

Civilization 141

Chapter 141 First Meeting, Si Wuxie_2

Now, as he neared the palace, Xiulote felt an unease in his heart, it throbbed palpably, and even his palms began to sweat slightly. The deep autumn sunset bathed him, making him feel inexplicably warm all over.

It seemed like only a moment, yet also an eternity had passed. Before the sun had set, Royal Banner arrived at the palace gates. Under Stanley's command, the family's samurais skillfully dispersed and took up their positions. The pale blue wooden door gently opened, and Aweit couldn't contain his excitement, striding forward briskly as if carried by the wind. Servants had been sent ahead to convey the news.

Xiulote was in a fluster as he changed his clothes. From a distance, he followed nervously, constantly looking around like a petty thief entering a grand hall for the first time.

"Alisa!" Aweit's excited shout finally came from up ahead.

The young man shivered, looking forward with concern, but all he saw was Aweit's broad back, and a head bowed in an earnest embrace.

"Daddy!" A crisp and pleasant voice, like the ringing of silver bells, entered Xiulote's ears and then danced in his heart.

The young man hurried to walk beside Aweit.

Aweit held his dearest daughter tightly, yet dared not to exert too much force. He treated her as if she were a delicate flower, fearful of inflicting the slightest harm. His satisfied smile, showing a tenderness never seen before, lit up his face. In his arms, his daughter's sweet call resonated. Against his chest was her soft cheek pressed. All of this melted the ice in his heart.

It had been one year and seven months since they were last together. She seemed to have grown taller, now up to his chest. And her facial features, once budding, had blossomed beautifully, like a stunning lotus emerging from the water. She posed not only with her late mother's soft beauty but, indeed, carried his otherworldly charm as well, resembling the beings from the heavens.

Ah, in the future, who knows which fool will... At this thought, Aweit abruptly turned his head and glared fiercely at the young man beside him.

Xiulote, curious, was craning his neck to get a better look at the lovely girl in Aweit's embrace when suddenly a hand, swift as lightning, grabbed his cheek that had obligingly presented itself, pinching hard.

In pain, the boy hopped on one foot, but this time, in front of the girl, he simply couldn't cry out.

"Daddy?" The voice, like a spring stream, sounded almost divine, soothing Aweit's unprovoked anger and flowing into the young boy's heart.

Aweit stiffened, then released his grasp. Turning to his daughter, he smiled like sunshine. Then, placing an arm over her shoulder, he paused for a few seconds. Finally, with gritted teeth, he stepped aside to reveal the pure girl.

This was the first time young Xiulote saw Alisa. Their eyes met, standing half a meter apart.

Such a beautiful girl she was! With eyes like the morning star, curved eyebrows, a delicate nose, petite lips, naturally rosy cheeks, and a pure, gentle smile. That smile, hinting at mischief and cuteness, blossomed on her lively face, and also in the young man's heart.

Her features were as if etched with ink, newly finished, like a figure from a painting. At this moment, she was naive and graceful, a future captivator of all creatures.

The boy held his breath momentarily, unable to resist leaning in closer. The girl before him had soft facial contours, the fine down characteristic of a young girl, and shoulder-length black hair. Dressed in white as pure as snow, she presented a figure of delicate and lithe beauty, as inviting and tender as a cloud in the sky.

"Ahem." A pair of hands timely intervened, keeping the two apart. Aweit glared at Xiulote. After a moment of thought, he sighed deeply.

"You two talk for a bit. I have matters to attend to." With that, Aweit turned with difficulty and headed towards the council hall.

The boy looked at the girl. Gently, warmly, and from the depths of his heart, he allowed a smile to bloom on his face.

"Um, who are you?... Oh, you smell like the sun," the girl said with widened eyes, curiously staring at the boy before her. Then she leaned in slightly, sniffing at the boy's neck.

"I am Xiulote." Observing the lovely cheeks close at hand, and smelling a faint sweet scent, even the battle-hardened boy felt his mouth go dry.

Upon entering the palace, the boy had changed into a sun-dried robe. His body bore the marks of training under the sun, which were also etched in his heart at this moment.

"Hmm, that seems like a Heavenly Divine's name? Well, I am Alisa, a spirit from the clouds." The girl beamed a smile, and like the morning star, her tender amusement twinkled down into the boy's eyes, outshining all else with laughter.

"Alisa. How beautiful." The boy murmured to himself. "You are the spirit of flowers, the spirit of butterflies, the spirit of wind, the spirit of clouds. You are also my spirit."

"So, why are you here?" The girl tiptoed, her bright eyes blinking rapidly, her radiant gaze meeting the boy's. A breeze swept by, scattering the girl's long hair, and also the boy's thoughts.

The boy felt the burgeoning sprout in his heart, burning within his chest. Starlight had fallen into his soul, nurturing a glistening seed, which felt so tender to the touch.

"Because, I'm your guardian." The boy instinctively reached out, trying to grasp the spirit before him.

But the girl merely smiled lightly. Twirling around, her hair gently brushed the boy's cheek, evading his earnest grasp. She inhaled softly, the scent of flowers in the air.

"But, I already have someone who protects me. I have my father!" The girl grinned mischievously and then lightly stepped back.