had to bear the constant pain from the wound.

Christina knew he was suffering but given the medical condition here, there was not much she could do. "You can keep your leg if the wound doesn't inflame." She tried to say something optimistic.

The man lifted his head up and gave her a bitter smile, "Thank you for your comfort."

Christina replied primly, "You're welcome."

The injured man didn't know what to say next.

Christina was bad at taking care of people and thought maybe talking could distract him a bit, so she said. "I know a herb that is a very powerful anti-inflammatory. Do you want me to find some and put it on your wound?"

"Will it hurt?"

Christina nodded. "Very much. It'll hurt until you can't feel that leg anymore."

Without waiting for a reply, she continued in a surprised voice, "Which means you won't feel the pain anymore." Then she lurched to her feet and took a torch from the fire, starting searching in the bushes around them.

Charles was taking a nap and immediately opened his eyes when he felt the person beside him get up. "What's wrong? Where are you going?"

The injured man exerted himself to say that their boss's woman was really amazing but both he and Charles heard a buzzing noise coming closer.

A helicopter? Not really.

The buzz was very familiar but neither of them could recognize it.

"Christina, watch out," Patrick suddenly shouted as if he'd noticed something.

Christina was intently looking for the herb and heard the buzz getting louder and louder. She straightened her body warily and saw a fast shadow flying her way. Her eyes widened in fear. Patrick's voice brought her back to her senses and she immediately raised the torch to drive the flying creature away.

"Are you all right? What's that?"

Charles was the closest to her and came to her side immediately. The night was pitch dark and she'd only caught a fleeting glimpse of that flying thing.

Before Christina calmed down, she yelled at Patrick, "Watch out. They are coming at you." About five flying creatures rushed toward Patrick and the others.

Everyone grabbed the stones and branches they could get and hurled them at the attackers. The whole place was in a mess.

One of the attackers got hit and fell to the ground. A rotten smell of blood emanated from it instantly.

Seeing its long proboscis, everyone came to a creepy realization that it was a giant mosquito.

The buzz was the sound of their flapping wings.

It was as big as a kindergarten kid.

Drawn by the smell of blood from the wound on the injured man, a giant mosquito dashed towards him but got

smashed on the ground by Christina with the big pot.

New weapon discovered. Everyone was stunned and then found the scene a bit funny.

Fortunately, these mosquitoes were much easier to kill than other fierce predators.

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 664

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### Chapter 664

Darkness reigned the sky. They stood on the black, sticky ground with torches in their hands and looked around nervously, afraid that giant mosquitoes would fly over.

The golden flames shone on their anxious and vigilant faces, as their rest tonight was completely disrupted by the giant mosquitoes.

Those huge black striped mosquitoes had almost half the height of a human.

Their sucking blood vessels were long and pointy, and their bellies were filled with rotten blood. It was hideously disturbing to see the splash of putrid blood spilled when they were killed.

At this time, the limbs of seven or eight giant mosquitoes that had been killed by them were separated. They looked no different from ordinary mosquitoes, albeit astonishingly larger.

Charles glared at the pool of stinky blood on the ground and still felt a little angry. He lifted his foot and wanted to trample on the mosquito corpse again.

"... Don't touch these mosquitoes!" Patrick shouted in an impatient tone.

Charles stopped in midair and looked at him in astonishment.

As soon as Crabbie turned around, he saw Patrick's injury and said anxiously, "Mr. Hopkins, your arm..." It was red and swollen as if there were even some water blisters, appearing quite terrible.

"Giant mosquitoes have a layer of fine phosphorus on them. Don't touch them."

Patrick tried his best to remain calm, but his arm was already abnormally itchy and uncomfortable. His skin was burning and painful.

"Don't scratch. It might get worse."

"Mr. Hopkins, take off your coat first."

\* I think we'd better stay away from these dead mosquitoes, lest the phosphorus powder floating in the air can also touch our skin. That would be terrible."

Panck was injured, and everyone began to discuss nervously,

Everyone let the place 500 meters away, but they did not dare to go too far. It was quiet in the night, and there was hardly anything visitate in the darkness around then, Who knew what kind of beast they would encounter?

Patrick look off tus coat At that time, he just accidentally touched the leg of the

giant mosquito with some phosphorus powder. But now his night arm was red



and swollen and there were blisters. It looked like his skin was rotting  
It was extremely itchy and painful.

Patrick didn't cry out for pain or itch. He just frowned, but everyone knew that he must be feeling bad.

"... Try this herb." Christina was rummaging through the grass by the side with a torch. She pulled out a few herbs, took a stone, and smashed them. She picked up the crumbs of the herbs and applied them to Patrick's red and swollen arms. Before everyone could see the yellow and green residue of herbs in her hand, Patrick trembled and gasped in pain at the sudden burning on his arm due to the stimulus of the herbs.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Don't use Mr. Hopkins as your test subject. Are you capable? Or are you going to cripple his arm?"

Crabbie and the others were loyal to Patrick. Seeing that even Mr. Hopkins trembled in pain, they knew that it must be extremely painful.

Christina felt a little uncertain at their reprimand. "I just want to try..."

She remembered that there was a time when Samba hunted in the forest, and his arm was also injured to such a state. He had treated his injury by covering the wound with the leaves of this herb.

Patrick himself did not look angry. He endured the burning pain in his arm and said solemnly, "Mind your own business."

Crabbie stopped scolding awkwardly. They picked up logs, lit a fire, and took turns to watch the night.

