

Mythical 29

Chapter 29: Under Hulao Pass

As the dense silver threads cut through the sky, everyone realized that the handsome man following Liu Bei was a top-notch expert. Their opinion of Liu Bei rose once again.

"Did Zilong succeed?" Zhang Fei asked excitedly. While others might not understand the significance of those beautiful silver threads, Zhang Fei, as a martial expert, could clearly sense the force capable of cutting through gold and jade within each thread.

Zhao Yun shook his head and said, "At most, it might make him a bit embarrassed if he was caught off guard. It's impossible to harm him."

Just as Zhao Yun predicted, although Lu Bu hadn't anticipated such a quick counterattack, his instincts as the world's number one warrior allowed him to easily fend off Zhao Yun's attack. However, the aftermath of their clash still reduced part of the city gate tower's parapet to dust, leaving needle-sized holes in other places.

"Not a bad attack," Lu Bu remarked, looking towards the direction of the coalition of the eighteen lords. He didn't attack again but stood quietly, waiting for their arrival. Only such experts were worth killing.

Hearing Zhao Yun's words, Zhang Fei realized his odds of defeating Lu Bu had dropped further. He knew Zhao Yun's strike would at least leave him severely injured, if not dead. Yet Zhao Yun claimed that even catching Lu Bu off guard would only embarrass him slightly.

However, Zhang Fei felt no fear. Instead, his fighting spirit surged, and he gripped his snake spear tighter. Battles with strong opponents were the path to becoming stronger. A warrior's fate was to die on the battlefield, and before that, a fight with the world's number one was something to be proud of.

More importantly, Zhang Fei knew his fighting style was always advancing, never retreating. Retreating would mean losing his mindset and potentially causing his strength to diminish despite physical growth.

Holding his spear tightly, Zhang Fei radiated a powerful fighting spirit, declaring he was ready. He intended to challenge Lu Bu, fully aware of his likely defeat. Losing wasn't scary; what was terrifying was not having the courage to raise his hand against a powerful opponent.

Under Yuan Shao's leadership, the coalition of the eighteen lords approached Hulao Pass without any concealment. Dong Zhuo sat atop the pass, with Lu Bu standing beside him, holding his halberd. After a round of verbal exchanges, it was clear that fists would determine their standings.

"Fengxian, it's up to you!" Dong Zhuo waved his hand, signaling the eager Lu Bu to crush the opposing side.

Lu Bu leaped from the nearly twenty-zhang-high city wall, landing heavily. While any martial artist of refined qi could achieve such a feat, what happened next shocked everyone knowledgeable.

The combination of the wall's height and Lu Bu's leap amounted to over a hundred meters. Though he increased his speed intentionally, the ground didn't shatter upon his landing, only a slight tremor was felt. The falling force dissipated perfectly across several miles, causing no damage.

Zhang Fei was stunned, Guan Yu opened his eyes slightly, Hua Xiong covered his face, and only Zhao Yun frowned slightly. They all realized Lu Bu's strength wasn't just about raw power; his control over every bit of force was terrifying.

With a long whistle, a fiery line streaked across the sky, and the flame-like Red Hare horse appeared by Lu Bu's side. Snorting loudly, Lu Bu mounted his steed, halberd in hand, and issued a challenge to the coalition army, his overwhelming aura daring them to confront him.

Zhang Fei wanted to charge but was stopped by Guan Yu. However, Guan Yu's cold and proud expression showed his displeasure. Chen Xi noticed Zhao Yun also looked upset. It was understandable—being ignored by Lu Bu in such a public manner was infuriating. Lu Bu's actions were essentially a public face slap, daring them all to challenge him together.

Feeling humiliated, no one waited for Yuan Shao's orders. Wang Kuang loudly asked, "Who dares to fight?" Before he could praise him, the renowned general Fang Yue from Hanoi rode out, but before Wang Kuang could praise him, a huge arc blade sliced through the air, turning Fang Yue to dust before he could even introduce himself.

Everyone gulped. Lu Bu's brutality was beyond words. He had simply obliterated a person, displaying an extremely heavy killing intent.

Before Chen Xi could speak, another fool charged out. This time it was Mu Shun from Zhang Yang's command. After three rushed strikes, he and his horse were cleaved in two. Lu Bu hadn't even moved his horse.

"I owe Lord Wenju ten years of grace. How can I not repay with my life?" A tall man behind Kong Rong watched Lu Bu for a long time before licking his lips and bowing to Kong Rong.

"Anguo, be careful!" Kong Rong nodded, deciding to let Wu Anguo fight. He had no other capable fighters under his command.

(Wu Anguo should be surnamed Wu An and named Guo. After all, two-character names were abolished in the late Han. However, both Mao and Jiajing versions name him Anguo. I lean towards Kong Rong calling his courtesy name, meaning Wu An's surname, Guo named Anguo. If he's indeed Wu An's descendant, his lineage is significant. Interpret as you wish.)

Wu Anguo nodded, riding his horse slowly. Unlike the previous fools, he knew he wasn't Lu Bu's match. But as he said, he owed Kong Rong a great debt and had no way to repay it but with his life. To him, his life belonged to Kong Rong.

Wielding a massive hammer weighing several hundred jin, Wu Anguo silently advanced on Lu Bu. His horse wasn't fast, bearing a weight of nearly a thousand jin, but speed wasn't necessary for him.

With heavy thuds and a roar of "Taste my hammer," Wu Anguo's fight with Lu Bu began. There were no dazzling moves, just raw power that made Lu Bu's hand tingle. It was rare for Lu Bu to encounter someone whose strength exceeded his.

Wu Anguo didn't need intricate techniques or speed. His massive hammer smashed relentlessly at Lu Bu. Lu Bu's counterattacks were blocked by the hammer, which was large enough to shield half his body. Although he couldn't predict Lu Bu's attacks, his hammer could block strikes from any angle.

"Zichuan, now do you understand why I dislike naturally powerful people?" Guan Yu gestured to Chen Xi with his eyes.

"I understand. This is just unfair," Chen Xi said helplessly. It was pure brute force in action, blocking attacks with a massive hammer swing.

Twenty rounds passed, and Wu Anguo still stood strong, swinging his hammer without any sign of weakening, as if he was forging iron from Lu Bu.