

Civilization 1421

Chapter 1421: Rebuilding the Ancient Holy City, Compiling a New Epic

The moonlight, like water, descends from the western sky, casting the towering Fire God Mountain in a long shadow that stretches like a giant serpent. Flickering flames illuminate the formidable shadows of the mountain range.

At this moment, if one gazes toward the mountain range from the distant night sky, it seems like seeing a mythical seaside serpent from tribal lore, devouring everything! The giant serpent gradually awakens from its slumber, opening countless bright eyes. It gazes coldly at the gods in the starry river, revealing a greedy thirst and murderous intent. It seeks to devour all the old gods, burying all the old divinity. A newborn sun will be born from its belly, just like the ancient prophecy...

"The gods will perish among the stars, the Chief Divine shall ascend supreme! All tribes shall reunite, reshaping the descendants of the Jiao People! And all of this must be realized by my hand, it must not be delayed for future generations!..."

Xiulote gazed at the stars, a grand ambition burning in his chest like that of the First Emperor. The conquests across the land had gradually reached a new stage. To him at this moment, the slaughter of a single city or place was far less significant than the strategy for the entire realm, less important than integrating the hearts of all the tribes! Therefore, he would especially tolerate and employ those talents who could genuinely assist him in integrating culture and faith, in the grand cause of national unity!

With these thoughts, Xiulote turned his head, showing a gentle smile for the first time. He dismissed the generals and looked at the anxious surrendered general Papu, speaking with a smile.

"Papu, you wish to see me personally and surrender to me... you must have two considerations. One should be to erase past grudges, to receive the kingdom's forgiveness. For this, I have already avenged you through Black Wolf and publicly forgiven all your past deeds in front of the generals..."

"Ah! Thank you, my supreme lord! You are this majestic Divine Mountain, and I am willing to be a stone statue upon it, like the sculptures of the Olmecs, guarding the deep mountain pass for eternity..."

The surrendered general Papu knelt skillfully, singing praises with equal skill. In the half-day today, he had exhausted nearly all metaphors from the sacrificial verses, employing dozens of different rhetorical

devices without repeating a single compliment. Witnessing Papu's literary and theological finesse firsthand, Xiulote became more certain of his plan for this surrendered general.

"Papu, your second consideration must be to secure my promise of a bright future..."

Xiulote chuckled, extending his hand to pat Papu's shoulder. Then, with a calm and determined tone, he shared his decision.

"According to my plan, I intend to let you choose between a position as the temple's high priest in some part of the Seaside Lands or as a camp captain of a thousand-man naval camp..."

"Ah! Praise the Chief Divine! Praise Your Highness! I wish to become a camp captain in the naval forces, to campaign against the East for the kingdom and fight for the Chief Divine!..."

Upon hearing these words, Papu was overjoyed. Without hesitation, he immediately chose the latter, to become the camp captain of a thousand-man naval force.

"Hold on! Papu, that was my original plan, before I heard your proposal..."

Seeing Papu's reaction, Xiulote's smile grew even brighter. He grasped Papu's hair, and in the other's astonished gaze, revealed the new arrangement.

"Upon hearing your proposal to 'rebuild the Olmec Holy City,' I was very supportive! And upon careful consideration, I realized I needed someone who could oversee the Olmec Holy City, who understood the Olmec heritage, and who could compile the Olmec ancestor epics, thoughtfully integrating the epics of the alliance and the kingdom into them... And after pondering, I realized that such a cultural talent, who could earn the trust of the Totonac tribes and the mountain forest Soc tribes, was indeed rare..."

Xiulote pondered, looking at Papu, the Feathered Serpent Priest, and spoke meaningfully.

"In the sight of the Chief Divine! Truly, for such an important position, in the current Seaside Alliance, there might only be one person left... and that is you, Papu!..."

"Ah! Ah, Your Highness? You want me to go to the Olmec Holy City, to oversee the compilation of the ancestor epics?"

Upon hearing such an arrangement, the surrendered general Papu's mouth dropped open, an incredulous expression on his face. He had surrendered with the naval forces, striving to earn His Highness's favor, only to be offered a bright future... leading to the "Ancient Holy City," now in ruins, to undertake the so-called "ancestor epics"?

"Chief Divine! To... to let me compile history?!... But... but my status?... Your Highness, how can you entrust such an essential task of clarifying divine legacy to a surrendered general like me?!..."

"In the sight of the Chief Divine! For such a significant task, as long as there is genuine faith, as long as there is loyalty to the kingdom, it can of course be accomplished! Furthermore, Papu, you are very intelligent, with the legacy of the two seaside holy cities... you are also very adaptable, possessing flexible beliefs and boundaries..."

"And for this position, to compile the 'true' ancestor epics... what is most needed is a talent like you, who is both intelligent and adaptable!..."

Xiulote put away his smile, his expression instantly turning serious, and a faint killing intent emerged in his eyes.

"What? Papu, you don't want to accept? Could it be... that your loyalty to the alliance and the kingdom today, your devotion to the Chief Divine, were all a charade, intentionally faked to deceive me?"

Xiulote feigned ignorance and criticized the surrendered general Papu. Listening to these words, Papu was left speechless, wanting to cry but unable to. He stammered for a long while, and seeing His Highness's increasingly dangerous gaze, could only helplessly kneel on the ground.

"Your Highness! I... I am willing to accept!... It's just... just... I am unsure of the position of compiling the epics in the Ancient Holy City, what its rank is in the kingdom, equal to what level of priest?..."

"Hmm... let me think."

Xiulote stroked his chin, his eyes flickering. Rebuilding the Olmec Holy City and compiling the ancestor epics was undoubtedly a major task for the kingdom's priesthood!

For the Mexica Alliance and the Kingdom of the Lake, regardless of whether all the tribes of the world acknowledged it, they had always proclaimed themselves as the legitimate inheritors of the Toltecs and viewed the older Olmecs as their ancient direct ancestors! And the ultimate purpose of these statements is to enhance the divine source of the Mexican Royal Family by emphasizing the revered ancestor civilization shared by all tribes, and to elevate the standing of the Chief Divine on the divine hierarchy.

Now that the kingdom has conquered the Totonac coast and has many sites of the Olmec civilization under its control, it is natural to further assert the orthodoxy of this culture and faith!

Therefore, establishing the Olmec Holy City and compiling the ancestor epics is fundamentally a contest for the highest authority over cultural and religious interpretation in Central America! Then, with the military conquests of the alliance, implement this interpretation of culture and religion across the world... Ultimately, through generations of storytelling and tradition, integrate the hearts of all tribes, thoroughly coalescing a collective consciousness of a united people!

Chapter 1422: Masterpiece in the Epic, the Sun and the Fox-Wolf

"Under the witness of the Chief Divine! In the Kingdom of the Lake, the compilation of the Kingdom Epic is overseen by the Chief Minister, the Kingdom High Priest, the Fifth Level Supreme High Priest, Sage Jatili..."

The night was deep, with dawn quietly hiding. The moonlit conversation continued on the small hill. Xiulote lowered his head slightly, his thoughts floating, pondering silently.

The position of Fifth Level Supreme High Priest held by Sage Jatili is an internal position within the Kingdom, stemming from his appointment without the approval of the Capital City's High Priesthood. By promoting Sage Jatili to Fifth Level Supreme High Priest, he essentially established another center of divine authority within the Kingdom, subtly opposing the High Priesthood of the Capital City.

"Papu, since you reside in the Seaside Lands, presiding over the Olmec Holy City, compiling the Ancestor Epic... then your position should be only a rank below Sage Jatili's, as a Fourth Level Grand Priest!... Meaning, Papu, in the Seaside Lands, your priestly rank is only below the Fourth Level Coastal Grand Priest and the head of the Inquisition, Priest Yitai!..."

After a moment of thought, Xiulote smiled warmly. He heavily patted Papu's shoulder, generously promising.

"Fourth Level Grand Priest, the second in command in the Coastal Priesthood, master of the epic compilation, overseeing the Olmec Ancient Holy City! How does that sound, Papu, have I not treated you well?... As long as you diligently compile the ancestor epic of the united tribes, you can leave an immortal shining name in the Kingdom's history! As for your aides... amongst the surrendered priests and sages of the seaside tribes, I can let you choose thirty people first to become part of your team!..."

"Ah! Fourth Level Grand Priest, second in command in the Coastal Priesthood?!"

Upon hearing such an esteemed position, the surrendered general Papu immediately widened his eyes, and his breathing became much heavy. But soon, he realized that this nominal Fourth Level Grand Priest was actually just a noble yet empty title.

He governed the Olmec Holy City district, which currently was just an ancient ruin with hardly any tribal population. He also didn't possess Temple Guards, nor any reliable samurai. Moreover, within the Kingdom's priestly system, he had no foundation as a new defector... In other words, this so-called high rank was only enough to stir envy!...

"Your Highness... praise the Chief Divine! Thank you for the generous reward, I Papu will certainly compile the Olmec Ancestor Epic for you!"

The surrendered general Papu bowed his head quietly, pondering for a long time before respectfully kowtowing twice to the ground. Then, he looked up, eyes filled with pleading, along with a rare clarity.

"However, your humble servant Papu has a small request..."

"Hmm, a request? Papu, whatever else you want, just say it? As someone I value, I will never be stingy with wealth, slaves, and beauties!"...

"Uh... Your Highness, I only ask for a little wealth, a few slaves will do, beauties can be a couple more, but too many would be overwhelming... As for my small request..."

The surrendered general Papu bit his lip and glanced at the serene expression on His Highness's face, then spoke softly.

"Under the witness of the Chief Divine! Please demote me by one level... With my qualifications, I am certainly not suited to serve as a Fourth Level Grand Priest... I ask you to let me be a Third-level Main Priest instead!..."

"Furthermore... before I compile the epic for you, please allow me to lead the tribal warriors to Hidden Serpent City... I have long been in contact with the Divine Descendants within Hidden Serpent City, promising to transport their families and belongings out of the city... Your Highness, please give me ten days, and before the peak of the rainy season arrives, I will present you with a fortified Hidden Serpent City!"

Upon hearing these two so-called "requests," Xiulote raised his eyebrows. He squinted his eyes, scrutinizing the surrendered general Papu for a moment before asking in a deep voice.

"Papu, don't beat around the bush!... Under the witness of the Chief Divine! You wish to lower your rank and yet establish meritorious service, what exactly do you wish for? Speak freely!"

"Under the witness of the Chief Divine! Your Highness, I..."

The surrendered general Papu hesitated for a moment yet eventually steeled himself. He lay on the muddy ground, his back towards the burning campfire, not daring to see the expression on Xiulote's face. He merely gritted his teeth, candidly requesting.