"Does it hurt?" Christina knew that Patrick would not scold her, but she still asked anxiously.

Patrick didn't say it hurt, nor did he say it didn't hurt. He only replied with two words, "It's okay."

It meant he could still bear it.

"Maybe I should take this herb away? I'm not sure myself..." If she indeed made Patrick's injury even more serious or made his arm completely disfigured or crippled, she would feel guilty.

"I wouldn't be crippled. It's okay." Patrick was sure how serious the injury was. To him, it would be fine if it didn't hurt his bones and didn't affect his movements in the future.

Looking at the woman beside him, Patrick found Christina tied her long hair up in a bun, looking clean and neat. She was always carrying a straw bag, her clothes stained with mud, and even her face was covered in mud. She had suffered a lot in this place.

Every time Patrick saw her in such a mess, his heart was touched. He was glad that she was not the kind of fragile woman. Even if she complained that the environment was too bad, he was unable to provide her with a better one.

"...Even if my arm becomes ugly, it doesn't matter to me if you don't mind," he suddenly said to her.

Christina was confused for a moment.

It was his arm, but did her attitude matter the most?

Patrick liked to see her thinking slowly. With a smile on his face, he reached out his other hand to wipe the mud off her face and said with a chuckle, "... I'm already married, so why do I need to mind visual problems? It'd be fine if you don't mind."

Christina blushed and replied, "It would be scary if it's too ugly."

"... Then I'll try to look better." Patrick tried to be humorous.

Christina looked at him in astonishment, not knowing how to answer for a moment.

Patrick didn't know anything about romance and gentleness. Even if they were

together now, he wouldn't take too much care of her. He didn't take care of his woman as much as other men did. It was really boring to marry a man like him. Crabbie and Gary always glanced at them worriedly, but they didn't dare to disturb them.

About three hours later, The pain on Patrick's right arm covered with the herbal residue started to moderate from the unbearably intense burning feeling at the beginning. The previous itch and burning sensation gradually subsided, and it was not prickling anymore as he felt his skin a little cold.

"... You can be our pharmacist now." Patrick praised her.

When Christina heard his words, she was finally relieved and smiled glowing with delight, which stricken Patrick beside her absent-minded.

He hadn't seen her so happy for a long time.

"... Christina, could you help me with that leaf you said to be able to reduce inflammation? I don't want to amputate my leg." On the other side, the wounded man who was bitten by a big carp took the opportunity to curry favor and shout. "Okay."

Christina was very quick at her work. She found a few grass leaves she needed, hammered them with a stone, and then went over to apply them to the wounds inhumanely. She grabbed a handful of herb dregs and patted them against the wounded man's rotten feet, arousing a painful howl.

Christina, could you be slightly more gentle?

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Charles and Gary looked at him sympathetically. But it was indeed their blessing that Christina was there, though she was but a dabbler in medicine. Under such a circumstance, they could only snatch at every possible straw.

Since then, they had no objections to Christina's gathering those weird-looking herbs, and they even paid extra attention to picking them and helped her keep them in reserve.

Christina even intended to get the broken limbs of the giant mosquitos. "Wrap them in big leaves. Be careful not to touch the phosphorus powder and it will be fine... Maybe it will be useful sometimes."

Christina insisted on keeping the dangerous corpses of the giant mosquitos.

"Samba had taught me. It is called make the best use of everything. There will always be times when it's useful."

Patrick didn't object in the end.

It was a long night. They had only spent half a day in this wicked place, but they already met such strange creatures. They did not know what else they would encounter in the future.

Charles sighed. "If I had known, I would have stayed on the Wilding Island."

"I wonder what's going on in the Wilding Island. Is the disease under control?"

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#### Chapter 665

While they were idly looking at the night sky and sighing, the situation on the Wilding Island was even worse.

Before Patrick and Christina set off, they had already learned that the infectious diseases on the Wilding Island could be treated with Fennel. Fennel, a sort of slender and magical grass, mainly grew between the cracks of the meteorite in the meteorite zone and could effectively treat many diseases.

Led by Alan and Samba, they went to collect a lot of Fennel several times and distributed them to the barbarians in the Barbarian Market for free, as well as to the sick servants in the palace.

This vicious infectious disease was finally effectively controlled.

But before they could get some rest, there was an earthquake on the island. The earthquake was not powerful, and the tremor lasted about one minute.

At first, Alan and Chandler paid no attention. Until the next morning after the earthquake, the thick fog in the morning usually dissipated after the sun came out. But the fog that day didn't dissipate, which gloomily covered the whole sky. And the pungent smell in the air became stronger and stronger, making people feel uncomfortable in their throats and lungs.

After that, everyone tried to avoid going out.

Even the barbarians in the market felt breathing uncomfortable and curtailed activities of going out.

But after three days, it did not get better but became worse.

"... The animals in the forest seem to be crazy." The team responsible for collecting food came back early today, and they returned empty-handed.

"The plants and grass have withered and turned yellow, and the rabbits don't eat grass anymore. Flocks of rabbits, boars, and foxes begin to migrate."

When Chandler and Alan heard the report, they were shocked with disbelief.

"Animal migration?"

They had indeed heard of wild geese migrating to the south, but why did those wild boars and rabbits migrate? After all, it was far from winter,

"It's true, these animals mustered in large groups. They are crossing the forest and going northwest as if they were running for their lives."

"Yes, those pheasants even fluttered their wings and rushed forward like crazy..."

