

Mythical 88

Chapter 88: Slashing Frenzy!

Gan Ning stood under an energy shield, leaning against the wall of a shop, lost in fantasies about how his offering of a shipload of salt could benefit Liu Bei. Little did he know that inside the building behind him, Xu Chu was already poised to strike.

"My lord, please step back!" Xu Chu, peering through a window slit and observing Gan Ning, wore a serious expression.

"Zhongkang, is the enemy that formidable?" Liu Bei was taken aback. He had never seen Xu Chu this serious since joining him.

"In terms of internal energy, he is likely a top-tier master! But my lord, please step back. Watch as I take him down!" Xu Chu said as he slung his large knife over his back.

"Scoundrel, prepare to die!" With Liu Bei safely away, Xu Chu crept up to the window next to where Gan Ning leaned against the wall. He gathered his energy in his abdomen and roared, pouncing like a tiger. He pressed down on Gan Ning's shoulders and launched both of them into the air.

As a cautious bodyguard, especially with his lord nearby, Xu Chu chose not to use his large knife, which might have slowed him down. Instead, he opted for a direct attack, ensuring he could swiftly remove Gan Ning without giving him a chance to react and possibly harm Liu Bei.

With a loud thud, Xu Chu dragged Gan Ning over ten meters away and attempted to slam him into the ground. Just then, Gan Ning, who had been stunned, regained his senses. The azure energy surrounding him intensified, and with a powerful stomp, he broke free from Xu Chu's grip and landed firmly on the ground. Before he could question the attack, Xu Chu charged at him like a bear, swinging his large knife overhead.

Cursing his bad luck, Gan Ning drew his own large knife, coating it with a ripple-like internal energy, and clashed with Xu Chu's attack.

With a loud clang, Gan Ning was pushed back, sliding across the ground. Xu Chu, unaffected, continued to charge. In that instant, Xu Chu concluded that Gan Ning was not a weak opponent, but instead, a formidable one.

Though initially shocked by Xu Chu's immense strength, Gan Ning's blood was now boiling with excitement. It had been a long time since he had encountered such a worthy adversary. Except for a white-haired man who had defeated him in five moves and Zhou Tai, who could rival him, Gan Ning had always considered himself unmatched.

The continuous clashes made Xu Chu realize that Gan Ning was far stronger than he had anticipated. Each strike was met with layers of ripple-like energy that weakened his attacks. Despite this, Xu Chu remained steadfast in his approach, believing that sheer force would eventually break through Gan Ning's defenses.

As Xu Chu's muscles swelled with each swing, Gan Ning struggled to maintain his defense. Even though his energy was deflecting much of the force, the remaining power was overwhelming.

In a desperate move, Gan Ning pulled on the chain wrapped around him, redirecting his strength from his waist to his wrist, and swung the chain. The final ring struck Xu Chu's knife, deflecting the blow. Seizing the moment, Gan Ning closed in, his right hand swinging the large knife towards Xu Chu's abdomen while his left hand prepared another strike with the chain.

Xu Chu calmly parried Gan Ning's knife and intercepted the incoming chain with another powerful swing. This time, however, the chain's base flew towards Xu Chu's face. With a forceful horizontal slash, Xu Chu neutralized the chain, recognizing Gan Ning as a top-tier opponent.

The prolonged battle wore on Gan Ning, while Xu Chu, experienced and unyielding, pressed his advantage. Each heavy slash seemed to grow in power, leaving Gan Ning with little room to breathe.

The relentless assault eventually broke through Gan Ning's layered defenses. One powerful slash shattered his chain, followed by another that struck his wide-backed knife, sending blood spurting from Gan Ning's mouth. With only a few more strikes, Xu Chu would cleave Gan Ning in two.

"Zhongkang, stop!" Chen Xi, having heard the initial shout of "Scoundrel, die!" followed by the continuous clash of weapons, realized that only a top-tier warrior could withstand Xu Chu's attacks for this long. Rushing towards the sound, he knew such a warrior could be invaluable.

At Chen Xi's shout, Xu Chu instinctively swung one final strike. Despair filled Gan Ning's eyes—his dreams of glory dashed in the face of death. With no way to parry the powerful blow, Xu Chu altered his strike at the last moment, kicking Gan Ning out of the blade's path and sending him sprawling.

Xu Chu's kick, meant to save Gan Ning, was powerful enough to leave him coughing up blood but spared his life.

A small golden bell fell from Gan Ning's robes, landing at Chen Xi's feet. Watching the bell, Chen Xi sighed in relief—an exceptional warrior had almost been lost due to his own caution.