"Your Highness! I desire genuine power, power I can grasp in my hands to protect myself!... I understand, with my fleeing identity, it is difficult to be truly accepted by the generals and priests in this Totonac Seaside Land, and very hard to genuinely gain footing!" ...

"O wise King! I am willing to exhaust my intellect for you, to compile the ancestor epic... and after the compilation is finished, I am willing to join the Kingdom's army to conquer the Maya Coast in the East for you... And when everything is complete, I only wish to have a reliable foothold in the Maya Coast of the East, a place with true protection and security, that is my small desire!" ...

"Genuine power? A reliable foothold, true protection and security?... Papu, you do not wish to be my close official... but desire to command an army, govern a region, even aspire to have a City-State as a fief?!"

"Your, Your Highness! I... I do not dare to covet a City-State fief, nor wish to become a Prince of the Kingdom... But to campaign the frontier and guard a region truly is my foolish wish..."

Hearing this, Xiulote lowered his eyes, remaining silent for a long time. In this era, the future sought by heroes of every tribe is never about fame and riches, promotion and wealth, nor writing books and being remembered throughout history, but to hold military power and to truly govern a region! For the King, to drive the heroes of the world, to expand the territories as much as possible...

On the small hill, there was a dead silence. Papu lay prostrate, burying his forehead deeply into the ground, not daring to make a sound. After a while, until the bright moon descended into the West Mountain, and the eastern horizon lit with dawn, Xiulote finally sighed softly, gently nodding.

"Under the witness of the Chief Divine! Go, Papu! Before the peak of the rainy season arrives, I want to see the banner of the Chief Divine flying atop the towers of Hidden Serpent City!..."

"And as long as you establish enough meritorious service for the Kingdom, expanding enough territory!... then the vast Maya Lands will inevitably have a place for you to settle... This is not only my promise to you but also a promise to the generals... a King's promise!"...

"Ah! Praise the Chief Divine! Praise You! Wise, merciful, and majestic God of Death, Your Highness!..."

Gradually, the rising sun emerged, dawn arriving from the east. The shadow of the mountain cast towards the west, while the Black Wolf's royal banner faced the dawn. Beneath the shining royal banner stood a monarch. His shadow stretched long, and his face was bathed in dawn light, reminiscent of the golden sun. At the feet of the monarch knelt a surrendered general. He clung to the ground tightly, his head sunk into his own gray-black shadow. The crouching posture resembled a gray fox, or a black wolf~

Chapter 1423: Storm and Thunder, the Fall of Hidden Serpent City

The morning sun rose, the dazzling Royal Banner returned to the water fortress, while the gray and black fox wolves quietly departed. The surrendered General Papu put on a tattered Feathered Serpent ritual robe, wore a disheveled Feather Crown, transforming back into a Priest of the Sun and Feathered

Serpent, and also into a recently defeated Naval Commander. Subsequently, he led hundreds of trusted Tribal Warriors, boarding over a hundred small boats, disappearing into the horizon at the Seaside in the East.

Days passed quickly from sunrise to sunset, until the beginning of July. July marks the peak of the rainy season, where even the wind and rain carry the dull sound of thunder. Dark clouds gathered in the Hidden Serpent City, spreading the news of the Naval Forces' defeat, disturbing the chaotic hearts of the nobility.

In this time, close to danger and death, a strong desire for life overwhelms all former rationality, ultimately revealing fatal flaws. And these flaws appeared silently until the patter of summer rain, accompanied by the thunder of the rainy season, exploded with a roar at the East Gate of the Hidden Serpent City...

"Ah?! Papu! How dare you deceive me!... Oh gods! You! You want to... ugh! Hoh...!"

The drizzle fell, the night was dark and indistinct. Outside the Hidden Serpent City, the firelight flickered, encircling from afar, always remaining indistinct. From the city wall at the East Gate, observing closely, the distant siege camps looked like a pack of wolves lying in wait, silently watching for their prey.

At this moment, several hundred "retreating" Naval Tribal Warriors, with the help of "insiders," had already seized control of the river-facing East Gate of the Hidden Serpent City. As for that esteemed "insider"...

"Pssht!..."

The drizzle on the face was not cold, but rather somewhat warm. Surrendered General Papu, with an icy gaze, forcefully pulled out the blood-stained dagger. In an instant, a torrent of even warmer blood gushed violently from the heart of the Divine Bloodline Tapatl in the Hidden Serpent City, splattering over Papu's head and face.

"Ah! Tapatl, I pierced your heart, not out of hatred for you, but to let you depart more swiftly! You must know, you were not only a former acquaintance of mine but also one of the most revered Divine Bloodline in the Hidden Serpent City!... What a pity! Such a sacred bloodline is about to end before my

eyes... May the All Gods guide your spirit, and lead your wife and children to the distant Divine Island and sky!..."

The surrendered General Papu sighed, his gaze remaining icy cold. He gently closed the eyes of his Divine acquaintance, who died with eyes open. Then, in the tone of a Feathered Serpent Priest, he prayed a couple of sentences for his former acquaintance, following the traditions of the Hidden Serpent Tribes. After finishing everything, he stood silently on the East City's wall, looking at the fallen noble warriors and the families of Divine Bloodline, as well as the large baskets of treasures plundered by his men, and shook his head calmly.

"Chief Divine bless! Chuchute, move quickly! Send the signal to let the Kingdom Legion enter the city!"

"Yes, Leader!"

Soon, under the curtain of drizzle, several cloaks were set up on the East Wall of the Hidden Serpent City, flickering signals of firelight. In just a quarter, the awaiting Kingdom's Warriors swiftly ran forward. And when this batch of Kingdom's Warriors arrived closer, seeing the densely packed, elite and fierce Red Hair Hunters, Papu's calm expression suddenly paused, even his waist bowing down instantly.

"Ah! Chief Divine bless!... Honorable Black Wolf General! Why have you personally come..."

"What? Papu, must my participation in battles be at your discretion?"

"Uh... Black Wolf General, you are the head of the Legion, naturally, I follow your orders... It's just... it's just your status is so noble and illustrious, why take such risks at the front line..."

"Ha! I've fought so many battles, charged through so many formations, it's the first time I'm being told how 'noble and illustrious' I am... Besides, according to our Mexica tradition, the nobler and more illustrious you are, the more you must go to the frontline battle formations and fight!..."

Black Wolf Torc sneered, striding onto the tower. He always held his head high, not even glancing at Papu once. Subsequently, he surveyed the surroundings, his expression turning stern, and then he commanded loudly.

"Wuta, go! Take two hundred Red Hair Hunters and secure the crucial positions of the city gates tightly for me!"

"Yes! Black Wolf Leader!"

"Olin, take your thousand Serpent Camp and block the South Gate for me!"

"Yes! Leader!"

"Red Deer, take a battalion and block the North Gate for me!"

"Yes! Great Chief!"

"Tupa!"

"Here, Legion Commander!"

Hearing this change of address, Black Wolf touched his chin and glanced at his former trusted aide Tupa. After a moment, he extended his hand, affectionately patting Tupa on the shoulder, and Tupa knowingly smiled.

"You brat... after this battle, you're going to be promoted to Vice Legion Commander!..."

"Hehe! Praise the Chief Divine, praise His Highness, and also praise the Black Wolf Leader!..."

"Haha, alright! I've already had the Forest Wolf take men to surround the farthest West Gate. The Divine Descendants, nobility, and priests in the City-State won't have any chance to escape!..."

The Black Wolf put away his smile, pointed to the Pyramid Temple at the center of the City-State, and sternly instructed.

"Tupa, the most important task is assigned to you! Take two cohorts and charge directly into the Temple District at the center of the city! Remember to bring spare Bronze Axes, show no mercy, you must shatter the hardest bones in the Temple District! May the Chief Divine protect you! Tupa, you must bring me the Chief Priest from the Seaside, dead or alive!"

"Yes! Leader!..."

Tupa bowed in agreement, then excitedly left with the Samurai. The hardest bones were, of course, also the greatest achievement in this battle! In fact, if it weren't for His Highness's intention to groom him to take over the future Coastal Legion... the Black Wolf Leader might not have given this task and honor to him!

The wind whistled, and the killing intent flowed. In the rainy night at the seaside, the Kingdom's army surged into the city in waves, rushing everywhere. Soon, the intense sounds of battle cries and the dying screams echoed throughout the city, flowing everywhere with the wind and rain!

"Praise the Chief Divine! Fight for the Divine! Kill! Kill! Kill!..."

Listening to the boiling battle cries, the surrendered general Papu bowed his head, with a smile of fear and respect on his face. His eyes flickered, and with a slight contemplation, his heart shuddered.

"May the Chief Divine protect us! Those entering the city to fight tonight are the Kingdom Legion unrelated to the Totonac tribes, and the most ferocious Black Wolf General was made in charge... Ah! It seems the Mexica are preparing to uproot the roots of the Divine Vine! For this last Hidden Serpent Holy City, and the Divine Descendants and priests in the Holy City, they intend to make the blood flow like a river, leaving no hidden dangers!"

"Papu, you sly fellow, what are you pondering with your eyes wandering around?!"

The Black Wolf Torc widened his eyes, stretched out his large hand, and heavily patted Papu's shoulder, causing him to tremble all over. However, the Black Wolf did not intend to let him go, gripping his shoulder forcefully and coldly gazing at him for a while. It wasn't until Papu started sweating on his back that the Black Wolf revealed a wolfish grin, relying on his beast-like sharp instinct, he spoke in a deep voice.

"Ha! Papu, I see, you are pondering His Highness's intentions? Am I right?... Ha! Are His Highness's intentions something you ought to ponder?!"

"Ah, by the Chief Divine! Black Wolf Leader, I... I didn't! I wouldn't dare..."

"Enough! Shut up!"

"..."

With a cold expression, the Black Wolf stopped Papu's words. After a moment, he furrowed his brows, squeezed Papu's not-so-sturdy arm, and hammered his less-than-thick chest before coldly speaking as Papu coughed in pain.

"By the Chief Divine! Papu, with your skinny arms and legs, I reckon you can't even beat a Third Level elite warrior of the Kingdom! With your martial arts, you still want to lead an army and expand territory for the Kingdom? Train well, at least you need to have the look of a War Priest!..."

"Uh, yes! Yes!... I will listen to you, Black Wolf Leader..."

Facing the Black Wolf's reprimand, Papu bowed his head and dared not rebut. But the Black Wolf's next words were beyond his expectations.

"Ah, Chief Divine! I don't even know what exactly His Highness sees in you..."

The Black Wolf shook his head, looked at the temple pyramid under the rain in the distance, listened to the familiar sounds of combat and wails, and his eyes gradually reddened. But he still obeyed the king's command, suppressing the killing intent in his heart, merely staying on the city wall with Papu.

