

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 681

/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much

Chapter 681

At 2 pm, it was very cloudy and gloomy with the sun barely visible. The wind blowing through was chilly and damp, and it seemed heavy rain was coming soon. On this mysterious, deserted island, they had no choice but to cooperate with Rafael. Since they wanted to leave the Island, Rafael asked them to help with gathering three Scepters.

They had no choice but to agree.

It might not be that difficult if they thought about it optimistically. They already had the Scepter of Barbarian Island, and it was said that the Scepter of Second Island was buried under a big tree at the top of the mountain. As long as they could find the Scepter of Third Island, they could complete the task.

However, the Third Island was far more dangerous than they had imagined.

At the time, they were leisurely walking halfway up the peak. Suddenly, an army of one-meter-long bumblebees, buzzing, flew towards them.

Christina, Gary, and the others were so flustered that they didn't know how to avoid them. They all went prone, put their hands on their heads, and hid behind the tree. Looking at the bumblebees' stingers, they thought if they were attacked by them, they would not be alive for sure.

This scene was really terrifying.

"Oh my god, what the hell is this place?"

Crabbie dodged in a panic and almost fell off the cliff. Fortunately, Patrick was sharp-eyed and deft-handed, grasping him in time.

The bumblebees buzzed overhead, making horrible noises. In the distance, a few unlucky men, screaming, seemed to have been struck by the stingers.

Crabbie hung from the cliff, trying to climb up with his feet, while Patrick, lying on his stomach, was dragging him with both hands. "Stop moving now."

They all heard that the buzzing sounds overhead began to diminish and disperse as if they were being driven away by something.

Patrick turned his head and saw that Rafael had taken a large green leaf. He raised it high and shook it. The plant gave off faint fragrances like Jasmine. Obviously, these bumblebees hated the smell, so they immediately ran away in fear.

The crisis of bumblebees had been resolved, for the time being. Patrick pulled Crabbie up and turned to look for Christina. She was unscathed because she was smart and hiding right beside Rafael.

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But at that moment, while Patrick watched Christina naturally hide behind Rafael, looking very intimate, and he thought that this physical body was Derek's, he suddenly felt a little uncomfortable.

In such a dangerous place, it was inappropriate for him to get jealous, so Patrick remained silent.

He didn't know how to describe his feelings. He didn't seem to have the ability to protect her here, but he was glad that she could protect herself. She was so clever that she knew she had to rely on a powerful person.

In this place, only the fittest could survive.

Christina was frightened by those bumblebees, so she kept getting close to Rafael. She didn't think too much and only thought that if these bumblebees flew towards her, she would let Rafael block them because this bastard was the one

who brought all the troubles she was facing now.

Moreover, he really had something. On this island, if she stayed with him, she would definitely live longer.

"Stay away from me." Rafael still despised her.

Christina snorted when she saw that all the bumblebees had scattered. She was also unwilling to get close to him.

Gary and Charles carefully observed the leaf in Rafael's hand and immediately searched for it. They found a few of those trees that were two or three meters tall, quickly cut them down, and took the large leaves on their way to defend themselves.

The men, who were unlucky to have been stung by the bumblebees, applied this kind of leaf residue to the red and swollen wounds as this plant could cure them. Now, Patrick thought that this pervert was actually useful.

Even if there were more dangers ahead, it shouldn't be so hard with Rafael around.

When they cherished sincere hopes of returning to normal life, Rafael flew into a rage.

"It had been taken by others!"

After getting rid of the bumblebees, they quickened their pace to the peak. There was an old ginkgo tree growing over there. Its branches were thick, and the roots were deep into the soil. Its leaves were golden, and it seemed that this tree had been there for thousands of years.

There was a secret hole under the roots of the thousand-year-old tree. Rafael put the Scepter he stole from Second Island here, but now it was gone.

This was beyond all their expectations.

How could there be anyone else on Third Island?

Who would come to such a horrible place for nothing? The mosquitoes and bumblebees here could kill people but these people even knew the tree hole where Rafael buried the Scepter it seemed that they were not ordinary Rafael's face turned sullen, and he looked at the empty tree hole fiercely Usually. Gary and the others would cheer and gloat, but now, the Scepter was related to their survival

'Who did it?"

"How could this happen? Charles was shocked He didn't expect Rafael, the pervert, to have such a strong opponent

Earl sniffed around and tried to find it, but Rafoel soon noticed some footprints

"Barbarian? He vaguely saw a large footprint of a barbarian on a piece of mud

"Are Barbarians also living on Third Island?

Rafael grinded his teeth and denied, "That's impossible

According to the ancient books. 'Strangers are not allowed to enter Third Island.

Except for those who got in by mistake, those who broke in with purpose couldn't live long I was impossible to live here for a long time

"The magnetic field here is different from the outside world

Gary. Crabble, and the others were actively looking for clues and wanted to see who had taken the Scepter "Rafael, we're on the same boat now You'd better tell us what kind of memes you have on this island such as their identities Otherwise, we'll suffer losses if we get into a fight

"My enernies? I don't have a family Everyone you meet on this island is itty enemy Rafael followed the barbarian's footsteps carefully and mocked himself Christina was not sure whether it was because Rolac said that too grumpily When she heard his words, she felt a chill on her back It was also a skill to make so many enemies for himself

"The Barbarian Palace you lived in betore is just a symbolic summer resort The masters of the island will not live there for long to be exact, my enemies are all

on Second Largest Island I will take you to meet them when I have the chance
Ralael Joked

Charles and the others didn't want to get involved in the affairs of the Strozzi family at all

Then, Earl seemed to smell something, and It raised its head and looked down the mountain with its golden eyes

Suddenly, it began to rain cats and dogs

The rain wet Earl's dark fur, and it cut a sorry figure Most importantly, the rain covered the previous smell, and it

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found it harder to find the way.

"The rain is corrosive to the skin." Patrick Felt it first.

Rafael also realized something was wrong. He quickly picked up Earl, looked down along the road, and shouted, "There's a cave over there. Go and hide for a while."

"We are not looking for the Scepter?" Gary's skin was thick, so he was not sensitive to the burns coming along with the corrosive rain.

Patrick asked anxiously, "What's wrong with the rain?"

Rafael lost his Scepter and was upset. When he heard his question, he exploded immediately. He lost his composure and snapped at him, "Damn it! How could I know that? There are no living people on this island. I only peeked at those books and came here once." Even he couldn't leave Third Island alive.

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Chapter 682

There was something strange about the rain. Their eyes stung when the rain flew into.

It was the first rainy day since Christina entered the island.

They quickly picked up their backpacks and put them on their heads, or picked some big leaves to block the rain. This rain was really strange.

"... Is the rain always like this?"

They walked down the muddy mountain road carefully step by step. The rain inevitably dropped in their hands. At first, Gary and the other men did not feel anything. But after a while, even their thick palms were a little painful as if they had been corroded.

The huge apricot tree on the top of the mountain had a history of thousands of years. Its luxuriant golden leaves were washed away by the rain at an extremely fast speed. Soon, more than half of them had fallen.

The surrounding vegetation was also greatly affected by the rain, and some small trees suddenly became bare.

They had never encountered the rainy season on the island. The first rain really shocked them.

Raphael did not say a word along the way and pulled on a long face. The Scepter that he had stolen from the Second Island was snatched away by others.

And the rain was also beyond his expectation.

Earl, the black cat, seemed to be extremely uncomfortable with the rain. It kept shaking its fur and making a weak meow.

