

Civilization 1371

Chapter 1371: My Dagger?... It's Her!!

"The Northern Continent's fief, preserving the divine descendants of Tlaxcala..."

The night wind blows warmly, a lamp flickers like a bean. The monarch and his minister sit opposite each other, Xiulote looking composed, MeKate appearing surprised. He pondered carefully for a while, then reported solemnly to the king.

"Your Majesty, offering such terms is undeniably generous, something Black Snake Teuctli would never have anticipated! However, there must still be a foundation of mutual trust between the kingdom and him... After all, once he leads the kingdom's army into the city, he would have no means of resistance. Given the kingdom's stance on Tlaxcala's divine descendants... He is bound to remain suspicious!..."

"Hmm... mutual trust..."

Xiulote stroked his chin, pondered for a moment, then smiled and asked.

"MeKate, do you have any ideas? I can bestow a jade talisman, issue a royal decree... Yet fear he still might not believe..."

"Your Majesty, this is precisely where Dark Snake should play a role. You've rewarded Dark Snake generously before, perhaps you can meet him once more, delivering the royal decree and promises in person. And the one Dark Snake trusts most is Captain Chiwaco... I would be willing to go with Captain Chiwaco to Cloud Serpent Mountain City to oversee communication between both parties!..."

"Oh?! You wish to take on this task yourself?"

Seeing Priest MeKate volunteer, Xiulote was somewhat surprised, and then nodded with satisfaction.

"Very well! MeKate, I shall entrust this vital task to you entirely! I will dispatch a team of trusted aides to follow your command. I will also write a royal decree to inform Bertade, the Head Warrior of the Trascal Land, to facilitate your actions..."

"As long as you accomplish this major task... A higher level priest rank, or some favorably prestigious appointment... I will not be stingy with rewards!..."

"Thank you, Your Majesty! I wish to go to Divine Power University, to teach navigation, astronomy, and geography. To dedicate my life to the kingdom's maritime endeavors!"

Priest MeKate bowed deeply, his demeanor solemn as he seized the opportunity to request from the king.

Among the senior priests, he was still young, lacking in experience and familial connections. Thus, attaining too high a priestly rank might not be favorable, nor could he obtain real power. Having navigated twice, he grew a lot, gradually forming some plans.

The best path for him is indeed to go to Divine Power University, to preside over educational matters. Through cultivating students, he can accumulate contacts and status, without having to take risks. With his knowledge and experience, he can only teach navigation skills!

The world is vast, with countless tribes both North and South, and limitless opportunities. The king aims for world domination, places high importance on maritime trade, so maritime talents will surely have a significant role in the future! This is the best shortcut he discovered after much contemplation to further advance!

"Hmm? You wish to go to Divine Power University, to teach navigation, astronomy, and geography?"

Upon hearing this, Xiulote's eyes shifted as he deeply examined the prostrate Priest MeKate for a moment. Moments later, he lifted his lips in approval, nodding.

"MeKate, you are a wise person, I admire you! In Divine Power University, the kingdom's maritime priest-teacher position suits you well. And shortly, I will establish a dedicated maritime academy. The first director of the academy will be akin to a Fourth Level Divine Revelation Priest!... But if you wish to obtain this title, two important conditions must be met!"

"Ah! The academy director of maritime studies! A Fourth Level Divine Revelation Priest with actual power!..."

Upon hearing this, Priest MeKate took a deep breath, his heart pounding wildly. To a Divine Revelation Priest from a commoner background, this is almost the pinnacle of what he could envision. For this position...

"Praise to the Chief Divine! Please enlighten me, Your Majesty!..."

"Very well! Two conditions, the first is mastering mathematics. Last year, I compiled a beginner's math textbook for village priests, focusing on simple geometry and basic equations. This year, I am working on slightly more complex mathematics, including calculations needed for time and longitude during navigation, trigonometry, analytic geometry in geodetic surveying, and basic statistical theories in statistical mathematics... Oh, these mathematical knowledge are essential for astronomical calculations and geographical measurements in maritime navigation. The kingdom's foundation in this is still quite weak, but I have received Divine Revelation knowing the exact direction..."

Pausing here, Xiulote hesitated slightly, awkwardly stroking his chin. He hadn't used these postmodern skills in a long time, seemingly forgetting them somewhat. Fortunately, he recalled the general content and could gradually sort them out. As for more complex higher mathematics in university, like calculus, linear algebra, complex integration... uh, it's best to derive them slowly! No hurry... if truly impossible, leave a path for future mathematicians...

"Ahem! MeKate, I will hand over these two textbooks to you, study them well, earnestly learn them to perfection!"

Xiulote cleared his throat and smiled while proceeding with the conversation.

"Regarding the second condition... I have great faith in your cooperation with Chiwaco... In two years, accompany him to explore the Southern Continent! There are many new crops and domesticated animals worth bringing back..."

"Your Majesty's conditions... Mathematics and the Southern Continent..."

Priest MeKate pressed his lips together, pondering only briefly before respectfully bowing, generously agreeing.

"As witnessed by the Chief Divine! Your Majesty, I will absolutely fulfill your wishes!"

"Haha! Good! Excellent! Come, drink two more cups with me!"

The two drank together, both feeling enthusiastic and ebullient. Priest MeKate received the king's promise, major matters settled, his heart mixed with excitement and relaxation. Gauging the atmosphere was about right, he gathered courage to ask about that matter which he kept pondering yet dared not mention.

"Praise to the Chief Divine! Your Majesty, under the Chief Divine's protection, we landed on the domain of the Great Tribe Red Crow. Subsequently, I and Captain Chiwaco met with the Red Crow Chieftain's daughter Amoxтли, and the Little Chieftain Alan in the Northern expedition..."

Priest MeKate paused, glancing at the monarch who showed no change in expression, merely listening intently. Nervously, he licked his lips and carefully proceeded.

"Ahem! As witnessed by the Chief Divine! This Little Chieftain Alan is not only an exceptionally skilled divine archer with renowned fame across the wilderness but also an unforgettable Canine Descendant beauty, truly valiant! Almost like... like the huntress goddess of the Prepetcha's epic..."

"Hmm?"

Xiulote looked puzzled at MeKate. The latter's tone suddenly took an odd turn, as if subtly suggesting something.

"MeKate, speak directly! I won't reprimand you..."

"Uh... Yes! Your Majesty. This Female Chieftain Alan... she has an ancient Mexica Alliance obsidian dagger style that appears very old, seemingly a sacrificial dagger passed down by alliance priests... Although the blade has been replaced several times, the ancient hilt remains intact..."

"MeKate, what exactly do you wish to say?!"

"Ahem! Your Majesty! The hilt of that dagger is engraved... engraved with your square name, 'Xiulote' the God of Death!"

"Hmm? Engraved with the God of Death's name? Could it be some alliance nobles were captured by the Great Tribe Red Crow?"

Upon hearing, Xiulote furrowed his brows and speculated.

"MeKate, did you inquire further? If any alliance or kingdom nobility are captured... The kingdom is willing to pay a ransom to retrieve them!..."

"Uh... Your Majesty, I did not inquire further with Female Chieftain Alan, it was her who actively questioned us..."

MeKate gritted his teeth, resolved internally, and plainly revealed everything.

"She stated, this dagger engraved with a name... was given to her ten years ago by a noble Mexica youth... She has kept it all this time to find this noble youth... Ahem! Your Majesty, does this ring a bell?"

"Hmm? Asking me? Does it remind me of anything?"

Upon hearing, Xiulote reacted with astonishment. He blinked and gave MeKate a somewhat apprehensive look. He carefully pondered the other's words, finally seizing upon the crucial timeline!

"The square name of the God of Death engraved on the dagger hilt... This is a matter from ten years ago? Ten years ago, who else could write in square characters? Feeling Mexica noble youth? Ten years ago?!"

"Ah! Ten years ago?! Noble youth?!... My name? My personally engraved name? It's me!!"

"Oh Chief Divine! That's my dagger! The person I gifted it to? ... Oh! It's her?! That little girl? She... is still alive?!"

Moments of recalling, Xiulote suddenly widened his eyes, filled with shock and disbelief! At this moment, distant memories instantly surged forth, fiercely striking his soul, making his entire being immersed in a dreamlike sensation akin to drifting in clouds! After a brief pragmatism, he forcefully shook his head, took a deep breath, and gripped MeKate's arm tightly, loudly pursuing.

"MeKate, are you sure?! It's my name? My dagger?!"

"Is it her? Is it her?!... Her name... Alan?!"

Chapter 1372: Your Majesty, You Are Drunk!

"Cough! Your Majesty, I only took a glance... The name on the dagger is indeed yours, and it's 'Xiulote,' not 'Xiulotel'..."

"Moreover, the 'ten years' mentioned was personally spoken by Chieftain Alan... Judging by her age, she must be around Your Majesty's age... Ten years ago, she surely was just a little girl..."

Seeing the king's reaction, MeKate's brows twitched, and his mouth corners twitched. His arm was pinched to the point of pain, but what was more alarming was his inner turmoil. It seemed as if he really had stumbled upon something significant. Would he be silenced?...

"Oh Chief Divine! Your Majesty and that Chieftain Alan have the same reaction... Ah! Captain Chiwaco saw it clearly!... A male and female leopard, either biting or roaring... Surely there's something clandestine... oh, a hidden truth!"

"My name... three characters? ... The little girl from ten years ago... Me, from ten years ago..."

Xiulote stood where he was, his head dizzy, perhaps from indulging in too much drink tonight... His face was a mix of shock, confusion, and uncontrollable reminiscing... He recalled his first capture ten years ago, when he first left the Butterfly Palace of the Holy City.

He remembered his first journey away, his first kill, his first saving of a delicate little girl... It was as if he saw once more his former self, innocent, kind, lost, and curious...

And how old was he then? Twelve? Or thirteen? His emotions fluctuated, feeling lost and uneasy, like a mature yet naive child knowing countless secrets he shouldn't... He had once resisted reality alone, carving a name no one could understand on the dagger, until forced to leave the Butterfly Palace, stepping into the boundless wilderness of the jungle...