The people who returned to the palace from outside were lively discussing. All of them were very excited, and at the same time, there was a sense of panic in their tone.

As Patrick was not there, other ones always felt as if they had lost their backbone and were in a state of uncertainty.

Chandler and Alan were at a loss for a moment. A dozen people held a meeting quickly and decided that whether or not animals were migrating, they had to solve the food storage first.

"... On the one hand, let's find someone to ask the chief of the Barbarian whether the migration of animals is abnormal."

"On the other hand, no matter where these animals go, we must send someone to catch them to make some dried meat."

Previously, in order to solve the problem of drinking water safety, Chandler led someone to boil the water in the river, then used another large pot upside down to extract the distilled water, using this method to filter the heavy metal pollutants out of the water as much as possible.

With effort they managed to solve the problem of infectious disease and drinking water. If there was a shortage of food, they couldn't live until Patrick came back.

"Where are Mr. Hopkins and the others now? When will they come back?" The people who stayed on the Wilding Island were always looking forward to Patrick and the others bringing good news as soon as possible.

Crystal also attended their meetings. Her main job now was to help boil the water, and she didn't dare to go out these days.

"... I want to visit the chief of the Barbarian to see what's going on." Crystal Zhu learned the Aboriginal Language of the Barbarian quickly. She had great talent in language and could communicate with the barbarians fluently.

Chandler's face was grim and he was the first to object, "We'll send over another

translator. You should stay in the palace.”

“I know other translators can do the work, but I want to do it myself,” Crystal stood upright and her eyes were firm, “I will record what the chief said in detail and report to you...”

\*It’s not necessary.”

Chandler didn’t look at her anymore and rejected it.

Then he turned to Alan, “You go with Samba to find the chief and ask for as many details as possible.”

The chief was the mother of Sarnba, so it would be helpful to let Samba go with Alan. “Besides, You should send someone to hide around the hut of the chief. In case of any accident, you should have someone to lend support.”

Now that Chandler had taken over Patrick’s position, he was the one who gave orders.

Alan shrugged. Although he was not convinced of Chandler, there was no conflict of interest between them. He followed his orders.

Since Samba knew that Christina had left the palace and not returned, he had been a little depressed.

He asked Alan several times about Christina. Alan could not understand what he was muttering in Aboriginal Language. Every time, he pretended profundity to shake his head.

It shocked Samba and made him even more depressed.

This time, Alan asked him to go with him to the chief’s house to inquire about the migration of animals. Samba seemed unwilling to go. He had been worried about the baby recently, and he didn’t get along well with his mother.

“Why are you here?” Just as Alan was fretting about not being able to convince Samba, Crystal ran in.

After Chandler took Patrick’s place in the palace, Crystal did not leave the palace very often. If she had not asked for work, Chandler would not let her be tired. It was normal for Chandler to pamper his daughter-in-law, but Alan and the others were always a little dissatisfied. Mr. Hopkins did not give Christina any extra care before. Why did Christina live a more delicate life than their real eldest sister-in-law?

“I’d like to talk to Samba.” Crystal smiled intimately and pointed to the man sitting stiffly in the room. She had noticed fairly early that Samba was in a bad mood these days.

Crystal was good at Aboriginal Language, and Alan didn’t stop her.

He didn’t know what they mumbled, and Samba, the big goofy suddenly stood up, nodded, and agreed to take them to his mother, the chief.

Alan excitedly called all hands together. They rushed to the chief’s house, set off from the palace, and passed through the Barbarian Market. It would take about one hour more to get there.

During this journey, the earth vibrated again, Alan and Crystal looked frightened, The tremor was stronger than in the last time and lasted for five minutes. The surrounding trees were swaying, and some trees bent to the ground and they seemed to be uprooted. The huts not far away began to creak and then collapse as they were structurally unsound...

While they were still in a state of shock as the earthquake stopped, the wild roars of beasts came from the forest.

The animals were running for their lives like crazy.

Crystal’s face turned a little pale. She looked up at Samba and urged nervously, “Hurry up and ask the chief what’s going on.”

# My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 666

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

## Chapter 666

Samba and Crystal Zhu were rushing to the Matriarch's residence.

They ran all the way and saw many trees falling and collapsing around them. The huts of the barbarians were originally not very strong. After the earthquake, the huts in front of them were seriously damaged, and some of the beams of the huts collapsed and hurt the barbarians.

Fortunately, even if these huts collapsed, they wouldn't kill anyone.

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But the earthquake caused a series of panic.

There were also many barbarians kneeling in front of their collapsed huts with their families, looking very pious. They clasped their hands together and chanted words. They kept kneeling and kowtowing, their eyes filled with fear.

Crystal looked at them with a surprised and confused expression. It was the first time she had seen these huge and strong barbarians, who looked so helpless.

The barbarians seemed to have realized that a disaster was coming and that they could not compete with the natural disaster even if they were strong.

In the distance, the land on both sides of the river had been fertile. But at this time, the vegetation there was withered and even the big trees were bare. The ground was covered with withered and yellow leaves, and the once dense forest had become lifeless.

All the beasts ran away, and even the animals began to run for their lives.

Everything had changed.

Crystal and Alan were getting more and more upset on the way. When they arrived at the Matriarch's hut, they found that half of her hut had collapsed and that the thick beam had fallen and one end had hit her back. She was already old. Her cloudy eyes looked in one direction and shouted hoarsely for help.