"May the Chief Divine protect us! His Highness sent me here with two instructions. One is to oversee the cleanup in Hidden Serpent City and not to kill too many commoners. The other is to keep an eye on you, don't let some tribal warrior in the city attack and kill you out of nowhere!"

"Ah? Black Wolf Leader... this, His Highness's decree, is not to slaughter the city? ... Uh, he wants you to protect my safety?..."

Hearing this, the surrendered general Papu stammered, his voice trembling slightly, but a strange feeling arose in his heart. The Black Wolf glanced at him with disdain, saying nothing. But this demeanor and action already said it all.

Chapter 1424: The Temple Burns, the Priests Curse, the City-State Falls

The night rain falls sporadically, the firelight flickers intermittently, and the wails rise and vanish abruptly. The Black Wolf Torc stands solemn and upright at the highest point of the city walls. The Surrendered General Papu bows slightly, his demeanor respectful and submissive, lagging one step behind. The two of them, just like this, one in front and one behind, stand on the high city walls, watching the fierce sounds of killing spread all the way, observing the flickering firelight in the drizzle, until it spreads throughout the entire City-State!

"Bless the Chief Divine! He watches over us!... Kill! Kill these so-called Divine Descendants who worship the Fake God, annihilate all the rebellious Alliance's Hidden Snake Tribes!..."

The night deepens, yet the slaughter reaches a boil. The Kingdom's Warriors sweep through like a storm, surging and flooding through all the city gates. The Hidden Snake Warriors are suddenly attacked, unable to organize in time, unable even to find their tribal leaders. This night, their feeble and dying resistance is like summer flowers struck down by heavy rain, trampled under sandals, bleeding out red sap. Then, blossoming bright red flowers begin encircling from the outer city on all sides, gradually spiraling into the heart of the ancient city. Finally, the flowing blood gathers as one, seemingly flowing upward, all the way to the towering pyramid!

"Praise the Chief Divine! We fight for the Chief Divine, to conquer this last Fake God's Holy Temple!"

The slaughter surges like a tide, engulfing everything in the city, finally converging in front of the central pyramid. The frenzied Kingdom's Warriors, shouting the Chief Divine's slogans, wield sharp battle axes, cutting down the last resisting Temple Guards. Then, they step over the slippery rain and blood, over the dying Hidden Snake Warriors, step by step, marching to the temple at the highest point, to the Temple of the Feathered Serpent and Sun!

"Ah! All Gods in heaven! That cold Sun, that distant Feathered Serpent!... Let us spill the last of our blood, and die for Them!..."

Soon, more and more bodies fall, fewer and fewer Temple Guards resist, even the Divine Priests of the temple join the front lines of the slaughter. They cry out in madness and despair, blocking the entrance to the temple, yet easily pierced by bronze long spears, becoming layer upon layer of sacrifices. It seems that this ancient Holy City pyramid, this last Temple of the Sun and Feathered Serpent, will not hold!

"All Gods bless us! We ignite the Sun's firelight, we follow the Feathered Serpent's steps, heading for the vast Eastern Sea!..."

In the majestic and profound temple, the remaining Totonac Elders cry out in despair and lamentation, at the same time raising the torches in their hands high. Amongst the surrounding elders, a stooped old Totonac finally appears at the pinnacle of the Pyramid Temple. He wears an ancient Divine Crown made of golden Long Feathers, a ritual robe of extended tricolored Feathers, holds a torch burning fiercely, and slowly walks out of the temple, appearing before the rain curtain and numerous warriors. And the torch in his hand, drenched with rain, does not extinguish in the least, even shining with an awe-inspiring red light!

"Chief Divine! He is 'Lord of the Sea and Earth,' the Coastal Chief Priest of Hidden Snake City, Atcokoyotelzin!"

The Surrendered General Papu murmurs softly, unable to resist looking up, staring at that extraordinarily magnificent, yet extraordinarily dim figure, as if witnessing the end of the twilight. From so far away, he cannot actually see the figure clearly, yet can recall vividly the Long Feathered Golden Crown symbolizing the Sun, and the tricolored Feathered robe symbolizing the Feathered Serpent.

And that old man beneath the Golden Crown and Feathered robe is the inheritor of ancient divinity, the once spiritual leader of millions of Totonac Tribes, and the most revered Coastal Chief Priest!

"Hmm? So, he is the head of Hidden Snake City, that Coastal Chief Priest?"

Black Wolf Torc squints, gazing for a while at the old man on the pyramid, yet his face lacks any awe or respect for divinity. He observes for a while before asking, somewhat puzzled.

"Papu, why does that old man's torch not extinguish in the rain?"

"Uh..."

Hearing such a question, the Surrendered Army Papu stands dazed, his melancholic thoughts interrupted. He pauses for a few moments, then responds honestly, lowering his head.

"Black Wolf Leader, that is 'Divine Fire' ... Actually, it's a torch soaked for a long time in very light black oil... This black oil is a gift from the Sea God, imbued with the divinity of the Mother of the Sea, thus able to burn in rain..."

"Oh! So, it's black oil!..."

Hearing this, Black Wolf forcefully pats his head, suddenly realizing.

"Right! I remember! When attacking the Feathered Serpent Ancient City, those Feathered Serpent Priests also burned lots of black oil that wasn't afraid of water. That great fire, it burned down the whole Holy Temple!..."

"..."

The Surrendered Army Papu lowers his eyes silently. He recalls once more the destruction of the Feathered Serpent Ancient City, the despair when belief crumbled... Yet for some reason, this time, he feels little sadness, only a speechless and indescribable lamentation.

"The All Gods of the Seaside Lands are dying... And the new Chief Divine will devour their bodies, devour their temples, and devour their followers... The most radiant Sun rises slowly from the West, replacing all that was!"

"Haha! All Gods watch us! This is the final moment, the coming of doomsday, and the End of the Fourth Epoch!..."

At the top of the several-meter-high Pyramid Temple, the Coastal Chief Priest Atcokoyotelzin raises the unextinguished torch high. He screams hoarsely and bleakly, his voice, in the rainy night, permeates the hearts of people, like a dying yet unwilling night owl.

"The Temple of the All Gods has remained immortal for millennia... They will perish in the apocalypse, yet return in a new Era!..."

"The All Gods are immortal, the Divine will return!..."

Before the Temple, the Elder Priests shouted in unison. Those expressions of despair and madness, the twisted and stubborn stances, were like sea grasses, entangling to sink into the boundless deep sea.

"The Priests of All Gods inherit the undying divinity... We will die tonight, yet resurrect in a new Era!..."

"Divinity is undying, resurrect after death!..."

"Come! The All Gods lead us! Let us ignite the Sea God's gift, transform into burning smoke, and drift into the realm of All Gods! Ha ha ha!..."

"Ignite the gift, drift into the Divine Kingdom! Ha ha ha!..."

The sky became ever deeper, the raindrops seemingly stagnant. Before the besieging Kingdom's Warriors, the red fire suddenly rose, like the giant mouth of volcanic demons, devouring the dying bodies and the living priests. Soon, the cries within the flames morphed into mad screams, twisted into dying curses, drifting far and wide.

"Ha ha ha! I curse you, evil Mexica!... Eternal descent into the abyss and sea depths!... Souls... eternally doomed..."

Upon hearing the aged, shrill yet vanishing voice of curses, the Surrendered General Papu trembled all over, slowly bowing his head. In front of him, Black Wolf Torc furrowed his brows, carefully listening for a moment, then suddenly turned to ask.

"Papu, is this the voice of the so-called Chief Priest?"

"...Hmm... Black Wolf Leader, it should be..."

"So, he fought me for three years, and now he dies just like that? Uttering a few words and just dies?!"

"...Hmm... it should be..."

"Ah! No way!! His Highness said we must confirm his life and death!..."

Upon hearing this, Black Wolf felt an unnamed fury rising within, and couldn't help but shout aloud. Then, his eyes sharpened, as he instructed the red-haired trusted aide Chabo beside him.

"Chabo, this rain has been pouring, the wood is all wet, the Temple won't burn in a short while! Go! Take two teams of trusted aides over there, assist Tupa, put out that black oil fire! Then, find that old man's body, alive or dead, bring him over!"

"Got it! Leader!"

The red-haired trusted aide Chabo nodded respectfully. He took a deep breath and was set to dash off.

"By the way! Chabo, you know how to extinguish this fire, right?"

"I do, Leader! The black oil fire, it's not afraid of water. When the brothers first saw it, they were startled, thinking it was some eerie thing. After seeing it often, they became familiar... It's just digging earth, using grass sacks and baskets to cover it, extinguish the fire by burying it!..."

"Alright! Go quickly!..."

"Got it!"

The red-haired trusted aide Chabo skillfully moved forward, rolled his hands, and sprung lightly like a grass mouse in the wilderness, swiftly running into the distance. Ahead of him, the final Hidden Serpent Holy Temple was set ablaze, and the revered Coastal Priesthood transformed into smoke, like ash-feathers, like the feathered serpent that had completely perished. Behind him, the columns of Totonac Vanguard lined up in the formation of long snakes, finally beginning to enter the city, to thoroughly cleanse the Hidden Serpent City!

The old coastal Divine Serpent perished completely this night. And the new Mexica Serpent Divine finally extended across a thousand miles of coastlines, entrenched in every coastal city-state, opening the way east~

Chapter 1425: The Black Wolf's Divine Artifact, Frost of Sorrow

"Praise the Chief Divine! We have conquered the Hidden Serpent City and taken the fake god's Holy Temple! ... The highest title has issued a Royal Decree to sacrifice all of the Divine Descendants of the Hidden Serpent... without leaving a single one, no matter young or old!..."

The bloody rainy night was filled with a death march, echoing in the fallen Hidden Serpent City. The first half of the night was a symphony of screams and burning flames, while the latter half was a silent death and flowing dark red. As the day broke and the morning sun rose from the Eastern Sea, the ancient songs vanished entirely.

In the ancient City-State, there were only devout praises to the Chief Divine, and cheers of victory! The Samurai's praises and cheers resonated in this Eastern Holy City of the Totonac, intending to erase all "sacred" bloodlines completely!

"The Chief Divine bears witness! This head is burnt beyond recognition!..."

The flames of the Temple Pyramid had long been extinguished completely. Black Wolf Toltec stood at the base of the pyramid, holding a charred head in his hands. He examined it back and forth for a while with widened eyes before handing it over to the surrendered general Papu.

"Papu, take a look. You're more familiar. Is this head the Seaside Chief Priest's?"

"Uh! Black Wolf leader, I... let me take a careful look."

This surrendering general, Papu, held the head with surging emotions in his heart. He stood still, staring blankly for a moment, and his eyes gradually became moist.