"That day, I saved that little girl, put down the dagger I carried since childhood, and also put down the softness in my heart! ... And she took my dagger into the jungle, to the distant north... I thought she would be eaten by wolves, starve to death, disappear silently in the endless mountain forest, just like countless others... taking the softness of my childhood, disappearing forever..."

"Yet! She is still alive! She still has my dagger!... Oh Chief Divine! Ten long years have passed, and I can once again hear news of that little girl! I have become the king of the lake, she has become the chieftain of the Red Crow..."

"This is truly... Truly!... A wondrous destiny!"

At that moment, within Xiulote's heart, a multitude of emotions surged. Surprise, relief, nostalgia, expectation... and a mysterious fate arising in the void. He couldn't clearly express his feelings, only that he had an urgent desire to see his childhood dagger once more, to see that little girl once more.

"Chief Divine witness! I just want to take a look, one more look... and then ruffle her hair... like seeing a tree sapling I planted with my own hands... or unintentionally, something I personally nurtured... Cough! I just want to witness the past... Yes! Just like that!"

The chaotic thoughts flashed through the king's mind. His drunken expression kept changing. Priest Mekate cautiously looked for a while before softly speaking.

"Your Majesty... Chief Divine witness! That Chieftain Alan is not only a rare beauty but also the daughter of the Great Chief Amoxtli of the Red Crow. It seems she's being groomed as an heir!"

"Hmm? She's Amoxtli's daughter? How is that possible? Her father died long ago..."

Upon hearing this, Xiulote furrowed his brows. Priest Mekate recalled for a moment before quickly explaining.

"Oh! Your Majesty, she's Amoxtli's adopted daughter, the small chieftain just below the Great Chief in the Red Crow Great Tribe!... Amoxtli's wife and children all perished in the cold wave and migration. He's not young anymore, and seemingly left with some hidden ailment through the harsh cold, preventing him from having more children... So, considering the current trend, if nothing unexpected occurs, it should be Chieftain Alan who succeeds in the Red Crow Tribe Alliance!"

"Chief Divine bless! So that's how it is..."

Hearing this, Xiulote scratched his head, his eyes hazy from too much drink, and asked in confusion.

"The Canine Descendants on the wilderness have always revered strength! That little girl... Oh, Chieftain Alan... Can she really control the entire tribe alliance? Can she suppress the chieftains and warriors of various tribes?"

"Uh..."

Priest Mekate awkwardly scratched his nose. He was too embarrassed to say that if it were a face-to-face duel, Chieftain Alan's prowess might pin Your Majesty to the ground and capture him right away...

"Cough! Your Majesty... Chieftain Alan is famous for her archery and has led thousands or even tens of thousands of Canine Descendants to the north to wage war on the wilderness and prairies... Her gaze is as sharp as an eagle's, seeming to see through people's hearts. She's an extremely formidable character!"

"Oh! So she's of the eagle sort... Hmm... Eagles are good!... Ruffle the head, call 'yuyu'... Haha!"

Xiulote rubbed his forehead in distress, seeming as though he drank too much wine, his thoughts running wildly. Priest Mekate, observing closely, carefully suggested.

"Chief Divine bless! Your Majesty! Since you and Chieftain Alan have known each other since childhood... perhaps the Red Crow Great Tribe to the northeast of the world could be taken in without conquest... Chieftain Alan has been leading troops in battle and hasn't yet married... If the kingdom's might is asserted, you merely need to send an envoy to pressure the Great Chief Amoxtli, demanding Chieftain Alan as your concubine!... Then, as long as a strong child is born, the Red Crow Great Tribe could be inherited..."

"Chief Divine witness! Haha! Mekate, you don't understand the wilderness law! Their traditions are different from the highland tribes!"

Hearing the "serious matter" from Mekate, Xiulote laughed heartily, coming back to himself from his reverie. Shaking his head drunkenly, he explained.

"Ah, the various tribes of the wilderness, even when gathered into an alliance and settled, still maintain the traditions of the wilderness! As the leader of the tribe alliance, Amoxtli must be a warrior to be revered! Haha! If he didn't battle the kingdom, only to give up his heir... I'm afraid his position as the Great Chief would be in danger immediately!"

"And the inheritance among the tribes doesn't place emphasis on bloodline! Just like Amoxtli adopting Alan to pass on the position of Great Chief... This position is all about demonstrating formidable strength and outstanding war achievements!... How could a Great Chief of the wilderness appear weak and powerless? Amoxtli is such, and so is Alan!"

"Therefore! Before the kingdom's irresistible might truly reaches the northeast of the world, the Red Crow Tribe Alliance cannot be submissively tamed! This is the will of the wilderness tribes, unchangeable by any chieftain. Only when we extend our hand and give them a good beating will the wolves of the wilderness submit, either running far away or crawling at our feet... And by that time... Haha!"

Thinking of this, Xiulote stared ahead, licking his dry lips, as the waves of drunkenness surged. He really drank too much tonight, unable to stop his mind from wandering... Ruffle the head, stroke the obedient eagle... Uh, wouldn't it be taller than me? Oh, never mind, there are other ways...

"Haha! Come! Mekate, let's drink another cup together!... The flowers bloom again, but people don't get to be young again... Once the yellow crane leaves, it won't return; the white clouds float empty

through the millennium... I yearn to ride the eagle back but fear that the jade palace is too cold at high altitudes!... Hmm! Something seems off..."

"Your Majesty! You're drunk again, speaking divine words no one can understand..."

"Haha! Mekate, seeing you so cautious, it reminds me of the old days! Back then, I was held hostage in Tizoc's huge camp, not knowing if I'd survive another dawn, constantly in fear... Thankfully, Aweit was there; he was shrewder than anyone..."

"Your Ma... jesty!... "

Xiulote laughed heartily while Mekate pleaded repeatedly, their lively chatter filling the great hall with rare relaxation and joy. Outside the hall, Guard Commander Ecatl stood by the door, glancing at the king drunkenly reciting poems, a trace of amused disbelief at his lips. He did not enter the hall...

"Chief Divine witness! About tonight's matters... It's better that I know nothing..."

Chapter 1373: The Snake Woman's Future

"Praise the Chief Divine! Is Your Highness resting this late?... Hmm? This sound... Is Your Highness drunk?"

The night was deep, and the moonlight was as clear as well water. The Serpent Priestess Miyava swayed gracefully, carrying a pottery jar filled with water, and quickly walked around the hall. From afar, she heard the indistinct chanting of Your Highness, along with some drunken words she couldn't understand. Her eyes flickered briefly, then she smiled consciously, looking at the Guard Commander, Ecatl, stationed at the door.

"Honorable Guard Commander, let me serve Your Highness as he rests!"...

Saying this, the Serpent Priestess Miyava lifted her foot and walked into the hall. The Guard Commander Ecatl raised his eyebrows, moved his steps, and silently blocked Miyava's path.

"Witness the Chief Divine! Honorable Serpent Female Chief... Your Highness is drunk and will be staying overnight in the hall tonight."

The Guard Commander Ecatl stated calmly, his face expressionless.

"Your Highness had instructed earlier, tonight is a night of drinking, he won't stop until he is drunk. And the order he gave you is to rest well and go to bed early."

"Hmm?"

The Serpent Priestess Miyava raised her eyebrows. She stopped her steps, widened her eyes, and stared at the Guard Commander Ecatl.

"Witness the Chief Divine! I am Your Highness's woman, serving him as he rests, just like rivers winding around mountains, it is a worldly norm... Honorable Guard Commander, do you truly intend to stop me?"

"..."

The Guard Commander Ecatl was silent for a moment. The sound inside the hall wafted faintly. Amidst the drunken sounds, there were many heartfelt sighs, venting many deep-seated emotions.

"Ahuizotl... back then, he was my teacher!... In those days... things were great!... And now? He's become the Divine King, and he's changed!... I remember when he ascended the throne, I dreamt! He sat on a cold throne, gazing down at me coldly... Then ah!... I tried to pull him up, but he wouldn't budge, even pushed me away!..."

"And that Snake Woman!... The first meeting, she drugged the wine!... All the way, he plotted against me, fanning flames behind the scenes... Do I not know? I do know! But, can I act against him? I cannot! What is he? He is Ahuizotl's loyal dog raised to bite!... You can't just beat the dog without considering the master!..."

"Hahaha! Doesn't he just want the Little Prince Chimalpahin to succeed in the Alliance?!... Doesn't he just guard against me, fear I might threaten Ahuizotl?!... But would I? I wouldn't! Do I care about him, I don't care about him. But I care about Ahuizotl!... Ultimately, he's just Ahuizotl's shadow..."

"Witness the Chief Divine! I cannot yield! The countless Tribes' future of the entire world, who but I can take responsibility?!... What I see is not just the inheritance of the Alliance, not just a corner of the Mexican Plateau's world! What I envision is the distant Eastern Snake Island, the further North-South Continent, and the world across the sea!... For thousands of years, the world has never seen such a great change, and it's about to happen! In this moment, how can the Alliance have internal strife?!... I must endure!..."

"Ah! Ah, this!... This... Your Majesty, you are truly drunk! Please, please rest! Your Majesty, I will go out now, I... I need to go to the toilet..."

"Haha! MeKate, you are not allowed to leave! Come! Drink with me once more! Today I'm in good spirits! Let me tell you more! About my plans for the entire world!..."

"Your Highness! I beseech you!... Ah! I'm drunk! I can't do it!..."

Inside the hall, the King's voice was indistinct, it was the Mexica Language of the Alliance, with an accent from the Holy City.

The Serpent Priestess Miyava listened closely, but could hardly understand those indistinct drunken words or the Holy City dialect. Yet, she could comprehend a name that repeated several times.

"Ahuizotl? Hmm?... Ahuizotl... Ahuizotl Zotl? The King of the Alliance!... Huh! Your Highness's tone... seems... somewhat dissatisfied?..."

Guard Commander Ecatl, having grown up in the Holy City, could understand even if the voice carried the intonation of wine. Hearing Your Highness's complaints about the King of the Alliance while drunk, he pursed his lips, his expression visibly changing.

