

Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms #Chapter 8 Bad Things Are Going To Happen - Read Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms Chapter 8 Bad Things Are Going To Happen

"When I was a kid, my parents always told me to do good to those who do good to you. This is not about the money. I simply would like to express my good will to you. Even if these three items are worth more than hundreds of millions, I am still going to give them out without any hesitation because the two of you really helped me out when I was in trouble!"

Chen smiled. Two rows of crystal teeth could be seen.

"Alright, in that case... Thank you, so so much!" Lan whispered softly. Deep inside her heart, she was greatly touched by Chen sincere intentions. There was no way that she could reject his good will. Chen was relieved after Lan accepted his gift. He kept the rest of the hairpins carefully inside his bag. By then, he knew that they were worth a fortune.

"Oh, right! Now that you have so much money inside your bank account. How are you going to spend it?" Lan asked curiously.

"I'm planning to buy a house in Green Vine City. Then, I'm going to invite my parents to stay with me in the new house. I want to make sure they can live a comfortable life. They have already poured out their blood and sweat for me. Oh, if you are free, could you please help me check out some houses here in Green Vine City? I don't mind spending more money on a house with good environment. Letting my parents live comfortably is my primary concern."

"Alright!" Lan nodded her head lightly. She was impressed.

What a kind and pure young man! The first thing that came to his mind after receiving six million were his parents! It was a rarity nowadays, for teenagers to put their parents first, before themselves!

"Good lad! I like that attitude! Leave me your contact number afterward. Just give me a call if you face any trouble in the future." Uncle Qin said, his voice serious and earnest. It was pretty obvious that he liked Chen a lot.

"Alright! If Uncle Qin ever needs my help in the future, just give me a call as well!" Chen said happily.

"Well said!" Uncle Qin laughed.

Looking at the conversation between a young man and an old man, Lan was really amazed. Before serving in Lan's family, Uncle Qin had been very famous throughout the Jianghu. His name is Qin Yuanshan the Stone Buddha. Although he had retired from Jianghu, his reputation and influence was still as powerful as they were during his prime. Everyone from the upper society in Green Vine City respected him a lot. Even in the Dragon City, his name was widely known as well.

For a long time, a lot of teenagers had wanted to be recognized by Uncle Qin. Unfortunately, none of them were qualified to be acknowledged by him. Chen was the only one who ever acquired recognition from Uncle Qin. However, Chen still did not know the value of Uncle Qin's promise. Perhaps, if Chen was to step into the Jianghu, he would then know the value of that promise.

At five in the evening, Chen and his roommates got on a taxi and went to the best restaurant in Green Vine City; Fragrant Lake restaurant.

"Fragrant Lake restaurant! I have not been there for a long time!" Zhang stood in front of the door and sighed.

"No way! Second brother, you are from a wealthy family. How is it possible that you don't come here often?" Li asked shockingly.

"Bullshit! You need to spend at least twenty to thirty thousand yuan every time you dine here. Other than the richest folks, no one else can afford coming here often." Zhang said seriously.

"Wow! Our very own Chen has made us proud!"

Zhou laughed and urged Chen, "Boss Chen, hurry up! You've been playing with your cellphone all the way from our dorm to the restaurant. You should stop now!"

"You guys can order the dishes first, I will just snatch one more Red Envelope before I come in." Chen lowered his head and continued to tap on his cellphone like there was no tomorrow. When Chen was walking out of school, someone from the group had given out a huge number of Red Envelopes. The whole group was flooded with Red Envelopes. However, there were hundreds of thousands of members in the group. Chen tried his best to snatch at least one Red envelope but it seemed that the God of luck was not with him today.

The "Red Envelopes Flood" was receding. It was inevitable that the Red Envelopes would be all gone in a while. Chen decided to put all of his strength, tapping on his cellphone's screen in a frenzy, hoping to get at least one Red Envelope.

"Where the hell did this bastard come from? Do you not know that good dogs never block the way? Get the f*ck out!" All of a sudden, an arrogant young man walked towards Chen.

This guy had a potty mouth. Chen was busy tapping away for the Red Envelopes. He had no time to respond to him. So, he merely shuffled to the side a little. That arrogant young man was not satisfied with his move and scolded him, "What the f*ck is this? You're dressed in rags, you beggar! How dare you mar the front Fragrant Lake Restaurant? Get the f*ck out of my sight!"

"Wenfeng! Stop messing around!"

An amicable looking old man walked towards them. There was a group of well-dressed middle-aged men and women following behind him closely.

"Grandpa, I'm afraid that this beggar was going to get in your way." The arrogant young man turned to the elder, his tone taking a 180-degree turn.

"How many times have I told you not to judge a book by its cover!?" Elder Wen said, in his deep, regal voice.

"Yes, grandpa. I understand." Wenfeng nodded his head. He did not dare say another word in front of his grandpa.

"Young man, I should have taught my grandson the way he treats other. I hope you that will not hold any grudge." Elder Wen walked towards Chen to express his apology.

Ding!

[Congratulations! You got a Red Envelope from Shennong and received three bottles of Potion of Hundred Herbs. It has been deposited inside your treasure chest.]

"Yay! Finally got one!"

Chen burst out in joy. It startled Wen, the old man.

"He's not just a beggar but also a crazy guy." Wenfeng said softly. His grandpa gave him a stare. He quickly swallowed the rest of his sentence.

Chen calmed himself down. He ignored Wenfeng, but there was something about Wen that he liked. He was about to reply respectfully, but suddenly noticed that there was a black aura circling over the top of his head. It was the sign of great danger.

"Old man, forgive me if my words offend you. I believe I need to inform you of this."

Chen did his usual prediction and told him, "Something really bad will happen to you today. You must travel thirteen miles from here to avoid this life-threatening danger!"

"F*ck your mom's cunt! Today is my grandpa's birthday! How dare you curse him! Do you have a death wish?!" Wenfeng shouted at Chen angrily.

All the middle-aged men and women were glaring at him in turn.

"I have said what I wanted to say. It's up to you now whether you want to believe my words. Also, you can scold me but you have no right to bring my parents in. That's my only warning, and if you choose to continue insulting them, I will make sure that your life is miserable!" Chen turned around and walked away after he finished talking.

He wasn't a bad guy, but he wasn't inclined to helping every Dick and Harry on the street. Only a dumb guy would wear himself out trying to help those who would not even recognize help if you waved it under their noses.

"Asshole! How much more you want to say?! Why, I'll..." Wenfeng rolled up his sleeves, and was approaching Chen with his fists raised.

Elder Wen held him back and let Chen leave. Maybe others thought Chen was just trying to say something to scare them but Elder Wen was actually slightly convinced. This was because, there was indeed a villa that he would occasionally be used to meditate, thirteen miles outside of this city. No random stranger would mention that distance for no reason. This was getting interesting.

"Grandpa, let's go in. That guy was a crazy nutjob. Just ignore him." Wenfeng said.

"Hmm... Okay."

Elder Wen was not all superstitious. His skepticism quickly overruled his initial conviction. Everything was fine. It was probably just a coincidence from a spiteful youth. What sort of dangers could possibly befall upon him?

Translator footnote

Jianghu- A martial arts community.