To be honest, the Seaside Chief Priest Atcokoyotelzin personally promoted him from a fleeing Feathered Serpent Priest to the Naval Commander of Hidden Serpent City... Though there was consideration for balancing City-State power and utilizing fleeing tribes, to him, it was indeed great kindness and reward!

This revered spiritual leader ruled over the Eastern Totonac tribes for more than twenty years! His faith and will were unyielding like a rock, fighting to the death against the tide of the Mexica invasion for three years! Even till the end, this esteemed Chief Priest did not abandon the Holy City to escape...

"Blue sea teeth... sharp serpent fangs... three-colored gemstones... Feathered Serpent form... yes... it's him!"

The surrendering general, Papu, lowered his head, forcefully opening the mouth of the head. He then focused on the sharpened serpent teeth, the embedded gemstones, and the specially engraved lines and patterns, as if he were looking at the waves of the sea. He identified it carefully for a moment, then suddenly became desolate, unable to stop the tears from flowing down.

"It's... it's you! ... Revered Seaside Chief Priest, 'The Revered One of the Sea and Land,' Atcokoyotelzin... it's you! Wuwu!..."

"Huh? Why are you crying now? Papu, what are you crying about? Do you miss those false old gods?..."

Black Wolf Toltec frowned and scolded furiously. He watched surrendering general Papu, whose true emotions were revealed with tears streaming, entirely bewildered. This old fox had betrayed the Naval Forces, surrendered to the highest figure, offered the Hidden Serpent City, and converted to the Chief Divine... He had done all these things, betrayed all that could be betrayed, and now, upon encountering the Chief Priest of the fake god and seeing a decapitated head, he couldn't help but cry?

"Wuwu! Black Wolf leader... I, I don't know... This... although this head is dead, it was indeed the esteemed one of the Seaside, the most revered Chief Priest! He was once the incarnation of All Gods on earth, worshipped by countless tribes, revered by all as a Saint!"

The surrendering general, Papu, tears in his eyes, filled with relentless sorrow in his heart, haphazardly argued in response. Hidden Serpent City had fallen; everything was over. The All Gods, whom he had believed in half his life, the Sun and Feathered Serpent he revered so deeply, from now on would truly be heading toward extinction in the Seaside Lands!

At this moment, even with flexible faith thresholds, he couldn't control his sorrow, couldn't restrain the shock and desolation of witnessing the destruction of once-believed faith and the demise of sanctity!

At this moment, only the priests and warriors of the Seaside Lands could deeply feel what the destruction of the Hidden Serpent Holy Land and the extinction of the Divine Descendants and priests meant for the faith of every tribe!

"Ah! I... I figured it out! This is Mana; it's the Mana from this head! ... It... it sees the extinction of All Gods, the loss of everything at the Seaside, even the extinguishment of the final Holy Temple... It died with so much unwillingness, leaving only the most desperate curse to entangle! ... Therefore, this head, from its Divinity, birthed Mana, like the divine disaster of the North in legends, cold, despairing, and sorrowful!"

"Uh? Sorrowful Mana, like the cold snow of the North? ... From this head?"

Black Wolf suspiciously touched his head, looking at Chief Priest Atcokoyotelzin's severed head, but felt nothing. He looked at the red-haired trusted aide, Chabo, beside him and asked in a deep voice.

"Chabo, did you feel it?"

"Uh? Leader, feel what?"

"Sorrow."

"Ha?! What did you say?"

"Sorrow... just sadness!"

"Uh... sad? Why be sad after winning?"

The red-haired trusted aide, Chabo, blinked, looked at the serious Black Wolf, and suddenly had an epiphany.

"Ah! Leader, I feel it; I'm so sad!"

"Hm? You feel it? This head really has mana?!"

"Yes! Leader... the army has entered the city, the warriors are looting things, grabbing women everywhere... yet I can only stay by your side, can't grab anything... wuwu! I'm so sad, I'm sad to death!..."

"... Get lost! ... You can leave, the farther the better!..."

"Ah! I can go looting? Praise the leader!"

Upon hearing this, the red-haired trusted aide, Chabo, was overjoyed. He quickly rolled off, then wielding the bronze axe, sped towards the nobility district like the wind.

There, ruthless slaughter and looting were ongoing, and all the Divine Descendants and nobility, all past rulers, were destined to head towards the sacrificial altar... In the new order of the Seaside, there was no place for them. They would lose all their power, status, and wealth, and their lives and bloodlines would also be lost!

"Papu..."

"Uh... Black Wolf leader..."

Black Wolf turned his head, squinting his eyes, staring at Papu beside him, revealing a cold wolfish gaze.

"Ha! What mana from the head... you dare to deceive me?!"

"Ah! The Chief Divine bears witness! I... I haven't!..."

"But I can't feel it, and Chabo can't feel it either!..."

The Surrendered General Papu, holding the head, felt the killing intent in the eyes of the Black Wolf and instantly panicked, even stuttering in his voice.

"Res... Respected Black Wolf Leader, you... you and your trusted aides are a pack that has been through countless slaughters, blessed by the mana of the God of Death! Therefore... you can't feel the mana of this head!..."

"But... but, as the Chief Divine bears witness! ... Just summon any Totonac Warrior and let them see the head of Chief Priest Atcokoyotelzin... they will definitely feel the mana of the head and the sorrow it holds! ... I swear by it!"

"You swear? By your life?"

"Uh... I... I swear..."

The eyes of the Black Wolf were cold as he stared at the Surrendered General Papu for a while, making the latter sweat profusely, then turned his head to his trusted aide.

"Go, call the Forest Wolf!"

"Yes, Leader!"

"Praise the Chief Divine! He is supreme and devours all the old gods of the Seaside, reigning over the land, sea, and sky! ... The Chief Divine controls everything! Only by conversion to the Chief Divine can past sins be forgiven, and the soul, after death, can go to the Divine Kingdom!..."

As all the armies entered the city, the cleansing of Hidden Serpent City continued. The accompanying War Priest couldn't wait and already lit the blazing Sacred Fire in the morning sun. Soon, the grand conversion ceremony would take place in the plaza before the pyramid. Solemn and bloody sacrifices, blood oaths, and conversion would rebuild all crumbling and despairing souls from this moment forth.

Amid the resounding chants of the Chief God Priests, the Forest Wolf, Mayakun, rushed in. The leather armor he wore was stained with blood, and there was fierceness and killing intent between his brows. Until he saw the Black Wolf Torc, that wolf-like ferocity was instantly restrained, and he obediently lowered his head.

"By the protection of the Chief Divine, we have taken Hidden Serpent City!... Black Wolf Leader, you called for me?"

"Hmm... Forest Wolf, come here!..."

The Black Wolf Torc slightly smiled and nodded. Then he took the dark head from the hands of the Surrendered General Papu, giving Papu a cold look, before turning and placing the head in Mayakun's hands.

"Hold it!"

"Uh? By the protection of the Chief Divine! This... what is this? A burnt... head?..."

The Forest Wolf Mayakun held the head with a puzzled and confused expression in his eyes.

"Leader? This..."

"Hmm. As the Chief Divine bears witness! Papu has already identified it..."

The Black Wolf's eyes were sharp, speaking calmly while intently watching the expression on the Forest Wolf.

"This is the head of the Seaside's Chief Priest, Atcokoyotelzin..."

"Ah! What! This! This! ... This head is! Is it..."

Upon hearing this, the Forest Wolf Mayakun seemed to be struck by a spell, instantly standing motionless, murmuring a few incoherent words, and then quickly fell silent. He dumbly stared at the head in his hands, observing the blurry, unrecognizable features... yet seemingly once more seeing the divine embodiment he revered since childhood, the most sacred elder of the Seaside!

The mark of this belief was deeply ingrained in the hearts of the Seaside Warriors, binding their souls, even if only partially... To the Southside warriors of the Seaside and Jungle, unlike those free-spirited and untamed Wilderness warriors who wandered the edges of different beliefs, divine beings and divinity were the most important part of their understanding, having even become a part of life itself!

At that moment, faced with the deceased Chief Priest of the Seaside, their old faith finally dissipated completely, as though their souls had fully shed the old gods, truly, fully, embracing the Chief Divine...

"The Chief Priest of the Seaside... he has died? ... All Gods... All Gods are dead too?..."

Forest Wolf Mayakun stood still for a moment, then raised his head in a daze. Holding the scorched head of Atcokoyotel, looking at the Hidden Serpent Holy Temple covered in burn marks, tears suddenly flowed from his eyes, and he cried out.

"Dead! They're dead! ... All the Gods are dead! ... And the Chief Divine has ascended to the highest!"

"Uh!..."

The Black Wolf widened his eyes, gazing at the suddenly crying and wailing Forest Wolf Mayakun, this fierce wolf he had trained personally, surprised in an indescribable way.

"As the Chief Divine bears witness! This... this head... actually has mana?!"

"Ah! I've decided, the head of the Seaside Chief Priest will be my most prized possession! Let me think, let me think..."

"By the protection of the Chief Divine! I have thought of it! I will make this head into a magic artifact, and embed it into my Legion Commander's Longsword!..."

"And the magic artifact made from this head will possess the mournful power like the divine disaster of the North! Its name shall be... shall be..."

The Black Wolf Torc took back the head, pondering for a moment. He suddenly recalled a story that was once told by the prince to the trusted aides during leisure years ago.

In that story, there was a truly powerful, immortal tribal warrior who controlled the divine power of death! He tirelessly slaughtered and waged war, to annihilate any enemy daring to resist, to destroy all the old gods. The divine artifact in this warrior's hand was precisely the longsword of a Legion Commander. And the name of that longsword was...

"'Frost of Sorrow'! Yes, like the divine disaster of the North, cold, despairing and sorrowful!"

At that moment, the Black Wolf loudly declared, eyes gleaming with a desire for slaughter, and a cold exhilaration emerged. Then, with a fierce pull, he drew the Eight-Sided Qin Sword from his waist and forcefully pressed Atcokoyotel's head onto the sword hilt!

"Haha! The longsword of death, the sorrow of divine disaster! I will wield this mournful divine artifact, bringing the chill and despair of death to all enemies obstructing the Kingdom!..."

Chapter 1426: The Divine Object Has a Spirit and Calls Me Here!

At the beginning of July, before the peak of the rainy season arrived, the kingdom's eastern expedition army, with the help of "internal support," successfully captured the Hidden Serpent Holy City in one fell swoop. Black Wolf Toltec personally took command, purging the Hidden Serpent Divine Descendants and Priests, sacrificing over six thousand people, and converting more than fifty thousand tribes. The

banner of the Chief Divine, three years after the eastern expedition against Totonac, finally appeared in the easternmost part of the Seaside Lands at the arrival of midsummer!

