

## Civilization 129

### Chapter 129 Empire Past Events\_4

Aweit quickly snatched the piece of meat from Xiulote's hands, continuing to tease the little golden eagle. He possessed the basic skills of a Samurai, and his wrists were flexible enough that, taking it a bit seriously, the little golden eagle couldn't peck at it at all. The frustrated little Ahuehuete, unable to reach the food or peck the bad man, urgently called out for Xiulote with a "cheep cheep".

Xiulote snapped out of the calling and shot Aweit a glare. Then he took out a new piece of meat from his bosom and carefully fed it to the little golden eagle.

Aweit smiled lightly, continuing to analyze the situation in the capital city.

"The old ancestor is advanced in years, having secluded himself from worldly affairs for many years, only instructing the expansion of the Great Temple. Tizoc took the throne, but he did not appear. It seems this time he really pushed Quetzal, who manages the Great Temple, so he appeared more frequently before the old ancestor, able to speak somewhat. It looks like this time, the position of the High Priest can't be moved in a short term."

The youth pondered for a moment, "What if the immortal Trakel Er really makes a move against you? Do we march southwards?"

Aweit shook his head, "No. The old ancestor is, after all, an ancestor of the Tenochtitlan lineage. If we really handle us, it can only benefit the collateral lines of Texcoco and Tlacopan."

It's also thanks to the old ancestor's suppression that the fifty thousand direct warriors of the three cities in the lake region of the capital are all in the hands of the Tenochtitlan lineage. The princes of Texcoco and Tlacopan are now merely figureheads.

Mobilization of troops is the last option. Facing the old ancestor, the Great Nobility have no faith at all; the leaders of various city-states are also extraordinarily unstable and the royal's direct Samurai, even less need be said. After all, he is the immortal Sun!"

Xiulote understood well. At the inception of the tri-city alliance, the leaders of the three cities were all titled as *Tratuoani*, meaning King. However, subsequently, Montezuma I intentionally strengthened the connections between the three cities, promoting intermarriages and integrating the ruling classes into one.

Then, with the death of the Poet King Nezahualcoyotl, Trakel Er became the only founding elder. His prestige was unmatched! Under his repression, the *Tratuoani* of Tenochtitlan became the sole true King, while the city lords of Texcoco and Tlacopan turned into rulers simply known as princes.

The princes of Texcoco and Tlacopan were above the Third Level Nobility. Out of the fifty thousand direct warriors, thirty thousand were directly controlled by Tenochtitlan, fourteen thousand from Texcoco, and six thousand from Tlacopan.

These two princes now had no achievements, yet they were future focal points for centralizing risks. Historically, they would also stand against Montezuma II in the future, splitting the alliance's power.

Xiulote sighed, it seemed all he could do now was wait for Gillim to return and see how the Divine Tree of the ancestors would deal with the fledging eaglets. He continued feeding the little golden eagle.

After eating the last piece of meat, the satisfied little Ahuehuete finally let out a few "yoo yoo" calls, then started preening its own feathers. Its wings were growing larger, with newly sprouted dark-tipped feathers, soft as down to the touch.

Taking advantage of the little Ahuehuete's lowered guard, Aweit finally managed to swiftly touch the little golden eagle's head, greatly pleased with the soft feel.

He said to Xiulote with a grin, "This little eagle was found by you. How about we call it Xiulolotel? It also describes how it will soar through the sky like lightning in the future."

The youth looked somewhat embarrassed at his friend, "This... uh... I've already named the little golden eagle."

"Oh? What is it called?" Aweit smiled at the youth.

"That... since I found it on the Ahuehuete tree, so... I named it Ahuehuete."

Aweit's smile froze on his face.

Then, he reached his hand out toward the youth's cheek.

The youth, who was prepared, dodged with a jump back, thanks to his Samurai training.

"Aweit, listen to me, this name can still be discussed!..."

Xiulote kept dodging and moving, while Aweit, showcasing the skill of an elite Samurai, rapidly engaged and retreated in attack and defense. After a while, Aweit's martial arts proved superior; he cornered the youth in a corner of the room, using his significant strength and fierce hands.

"Ouch, ouch, ouch, my face..." Familiar cries of agony rose again.

The youth's screams alarmed the Ahuehuete preening its feathers; it peeked out, looking at the two who temporarily set aside their worries, removed their masks, relaxed and genuine.

"Chirp chirp?" Little Ahuehuete seemed puzzled.

Young eagles cannot comprehend the Divine Tree, for their view of the world is not the same.