

## Civilization 140

### Chapter 140 First Meeting, Si Wuxie

The setting sun was a magnificent spectacle, an aging life, an unknown destiny, and also, soon, a beautiful encounter.

Xiulote gazed up at the Great Temple. He could not see the statue inside the Temple, nor did he notice the palace behind the Temple, and he could not see the immortal Sun, Trakel Er.

His mood had calmed down. Years of arduous samurai training and the life-and-death grind of the battlefield had fortified his spirit sufficiently, given him enough self-control, and endowed him with enough courage to face all difficulties and dangers.

He had no knowledge of the conversation that had just occurred. He merely saw an elderly man with kind and gentle eyes, coming toward him with a smile that felt like a breath of spring.

The elderly man was in his fifties, wearing a distinguished Obsidian Divine Crown and draped in a beautifully crafted top-tier Ritual Robe, holding a wooden Divine Staff in one hand. He was quite tall, but his voluminous clothing obscured his physique and also hid everything he carried.

Xiulote noticed Aweit's eyebrows slightly furrowed, watching the approaching old man with a cold and stern gaze.

With a smile still on his face, the old man walked briskly to near the Royal Banner. Then, he respectfully bowed deeply to Aweit.

"Respected and warlike Your Highness, future Divine Descendant King! I, Chief Priest Quetzal, greet you respectfully. In the presence of the Sun God, I offer the eternal loyalty of the High Priesthood of the Great Temple!"

Saying this, Quetzal did not hesitate to kneel on one knee, removing the Divine Crown from his head to reveal his graying hair. He then bowed deeply, presenting his hair to Aweit.

This was the ritual of ordinary nobility swearing loyalty to the king! For the Chief Priest of the highest Alliance, this was an absolute grand homage.

Aweit was slightly moved, but then his gaze turned cold again. He coldly looked at the kneeling High Priest before him, saying nothing.

The scene fell silent for a moment, and Xiulote silently sized up the old man, who was of similar age and stature to his grandfather, feeling extremely cautious. His grandfather had once told him that in the Capital City, the person he needed to watch out for the most was Quetzal. Between the two great Priesthood factions of the Alliance, there appeared harmony, but undercurrents were rampant.

After a while, Gillim coughed lightly. He stepped forward two steps, emerging from behind Aweit, and solemnly bowed to Quetzal, then performed the same grand homage. Afterwards, he stood up and on behalf of Aweit helped the Chief Priest to his feet.

Quetzal raised his head, his face bearing the customary kind smile. He then bowed to Gillim, who meticulously returned the gesture. Next, he turned slightly to face Xiulote, quickly sizing him up. Seeing the youth's valor, his smile became even more kind and touching. Then, the Chief Priest also bowed slightly to Xiulote.

Xiulote was a bit surprised. Recalling Gillim's gesture just now, he simply returned the bow.

It was then that Aweit opened his mouth, uttering crisp, harsh words.

"Quetzal, what are you here for?"

"I am here to pass on a message from the immortal elders," Quetzal lightly nodded to Xiulote, then turned to Aweit with a smile. "Congratulations, Your Highness! The elders invite you to meet them early tomorrow morning. Then, proceed quickly with the coronation ceremony! Soon, you will be the seventh ruler of the Lake Capital City, the fifth king of the Alliance!"

"Cheers to the King!" Gillim also smiled, congratulating Aweit.

Aweit's expression finally thawed a bit. Yet, he still remained silent.

"Respected Your Highness, the palace of the former king has been vacated. May I guide you to take residence there?"

Quetzal suggested with a genuine and friendly expression on his face.

Aweit shook his head, then finally spoke: "There is no need to rush. Tonight, I will return to the Montezuma Palace, which my mother inherited. Tomorrow early morning, I will then visit the immortal elders!"

"As you wish, my King," Quetzal respectfully bowed his head, then quietly added, "Tonight, please allow me to visit and present you with a gift to prove my loyalty."

Aweit's gaze narrowed. He neither nodded nor objected, but simply remained silent for a moment before waving goodbye.

Quetzal bowed again, respectfully watching as Aweit departed. His gaze lingered on Xiulote's retreating figure, his smile even warmer.

Xiulote followed Aweit toward the western side of the Temple District, into the palace area of Montezuma Palace. This was the palace where the great Montezuma I had lived, filled with glorious historical memories.

Looking at the distant palace, Xiulote could not afford to observe the architecture and scale of the palace. His heart suddenly felt chaotic, like the strings of a harp, trembling nonstop. He had just remembered that once at Aweit's home, he would meet his fiancée, the twelve-year-old girl, Alisa.

Although, in this era where the average life expectancy did not exceed the twenties, girls generally matured early. Many commoners married and had children between the ages of twelve and fourteen. But for the Great Nobility, daughters of this age were still like newly emerged lotus tips, cherished flowers kept within the home, not disclosed to outsiders.

Xiulote knew nothing about Alisa. He had pondered day and night, imagining his future wife. He was prepared to accept everything about her, regardless of beauty, character, or hobbies, fulfilling a husband's duty.

Xiulote had once asked his family's Head Warrior Stanley, but Stanley had only shaken his head silently, merely sighing softly. He was unwilling to tell Xiulote that this foolish hummingbird had struck big luck, managing to land on the most beautiful flower of the Royal Family!