

## Civilization 1071

Chapter 1071: The Second Kingdom Expedition, the Art of Maya Rule, Everything Under Control!

"Hmm? Gem trade?"

"Sit down, don't be hasty."

Xiupan the Clan Leader had a calm face, commanding respect without anger. Xiutur reluctantly sat down again, listening to his father's instructions.

"Xiutur, remember this. We City-State Maya Divine Descendants differ from the warrior Highland Tribes, governing warriors and citizens with divinity and intellect, managing territories and city-states! Your current focus should not be on slaughtering on the battlefield but on enhancing your divinity, constantly building alliances and supporters!"

"Huh? Focus on enhancing divinity and building alliances and supporters?"

"Exactly!"

Xiupan the Clan Leader nodded heavily and carefully explained to his eldest son.

"This gemstone fleet's news has spread throughout the Peninsula. All lowland tribes want to gain a share of gemstones from them!... If you seize the whole fleet, gaining so many gemstones, the city's gemstones will depreciate, and it won't be consumed quickly, offering little real benefit."

"More importantly, if you rob the fleet, the family will not only fall out with distant Highland Tribes but also extinguish others' hopes, incurring the wrath of all tribes! The eyes of all tribes will focus on us, making us the target of many javelins... Remember, truly wise people won't do such foolish things that yield little benefit with unpredictable consequences!"

Hearing his father's analysis, Xiutur was stunned for a while but soon understood its essence.

"I see! So, you're asking me to trade, just to get the largest share of gemstones, while leaving the rest for other tribes?"

"Correct. That's roughly the idea."

Xiupan the Clan Leader nodded, looking at his warrior-like strong son with a loving smile. His eldest son was indeed very smart but too impulsive in nature. His strong physique often acted before his mind could think.

"More tempering is still needed! He shouldn't stay in the army all the time, lacking the demeanor of a Divine Descendant."

Xiupan the Clan Leader pondered for several moments before speaking solemnly again.

"Xiutur, take eight hundred elite Maya Warriors, along with the family's precious goods, and quickly go north to the coastal Tail Village of the Tail Feather Clan, waiting for the east-bound gemstone fleet. It's the first supply port within hundreds of miles after rounding the cape, and the fleet will definitely stop there."

"Then, first, you should try to exchange for the largest share of gemstones and bring them back to the Capital City, proclaiming the God of Wealth's favor! If the goods are insufficient, you can requisition from the subordinate Tail Feather Clan. I'll compensate them. You may also exert some pressure on that fleet, but don't overdo it. And even if the gemstones gained aren't much, don't turn hostile, strive to establish good karma with the Nava Tribe! Because gemstones aren't important, but the western Nava Tribe might be very strong."

"Ah? Father, gemstones aren't important?"

Xiutur scratched his head, looking at his father in confusion.

"The strong Nava Tribe? Do you know where this fleet came from?"

"Yes, this fleet presumably comes from the western highlands Aztec Alliance. They are a powerful force, but over three thousand miles away, they can't affect the situation here. It's suitable to establish some goodwill... Listen to me! Gemstones aren't important. What's crucial is enhancing your divinity!"

Xiupan the Clan Leader paused before speaking softly, elaborating on the art of governance.

"Divinity must be rooted in people's hearts through grand ceremonies witnessed by all! You don't actually need to acquire many gemstones but simply use various forms of propaganda to make people believe you are blessed by the God of Wealth, gaining many gemstones..."

"Similarly, the second task. During this northern expedition, you must hold a solemn sacrifice at the coastal 'Demon's Tail'! It's the sanctuary where the All Gods ended an era and created the world anew, also enhancing your divinity. After the ceremony, stay a night at the 'Demon's Tail'. The next day, proclaim you've had a ceremonial dream... Say the Serpent's tail emerged from underground, entered your embrace, and merged with you..."

"What? Stay a night at the Demon's Tail and concoct a ceremonial dream?"

Hearing his father's strategy, Xiutur was dumbfounded, speechless with shock. He pondered for a moment before voicing his long-standing question.

"Father, what's actually under the Demon's Tail?"

"Below the Demon's Tail lies the divine artifact of the All Gods' cataclysm. It's where the gods obliterated the era before chaos and created the world for the first time! As for what the artifact specifically is, Snake City's ancestors didn't record it, perhaps the All Gods didn't clarify either... Don't change the subject!"

Xiupan the Clan Leader raised an eyebrow, and Xiutur immediately adopted a submissive demeanor, closing his mouth to listen.

"Regarding the third task, meet with the coastal subordinates' Tail Feather Clan and Luchong Clan leaders. Represent the Xiu Family, show support, express goodwill. After completing these, arrange

personnel to spread the word that you conversed happily with various leaders, even to the extent of promising marriage alliances..."

"What? Marriage alliances?"

"Yes! First spread the news, letting all tribes know. Then, I'll arrange people to propose to the daughters of two clan chieftains, letting you marry two Divine Descendant wives, and also gather two external allies."

Xiupan the Clan Leader nodded with a smile, kind-hearted and already foreseeing everything.

"After completing these three tasks, return to the Capital City with the gemstones, presiding over the festival's ceremony on the grand Heavenly Serpent God Festival in April, doing two more things!... One is to distribute the majority of gemstones to the city's nobility under the name of the God of Wealth. The other is to distribute customary small pastries to the city's citizens under the name of the Heavenly Serpent Divine for the festival day."

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"Uh? In the name of the Divine, distributing gemstones to the nobility, distributing small cakes to the citizens? Father, wasn't it always you who presided over the festivals and rites..."

"From now on, it's up to you! This is the first year you'll be in charge, so the distribution of small cakes should be doubled. I will also arrange for people to kneel and pay homage on the spot, singing praises of your divinity and love for the people! When you see them, you must personally lift them up and loudly tell the citizens that this is not your grace, but the grace granted through you by the Heavenly Serpent Divine!"

The Clan Leader Xiupan finished speaking leisurely, glancing at his startled eldest son. He reached out his hand, affectionately ruffling his son's long hair.

"Trade gemstones, perform sacrificial rites to all gods, ally through marriage, conduct festival rites, distribute gemstones and bread... After completing these five critical tasks, your divinity and prestige will be enough to inherit my position as Clan Chief!"

"Ah? Ah this!"

For the first time, worry appeared on the face of Xiutur so full of vigor. He stepped forward, grabbing the arm of Clan Leader Xiupan.

"Father, your... your health?"

"My health is good, don't worry! My son, you are my heir. I'm just making some preparations in advance, paving the way for your future! You must know, your uncles and cousins are still watching this position. You need to establish your divinity early to crush their ambitions!"

Clan Leader Xiupan waved away his son's hand, deliberately showcasing the authority of the Divine Descendant Clan Leader. Inside, he harbored an inexplicable worry, but he couldn't voice it.