"Honorable Serpent Female Chief! Please return! The Family Head doesn't wish to see you tonight!"...

"Praise the Chief Divine!"

The Serpent Priestess Miyava's eyes fluttered, thoughts running through her mind. Your Highness seemed to be speaking of deeply hidden matters, of great significance, and if she could know... Miyava smiled, lifting the pottery jar in her hand, bowing her head respectfully to the Guard Commander.

"Honorable Guard Commander, Your Highness is drunk. I boiled some sobering herbal tea, please allow me to enter!"...

"Serpent Female Chief, please leave!"...

Upon these words, the Guard Commander Ecatl's expression turned icy, his tone turning stern. He was aware of the Serpent Woman Miyava's intent, but he could absolutely not allow her entry, even if it meant offending her, he must drive her away!

"The Family Head doesn't wish to see you tonight! Please leave!"...

"Remember this! The Family Head has a Primary Wife! The Primary Wife is the highly respected Princess Alisa of the Alliance, while you are only an unconfirmed subordinate companion of His Majesty."...

"You must recognize your identity, know your position! The matters of the Alliance and Kingdom, you'd best abide by your duties... also, you must protect the child in your womb! The Family Head's child, the continuation of the Holy City bloodline, that is your value and future reliance now."...

Upon hearing these harsh words, the Serpent Priestess Miyava's expression changed dramatically, her mind in tumult, her figure slightly swayed. Clutching her chest, she widened her eyes, cast a fierce glance at the Guard Commander, then quickly averted her gaze.

She understood, those close family ministers, like the Guard Commander who guarded Your Highness closely, were indeed among Your Highness's most trusted confidants. Such a person, she could absolutely not afford to offend.

Considering the Guard Commander's qualifications and status, even above the Black Wolf Legion Commander. The words spoken were entirely within his rights, and not necessarily malicious, at least she couldn't regard them as hostile... Because, he was the shadow of Your Highness, an extension of Your Highness's will. And the words just spoken must carry Your Highness's intent!...

"Honorable Guard Commander... I understand..."

Thoughts flashed by in a matter of breaths. The Serpent Priestess Miyava pursed her lips, bowed her head, and managed a smile.

"Praise the Chief Divine! Thank you for your guidance, I was presumptuous! At tonight's occasion, I shouldn't have come to disturb... Witness the Chief Divine! Then I'll leave the sobering herbal tea here... and depart!"...

"..."

Seeing the respectful demeanor of the Serpent Priestess, the Guard Commander Ecatl's eyebrows rose, his gaze somewhat deepened. The ability to quickly control emotions and display the appropriate demeanor... This Serpent Mother Chief's future indeed shows promise... He remained silent for a while, nodded, accepted the pottery jar handed by her, and calmly spoke again.

"If so, then please leave! Whatever you heard tonight from Your Highness, you must forget!... Your future lies in nurturing the Family Head's offspring, in this vast Seaside Land... and everything of the Highland is none of your concern!"...

"Thank you! May the Chief Divine protect Your Highness, protect you!"...

The Serpent Priestess Miyava bowed once again, a sincere smile on her face. Then she turned around, leaving gracefully like she came. While departing, she kept her head down, reflecting on the Guard Commander's words, gently stroking her bulging abdomen, biting her teeth unwillingly.

"My position... My future... Only here in the Seaside Land?"...

"Witness the Chief Divine! Perhaps not!"...

Chapter 1374: The Origin of Lima Beans, Tawantinsuyu!

One day was spent in a daze from the hangover; another was filled with unease. It was not until three days after the night of drinking that Priest Mekate received the formal royal decree, entrusting him with the full responsibility of negotiating the surrender of the Black Serpent. The trusted aide responsible for delivering the order also brought a message from Your Majesty to forget the complaints heard that night, pretending nothing had happened.

Only then did Priest Mekate breathe a long sigh of relief, feeling as though he had run around on the edge of an endless Black Abyss, unexpectedly returning alive.

"Chief Divine protect us! Being in the company of Your Majesty... feels just like accompanying a Jaguar in the jungle!"

Priest Mekate shook his head quietly, holding the royal decree from Your Majesty, as he went to seek out the old militia Chiwaco. He searched around the city before heading outside it, finally spotting the old militia, dazing in a field of beans in the nearest garrison village.

"Mekate, you've come at the right time! Help me assess the divinity of these three types of beans... Oh! Which one is better for fertilizing the fields!"

The old militia wore a straw hat and had a long grass stem in his mouth. Since returning from Cuba, Your Majesty assigned him to research the planting of various crops, the water and fertilizer, growth, breeding, pest control, and such.

Your Majesty called this "agriculture" and appointed him as the head of the Divine Power University's Department of Agriculture, supposedly equivalent to a Second Level Divine Revelation Priest. Apart from this, Your Majesty presented him with a textbook on agriculture and a scripture of divinity on breeding, instructing him to find a literate priest to often read aloud to him.

Among these two books, the agriculture book was more approachable. Selection, germination, water and fertilizer, climate—having farmed for so many years, he somewhat understood, albeit not systematically learned before. As for the breeding "Divine Revelation Scripture," reputed to directly

address the essence of all things, it sounded abstruse and mysterious, much like the priests' ancestral wisdom.

The old militia hired someone to read it once, which only resulted in dizziness, with contents like "light and dark divinity entwined in pairs," "light's divinity surpassing darkness, manifesting," "light and dark divinity freely colliding yet independently arranged, determining appearances," "twenty-three laws gather in the body, twenty-seven thousand pairs of divinity condensing into humans"... such incomprehensible and indeed awe-inspiring stuff. When he had courageously consulted Your Majesty about it during the drinking nights a few days ago, Your Majesty had suggested him to plant beans, stating that "beans are simpler, and reveal the divinity and laws better."

"Captain Chi, why are you here? I searched for you in the city for ages; had Didi not informed me, I'd have never known you were here!"

Priest Mekate wiped the sweat off his forehead and crouched next to the old militia beside the field, intimately leaning on him.

"Staying in the fields is always better than in the city! Saves us from being called to drink by Your Majesty, only to be tasked with perilous errands..."

Upon speaking of this, the old militia Chiwaco shook his head, his aged eyes full of regret. He had initially planned well; returning from Cuba, he vowed never to go out to sea again! Yet he hadn't anticipated needing to make another voyage to the distant Southern Continent, uncertain if he would return alive... this thought made him sigh, his eyes fixed on the three types of beans, speaking of the relaxing rural farm tasks.

"Priest Mekate, you see, these three types of beans are the most common in the land. The slender vine, climbing upward, is the lima bean (green bean), coming in green, yellow, and purple-black varieties. The Kingdom, the Alliance, every piece of Milpary grows them, and the village eats them as a staple. They are pretty easy to grow, though they need cooking before eating..."

Upon hearing this, Priest Mekate considered speaking but refrained. Glancing at the focused old militia Chiwaco, he echoed in agreement:

"Indeed! Chief Divine protect us! These easy-to-grow lima beans are the Divine's bounty to the world... and the beans for the commoners!"

"Hmm... beans for commoners, easy to grow and survive..."

The old militia's aged eyes flickered as he extended his hand to touch another type of bean. This bean shared pinnate leaves with the lima bean, had butterfly-like purple and white flowers, and its long flat pods resembled obsidian knives, thus named "sword beans" (*Phaseolus lunatus*).

"These sword beans bear resemblance to lima beans, favoring warm moist soil. However, they grow much taller than lima beans! They can grow indefinitely, towering over humans! They resist pests better, but despite growing taller, they produce fewer beans..."

"It is indeed so! Chief Divine protect us! These tall sword beans are likewise bestowed by the Divine... and are the beans for the samurai!"

"Beans for the samurai!... sharp like knives..."

The old militia slightly shook his head with an uncertain thought as he continued to extend his hand carefully towards the last type of bean.

This bean resembled the other two, with slender vines and pinnate leaves, no apparent difference. Its pods were smooth to touch, slick under the fingers. The old militia peeled open a pod, revealing flat and round beans, in white or pale red, appearing quite exquisite. He tasted one, chewing it, noticing the significantly reduced beany taste.

"Chief Divine protect us! These are delicious fine beans, sacred priest beans! They are quite tender and lack earthy flavor..."

This time, Priest Mekate started the conversation. He was familiar with this bean, having eaten it for years. Before becoming a priest apprentice, during his farming days in his village, such quality beans were collected as tribute, handed over to the samurai squad for provisioning!

"Yes! These priest beans are very tasty... though not plentiful, not resilient to pests, and birds love eating them..."

The old militia Chiwaco nodded as he handed one to Priest Mekate. Priest Mekate chewed on it, ready to speak, but then heard the old militia speak softly:

"Mekate, do you know where these beans come from?"

"Huh? These beans... well, aren't they one of the Divine's gifts to the world?"

Upon hearing the question, Priest Mekate displayed some bewilderment. However, he soon realized. Although everyone says so, indeed there are many crops, just like potatoes and sweet potatoes, that originate from...

"Captain Chi, do you mean, these beans also come from the Southern Continent?!"

"Yes! That's what Your Majesty said..."

The old militia scratched his head, sighing wistfully.

"Your Majesty mentioned these fine priest beans... in truth, they are called lima beans. And not far into the future, during our southward exploration, the furthest place we must reach... is this legendary place where the Divine bestowed the beans!"

"We are to carry these fine priest beans all the way south, inquiring tribes along the way... until we reach a seaside land traversed by a Great River... 'Lima!' There, we shall encounter a powerful kingdom revealed in prophecy that worships the Sun... Yes, a kingdom, not tribes. It will be exceedingly vast, ruling the inland highlands, and the coastline seaside, larger than both the present Alliance and Kingdom combined!"

"And the name of this kingdom... as per Your Majesty's words... is 'The Realm of the Sun's Children,' 'The Four Region Alliance' ... what is it, oh!... 'Tawantin Su You' ... Tawantinsuyu!"

Chapter 1375: A Veteran Militia's View on Sailing, the Light Guiding the Way Ahead

"A powerful Southern Kingdom? Bigger than both the Alliance and the Kingdom combined?!"