Every time Christina saw the cat it was very arrogant. Now she felt a little sympathy for this poor little thing.

The mountain was very steep, so it was harder for them to go down than 10 go up. Besides, it was still raining heavily, and the soil in the mountain was a little loose. For safety reasons, they could only go down the mountain in a roundabout way. There was originally a hollowed mountainside to shelter from the rain. But they triggered some mechanisms, causing the mountain to collapse, and buried many precious mural cultural relics. Now they could only grit their teeth and walk to the foot of the mountain.

Christina took off two large round leaves like lotus leaves to block the rain. Her hands and body were not stained with the rain. But the shoes on her feet were a little tattered because of the long wear and tear. The rain penetrated through the shoes and corroded her feet. It was really painful and extremely uncomfortable.

She guessed the rain was related to the corrosive nature of the dust from the previous volcanic eruption

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Or, as Raphael said, the magnetic field of the Third Island was indeed different from that of other places.

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... According to the legend in the book collection, this is the fire that the devil of hell spewed out. It turned into thick fog and accumulated into heavy rain, which could destroy all living things."

After walking for two hours, they finally found a deep cave not far from the foot of the mountain. Some wild beasts dug out a small cave, which didn't look big, but it was enough to protect them from the rain.

Raphael's expression softened slightly. He lit the lighter with his right hand. The black cat Earl jumped down from his arms and was the first to rush into the dark cave to check. Raphael was relaxed a little and told some ancient legends about the island mockingly.

"Is there a beast living in this cave?" They stood outside, hesitating.

Then, they picked up the weapons from their backpacks and put up a bunch of heavy weapons. They carefully proceeded as in an assault maneuver.

If it were ordinary wild animals, there was no need to be careful like this. But on the Third Island, a small mosquito would cause blg problems.

"Something's there!"

Crabbie suddenly shouted. Then they clearly heard the sound of fighting coming from the cave.

This cry alerted all of them. With a torch in hand, they ran towards the direction of the sound. They did not hear the roar of the animals, but it was more like two people fighting with each other.

"Damn it, don't kick my bottoms!" They heard an angry and familiar roar.

Patrick was the first to react. He reached out and pulled Christina, stopping her from rushing into. The cave was bigger than they thought. "Alan?" Crabble was surprised. The men rushed forward to help Crabbie and bumped into each other before they could stop.

It turned out to be Alan, one of them.

Just as they were excited, the sound of punches and kicks came from the dark place on the other side. The punches were full of strength and were very vigorous. Some dust fell from the top of the cave when a punch hit the wall.

This was definitely not the power of a normal person.

Raphael seemed to be being chased by some kind of creature, and the force of the creature suppressed him by absolute advantage.

Over there, Alan found that it was Crabble who was fighting with him. He was shocked and angry. No wonder that man only attacked his lower parts.

"Alan, why are you here?"

"What's going on over there? Who's fighting with Raphael?" Gary didn't worry at

all. He knew that Raphael had been hit hard, but he looked relaxed.

"Alan, didn't you stay on the Barbarian Island? Why are you here?"

The animals on the Third Island are very fierce. We met a carp before. It was more than a meter long, and its teeth were even fiercer than a wolfs. Aidan's leg was bitten... Hey, you didn't seem to have suffered much along the way."

The whole team had a tacit understanding and began to chat with Alan as if Raphael's fight had nothing to do with them.

If Christina hadn't run over excitedly with her torch, they would have really wanted to see Raphael beaten to death.

What a pity. It was their desire to see Raphael suffer.

"Samba!" Christina shouted excitedly. With the faint light of the torch, she recognized the familiar big guy at a glance.

When Samba heard Christina's voice, he stopped and turned to look at her slowly. It was Human Cub!

Then an excited expression appeared on Samba's bearded and ferocious face. He did not want to fight anymore. He left Raphael behind and ran towards Christina with his big head. His heavy steps shook down the dust in this cave.

Samba spoke very fast, muttering and shouting. He picked Christina up, carried her on his shoulder, and held her against his chest, and then held her on his shoulder again. Christina felt dizzy... It could be seen that Samba was quite excited.

Everyone watched in silence as the big guy Samba swayed Christina around. They could not say anything. After all, this was a Babarian's expression of "I'm glad to see you." Samba was just too excited.

Just as Christina was about to blackout, Patrick frowned and shouted unhappily, "Put her down!"

Samba could understand their language. First, he glared at Patrick fiercely like a wild and unruly beast, which was his instinct. 'Samba, put me down. I, I feel a little nauseous...' Finally, Christina took a chance to relax and said quickly

Being dumped like this was more uncomfortable than riding a roller coaster.

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Christina did not blame Samba. The Barbarians had not evolved yet. Many of his movements were just instincts.

Samba felt that he had done something wrong. He slowly put Christina on the ground and supported her with his big, strong arms. Then he looked at her face and muttered in a low voice.

"I'm glad to see you." he should have yelled excitedly, but now Samba muttered timidly.

The expression of the Barbarian was very straightforward and simple. Christina stood still and calmed down. Then she raised her hand and patted Samba's big arm. "I'm glad to see you, too."

It was such a simple sentence.

A simple reunion.

Samba became happy again. A childish smile appeared on his face, and his dark eyes sparkled.

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Chapter 683

Everyone was surprised. Third Island was strange. They didn't expect to meet

them.

... Are you here for us?"

"How do you know we accidentally broke into the Third Island?" Gary and his fellows were touched.

In fact, Alan didn't know about the danger of the island. He followed Matriarch and nothing strange happened along the way.

Why were they so emotional?

"I thought you were going to Second Largest Island, but Matriarch told me that you use the wrong map..."

Alan told them that they had controlled the disease on the island, but the natural disaster came. The volcano erupted in the sea, causing a huge tsunami. The forests offshore and houses were destroyed. The ground shook and cracked. Everyone was panicked and helpless and ran away like the animals.

"Chandler and Scott are leading all the people, including the servants in the palace, to go to where animals went. The Barbarians nearby joined them in groups..."

"Samba and I just knew that your map is wrong. You might get lost. So we left the team without discussing with them to look for you."

"It is the map to Second Largest Island. Why are we here?"

Charles looked at Raphael with resentment, who was beaten up by Samba and panted in the corner of the cave.

"The map was made 1000 years ago!" Raphael, who was covered in wounds, gritted his teeth and roared at them.

The magnetic field of the island was special. Serious natural disasters happened every few hundred years. The mountains might become plains and the new mountains might appear in the sea. The landscape changed greatly. And the map Raphael stole was from the library in Second Largest Island. A cat meowed.

Earl said, "The Scepter is in the cave."

Raphael, who was weak, seemed furious and rushed to Samba, "You stole my Scepter!"

The cave was as big as a classroom, and Raphael's voice echoed.

Gary and Charles immediately turned around and looked strange, "It is you who dig up the Scepter under the root of the tree before us?"

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They would not care about it before, but they paid special attention to Scepter for their agreement with Raphael.

Samba looked ferocious with beards and stared at them. He said nothing but Matriarch, who was in the innermost corner, stood up slowly. She didn't stand up to confess and apologize.

She scolded Raphael with a hoarse voice with the Scepter in her old hands.

They didn't understand what the Matriarch was saying, but they could guess that Raphael made big mistakes and she was furious.

In the end, the Matriarch was determined that the Scepter would not be given back to Raphael.