"Ever since grandfather destroyed Mayapan and exterminated the Kekum Royal Family, both grandfather and father, successive generations of Clan Chiefs, have not lived past fifty! Whereas the great-grandfather before them lived to sixty-five! I am already forty-eight this year. What if I too don't live past fifty... Damn Kekum Royal Family, who knows what curse they cast upon our clan!"

Clan Leader Xiupan narrowed his old eyes, a vicious glint flashing in them. Chills ran down Xiutur's spine, lowering his head, unsure of what schemes his father was concocting.

"Hehe! Their last line of descendants hides in the jungle two hundred leagues northeast, under the protection of the Kapul Family. Perhaps, before I die, I should deploy troops to distract the Kapul people and completely eradicate this last remnant. I must lift the curse, so it doesn't pass down to my son..."

Thinking of this, a rare tenderness flickered in the eyes of Clan Leader Xiupan. He looked at his eldest son, who was as sturdy as a warrior yet worriedly face, and smiled with satisfaction, then promptly waved him off.

"Xiutur, go now! Quickly assemble eight hundred samurai, have the civilians pack the valuable goods from the warehouse, and hurry north! The western gemstone fleet moves swiftly, never staying long at any one City-State. Don't miss them! May the Heavenly Serpent Divine protect you!"

"As you command, I shall prepare immediately, setting off at dawn tomorrow! May the Heavenly Serpent Divine protect!"

Xiutur responded loudly, respectfully saluting his father. Then, he strode away, like a warrior preparing for battle. With a clear goal in mind, he walked the long road set by his father, aiming to climb the highest peaks. This path had long been arranged, beyond earthly imagination.

The next day, under the personal leadership of Prince Xiutur, eight hundred Xi Wu samurai, along with several hundred civilians, left through the north gate of Mani City, hastily heading towards tail village of the coastal Tail Feather Clan.

The elderly Clan Leader Xiupan stood atop the high palace, watching the group depart, a calm and natural smile on his face. He had ruled the Xiu Clan for twenty years, step by step turning the Xiu Clan into the most powerful force on the peninsula. He also clearly understood the various parts of the Maya, knowing the hearts of those inside and outside the City-State.

"Mighty Heavenly Serpent Divine, protect Your bloodline! Destined fate, write the epic of the Divine Descendant... Everything is under control!"

Chapter 1073: The Second Kingdom Expedition, First Encounter with the Canul Lineage, and Kanu Marx

The waves rolled, the winding coastline turned from the north to the east. The beach was wide, and the smoke from salt boiling rose amidst the village. This was already the northwesternmost part of the Yucatan Peninsula, the Salt Village of the Canul Guardian Clan territory. A seaside village that produces sea salt, not very large, but quite prosperous.

The sea breeze warmed, seven Kingdom Longships were anchored by the coast of Salt Village, but no one disembarked. Old militia Chiwaco stood on the ship's prow, watching the dense crowd on the beach, listening to their uproarious shouting, straight left him dumbfounded.

"This? This?... What are they doing?!"

The flagship crew were equally at a loss, looking at the shore without a word. Only to see on the not-so-large beach outside Salt Village, five large teams of Maya city-state warriors with feathers on their backs and javelins were gathered. These Maya warriors seemed to come from different villages, led by

different Feather Crown Divine Descendants. Each team varied in number, the smallest about two hundred, the largest around four hundred.

At this time, the largest team of Maya city-state warriors stood closest to the beach, waving stone spears and darts in their hands, shouting at the ship. While the two smallest teams were crowded to the sides, gazing from afar.

As for the remaining two evenly matched Maya warrior contingents, they didn't even glance at the ship but instead tensely confronted each other. They cursed each other while waving weapons closer. The Divine Descendant leaders almost face to face, spewing saliva as they cursed, then ordered their warriors to drop weapons and proceeded to wrestle with naked fists!

"What?!"

Old militia Chiwaco widened his eyes, watching the two Maya warrior contingents beat each other with real punches, instantly feeling the familiar sensation of village head brawls. He grabbed Tikalo, pointed at the chaotic crowd opposite, and loudly asked.

"Tikalo, aren't they all from that Canul Guardian Clan? Why are they fighting each other?"

"Uh... maybe, maybe they have a longstanding enmity... and now met, they want to fight for priority trading with our fleet?"

Mayan merchant Tikalo watched for a long while, also at a loss. He listened intently for a while, full of curses involving mutual ancestors, suddenly shocked. Then, he listened to the nearby shouting and finally figured out something.

"Captain Chi, they're asking the fleet to quickly come ashore! They want to trade gemstones with the ship!"

"Quickly come ashore, trade gemstones?"

Old militia Chiwaco furrowed his brows, exchanged a glance with Chief God Priest Tomate, and both shook their heads. The old militia pointed at the warriors by the shore, asked in a deep voice.

"They haven't brought goods apart from weapons, what are they trading gemstones for? Isn't it obvious, they want to steal, want to rob?"

"This... direct robbery... shouldn't be likely."

Mayan merchant Tikalo listened for a while longer, relaying the city-state divine descendants' words.

"War God, Guardian God of Merchant, Ek Chuaj witness! Quickly come ashore, we will not harm the merchant fleet from afar! However, this is Canul Guardian Clan's territory; passing merchant fleets must pay tribute! This is War God's request for protecting merchant teams, also the Kapok Code's rule! Quickly come ashore!"

"What? We haven't even come ashore, and we have to prepare to pay taxes?"

Chiwaco squinted his old eyes, counted the city-state teams on the shore, and sneered coldly.

"There are five teams of Maya warriors here, are we going to be taxed five times?"

"Chief Divine witness! Greed has taken these people's hearts, letting them hold malice, speak deceitfully."

Priest Tomate prayed, shaking his head.

"However, even so, the Chief Divine hasn't abandoned them, offering them a chance for light!... Captain Puapu."

Gray Soil Nobles Puapu had already donned armor, picked up a greatbow, staring at the noble divine descendants by the seaside. Hearing Priest Tomate's summons, he turned his head, eyes full of killing intent.



"Hmm? What?"

"Let the fleet approach, then shoot a round of feathered arrows, give them some warning!"

Priest Tomato commanded in a deep voice, then embraced his ever-present scriptures, hanging a few amulets around his neck.

"Then, I'll go down, meet with them for a bit."

"Ah?... You still want to disembark?"

"Yes! I have come with His Highness's prophecy, I must let them know!"

"... This big tomato, hopping back and forth, sooner or later he'll be gnawed by wolves..."

Gray Soil Puapu glanced at Priest Tomato's resolute face, cursed in his heart with irritation. Then, he gritted his teeth, ordered the Prepetcha Warriors on board.