The fall of the Hidden Serpent Holy City and the destruction of its Priesthood marked the obliteration of an ancient faith for the Totonac tribes along the Seaside, resulting in an indescribable and intense emotional shock! As this news spread, the Totonac tribes of the Seaside nearly lost the will to continue resisting. Tribes formerly engaged in guerrilla resistance in the jungle, or those migrating deeper into the jungle, gradually surrendered to the newly formed Seaside Alliance, with some even submitting en masse.

"Blessings of the Chief Divine! Continue eastward, continue southward! Before the torrential rain halts everything, advance as much as possible, further and further!..."

Black Wolf wielded the newly acquired "Divine Artifact," unwilling to pause his campaign. By mid-July, the Kingdom Legions had split into camps, sweeping the surrounding two hundred miles east of Hidden Serpent City, conquering nearly a hundred thousand Hidden Serpent and eastern migrating tribes. The kingdom's camps also took over the Olmec Second Ancient City, the ancient and sacred ceremonial site, La Venta.

By this time, the Kingdom Legion had completely controlled the lower tributaries of the Hidden Serpent River and Sunrise River, fully occupying four Olmec ancient cities. The Totonac tribal alliance of the east was also officially annihilated amidst fierce torrential rains!

By the end of July, the kingdom's tribal vanguards had advanced into the middle reaches of the Sunrise River, encountering the Zoque tribes from the southeastern mountain forests for the first time. Subsequently, torrential downpours descended like waterfalls, bringing all military actions to a halt. The newly formed Seaside Alliance, having completely acquired over a thousand miles of coastline, for the first time, unified the millions of Totonac tribes, at least in name!

"Blessings of the Chief Divine! His Majesty grants favor! Haha! I, Black Wolf Toltec, have fought for three years and finally subdued the entire Totonac coast, pacifying these stubborn city-states and tribes one by one!"

With endless torrential rain, even the sea was filled with storms. Unable to wage war, Black Wolf Toltec was forced to stay in the newly conquered Hidden Serpent City, begrudgingly attending to tedious administrative affairs.

Of course, most of the time, he roamed within the city with his long sword, "Frost of Sorrow," slung on his back, accompanied by skulls processed by Atcokoyotel. He patrolled the city like the Wolf King on a tour of his domain, with his entourage of red-haired trusted aides. Wherever he passed, seeing his fierce demeanor, all the Totonac warriors bowed their heads in awe, fearing to meet his gaze.

For Black Wolf, the only leisure was to supervise the surrendered general Papu at the Hidden Serpent Holy Temple in the city center, while listening to his varied flattery.

"Ah! Honorable Black Wolf Leader, when I hear the thunder by the sea, it's like hearing your majestic roar! And when I see the storm dissipate before me, I know it's because you have arrived with the Divine Artifact, making the storm spirits bow their heads in fear!"

"Haha! Papu, your flattery is not up to par today! The storm dissipated because I arrived. But if a storm arrives while I'm still here, what will you say then?"

"Ah! Witness of the Chief Divine! If a storm comes, it's naturally because your mighty and dignified divinity has already stripped the spirits of their control over the storm, directly attracting it!"

Upon hearing this, Black Wolf laughed heartily, quite content. He extended his hand, vigorously patting Papu's shoulder, teasing him straightforwardly with a few words.

"Haha! Papu, your mouth can truly turn death into life, born to spin tales and deceive! No wonder His Majesty values you, assigning you to compile the Olmec ancestor epics!"

"Uh, Black Wolf Leader, while it's true, it's not appropriate to say it like that... Well, His Majesty might be displeased..."

"Hmm, I know! His Majesty values this ancestor epic, intending to weave all tribes under heaven into one... Haha! It's like stringing rabbits from various places together with grass rope, then making them all urinate to blend the scent... Finally, claiming they were born from the same litter!"

Black Wolf Toltec, smugly looking at the surprised surrendered general Papu, candidly spoke.

"Papu, I understand this principle very well! To put it plainly, I conquer the tribes, like stringing rabbits together! You, compiling epics, are in charge of making the rabbits urinate, blending the scent. The rope acts firmly; disobedient rabbits get squashed with a slap. The urination acts softly; old rabbits see they won't die, though unpleasant, they still bow their heads..."

"And then, once all disobedient old rabbits have died out, who among the young rabbits will still know who they were born to? Once they've grown up on the same string, smelling similar, looking alike, they'll truly believe they are from the same litter... By then, even if the firm string is withdrawn, they'll still gather together, inseparable!"

"This... this... Blessings of the Chief Divine! Black Wolf Leader... You truly are... truly are..."

Upon hearing this, the surrendered general Papu stared wide-eyed in shock at the Black Wolf Leader before him, as if meeting him for the first time!

This metaphor was concise and straightforward, yet perfectly grasped the deep meaning behind the arrangements made by His Highness. Even Papu himself had pondered long and hard to fully comprehend it. He never expected that the Black Wolf Leader, like a beast, could have such sharp eagle eyes that could see through appearances directly.

"Haha! What's this, Papu, did you think I know nothing? Haha! I understand very well!... By the way, you just said I am really what?..."

"Uh... You're really... like turquoise hidden in stone, with wisdom concealed!"

"Hmm, not bad! I love hearing that!... Come, let me introduce someone to you, perfect to join your priestly team compiling the epic!"

Looking at Papu, who was filled with genuine admiration, Black Wolf Toltec nodded in satisfaction. Then he reached out and pulled from behind an old witch doctor with an exceptional appearance and composed demeanor. In the arms of this old witch doctor was a roll of dusty white cloth. Through the gaps and shape of the cloth, one could vaguely see that inside the exterior wrapping lay an ancient ceramic plate, the size of a human head, in shades of dark purple and grey.

"He is an old witch doctor from the Hidden Serpent City and is also called Sage Kani!"

Hearing this name, the surrendered general Papu's pupils slightly contracted. In the language of the Totonac at the seaside, the word "Kani" means 'wisdom'! Bearing such a name implies...

"Sage Kani was encountered by my red-haired trusted aides recently during their sweep of the Hidden Serpent lands from a surrounding small tribe, where he was a knowledgeable old witch doctor! Initially, the trusted aides planned to sacrifice the chieftains and priests of these tribes altogether..."

Black Wolf reached out a hand and heavily patted the old witch doctor on the shoulder. The old witch doctor's eyelids twitched, yet his expression remained composed. At that moment, it was as if he wasn't in the Holy Temple where half had burned down, but rather basking in the birdsong and floral fragrances in the deep jungle.

"But this old witch doctor knows a lot, and after conversing with my aides for a while, he conducted a divination for each of them and was revered as a wise figure akin to a Shaman of the wilderness!... Hence, my red-haired trusted aides discussed among themselves and 'invited' this sage from that tribe!"

Upon hearing this, the old witch doctor Kani smiled and nodded slightly at Papu. Though his process of being "invited" wasn't entirely harmonious or voluntary, as he had been forced to return to the Hidden Serpent City, he could only strategize to secure a position from the Kingdom that conquered the Seaside that would ensure his survival.

Reflecting on this, the old witch doctor Kani spoke slowly, his tone antiquated and poignant. His words seemed like the songs sung by tribal elders, warm and melodious, yet akin to a storyteller's tale around a campfire, evoking long-lasting contemplation.

"Oh divine ceramic plate, tell me of the new future of the seaside! The sole Chief Divine opens a brand new era, altering all tribes' destinies within the cycle of eras!"

"Oh divine eagle of the highlands, ascending from the heights of the west. It flies over a thousand miles of Seaside towards the endless deep sea of the East!... And what's hidden within that unpredictable sea? Commoners bestowed with Divine Revelation cannot foresee it yet prepare for the future! They board long islands, they row long boats, confronting the distant challenge of darkness!"

Listening thus far, both Black Wolf Toltec and surrendered general Papu exchanged a glance, and their expressions subtly changed. Meanwhile, the old witch doctor Kani's demeanor remained unchanged, with just a serene smile as he embraced the ceramic plate and sang the final stanza.

"Oh divine ceramic plate, what is the future of the world? Is it the light going east, the darkness coming west, or the blood on land and the ship in the sea?... Nonetheless, the divine object has spirit but no answer. It only guides me to the sacred land both ancient and new, composing the future of the Olmec Jiao people from the past epics of all tribes under heaven!"

Upon completing the sacrificial song, it seemed like a divination of the future, perhaps even a mysterious omen. These sacrificial songs, falling into their hearts, seemed to precisely confirm the revelations of the king they knew, aligning perfectly with His Highness's planning and arrangements!

After finishing the sacrificial song, the old witch doctor Kani looked at the wide-eyed Black Wolf and then at Papu with tight lips. He smiled gently and bowed for the first time.

"Honorable Black Wolf Marshal, esteemed Papu Priest... though lacking, I am guided by the divine object... and wish to dedicate effort towards the prophesied new era, in the compilation of the Olmec epic!"

Chapter 1427: The Cycle of Five Eras and the Outline of the Ancestor Epic

The arrival of the old witch doctor Kani was like a tree frog in the southeastern mountain forest, blending in with the gray-brown stones, initially very low-key. Even the prophecy and divination he initially displayed were quietly hidden away.

"The Divine Object has a spirit, only revealing some wisdom and light when destiny appears! ... I just followed the sacred guidance to come here, to witness a new Era, to witness true immortality and greatness..."

"And esteemed Black Wolf Marshal, you are the favored of destiny, following the Saint of Divine Revelation, climbing the grandest mountains, and stained with immortal Divinity! ... Your high and majestic fate, how could it be easily glimpsed by a mere frog on a tree?..."

"Haha! Kani, you speak well! I follow His Highness to climb the mountains of the world, conquer all the Tribes, and then climb each Tribe's pyramid to take a good look! ... Haha! ..."

The old witch doctor Kani smiled slightly, and with a few words, declined Black Wolf's request for divination, which even made Black Wolf quite happy.

For the old witch doctor, prophecy and divination rely on information and information gaps. The principle is to speak more equals to more mistakes, speak less equals to fewer mistakes, speak not equals to no mistake. And in front of real power holders, if one errs or is not effective, it could be a self-destructive road! ... So, it's best to speak less. Getting by in life like this isn't disgraceful.

"Hmm! Tree frog? ... Chief Divine bears witness! The tree frog in the southeastern mountain forest, small and tiny as it may seem, is actually a great climber! They can change colors, evade all dangers, and also produce astonishing calls..."

In the damaged Holy Temple of Hidden Serpent City, Chief God Priest and biologist Papu squinted his eyes, observing the smiling, calm, and leisurely old witch doctor Kani, his mindset in motion, somewhat pondering.