By the fields where beans were planted, Priest Mekate widened his eyes, imagining the unknown tribes on the Southern Continent. This was the first time he had heard of the Inca Kingdom, the first time he knew "He Bowls Quite Crispy Oh," no, "Tawantinsuyu."

He suddenly realized that the future southern voyage might not just be an exploration to find new crops and spread the Chief Divine's glory, but also an initial envoy from one powerful kingdom to another... And naturally, the captain and deputy captain in charge of the fleet would also be envoys to foreign lands and representatives of the alliance with another kingdom! Such invaluable experience would greatly smooth his path to promotion!...

"Ahem! Captain Chiwaco, did Your Majesty leave any other prophecies about the journey to the Southern Continent?"

"I think there might be more, but I can't remember."

Old militia Chiwaco blinked, with a half-smiling, half-indifferent glance at Priest Mekate. Then, in the other's anxious expression, he leisurely said.

"Anyway! Before we really set off, His Majesty will send someone with a Divine Revelation scroll... By then, that scroll will probably be entrusted to you to manage!"

"Ah! Entrusted to me to manage?! Then I would be... one of the captain or deputy captain!..."

Upon hearing such good news, Priest Mekate's face was both joyful and apprehensive. He looked again at old militia Chiwaco, who was burying his head in the soil, digging up a root of a sword bean, examining it closely.

"Hmm... His Majesty said that the roots of these beans swell up like small round beans, called 'root nodules'?... And this thing can absorb vitality from the air... to make the farmland more fertile..."

"Hmm... When the village plants crops, if the corn doesn't yield much... they indeed only plant beans and let the corn rest for a year or two... So, whichever bean root has more 'nodules', the better it fertilizes the field? Let me take a good look..."

"..."

Seeing the old militia diligently farming, Priest Mekate remained speechless for a while, only patiently accompanying him in waiting, looking at the dirty root nodules. Until the old militia finished examining the roots of three kinds of beans, looking both puzzled and enlightened, Mekate gave a light "ahem" to remind him.

"Captain Chiwaco, I came to find you this time... with a very important Royal Decree left specially by His Majesty!..."

"What! A Royal Decree!!..."

Upon hearing this, old militia Chiwaco sprang up from the field. Seeing that stance, it seemed if anything went amiss, he would run off immediately.

"Oh Chief Divine! I've hidden away here, and still can't escape! That blind one!!..."

"Ahem! Captain Chi, this Royal Decree... hmm, I requested it of my own volition..."

Priest Mekate scratched his head, cautiously speaking.

"It's about Dark Serpent's father..."

"Huh? Dark Serpent's father? Didn't his father die long ago?... Couldn't be mistaken, right?..."

Upon hearing this, old militia Chiwaco's eyes flickered, and his voice lowered. He actually knew long ago that Dark Serpent's father was a Divine Descendant of the Tlaxcala people. But he always assumed, like

most Cloud Serpent Divine Descendants, Dark Serpent's father was also captured and sacrificed long ago...

"Hmm... With Chief Divine as a witness! Captain Chi, you should know of Dark Serpent's background. His father was the previous City Lord of Water Valley City, Black Serpent Teuctli!... He told me personally... I also reported it to His Majesty!..."

"And His Majesty is aware of the whereabouts of the Tlaxcala Divine Descendants... that Black Serpent Teuctli is actually one of the Divine Descendants responsible for guarding the Cloud Serpent Fortress!"

Priest Mekate watched Chiwaco, smiling as he saw the old militia's pupils contract sharply.

"Praise His Majesty, for He is merciful and generous!... He said, 'Dark Serpent returned from the sea and received his rewards, which is commendable'... and the divine decree to sacrifice the Tlaxcala Divine Descendants can be pardoned to some extent... as long as Dark Serpent can persuade his father, leading the Kingdom's Warriors to storm the Cloud Serpent Fortress... then the kingdom would even bestow rewards, elevating their branch of Cloud Serpent Divine Descendants to the Kingdom's Hereditary Nobility, sailing on longships to far Northern Continent!"

"Ah! Is this?! Pardoning Dark Serpent, persuading his father? Leading the Kingdom's Warriors into that towering and dangerous fortress!"

Hearing these words, old militia's expression changed dramatically. He never imagined that not only was Dark Serpent's father still alive, but also a member of the defending army in the Cloud Serpent Fortress... And with this, His Majesty's promise...

"Let the Dark Snake family, set sail to the North, and be enfeoffed to the Northern Continent?... Alas! Your Majesty's mercy, this is considered the best outcome..."

The old militia pondered for a long time before nodding helplessly. He then looked deeply at Priest Mekate, who wore a smiling face, and asked in a low voice.

"Mekate, how long have you set your sights on the Dark Snake? Such a pure-hearted child, who always respected you sincerely... Do you truly wish to have him killed, sent to the Temple's sacrificial altar?..."

"Uh..."

Upon hearing this, Priest Mekate pressed his lips together, his face changing with a faint sense of guilt. After a long while, he held the Chief God's Amulet around his neck, his expression firm as he answered solemnly.

"The Chief Divine bears witness! The will of God in my heart is above all else!... And the divine command of His Majesty, even more so!"

"Mekate! The will of God must be carried out by people! A child so young, what threat can he pose to a powerful kingdom and alliance?!... Priest Tomato is equally devout! He, too, discerned the origins of the Dark Snake... yet he chose to feign ignorance!"

Old Militia Chiwaco straightened, his gaze unusually stern. After a long interval, he revealed once more the sharpness of the Exploration Captain.

"Do you know where your difference with him lies?!"

"Uh!... I... Priest Tomate?... Uh... Captain Chi..."

"Compared to him, you lack a heart of compassion and understanding!... And it is precisely this compassion and understanding that is the most vital light when exploring at sea, facing various tribes with different customs and traditions, to illuminate the dark and perilous path ahead!"

"The Chief Divine bears witness! I... this... compassion and understanding?... Spreading the glory of the Chief Divine..."

"Mekate, compassion and understanding, respecting tribes, and spreading the glory of the Chief Divine are not necessarily in conflict! You must not see yourself as a fierce wolf, and other tribes as weak chickens or rabbits!... We should be trail-blazing dogs, and other tribes are dogs too, house-guarding dogs, we are all the same..."

The old militia Chiwaco sighed, seriously conversing with Priest Mekate about his thoughts. He truly did not want to set sail, especially on such a distant and dangerous voyage... but since there was no choice, preparation is necessary, striving to find the target, then striving to return alive!

This time, the Deputy Captain of the exploration team is likely to be Priest Mekate. He came out of Divine Power University, and his seafaring skills are naturally excellent, but in other aspects, he falls short of Priest Tomato in many ways, even less than the brave Old Pu.

"Our seafaring voyage is not at all for plundering anything, nor to stand above, to overwhelm the tribes along the way... even if to spread the glory of the Chief Divine, one must clearly see what the concrete situation is!"

"And for us to complete the mission, to return alive... we must earn the recognition and support of the tribes along the way!... Mekate, no tribe is foolish! You treat them well, and they will repay you. You treat them poorly, and they will also seek revenge on you!"

"Puap killed Prince Xi Wu, the Xiu Family will dispatch a fleet and warriors, guarding our return route, relentlessly ambushing!... When His Majesty attacked the Totonac lands, Hidden Serpent City will send out a fleet, find our trail, and fiercely assault us, causing the death of three entire ships of people!"

"These past days, I've been pondering the exploration towards Cuba, considering why this route compared to the Northern Continent's exploration is so much more difficult, causing more deaths!... I've also been pondering, in future explorations of the Southern Continent, how we should proceed, how to treat the tribes, villages, city-states, and even kingdoms along the way!"

"Mekate! The Chief Divine bears witness! I want to return alive, and I want you to return alive too!"

Priest Mekate pressed his lips tightly, looking at the old militia with a face of solemn sincerity, listening to that heartfelt account, and was silent for a long, long time. Until those clear old eyes fixed on his silent gaze, he bit his lip and promised with a nod.

"The Chief Divine bears witness! Captain Chi, what you said... is right!... On future Southern voyages, if I am the Deputy Captain of exploration... all arrangements and actions will follow what you say!"

"Ah! The Chief Divine bless us! Let's hope so!"

Hearing Mekate's promise, old militia Chiwaco sighed lightly, patted Mekate on the shoulder, and then turned to leave. Priest Mekate hurried to catch up, anxiously asking.

"Captain Chi, where are you going?"

"To find the Dark Snake! Come on! It's time his matter has a resolution!... This loose-tongued little boy, if left in the kingdom, sooner or later will be... Ah! The Chief Divine bless us!..."

The autumn wind blew past, and the two of them quickly walked a long distance, one after the other. In the fields, the beans, sword beans, and fine beans were entangled vigorously, growing exuberantly. And before they bore pods, no one could distinguish which belonged to the commoners, the warriors, or the priests~

Chapter 1376: The King's Decree, East Sea Navy

"Yilian, take these two documents and show them to Miyava!"

The grand hall was vast and deep, with guards standing solemnly. As twilight just began to fall, the oil lamps brightly ignited. Xiulote sat cross-legged in front of the desk, reviewing a few documents from the Totornak land. After pondering for a while, he summoned the document officer Yilian, carefully selected two of them, and handed them over.

"Oh, right! Tell Miyava, tonight I plan to summon some crew members from the exploration again. She need not wait, nor come!"

"Yes! As you command, Your Majesty!"

The document officer Yilian bowed, stood waiting for a moment, and seeing Xiulote not lifting his head, disappointingly took the documents and walked towards the backyard.

The seaside in November was still warm. The document officer Yilian wore only a short priest's robe and a pair of breezy shorts, revealing wheat-colored skin and strong, slender legs. Her ponytail unveiled a

smooth, delicate neck, on which hung a finely crafted Sun Amulet, shimmering in the setting sun. On a closer look, her eyebrows were slightly groomed for a clearer face contour, and her lips were tinged with a hint of natural rouge, clearly dressed with intention. Unfortunately, all this meticulous grooming was wasted, unnoticed by the King...