"Raise the flag, inform all the ships! Ships approach, raise the bows and shoot! Shout fiercely, intimidate the silly turkeys over there!"

"As ordered, Captain!"

In just a moment, the Kingdom fleet approached the beach. Then, over a hundred skilled archers simultaneously raised their bows, aimed and shot at an angle.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh!"

The fierce rain of arrows brought death's whistle, soared over the Maya warriors on the shore, plunging straight into the sand behind, penetrating an inch deep. Then, hundreds on the fleet simultaneously raised weapons, shouted loudly.

"Chief Divine protect! We fight for the gods, fearless! Those who obstruct will suffer divine punishment, doomed!"

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh!"

The whistling arrows crossed overhead, the thunderous shouts suddenly exploded. The Maya warriors who were shouting abruptly fell silent. Even the two Maya warrior contingents fighting at the back gradually stopped. A moment of quiet descended on the shore, as if wolves scrambling over waterfowl suddenly discovered, ahead of them was not a gentle waterfowl, but a fierce Jaguar!

Chapter 1074: The Second Kingdom Expedition, First Encounter with the Canul Lineage, and Kanu Marx (Part 2)

"Chief Divine protect us! I am Priest Tomate from the Western Highland, representing the Mexica Alliance! I come with the command of the Mexica War God! Among you, who is the representative of the Canul Clan?"

Priest Tomate leapt onto the mudflat, holding the "Book of Ama Colley" aloft, shouting loudly toward the other side. Beside him, Tikalo translated loudly while keeping his head down. Last time when docking at Brocade Snake City, he brought another Mayan translator, honestly, it was not satisfactory. Many profound teachings of the Chief Divine and the implied words of the Divine Descendants were stutteringly translated, lacking cultural depth.

"Hmm, Tikalo is more capable!"

Priest Tomate straightened his spine, lost in thoughts as he surveyed the surroundings.

Opposite him, the Maya warriors showed no movement, but their divine leader was hesitantly observing. After a moment, the leader with the most warriors stepped forward. He clasped his fists against his chest and raised his Divine Staff, responding solemnly.

"War God Ek protects! From the Western Highland Navajo Priest, I am the governor of Salt Village, the divine leader of Maxcanú in Kanu City, Kanu Marx! I rank third in the Kapok City Council of Elders, the most esteemed Divine Descendant here. I come to represent the Canul Clan to negotiate with you!"

"Maxcanú in Kanu City, Kanu Marx?"

Hearing this renowned name, Mayan merchant Tikalo's eyes shifted with surprise on his face.

Maxcanú in Kanu City is only a hundred miles from Salt Village, a northern stronghold of the Canul Clan, the third largest City-State, second only to the central capital Kelkini Kapok City and the southern major city Hecelchakán, the Grass Tree City. The name "Kanu Marx" in Yucatan Maya means the "four monkeys of the Divine." Maxcanú in Kanu City is thus known as "Monkey City."

"Priest Tomate, the opposite party is ranked third in the Canul Council of Elders. The Kingdom Fleet arrived swiftly, so the Canul Council couldn't reach a consensus this quickly to send an acknowledged representative. This Kanu Marx indeed is the most important divine descendant in the North!"

Upon hearing this, Priest Tomate raised his eyebrows. He nodded, pleased with Tikalo's addition. Next, he confidently took several steps forward, approaching Kanu Marx, and cordially bowed.

"Praise the War God! He brings together the Toltec brothers from the Highland and the Toltec brothers from the Lowland, after many hundreds of years!"

"Uh... Praise the War God! It is He who brings us together!"

Upon hearing this greeting, Kanu Marx's eyelids twitched, responding with forced civility. Indeed, the Canul Clan possesses Toltec-Nava bloodline, having followed the Feathered Serpent King eastward to the Maya region five hundred years ago. Yet over these centuries, they have intermarried and assimilated with local Maya Tribes, scarcely speaking Navajo now. Without translation, he could only comprehend few scattered words.

As for the Toltec Kingdom of the Highland, it met its demise hundreds of years ago amidst the series of southward migrations by the Wilderness Tribes! The ones emerging now as "Toltec people" are

undoubtedly descendants of the Wilderness Children, and to call them brothers... Hmm, they seem formidable, and bringing ships laden with expensive gemstones, it seems agreeable.

Understanding this, Kanu Marx slightly bowed his head, returning the greeting.

"...Brothers from the Highland Toltec! Your fleet sailed eastward, news of you reached all coastal tribes, dubbed the 'God of Wealth's Gemstone Fleet.' Our Canul Clan received news days ago, yet the Council of Elders have delayed the decision; neighboring city-states first dispatched troops here, awaiting your... trade."

Kanu Marx raised his head, gazing at the hundred archers on the seven longships, the hundred armored warriors, the hundred hand axe sailors, and the hundred spear-wielding Putun Tribe, his pupils constricted. Then when he looked at Priest Tomate, a friendly smile appeared in his eyes.

"The War God protects us! Priest Tomate, your fleet's gemstone prices are very fair, warmly welcomed by various states! Fearing missing you, warriors from clan cities arrived ahead, while civilian carriers transporting goods are still behind, it will take one or two days to arrive. Long voyages are always arduous, why not invite the fleet leaders to rest in Salt Village. Tonight, I will host a banquet to welcome the brothers from afar!"

"The War God protects us!"

Priest Tomate watched Kanu Marx's face, seeing his slightly embarrassed expression and evasive gaze, he responded with a smile.

"Respected Chieftain Kanu Marx, our fleet carries the sacred mission granted by the War God, also adhering to the prophets' prophecy. Our journey is urgent, we must proceed to Snake Island in the Eastern Sea, we dare not delay along the way, and cannot linger here long."

Upon hearing this, Kanu Marx frowned, clutching his Divine Staff tightly. After counting the hundred warriors of the Kingdom Fleet against his own thousand warriors, his face turned stern, ready to issue a threat.

"However, the War God has long issued a command! The gemstones we've brought are precisely for gifting to the brothers along the way!"

Watching and noticing, Priest Tomato smiled and promptly added. Then, he took a deep breath, looking at the far-off divine descendants from various tribes, and shouted loudly.

"Brothers of the Canul Clan! Please come here to discuss! I bring the War God's command, to gift you gemstones!!"

Priest Tomato shouted three times, then signaled the fleet. Several dozen Vastec warriors disembarked, carrying bags filled with jangling Lake Gems, coming beside Priest Tomato. Next, they piled gemstones on the shore, accumulating to half a person's height. Some bags spilled open, with verdant green, vivid red, golden yellow, azure blue, all colors of gemstone glimmers sparkling under the sunlight, immediately captivating the Maya Divine Descendants' gaze.