The current epic compilation is mainly led by him, with a few Kingdom Priests as aides, and over thirty surrendered Seaside Tribes' priests helping in organizing... Starting from organizing the Seaside Tribes' epics and organizing the Olmec heritage in Hidden Serpent City, attempting to compile the history of the four Olmec Ancient Cities and then confirm the outline of the entire epic.

As a sacred city of the Totonac with centuries of heritage, Hidden Serpent City had collected a large amount of Olmec carvings, panels, and murals. When the Kingdom's army entered the city in a rainy night, the Hidden Serpent Priesthood had almost no time to destroy those ancient stone carvings and panels. Even the most central Hidden Serpent Holy Temple only had a part burned.

Therefore, the historical materials in everyone's hands are quite complicated and detailed. These materials come from different Tribes, different eras, and even different languages. And those ancient city ruins and Sacrificial Rites sites await everyone's on-site investigation to provide more epic records.

However, since the sources of the historical materials are diverse and there are no texts, only pictures or oral narratives, there are many places that are difficult to explain and contradictory to each other. When

interpreting the historical materials, the priests often hold their own views, arguing and debating over details, unable to convince one another. And the entire epic compilation progresses extremely slowly, even the outline is not established!

Papu Priest witnessed this and felt anxious. It was already mid-August, a time to report to His Highness. If everyone couldn't present any results, or if it didn't meet His Highness's wishes, offending the King...then as the chief responsible for the history compilation, he would certainly face a dim future, greatly disappointing his Highness!

"Chief Divine witness! His Excellency the God of Death instructed us to compile the Ancestors' epic and sort out the clues quickly...but now there's a problem, the relationships between the four Olmec Ancient Cities, and the relationships between the ancestor city and various global divisions...they are like tangled vines in the jungle, unclear in time sequence, unclear in connections...and the epics of the various tribes often contradict each other, which should we adopt? Everyone is unsure..."

Papu Priest's eyes were sharp as he walked to a corner of the Temple. He looked at the calm demeanor of the old witch doctor Kani, who was touching the murals, pondered a little, then loudly asked.

"Witch doctor Kani, you are recognized by the Black Wolf Marshal as a sage and also hold the Divine Object of Olmec heritage! ... Do you have any prophecies or divinations to distinguish the true from false of these Olmec ancestors' epics?"

Upon hearing such a question, the dozens of priests arguing intensely in the Temple suddenly fell silent. Everyone turned unanimously, staring at the old witch doctor Kani, who was fondling the fish pattern carving on the board in the corner, with eyes somewhat changed, but without much kindness.

"Uh! ... You want me to use the prophecy and divination of the Divine Object to distinguish the authenticity of the epics?"

Hearing this, cold sweat instantly broke out on the back of the old witch doctor Kani, and he immediately became alert. Such events that appear glorious but actually offend everyone and take the entire burden... how could he do, moreover, why would he do that?! Could it be, they think he's too old, lived too long?...

"Ahem! Respected Chief God Priest Papu, the Divine Object has a spirit, it should not be lightly moved..."

"Hmm? Lightly moved?"

Papu Priest's voice rose, his words also carried a touch of threat. He knew the other party should be a capable old fox, just unwilling to put in effort. Since so, he wasn't going to compete for the wisdom of a priest, rather directly raised the axe for chopping, applying pressure relentlessly!

"Why, Chief Divine witness! Witch doctor Kani, does the grand matter of epic compilation, deciding the ancestors' narrative, look like a trivial matter to you as something lightly moved? ... Hmm, a sage like you, loved by the Divine Object, must be esteemed by the Chief Divine! ... Perhaps, we should hold a ritual sacrifice, seeking the enlightenment of the Chief Divine..."

Hearing this threatening remark, seeing Papu Priest's murderous gaze, old witch doctor Kani's heart tightened, sweat appeared on his forehead, keenly sensing the ominous.

"Damn it! How come when the Mexica people arrived, these Seaside priests also became so murderous? Always wanting to kill sages for sacrifice, treating me as sacrifices? ... Alas, the world order is collapsing, and the traditions of City-State are disappearing... The Mexica wanting to unite the hearts of the world, unite the thoughts in the heads of each division, who knows how many wise people will die!..."

The old witch doctor Kani's thoughts turned quickly, suddenly lowering his head, clutching the small clay plate in his arms. He seemed to fall asleep, or perhaps communicating silently with the Divine Object.

Seeing this, Papu Priest raised his brows, comprehending in his heart. He wasn't in a hurry to apply pressure, but patiently awaited Kani's response.

"Chief Divine witness! I seek the guidance of the Divine Object, to illuminate the ancient old paths... those ancient human-headed statues, those ancient Divine Stele altars... but my old eyes are dim, seeing nothing clearly, nor knowing those specific details..."

After a long moment with closed eyes, the old witch doctor Kani suddenly opened his eyes. He sang loudly, his voice ancient and desolate, like the whispering wind of the forest sea that crossed thousands of years!

"Hmm? Saw nothing clearly, doesn't know the specific details?"

Upon hearing this, Papu Priest's eyes turned fierce, his hand placed on the long dagger at his waist. However, the old witch doctor Kani raised his head again, continuing to chant. At this moment, he suddenly widened his eyes, as if seeing the light.

"Ah! Light! I see the light! It's the light of darkness, emerging from night to dawn, emerging from the wolf form of the God of Death. This divine light illuminates the ancient old paths, and the will of the God of Death echoes within the Divine Stele and altar..."

"The will of the God of Death? Hmm! The ideas of His Highness?!"

Papu Priest's thoughts turned, his eyes gleaming. He gently released his grip and looked at everyone present, everyone's expressions slightly changed, reacting.

"Yes! The light of the God of Death illuminates the ancient old path... the various parts of the world emerge from the long old paths, appearing from the ancestors' epics. And when I search for the origin, I see the initial flame burning in the City-State of ancient saints!"

"This flame burns the sacred rubber tree, burns blue blood, golden smoke, and black light... Then, the divine blue blood flows into the sea, the divine golden smoke flies to the sky, and the divine black light falls into the earth..."

"The divinity that flew to the sea transformed into a snake, a blue snake! ... The divinity that flew to the sky transformed into an eagle, a golden eagle! ... And the divinity that fell to the ground transformed into a wolf, a black wolf! ... After the Era of the ancestors, the snake, eagle, and wolf will successively descend, starting each Era's cycle, also ending the demise of each Era! ..."

"So, flame, Divine Tree, blue snake, golden eagle, black wolf! ... This is the Chief Divine's destined rule, the cycles of the five Eras, and it is the outline of the entire ancestor epic!" ... "

"What! Flame, Divine Tree, blue snake, golden eagle, black wolf?..."

Upon hearing this, Papu Priest's eyes brightened, thoroughly awakening!

"Chief Divine's destined rule, the cycles of the five Eras, the outline of the ancestor epic... Chief Divine's protection, is that how it is? ... Good! Very good! Excellent!! ..."

Chapter 1428: The Prophecy of the Ancestor Epic: "Heavenly Destiny" Unifies All, Rebuilding the Jiao People!

"The Chief Divine bears witness, the Divine Object illuminates! The outline of the Ancestor Epic is the cycle of the five epochs, telling of the rule destined by the Chief Divine... Under the radiance of the Chief Divine, all the tribes of the world are destined to reunite!... And the Mexica Alliance, carrying the mission of the Chief Divine, is destined to rise from the highlands... Then, the Divine King is destined to conquer the world, and Your Highness is destined to unify all tribes... All of this is reflected in the Kingdom Epic of the Lake sent by Your Highness."

The old Witch Doctor Kani appeared calm, smiling, as he took out a thick scroll of the Kingdom Epic of the Lake. Upon seeing this brand-new scroll, the Papu Priest immediately nodded in understanding.

To enable the Coastal Priests to compile the Olmec Ancestor Epic, Xiulote specially sent dozens of copies of the latest Kingdom Epic of the Lake as a reference for many priests. Many people present had more or less read this "brand-new" epic and discovered many "truths" that had been altered.

Faced with this newly revised epic, the reactions among the many priests varied. Some openly praised it, some secretly shook their heads, some were full of reverence, and some harbored criticism in their hearts... Unfortunately, only the old Witch Doctor Kani and Priest Papu grasped the "essence" within it!

Xiulote aims to achieve the first grand unification of all the Central American tribes in history and even lay the ideological foundation in advance for the future unification of the tribes of North and South America... He must create and demonstrate the legitimacy of the Empire's rule, the "Heavenly Destiny" of world unification!

This "Heavenly Destiny" will be established on the foundation of religion and culture, deriving from both the "Chief Divine" and the "Ancestor," as well as the consensus built upon the human heart. The newly compiled Olmec Ancestor Epic is a crucial "Ancestor" component in demonstrating the "Heavenly Destiny"!

"The myths and legends of all the tribes of the world, the relics and history of the Ancestors, all 'prove' the divine decree of the Chief Divine and follow the prophecy of the Ancestor Epic! Our mission is merely to rediscover all of this under the guidance of the Divine Revelation..."

The old Witch Doctor Kani, smiling peacefully, looked around at the many priests, still somewhat astonished and bewildered. He pondered for a while, deciding to elaborate more clearly.

"All the tribes of the world know about the legend of the five epochs, with various different interpretations... It was only after we meticulously reviewed the historical materials of the Olmec Era that we 'discovered' the 'true' divine mandate and epic!..."

"As the compilers of the Ancestor Epic, we must 'inherit' the legacy of the Ancestors to tell all tribes of the world: the 'Divine mandate' they should truly believe in, the 'Destiny' they should truly accept, and the 'Right Path' they should truly follow!..."

"The 'reality' of the five epochs... In the First Epoch, the Chief Divine awakened, igniting fire. He created the world, the sacred Rubber Divine Tree, and created and enlightened mankind... This is a consensus among all tribes of the world, all having similar creation myths. However, the tribes do not know that the distinct initial deities in their myths are actually manifestations of the Chief Divine!..."

"Hence, the key point of the First Epoch epic is the 'Chief Divine'! The Chief Divine is omnipresent and omnipotent and must be revered by all tribes..."

The old Witch Doctor Kani blinked at the audience, some deep in thought, smiling as he continued.

"The Second Epoch is the Epoch of the Olmec Ancestors! The Chief Divine slept; the Ancestors, using the 'Ancient Holy City' as a source, established many ancient cities, the origins of all the tribes... As for the specific epics and legends within, they all require us to slowly organize, investigate, and compile bit by bit..."

"The key point of the Second Epoch is the 'legacy and omen'. The 'Legacy' of ancestral divinity, the 'Omen' of ancient destiny!... At the beginning of the epoch, fire ignited the Divine Tree; a blue-blooded serpent flowed out; an eagle of golden smoke flew away; and a wolf of black light descended!... Flame, Divine Tree, Blue Serpent, Golden Eagle, Black Wolf are the five sources of divinity in the world, also portending the destiny of the following epochs!"