Raphael looked bad, but he didn't snatch it. He smiled and glanced at Patrick and his team.

He could not win against Samba, who was strong but could get the thing he wanted by making use of others.

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And Patrick had to cooperate with Samba to leave the island.

"Get it to me" Raphael said relaxedly. He was not worried.

Patrick didn't understand their conversation. He was hesitant. They didn't have conflicts.

The Matriarch was wise. She knew that she could not hold on to the Scepter. And

her silly son might help them due to the foreign woman regardless of her. So she decided to reason with Christina to persuade her.

"A demon was suppressed in the stone coffin. Our ancestor asked us to stop anyone who wanted to enter Third Island. The stone coffin cannot be opened. Otherwise, terrible disasters will come."

Christina knew what Raphael did from the murals in the mountainside. Seeing that the Matriarch spoke to her sincerely, she didn't interrupt her.

The Matriarch said, "The son of Owner of Island was deceived by the elders. He thought that he would be recognized as the heir by the owner of Island after bringing the three parts of the Scepter back."

... The elders had already sent people to ambush outside the island. It was a scam. He could not fulfill his dream even if he found the three parts of the Scepter."

Christina was surprised. The Matroarch, Samba's mother, knew Raphael's Identity and she did not show special respect for him. Thus, Raphael was a nulsance on the island and was not recognized.

But after spending so much time with Raphael, she felt that he would not be fooled easily.

He was an Insidious and cunning man.

Christina shook her head, "You must have made a mistake,"

As soon as she said that, Raphael laughed before Matriarch spoke Raphael said, 'I worked hard to look for the three parts of the Scepter to be recognized by the elders Haha 'He laughed ridiculously and playfully

Raphael did not explain why he looked for the Scepter Christina could figure out that he had another purpose

Christina remembered the two simple copper cups from the skeleton in the mountainside Raphael cherished them very much

According to the records in the murala, the cups could be used to bring back life from the dead by sacrificing other people

In addition to the cups, he also needed the resurrection spring water from the rural When the parts of the Scepter were combined. It would have divine power, which could remove the illusioni on Thurd Island and locate the resurrection spring water

If Raphael was not to show his ability by gathering the three parts of the Scepter, he would

'Who do you want to resurrect? Christina quessed after considering all the clues Raphael narrowed his eyes and looked sinister after hearing her chestion He didnt speak the other propile looked at him

They were good at observing and sow that Rophocl was angry and shocked for a moment Christina was right

"Would you disrupt the magnetic field of the island and couse natural disasters for a dead person in people will die. You are so selfish

Christina thought that Raphael acquiesced She flew into a rage and scolded hinn 'Even if you save the person, it will be meaningless The person is dead and should be in peace Wiry dont you obey the natural rules? You will kill more people Christina hit the mark. Raphael looked ferocious and scolded, 'So what? The Island should not eust She shouldn't have died!"

It was probably because Raphael was so cold and fierce that Christina calmed down when she saw his eyes

She didn't know who Raphael was talking about. No one mentioned it. The girl was important to Raphael and they did not dare to mention her

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Chapter 684

It was still raining outside the cave.

This kind of rain was pungent and corrosive to people's skin. Christina took off her old sneakers, the skin on her toes broken and bleeding.

She could only wash the wound with clean water. Without medicine, it would recover slowly but probably leave a scar. However, at this time, life was more important than beauty.

"I have a bottle of styptic powder" Alan contributed to his private collection. Sitting down on the dark dirt in the cave, Christina raised her head to look at him, waved her hand, and said directly, "No need to give it to me." As she spoke, she looked at the pile of men over at Patrick's side. "They are more seriously injured. Let them use it."

"It doesn't matter to us men."

She stretched out her long legs and moved her little feet. "It's just a little painful. It should be fine after tonight. Keep your hemostatic elixir for later use."

She said to herself without looking up at Alan, who was hesitant holding the small brown medicine bottle. In fact, everyone took care of her because of Patrick, but he didn't expect that she did not want it.

She did not pretend to be strong, because she was injured the least of all while those men's arms and palms were red, swollen, and rotten. They needed medicine more than she did.

The rain limited their living condition.

If they had been injured before, they could check for some anti-inflammatory and painkiller herbs. Now the vegetation and river water outside were polluted, and even their stored dry food probably wouldn't last for a few days.

This cave was probably the nest of some wild animals in the past. There was no firewood they expected. Instead, there were a lot of leftover dead bodies and bones of prey.

In the evening, it was still raining and blew a cold wind outside. They burned the rotten corpses of the prey and made a small fire in the dark cave.

The fire crackled and smelled bad.

Everyone sat around the fire, chewing dried meat while resting with their eyes closed.

Holding a Scepter tightly in her arms, the Barbarian Matrlarch sat in the innermost corner of the cave and ordered Samba to sit next to her to take care of her.

If Patrick and the others really wanted to grab it with their guns and modern heavy weapons, a Barbarian like Samba could not defeat them.

However, they despised bullying the elders. Besides, no one could escape since everyone was trapped in the small cave by the rain. There was no need for a conflict for the time being.

Compared to their casual appearance, Raphael looked very upset. He deliberately said, "It will rain for seven days and seven nights. There are wild animals and many edible fruits nearby. The wild man's not afraid of the rain with his physique."

It meant that Samba could move naturally in the rain and had little effect on him.

"How can you guarantee that Samba's skin will not rot after soaking in the rain for a long time?" Christina turned to rebuke him.

Raphael glared hatefully at his clumsy little sister and raised his voice angrily. "I mean, this Barbarian might run away with the Scepter!"

He was reminding Patrick cleverly that the Matriarch was sophisticated.

Christina snorted. "Samba doesn't want the Scepter. The Matriarch didn't want to

snatch it from you. What's the use of holding one Scepter?"

She knew that he was obsessed with the Scepters very much.

Christina was outspoken. The Matriarch was holding the Scepter tightly at this time, but it was just a hot potato. Only when the Scepters were three in one could it have real divine power. Once the rain stopped, she had to return it, which she had no right to decide on.

Suddenly, everyone felt really relieved.

It was true that there was no need to conflict.

Crabbie, who's in a good mood, patted Gary on the shoulder and said with a smile, "So Christina's really wise."

Hearing this, Patrick, on the other side, smiled first.

Without the atmosphere of competition, everyone was in a much more relaxed mood, thinking about how to enjoy themselves.

For example, the jerky tonight was too hard to chew, with a little moldy smell maybe after being put for a long time.

"Samba, Samba."

'Tomorrow morning at dawn, you go out and pick some fruits for us.' Having a bad idea, Charles ordered Samba to work.

Although Samba was sitting on his mother's side, he actually looked at Christina's rotten feet, which had been hurt by the rain, thinking about what herbs could cure her.

Not knowing what Charles and the others were talking about, Samba looked over and nodded in confusion after hearing his name.

Charles praised excitedly, "Good bro!"

Gary and Crabbie were shamelessly flattering him. "Samba, you're one of us, buddy!"

Samba understood their language and was a little embarrassed. He nodded firmly and muttered, "I won't hurt you."

What a silly Barbarian.

The next morning, the rain subsided, and the sky was still gray. There was no sun, and it was drizzling.

Samba volunteered to go out of the cave to look for food. Without stopping him, the Matriarch looked at the sky from the cave with her old and cloudy eyes desperately. She understood that even if she held one of the Scepters, she could not stop Raphael's action, nor could she prevent the disaster from coming.