Chapter 1075: The Second Kingdom Expedition, First Encounter with the Canul Lineage, Kanu Marx\_3

Kanu Marx's eyes lit up with delight, his breathing became heavier. He tentatively waved his hand, and two trusted aides came forward to take away two bags of Lake Gems. Then, he looked at Priest Tomato, who smiled without interruption and spoke gently.

"Brother Kanu Marx, these gems are gifts from the War God, take them as you please! You just need to listen to me speak of the Chief Divine's prophecy at the end!"

"Praise the generous War God! Haha, Priest Tomato, your Highland Tribe is truly devout and generous!"

Kanu Marx laughed heartily. With a wave of his large hand, the aides rushed forward to grab the gems on the ground. Seeing this scene, the Divine Descendants from behind lost their patience and rushed with their aides to snatch the gems. Soon, the beach was filled with noise and chaos, with even fists and feet flying.

Priest Tomato watched calmly, evaluating the Canul Lineage's Divine Descendants, gradually forming some thoughts.

Though these Divine Descendants of the City-State are from the same clan, they belong to no one, none submit to anyone. Kanu Marx, despite his high status, lacks the ability to make the various divisions yield their gems to him. The final allocation depends on who brings more warriors, who gets more gems.

From this small example, the Canul Lineage's army must be composed of warriors from various city-states, obeying different leaders. Even if there is a so-called Council of Elders resolution, it is difficult to form a unified force.

"Orders come from multiple sources, the interests of each division differ. The combat power of the Canul army should be inferior to the City State Army of the Alliance. However, when the Clan warriors fight, they always pay attention to restraint, not using weapons to cause unnecessary casualties, showing the overall concept of the clan, which the warriors understand... Such an army, if not going out of the territory to attack, merely defending homeland, can still cope."

Priest Tomate pondered for a long time until the Canul Divine Descendants were red in the face and finally allocated the gems. Only then did he smile and, within the shooting range of the fleet's bows, spoke loudly.

"Respected Canul Divine Descendants! The supreme War God has gifted you gems through my hands. He also tells you the prophecy of the Eastern Sea through my mouth! Within ten years, pale-skinned evil demons will come across the sea on tall-masted large ships. Their faces wear deceitful kindness, their eyes are greedy for gold and silver, and their hands commit cruel slaughter, bringing terrible plague and death!"

The sea breeze gently blew from the western side of the peninsula to the nearby North Coast. As evening fell, the Canul Divine Descendants on the beach listened for a long time, glancing at each other, all with widened eyes. Kanu Marx was shocked and muttered in disbelief.

"Within ten years? Pale-skinned evil demons... will they really come?"

"War God bears witness! They are destined to return! Brothers from the Toltec of the lowlands, you must remain vigilant, do not be deceived by their forward teams!"

Priest Tomate's expression turned solemn as he nodded emphatically. As he spoke, he skillfully distributed a "Book of Ama Colley" and gifted a pure silver Sun Hummingbird Talisman to each Divine

Descendant. Then, Priest Tomate wasted no time and took advantage of their moment of distraction, swiftly jumped onto a small boat, racing towards the longship.

"Ah?! Brother Tomate! Come back quickly, don't be in such a hurry to leave, take a rest in the Salt Village!"

Kanu Marx came to his senses, clenched his Divine Staff, and called out urgently. His eyes flashed with complexity, a hundred thoughts passed through his mind, waiting for someone to stay and execute them. The other Divine Descendants exchanged a glance and also sincerely called out to retain him.

"Indeed! Come back, brother from the Highlands!..."

"No need! Brother Kanu Marx, remember the prophecy of the Chief Divine! The Warriors of the Kingdom will continue to come from the Western Highland, reaching the frontline of the Eastern Sea Snake Island!... War God bears witness, we will meet again!"

The loud words echoed back and forth between the longship and the shore, full of sincerity and reluctance. Both sides were moved to tears, gazing across the coast, donning armor, raising weapons, and bidding farewell reluctantly. The encounter was so short, leaving only a wonderful half-day, even hastily departing before snatching gems.

"... Truly cunning Highland Tribes! They are even more cunning than the snake-like Xi Wu Family!"

Kanu Marx looked at the departing fleet by the sea, muttering angrily. Meanwhile, a sudden commotion sounded again in the Salt Village to the East, as another City-State team rushed late. The clan city-states had all been informed of the fleet's news, just dragging on for half a day will ensure at least two thousand City-State Warriors will arrive. As for now...

"Go! Quickly go! They have arrived late, got nothing, surely will entangle with those who arrived earlier!"

Kanu Marx turned around, glanced at the few hundred warriors just appearing and eagerly rushing from the East. Without hesitation, he immediately made a decision.

"Secure the gems, we leave immediately! Also, send someone to tell them about the prophecy of the pale skin... to stall for time!"

The wide sea, deep night. The Kingdom Fleet, unable to replenish, set out again. The ship's food and water urgently need restocking, and the next supply point is 250 miles away, at Tail Feather Clan's Tail Village.

Chapter 1076: The Second Kingdom Exploration, Demon Tail, Serpent Divine Descendant

The sea is azure, the sky is deep blue, and the coastline stretches to the East, with land appearing in the South. The Caribbean Sea in the North extends endlessly, while seven Kingdom Fleet ships are docking at a small village on the Southern Coast.

"Is this tail village? The tail village of the Tail Feather Clan?"

Chiwaco stared, carefully observing the small village by the sea. The village is not large, with only a few hundred people estimated. Some villagers were busy in the village, and upon seeing the fleet by the coast, they were only slightly surprised. They weren't too excited, nor did anyone come forward to trade.

Overall, the tail village by the sea is quite simple and plain, with no fences or walls, and the villagers appear very honest. However, oddly enough, two miles outside the village, there stands a small pyramid Temple over ten meters high.

The old Militia gazed at the small Temple for a while. The Temple's style is extremely primitive, with many bricks and tiles missing, bearing the marks of thousands of years. Inside the Temple seems empty, with no statues or stationed Priests and Samurai. He looked at the coast again; the white sandy beach was peaceful, with no traces of Samurai or sight of Flying Birds.

"Tikalo, why is this village called tail village? Is it because of the Tail Feather Clan? What is the Temple beside it for, and why isn't there even a statue?"

"Captain Qi, are you talking about this tail village? It really is remarkable!"



Tikalo stood at the bow, gazing at the distant land, seemingly searching for something. He looked towards the southeast forest for a while, listened to the distant call of the guan, and his eyes suddenly brightened. Then, Tikalo turned around with a sincere smile, pointing at the nearby Temple, explaining to Chiwaco.

"Do you see that empty Chaos Temple? That is the oldest and most mysterious Holy Land, Chicxulub, the Demon's Tail, the legendary place where the All Gods destroyed and then recreated the world!"

"Chaos Temple, All Gods destroying and recreating the world?"