"Oh! Heartless... Your Majesty..."

Document officer Yilian pursed her lips, secretly upset, as she entered the residence of Miyava in the backyard.

This courtyard was expansive and clearly carefully arranged. The periphery was filled with blooming tropical flowers and soft long lawns, bringing a summer's enchantment. On the inner side stood four trees over two hundred years old, casting a large area of cool shade, imbued with an autumnal serenity. Beneath the shade was an airy wooden house and a refreshing, clean open-air bath.

At this moment, the Serpent Priestess Miyava, heavily pregnant, leaned languidly on a thick, soft cotton blanket under the shade. Her thoughts drifted away, and it was unclear what she was pondering. In front of her lay a table with cool honey water, fresh fruits, and carefully made pastries. Eight or nine Totonac maids hovered around her, busy with various tasks.

"Hmph!"

Seeing this scene, document officer Yilian pouted fiercely, more agitated. She walked over to the dazed Serpent Priestess and handed over the documents reluctantly.

"In witness of the Chief Divine! The esteemed Majesty asked me to show you these two documents!"

"Hmm?"

Only then did the Serpent Priestess Miyava come to her senses, glancing suspiciously at document officer Yilian. Seeing the carefully groomed face and angry expression, Miyava was briefly stunned before her lips curled into a smile.

"Hehe! Yilian, you look so pretty today! Hmm, so pretty that if His Majesty sees, he wouldn't be able to resist!"

"Uh..."

Document officer Yilian froze, blushing first, then turning angry. She stomped her foot angrily and turned away, momentarily forgetting the King's message.

"Haha! So adorable! Even sister likes you a lot!"

The Serpent Priestess Miyava giggled, teasing once more before unfolding the two documents from His Majesty. She only read for a moment before her smile faded, her expression becoming serious.

The first document was divided into two parts. The first part was praise from the Black Wolf Legion Commander, commending the newly formed two thousand East Sea Navy for being very effective in logistics and supplies!

The east-bound Black Wolf Army had reached beneath Ke Shi City by the sea, preparing to siege. The Legion's logistics camp, where food and materials were stored, was also set in a seaside fishing village called White Bay Village. The village was easy to defend and difficult to attack, located near the estuary where the lagoon met the sea. The north side had coastal waterways, while the south side held a wide lagoon, making water routes very smooth and able to dock many ships. On the further outskirts was jungle and marsh, making sneak attacks difficult for enemies.

The experienced Black Wolf Torc quickly recognized the potential of this site. He occupied the existing abandoned village, established a logistics camp, dug large cellars, and arranged a thousand soldiers, along with two thousand tribal troops, for defense. Currently, the logistics supplies for the entire eastward army were to be transported here for storage before being dispatched to the Ke Shi City frontline, seventy kilometers away.

"The Kingdom's East Sea Navy now has two thousand Totornak Naval Forces, over a hundred all-craft war boats, and even more single-craft war boats. The further east we go, the more inconvenient the jungle land routes become, making water transport crucial. The rebellious Totornak coastal City-States have vast naval forces continually clashing with the Kingdom's Navy. I ask Your Majesty to expand the East Sea Navy to further control the coastal water routes!"

Reading this, the Serpent Priestess Miyava blinked, showing a pensive expression. The fierce Black Wolf Legion Commander had already reached Ke Shi City, and beyond lay the City of Lake Sacrifice and the Great Divine Mountain. Beyond the Great Divine Mountain was the Eastern Holy Land of the Seaside Tribes, the center of resistance against the kingdom's eastward campaign—Hidden Serpent Holy City!

"Ke Shi City, Lake Sacrifice City, Hidden Serpent City! Once these three City-States fall, the eastern tribes' resistance will no longer be organized, forced to hide in the jungle. By then, the Seaside Alliance supported by the kingdom will become the first Totornak Alliance to unite a thousand miles of coastline since history began—and my child with His Majesty will become the first true king among the Totornak tribes!"

The Serpent Priestess envisioned for a moment, her cheeks flushed and legs closing. She was six months pregnant, and after passing the mild early pregnancy symptoms, her desires had inexplicably grown stronger recently. Yet, His Majesty remained focused on exploration fleet matters, leaving her coldly sidelined, merely instructing her to "rest well."

"Truly... a heartless man!"

Thinking of this, the Serpent Priestess Miyava pursed her lips and looked at the second part, the man's annotation. Her brow quickly raised, and her expression gradually turned sullen.

"Royal Decree: Approved! The East Sea Navy will expand by a thousand men. Supplement warships from the Eastern Shipyard, and recruit a thousand adept naval Warrior Militia from the Golden Bay City area!"

Upon reading this annotation, the Serpent Priestess Miyava fell silent, melancholically sighing. Recruiting adept naval Warrior Militia from the Golden Bay City area meant selecting naval warriors from the Golden Bay Tribes to join the East Sea Navy. The control of the East Sea Navy belonged to the Kingdom of the Lake, led by the Naval Commander from the Prepetcha Navy family, Noah Shark.

Noah Shark was the Kingdom's Southern Naval Commander, Noah's cousin. Although "Noah Shark" sounded like a fierce man's name, she was actually a fierce warrior woman. She brought four hundred Prepetcha Naval Forces to establish the East Sea Navy, quickly and firmly controlling the entire Navy Corps. Handing over these thousand Golden Bay warriors to her was akin to removing them from the Golden Bay Tribes' name list, even requiring an additional one to two thousand dependents from the tribal populace.

"Haha! Heartless, powerful man!...Like a Jaguar gnashing its teeth after devouring prey! You gave me this document to warn me against interfering with this naval recruitment and not to extend my influence into the East Sea Navy, right?!"

"That damned man! So fickle after intimacy!...I've been so loyal and obedient to you, yet you won't give me a smidge of military power?!..."

Thinking thus, the Serpent Priestess Miyava bit her silver teeth furiously, almost wishing to bite the man. After a while, she lowered her watery eyes again, helplessly sighing.

This king's balance and caution are never swayed by close relations. Even when transformed into a beast, galloping beneath her, he unwaveringly retains the political animal instinct, unswayed by seductive talk... This is why she forever fears and complies with the King; because she cannot control him, she can only be controlled by him!

"Oh! Heartless, powerful man!..."

The Serpent Priestess Miyava's neck reddened, reflecting for a while before looking at the second document. Soon, her eyes sparkled, evidently deep in thought.

Chapter 1377: The King's Edict, Ruthless and Powerful Men!

"Royal Decree: In the villages of each tribe's civilian garrison, establish militia battalions with the surrendered tribal armies as the main force! Select loyal Coastal Warriors and the resettled Kingdom's Warriors as militia captains! The village militia will follow the command of the Kingdom's legion and the Seaside Alliance, maintaining village order and quelling the rebel commoners in the surrounding jungle... Additionally, the conscription and transportation of food after the autumn harvest will be the responsibility of the militia battalion, with the participation of village priests in the statistics..."

The Snake Woman Miyava widened her eyes and read the royal decree document carefully, several times over. She had an innate sense for the politics of the alliance. From these simple words, she could see the king's intentions and plans for the future.

"The surrendered tribal army refers to the various defector armies that have surrendered over the past two years. I remember His Majesty mentioning that these defector armies, which surrendered at different times, once numbered forty to fifty thousand!... And the resettled defector army should be part of a plan His Majesty began to implement after the autumn harvest... Selecting the best from the defector army, a vanguard of five thousand, twenty thousand surrendered troops... And the remaining twenty thousand would be dispersed in various garrison villages according to their tribal origins, establishing an immersive village management order..."

Reading this, the Snake Woman Miyava pondered for a long time, lost in deep thought. She knew that the garrison villages were practically made up of various surrendered tribes, with the original chieftains and noble chiefs removed, randomly reorganized. These hundreds of garrison villages, with hundreds of thousands of village tribespeople, were the power that the Kingdom of the Lake and the Seaside Alliance directly controlled!

In terms of the garrison villages, it was similar to the Mexican Plateau, with three village leaders: the Priest, the Village Head, and the Militia Captain. However, in the newly surrendered Seaside lands, the ranking of these three was completely different from on the plateau with the Mexica Alliance and the Kingdom of the Lake.

"In the garrison villages, the most important leader is the Militia Captain who controls the militia battalion! Their role, in reality, is like that of a tribal chieftain or headman. And their origins are from the resettled and enfeoffed Kingdom's Warriors, including Mexica, Purpecha, and even Tekos. Most numerous among them, however, are the Totonac Warriors who first surrendered and proved their loyalty by taking part in the bloody conquest of many city-states, especially defectors from Five Mountains City..."

"Ha! Even the village militia captains have bypassed the noble chiefs and headmen of various tribes and appointed the Kingdom's Warriors!... Ruthless man! Strong man!..."

Thinking of this, the Snake Woman Miyava bit her lip and cursed silently. These Warriors loyal to the kingdom, especially the bloodstained Totonac Warriors, were hardly acceptable to the original noble chiefs and headmen of various tribes. Their loyalty was directed at the supreme God of Death, and also to the Black Wolf Commander who cultivated and selected them personally!

Though Miyava held civil power over the Seaside Alliance, she could only command the other two figures in the village: mostly village priests from the garrison assistant priests, and the village heads responsible for local affairs.

The language of the Totonac people is quite different from both the Mexica Alliance and the Kingdom of the Lake. The kingdom's expansion in the Seaside was incredibly swift; currently, there are far too few village priests that can be deployed to various tribes!

Thus, most village priests in garrison villages are locals from the Totonac tribes. About half of these priests come from the Priest Academy in Snake City, just having completed half a year of training as assistant priests. Miyava has reviewed most of these assistant priests at least once; they are tribal sages, minor tribal leaders, and fireside storytellers united around her, loyal to the kingdom.

The king chose the Snake Woman to give birth to a divine descendant with Totonac blood, mainly to win over these Totonac elites and integrate them into the Seaside ruling echelon!

"These garrisoned assistant priests, local tribal village priests... These elites loyal to His Highness and me, more loyal to the child in my belly... are truly the scales of the Sun God Serpent!... Yet, even such scales must be monitored and controlled by the religious inquisition, unable to shine with their original brilliance..."

