

## Mythical 54

### Chapter 54: Inhuman Strength

Zhao Yun paused in his weapon-cleaning movements, Guan Yu also stopped stroking his beard, his hand frozen mid-motion, and Hua Xiong felt as though his eyes were almost blinded by the high-speed flying boulder. This was truly inhuman strength.

From the moment they saw that tiny dot, to when it landed and created a small crater, it was almost instantaneous. If not for his enhanced mental strength and improved dynamic vision, Chen Xi felt he wouldn't have been able to see it clearly at all.

"This strength is definitely not normal. That was a stone weighing hundreds of pounds, thrown at a speed faster than sound. In the previous world, this kind of power could probably be used to bring down planes with bricks," Chen Xi thought, feeling his worldview needed reconstructing. If it had hit him directly, only top-tier experts with internal energy could have withstood it.

"Boom!" A loud crash, followed by a tremor through the ground, and Xu Chu scratched his head. Not hearing any more taunts, he assumed the opponent must be dead, and with that thought, he turned around to head back, his massive sword in hand. In his memory, this move had always been enough to scare away bandits and thieves.

"Xu Chu, come out and meet me!" Zhang Fei had dodged the boulder and was equally astonished. He now realized Chen Xi wasn't joking; the opponent's strength was indeed extraordinary. His heart surged with excitement as he gripped his snake spear, licking his lips in anticipation of a battle that could make his blood boil.

"Not dead?" Xu Chu's first reaction was one of surprise, then anger. The person who had ruined his lunch wasn't dead yet. Grabbing his large knife, Xu Chu ran out from the front gate of Xu Family Village, shouting, "Who dares disturb me? Xu Chu doesn't kill nameless foes."

Xu Chu's loud taunt preceded him as he appeared, riding a skinny horse, his muscles bulging like a wall. Seeing this, both Guan Yu and Zhang Fei grew serious. This was a formidable opponent indeed.

Chen Xi, on the other hand, wasn't focused on Xu Chu's appearance. He knew Xu Chu's strength well. Instead, he paid attention to Xu Chu's words. Hearing Xu Chu's arrogant shout, Chen Xi laughed so hard he buried his face in his horse's mane, his body shaking. That taunt would surely enrage Zhang Fei, who had never been treated so dismissively, not even by Lu Bu.

"You're the bandit! I am Zhang Yide of Yan!" Zhang Fei roared, charging at Xu Chu with his snake spear, seemingly intent on making Swiss cheese out of Xu Chu.

"Clang!" The clash of metal on metal echoed. With the first blow, Xu Chu realized Zhang Fei was the strongest opponent he'd ever faced. He exerted his full strength, pushing Zhang Fei back. Licking his lips, he gripped his knife tighter. The anger had faded, replaced by a burning desire for battle. He longed for a real fight, not the books his father forced him to read.

Every time bandits appeared, it was Xu Chu's happiest moment. He'd drive them away with his sword and horse, but never used his full strength to slaughter them all. He'd then return to his 'reading hell', where his father's beatings felt like mosquito bites. Eventually, even his father stopped bothering him about reading.

Swinging his large knife, Xu Chu ignored Zhang Fei's attacks. He couldn't match Zhang Fei's speed, so he didn't bother trying. His strategy was simple: knock the snake spear aside whenever it came close. Xu Chu had absolute confidence in his strength. When in doubt, hit it hard; things usually made sense afterward.

Zhang Fei was getting frustrated. Although Xu Chu hadn't landed a hit on him yet, the sheer force of his blows was making Zhang Fei's hands hot. Zhang Fei prided himself on his strength, which even Lu Bu had admired. Now, this brute was overpowering him.

Xu Chu swung his knife again, this time shrouded in a strong black aura, aiming directly at Zhang Fei. Zhang Fei took a deep breath, his muscles bulging, and with a determined expression, he swung his spear to intercept Xu Chu's blade, channeling all his strength into one decisive strike.

Zhang Fei's technique was still rough, slow but powerful. Yet, Xu Chu was even slower. Zhang Fei's heavy blow aimed to knock Xu Chu's weapon away.

Their weapons collided with a deafening boom. Xu Chu instantly knew he was in trouble, gripping his knife tightly to withstand Zhang Fei's strike.

The two passed by each other, turning their horses. Zhang Fei saw steam rising from Xu Chu's body and glared at him with wide eyes. The counterforce from that clash nearly made Zhang Fei drop his spear. Half-baked techniques were dangerous.

"Again!" Xu Chu shouted, elated. For the first time in years, he felt alive, his body and mind stimulated by danger. This was what he was born for, not reading those books full of incomprehensible words.

"I should be fighting on the battlefield, not stuck at home reading. Slaying enemy generals in combat is my true calling!" Xu Chu thought, realizing how different this felt from his father's teachings.

Zhang Fei understood he couldn't keep matching strength with Xu Chu. The brute's size meant his strength was proportionate. Though Xu Chu lacked speed and technique, his raw power was overwhelming. Zhang Fei needed to use his speed to gain the upper hand.

Just as Zhang Fei prepared to change tactics, Xu Chu's knife shattered into pieces, leaving only the hilt. Both men stood dumbfounded.

A breeze stirred the dust, and Xu Chu came to his senses, "Hey, wait a minute. I need to get a new knife and eat lunch. Then we can continue!"

"I'll wait. Fighting on an empty stomach isn't my style either," Zhang Fei replied, waving dismissively.

Xu Chu rode back into the village, and Zhang Fei returned to Liu Bei's group.

"How did it feel, third brother? Hands numb? Looked like you were having fun out there," Chen Xi teased.

"That brute is tough, but your third brother will win," Zhang Fei boasted, patting his chest.

Chen Xi rolled his eyes and looked at Liu Bei, who was beaming with excitement. He loved strong warriors, and Xu Chu was the epitome of raw power, fitting his ideal perfectly.