

Mythical 20

Chapter 20: The Faith to Surpass Limits

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[My lord...] The scene of when Yan Liang and Wen Chou first pledged allegiance to Yuan Shao flashed through Yan Liang's mind. Despite their humble origins, Yuan Shao never looked down on them. Instead, he extended his hospitality, giving them his own brocade robe and bestowing upon them fine horses.

From that moment, Yan Liang and Wen Chou swore to protect Yuan Shao at all costs as long as they lived.

[I am still alive!] Severely injured, Yan Liang's body began to emit a bloody glow. His wounds started to heal rapidly, but his eyes, bloodshot and full of rage, focused solely on two figures: his lord Yuan Shao and the man who had defeated him, Lu Bu.

A massive, solid blood-red blade flew toward Lu Bu.

"Clang!" Lu Bu deflected the blade, looking at the blood-soaked Yan Liang with a newfound respect. His overwhelming strength had shattered Yan Liang's confidence, yet the latter had ascended to a higher level in the process.

"If you want to harm my lord, you'll have to get past me first!" Yan Liang's eyes flashed with madness as he mounted his Qinglong horse, positioning himself in front of Lu Bu.

"I see. So this is your resolve?" Lu Bu glanced at the distant Yuan Shao. "You have a good subordinate! But he alone cannot stop me!"

As soon as Lu Bu spoke, Yan Liang's instincts screamed fear, but the sight of Yuan Shao behind him made him fearless.

"Boom!" Yan Liang's blood blade struck Lu Bu's halberd with a resounding clash.

"Impressive strength," Lu Bu remarked, gripping his halberd single-handedly and flicking Yan Liang away.
"Tell me your name. You have earned the right to be known."

"Yan Liang of Hebei!" Yan Liang grunted.

Transferring his halberd from his left hand to his right, a golden-red light enveloped Lu Bu's weapon. The iron dragon motif on it seemed to come to life, spewing golden-red flames.

Simultaneously, Yan Liang gathered his strength. He understood that if no one came to his aid within fifteen moves, he might perish here. He could die, but his lord was right behind him.

"Kill!" Yan Liang roared, unable to contain himself any longer. If Lu Bu's ever-growing aura continued to rise, Yan Liang might lose the will to fight.

In a storm of attacks, Yan Liang managed only five strikes before being completely overwhelmed by Lu Bu. The latter's blows rained down like a relentless storm.

Without any flashy moves, Lu Bu channeled his internal energy instinctively around his body, wasting no power. Each strike perfectly suppressed Yan Liang's counterattacks.

Ten moves, fifteen moves, twenty moves, twenty-five moves, thirty moves... Yan Liang felt Lu Bu's attacks growing heavier, to the point where he could think of nothing else but holding on.

If Yan Liang had known he had already endured thirty of Lu Bu's strikes, he would have been astonished. But now, his only thought was to keep holding on. He could not let anyone harm Yuan Shao as long as he stood.

"This is boring," Lu Bu finally remarked after forcing Yan Liang back again. He placed his left hand on his halberd.

"Clang!" With a crisp sound, Yan Liang's sword shattered. Lu Bu reversed his halberd and slashed upwards.

Yan Liang tried to retreat, but the tip of Lu Bu's halberd still caught him, splitting his already damaged armor in half and leaving a massive wound from his chest to his waist.

"Brother!" Wen Chou, who had arrived frantically, saw the scene and cried out, eyes wide with rage. Yan Liang, hearing Wen Chou's muffled voice, managed a slight smile before collapsing. He did not rise again to fight Lu Bu.

"Ah!" Wen Chou went berserk, his aura erupting chaotically, his once pure golden internal energy now tinged with blood.

"Brotherly loyalty, huh?" Lu Bu mused as he watched Wen Chou charge at him. He had surpassed the typical level of internal energy release. While others were still figuring out how to break through, Lu Bu had already devised a complete method to transcend bodily limits and create more top-tier warriors to challenge himself.

If others knew of Lu Bu's idea, they would surely call him crazy. But for this man who stood at the pinnacle, overlooking all other heroes, it was merely a game—a game to select challengers. He firmly believed he would remain the strongest warrior.

Wen Chou's frenzied attack lasted only five moves before Lu Bu suppressed him. Even though Wen Chou had ascended to the level of internal energy release, marking a qualitative leap in his strength, the gap between him and Lu Bu was still immense.

"Where are Guan Yu and Zhang Fei?" Chen Xi, having stabilized his soldiers, curiously asked his nearby officers. With such commotion, why hadn't those two super warriors shown up?

"My second and third brothers went to support Lord Yuan," Liu Bei, dressed in armor and riding a horse, answered. "Thank you, Zichuan, for stabilizing the soldiers."

"Oh, no problem. We should quickly help drive out the attacking troops of Dong Zhuo. If the camp breaks, we'll be in serious trouble," Chen Xi shrugged.

Liu Bei understood Chen Xi's point. This was the perfect opportunity to demonstrate their strength and to build connections with the other warlords. Showing their might would prove that Liu Bei not only had some of the greatest warriors but also possessed elite troops.

"Zilong, take half the infantry to protect the strategist! I'll drive out the enemy," Liu Bei commanded the commander of the White Horse Volunteers assigned to him by Gongsun Zan.

"What?" Chen Xi was startled. "Are you Changshan Zhao Zilong?"

Under the moonlight, Chen Xi carefully examined the commander beside Liu Bei. The man was tall, with thick eyebrows and large eyes, a broad face and a heavy jaw, exuding an imposing presence. He wore silver armor, loosely holding a treasured sword in his left hand and a bright silver spear in his right, riding a white horse.

"Strategist, have you heard of me?" Zhao Yun asked curiously.

"Is that white horse the famed Night Shining Jade Lion?" Chen Xi asked, looking at the gentle white horse he had once petted.

"Indeed," Zhao Yun nodded.

"Oh, good. My safety is in your hands then," Chen Xi smiled. Apparently, Gongsun Zan had yet to recognize the true strength of this formidable commander among his White Horse Volunteers.

"Rest assured, Strategist. I will not let any harm come to you," Zhao Yun promised solemnly.

"I'm more confident in you than you are," Chen Xi muttered quietly. "Let's head to the central camp and see how Lord Yuan Shao is faring. I've seen several different colored energy blasts in just a short time. By the way, Zilong, what color is your energy?"

"Silver-blue," Zhao Yun replied with a smile, not hiding his strength. If it weren't for his duty to protect Chen Xi, he would have rushed to the central camp with Guan Yu and Zhang Fei to confront Lu Bu.