Thinking of this, Miyava bit her lip, feeling uneasy. She knew that whether in the Mexica Alliance or the Kingdom of the Lake, village priests ranked first among the "three elders"! But in the Seaside, they had become the last among the "three elders," even ranked below the village heads responsible for managing the garrisons.

These village heads, some originating from the kingdom's warriors who conquered various tribes, and others from the loyal defectors who fought for the kingdom, were an emerging class elevated by the God of Death and the Black Wolf Commander from among the commoners! They were intimidated by the kingdom's force, satisfied with their newly gained status, loyal to the mighty God of Death and the Black Wolf Commander...

Miyava's influence among these people was far less than that of His Majesty and the Black Wolf... However, the child in her womb, having the bloodline of a king, commanded their great reverence!... This entire arrangement, the balance of power, was laid out so clearly, almost minimizing the power Miyava could control to its smallest. Even if she bore the child of Xiulote, she could not, like some exalted Divine Mother or regent queen, hold sway over the entire Seaside lands... her authority was only a third!...

"Ah! Ruthless, powerful man! Do you truly enjoy binding me with bracelets and shackles, fastening me to a wooden frame, watching me struggle powerlessly?!"

Thinking about all these arrangements by the King, this carefully designed power balance, the Snake Woman Miyava was full of resentment and cursed bitterly in her heart.

"Oh Chief Divine! Damn! Damn it all!... You would rather trust that cold, stern Black Wolf, than trust someone as warm and gentle as me?!... Black Wolf? What can Black Wolf give you? Can he make you immensely happy, give you children?... Ha! A man who is heartless once he withdraws!..."

The Snake Woman Miyava secretly gritted her teeth, silently cursing for a long time. In fact, she could surmise things that Xiulote hadn't even estimated, seeing the signs of the times before they became apparent.

Accepting Totonac elites, establishing militia settlements, arranging the disbandment of the surrendered army, selecting loyal vanguards and compliant forces... The King's plan unfolded link by link, and the hearts of the Totonac tribes gradually gravitated towards the Kingdom of the Lake.

"That cold Wolf King, the Black Wolf, only knows how to drive the surrendered army to attack and kill, like driving a pack of wolf cubs... In his eyes, the Totonac tribal warriors either become fuel for attacking cities, burning out on the battlefield... or they luckily survive, their hands stained with blood, becoming new wolves in his pack..."

Thinking of the cruel and brutal methods of the Black Wolf Legion Commander, the Snake Woman Miyava felt both disdain and a chill in her heart. This way of deploying defectors is a fierce flame, set to destroy everything, yet also a cold beast, with a mouth full of blood... This is a destructive force, with a clear sense of enemy and friend, with a clear purpose to kill, kill, kill! Either completely destroy the enemy or burn oneself out as well, with no room for compromise, leaving her with nowhere to exert her influence...

"The methods of His Highness the God of Death are different! His Highness is the divine tree that controls hearts, and the ancient serpent that devours divinity... You seem to accept the elites of the Totonac tribes, but it is only a temporary compromise. You want to change them, and change the traditions of the Seaside Lands that have lasted for centuries..."

"These numerous settled militia villages, the countless tribespeople brought under direct control, are the order you desire!... Your true intention is to, like a greedy ancient serpent, devour the power of the chieftains and leaders of each tribe, the divine inheritance of each tribe, mouthful by mouthful!..."

"And after selecting the vanguards and dispersing the bulk of the defectors, what you surely want to do next is to form a Kingdom Legion in the Seaside Lands! The Kingdom's conquest of the Seaside has reached a decisive stage. The elites of the tribes are complying and adhering, the surrendered warriors have a way to stand out, a new order has already begun to establish!..."

"The loyalty of the seaside tribes is currently enough to support a backbone beyond 'fuel' and 'wolves', cultivating obedient hounds!... Haha! Although you guard against me and haven't said a word to me, I can guess your schemes, just as I can taste your heart's desires... But you will never let me get involved, ah! Damn!..."

"Oh Chief Divine! Who are you planning to appoint as the Coastal Legion Commander?!... Damn! Heartless, powerful man!"

Thinking of such power, the Snake Woman Miyava's eyes reddened, and her legs trembled lightly. She gritted her teeth, her face showing an indescribable longing, her eyes filled with suppressed lust, as if she was burning up inside.

And seeing such a Snake Woman, the scribe Yilian was startled. She was somewhat uneasy, uncertain if there was a mistake with these two simple documents, or if her earlier attitude had inadvertently angered the pregnant Snake Woman...

"Uh! What's wrong with you? Chief Divine as my witness! I... I didn't do anything!... Oh, it's so hot! Your forehead is so hot!..."

"Hmm... Yilian... I suddenly have a headache, my whole body feels weak..."

The eyes of the Snake Woman Miyava wandered, and she suddenly looked at the beautifully adorned Yilian, who was touching her forehead. She blinked, licked her lips, and after a brief thought, called out with a soft, smiling voice.

"Ah! The child in my belly seems to be kicking me... Ah! I can't take it!... Sister Yilian, help me to the bed inside!... Ah!..."

Chapter 1378: Rose and Violet Orchid, Water Serpent and Wildcat

In the tropical seaside, there is no winter, only a long deep autumn. The summer's heavy rains subside in the deep autumn, gradually becoming sparse, and then the rain leaves no trace. The verdant land of the seaside is filled everywhere with the scenery of deep autumn.

In the fields, lush bean sprouts rejuvenate the land with nitrogen-fixing vitality. The edges of the farmland are adorned with blooming flowers, seemingly like spring. In the distant sea and sky, there is the song of flying birds. The red falcon and white eagle of the seaside soar high in the sky, chasing each other into the distance,

"Yoyo!"

The wind scatters the clouds, the birds sing far away. The rain leaves no trace, and as the pen falls, only spring scenery remains. In the spring-filled courtyard, Snake Woman Miyava lazily reclines, eating the fruits and pastries brought by the maidservants, replenishing her sugar and energy. Beside her, Yilian, the scribe, lies quietly like a sleeping mountain cat. In the mountain cat's dream, a red-bellied squirrel from the Colima Mountain Region runs freely, even growing wings and flying across the sky.

"Yilian, little sister, wake up. Have some sweets!..."

Snake Woman Miyava beams with a smile, in high spirits, pointing to the blanket spread out in front of her. There, a large circle of tropical fruits is artfully arranged. Yilian, the scribe, drowsily opens her eyes, looking at the fruits before her, and can't help but lick her lips like a hungry mountain cat.

"Hmm...what are these?"

"Sand Dune Guavas, with brown skin and orange flesh. These guavas are the sweetest in the world! One bite and you'll find it unforgettable!... How is it? Tasty?"

"Hmm... Not sour, very sweet!... Delicious!"

Yilian, the scribe, took a bite of the fruit, and her eyes immediately lit up, like a cat in the night. Snake Woman Miyava chuckled, picking up a bright red fruit, cutting it in half personally, and warmly offering it to Yilian.

"Here! Try this! Fire red Pimlia (pitahaya), very crisp and sweet!..."

"Hmm... Ah! Chief Divine! Delicious!"

Yilian, the scribe, tasted a few bites, her eyes lighting up again. "Pimlia" is the name given by the Totonac tribes, and in later generations, when this fruit reached the Old Continent, it was called dragon fruit. At this moment, it could only be tasted in the tropical regions of America.

"Hehe! Good little sister, try this too! Moaqvatl, a delicious little water peach! The flesh is tender, and the juice is sweet!"

"Mmm...mmm!"

"Good little sister! Eat slowly now! Come, sister will wipe you off, you're covered in juice, truly a little gluttonous cat!... Hmm, then have a small one! Colivalte, red-orange passion fruit from the Western Tribes!"

"Oh! Such fragrant fruit... Hmm, sweet with a hint of sour, but not at all harsh on the teeth!"

As she spoke, Yilian, the scribe, grinned, showing her white teeth. She valued her appearance very much, chewing on sapodilla tree gum every day. Of course, the side effect might be her round, plump face, always carrying a bit of baby fat, full of a youthful vibe.

"Haha! Truly an adorable good little sister! Here, and this one, apple xalimaya, or sweet hazelnuts. Hmm, beside it is apple dessert, made with fine cornmeal and wild honey!..."

"Wow! Such exquisite desserts? Hmm... In the Colima Mountain Region, and even by His Highness's side, I rarely get to eat these... mmm!..."

"Indeed! These are made by sister's own hands. His Highness does have some, he just never eats too much... Yilian, little sister, if you like, I can make some more each time and give you a portion... Oh! There's also jam, blackberry jam, and zicao jam..."

Snake Woman Miyava's smile is gentle, her demeanor warm, making people feel like a spring breeze. She had plans in mind, intending to draw Yilian closer, quickly making her dizzy with joy and intimacy.

"Yilian, little sister, the blackberry jam has a stronger fruity aroma, slightly sweet and sour, very soft, best eaten with pastries... Zicao jam is slightly astringent amidst its sweet and sour taste, but after experiencing the taste, it leaves some aftertaste. Actually, its best way to eat is paired with the soft black persimmon to offset the overly sweet nature of the black persimmon... Hmm, His Highness actually likes zicao jam very much!..."

"Oh! Really? Hmm... Miyava sister... Hmm, then could you...you know, teach me, especially the things His Highness likes to eat..."

Yilian, the scribe, widened her eyes and blinked. After this intimate exchange, her attitude toward Snake Woman Miyava became as if they were sisters. After all, she had been the most favored youngest daughter of the Chief of Colima, and later studied at Divine Power University. Even when she came to Xiulote's side, she had not experienced much conflict... Such a simple experience, how could she compete with Snake Woman Miyava...

"Alright! Yilian, little sister, whatever you want to eat, want to learn, sister can help you!... Even if, it's eating His Highness..."

"Ah! I... I didn't!"

Upon hearing this, Yilian, the official scribe, suddenly looked flustered. She stood up, seemingly wanting to escape, but her body was too weak to muster any strength. The Snake Woman Miyava reached out to pull her back, effortlessly pulling the reluctant mountain cat back.