Alan and the others could hear the word "Raine" even if they didn't understand the barbarians' native language. Alan saw the figure drilling into the jungle with his sharp eyes. It was Matriarch's precious son, Raine.

Seeing that his old mother was hurt, Raine refused to save her.

Samba was the first to run over. He was strong, and he raised the beam with both hands and threw it in the other direction in one breath.

Alan and Crystal also immediately ran over and asked Matriarch if she was unwell.

Matriarch first looked at Samba with complicated eyes, then shook her head.

Fortunately, they came in time. Otherwise, the Matriarch would be hurt by being suppressed by such a heavy beam.

Alan felt that the hut was unsafe and would collapse at any time, so he asked the Matriarch to leave for the time being. However, the Matriarch was very stubborn and unwilling to leave her home. The property of the hut belonged to Raine, and she had to keep it.

Samba had always been silent. But he seemed to have lost his patience and suddenly flew into a rage at his old mother, the Matriarch. However, it seemed that the person that Samba was scolding was Raine.

The Matriarch, on the other hand, was biased towards Raine and said that Samba should take care of his brother, Raine, more in the future.

Samba roared angrily. It was unclear whether he had agreed or not. Samba ran out of the hut angrily and squatted outside the door alone.

Seeing this, Crystal sighed. It was natural for a mother to protect her child, but she couldn't be too biased.

"Don't worry about their families. Ask her why the animals migrated collectively and why there were several earthquakes." Alan immediately urged.

Crystal asked the old Matriarch in the native language.

"There will be a big event." The Matriarch replied in her hoarse voice. When she looked at Crystal, her eyes were calm and she added, "Let me ask the god."

The Matriarch stood up trembling. Then she slowly walked into a room in the hut and took out a small shell from inside. In her right hand, she held an antique long wooden scepter. She wore a high hat with colorful animal feathers and there was a string of pearls and gemstones in her neck.

As if she was preparing for a ceremony, the Matriarch carefully tidied herself up. Although Crystal and Alan didn't believe it, they didn't dare to disturb her. They all watched quietly.

The Matriarch asked Crystal to help her light the fire in the room. The fire gradually lit up a golden flame. Then the Matriarch asked everyone present to kneel down and face towards the gate. Alan and the others looked at each other. They were not happy because they felt that it was a little funny, but they still did it for the sake of the overall situation.

The Matriarch knelt in front of the fire. She recited the aboriginal language and kowtowed three times piously.

Then she threw the shells on her right hand casually on the floor, and the shells were arranged into some shapes,

The Matriarch glanced at them. Her voice became trembling and raised as if she was frightened. She knocked the wooden scepter in her right hand on the floor three times and then threw out the shells again.

But what was amazing was that the shells were arranged into the same shapes, and there was no difference in their positions. It was really an eye-opener for Alan and Crystal.

The Matriarch recited more and more quickly, and her voice became shrill, she raised her head and shouted at the sky outside as if she was crying for help. She knocked the wooden scepter on the floor three times again, trying to throw the shell again. This time, before she could ask god again, the fire in front of her suddenly shot up high, which scared the people present.

The Matriarch also seemed to be frightened. She knelt in a daze for a long time, her eyes empty.

It was the Samba outside the house who came in and interrupted their divine questioning ceremony.

"What happened just now?" The modern people including Alan also felt that the scene of the flames soaring was incredible.

Samba walked in silently. He was soft-hearted and filial. Although he looked fierce, he carefully helped up his old mother, the Matriarch.

Before Crystal asked, the Matriarch spoke first and requested them to send someone to take care of her son, Raine.

"Escape to the high place."

"The demons under the ground are coming back to life. The forest will be barren. The earth will flow with fiery red liquid. Many people will die. You have to escape to the high place now."

Crystal told Alan and the others what she had heard, and their faces were grim.

Alan pondered, "...What she meant is, just like the song we heard before, there's going to be a natural disaster on this continent and a volcanic eruption."

Crystal smiled bitterly, "What the Matriarch meant is that the volcano is going to erupt."

They couldn't wait.

". The Matriarch told us to escape to the high place immediately." Crystal and



Alan immediately reported the news to Chandler and the others after they went back to the palace.

"Escape to the high place? Which direction?" Such a sudden decision confused them.

One of them shouted, "Mr. Hopkins and the others drew a new map before they left."

"Yes, we also have a map."

Chandler quickly took the map and put it out in the middle of the table. They looked nervously at it and analyzed the terrain around them.

"... If there is an earthquake and we want to go high, this mountain should be enough." Alan pointed to the map.

If we are unlucky enough to the mountain that is about to explode, we will die."

"But the old Matriarch doesn't say where we should go."

Crystal quietly stood aside and whispered, "Why don't we... run with the animals."

Her words enlightened them!

Chandler, Alan, and the other men immediately turned to look at her. Yes, animals had a stronger instinct to escape than them. It was not wrong to follow them.

Only Alan was a little hesitant, "... But I specifically asked about the direction of the animals' migration. It is said that they are going toward the Third Island."

The Matriarch had said long ago that the Third Island was a restricted area.

Strangers weren't allowed to go there.

Chapter

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 667

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

### Chapter 667

"I think we should just follow the guidance of the map and go to the Second Largest Island to look for Mr. Hopkins and the others."

In the Barbarian Palace, they were discussing the issue of departure.

Most of them followed Patrick wholeheartedly. Since they were leaving, they'd better look for Mr. Hopkins directly than to risk on the Third Island.

"Yes, we should meet Mr. Hopkins!"

