

MYTHICAL VERSION OF THREE KINGDOM

Chapter 12: Killing You Will Level Me Up

The title of Xiliang's top general had already slipped away from Hua Xiong, but his dignity compelled him to challenge, even if the opponent was Lu Bu. He would still raise his blade high.

"What a pity. Once trapped in the glory of being Xiliang's top general, I couldn't break free. By the time I witnessed Lu Bu's martial prowess, it was too late. I've already missed my prime opportunity to advance. Now, I'll risk my life for a breakthrough!" Hua Xiong's eyes sharpened. He could sense the barrier that, once broken through, would give him the right to challenge again!

Regardless of the opponent's imposing aura, Hua Xiong laughed wildly, "Another one coming to die!"

"Traitor, prepare to die!" Pan Feng shouted back.

The almost superior aura did not make Hua Xiong flinch. Life and death battles were his path to advancement. He had missed his prime and now could only seek breakthrough through mortal combat!

"Die!" Hua Xiong roared, his body erupting in a red glow that struck Pan Feng's massive axe with force.

"Boom!" A deafening roar echoed as their horses collided, creating a large crater. Hua Xiong felt heat sear through his palms, his eyes blazing with a fierce light, fixing on Pan Feng. He had an overwhelming sense that killing Pan Feng would elevate him!

Similarly, Pan Feng, receiving less of a backlash, also felt an impulse that killing Hua Xiong would push him forward.

Both men burned with desire, understanding what advancement meant. They eyed each other like hunters eyeing prey, though it was unclear who was the hunter and who was the hunted.

"Boom!" Another clash followed by a sonic boom echoed. They exchanged dozens of blows within seconds, with Hua Xiong receiving a gash from

shoulder to waist. In those brief moments, he clearly felt his progress. He was certain that killing Pan Feng would make him stronger!

"One decisive blow!" Pan Feng coldly declared. His usually reliable steed seemed sluggish today, but he decided not to pursue the matter. One strike was all he needed to kill Hua Xiong and step into that godlike realm!

Hua Xiong didn't respond, gripping his sword tightly as a red glow enveloped him, even beginning to boil.

"Kill!" Hua Xiong charged with a deathly resolve, while Pan Feng smirked, ready to decapitate Hua Xiong.

At the moment they clashed, Pan Feng's usually reliable steed, Green Mane, faltered. Its legs gave out, and Hua Xiong took advantage to decapitate Pan Feng with a swift stroke.

Turning his horse, Hua Xiong coldly observed Pan Feng. His aura began to boil and burn. Killing Pan Feng had indeed advanced him. The large wound on his torso quickly scabbed over, new flesh growing.

Slowly, this feeling subsided. The previously ferocious Hua Xiong now appeared almost ordinary, though his eyes still emitted a predatory gleam.

"This is the power of a higher level?" A blade glow appeared clearly on Hua Xiong's sword. He swung it, sending a massive fiery arc with a sonic boom toward the coalition camp. "No wonder Lu Bu said that with this power, controlling thousands is just a matter of words."

"Boom." With a loud crash, the camp gate was blasted away.

"Listen up, coalition forces! I am Hua Xiong, vanguard of Chancellor Dong! Surrender now, or I'll slaughter you all!" Hua Xiong's voice boomed, covering several miles.

"Report!" As the messenger entered, everyone in the main tent already knew the outcome. Hua Xiong's thunderous voice made it clear he had won.

"General Pan Feng was slain by Hua Xiong in several moves. Then, from a hundred meters away, Hua Xiong cleaved our camp gate with a single strike!" The messenger reported with terror.

"What?!" Guan Yu, Zhang Fei, the Xiahou brothers, Yuan Shao, and others stood up, understanding the level of power needed for such a feat. Striking from a hundred meters was the hallmark of the highest martial mastery.

Yuan Shao felt foolish. Had he known Hua Xiong was so formidable, he wouldn't have sabotaged Pan Feng's horse. Now Pan Feng was dead, and no one could face such a master. Little did he know that without his sabotage, Pan Feng would have been the one reaching external Qi manifestation.

After some whispered discussions, everyone understood Hua Xiong's level. He was among the top warriors of the time, capable of taking on thousands alone.

"Who dares to face Hua Xiong?" Yuan Shao shouted. No one responded, knowing that facing such a master was certain death.

"If my generals Yan Liang and Wen Chou were here, they wouldn't fear Hua Xiong!" Yuan Shao declared angrily. But this was just talk; at this time, Yan Liang and Wen Chou were only at Pan Feng and Hua Xiong's earlier level.

They would also fall to the current Hua Xiong, who was destined to be a formidable opponent.

"Big Brother!" The Xiahou brothers whispered, but Cao Cao held them back. This was not the time for recklessness. Hua Xiong was too strong, and losing would be a huge setback.

"Second Brother, damn it!" Chen Xi tried to hold Guan Yu back, but Guan Yu stood up.

"I will go!" Guan Yu declared confidently.

Yuan Shao glanced at Liu Bei, who nodded. Yuan Shao had no enmity with Liu Bei, so if Guan Yu died, it wouldn't be Yuan Shao's fault. Since Liu Bei agreed, Yuan Shao welcomed someone to take the challenge.

Cao Cao eyed Guan Yu's impressive beard with envy, unsure of Guan Yu's skills but admiring his appearance. He offered Guan Yu a cup of wine, possibly as a final gesture.

"Please drink this cup before you go," Cao Cao smiled.

"Pour it, I'll be back soon!" Guan Yu responded arrogantly.

Having spent time with Guan Yu, Chen Xi knew that Guan Yu often offended people with his blunt manner. However, his tone and demeanor conveyed supreme confidence. If he defeated Hua Xiong, it would be justified; if he lost, his current arrogance would become a joke.

"Lord Xuande, shall we go watch? My second brother will surely defeat Hua Xiong!" Liu Bei said, bowing and leading the way out. As a minor warlord, his words carried some weight, and the others followed, including Cao Cao with his cup of wine.

Guan Yu rode his Xiliang horse slowly towards the camp gate, not rushing like others who would charge out at breakneck speed.