

Mythical 42

Chapter 42: Only a Commander with Troops is a True Commander

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Lu Bu left with a parting threat, "Remember this grudge, I will repay it tenfold in the future!" Without looking back, he sped off in another direction. In less than a minute, under Red Hare's speed, he had become a small dot on the horizon.

Not long after Lu Bu departed, the Xiahou brothers arrived, supporting Cao Hong and accompanied by Le Jin. Seeing Guan Yu, Zhang Fei, and Zhao Yun still standing guard, they sighed in relief.

"Thank you, Yunchang, Yide, Zilong!" The Xiahou brothers cupped their hands in gratitude.

"Our lord was worried about Lord Cao's safety in pursuing Dong Zhuo alone, so he sent the three of us ahead," Zhao Yun explained with a bow as Guan and Zhang looked at him. "You should quickly regroup the scattered troops and escort Lord Cao back to camp. This place is not safe. We three must assist our lord in defeating the Xiliang cavalry."

"Thank you for your assistance, Lord Xuande!" Cao Cao sighed but maintained his composure, bowing to the three before leaving with disappointment.

Elsewhere, Chen Xi observed the stretched-out line of cavalry on the plain and sighed. "So this is the famous Xiliang cavalry? They've lost their formation in a rush to claim glory. This is asking for death."

"Is this really the Xiliang cavalry?" Chen Xi asked Hua Xiong.

"Lu Bu must have done this on purpose. He never led his Bingzhou Wolf Riders into such a mess!" Hua Xiong cursed.

Chen Xi shrugged without speaking. Since arriving in this world, he understood that while there were indeed powerful individuals, most people were ordinary. With "poor literature and rich martial arts," if people couldn't even eat properly, how could they gain energy from food? The idea was laughable.

Thus, the physical fitness of the average person in this world, though strong, was barely on par with modern special forces. As for internal energy, it was practically nonexistent, though the potential was there. With good training and enough food, one could cultivate a bit of internal energy.

However, this little internal energy was practically useless, just enough to make them marginally stronger. Against top fighters like Guan Yu, Zhang Fei, and Zhao Yun, it was still no match.

In this view, no number of ordinary soldiers could compare to a top general. But this was fundamentally wrong. When soldiers formed a battle formation, their auras combined into one, countering any foreign auras. This meant that a well-formed unit could hold its own against even powerful generals. A lone general could be swarmed and possibly killed if soldiers fought recklessly.

Thus, maintaining formation was crucial. A disordered rush would lead to disaster, where tens of thousands could be overwhelmed by a few thousand well-formed troops.

Currently, the Xiliang cavalry had lost their sharp wedge formation and become a disordered line. They had lost the imposing momentum of an indomitable force, and their combined aura was chaotic, even disappearing in patches. This was supposedly the finest elite? They seemed far inferior to the White Horse Volunteers.

Guan Yu, Zhang Fei, and Zhao Yun returned not too late, finding the Xiliang cavalry in disarray, looking ready to surrender.

"Zilong, take your White Horse Volunteers and teach these fools a lesson!" Chen Xi ordered furiously. The troops he was about to receive were such a mess, he was almost embarrassed to take them.

"Yunchang, lead your troops to attack their center. Yide, intercept their vanguard. We're going to wipe out all the Xiliang cavalry!" Chen Xi ordered angrily. "Zijian, be ready. Once you think you can control the situation, act immediately. Otherwise, I won't stop."

Zhao Yun mounted up with 1,300 White Horse Volunteers. Instantly, a white cloud aura formed above them, rapidly condensing around Zhao Yun's presence. The unit, even before moving, had become a cohesive whole.

"White Horse Volunteers!" Zhao Yun tapped his helmet with his bright silver spear and charged at the Xiliang cavalry.

"Kill!" Guan Yu and Zhang Fei roared, leading their troops into battle, each shrouded in a blue and black aura, enveloping their entire units.

"Boom!" With a casual strike, Guan Yu unleashed nearly his full strength, severing the Xiliang cavalry with a blue light.

"This is a true commander. A commander without troops is nothing," Chen Xi mused, watching Guan, Zhang, and Zhao's attacks. With the strength of their soldiers augmenting them, their abilities significantly increased. The more soldiers they commanded within their limits, the stronger they became. Exceeding that limit, however, would result in a cumbersome burden, reducing overall effectiveness due to poor coordination and disrupted formations.

After three strikes, the Xiliang cavalry was in disarray. With their formation intact, those strikes might have killed only a hundred. But now, scattered and without shared aura to mitigate damage, the strikes, though not targeting dense areas, killed over three hundred.

"Everyone, stop!" Hua Xiong rode his yellow-maned horse forward and shouted, "I am Hua Xiong! If you know what's good for you, drop your weapons! Look at you idiots! Without me, what have you become? Lost your formation and seeking death? Surrender, all of you!"

Hua Xiong's shouting soon turned into dialect as he ranted. Seeing familiar faces, he couldn't help but berate them in local slang. The Xiliang cavalry collectively surrendered, their leader gone and completely stunned. With Hua Xiong, their former top commander, calling for surrender, they complied, preferring life over defiance.

"Hewa, are you an idiot!" Hua Xiong slapped the leading captain, knocking him off his horse and kicked him a few times. "How did I train you? Forgotten everything? You too, Ergou! Do you want to die? No formation and still chasing? Seeking death?"

The beaten captains dared not resist, letting Hua Xiong vent his fury. "Get up and follow me to see the lord. I'm not serving Prime Minister Dong anymore. What about you?"

"We will follow your command!" they hurriedly replied.

"Let's go. Prime Minister Dong is no longer the commander who drank with us in Xiliang. We don't owe him any more. When we face him in the future, we'll retreat." Hua Xiong helped them up.

"My lord, these are my former subordinates, some of whom came with me from Xiliang," Hua Xiong bowed to Liu Bei. "Their recent performance was due to Lu Bu's rush for glory. They have more ability than what you saw today. Please give them a chance."

"Don't worry, Zijian. Their defeat was due to Lu Bu's command. They were just following orders. How could they disobey?" Liu Bei smiled, showing he did not mind the matter.