Hearing this, the Chief God Priest Tomate immediately widened his eyes and approached.

"Tikalo, tell us more!"

"In the oldest legends of the Divine Capital Tikal, the All Gods first descended not in the City of the Gods, but on the sea in the North."

Tikalo slightly raised his head, recalling the few words left by his Ancestors.

"They descended upon the sea in the North, bringing down a world-destroying God Disaster, obliterating the world before all beings. It was a horrific demon world without human existence. Then, they recreated the world and created humans for the first time. The place where the God Disaster fell was Chicxulub, the Demon's Tail!"

Priest Tomate perked up his ears to listen carefully. However, Tikalo kept looking up at the sky without speaking.

"Tikalo, tell us! What about the rest? What is the God Disaster? What is the Demon's Tail?"

"Uh, that's all. God Disaster... the Demon's Tail... no one knows what they are."

Tikalo scratched his divine bald head, showing a bit of embarrassment and sighing.

"This is a myth before creation, the knowledge left by the All Gods. The Gods didn't explain, so naturally, no one knows. Even the Ancestors only recorded this one line, and even this line is only noted on tablets by the very few Maya city-states that experienced the ancient times. The coastal Maya Tribe, though also calling this place the Demon's Tail, knows nothing about what lies behind."

"The Chaos Temple before you, primitive in style, might have been built two thousand years ago. According to records, beneath the Temple's location, fragments of Demon bones and peculiar Stones were once unearthed. They are like gold but stone, incredibly tough, unafraid of fire, and cannot be smashed. The ancient Serpent Divine Priests, fearing they might disrupt the All Gods' arrangement, built a Chaos Temple to suppress it. Now, this Temple is abandoned."

"Fragments of Demon bones? Peculiar Stones?"

Hearing this, Puap was intrigued, also looking over. Everyone on the ship gazed together at the ancient Temple, looking at the sparse vegetation on the ground, their hearts filled with endless curiosity and imagination, imagining the ancient Era without human existence.

Of course, their eyes couldn't penetrate a kilometer of earth to see the glittering andesite layer. Such a layer would only appear in an unparalleled explosion. Neither could their eyes see two hundred kilometers wide to discern the largest meteorite crater on the Earth's surface!

Chicxulub, "the Demon's Tail," the place where the All Gods destroyed and then recreated the world! 65 million years ago, a massive asteroid impacted here, triggering an explosion equivalent to ten trillion tons of TNT. Over three trillion tons of sulfur entered the atmosphere, creating a global winter lasting several hundred years, ending the era of dinosaurs! And beneath the Demon's Tail lies the world-ending meteorite crater from millions of years ago.

However, these grand ancient stories are still unknown in this era. The leaders on the flagship merely stared blankly at the serene and ordinary coast, unable to detect any abnormality after a long time.

"Besides the sparse vegetation, nothing can be observed."

Chiwaco observed for a while before turning his gaze back to Tikalo, revealing a sudden realization on his face.

"Tikalo, so you dressed in this outfit today to visit this Temple?"

"Captain Qi, your insight is indeed sharp."

Tikalo's face broke into a smile, respectfully bowing. His attire today was especially luxurious, donning a finely crafted robe no one had ever seen before. On the front of the robe, with gold dust and silver grains, an image was depicted of a person with arms raised high, legs spread, feet like waves. This pattern looked like the Alliance's "large" character at a glance, and scrutinized closely, it resembled both the waves by the sea and a peculiar serpent.

Chapter 1077: The Second Kingdom Exploration, Demon Tail, Serpent Divine Descendant (Part 2)

"The Tail Feather Clan is a small clan, with a population of no more than tens of thousands, and not many samurai. Their ruling center lies fifty miles south in Dzibilchaltun, the stone-carved city, and eighty miles south in Tiho City. They have only these two city-states, and the coastal Tail Village, besides collecting tribute annually, is almost unmanaged, without any Divine Descendant Nobility or stationed samurai."

Tiho City, known in later generations as Mérida, is also the largest city of Mexico on the Yucatan Peninsula, famous for its tourism industry around historical monuments.

"The Tail Feather Clan, a small clan of tens of thousands..."

Old Militia Chiwaco pondered for a moment, then made a decision.

"We didn't have time to resupply at Salt Village, and the fleet's food and water are running low. Old Pu, take more warriors ashore and make sure to adequately replenish food and water. Remember, trade well with the villagers, using gemstones and gold and silver from the ship as exchange, no forced dealings!"

"Alright. I'll follow your orders."

Puap looked at the simple village and the desolate coast, uninterested, nodding slightly. Watching the journey about to end across the Lowland Maya, yet still having no solution to the Divine Eagle Curse upon him, filled him with deep sorrow!

The old militia sternly glared at Puap for a few moments. Then he turned to Priest Tomate.

"Praise the Chief Divine! Priest Tomate, would you..."

"Praise the Chief Divine! I wish to go ashore and take a closer look at this peculiar Chaos Temple!"

Priest Tomate, full of enthusiasm, embraced the scriptures once more. To him, anything related to the Divine holds endless charm.

"Oh! Let Tikalo accompany me and provide some explanations!"

Chiwaco hesitated for a moment, glanced at the peaceful village and coast, and then at Tikalo, who was dressed in full attire, and nodded slightly.

"...Alright! Then I'll stay on the ship, make sure to return as soon as you can! May the Chief Divine protect us!"

"May the Chief Divine protect us!"

The three quickly reached an agreement. Priest Tomate took Tikalo and immediately boarded a small boat heading to shore. Meanwhile, Huitu Puap led two hundred of the Kingdom's Warriors and Tribal Warriors ashore in succession. After the recent encounter at Salt Village, he made sure to bring enough men, all in full armor. The old militia stayed at the bow of the ship, gazing at the southern continent and then looking toward the distant homeland, lost in thought.

The sun rose and then slanted westward, the dusk dyeing the clouds. Flying birds rose from the eastern woods, with the faint calls of partridges. Sailors moved back and forth along the coast, yet the beach remained tranquil. This rare peace seemed destined to continue indefinitely.

Puap, leading the warriors, busied themselves for most of the day, only managing to replenish fresh water, while food was still insufficient. He stroked his chin, pondering whether to delve further inland to find other villages for trade, when suddenly he heard the warning sound of a bone whistle!

"Toot! Toot toot!..."

Atop the Chaos Pyramid, two alert Prepecha Warriors furiously blew their bone whistles. Then several scout warriors hurriedly ran from the south, shouting loudly.

"Mayans! Maya Warriors! A large group of Maya Warriors is charging toward us!"

"What?!"

Upon hearing this, Puap's face changed dramatically. He hurriedly, in a fluster, put on the medium bronze armor he took off due to heat, simultaneously shouting stern orders.