"Hehe! Sister Yilian, you haven't finished yet! You must taste this! The golden pineapple, known to be the best around Golden Bay City, and the finest pineapple in the world! This type of pineapple has

almost no sourness, the flesh is like sandy pulp, melting in your mouth... His Highness's favorite, this fruit and the wine made from it!..."

"Mm... Ah! Mm... Delicious! ...Mm... Sister Miyava, you have access to so many good things! ...When I was in the Colima Mountain Region, we didn't have these..."

"Hehe, I only got to enjoy such luxuries after being with His Highness, and bearing His Highness's child... Actually, sister Yilian, your background in the Colima Tribes is also a powerful force... And with your status, if you were to bear His Highness's child... Hehe! Sister Yilian, don't you desire it?..."

"Ah! This! I do... want it... but, but... no matter how I dress up... His Highness has never asked me to stay the night! ...Wuwu!"

Upon hearing this, the Snake Woman Miyava's eyes sparkled. She waved her hand, and the hefty maidservants around quietly left.

The origins of these maidservants were, in fact, the noble ladies of various seaside tribes. As the kingdom's eastern expedition forces established a foundation at the seaside, revealing the momentum of unification... the tribes that submitted hastily presented attractive tribal noblewomen to her and the King. But Miyava knew what she was doing and selectively chose only hefty and obedient tribal women. As for those girls who were top-tier in figure and appearance, not a single one was kept...

"Haha! If you want to seduce His Highness and birth a seaside Divine Descendant... that would mean being my enemy, and the enemy of the child in my belly!..."

Thinking of this, a glint of cold flashed in the Snake Woman Miyava's eyes. She was very aware of where her power and position originated!

Therefore, ever since she became the King's woman, she restrained her seductive demeanor, revealing it only before the King, never letting another man touch her at all. And like today, she was truly longing too much and thus enticed His Highness's scribe Yilian. This scheme was, of course, not just a momentary impulse...

Thinking of this, the Snake Woman Miyava lowered her gaze and subtly raised the corners of her mouth. She leaned close to the entranced, dazed girl, whispering softly in her ear.

"Good sister, just this, this... sister will help you... Mm... preparing some Deer Blood Wine..."

"Ah! Chief Divine! This... we... push down His Highness? ... Sister... His Highness won't be mad, right?..."

"How could he be... His Highness has long had a fondness for you! Otherwise, why would he have placed you by his side as a scribe? ... There's just a little something missing between you two... Sister will help you... together..."

"Ah, this! ... This... I... Sister Miyava, you... won't be angry?"

"Haha! No, I won't! With His Highness's wisdom and divine might, he is destined to have many women! Moreover, above us, there exists someone truly strong, profoundly revered..."

The Snake Woman Miyava's tone was alluring, like a vibrant, thorny seaside rose, enticing the innocent, carefree Colima Zilan. To her, pushing this noble chief's daughter from Colima into His Highness's arms... posed no threat to her power in the Seaside Lands, but only potential benefits!

The Snake Woman's foundation lies with the Totonac tribes by the seaside. Yilian's foundation, however, is in the distant Colima Mountain Region. The two were actually potential allies in confronting someone truly strong, profoundly revered...

Thinking of this, the Snake Woman Miyava lowered her gaze, lightly biting her lip. Besides these long-term considerations, she truly needed to find a reliable ally by His Highness's side!

Lately, His Highness's coldness towards her, and the Guard Commander's reminders, had been instilling her with intense insecurity. She constantly worried that while pregnant, a noble lady from the Totonac tribes would climb into His Highness's bed... Especially the deeply rooted, numerous Cimpo tribes, eyeing her current position in the seaside lands covetously...

And today, the two documents Yilian delivered further triggered her sense of unease to its peak! His Highness had already made a decision, curtailing her power, completing all arrangements before finally informing her... She urgently needed a source of information, such as... an obviously delightful, carefree scribe like Yilian.

"Chief Divine witness! Sister Yilian, leave everything to sister... I promise I will help you!"

"Mm... this... I... Sister Miyava... praise Chief Divine, you are so wonderful!..."

"So good! Chief Divine bless us! My good sister... From now on, we're family!... Hehe!"

Low whispers, accompanied by bursts of laughter, dissipated in the breezy wooden house. Roses and Zilan blossomed vibrantly or romantically, swaying and sticking closely to the flowers. The soft Water Serpent smiled, the cute mountain cat blinked her eyes, for the first time, they came together. And the strong Jaguar was yet unaware of what kind of entwined fate, deeply memorable, awaited...

Chapter 1379: The Fallen Feathered Serpent Divine Statue, the Collapse of the Eastern City-State

In the seaside lands of December, there are gentle winds and light rain. The light rain scatters in the wind, falls into the burning Ke Shi City, and gradually dyes the blood on the city wall.

"Chief Divine, protect us! Charge, charge!..."

The large group of Totonac vanguards, clad in simple paper armor and raising their bronze long spears high, fiercely charge into the besieged Ke Shi City. They show no mercy, stabbing to death the tribal warriors resisting in the city, dragging the despaired surrendering Totonac Divine Descendants out one by one, and performing blood sacrifices in front of the pyramid of the Temple of the Feathered Serpent...

"Praise the Chief Divine! We have captured the Stone City! Praise the God of Death, Your Majesty! Praise the Seaside Alliance!..."

Finally, with the most fervent cries, the towering gold and silver statue in the Temple of the Feathered Serpent, is pulled down by the vanguard warriors using ropes, inclined and toppling slowly!

"Boom... Bang!"

The sacred and towering statue of the Feathered Serpent finally collapsed with a crash! Under the tension of the ropes, it rolled straight down from the tens of meters high pyramid, then fell heavily onto the plaza at the center of the city-state, shattering into several pieces! And the bearded head of the Feathered Serpent statue stuck at an angle into the mud, unwillingly gazing at everything in the city, alongside the blood-dripping heads of the Divine Descendants...

"Praise the Chief Divine! The Divine protects the Seaside Alliance! We toppled the Feathered Serpent statue! And the statue of the Chief Divine will truly rise in this converted city-state!"

The statue shattered, heads rolling. Witnessing this impactful scene, tens of thousands of tribes in Ke Shi City wept in despair! While four thousand vanguard warriors surging into the city were praying and shouting in frenzy!

"Chief Divine, protect us! The Seaside Alliance shall prevail!"

Afterward, they marched out of the burning city-state with strings of prisoners. Meanwhile, thousands of the seaside militia carrying bags of prepared sand entered the city obediently. Next, they would swiftly extinguish the fires in the city, clean up the corpses, and weed out any lurking enemies...

Once everything is in order, the main forces of the Kingdom's eastward expeditionary warriors will enter the city. They will rest briefly for a few days to regain their strength, and then set out on another expedition!

"Chief Divine, protect us! This Ke Shi City resisted for over twenty days, and we finally captured it smoothly!..."

"Go, take that previously surrendered chieftain of Ke Shi City, the war elephant Teotlara, and sacrifice him at the city gate! The Kingdom's army asked him to persuade Ke Shi City to surrender, but he hesitated, having accomplished nothing and wasted my time for days... Hang his head at the city gate, along with the one newly appointed as the chieftain of Ke Shi City!"

"As you command, Leader!"

"Relay my orders! Send two units of trusted aides into the city to secure the granaries and warehouses! As for the estates of the Divine Descendants and the nobility, follow the old rules! All entering units, distribute according to merit and casualties!..."

"Yes, Leader!..."

"Don't rush off! Praise the Chief Divine! Prepare the War Priests accompanying the army to begin the conversion of the tens of thousands of tribes in the city! According to the information, there should be about thirty thousand of them... Make them all take the blood oath to convert!"

"As you command, Leader!"

Outside Ke Shi City, the Black Wolf Torc stood under the banner of the legion, clad in armor and carrying a bow, skillfully arranging everything after the city's fall.

Afterward, he looked towards the prosperous city-state close by, watched the flames in the city gradually extinguish, the legion's cheers of excitement came in waves, yet he had no interest in entering the city. On the contrary, he touched his chin, observed the highly-spirited Totonac vanguard warriors with both surprise and thoughtful contemplation.

"Chief Divine! His Highness's governance and military command... are indeed miraculous! These surrendered wolf cubs, just after some reorganization and selection around Golden Bay City, and when they returned... their morale was already so high? It seems they can participate in battles independently, guard territories without the supervision of the Kingdom's warriors... and will not easily collapse..."

Thinking of this, a flicker of curiosity and doubt shone in Black Wolf Torc's eyes. He glanced again at the exploded clay tribulus fragments on the city wall, recalling the days when the vanguard camp's warriors, holding Divine Power Globes, charged gallantly shouting for the Chief Divine's protection... Such unforgettable impressions only deepened! The morale of these Totonac surrendered troops compared to a year ago, it's like heaven and earth...

"Mu Xi! Mu Xi! Where's the vanguard Camp Commander Mu Xi? Let him come here! Let him come here and see me!..."

Black Wolf Torc pondered a while, then summoned the leader of the five thousand vanguard warriors, Mu Xi, the earliest surrendered general from Five Mountains City. Mu Xi, wearing Mexica-styled cloth armor, approached the Black Wolf Legion Commander respectfully, performing a formal kneel.

"Mighty Black Wolf Leader! You called for me?"

"Hmm! Chief Divine, protect us! We captured Ke Shi City..."

Black Wolf Torc nodded, a hint of a smile on his lips. With the success of the siege, his stern face seemed somewhat softened, becoming less intimidating.

"Mu Xi, your vanguard camp fought very well!... Hmm, the morale of these wolf cubs is very high! Is there any special method?..."

"Yes! Black Wolf Leader! It's all thanks to the God of Death, Your Majesty's protection!..."

Camp Commander Mu Xi pondered and respectfully replied.

"His Majesty, the God of Death, integrated the tribes, establishing the Seaside Alliance! Each tribe's chieftains, sages, leaders, and priests are vying to pledge allegiance to the Seaside Alliance!..."

