

Mythical 19

Chapter 19: Lu Bu Arrives

...

Gao Shun, sitting behind Lu Bu, watched Li Ru with a blank expression. "Can the coalition of warlords from the Central Plains really not contain Xu Rong? If Xu Rong can't hold them back, it would only be a matter of troop numbers. Why send him to the rear? Han Sui will be suppressed regardless. Why recall Xu Rong?"

Gao Shun's strategic insight wasn't exceptional, but his prowess in leading troops was remarkable. Naturally, he understood the terror of Xu Rong commanding an army of one hundred thousand. From his perspective, Xu Rong's presence at Hulao Pass, bolstered by adequate troops, would be more than enough to fend off the fifty thousand disorganized coalition troops from the Central Plains.

Unable to comprehend, Gao Shun chose not to dwell on it. Perhaps the coalition had some formidable individuals they weren't aware of.

Chen Xi scratched his head. Just as Chen Lan had poured him a cup of tea, a dense fog had rolled in, so thick it was abnormal. He couldn't see ten meters ahead, and the previously clear moon in the sky was completely obscured.

"This fog is really thick. This spring weather is really something," Chen Xi muttered, scratching his head. "Should I dispel it? After all, foggy weather isn't good for anyone."

As Chen Xi pondered, he began to take action.

"Hmm?" Li Ru, who was planning to have Lu Bu launch a night raid from about ten miles away from Hulao Pass, was slightly surprised. The fog he had created was gradually dissipating.

"The coalition also has experts," a chubby man squeezed past Li Ru, commenting offhandedly. "You've borrowed the power of the weather, and they've countered it with their own techniques. This will be interesting~"

"Won't you help, Wen He? After all, you're drawing a salary from us," Li Ru said nonchalantly, watching the dissipating fog. If it was gone, so be it. Lu Bu had been clamoring for a direct assault anyway. If the fog was gone, they would just proceed with the raid.

"I don't see the need," Jia Xu glanced towards Hulao Pass. Even though he couldn't see the coalition troops, he knew clearly that once the fierce tiger Lu Bu was unleashed, fog or no fog, the outcome was already decided.

"I'm just worried about his insatiable ambition!" Li Ru gazed towards Hulao Pass, as if he could already see Lu Bu's vanishing figure.

"Even if his ambition is insatiable, aren't the losses part of your plan?" Jia Xu scoffed, and Li Ru fell silent.

"Hmm, the fog has lifted," Ju Shou, looking at the reappearing stars, furrowed his brows. "The celestial signs have changed. A wise ruler will soon emerge in the north."

"Enemy attack!" Ju Shou's thoughts were interrupted by a blood-curdling scream.

A giant, golden-red halberd, dozens of meters long, came hurtling towards them, crashing heavily into the camp.

"..." From a distance, Chen Xi watched the enormous halberd and the ensuing sandstorm. There was no doubt about who had arrived.

Another giant halberd flew out, followed by over a dozen more, carving a path of destruction. A red shadow streaked through the sky.

"Calm down!" Chen Xi looked at the panicked soldiers and frowned, quietly commanding them.

Even the elite soldiers of Youzhou panicked under the night raid. This suggested that wherever Lu Bu had struck was likely in chaos.

"What a nuisance!" Chen Xi sneered at the still-frantic soldiers. Even though the lower and higher-ranking officers had begun to regain control, the soldiers who had fled their tents without weapons or armor could hardly be called elite.

"Steady!" Chen Xi ignored everyone else and focused on his own men. Seeing no immediate effect, he used a spell again. Everyone shuddered, feeling as if cold water had been poured over them. The training they had undergone flashed through their minds, and the chaos in Liu Bei's camp ceased instantly.

"Enemy commander, prepare to die!" Yan Liang, seeing his men being slaughtered, rushed forward in fury without considering the disparity in their strengths.

"Clang!" A loud crash echoed as the red shadow finally came to a halt.

The figure was a man with a triple-pillar bun and a purple-gold crown, draped in a red cotton robe from Sichuan, and clad in beast-face linked armor. He wore an exquisite lion-headed belt around his waist, carried a bow and arrows, and held a halberd while riding a fierce Red Hare horse.

Yan Liang was momentarily stunned by the man's imposing appearance. Seeing how much more formidable this man looked compared to himself, Yan Liang was enraged and prepared to strike him down.

"I do not slay nameless men! State your name!" Yan Liang shouted.

"Humph!" Lu Bu sneered. If he hadn't already dispatched several sweeping strikes earlier, he would have killed Yan Liang with ease. He was surprised that Yan Liang had the audacity to speak to him in such a manner.

"Seeking death!" Yan Liang roared, his fury magnified upon seeing Lu Bu's disdainful smile. With his peak cultivation at the condensation stage of Qi, Yan Liang's senses were sharp. Under the moonlight, it was as clear as day.

Casually blocking Yan Liang's powerful strike with his halberd, Lu Bu then swung backhanded, cutting down a swath of soldiers trying to seize the opportunity.

"Where are Yuan Shao and Cao Cao? And the one who killed Hua Xiong, the general named Guan Yu?" Lu Bu asked, looking at Yan Liang with disinterest. He found no excitement in fighting someone so weak.

The force of the counterattack nearly made Yan Liang drop his sword. At that moment, he realized that the man before him was undoubtedly a pinnacle expert of Qi condensation and release.

"I've always wanted to experience a stronger opponent," Yan Liang licked his lips, his gaze at Lu Bu becoming predatory.

Lu Bu didn't even bother looking at Yan Liang. To him, a mere condensation stage cultivator wasn't worth his time.

"Take this!" Yan Liang shouted, channeling all his stored power into a furious strike towards Lu Bu.

"What a nuisance!" Lu Bu sneered. To conserve energy and maintain the element of surprise in the night raid, he had restrained his aura, making him appear less powerful.

Deciding it wasn't worth the effort to hide anymore, a massive wave of energy emanated from Lu Bu. With his true strength unveiled, his body glowed golden-red, his cape billowed without wind, and he stood like a god descended to earth.

"Clang!" Yan Liang's eyes widened in terror as his full-force attack stopped just inches from Lu Bu's face.

"Begone!" Lu Bu roared. His voice, like a thunderclap, carried a shockwave that sent the astonished Yan Liang flying, blood splattering in all directions.

"Yuan Shao, prepare to die!" Lu Bu's sharp eyes spotted Yuan Shao among the protected crowd. To Lu Bu, such obstacles were insignificant.

As Yan Liang lay on the ground, coughing up blood, he realized the depth of his defeat. He, a celebrated general of Hebei, had fallen in just three moves. And that was only because his opponent hadn't bothered to kill him outright. Despair and fatigue overwhelmed him. "Perhaps it's better to die here..."

"Yuan Shao, prepare to die!" Just as Yan Liang considered giving up his path as a warrior, he heard the joyful cry of the man who had previously defeated him.