"Gary, Crabbie, and Charles are over there too... Christina is over there too. Let's go find them!"

To put it bluntly, they were very unhappy with their disordered state and were not convinced by Chandler.

Chandler was furious at their reaction. "Calm down. It's not the time to follow blindly..."

However, even the foreigner, Samba, became excited when he heard them mention the word "Christina." Although Samba could not speak English, he could understand this name. Samba was huge and bulky. He ran to thump the big table of their meeting, roaring his aboriginal language.

"To find the Human Cub!"

Crystal, who stood beside, stroked her forehead and silently retreated to the corner.

These men's meetings were really messy.

In fact, it was Alan and the others who were not obedient to Chandler, so it was difficult for them to reach a consensus on one idea at a time.

Crystal whispered weakly, "The Matriarch has already said that a disaster will

come at any time. We have already experienced two earthquakes. Who knows if it will erupt in the next second? Stop arguing."

"I think we should split up."

"If you want to go with animals, go ahead. If you want to climb that mountain, go, I'm going to the Second Largest Island to find Mr. Hopkins." Scott, who was a bald man with thick arms, shouted rudely.

"I'll go with you to the Second Largest Island to find Mr. Hopkins..."

"The Second Largest island is the stronghold of the Strozzi family. It must be the safest place."

Samba was afraid that he would be forgotten and used an unusually loud voice to shout at them.

Scott smiled smugly. "This big guy is coming with us." The rest people were ready to go back and pack up

quickly. They were going to the Second Largest Island overnight

"Stop!"

It was Alan who shouted at them. "Scott, don't make a fuss here!"

"Scott, you want to order me now." Scott's face became sullen and he looked at Chandler disdainfully, then made a mocking gesture. "Even if Gary is here, I won't listen to your bullshit."

They were all wacky boys. To speak highly of them, they could be regarded as fearless and brave. If using some unpleasant words, they could only be said as unscrupulous. If Patrick hadn't accepted them under some special conditions, they wouldn't be willing to live a collective life. They could do some earth-shattering things by themselves.

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"If Mr. Hopkins is here, he won't allow us to split up." Alan said coldly.

It was true that Patrick had already said before that they could not easily split up. In this strange continent, if they split up, they were looking for death.

Scott was in awe of Patrick. He was silent for a moment and lowered his voice.

"Then we can go straight to the Second Largest Island."

Alan couldn't stand it any longer and spat. "You the fool with strong arms and weak heads. The reason why Mr. Hopkins and the others took little men to the Second Largest Island was to avoid direct conflict with the Strozzi family and act rashly and alert the enemy. If you go there to find them now, wouldn't that undermine Mr. Hopkins and the others? Why don't use your brain to think about it?"

"You, what's wrong with you? I'm not the fool?" Scott raised his fist and was about to fight the skinny Alan fiercely

"We should run for our lives in the direction of the animals."

Chandler didn't want to explain too much to these people. He was gentle and graceful. He whispered, pulled Crystal beside him, and walked out.

These people who were accepted by Patrick were not normal people. He really didn't know how to deal with these people without Patrick, it was difficult for them to unite. At this time, they were still in a mess.

They were really like loose sand,

Scon and his men were not really stupid They were strong in combat They had been used to listening to Pancks orders over the years it was the result of obeying and trusting for long so they could barely think

'Dont destroy

Hopkinss plan

"In fact, there is also a great advantage of following the direction of animal migration. We won't lack food along the way."

Scott calmed down and thought about it. Finally, they reluctantly agreed with Chandler and followed the animals to migrate.

They all packed up their food and weapons nervously, not daring to delay for a minute. After organizing well, they immediately began to set off in batches. At this time, the thick fog in the air was getting heavier and heavier, making their throats itch, their lungs uncomfortable, and their breathing caused them to cough incessantly.

Crysta especially took a few more pieces of cloth and covered her mouth and nose. She carried some food and dried meat. Chandler was with her. Alan had led a team of people to explore the road at the front.

They didn't know where to go either. Anyway, believing in animals' instincts should be right. They just took a gamble.

It was funny when thinking twice.

Along the way, some barbarians also joined their migration army. Crystal was almost at the end of the team. She had been walking with her nose and mouth covered with cloth.

But when she saw a big familiar figure from the corner of her eyes, she was startled. It was Samba who was running in the opposite direction of the team. Although she didn't have a deep relationship with Samba, his pureness and sincerity helped them a lot, so she dragged Chandler to Samba and shouted for him to come back.

Crystal and Chandler chased after Samba with difficulty for Samba's large step. After a while, Crystal realized that Samba was looking for his mother, Matriarch. She had her own insistence, and she was unwilling to leave the tribe, but she asked her men to protect Leona.

Samba didn't look for his mother this time for Leona. He was going to the Second Largest Island.

He was going to the Second Largest Island to find Human Cub.

For the first time in his life, Samba did something bad. He took the opportunity to steal Chandler's map. He couldn't understand the map, but he knew it would help him to find the Human Cub, so he brought the map to find his mother, "It was wrong."

Matriarch said directly to Samba.

Crystal, who had just arrived, heard it outside the hut. She looked shocked and rushed in. She excitedly grabbed the strings of shells and gemstones on Matriarch's neck. "Then they walked in the direction of the map. Where have they gone now?"

"The gods guided them to where they should go."

Crystal was taken aback. She accidentally exerted a force on her hand, and the string of shells fell to the ground, like an ominous omen.