At this point, the many priests looked at each other, their expressions subtle. In the ancient Olmec relics and stone carvings, the images of "flame", "Divine Tree", "serpent", "eagle", and "wolf" do frequently appear. Similar common elements are also present in the old relics and epic inheritance of various tribes, well known to all.

For example, the "Divine Eagle carrying the Divine Serpent" among the Mexica Tribes, the "Sun Divine Eagle, Flames of the Deceased" among the Lake Tribes, the "Cloud Divine Tree" among the Cloud People, the "God of Death Black Wolf" among the Tlaxcala Tribes, the "Coyote Ancestor" among the Wilderness Dog Descendants, the "Cotton God Tree" among the Maya Tribes, and the "Coastal Divine Serpent" among the Coastal Tribes...

However, these nature-derived worship images have various interpretations among different states and tribes, and there are more than just these five. There usually isn't a strong connection between these five images... Yet, from the words of the old Witch Doctor Kani, it seems he intends to single out these five images and even arrange them sequentially to write some kind of "fate" or "prophetic" doctrine...

The expressions of the priests in the Temple of God changed, their thoughts churned. At that moment, they all vaguely anticipated something, grasping a little of the "essence" of the epic. Hence, they all just listened intently, and no one openly opposed.

"Within the prophecy of the Ancestor Epic, the roaming Blue Serpent, the flying far Golden Eagle, and the descending Black Wolf will return one after another, initiating a new epoch and concluding the end of an epoch!"

The old Witch Doctor Kani smiled slightly, with his eyebrows and hair slightly gray, like an old fox spirit. And a circle of priests in front of him varied in stature as foxes, big and small. Here and now, a group of foxes gathered, defining the rough outline of the five epochs, compiling an Ancestor Epic to be passed down through generations, establishing a "Historical Record" of the dominion over America!

"In the Third Epoch, the Chief Divine slumbers, and the Blue Serpent is the first to return, transforming into the myriad deities of all tribes, building tall pyramids! Thus, the images of the Deities of various tribes are mostly serpent-shaped. The tribes also built towering pyramids inscribed with carved depictions of the serpent deities..."

"As for specific evidence... The Maya Tribes in the Eastern Jungle have the Serpent Deity Pyramid of Tikal City; The Teotihuacan people on the Northern Highland have the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon; The Ancient Zapotek people in the Southern Jungle have Mount Alban Pyramid; The Loma Alta people in the Western Lake have the lakeside pyramid..."

"All tribes under heaven share a common origin and are destined to unite as one!... Thus, the brief division of the Third Epoch, the return of the Blue Serpent, and the emergence of false gods among the tribes were merely the temporary dispersal of our ancestors' divinity during the slumber of the Chief Divine... The essence of the Third Epoch is also 'division and dispersal'..."

After finishing the explanation of the Third Epoch, the Old Witch Doctor took a deep breath, and his voice gradually grew louder. His expression solemn, he prayed to the Chief Divine in front of everyone before speaking loudly.

"Praise the Chief Divine, who awakens in the Fourth Epoch!... When the Fourth Epoch begins, the Divine Eagle carries the Divine Serpent back! The Divine Eagle, carrying the divinity of the ancestors, listens to the guidance of the Chief Divine, searching throughout the world, seeking the tribe truly ordained with the divine command..."

"At last, over two hundred years ago, the Divine Eagle rested on an island in the Lake. It obeyed the will of the Chief Divine, bestowing the Sun's divinity to the Mexica Tribes, and simultaneously granting the divine mandate of the Chief Divine... which is 'to conquer the tribes of the world, unify their faith, and reclaim the divinity of the false gods'!..."

"From that time, with the rise of the Mexica Tribes, the previously scattered tribes began to move towards unification once again! And now, the sweeping conquests of the Mexica Alliance to unify the world is a destiny already predetermined in the epic!..."

The Old Witch Doctor Kani raised his eyebrows, a hint of 'devotion' and 'excitement' on his face. He spoke passionately, holding aloft the epic scroll of the kingdom as if holding a royal decree from his Highness!

"Chief Divine bless! All the tribes, in the Fourth Epoch, are unified by the Divine Eagle! This is the prophecy of the ancestral epic, and also the main theme of the Kingdom of the Lake epic, repeatedly mentioned in this long scroll!..."

"Esteemed Coastal Priests! We have re-examined the Olmec ancestors' epic under the guidance of the Chief Divine... only to discover that everything happening now was long determined in the oldest 'destiny'!... Therefore, this is the 'divine command of the Chief Divine,' also the 'heavenly destiny' from the sky!..."

"And as the Coastal Priests who inherit the Olmec legacy, our most important mission is to connect the past with the future, 'unearth' everything in the ancestral epics, then amplify and inform all tribes!..."

"Divine command and heavenly destiny... linking past and future... amplify and glorify..."

Upon hearing such a resounding narrative, the expressions of many priests were shaken, unable to restrain themselves from discussing. They speculated about the true theme of the kingdom's epic and pondered the connections between the epoch epics.

"The awakening and slumber of the Chief Divine, the dispersal and gathering of divinity, the heavenly destiny of Mexica rule... If the epic is compiled with such a mindset, the entire world's context, the course of history, becomes instantly clear!"

High Priest Iwood was filled with emotion, eyes showcasing admiration. As the newly promoted third-level main priest in the temple of Golden Bay City, Iwood undoubtedly represents the authority of Golden Bay City and a certain will of his Highness. After a moment of thought, he looked at the Old Witch Doctor Kani before him, tightly gripping the epic scroll of the kingdom, unable to stop himself from standing up in front of everyone, first to agree and respond.

"Chief Divine bear witness! I have listened to his Highness's teachings in Golden Bay City!... What wise Kani said indeed corresponds with his Highness's Divine Revelation! I believe this is the enlightenment of the Chief Divine, also the most sacred guidance!... guiding us to unravel the prophecy of the ancestral epics and narrate the destiny-bound future for all tribes!..."

As this conclusion was made, those present instantly fell silent. Among the Totonac priests, some were silent, others nodded, without a word of dissent. The Divine Priest Papu showed joy, stood up, having long figured everything out. He bowed his head, offering a sincere bow to the Old Witch Doctor, then excitedly announced to everyone.

"Thank you, esteemed wise Kani! Thanks to the guidance of the Divine Object!... The Golden Eagle of the Fourth Epoch will subdue the Divine Serpent of the Third Epoch. And the Divine Eagle will descend with the Divine Serpent in tow, entrusting the Mexica Tribes with this divine command!... This is undoubtedly the prophecy of the ancestral epic!"

"The Golden Eagle symbolizes the Sun, incarnating as successive generations of Mexica predecessor monarchs. This last generation of Golden Eagle is the great Divine King Avit of the Alliance. He will sweep across all tribes, completing the mission of the Fourth Epoch's end, unifying the world completely! By then, all tribes' Divine Serpents will be subdued by the Divine Eagle, and the divinity of the Blue Serpent will fully return..."

"Therefore, the essence of the Fourth Epoch's epic is the protection of the Chief Divine, an 'eagle and serpent unification'!..."

Papu, the Divine Priest, was radiant, standing at the center of the temple, looking towards the many priests present. Everyone nodded in agreement. The Old Witch Doctor Kani stroked his chin, smiling suavely, and once again retreated to the corner.

As for the epic of the upcoming Fifth Epoch, its significance is extraordinarily profound, and it's related to the future of everyone. And since the Papu Priest stood forth, it is only natural, 'bound by duty,' to personally announce and take credit for this great achievement.

"Chief Divine bear witness, the ancestral epics have long foretold! The Blue Serpent returns from the sea, opening the Third Epoch; the Golden Eagle returns from the sky, opening the Fourth Epoch... And the Fifth Epoch's opening will be completed by the last Black Wolf returning from the earth!"

"It is a black light, coming from the deep earth, possessing the divinity of the God of Death, incarnating as our auspicious God of Death!..."

"And the essence of the Fifth Epoch is the 'reconstruction of the Jiao People'! Under the control of the auspicious God of Death, all tribes will gather into one again, reshaping into the true descendants of the Jiao People!..."

Chapter 1429: Six Ancestor Branches, Proclamation of the Ancestors Across the Land!

"With the Chief Divine's blessing, it all makes sense! The Olmec ancestors had long written a prophecy about the cycle of the five epochs! And the key points of each epoch are 'Chief Divine's creation,' 'Heritage Portent,' 'Separation and Dispersion,' 'Unification of the Eagle and Serpent,' and 'Reconstruction of the Jiao People'!..."

"Exactly! Exactly! The Chief Divine created everything, igniting the flame of the First Era; the Olmec ancestors of the Second Era lit the Rubber Divine Tree; the parts of the Third Era separated and dispersed, inheriting the divinity of the Blue Serpent; the Mexica Tribes of the Fourth Epoch rose, received the Heavenly Destiny, and used the Divine Eagle to unify the Divine Serpent! And in the coming Fifth Epoch, the divinity of the Black Wolf will rule the land, binding the tribes into one..."

"Indeed! This is the guidance of the Chief Divine!... As we compile the ancestral epic, we must follow such enlightenment to 'rewrite'... Oh, to 'excavate' the ancestors' prophecy!..."

The old Witch Doctor Kani proposed the "Heavenly Destiny," and the Chief Priest of historiography Papu, along with the Chief Priest of Golden Bay, Iwood, agreed and recognized it. The outline of the Olmec ancestral epic was thoroughly established! With such a main theme, all priests understood the significance of compiling the epic, and their thoughts suddenly opened.

In fact, everyone who could participate in the compilation of the epic were truly wise people among the Totonac tribes. Once the outline was confirmed and the main theme clarified, filling in the details became a natural task.

"Honorable Sage Kani... from the Second Epoch of the Olmec to the initial rise of tribes in the Third Epoch... how are we supposed to connect these two epochs?"

The temple buzzed with noise as priests engaged in discussions or busily wrote, drafting the "Chronicle of Ages." The Chief Priest of Golden Bay, Iwood, with a glint in his eye, once again found the old Witch Doctor Kani idling in a corner and eagerly inquired.

"You see, the four ancient Olmec cities each have different Heritage Tablets. Without the ancient chroniclers, interpreting the tablets has always depended on how generations of priests understood them... this segment of the ancestral epic is actually rather chaotic! In different historical materials, the relationships between the ancient cities are very vague, the timelines uncertain, and it's even less known how they connect to the Third Epochs' tribal heritages..."