Alan told Christina that the Barbarian Matriarch had planned to stay with the Wilding Island and refused to leave with others. It was Samba who carried her away in a hurry. Otherwise, she would have died in the tsunami or earthquake.

"I didn't expect the Barbarians to have such a noble spirit of sacrifice." Charles sighed.

However, Crabbie, a vulgar man, said, "Bullshit, that's called asking for death." He thought it was quite dumb.

A group of people was idling in the cave talking nonsense. It was raining non-stop outside, and they were not willing to go out. Anyway, Samba, who was really thick-skinned and brainless, was willing to go out and work as coolies for them.

At around two o'clock in the afternoon, Samba came back from outside in the rain. Samba's hands, shoulders, thick arms, and waist were tied with round Vine Fruits. "They look like coconuts!"

Recognizing the food at the first glance, Charles went forward to unload them.

Gary and Crabbie rushed up to grab some food. Looking at Samba, who was drenched after coming back with a

lot of food, Christina remembered the days when she lived in the cave in the meteorite zone with Samba.

At first, she misunderstood Samba very deeply, so she ran away many times and maliciously guessed that he had an impure purpose. However, no matter what she thought, Samba only did one thing from beginning to end, which was taking good care of her.

Even at this moment, Samba felt that it was natural for him to go out and find food, without caring about these gains and losses and whether he was used or not.

Raphael, who had been in a bad mood recently, took a look at Samba, too.

If it was in the past, he would have treated Samba as a fool, but now, he became a little more thoughtful, as if he had encountered something incomprehensible. He had seen many uncivilized Barbarians, but Samba was a little special.

Ordinary Barbarians were impatient, reckless, and rough. Whereas, Samba was very careful, who came back with a large bundle of anti-inflammatory herbs for Christina.

Ordinary Barbarians were brainless and couldn't do farsighted things and didn't know how to weigh pros and cons. Raphael really wondered if Samba didn't know or didn't care about gains and losses.

"Was he disciplined by my sister?" Rafael teased.

He didn't want to admit that Christina was his sister, but he blurted it out.

After all, people were social creatures. Living together, they would be influenced by each other imperceptibly. If it weren't for being too lonely, he would not be so cold-blooded and heartless.

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Chapter 685

It was surprising that there were coconuts on the Third Island.

Hard brown coconuts were about the same size as a human's head, with the hard outer layer. Samba hit one of them several times with solid large rocks before it was cracked.

The coconuts brought back by Samba, which provided sweet and delicious coconut water, served as a solution to the drinking water problem.

After Samba took a sip of the coconut water, which confirmed that the water was not poisonous, the group swarmed up.

It was not difficult for Gary and others who were skilled at using modern knives. Others even used murderous bayonets to break open the coconuts one by one.

They appeared to be really excited as if they had found a treasure.

They were now in a tough situation. Although the coconuts had little meat, they could be a snack now. Even Patrick took a small piece and chewed it.

In addition, Samba also dug up and brought back a string of starch plant fruits similar to sweet potatoes and potatoes, with some soil attached to the root. The skins were reddish-brown. Most of them were about the size of a fist, while two of them weighed more than 20 kilograms, larger than a head.

The pulp was orange, resembling sweet potatoes. Having eaten meat every day since she entered the island, Christina had already been tired of it. Perhaps because of her trust in Samba, she picked the pulp up and stuffed it into her mouth.

Patrick was so scared that he immediately ran over and asked her to vomit up the pulp. He was worried that there was any poison or side effects.

The group of men walked around Christina anxiously, afraid that it was poisonous. Christina gulped it down and felt good. It was like chewing a crisp apple. The fruit

was sweet, added with a trace of sourness.

Hearing their conversation, Samba felt a little ashamed.

As a matter of fact, Samba himself had never eaten the fruits of the Third Island, he just felt that they resembled the fruits he had eaten before. What If the Human Cub was polsoned by the food he brought back? A long time ago, Samba did witness a Barbarian die of polsonous fruits.

Samba was clear that he was not as smart as these "little people".

He wasn't really concerned that he didn't take good care of Christina and even ended her life.

Thinking of It, he sat alone in a corner, lost and drenched in rain. Looking a little fierce, he seemed to be deep in thought in puzzlement.

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Not smart enough, Samba was in a daze, pondering something.

Heartless Charles and Gary weren't aware that their words had hurt the strong but sensitive Samba, while Raphael recognized it, and he burst into laughing.

The group immediately turned to glance at him as if Raphael was crazy. They had no idea why Rafael was laughing so wildly.

It was still raining outside the cave.

The rain trapped them in the narrow place for the time being, and now coconut water and sweet potatoes were available for them to kill their hunger. Moreover, treating what had happened to Samba and Gary as a theatrical joke, Raphael was in a good mood.

"... According to the Book of Ancient Times, the Stone Coffin on the Third Island was located in the magnetic center of the island. The extremely strong electromagnetic attraction could change the magnetic field of the entire Earth, causing volcanoes, tsunamis. Moreover, planes flying close and giant wheels nearby would be pulled over by the attraction. Even comets and meteorites will crash into this island in groups."

Patrick eyed Raphael in surprise, and no one interrupted Raphael.

"What about that Stone Coffin? It's indeed square and long. The part exposed on the ground resembles a coffin, but it's actually not a coffin.

At this point, a trace of mockery and anger was in Raphael's eyes.

Raphael had thought that it was a coffin. After all, recorded on the Book of Ancient Times, no one had really seen the Stone Coffin. Raphael took it for granted that a third of the Scepter hidden on the Third Island would definitely be hidden in the Stone Coffin, but he was wrong.

"... An incomparably huge meteorite was embedded in the center of the island. In fact, only a small part of the Stone Coffin, which was square and long, similar to the shape of a coffin was seen. The other part was buried deep underground, and no one knew exactly how deep it was. At the top of the Stone Coffin, another small meteorite was purposely put by someone."

The small meteorite mentioned by Rafael weighed hundreds of kilograms.

At that time, with the modern tools from the Second Largest Island and the level principle, Rapheal successful moved away the small thousand-kilogram meteorite. However, it turned out that the legendary Stone Coffin was not a hollow coffin at all, nor could he find the Scepter he wanted.

Raphael himself failed to expect that after moving the small meteorite, the magnetic field structure of the entire island would be changed.

As the legend said, "Removing the lid of the Stone Coffin" would definitely get the God of Heaven angry.

"Rafael, why are you so wicked? You pried the meteorite away. Why didn't you move it back?"

Thinking of the terrible disaster which took place on the Barbarian Island, Alan couldn't help scolding.

Seemed that it was none of his business, Raphael slowly said, "Do you think Earl

and I can lift a meteorite which weighs 1000 kilogram?"

Raphael had no friends and family at all, so he definitely went there alone.

Coupled with his strange temper, even if someone agreed to go there with him, the man would surely be suspected by Raphael. All in all, Raphael was used to doing things alone.

Christina finally figured out what had happened. It turned out that Raphael had succeeded in opening the "Stone Coffin." However, because of his bad character, no one would like to go with him, which made him unable to move the meteorite back.

Well, Raphael indeed ended up being left alone.

Ever since it was known to all, the Matriarch had always been asking Rafael to tell her the location of the Stone Coffin."

However, Raphael wasn't willing to say it.

It had been said that one should make a sacrifice for the greater good.

And it was better for someone to abandon their own desires and fulfill the great righteousness.

Nevertheless, these reasons were all bullshit to Raphael.