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 668

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

### Chapter 668

While Crystal and the others were still in a daze, a voice suddenly came from behind. "The map is wrong?" Alan shouted in both surprise and anger.

How could the map be wrong?

Raphael the bastard must have tricked all of them by giving them the wrong map deliberately.

"Why are you here, Alan? Shouldn't you be leading us now?" Chandler's voice calmed Alan down.

Alan, who was a little guilty currently, still refused to tell him the truth, "Scott is taking the lead now. I'm not that ambitious as he is. Plus, I didn't agree to run

with you and those animals. I was heading for the Second Island.”

Alan, who sneaked out to look for Patrick with Samba, didn't expect to meet Crystal and Chandler here with the Matriarch or hear the news that the map was wrong.

“How are you going to find them with the wrong map?”

“Mr. Hopkins said they walked straight up the river and then reached here.”

“You can't catch up with them on foot even if you walk all day and night.”

Alan remained unpersuaded. “Someone has to inform them that the map is wrong, or they will be in trouble sooner or later. I may be late but it's still better than I don't go there at all. Are you telling me to see them falling into a trap but do nothing? I'm sorry I can't. I will go to find them no matter what!”

Alan and Chandler quarreled with each other. Both their faces turned red in anger.

Crystal stepped forward and tried to calm them down.

The Matriarch, who had been ignored by them, suddenly spoke to them in a hoarse voice. “You can take a shortcut.”

Crystal heard her the first and asked in surprise and joy, “A shortcut?”

Alan and Chandler also stopped the quarrel, staring at the Matriarch suspiciously.

The Matriarch couldn't understand what they were arguing over. She helped them only because Samba had been nagging at her, asking her to find the female “little people”.

The Matriarch had seen Christina a few times but she still didn't understand why her son kept calling this woman “Human Cub”. Maybe Samba, who had been exiled by his family since he was a child, was too lonely, so he treated this woman he came across as his family.

“The map was right, but then the mountain became plains and the sea became mountains.”

\*The son of the owner of Island disregarded the Greatest Elder's dissuasion and broke into the restricted zone. The God of Heaven is irritated and now he is going to punish us!”

“You can take this road. Climb over two mountains and cross a swamp. Your friends are waiting for you where you can hear the waterfall.”

The Matriarch showed them the correct way on the map. Alan and Chandler still looked skeptical while Crystal wanted to ask more about the way.

Just then, the earth shook again.

The Matriarch's hut collapsed at once. Fortunately, they managed to escape since they had all been standing close to the door. Under the sky covered by dust, they were standing outside, trembling with the shaking ground.

Crystal widened her eyes in fear. Everyone was frozen in shock as they stared at the crack on the ground not far away, which continued to extend and get wider and wider.

Barbarians nearby were shouting and screaming in terror. Houses and trees were falling down, making extremely loud noises. It felt like the end of the world.

If there had been any modern skyscraper on Barbarian Islands, this earthquake would have caused much larger damage. Ten minutes later, the earth stopped shaking gradually.

Shocked by the force of nature, everyone was in silence after the earthquake. Even their breath was trembling in fear.

The barbarians who had insisted on staying in their homes decided to flee immediately.

They ran away in a panic with their families.

Carrying his mother on his shoulders, Samba had made up his mind to take her away from this place no matter how hard she would scold him.

He would have respected his mother's choice and not interfered with her life in the past. However, thanks to those days when he stayed with Christina, he was

no longer as obedient as before.

Samba was moving fast. Seeing the direction he was heading, Alan suddenly came up with an idea. "Wait, Samba! I'll go with you!"

Samba was simple. He was definitely going to find his "Human Cub".

His mother had shown him the way: Climb over two mountains, cross a swamp, and then he would find "Human Cub" at a waterfall, it didn't sound difficult. He must be able to find her.

Chandler stood still for half a second in shock before he started to chase after Samba and Alan and shout, "Alan, are you really going to leave us?"

"See you!" Alan threw him a kiss in delight.

Chandler shouted at him angrily, "How am I supposed to explain to Scott and the others?"

\*Just tell them I fell off a cliff and died!" Alan cursed himself calmly.

To convince Chandler, he also added, "Don't worry! Scott is a strong and stubborn man but his brain is as simple as a baby. Tell them I'm dead. Maybe they'll mourn for me!"

Alan was busy chasing after Samba who ran much faster than ordinary people. He turned around to wave at Chandler and the others and shouted aloud, "Take care!"

Chandler and Crystal were breathless from running. Seeing that they wouldn't be able to catch up with Alan, they finally stopped, looking at each other and cursing in a low voice, "What kind of people Patrick has left us!"

According to the current situation, they shouldn't stay here any longer.

"Let's leave now." Chandler grabbed Crystal's hand as he stared at her firmly.

Then the two of them headed towards the crowd.

Stay alive and they would definitely meet each other again.

[...]

"Is there something wrong with this map?"

Christina and the others finally made it through the dawn. After having some meat soup as breakfast, they started to worry about their route.

The biggest problem now was that none of them knew where they were.

Their original plan was to follow the map and head for the Second Largest Island, the home of the Strozzi family. However, they seemed to have lost their way not long after they set off.

Almost everyone turned to Patrick at the same time.

Compared to the mess in Chandler's team due to the lack of a leader, Patrick and the others were united. The atmosphere in this team was totally different.