"Quick! Quick! Everyone armor up! Drop the goods in your hands, take up your arms, rally quickly!"

The anxious Huitu warriors swiftly donned their armor, deploying the trusted aide to organize the ranks. Then, carrying a greatbow, holding long spears, and slinging a bronze axe, he dashed up the small Pyramid Temple. Standing at the high point of the temple, he looked far toward the south, only to see a massive group of Maya Warriors hurriedly approaching from several miles away, raising clouds of dust on their march.

"One hundred, two hundred, four hundred, six hundred... at least six or seven hundred people!"

Puap stood on tiptoe to count roughly the other side's numbers. The opponent's marching speed was extremely fast, and in just a brief moment, the armors on their bodies could be seen clearly.

"Ah, most of them are wearing leather armor and wooden armor? All elite Maya Warriors! Where is this group from? Wasn't it said that the Tail Feather Clan was just a small tribe? Tikalo!..."

After a moment of observation, just as the Huitu Warrior was about to call out, the Mayan merchant arrived gracefully. Narrowing his eyes, he watched the approaching troop, observing the Heavenly Serpent Family Crest on their armor, with such excitement on his face that it flushed red.

"They're here! They're here! They've finally come! Hahaha!... Human effort can overcome! I've done so much preparation, finally waiting for this day, this moment!"

Mayan merchant Tikalo bit his lip hard, clenching his fists under his luxurious robe, digging his nails into his flesh. The sudden pain from his lips and palms forced his face to regain its composure. Casting a silent glance at the southeastern mountain forest, he lowered his eyes. Once opened again, his expression was one of grave solemnity. He glanced at the still absent Priest Tomate and quickly moved to stand before Huitu Warrior, speaking in a low voice.

"Captain Puap, this band of Maya Warriors is charging at us ferociously, filled with hostility, I'm afraid!"

"Hmm?"

Puap furrowed his brows, gazing at the hundreds of approaching Maya Warriors, impatiently urging.

"Speak quickly! I need to get down and organize for battle immediately!"

"Look at their armor, it's even more elite than that of the Canul Guardian Clan. And see the serpent-shaped family crest on their armor! Such a crest belongs only to the strongest clan!"

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"Hmm! What? Are you saying?... "

Upon hearing this, Puap trembled all over. He opened his eyes wide in surprise, gripped the copper spear in his hand tightly, raised the corners of his mouth in joy, and then a murderous intent appeared on his face.

"Could it be!..."

"Yes! These elite warriors can only come from the domineering Xiu Family of the South! And to command so many elite warriors, their leader must be the Venerable of the clan, the Serpent Divine Descendant!"

"Ah! Ah! The Serpent Divine Descendant! Are you sure it's the Serpent Divine Descendant?"

"It's absolutely true! Look, that leading Maya Divine Descendant leader! On his luxurious war clothes is embroidered a long snake spitting a flood. You've seen it before; it's the symbol of the Heavenly Serpent Divine Itzamna, something no ordinary nobility could wear!"

"A long snake spitting a flood? The symbol of the Heavenly Serpent Divine... indeed it's true!"

Puap stared at the leading Divine Descendant for a moment, and his eyes suddenly lit up. At this moment, his eyes were like candles lighting up the boundless long night or the cold eyes of a Jaguar discovering prey. In just a few breaths, his neck turned red with excitement, and he panted heavily, heading straight toward the Kingdom's warriors beneath the temple.

"The Serpent Divine Descendant! The Serpent Divine Descendant! I've been seeking them for so long, and they've come right to me!... Haha! The Heavenly Serpent Divine Blood can lift the Divine Eagle Curse!... Haha!"

Tikalo's mouth curled up, watching Puap dash to the military formation beneath the temple, ordering the warriors to place the long spears by their feet, raised their longbows, and fitted the sharp copper arrows. Meanwhile, the fierce Huitu warriors also personally took down their great bows, aiming at the Maya leader rapidly approaching.

Seeing the hostility displayed by the Kingdom's warriors, the Maya warriors in march immediately fell into a disarray, drew their weapons, and slowed down their pace. The strong Divine Descendant leader glanced around, raised a shield with his left hand for defense, and raised his right arm up high. This elite group of Maya warriors stopped in an instant.

"Divine Serpent's protection! Form ranks on the spot, raise shields for defense!"

Prince Xi Wu of the Xi Wu narrowed his eyes and gazed at the Nava warriors, armored and bow-drawn, hundreds of steps away, wearing a look of surprise. He quickly assessed the numbers on the opposite side, approximately two hundred, and looked at their armaments, mostly in leather armor, wielding great bows, peculiar golden spears, and battle axes. Lastly, he noted the pre-battle expressions on their faces, full of determination and indifference to fight.

"Eh! This group of Nava warriors?... They seem quite elite, not inferior to my trusted aides!"

Xiutur was somewhat shocked. He glanced again at the fleet by the sea, with Nava warriors disembarking continuously and heading this way. Prince Xi Wu pondered for a moment and then instructed his trusted aide beside him.

"Go! Let the Navajo translator from the capital come forward and tell the Nava fleet our intention! We mean no harm, we just wish to trade gemstones with them!"

"Yes! Honorable Prince!"

Soon, a Toltec remnant dressed in ancient robes came forth from the ranks of Maya warriors. Puap glanced at the familiar garb, seemingly like captives transported from the Holy City of Cholula. He paused, his eyelid twitched, and before the other could open his mouth, he shouted loudly.

"Praise the Chief Divine! Prepare to shoot!"

"Praise the Chief Divine!"

The Kingdom's warriors collectively raised their bows, aiming at the incoming people, ready to turn them into a sieve.

"Stop! Everyone stop! In the name of the Chief Divine, do not initiate an attack!"

After only a brief stalemate, Priest Tomate had already rushed out of the temple, hurrying over urgently. He raised the scriptures high in his hand, shouting harshly and urgently at the Kingdom's warriors.



"The Mayans have stopped, they haven't attacked us proactively! They may not be our enemies!... Tikalo, come forward with me to talk with them!"

"Yes!"

Tikalo lagged behind by two steps, hurried over, his robe somewhat disheveled. He closely followed Priest Tomate, who was loudly forbidding, his expression changing and slightly flustered. And a few breaths later, when the Toltec remnant opposite opened his mouth, speaking the old and profound Toltec-Navajo language, the Mayan merchant's barely composed facial expression finally could not hold.

"The Sky's, Supreme, Serpent Divine's, Maya Divine Descendant! Tell the Western, Highland, gemstone-laden, Nava Leader... Trade gemstones! Do not fight!"

#### Chapter 1079: The Second Kingdom Expedition, Negotiations Before Battle, The Prologue of Fate

The sun was setting, and the sea was deep and mysterious. On the desolate, wide coast, an ancient small Pyramid Temple stood silently for millennia, recounting the vicissitudes and tranquility of history. However, at this moment, the long-lasting silence was shattered by the shouts of the warriors on both sides.