"... You'd better help me find a third of the Scepter on the Third Island as soon as possible, or we'll die together."

Raphael said calmly, looking as if he didn't care about death. Hearing it, Gary and Crabbie clenched their fists and wanted to beat Raphael up again.

Damn it, you wanted to die, and you wanted everyone to die with you. How could that be?

Raphael was indeed a pervert.

"... Where will the Scepter of the Third Island be?"

"I don't know," Raphael answered perfunctorily.

Raphael had spoken the truth. He really had no idea.

After getting full, everyone was thinking about the possible location of the Scepter. Although Rachael was despicable, the crowd had no choice but to help him find the last part of the Scepter as soon as possible, and then quickly move the Stone Coffin back, hoping that they could stop the disaster in time.

Based on the precedence, the Scepter was owned by the most powerful person on the island

The Scepter of the Barbarian Island was originally owned and guarded by the Matriarch. Patrick used the son of Matriarch, Raine, as trade and forced the Matriarch to hand the Matriarch over

The Scepter of the Second Largest Island, which had always been guarded by the head of the Strozzi family, was stolen by Raphael

Then what about the Scepter of the Third Island?

"... Who is the most powerful person on the Third Island? Christina got straight to the point

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Chapter 686

The rain stopped.

The heavy rain outside had been continued for seven days. Finally, the wind and the rain stopped.

Perhaps because of the continuous rain, the air became much fresher. They had been trapped in the cave for seven days. When Christina and the others walked

out of the cave in high spirits, they were shocked by the scene in front of them. They were now at the foot of the mountain and before them was a plain. But right now, the originally verdant trees were all bare, and the leaves fell to the ground, leaving only the branches. The muddy road was full of potholes, and even the short grass and some vines and herbs began to rot at the roots. Everything was desolate and barren.

She once complained to Samba that there were no rainy days on this island. This time, after this unusual heavy rain, the whole world changed.

Everyone walked out of the cave and looked around in astonishment. They had to avoid the puddle for the rain was really poisonous.

Yet they had no time to lament. They saw a few coconut trees in the distance. Although the big leaves of the coconut tree did not shed, they were all drooping. Fortunately, the rain had no effect on the fruit flesh. Gary then took out a steel knife and quickly climbed up the tree to pick coconuts.

And Charles and the others hung three or four coconuts on their backpacks and used them as kettles. When they were thirsty, they picked up the coconuts and took a few gulps.

On this short hillside, Samba strode over. He pulled up a vine root and pulled out a bunch of sweet potatoes from the mud.

Christina was tired of eating meat these days. She would like to eat some vegetables. Quickly, she went over to help pull and examine the newly unearthed sweet potatoes carefully. Perhaps it was because the vegetation grew on the hillside and the rain did not sink into the soil. Therefore, apart from the slightly irritating smell of acid rain on the surface of the sweet potatoes, its flesh was still eatable after peeling the skin.

There were also many anti-inflammatory and painkiller herbs. Although the roots of these herbs began to rot after being soaked in the rain, it did not affect the efficacy of their leaves and stems. Samba also picked some.

Now they are storing as much as food they could.

"Which direction are we heading now?"

*... Hey, Raphael, you asked us to help you find the Scepter. You could at least provide a clue."

When their preparations were completed, they should the most important problem.

They had men and weapons, but with no direction, like blind black flies.

This time, Raphael did not put on a perfunctory expression. Instead, he stared at the surroundings and pondered, as if he did not dare to make a decision himself. And the Matriarch still stubbornly shouted at him.

She wanted them to put the stone coffin back in its original position, and only he knew the location of the stone coffin.

But he couldn't say it now because it was his final card.

Originally, Christina wanted to talk to the Matriarch, but considering her lame Aboriginal Language, she might as well keep her mouth shut, lest she offended the Matriarch because of the oral mistake.

"Samba, tell the Matriarch to calm down. No matter how much she yells, it wont work unless she finds three Scepters for Raphael."

Knowing that he was the son of the Matriarch, she thought it would be more suitable to let him persuade his mother.

But she underestimated the persistence of the Barbarians. Facing a one-track-mind and uncivilized Barbarian, she had no way to change their minds. Holding a Scepter, the Matriarch was walking shakily behind Raphael and nagging. No matter where Raphael went, he was followed by an annoying old lady. Feeling more irritated, he wanted to kick her to the ground.

In order to avoid the incident of beating up the old man, Patrick rarely said to

Raphael, "Since the Matriarch has the ability to avoid the illusion of the Third Island and also accurately find the place where you buried the Scepter, and she knows to avoid the rain..."

"It's very likely that she knows where the Scepter of the Third Island is."

As soon as Raphael heard this, his expression changed drastically. Perhaps because he was too arrogant and always took others lightly, he thought that he was the person most familiar with the Third Island. So he did not ask others about it.

Or maybe it was because he was used to being alone and solving problems on his own, not knowing how to work in a team.

Turning around, he looked coldly at the old and ugly Matriarch. "Do you know where the Scepter of the Third Island is?

"I don't know."

She answered very directly. It seemed that she was telling the truth.

His face turned pale, and he couldn't help but feel discouraged. He then turned around and strode towards a hillside, wanting to stand high and think about where to go next.

All along, he was used to relying on himself, because others were unreliable. And they were all idiots.

Just as he cursed in his heart, Christina pulled Samba over and stopped the leader of the Matriarch, advising honestly, "Don't follow him anymore. He might hit you."

"Matriarch, you don't know the location of the Scepter of the Third Island, but do you know the most powerful thing on the Third Island..."

"Nagar."

Before she could finish her words, the Matriarch gave her a name.

The old lady's face was painted with colorful stripes. At this time, most of the makeup on her face had been removed. Her skin was dark, and her face was full of wrinkles. Recently, after experiencing many setbacks, she looked haggard and tired, but her eyes were as bright as beasts. There were also a few strings of pearls, shells, and gemstones hanging neatly around her neck.

For some reason, Christina paid more respect to her.

"What is Nagar?"

The old lady said a lot to Christina, as if she was afraid of something. Yet she spoke very fast, and Christina only understood two words.

"Third Island" "Patron Saint"

On the other side, Raphael's ears were very sharp. When he heard her words, he immediately turned his head. As he listened, he suddenly realized something.

He then asked in a loud voice, "Is Nagar a person or something? Where is it?"

Christina was not smart, but her logic was correct. The Scepter had been owned by the most powerful people on the various islands since ancient times. This was a place where the weak were prey to the strong. So there must be a king

The Patron Saint of the Third Island, Nagar.

Back then, Raphael had rummaged through the scriptures of the library but could not find this record. It seemed that Matriarch was still useful.

After hearing his question, the Matriarch shook her head, indicating that she did not know what Nagar was. This was just an ancient name handed down by their ancestors.

He was about to swear.

"Nagar lives in the great waterfall."

She did not know how to play tricks, nor could she learn to hide secrets. Never thinking that she could threaten him to find the stone coffin with that, she told him the answer directly.

This was the ignorance of the Barbarians. But Christina felt that this was the simpleness and pureness that they were about to forget.

The Barbarians were simple, and their lives and happiness were also simple. Unlike the people from outside, they were insatiable.

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Chapter 687

“The Great Waterfall.”

Although everyone was confused, even the Matriarch did not know who Nagar was. Fortunately, she knew that Nagar lived in the Great Waterfall.

Nagar, the Patron Saint of the Third Island, lived in the Great Waterfall.