"It's said, His Majesty possesses powerful divinity, destined to unify the Totonac coast's Divine Descendants!... And his child, imbued with the blood of the seaside, will be the first King of the Totonac people! Almost all sages, storytellers by the bonfire, are singing such ballads!..."

Hearing this, Black Wolf Torc frowned. He knew the origins of these ballads and was well aware that this child of the Divine Bloodline was now conceived in the belly of the Snake Woman Miyava.

"Serpent Mother Miyava... His Majesty's offspring..."

Black Wolf Torc narrowed his eyes, recalling the Serpent Mother Chieftain who once stood on top of the pyramid, head lowered in submission, feeling an instinctive distrust. If not for His Majesty's orders, he was ready to offer that seemingly troublesome woman directly to the Chief Divine...

After a moment of contemplation, Black Wolf Torc shook his head, looking again at the respectfully standing Mu Xi.

"Mu Xi, witnessed by the Chief Divine! Just because your wolf cubs heard these ballads and saw those fence-sitting sages and leaders, did their morale become this high?"

"Uh... not exactly..."

Camp Commander Mu Xi thoughtfully considered this for a while, then carefully answered.

"Black Wolf Leader, although His Majesty has only been here for a year... everyone feels that... this seaside land is destined to change! Those old city-state priests, the old nobility of the Divine Descendants, those once high-ranking nobles, are probably no longer valid and will fall into the mud... While the entire seaside land will be united by His Majesty, forming as never before a powerful Seaside Alliance!..."

"As for us warriors, simply following His Majesty and you, we'll be like the epic's first generation warriors who founded a great alliance, destined to become... hmm... the new Noble Bloodline!"

"And what I've pondered... the Kingdom's unification of the seaside trends like... like the summer storm by the coast, unstoppable! Especially with this year's autumn harvest, all civilian settlements and villages have reaped abundant harvests... This indescribable but commonly felt premonition, like the Chief Divine's omen, grew even stronger!..."

"So, the warriors now fighting so valiantly are eager to earn a place in the God-blessed rising Seaside Alliance and achieve battle merits for a change in destiny and rewards! His Majesty's military meritorious granting of lands and slaves is indeed very generous! As long as one earns battle merits, those Fourth Level Warriors, Third Level Nobles are high positions one could never have imagined before, offering so much hope!"

Chapter 1380: Black Wolf's Ambition, Commemorative Inscription on the Divine Stele!

"Oh! Land grants for military achievements are full of hope..."

The sparse drizzle gradually stopped, and the flames in Ke Shi City also died down. However, the fires ignited in despair by the defending army still contained some black oil from the Temple. These fiercely burning flames were not extinguished by the drizzle but were buried by the civilians with bags of earth. Surveying the city, the broken axes and spears, the shattered longbows, the broken feathered arrows, the fallen corpses, and the flowing blood were all half-buried by the earth, silently decaying...

War is a matter of life and death, and both sides of the conflict continually learn from each other, prioritizing all resources and wisdom into the art of war. In these two years of slaughter, the Totonac Eastern Alliance has learned the longbow of the Mexica Alliance and the Kingdom. The eastern expedition army also understood the usage of black oil.

The Dog Descendant Warriors in the legion quickly learned to wrap grass ropes soaked in black oil around feathered arrows, igniting them as the cheapest fire arrows! And the simplest way to extinguish oil fires, which are resistant to water, is to bury them with soil.

Black Wolf Torc carried a longbow, sniffed the pungent scent of black oil in the air, and couldn't help but think of the demon flames in mythology.

Sulfur from the Stone of the Dead, saltpeter from the frost of the earth, gunpowder from volcanic force, and the black oil from the endless abyss... this series of "demon" flames have almost become the most notable mark of the Kingdom Legion, and even the Alliance Army!

"The army of volcanic demons... the god of death resurrected from the depths... these rumors spreading across the world! Haha! Those who fear us, slander us, our enemies! They are destined to die by my hands!..."

Black Wolf Torc pondered these chaotic thoughts for a moment before brushing them away. Then, he looked at the equally pensive Mu Xi, grinning as he asked.

"Chief Divine witness! Mu Xi, there was already such a rule of land grants for military merit two years ago when the army advanced east! I even personally granted land to you in the Serpent City... So, back then, your morale couldn't be boosted?"

"Uh... Black Wolf Leader... back then..."

Upon hearing this, Mu Xi's expression froze, he tugged at his hair and lowered his voice, answering truthfully.

"Chief Divine witness! Back then, we all thought that the Kingdom's great army would just come to conquer, like the Alliance decades ago... Break a few city-states, kill a batch of Divine Descendant Nobility, and make the tribes submit and pay tribute, then they would go back..."

"And for us Samurai who surrendered, even if we were granted land or some title... it was useless! Once the Kingdom's army left, the city-states would bite back... The divine bloodline stained on our hands... that would lead to our sacrificial end!..."

"Oh? So, back then, you didn't believe what I said? But now you believe what His Highness says?..."

Black Wolf Torc raised his eyebrows, staring into Mu Xi's eyes. Mu Xi immediately felt a chill in his heart and respectfully lowered his head.

"Black Wolf Leader, we did believe what you said!... We've followed you and never hesitated to kill! But back then, distrust between surrendering armies from different tribes was an issue, and there was always concern about rebellion from others. I figured that to stabilize the Seaside Lands, we had to follow you and eliminate all those small and big nobles first!..."

"And after His Majesty arrived, he established a Seaside Alliance. The great nobles died or fled, the small nobles surrendered, and the tribespeople began farming and harvesting... We each gained our positions, and the surrendered armies felt more at ease... Everyone felt this momentum could succeed! So... naturally, it succeeded!..."

"Hmm, so that's how it is!... Chief Divine bless! The words of the Kingdom, the decrees issued, which were not believed before, are now believed. The great momentum of conquering the Seaside Lands, everyone feels it can succeed, and naturally it does... What is this called?... It should be what His Majesty mentioned, the people's hearts return, the people's hearts are united... oh no, the people's hearts attach, the people's hearts oscillate?..."

Black Wolf Torc rubbed his chin, pondering the logic among it. He had fought many military battles, no matter how perilous, he had faced them without fear. But political battles, only after arriving at the Seaside Lands did he slowly begin to engage, gradually gaining some insight.

"Chief Divine bless! Praise the Chief Divine!... Believe implicitly in our god Huitzilopochtli! His power is infinite, supreme!... Offer to the Chief Divine, blood oath conversion!..."

The devout and solemn hymns sounded outside Ke Shi City. The accompanying War Priests lit the Sacred Fire, marking out a square for conversion. Hundreds of Divine Descendants and Nobility from city-states were selected and sacrificed on the spot, their blood turned into blood wine.

One group after another of tribal captives from Ke Shi City, either terrified or numb, were escorted to the lit fire pits. Awaiting them was the soul-binding blood oath, haircut, blood wine, conversion... And after this entire grand conversion, the loyalty of the tribespeople was minimally assured, allowing them to migrate inland.

"Mu Xi, your vanguard performed well! With the spoils of war later, whether people or goods, you can choose first!"

Black Wolf Torc promised, and Mu Xi's face lit up with joy. Black Wolf pondered for a moment, then instructed again.

"With efficient logistical transportation, army provisions are quite adequate, enabling more main forces to advance east... After capturing Ke Shi City, you leave a thousand tribal vanguard, and I'll leave two thousand surrendered Defectors. That's three thousand people, enough to control the surroundings of Ke Shi City! Your morale is good, so within Ke Shi City, I won't leave my own Samurai; everything will be handed over to your control. And in the White Bay Village's logistics camp, there are my thousand troops, two thousand surrendered army, which can support each other!..."

Upon hearing this, Mu Xi nodded respectfully. He thought for a moment and asked.

"Black Wolf Leader, between Ke Shi City and White Bay Village, it's all swamps and jungles on the land route... Transporting provisions, it's easier by water... We have to leave a group of naval forces and ships for transporting provisions here!"

"Hmm... Then leave five hundred people, over fifty ships! After capturing the Lake Sacrifice City, leave another group of naval forces, and finally capture the Hidden Serpent Holy City!"

Black Wolf looked towards the north, and in the nearby Seaside, the densely packed fleet of naval ships could be clearly seen. Most of the fleet consisted of Totonac naval forces and warriors, while only around the flagship were Prepetcha Naval Warriors.

As for the fierce Navy Captain Nu Hu Yu, she stood menacingly at the bow of the flagship. She held a spear nearly three meters long, adorned with bright red feathers, her gaze fixed on the bloody grand conversion, full of some piety and focus. This time, it was precisely because of the encirclement by the naval fleet that none of the city-state Divine Descendants escaped.

"Leader, what about the Third Ancient City fifty-odd li to the southeast? Although it's just a ruin, it's an ancient sacred site, still controlled by the rebel Eastern Alliance... There's also a Divine Stele there, thousands of years old!"

"Hmm?... The Third Ancient City of the Olmec people, an ancient sacred place... the ancient Divine Stele of lineage?..."

Black Wolf Torc withdrew his gaze, pondering for a moment. He remembered the instructions from His Highness before departure and quickly made a decision. This Third Ancient City is the Olmec Era's Tres Zapotes. Legend has it that the Olmec Divine King descended from the sky, establishing this ancient city-state!

At the center of this city-state, there is an exceptionally ancient long calendar stele, with a jaguar, ruler, and earth on the front representing the Divine King back then, while the back is filled with strings of dots and bars, graphic epic narratives of the calendar. The top records the stele's completion date as 7.16.3.2.13, equivalent to 36 BC, over fifteen hundred years ago!

"Since there's a Divine Stele, then occupy this ancient city, and leave a thousand surrendered Defectors to guard it!"

Suddenly thinking of something, Black Wolf Torc grinned, his face showing excitement.

"Haha! After capturing the Hidden Serpent Holy City and sacrificing the Priesthood in the Serpent City, I will personally go to the Divine Stele there!..."

"Then, at the end of the Divine Stele, engrave the stone with achievements! Etch my name and deeds!..."

"Haha! Chief Divine bless! The thought of this makes me a bit impatient!..."