Patrick's wound left by the phosphorus powder of the Giant Mosquito didn't hurt anymore. Although the scar was still clear, he could use this arm easily now. As for those who had their right legs injured by the Big Carp, they could now stand up and walk slowly with the help of a stick.

As long as they were strong and determined, they could overcome any difficulty.

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too

### Much Chapter 669

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

#### Chapter 669

"Did you still have hallucinations?" Patrick asked Christina calmly.

Everyone was waiting for his answer, but he asked her. Christina felt a sense of responsibility and suddenly became nervous. She shook her head and said, "No."

"I haven't had the hallucinations since I came to the swamp."

wanzone

Patrick read the map calmly again. Then he put it away, looked up at everyone, and said in a low voice, "Go forward... If there's a way, we'll go down. If there's no way, we'll stop."

Everyone was shocked for a moment and then said, "Okay."

Gary and the others didn't have to think too much and just obeyed what Patrick said.

After the morning fog dissipated, they looked around and saw a large plain, green and lush grassland, almost boundless.

Such a blue sky, fresh air, and the prairie were completely different from what they had experienced on Barbarian Island before. Even the smell of the air had become sweet. It was especially peaceful and quiet here as if there were two completely different worlds from outside.

2.

They couldn't describe the feelings but felt strange.

They couldn't tell which direction they should go on such a large grassland.

Patrick led the way, but he didn't seem to know the direction either, so he randomly chose a way that was easy to walk in.

After lush grass, there was still grass.

They walked for more than an hour, always vigilant and paying attention to the movements around them. The sunshine was warm and there was no wind. The grassland seemed to be at a standstill because it was so quiet that they didn't hear any animal calls on their way.

This made them feel scared.

They held weapons in their hands and did not dare to relax for a moment.

After walking for nearly 4 hours in the serene grassland, they felt as if they were walking through a dead oil painting. The grassland was beautiful and flawless.

The green grass covered the whole plain neatly, and there was no more or less weed,

"There's a stone statue over there!" Finally, they saw a different scenery, and Crabbie couldn't help shouting as he pointed at the front right,

Patrick led the team to the stone statue without hesitation.

When all of them walked up to the statue, they couldn't help but marvel. This tall, dark blue stone statue was about three stories high. They stood under the statue and could only look up at it.

"It was carved from a whole stone." How big was the original stone?

Gary took a black gold sharp knife to chisel it several times but did not even leave a scratch. Its density was comparable to diamond.

"This kind of stone is very similar to the meteorite from Barbarian Island."

Christina recognized it.

"The meteorite on Barbarian Island is black, different from this stone."

"The meteorite on Barbarian Island has been weathered and corroded all year round. If you pick up the meteorite and wash it over and over again, it will be such a dark blue color."

Christina used to sell small meteorites as flints and knew some about them.

"Is this statue carved from a meteorite?" Gary looked at the big stone in surprise again. It seemed that it was not a normal stone.

The stone statue was carved of an old man standing. He was dressed in armor and held a huge sword in his hands. As for his head, it had long and thick hair, a square face, a beard, and a high nose. The deep and sharp eyes looked in one direction.

The carved stone statue looked like a guardian from his expression.

His sharp eyes seemed to be constantly on guard against the invasion of outsiders.

In Patrick's team, there was a member who was very good at sketching. Without a



word, he immediately put down his big backpack, took out his pen and ink, and immediately drew down the stone statue.

"It's looking northwest." Patrick looked in the direction of the stone statue's eyes, "Let's go and see... What led us to this place?"

Gary and the others suddenly felt excited. Compared to facing the unknown, the curiosity and exploration of human nature made them all excited.

This was the case with humans. It was this reckless desire that led humans to create a higher civilization

Everyone quickened their pace

"Ave you afraid? Patrick walked to Christina and suddenly asked her

Christina turned her head hesitantly and thought for a while "I'm afraid. However, she didn't sound too panicked and just told the truth

Humans instinctively feared the unknown.

"Since we can't go out of here, as you said, as long as there's a way, just walk forward." She said calmly.

Patrick looked into her eyes and was relieved.

Christina asked him seriously, "Why there's no movement in this prairie? It feels different here than in the swamp."

Patrick said with a forced smile, "I don't know."

"You really don't know anything?"

"I don't know. How can you be so calm?"

If I don't calm down, they'll panic."

They walked side by side and whispered as if they had never been so calm in a long time.

Gary and Charles walked faster and faster. From time to time, they would look back at the huge stone statue behind them and the burning curiosity in their minds ignited, "We should be in the right direction. That stone statue is looking in this direction. Do you think any wild animals will come out later?"

"Maybe there's a treasure."

"Bullshit. It shouldn't be a good thing since the carved stone statue looked so serious."

"Then why are you so excited that we're going to die now?"

Yes, he would rather die here than stay in Barbarian Palace and wait.

They were craving for unknown things.

As the sun began to set, Charles thought they would have to sleep out on the prairie for the night. It was only when the last bit of light shone that they realized that they had been walking around in the same place.

They had been under the statue and had not gone far.

"How could this be?"

The fog began to cover them again. They couldn't see everything clear in the fog. Legend said that at the moment of sunset and dusk, two worlds can be connected. Christina did not understand these legends, but she suddenly had a strange feeling. It was as if a voice was

calling out to her, making her turn around abruptly.

She saw a small shadow.

"That black cat..." Christina immediately grabbed Patrick and said quickly, "Did I know that cat before?"

Patrick looked in her direction and saw nothing.

He frowned and became vigilant, "Where is it?"