“As soon as we entered the swamp, we heard the sound of water rushing down from a waterfall.” –

Gary still remembered the sound clearly. Although he didn’t see it with his own eyes, he was sure that only a waterfall could make such a sound.

But they didn’t see any waterfalls along the way.

Everyone looked at Raphael in unison. “The Scepter you want is at the waterfall. Think about where it is.” Crabbie teased gloatingly.

But Raphael’s expression was serious. He asked back, “are you sure that you heard the sound of a waterfall?”

Hearing this, Gary and the others immediately understood that Raphael had never encountered a waterfall on the Third Island

Without hesitation, Patrick immediately took out the map. Although the geographical location of the map had changed, it could offer some guidance.

Indeed, they found something on the map.

“This sign should refer to the waterfall.” On the map, there is a high mountain and a watermark.

Alan said, “Mr. Hopkins, this map is wrong.”

“Since the Matriarch said that Nagar is an ancient legend and is as old as this map, perhaps Nagar is still hidden here.”

Raphael didn’t object to what he said. They didn’t have any clear direction, so why not take chance?

So they packed up and began to look for the Great Waterfall according to the guidance of the map.

Because of the continuous rain before, the ground became very soft and muddy.

For safety reasons, they all held a bayonet or a long gun as a walking stick.

The Matriarch was old. She was gradually tired after walking for two hours with the team in the mountains. Patrick was leading a careless troop that did not know how to respect the old. The Matriarch was left alone at the end of the team. Charles noticed that. He pushed Christina and said, “Ask Samba to carry his mother.”

Christina turned around and saw that the Matriarch was panting as she walked. Christina ran over quickly.

Not knowing if it was because of Christina’s kindness, the Matriarch handed Christina the part of Scepter that she had been holding tightly. Christina was shocked for a long time. “Thank you.”

She thanked the Matriarch for her trust.

The Matriarch also taught Christina to combine the two parts of the Scepter. It turned out that there was a small mechanism embedded in every one-third of the Scepter. Once combined, the two-thirds Scepter was nearly 1.5 meters long.

If it weren’t for the fear that the Matriarch and Raphael would disagree, Christina wanted to use this thing as a walking stick. It was too long to carry.

The Matriarch shook her head at her. "When we get to the Holy Land, it will walk."

Although Christina still felt awkward listening to the Matriarch's words, she got the general meaning. The Matriarch told her not to separate the combined Scepter. If they got to the "Holy land", the Scepter will find its place by itself. Just like before, the Scepter in her hand suddenly flew up, and then they found the hidden mountainside. The mountainside with murals of cultural relics was indeed a holy land.

Christina was a little excited. It turned out that the combination of these two parts could help find the key ruins.

She guessed that Raphael definitely didn't know about it, and she didn't intend to tell that bastard.

Christina called Samba over and let Samba carry his mother on his shoulder. Charles ran over to join. "Oh, this Scepter is probably more than two meters in its original shape. Now only the top part is missing. It must be quite imposing." Christina swung the Scepter around like a detector, trying to see if it had found anything. Unfortunately, the Scepter did not react. It was conceivable that they were far from where they wanted to go.

They walked and stopped all the way. At noon, although the weather today was not sunny, there were a few rays of sunlight shining through the thin clouds. Under the bright light, there was a swift river rushed and meandered down just in front of them.

"According to the map, the lower reach of this river is the Great Waterfall we are looking for." Patrick stood still and looked around.

Normally, they would walk down the river bank.

However, the soil on both sides of the river was soft and full of tall water plants, just like the swamp they met at the beginning, which frightened them.

"Let's go on a raft this time." Gary was still afraid of the big fish they met in the swamp.

Alan did not go across the swamp at that time and was not afraid. He retorted, "If it is the Great Waterfall under this river, our rafts will be washed down by the current, and we can't control them at all. Then wouldn't we die?"

Crabbie looked at the swamp, shivered, and told Alan expressionlessly, "I would rather be washed down by the waterfall.",

The swamp gave them a sinister and terrifying feeling, and it was full of dense and tall water grass. If they got in, they might accidentally sink down and feed the fish.

All of their team members were extreme sports masters, and they used to dive and surf in the deep sea.

Alan still disagreed. "We have the old, the sick, and the disabled."

"I'm not going to the swamp anyway."

W

They could not come to a conclusion. Under the harsh living environment, the choice would decide whether they lived or died.

And people were most likely to diverge, suspect, and infight under such circumstances.

"Make a raft, we'll take the waterway." Patrick thought for a while and said to them.

The rest muttered in a low voice, not daring to have any objections, and went to cut down the tree obediently.

The obedience of the members to Patrick surprised Samba. He secretly made up his mind to be a person like Patrick. This "little guy" was really smart.

In Samba's opinion, only powerful people would be followed. And Samba thought that "powerful" meant to come up with many smart ideas like the Human Cub. In this field, Samba felt a little inferior.

The torrential river in front of them just separated the big swamp into two parts. The river was clear and the long river course was not blocked by dense water grass. "According to the map, we are more than 20 kilometers away from the location of the Great Waterfall, so we take the river course." If there was a special situation, then they would make a plan.

Crabbie and Gary tied up the raft fast.

If they had to walk more than 20 kilometers in the swamp, it would really kill them.

There were a total of 21 people, not including Earl, the cat. So they needed at least two large rafts. They also cut

4 thick and long tree trunks to support the rafts and to control the direction. In less than two hours, the rafts were finished, and they pushed them into the water.

Knowing that it was dangerous, they were still a little excited and shouted, "Let's go!"

Christina was a good swimmer. But when she jumped onto the raft, she felt a little unbalanced. At first, she thought that she was not used to standing on the raft. Patrick noticed and looked at her.

She immediately stood straight and pretended to be fine. She didn't want to cause any trouble for them at this time.

However, as the raft went down the water, Christina felt more and more unsteady. She simply sat down, and at this moment, the Scepter in her backpack shook.

Christina was dumbfounded.

Before she could react, she watched the two precious parts of the Scepter fly into the river.

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Chapter 688

Not long after Christina stepped on the raft, the 5 feet Scepter in her backpack suddenly shook violently, seeming to sense something.

She watched helplessly as it flew into the river with a whoosh.

The Golden Scepter stood out in the clear river. Jumping into the river instinctively, she stretched out her hands to grab it.

Fortunately, it was long enough. she grabbed its end, but it was powerful seeming to be alive, like a flying fish in the water, dragging her forward.

"Ah..."

"The Scepter ran away again." Choked by the water several times, she screamed in shock, "Ah..."

Patrick and Raphael were shocked. When they came back to their senses, they only saw Christina being dragged forward by something in the water at an extremely fast speed.

It was so fast that on the raft they could only hear her screams and see her long black hair floating in the river. Gradually, she disappeared.

"Let go immediately."

Patrick remembered that the first time the power of the Scepter was enough to take Christina up into the sky. which was not something ordinary people could resist.

At this moment, she was like being tied behind an airship and being dragged to fly at high speed in the river. She choked on several mouthfuls of the water and

was dizzy from the force. It was her instinct to hold the Scepter tightly with both hands.

"Christina, let go of the Scepter!"

When Patrick's anxious voice came vaguely, she suddenly understood.

Just as she let go of it, her palms were immediately bleeding. It was not hard to imagine how fast it was. Enduring the pain in her palms, she watched the precious Golden Scepter rush away along the river.

Behind, the raft immediately sped towards her. Raphael looked angry. "Get the Scepter back for me!"