Two hundred of the Kingdom's Warriors, clad in armor, standing with long spears and wielding great bows, faced off against over six hundred elite Maya Warriors. The Gray Soil Noble, Puap, with blood-red eyes, stared at the Divine Descendant of the Heavenly Serpent, Prince Xiutur, who stood hundreds of steps away, holding a shield.

Prince Xiutur of the Xiu Family looked solemnly at the Chief God Priest Tomate, who rushed to the front of the formation. And just a few steps away was the Nava Translator of the Xiu Clan, a remnant of the Toltec people, Usto.

"Nava leader, Maya prince, greetings! Trade gemstones, don't fight!... "

Usto, the Nava translator, wearing a commoner's robe, raised his hands, shivering involuntarily as he loudly called out to the priest opposite. He immediately recognized the opponent's attire, wearing a tall Feather Crown, a robe with Divine Runes, and a divine talisman around the neck, precisely the respected Highland Priest from ancestral stories.

"Honorable priest! We, trade, gemstones!"

"Hmm?"

Priest Tomate perked up his ears, trying hard to discern the other's language. This Nava language seemed to incorporate many Maya tones and words, making it very difficult to understand. It differed greatly from the Nava language of the various highland tribes, even more so than the differences between Mexica and Prepetcha languages. Of course, another possibility was that the speaker was using the orthodox ancient Toltec language.

"May the Chief Divine protect! We come from the Mexica Alliance, the exploration fleet of the Kingdom of the Lake! Guided by the Chief Divine, we have sailed to the Eastern Sea, to the distant Snake Island! We mean no harm and are open to fair gemstone trade... Which Maya city-state army do you belong to?"

"Uh?... Is this... is this Toltec language?"

The response from the Highland Priest left Usto, the Nava translator, stunned. He struggled to make out the words, racking his brain to fill in the gaps, then turned to the Prince Xiutur who was tens of steps away and called out.

"Honorable Prince! They are from... the Great Prickly Pear Tribe, the fleet of the Small Lake Tribe! Guided by the God of Wealth, they are headed to the eastern sea, to find that serpent-shaped island... They have a hint of hostility. They have gemstone trade. They ask us, where do we come from?"

"...Hmm?"

Xiutur frowned, his face showing confusion. He raised his shield and, with his guards, stepped forward to stand opposite Priest Tomate. He studied the foreign priest's attire, holding scriptures, and carrying a Bronze Axe, nodding slightly in acknowledgment. After a moment, his gaze fell on the Maya merchant Tikalo, who rushed over beside Priest Tomate.

"Huh! This familiar attire? This is..."

Xiutur's eyes narrowed, his expression suddenly froze. The Maya merchant opposite had no divine patterns on his face, no nose adornments, or strange teeth symbolizing identity, clearly a commoner. However, a humble commoner wearing the classical robe of the Maya nobility, with the "Great" serpent-shape pattern on it, gave him an extremely familiar impression, although he couldn't recall its origin at the moment.

"May the Chief Divine protect! Honorable Maya leader, greetings to you! Thank the guidance of the divine for our meeting. I am the Chief God Priest from the Kingdom of the Lake, Tomate!"

Priest Tomate, observing expressions and gestures, realized the unreliability of the translator opposite. He reached out, patting Tikalo on the shoulder, letting the Maya merchant translate for him.

"Which city-state do you come from? Why have you brought so many warriors?"

Maya merchant Tikalo bowed his head, translating in a deep voice. He carefully chose his words, only daring to slightly obscure certain details. Facing him, Usto also translated in a stammering and ambiguous manner.

"May the Father Divine protect! Greetings to you, Nava priest from the Western Highland. I am the Divine Descendant of the Heavenly Serpent, Xiutur!"

Xiutur lowered the shield in his left hand, raised his head, and with the proud posture of a Maya Divine Descendant, met the Western Highland Priest. He looked directly into the eyes of the Priest Tomate and declared loudly.

"I am also the envoy of virtuous embodiment, arriving at the northern coast. I carry the divine decree from the Father Divine to trade a large amount of gemstones with your God of Wealth's fleet!"

"Hmm?"

Hearing the cautious translation tweaked slightly by Tikalo, Priest Tomate furrowed his brow. The other's posture was haughty, boasting grandly, without answering where they came from, demanding

trade for the fleet's gemstones. He scanned around but only saw hundreds of Maya warriors opposite, not the goods for trade, making him instantly wary.

"May the Chief Divine witness! We are carrying out the Chief Divine's decree, telling the prophecy to every tribal prophet. We also accept gemstone trade, but it must be fair!... Honorable Maya Divine Descendant, may I ask, where are the goods you bring for trade currently located?"

"Fair trade, trading goods?..."

Hearing the Nava priest's skepticism, Xiutur was momentarily stumped. He indeed came with hundreds of civilians and a large batch of goods. However, the rainforest roads were difficult, civilians carried heavy loads, making their pace terribly slow. The Nava fleet moved very swiftly, fearing missing the fleet, he rushed ahead with over six hundred warriors.

Now, two hundred Xiu Warriors escorting hundreds of transporting civilians were still tens of miles behind at the stone-carved city. By the time they genuinely reached the tail village, it might take another day.

Chapter 1080: Second Kingdom Expedition, Negotiation at the Frontlines, Prologue of Fate (Part 2)

"Nava Priest! I come from afar, the traded goods are still being transported."

Xiutur straightened his back, slightly raised his head, revealing his gem-encrusted teeth, displaying the majesty of a Divine Descendant.

"Evening has already come, the Father Divine will submerge into the sea, and the mountain forest must also rest. Guests from the Highlands, please first rest for a day in the Salt Village by the sea. By tomorrow morning, our goods will arrive! As you honor the divine mandate and come from afar, the price of trade will not be unfair to you!"

After saying these words, Xiutur lifted his chin, staring directly at the Nava Priest, waiting for him to express gratitude. Given his status as a prince of the Xiu Family, being able to speak such gentle words was quite rare, even more so than when facing the subordinate Tail Feather Clan.

"Father repeatedly admonished me not to be overly arrogant. Hmm, during tomorrow's trade, I shall reward these fleets more generously!..."

"Evening is approaching, the sun is setting, and the departing mountain forest will die! Coming from the Highlands, you must rest for a day in the Tail Village by the sea. By tomorrow, our goods will arrive! You who revere the Heavenly Serpent Father Divine, having come from afar to pay respects, tomorrow's trade, I shall reward you!"

Hearing Tikalo's translation, Priest Tomate frowned deeply. He lowered his face, looking directly at the face of the opposing "divine" and replied solemnly.