Christina pointed in one direction, "It's right there. It's talking to me."

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 670

## Chapter 670

Legend had it that at the moment connecting sunset and dusk, two different worlds could be connected

Christina looked at a small figure in front of her,

It was a fully tanned cat, well-proportioned, slender, with black and shiny fur. A pair of cat ears were standing up. and the golden eyes and pupils were fixed straight at her.

But Patrick beside her couldn't see anything.

Christina squatted down and smiled deliberately, waving at the black cat as gently as she could. "Come here, come here. I have dried meat here."

The other players around looked at Christina's strange movements and were very surprised.

Charles and the others looked in the direction and saw nothing. Here, except for the huge stone statue in front of them, there was only the grand prairie.

At this moment, the sun was slowly setting.

The golden afterglow shone on each of them, and there was a vague feeling of illusion,

"It's scolding me." Christina suddenly felt a little annoyed.

Patrick didn't know what was happening. Just as she was about to ask Christina, she was impatient and no longer pretended to be gentle to the cat. She strode straight towards the black cat.

Patrick subconsciously reached out to pull her, but he failed and froze.

The black cat stood still. Christina could clearly see the grand prairie in front of her, but after running for this moment, she felt that she had kicked a stone. She rushed forward and pounced on it.

"Christina, where are you?" Patrick had never shouted so anxiously.

"Christina!"

Even Charles and the Gary were frightened,

She just disappeared in front of them!

Just in front of them, she suddenly pounced and disappeared.

When Christina got up from the ground, she muttered, "I was tripped by a rock."

She really didn't understand what these guys were shouting about

However, when she stood up straight and saw everything clearly in front of her, Christina felt even more frightened and creepy than Patrick and the others,

"Christina."

Charles and the others' anxious shouts still rang in her ears.

Christina was completely shocked. The green prairie in front of her disappeared, but a barren land full of gravel appeared.

The huge stone statue also disappeared and was replaced by the entrance of an ancient steel cable suspension bridge.

What frightened her was that Patrick and Charles were all standing on the shaky suspension bridge, and what was under their feet was an abyss.

Illusion!

The black cat squatted at her feet with its pair of strange golden eyes. It looked at the world as if it could see through everything.

The large prairie and huge stone statues they had seen before were just illusions. In this barren land, the crumbling old steel cable suspension bridge was the real existence.

"No, don't move!"

Christina almost screamed.

\*Patrick! All of you, don't move! Don't move!"

Her voice seemed to come from the distant sky, drifting away and unreal.

Patrick and Charles immediately stood still and looked around in panic. They

could not see her.

"Chnstinal" Patrick's deep voice was full of anxiety.

\*

Fight beside you \*

When they heard this, Patrick and the others showed even more incredulous expressions

She was right beside them, but she couldn't be seen

\*What's going on?

"Christina, what cat did you say you saw just now... Make it clear! The sun is setting. Come back quickly!"

Gary and the others also shouted at the sky anxiously,

Christina's voice seemed to come from a faraway place. It was faintly discernible.

"No, the sun didn't set. It's noon, and the sun is still high above your heads. The wind here is very strong, and the dust blowing up makes your eyes unable to open..."

They didn't understand what she was saying at all.

At this moment, the sky over Patrick and the others was already dark, and the last rays of the sun had died away.

"Patrick!"

"Listen to me. The sunsets, the prairie in front of you, and even the huge stone statue are all illusions. They are fake! They don't exist!"

Christina shouted with all her might.

"The stone statue looks in the direction of an ancient suspension bridge. You are now standing on the plank of the suspension bridge. The wind here is very strong, and the whole suspension bridge is crumbling..."

Patrick, Charles, and Gary all changed their expressions.

Illusion.

The rickety suspension bridge.

"Don't, don't move."

Christina watched the old suspension bridge crunching in the wind. She became nervous and she tried to calm herself down.

Christina walked towards Patrick. Patrick had always been quick-witted. He seemed to feel her approaching so he looked around

Christina reached out to him. She wanted to touch him, but she could only feel the air.

Christina felt like a ghost to them,

"I can't touch you." She whispered, hiding her complicated emotions.

"I had warned you."

This is not the place for you to come."

Earl, the black cat, saw through the anxiety in her heart and suddenly said slowly,

"Why don't you listen to my advice?"

"It's you?" Christina looked down at the cat in surprise.

"When I entered the swamp, the hallucination I heard before was you talking to me."

Earl, the black cat, was still sitting upright with its head held high. Its long tail flicked, and a sense of arrogance could be seen in its golden eyes.

"They would be trapped here and will never be able to get out."

Christina asked anxiously, "You must know how to leave this illusion, don't you?"

"Of course I know."

When Christina heard this, she immediately lowered her voice. "Help us."

"Why?" Earl was still very arrogant.

Christina actually had a feeling that the black cat in front of her was not a simple cat, and it was definitely not a warm-hearted cat.

Sure enough, the next second, Earl said slowly, "Give me the scepter, and I'll take them through this suspension bridge."

Scepter.

Christina's froze for a few seconds and she recalled, "Is it the one-third of the gold scepter that Patrick got from the Matriarch?"

Earl stared at her with its golden eyes, as if it was extremely patient waiting for its prey to arrive.

A deal with the scepter.

Although Christina was not smart enough, she suddenly realized that she had fallen into a trap. "You deliberately led us here to get the scepter!"

It was a trap from the beginning to the end.

Rafael wanted the scepter.