Seeing the eagerness in the eyes of the Chief Priest Iwood, the old Witch Doctor Kani's eyes flickered thoughtfully.

Among the many priests compiling the epic, the Divine Priest Papu was the leader, and the Chief Priest Iwood was the deputy leader. Both held high statuses and had the authority to present matters directly to the Death God Temple.

Iwood submitted to the Kingdom very early, almost one of the first Totonac priests to seek allegiance with the Kingdom, and was deeply esteemed by the Kingdom's Chief Priest of the Seaside, Yitai. However, he was born into the lower-ranking priesthood, and his inherited knowledge was much inferior to that of Papu, so he did not gain the right to lead the historiography compilation. But, observing his actions now, coming secretly for advice and lowering his stance... one might suspect he had some designs concerning the power position in historiography compilation!...

The old Witch Doctor Kani's thoughts raced like lightning, his face bearing a serene smile. He lowered his voice slightly, amicably "discussing" with Iwood.

"With the Chief Divine as witness! Chief Priest Iwood, we know and confirm only the locations of the four ancient cities... Given so, let's be flexible, deduce timelines and relationships from location!..."

"Uh? Be flexible? Deduce from location? Hmm, then there must be a central starting point..."

Upon hearing this, the Chief Priest Iwood paused, his eyes brightening. He was actually very intelligent, quick to grasp concepts, but had previously encountered less exposure.

"With the Chief Divine as witness! Are you saying, take the First Ancient City as the center, as the origin where all gods congregated, as the source of the ancestral epic. Then, extend towards the other cities, branching out in various directions until reaching all the tribes under heaven?..."

"Praise the Chief Divine! Chief Priest Iwood, what you said is very correct!..."

The old Witch Doctor Kani smiled slightly, speaking with confidence. He exuded a natural and carefree demeanor, even while reshaping history, modifying ancestral narratives, and fabricating divine nature, with no sense of fear or unease.

"In the beginning of the Second Epoch, the Olmec ancestors established the First Ancient City, the Ancient Holy City. Therefore, the Ancient Holy City is the center of the Second Epoch, the origin where all gods congregated, ultimately the fountain of the source!... Shouldn't that fountain source then flow everywhere?..."

"Therefore, we should regard the Ancient Holy City as the origin of everything! From this origin, branch out one, two, three, four, five, six ancestral tributaries... From there, we need only discuss the relationship between the ancestor's origin and each tributary. Any influence between the tributaries becomes unimportant minutiae, which can be set aside for the time being..."

"Are you suggesting... that in compiling the Olmec epic, we draw a Great River, uniting all tribes under a single ancestor?"

"Correct! Chief Priest Iwood, you are truly perceptive!"

The old Witch Doctor Kani smiled and praised, softly responding.

"With the Chief Divine as witness! A long river of epic history, flowing from its source to all directions! This is the truly surging Great River, traversing thousands of years... For us compilers of history, we must be grand! Do not concern ourselves with those trivial minor details..."

"We need only establish the source, oversee the whole picture, determine key branching nodes, nailing each epoch of civilization from ancient times to the present in its rightful place! As for how the river historically flowed, that depends on the local heritages and relics, the sages and priests of each tribe. Surely we can't be expected to do all the work ourselves..."

Chapter 1430: Six Ancestor Branches, Proclamation of the Ancestors Across the Land!

"And once this Great River is mapped out, what difficulty lies in filling out the details? The ancient cities of each tribe, ruins, Pyramid Temples, tribal altars, aren't they all evidence of the epic! To want an answer that fits the theme, it's not actually difficult..."

"Uh... Esteemed Sage, if we compile it like this, half true and half false, reconstructing the ancestral epic... what if the various tribes across the world do not believe it?"

High Priest Iwood frowned, his face showing concern.

"Just like the Maya tribes of the East, the Cloud Central Tribes of the southwest... they all have their own origin myths, their own ancestral legends!..."

"Haha! High Priest Iwood, we only concern ourselves with compiling the epic... and if the sages and priests of each tribe do not believe it, then the Alliance and the Kingdom's legions, armed with weapons, will handle it!..."

Old Witch Doctor Kani shook his head slightly, his eyes becoming deep and weathered.

"When the Mexica unite the world... those old rabbits who cannot adapt to the trend and are unwilling to change will be mercilessly snuffed out... Cholula Holy City, Feathered Serpent Ancient City, Hidden Serpent Holy City, weren't they all destroyed this way!..."

"As for the future descendants... let us write the epic well, the old rabbits will all be gone... when the little rabbits of the future see all this grandeur, see this epic woven from myth, history, and reality, how could they not believe it?..."

"Ah! To reshape a three-thousand-year epic, such a grand plan!... Is this the blueprint in Your Highness's heart?!"

Upon hearing this, High Priest Iwood was greatly moved, his gaze at Old Witch Doctor Kani gradually changing. He had always heard that the other could receive the enlightenment of the Divine Object, even see through the noble's intentions... He pondered for a moment, then nodded heavily, bringing his thoughts back to the main topic.

"Chief Divine bear witness! You just mentioned there are six ancestral tributaries?"

"That's right! The three key ancestral tributaries correspond to the remaining three ancient cities, perfectly connecting together!..."

Hearing this, High Priest Iwood showed surprise. He contemplated for a long time, forming some ideas and cautiously responded.

"Esteemed Sage Kani, the first tributary... the Second Ancient City, La Venta, is situated in the East. Thus, during the Second Epoch, an ancestor branch from the Ancient Holy City went east, establishing the Second Ancient City, then continued east to the Maya, founding the Tikal Divine Capital... and later, the Maya epic of the Third Epoch?..."

"Indeed! Exactly so! This is the first tributary, incorporating the Maya tribes within it!..."

Seeing Sage Kani's approving smile, High Priest Iwood's thoughts turned, continuing to speak excitedly.

"The Third Ancient City, Zapotes, located far to the West. Thus, during the Second Epoch, a branch of ancestors went west, establishing the Third Ancient City... Then, they continued west to the Highland, creating the Third Epoch's Teotihuacan civilization, constructing the City of the Gods, Teotihuacan! And in the Fourth Epoch, the Teotihuacan tribes split into the Seaside Tribes, Vastec tribes, and the Mexican Plateau Tribes... this is the second tributary, incorporating the Highland and Seaside!..."

"Correct! Very correct! In the ancestors' prophecy, there must be these! The Mexica tribes initially inherited the divine lineage of Teotihuacan... and those ancient pyramids are the very evidence left by the ancestors!..."

Sage Kani nodded repeatedly, continuing to guide High Priest Iwood's thoughts. With inspiration flowing, High Priest Iwood, face flushed with excitement, spoke fervently in a lowered voice.

"Chief Divine bless! The Second Epoch's Fourth Ancient City, Hill City, is located southwest. This should be the third tributary! The ancestors of this tributary, in the Third Epoch, established the Gusapoteque tribes, constructing the Alban Mountain pyramids. And in the Fourth Epoch, it extended to the Mistec, Zapotec, Tlapanec, and other Cloud Central Tribes!..."

"Excellent! That's right! High Priest Iwood, look, 'Hill' and 'Cloud Central' inherently resonate with divine meaning! And the origin myth of the Cloud People, of the divine bird of the hills merging with the ascending Serpent divine, also embodies the ancestors' prophecy! So, the third tributary incorporates the Cloud and mountain forest tribes..."

Hearing this, High Priest Iwood nodded repeatedly. The entire world of Central America was roughly divided into these three cultures.

The first is the Maya culture, along the eastern coast, jungles, and mountains, encompassing all of Yucatan, Guatemala, and Honduras.

The second is the Highland culture, primarily influenced by waves of northern hunting tribes moving south, a fusion of indigenous cultures and northern tribes, including the Mexican Plateau, Lake regions, and Seaside areas.

As for the third, it is the Cloud Central culture, essentially the most indigenous of Central America's city-state tribes, a continuation of the Olmec civilization, including the Mistec, Zapotec, parts of the Seaside tribes, and even some ancient Otomi tribes...

"Chief Divine bear witness! The three ancestral tributaries encompass all known tribes in the world! Thus, the Mexica Alliance, inheriting the ancestors' prophecy and the Chief Divine's mandate, possesses the heavenly destiny to conquer the entire world!..."

Deriving to this point, High Priest Iwood showed great joy, feeling immensely satisfied. Upon returning, he planned to write separately to Your Highness, reporting on the "ancestral origins and various tributaries" proposal and rationale. The cultural similarities across tribes make finding tangible proof with the answer in hand a simple task...

Moments later, High Priest Iwood suddenly realized, asking out loud.

"Esteemed Sage Kani, you mentioned earlier, the ancestors' epic has six extending tributaries... three of which are ancient cities and the known world. Where are the remaining three exactly?..."

"Haha! Chief Divine bear witness! As mortals, what we see is only this three or four thousand miles east and west, not the full view of the leaves..."

Saying this, Old Witch Doctor Kani's gaze deepened, placing his palm on the Kingdom Epic. This epic already mentioned the Northern Continent, Southern Continent, along with the Jiao People lineage of

the East Sea Islands. Having discussed deeply with the Maya's old friends, collaborating in a scheme at Hidden Serpent City, Kani knew of the God of Death's regard for the East Sea Islands...

"Thus, the remaining three ancestral rivers are the enlightenment of the Divine Object, the black light I have seen, those more expansive worlds... just as the Divine Revelation seen by His Highness!..."

Old Witch Doctor Kani smiled mysteriously, leaning closer to High Priest Iwood. Whispering in a prophetic tone.

"Chief Divine bear witness! These three ancestral tributaries are a branch to the Northern Continent, another to the Southern Continent, and a branch to the East Sea Islands... Their epic is yet unknown, but their origin traces back to the Jiao People, the common ancestors of the world!..."

Hearing these words filled with profound meaning, High Priest Iwood's mind was intensely shaken. He glanced at Old Witch Doctor Kani in astonishment, his thoughts racing, and finally, he understood!

"Chief Divine bless! Thus, the extension of the Fifth Epoch is the expansion of the world!... and our additional mission, the unfulfilled intent of His Highness... is to inscribe this ancient claim of conquering the South, North, and East in the ancestors' epics!..."

"Indeed! Revered Sage Kani, thank you for your guidance today! Praise the Chief Divine! Should I... I will repay you abundantly!..."

Old Witch Doctor Kani felt satisfaction in his heart, though his face remained calm. He smiled warmly, like a transcendent hermit, or a sage of the tribe, evoking Iwood's deep admiration.

"Haha! Praise the Chief Divine! This old man, a mere mortal, seeks only to live peacefully, to witness the dawn of a new era!... and if I can contribute to the Kingdom... it's like a tree frog climbing to the treetop, and my heart's desire will be fully satisfied!~"