"Honored Maya Divine Descendant! We hail from the mighty Kingdom of the Lake and will not accept your threats! If you are willing to listen to the Divine Revelation of the Chief Divine, the fleet may give you ten bags of Lake Gems. But we will not stay for a day in the Tail Village by the sea, waiting for your so-called goods!...at most, we will rest on the boat for one night."

Not long ago, the kingdom's fleet, outside the Salt Village of the Canul Lineage, encountered a large group of ill-intentioned City-State Warriors. If they had indeed accepted the invitation to rest ashore at that time, they might have been completely wiped out by the relentless Maya Warriors that followed.

On this coast, far from the influence range of the Mexica Alliance, with the fleet carrying tempting wealth, caution could not be overemphasized. Who knows if they would ever see the sun again once they landed!

However, Priest Tomate left some room for maneuver in his words. Whether this leeway could be understood by Prince Xiutur in the translated words conveyed by the translators is unknown.

"What! You refuse to wait?! To bestow upon me ten bags of gemstones? Are you bestowing such grace upon the divine descendant of the Serpent?!...Nava Priest, my goodwill is extended, do not fail to appreciate it!"

Sure enough, Xiutur was enraged upon hearing this. He raised his right hand and made a forward gesture. Accompanying this motion, hundreds of elite Xiu Warriors brandished their weapons, stepping up behind their leader, shouting and intimidating sternly.

Upon witnessing this scene, Priest Tomato became alert. He pulled Tikalo, withdrew several dozen steps, widening the gap between them. Meanwhile, Huitu Warrior Puapu tightly gripped his longbow, rushing to Priest Tomato's side and shouting excitedly.

"By the Chief Divine's witness! These Mayans are full of malice, fierce, and unyielding! Priest Tomato, let me lead the warriors to utterly defeat them!"

"...No! Puapu, they are numerous and powerful, we must not linger, nor should we initiate an attack! The fleet's supplies are nearly complete, it's best to quickly retreat to the ship and leave the coast at once!"

Priest Tomato kept a sharp gaze on the opposing leader. He discerned that Xiutur was merely issuing a threat without the resolve for attack, and the most prudent course of action presently was immediate withdrawal.

"The warriors of both sides lined up in formation, only a hundred steps apart! How can one retreat safely at this moment?"

Huitu Puapu shook his head in disagreement. He summoned two Divine Archers by his side, Mountain Bird and Kexi, and instructed them in a low voice.

"Be ready, aim at the divine descendant leader! If a fight breaks out, disregard everything else and shoot that leader adorned with feathers dead for me!"

"Understood, Captain!"

Mountain Bird Cavado and Kexi simultaneously nodded and saluted. They held their longbows, drawing copper arrows nocked in their fingers, and even their breaths became elongated.

The sun slanted westward, casting elongated shadows. The kingdom warriors in the front row held longbows, while those in the back raised copper spears in preparation. The Maya warriors, on the other hand, raised darts Stone Spears in the front row and erected stone spears in the back. This is how both sides stood arrayed, the battle seemed ready to erupt.

"Damn!..."

Xiutur's brow twitched, his heart filled with anger, intent on ordering an attack. But recalling his father Xiupan's earnest exhortations before departure, he forcefully suppressed his fury. The prince lowered his head and made a few instructions. Nava Translator Usto stepped forward again, trembling in the face of the dense array of bows and arrows, and shouted.

"Honorable Nava leaders! Revered Serpent Divine Descendant, Prince Xiutur, is willing to make concessions! Please do not leave! You may rest assured on the ship, we bear no hostility. By tomorrow..."

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo!..."

A clear, melodious call of the quail suddenly resounded anew in the southeastern jungle, sounding much closer. Hearing the call, Tikalo's eyes lit up instantly. Without further hesitating, without giving the Nava translator the chance to speak, he pulled out a short bone whistle from his bosom and blew it forcefully.

"Bull-bull! Bull-bull!..."

A shrill, unpleasant whistle sounded abruptly in front of the formation, piercingly echoing afar. Both sides simultaneously turned their gazes, looking at the Maya merchant dressed in Chinese Clothes.

Priest Tomate and Huitu warrior, being the closest, instinctively covered their ears, faces filled with astonishment.

"Tikalo! What are you doing..."

"Heavenly Serpent Divine's protection! Avenge the royal family of Kekum, revenge for the undead of Mayapan!..."

In an instant, the call filled with hatred erupted in the southeastern jungle! Hundreds of lightly armored, weapon-sparse Maya Tribal Warriors suddenly materialized, appearing at the side and rear of the Xiu family. They shouted cries of revenge, launching a deadly charge, caring not for their own survival!

"Encircle them front and back! Do not let the sly snakes of the Xiu family escape alive!"

"Revenge for the Kekum Royal Family, encircle them?! Front and back?!"

Hearing the calls from behind, Xiutur turned abruptly, looking at the attacking Maya tribes. He widened his eyes and saw that dozens of leading warriors wore dilapidated War Clothes, which had a "large" serpentine pattern upon them.

"This is! This is!...the insignia of Kekum's house, the remnants of Mayapan!"

Xiutur's thoughts whirled quickly, finally recalling this forbidden symbol, erased by the family decades ago. He turned back and saw Tikalo blowing the Bone Whistle, instantly enlightened.

"Damn! Damn! Truly damnable Navarre! To actually dare collude with the remnants of Mayapan!"

Xiutur gritted his teeth, his face unabashedly showing murder. For the Xiu Family, the remnants of Mayapan who fled into the jungle were true blood enemies, with no room for compromise!

"Heavenly Serpent Divine's protection! Brave Xiu warriors, split up and attack! Kill the enemies before us! Kill, kill!..."

"Heavenly Serpent Divine's protection, kill the enemies!"

The elite Xiu warriors shouted, immediately splitting into front and rear teams. The rear team of over two hundred advanced towards the weapon-sparse tribal ambush, while nearly four hundred elite warriors, raising their darts Stone Spears, charged at the kingdom warriors a hundred paces away.

"Ah! Chief Divine! What is this?!..."

Priest Tomate widened his eyes, stunned by the sudden change happening before him. From Tikalo's whistle blowing to the appearance of the ambush in the rear, and then the oncoming charge of the



Maya warriors, it all occurred within mere moments! His instincts sensed something amiss, raising a foot, knocking down the laughing Tikalo, and then raising the Amulet of the Chief Divine, hurriedly shouting in Navajo.

"Don't act rashly! It's a misunderstanding!..."

"Misunderstanding my ass!"

Huitu Warrior Puapu was flushed with excitement, unable to contain himself further. With his neck turning red, he waved a big hand, sternly ordering the kingdom warriors eager and ready for combat.

"By the Chief Divine's protection! Kill the enemies! Fire! Fire!...Kill!!!"