

Mythical 33

Chapter 33: Forced to Fake It

Zhao Yun's spear seemed to create a flurry of flowers in the sky, appearing extremely fierce at first glance. However, only Zhao Yun knew that he was being forced into this state.

Lu Bu's ferocity left him uneasy. When it came to technique, Zhao Yun found his own skills only slightly on par with Lu Bu's. When comparing strength and inner energy, Lu Bu surpassed him by miles. Looking at his own horse, Zhao Yun felt a pang of heartache; usually, his horse would bite the opponent's, but this time, it was being bitten by Red Hare. It was distressing!

How was he supposed to fight? Zhao Yun pondered this question as he approached Lu Bu. After comparing himself to Lu Bu, he realized that even after Lu Bu had a tough battle with Guan Yu and Zhang Fei, his own odds of winning against Lu Bu were only two or three out of ten.

Zhao Yun understood that Lu Bu's technique focused on power rather than form. Once Lu Bu got angry or, like now, was fervently enjoying the battle, even with half his inner energy expended, he remained ruthlessly powerful.

To defeat Lu Bu, one had to break his confidence, to strip him of his invincible aura. Otherwise, no matter how long one fought, Lu Bu would remain at his initial strength level or even grow stronger over time.

It was a vicious cycle. Zhao Yun's handsome face showed a bitter smile. Fine, if it was a deadlock, he would just tire him out. Zhao Yun had already decided not to go head-to-head with Lu Bu anymore; they would compete in endurance and speed instead.

Zhao Yun continued his high-speed maneuvers, appearing like a porcupine from the front with spear points everywhere. No matter how the spear twisted and turned, its tip always pointed at Lu Bu. Even Guan Yu, resting nearby, saw Zhao Yun's spear bending in three or four arcs to reach Lu Bu. How was he generating such power?

The continuous sound of spears clashing hadn't stopped since Zhao Yun engaged Lu Bu. Both wielded their weapons with such skill that their attacks seemed decorative. Yet, until now, they hadn't directly clashed, both aiming to find a fatal opportunity.

Zhao Yun accelerated his movements. He sensed that Lu Bu was adapting to his spear speed, so he needed to increase it further to avoid being countered. Zhao Yun realized he truly couldn't match Lu Bu; the more they fought, the more he felt outmatched. Initially, he estimated a 30% chance of victory, but now he felt it dwindling to less than 10%. He feared that if this continued, his chances would drop to zero.

Honestly, Zhao Yun began to have thoughts similar to Lu Bu's earlier ones about Zhang Fei. What did this guy eat to grow so strong? But unlike Lu Bu, who wanted to capture and study Zhang Fei, Zhao Yun had no desire to study Lu Bu. He started signaling Guan Yu for help, but Guan Yu, not understanding Zhao Yun's intent, remained on the sidelines. In Guan Yu's view, since neither side was gaining an advantage, there was no need to interfere. Let the remarkable battle continue!

Lu Bu's fiery eyes remained fixed on the white-faced opponent before him. Initially, he thought that steady combat would bring down Zhao Yun. But now, he suspected that this guy might be the formidable opponent he had been waiting for—one whose defeat would make him stronger.

The thought excited Lu Bu. He had reached the pinnacle of his strength. Even if Xiang Yu climbed out of the Wu River, Lu Bu felt confident he could knock him back down.

Kill! With this thought, Lu Bu fought with increasing fervor. His aura grew more imposing, and he began to break Zhao Yun's intricate spear techniques through sheer instinct. But before Lu Bu could further ascend his momentum, Zhao Yun's spear sped up again.

Lu Bu continued his ferocious assault on Zhao Yun, who silently used his ultimate skills. Zhao Yun's spear speed doubled, but even so, he couldn't gain the upper hand. He could only watch as Lu Bu's momentum grew unchecked, unable to suppress it any longer.

The soldiers of Dong Zhuo's army and the allied forces at Hulao Pass were stunned. Lu Bu's ferocity had already been proven in the earlier fights. Only Liu Bei's brothers, Guan Yu and Zhang Fei, could compare. After defeating Guan and Zhang, Lu Bu seemed like an invincible god to the allied forces.

But now, another warrior from Liu Bei's side had emerged, matching Lu Bu blow for blow. Damn, Liu Bei's luck was incredible! All the good things were happening to him.

Liu Bei, worriedly watching Zhang Fei, ignored the envious and jealous gazes around him. After listening to Chen Xi's words, Liu Bei had realized something: In this chaotic world, it didn't matter if others were jealous. Even if everyone present hated him and wanted to kill him, as long as they couldn't, he had to endure it. This era wasn't about righteousness; it was about survival through strength.

Finally, Zhao Yun couldn't maintain the charade any longer. For the first time since their fight began, their weapons clashed. Unlike Lu Bu's shock and anger, Zhao Yun felt only resignation. Taking advantage of Lu Bu's surprise, he tapped the tip of Lu Bu's halberd and instantly distanced himself.

"General Guan, lend me a hand!" Zhao Yun shouted. There was no more room to play around. He had signaled Guan Yu repeatedly, but it had been in vain.

Guan Yu was puzzled. Why, despite fighting Lu Bu for so long without showing any signs of defeat, was Zhao Yun asking for help now? Guan Yu didn't understand, but he responded anyway, shouting, "Zilong, don't worry, Yun Chang is here!" He then swung his Green Dragon Crescent Blade at Lu Bu.

"I will kill you!" Lu Bu roared, spurring his horse towards Zhao Yun. He felt deceived. No wonder Zhao Yun hadn't clashed weapons with him before; he had speed but no strength. If not for an accidental collision revealing Zhao Yun's weak inner energy and strength, Lu Bu might never have realized Zhao Yun was weaker than he seemed.

"This is too much trouble," Zhao Yun sighed, bracing his spear against Lu Bu's onslaught. Their weapons collided, but instead of Lu Bu's anticipated result—Zhao Yun's spear flying out of his hand—the force transmitted through Zhao Yun's spear was like waves, layered and powerful, not weaker than Lu Bu's.

But Lu Bu was resolute. He wouldn't change his mind. If he said he'd kill you, he would. Determined to kill Zhao Yun for deceiving him, Lu Bu attacked with renewed fury.

Zhao Yun held his ground against Lu Bu's frenzied assault. The flurry of spear flowers transformed into sharp glimmers, blocking Lu Bu's attacks effectively, preventing Lu Bu from landing a decisive blow.

"Clang!" A loud clash separated Zhao Yun and Lu Bu. In the time it took Guan Yu to arrive, they had exchanged hundreds of rapid blows. Zhao Yun, fully focused and fueled by adrenaline, fought without yielding, making Lu Bu doubt his earlier assessment. Could he have misjudged Zhao Yun's strength?