He cared more about the loss of the Scepter.

The two Scepters he had finally gathered were lost at a stroke!

Christina didn't care about his word. She swam against the urgent current in their direction, looking a little tired.

It was Raphael's raft facing her. Raphael was completely provoked, devoid of his noble temperament. He said furiously, "Where's the Scepter?"

Just as she was about to retort, Gary noticed a dark shadow in the water and shouted hurriedly, "Christina, there's something in the water. Climb on the raft, Immediately!"

Everyone instantly thought of the big fish they had met in the swamp, which was a scary carp that weighed more than 100 pounds with two rows of sharp teeth. She subconsciously turned around and looked back with a pale face. Indeed, a dark shadow swam towards her. It was probably the blood smell of the wound on her palm that caused it to come.

"Come on!"

Gary immediately handed her a long stick. She was ten meters away from the nearest raft, but the thing behind her swam closer and closer.

Patrick's raft was further away from her. He anxiously plucked up a gun and fired several shots at the creature in the river.

It was indeed that giant fish, sharp teeth like a piranha and flathead with two long tentacles, whose black body was smooth without scales, like a loach.

It died, and the river was immediately filled with dark red blood with a stinky smell.

Everyone was relieved then.

Christina continued to swim upstream. She exerted all her strength and grabbed the stick handed over by Gary. They dragged the stick on the raft, and she swam hard herself.

When she put her hands on the raft where Gary was, she suddenly realized, "It might be overweight plus me. I'll go to Patrick's raft."

Gary really forgot about it since it was an urgent situation just now. The raft was tied up temporarily. After calculating everyone's weight, they assigned personnel. Especially the big man Samba sitting on their raft, it couldn't carry anyone.

Patrick quickly rowed towards them, and it would only take three minutes to reach Christina.

But in just three minutes, things suddenly changed. Perhaps the smell of blood from the dead fish was too strong, which attracted more fish to swim this way.

In an instant, shadows of all sizes swam towards them in the river.

Christina was still immersed in the river and looked ahead in horror. Before she could make a choice, Samba

jumped into the river. Without the weight of him, the water level of the raft immediately rose.

Gary, Patrick, and the others didn't expect that Samba would suddenly choose to jump into the water. Before they came to senses, Samba used his strength to lift Christina easily on the raft.

Samba, on the other hand, grabbed the big fish that was rushing over with his

bare hands and punched it in the head. However, this kind of fish was too smooth to catch. Cut several deep wounds by the sharp thorns of the fish, his rough arms and palms were bleeding.

Christina immediately shouted, "Samba, go upstream and they'll use guns..." Patrick had already raised his gun to kill these ferocious big fish. Due to the fact that the big man Samba blocked his sight, Gary, Crabbie, and even Charles grabbed their weapons and shot at the water continuously.

Samba immediately realized that he was in the way of others and immediately went upstream.

The big fish seemed to know the danger, with more and more dead fish floating on the river.

Perhaps everything had a spirit, and this group of ferocious big fish did not dare to rush towards them easily.

"Samba, come up."

During a break, Christina waved and shouted at him.

Not wanting to hinder them from shooting at the fish with guns, he swam alone to the left bank of the swamp a little far away, where the river was shallow just over his shoulder. He stood upright and pulled a few sturdy plants with his hands. Samba shook his head at Christina, knowing that he was heavy and might cause the raft to turn over if he climbed onto it.

Christina wanted to persuade him to come up because it was dangerous to be in the water all the time.

However, at this moment, everyone noticed a strange phenomenon. The group of big fish swam away almost at the same time as if they were running for their lives.

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Chapter 689

Suddenly, everyone noticed a strange phenomenon. The school of big fish swam in the direction almost at the same time, as if they were scattering for their lives. Patrick and the others were immediately alerted that it might appear more ferocious predators by their experience in field operations.

Things happened as they expected.

On both sides of the river were swamps. The fish fled and soon a large, dark brown calman crocodile appeared in front of them with a hard outer skin like armor, which was at least eight meters in length.

The huge crocodile crawled quickly with its thick four feet and crawled out of the grass on one side of the swamp. It nimbly dived into the river, and the long shadow looming in the water was frightening.

Patrick and the others held their guns tightly and stared nervously at the river, but suddenly their raft was slammed from the bottom of the water by crocodiles. This powerful force made the people on the raft lose their balance. "Ah -"

The raft was knocked over and everyone fell into the river with screaming.

Seeing that Patrick's raft was knocked over by crocodiles, Rafael, Gary, Christina and the others in front of them were all in a daze.

"Be careful!"

Gary watched appalled as the mutated giant crocodile swam towards Patrick and the others again.

But they even didn't realize what happened at once. Patrick and the others were struggling to float on the surface of the river to breathe, and the rushing

water here became a kind of resistance for them.

Gary and the others immediately shot at the crocodile, shot into the river, trying to protect Patrick and the others and strive for the time.

However, they missed it. The resistance of the river slowed down the bullet's speed. Coupled with the armor-like skin of this mutated crocodile, it dived into the river, and ordinary bullets could hardly hurt it.

"It swam towards us!" Although Gary and the others didn't hurt the crocodile, it seemed to be riled.

The crocodile, which was eight meters long, swung its long tail in the river, turned around, and swam very nimbly and quickly towards Gary's raft.

At the same time, Christina, who was on that raft, was holding a long bayonet tightly. She looked at the giant crocodile swimming in confusion and was at a loss. Seeing this, Patrick and the others immediately shot at the crocodile, but it was useless due to the distance, the resistance of the river. Rafael stood on the raft, ready to carry a heavy flame gun and aim at the terrible crocodile that was rushing towards him in the river.

Bang –

The flame bomb gave out a dazzling light and a violent impact. The bullet went straight into the river, making a loud noise and shaking the river bed. The river actually shook.

The clear river became murky in an instant. Everyone was still in shock and stared nervously at the river.

It was not certain whether the crocodile had been hit.

At this time, because of the recoil of the flame gun, it was difficult to balance himself for Rafael standing on the unbalanced raft. The bullet was fired, and Rafael also retreated, and then accidentally fell into the river with a thud.

The turbid river gradually settled, and the huge black shadow also sank to the bottom of the river. Christina looked at it. Before she could be happy, the long tail of the injured crocodile at the bottom of the river shook violently. It jumped up like it was full of anger to come back to life.

The flame bomb seriously injured the crocodile's left forelimb and broke a huge claw, which was like a piece of rotten meat and bled with a foul smell. But this did not stop the crocodile from marching faster and fiercer.

Christina was dumbfounded.

The crocodile seemed to have some intelligence and knew who hurt itself. It stared at the river and Rafael with sinister eyes, swimming over crazily.

"Knife, give me the knife!"

Rafael was also frightened and panicked. As he paddled and turned, he shouted at the people on the raft.

Christina handed over the bayonet in her hand. Rafael stretched out his hand and was about to catch it when he was frightened by the giant crocodile who suddenly swam over.

With jaws wide open, crocodile bit with its sharp rows of teeth. The bite force was amazing.

But it bit nothing.

Fortunately, Samba swam over and grabbed Rafael in time. Otherwise, Rafael would have been cut in two by this bite.

Samba punched the crocodile on the head with his bare hands. When the crocodile shook its head, it opened mouth and showed its fangs again and attacked Samba fiercely.

Because of the buoyancy in the river, Samba also became flexible. He jumped onto the crocodile and hugged it with both hands and feet.

