

## Civilization 145

### Chapter 145 Reconciliation and Transformation\_2

Seeing Gillim's gesture, Aweit hesitated slightly before also nodding with a smile, "This matter is excellent! What does the Chief Priest think?"

Quetzal suppressed his emotions, barely managing a smile, "That's fine. Let the two communicate with each other first and see if they are compatible."

In his heart, however, he had already decided that once he returned, he would severely chastise Kapana. It seemed that he had been too soft-hearted with his granddaughter. An issue as critical as marriage was not up to her whims!

Gillim then had the servants lead the two to the most secluded and beautiful side palace. Located in the deepest part of the palace's sea of flowers, it brimmed with boundless tropical blooms. It was also quiet and secluded, undisturbed by others.

Afterward, in the moment his trustworthy servant bowed, Gillim silently took out a potion from his robe. He then supported the servant, secretly passing the potion into the other's hands. As their gazes met, the servant nodded slightly, smiling respectfully before following Kapana and Acap away.

"The fields are full of green weeds, the dew is dense and clear. There's a beauty, graceful and pure. A chance encounter meets my desires."

At this time, Aztec society was also in the late stages of the tribal era, akin to the romantic era of the Spring and Autumn period in ancient Huaxia. The concept of a unified empire was just beginning to

emerge; the legal system had not been established, customs were simple, and the past was not far gone. Women had the right to inherit wealth and status, and attitudes toward marriage were more bold and free.

Once Gillim returned to the hall and gracefully took his seat, Quetzal had already regained his amiable smile. He instructed the ascetic Priest behind him to set down the wooden basket and lift the lid. Dozens of wooden boards covered in patterns were revealed to everyone. The Chief Priest picked one and cautiously presented it to Aweit.

Xiulote also leaned in to take a closer look. At the top of the board was an emblem, similar to that of a Commander's board, representing different City-States. On the left side of the board was a simple illustration of a Samurai, indicating the military strength of the City-State. To the left of the Samurai was a rectangular block with vertical bars inside, indicating specific squads of Samurais.

On the right side of the board was a simple grain pattern, indicating the City-State's food reserves. At the bottom, there were emblems of the Great Nobility, numerous small Nobility feathers, and simple symbols for villages.

"Could this be...?" Aweit finally showed real emotion, guessing.

"Indeed, as Your Highness has surmised! This is detailed intelligence on the various Mexica City-States, as well as military information about the surrounding tributary City-States." Quetzal smiled warmly, his smile full of absolute confidence.

"This is the most accurate intelligence gathered by ascetic Priests who ventured deep into the nations, including the specific military strength of the Samurais and their affiliations with different families. It contains Great Nobility that lean towards the Great Temple, small Nobility with spiritual aspirations, and

villages influenced by our Priests! With these maps and the support of the Great Temple, Your Highness can truly strengthen hold over the Alliance!"

This was an offer that couldn't be refused. In any era, priests, clerics, and monks are the best spies and suitable envoys.

They could move freely, trusted by ordinary civilians and Samurais and had enough status to interact with various levels of Nobility. They were also protected by the power of faith, making them the perfect intelligence agents. For thousands of years, countless wars had been waged in the name of religion, and the infiltration of intelligence networks was no different.

In Mexica society, the ascetic Priests, with their elevated status, could represent the Great Temple, secretly align with various Nobility and Samurais, and be ready to sacrifice at any moment for their faith. They were an important force for the Great Temple to control City-States not directly under its command and a key to maintaining the Alliance.

After contemplating for a moment, Aweit revealed a smile and warmly took Quetzal's hand. He then ordered the servants to bring out the finest Tequila, toasting to the Chief Priest. Quetzal also returned the gesture with a warm smile, and the two drank together, thus reconciling!

The milk-like top-quality Tequila shimmered under the bright firelight, casting a dreamy glow. But its light couldn't penetrate the barriers, unable to illuminate the darkness within, just as one couldn't see the shifting of the heart.

Xiulote, witnessing the two men's act, seemed enlightened. To be a true ruler, does one necessarily have to act this way? He watched as they chatted enthusiastically about the recently ended war, as if Tizoc's death was merely a trivial detail. During this time, Gillim told several serious jokes which provoked hearty laughter from everyone, and Xiulote couldn't help but laugh as well.

For a time, the great hall was filled with joy, and the King and the Chief Priest formally reconciled, joining forces for the future of their nation. It seemed everyone had already forgotten the two young men and women who had departed.

Quetzal nodded in satisfaction. Despite some minor surprises, the purpose of his visit was fairly successful. Next, he would continue to push the alliance with the King's forces, and once he removed the interference from the Teotihuacan lineage, the Chief Priest lineage would still firmly stand at the pinnacle of power! When the elder retired and returned political power, even if Aweit wanted to make a move, he would harm his own kin.

"It seems the King still cherishes the memory of his late wife. This could be exploited—a similar style of dress and demeanor, a similar appearance and gesture, Kapana could be further trained... If this doesn't go well, Prince Biril of Texcoco is still unmarried, as are the elite Nobility of the Capital City..."

As Quetzal schemed in his heart and listened to Gillim's serious jokes, he suddenly sensed something was amiss: Was this a delay tactic? No, my granddaughter!