

Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms #Chapter 11 My Palms Hurt From Slapping Something - Read Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms Chapter 11 My Palms Hurt From Slapping Something

"Which ignorant f*cker would dare tap my shoulder like that? Can't you see I'm busy here?!"

Wenfeng turned his head around, opening his mouth to draw arrogantly.

POM!

The beer bottle in the man's hand collided with Wenfeng's head.

"Argh! Ouch!"

The beer bottle shattered. Blood started to gush out from Wenfeng's head. He cried in agony. Stars were circling on the top of his head. The open wound and alcohol took a toll. He basically convulsed from the extreme pain.

"Master!"

The bodyguard quickly turned from Chen and rushed over to Wenfeng to protect him.

"Who are you? Why did you smash me with a beer bottle...?" Wenfeng was really confused.

He did not even know this red-haired man. This guy attacked him without any reason. What a shitty day!

"Who am I?"

The guy with red hair said arrogantly, "The streets around this area belong to me, Fire 'Grim-Reaper', the boss. How dare you attack my benefactor in my territory. You don't even know who am I! It seems like you have a death wish today."

"Benefactor?"

Wenfeng and his bodyguard were shocked, and they looked at Chen with their eyes and mouths hanging.

"Hi little Flamy!" Chen smiled.

"Good day, Master Chen. I was just thinking of looking for you to show my utmost gratitude.

The Flaming Grim-Reaper boss ran to Chen with a big smile on his face and said, "My wife came back to me earlier, and she also forgave me! It's all thanks to you! From today onwards, you are my great benefactor!"

Chen put up a look of dawning realization and said, "This is good karma. I helped you before, this is why you are helping me right now."

"Right! Right! Right! You are right, master!" The boss nodded his head. By then, he had full trust in Chen, to the extent that even if Chen said his fart smell good, he would agree wholeheartedly. Witnessing all this, Wenfeng felt like he was being trampled by a thousand horses; he wanted to beat Chen up, but there was nothing that he can do. He had been looking forward to beating the man up. Things had taken a whole 180-degree turn now. He never expected that Chen would lure him here.

"Master, let's leave this place... There are dozens of gangsters staring at us. You are more precious than they are. If we don't back off, there will certainly be more blood spilled." The bodyguard said softly to Wenfeng.

"This..." Wenfeng was extremely unsatisfied, but he had no courage to risk his own life.

"Let's go!" Wenfeng said unwillingly.

"Leave? It seems like you're forgetting something." Chen said.

"You... What do you want?" Fear started to invade Wenfeng's body. He could sense that something really bad was going to happen to him.

"Just now, I made a promise to myself that I must slap you today!" Chen proclaimed with a straight face.

"You're going too far!" Wenfeng said, furiously.

After all, he was still the eldest son of Wen Family. He could barely accept the fact that Wen Tianyuan had slapped him, and he was furious about it. There was no way that he would let Chen slap him on the other side of his face.

"Me, going too far?"

Chen said condescendingly, "If Flaming Grim-Reaper had not been present, you will most likely be beating me to death already by now. Who's going too far, now?"

"This..." Wenfeng had no comeback.

Then, he shouted angrily, "I'm the eldest son of Wen Family! I will not allow you to slap me! Never!"

Clap!

Clap!

The boss clapped his hands lightly and people started to appear from different corners. There were around forty to fifty people. Also, every one of them were holding knives and steel pipes. It was the feeling of being surrounded by wolfs and tigers. It was like a classic mafia movie. Within a few seconds, the whole place was filled with gangsters.

"Shit..."

Wenfeng was completely petrified.

A scene like this, sent fear rushing to his heart. He was too afraid to even take another deep breath. There was nothing the bodyguard could do. He was well-trained, and could fight multiple opponents, but now there was a gang of gangsters with weapons in their hands, surrounding them. Even if he had ten lives, he would definitely burn through them.

"The two of you better listen to what Master Chen just said! Bear the consequences, if you choose not to listen to him." The boss gave them an ice-cold stare and threatened them.

He looked like a good kitty in front of Chen but when facing others, he spoke like a terrifying tiger.

"Come here!" Chen lifted up his hand and curled his finger - a come hither gesture.

"Just go, master... If not, we will die miserably..." The bodyguard was terrified. He couldn't protect himself from this, let alone Chen. Instead, he asked Wenfeng to do as he said.

"..."

Wenfeng's facial reaction was twisted. He felt oppressed. Looking at the scenario, he got no other choice but to obey.

PIAK!

Chen did not even say a word, he lifted up his arm and slapped Wenfeng as hard as he could.

"Ouch!"

Wenfeng groaned agonizingly as his ass landed on the ground. A red palm print started to appear on his face, along with his forehead that was still bleeding. He looked like complete shit.

"Your face is really thick! My hand actually hurts!" Chen shook his hand, staring disapprovingly.

Tears were rolling down on Wenfeng's face. "My face is swollen right now. Of course, your hand is hurting! How much hatred is there? How deep is your grudge? Is it even necessary for you to hit me this hard?" Deep inside Wenfeng's heart, he cursed his grandfather, grandmother, great-grandfather, great-grandmother and all his family members for a hundred times!

However, he dared not show it in his face. He was afraid that Chen was going to slap him again.

"Fine! Both of you, get the f*ck out from here!" Chen said calmly.

Wenfeng and his bodyguard acted like they just received a pardon from death penalty. They left the scene as swiftly as possible. After that, Chen marked down the boss' cellphone number and left the west side of the city. The first thing that he did when he got the cab was to contact brother Zhu. He figured out that Brother Zhu must be very free, because he replied him instantly.

After Chen had handed a Charm of Marriage over to him, Brother Zhu had been treating him like a good friend. Chen could even skip all the formalities now.

Chen: Recently, I accepted one guy as my apprentice. I want to ask if there's a way for him to increase his true strength in the shortest time possible?

Brother Zhu: Training is a long process. If you want to improve your true strength in the shortest time possible, you have to acquire the Golden Pill from Lord Lao Zi.

Chen: Where can I get it?

Brother Zhu: If I'm not mistaken, you need one hundred thousand points of Triple Realms Merit Points to exchange one primary level Golden Pill.

Chen: What the f*ck?

Chen's hand shook and he almost dropped the phone.

If I get one point by saving one person, that would mean, that I'd have to save one hundred thousand people to get one hundred thousand points! This has got to be a joke.

Chen: Are there any other ways to get it? Actually, my requirements are not that high. All I want is he won't get bullied by other humans.

Brother Zhu: So, just some above average mortal strength? That's easy! Just borrow the "strength" from Yanwang, A.K.A, the King of Hell.

Chen: Erm, I'm not that close with Yanwang. I'm not sure if he's willing to lend me the "strength."

Brother Zhu: Logically speaking, he won't give it to you for free! However, he's actually a food hunter. If you are willing to offer him some really good food, it shouldn't be a problem at all!

Food hunter? Chen was stunned. He cannot comprehend that the King of Hell that commanded an army of devils was a food lover. Chen calmed himself down and found the profile picture of Yanwang.

Ding!

[Friend request sent to Yanwang.]

Translator footnote

Yanwang- The king of hell.