

The King of Hell's Genius Pampered Wife #Chapter 3 – Asura Stepped Out From Hell - Read The King of Hell's Genius Pampered Wife Chapter 3 – Asura Stepped Out From Hell Online -

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There's a split second of silence in the room, everyone was stunned by the immediate scene.

"She...did she die?" Someone opened the cage and dragged her out to probe her breath.

"Smelly girl, refusing our goodwill only to forfeit her life, it's really bad luck!" One of them ruthlessly kicked the little girl's body, unhappily spitting out a mouthful of saliva, "What a pity, there was only this furnace today, ruined I, your father's good mood!"

Old Jiang squatted on the ground, touching the little girl's smooth skin to measure the softness, "Even though she can't match equally as a furnace like this, this body's soft skin peeled off to make a human skin drum would also be good...."

His statement was not yet finished when Old Jiang's hand on the little girl's body suddenly froze.

His pair of muddy eyes came into contact with a pair pitch black phoenix eyes.

"She....she didn't die!" Someone exclaimed.

The next moment everyone heard Old Jiang utter a miserable howl: "Ah Ah—!! My Hand! My hand—!!"

It appeared that Old Jiang's hand that had originally been caressing the little girl's hand was now limp as below his elbow it was flexible as if it there weren't any bones. It was actually.....all the bones were actually crushed!

Everyone stiffened in place for a moment, looking stunned at the partly clothed little girl as she slowly stood up.

Obviously just a moment ago the weak and crying slave was shivering in the cage, but now she is like an Asura that had stepped out from hell.

The blood on her forehead flowing down was similar to a red poppy in full bloom.

Gloom cold energy filled the air, while a dense mist diffused inside the room, as if a Death God waved down a sickle, make people instinctually tremble in fear.

“You....who are you?”

The speaker barely finished when a cold blade suddenly flashed through the air. As soon as a ‘ka la’ sounded, there was a person’s neck that had been cut, his eyes wide open, cutting off his breath.

“Don’t....don’t you come—!”

“Quick, call the Gluttonous House’s guards!”

The examination room of the auction products was in a great mess. People were running away frantically, forgetting that they themselves were first rank Qi Refiners of the martial artist. They had also forgotten the fact that a moment ago, that the slave who had timidly trembled inside the cage was their responsibility and that they had bullied and humiliated her.

However, is there anyone who can escape from the Death God’s sickle?

No one!

Everyone felt a burst of piercing cold wind sweep past them and with not enough time to react, suddenly there came an intense pain in their neck and in the blink of an eye they all lost consciousness.

Ten breaths, merely just ten short breaths, and the room had noiselessly filled with dead people.

The little girl’s bare feet stepped amongst the dead bodies, with an icy expression and gloomy eyes she whispered: “You’re all a thousand years too early to harm me as I, He Xi, live once more.”

Inside Gluttonous House of the Yan Jing City there was a weak and pitiful slave who had been bullied and humiliated until she died. When she once again opened her eyes she had already become the gold medal assassin of the 21st century – He Xi.

The moment He Xi had crossed over she had gotten the former’s memories.

The former owner of this body was called Nalan He Xi, coincidentally they had had the same name.

However, the former's life was very different from He Xi. Nalan He Xi was born in the kingdom that respected martial force and cultivation base, the Jin Ling Kingdom. Her father is the world famous doctor, but she was the trash crippled without spiritual root[1]. Not mentioning cultivation techniques, she didn't even have any innate medical talent.

Nalan He Xi's birth mother died after giving birth to her, and when she was a child her step mother assigned her to live in a separate shabby courtyard to perish on her own. The evil slaves in the separated courtyard saw that she had no authority or power, and that she was regarded as trash, thus they would endlessly bully her. They would deduct her food and clothes expenses for themselves, and often abuse her as if she were inferior to the slaves!

But even after being treated like this, people in the Nalan Family still wouldn't let her off.

[1] Spiritual Root (灵根 línggēn) – the root of life. Figuratively: the very foundation of one's body and soul. Cultivation usually requires some minimum level of innate talent, so someone with bad luck or a poor bodily constitution may find it impossible to even take the first step. In some novels, the quality of a person's Spiritual Root can be tested to determine if they have the talent needed to cultivate. Rare individuals may even have special Spiritual Roots which allow them to cultivate quickly or grant them other benefits. (source from: immortalmountain.wordpress.com)