The crocodile could not turn its head and bite him now. It rolled angrily in the river. The sand at the bottom of the river was disturbed by the huge crocodile, and the water was muddy again.

Christina heart tightened. "Samba -" she shouted anxiously at the turbid river. Rafael also shouted anxiously at the rolling river, "Samba, stab it with a bayonet!" But the sound of the crocodile rolling in the river drowned out their cries. Samba rolled in the river with the crocodile. The crocodile wanted to get rid of Samba and bite him to death. Samba had experience dealing with wild prey and knew that he could not let go at this time. But it was hard to breathe in the river. Patrick had already fallen into the river. He dived into the water and swam towards the crocodile. Someone behind him subconsciously reached out and grabbed him. He didn't want him to go there to die, but Patrick turned around and looked at him coldly. Finally, he immediately let go.

When Patrick dimly saw that Samba was fighting with the mutated giant crocodile, he felt frightened and did not hesitate. Patrick took a deep breath on the river and immediately swam over. His approach caught the attention of Samba and the crocodile at the same time. Patrick had a short dagger at his waist with a sharp blade. He waved his hand down and stabbed it in the crocodile's right eye quickly. It was uncomfortable for Samba to hold the crocodile tightly. The crocodile was blind and became even more furious. It shook violently. If samba hadn't been strong enough to hold it, Patrick would have been bitten off by the crocodile's big teeth.

In this case, it was already difficult for Patrick to get closer. He swam back. When Samba saw Patrick blinding the crocodile with a knife, he freed his right hand and pulled out dagger, stabbing it into the crocodile's other eye again. During this time, the crocodile lift its jaws. The crocodile slipped from Samba's grasp. The crocodile's eyes were injured and it began to sniff frantically in the direction of Samba.

The river began to clear, and everyone was shocked to see this scene. Samba and the crocodile were fighting in the river with his bare hands. No one dared to shoot again for fear of hitting Samba. The skin of such a giant crocodile was so hard that everyone knew that it was the most likely but dangerous way for Samba to kill it with a dagger. Everyone had better weapons in their hands, but they just watched as if they were indifferent. They just could watch Samba fight with this terrible crocodile "Shoot that crocodile!" Christina urged hurriedly She did not understand this, just looking at the Samba fight with all his might "Crocodiles can chase after the scent of their prey Even if it was blind, Samba can i escape" "If we shoot Indiscriminately now, it will only bring trouble for Samba" She was very angry as if they were making sarcastic remarks and scolded them, if it was Patrick in the water, would you be so indifferent? Sometimes human rationality is just because they don't care enough

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Chapter 690

Samba was lucky. After a life-and-death struggle, he killed a crocodile with a dagger.

When everyone saw the death of the eight-meter-long super crocodile, which turned over and floated to the surface, they found it unbelievable.

The mutated super crocodile had been inflicted with multiple injuries. Raphael had severely injured the crocodile's left forelimb with a flame bomb and broken its claws. Patrick had dived into the river and blinded it. Samba took the dagger and continued to have close combat with the crocodile. The scene was quite dangerous.

The people who had fallen into the water had already climbed onto the raft. In high spirits, everyone gave Samba a thumbs-up and loudly praised him for his skill. "How awesome!"

Everyone couldn't help but make a noise of excitement, and at the same time, they urged Samba to climb up the raft quickly. After all, it was quite dangerous to soak in the river.

"Are you hurt?" Only Christina asked with a straight face.

Samba was quite nervous to hear other's compliments now he was greeted with the cheers of Charles and the others. Although Samba was ferocious-looking, he was very shy. He shook his head to show that he was fine.

As Christina and Samba were on different rafts, she couldn't check his wounds closely, so she could only shout at Charles and order him to check.

"... Stop howling. I don't see you guys being so high-spirited when fighting with the crocodile just now. Go and see whether Samba is hurt!"

Because of Samba's dark skin, even if there were some small wounds bleeding, they could be easily ignored.

When Samba saw Christina quarreling with Charles and the others, he immediately became nervous.

If she angered all the men, Samba worried that Christina would be bullied by them.

Therefore, Samba gesticulated with hands and feet, for fear that Charles and the others would not understand his language.

Samba conveyed that 'I am not smart but I can hunt.'

Finally, Samba slapped his chest hard with his right fist and roared, which meant "Never mind."

I'm not as smart as you little people, but I've hunted and lived by myself since childhood. I'm not afraid of crocodiles."

Others could get a rough idea of what he was trying to say, which probably meant, "A little injury doesn't matter."

At this moment, they also knew that there was a deep wound on the inner side of Samba's right arm, which was scratched by the claws of the crocodile's forelimb. The wound was so deep that dark red blood kept oozing out. Samba's dark skin prevented them from noticing it at first.

Charles and the others felt a little ashamed.

A scheming mind couldn't face the purity of simple-mindedness, just like one's dark side dared not to look straight at the bright sun

Samba never thought too far, nor did he know the current struggle in the minds of Charles and the others. When Samba returned the dagger, Patrick said, "It belongs to you."

Samba didn't quite understand but he was also happy to get such a good dagger, which was harder and sharper than any tool he had ever seen.

Raphael, who was on the same raft as Christina, suddenly behaved like a crazy person. He grabbed the heavy

flame gun, aimed, and fired at the dead crocodile floating on the river, making deafening noises.

The water and the riverbed shook violently.

"What's wrong with you?"

"... What if it comes back to life?" Raphael refilled the gun in a serious manner.

"Bullets cost money. Don't waste resources. How can it come back to life..."

Raphael was indeed venting his emotions but he didn't put it clearly. "On the

Third Island, everything is possible."

The two sections of Scepters that he had finally found disappeared again. He was just in a bad mood.

"Hey, where the hell are my Scepters?"

Raphael turned around and questioned the Barbarian Matriarch with an unfriendly air.

The raft continued to drift down the current. In fact, everyone regretted going down the river so casually. The Third Island was much more dangerous than they had imagined.

Under Raphael's furious questioning, the Barbarian Matriarch replied calmly, "You'll see it soon."

There might be ancient ruins hidden nearby.

Just as Patrick and the others held their weapons tightly in their hands, vigilant against dangerous creatures in the river, they calculated according to the map and realized they would soon reach the great waterfall as long as they travelled down the lower reaches of the river.

But suddenly they seemed to have broken into a barrier.

The rives in front of them disappeared, and their rafts were thrown into the sky by an unknown force. Christina and the others all cried out in astonishment.

Ah

One by one, they fell from the air and had their buttocks hurt. When they came back to their senses, they were surprised by the scene in front of them.

A second ago, they were rafting on the river and in an instant they reached a lush virgin forest.

The black soil here was fertile and wet, and there were many towering old trees. The sun above them was shining brightly, shedding light on their faces through the leaves. The surroundings were full of vitality with the chirps of cicadas, insects, and birds. The sounds of birds' fluttering wings and small animals' swift movements on the trees could also be captured.

"What the hell is this place?" They couldn't help but ask.

Was this an illusion?

At this moment, Gary suddenly shouted excitedly, "Listen, it's the sound of a waterfall!"

Although he could not see the waterfall, he did hear the strong sound of the rushing water.

"The waterfall should be nearby."

"No matter where we are now, our purpose will be fulfilled as long as we find the waterfall."

Everyone's mood gradually brightened up. "Who is Nagar? Why living in the waterfall..."

"It sounds like a god's name."