

Civilization 157

Chapter 157 - The Coronation Ceremony: Song and Dance, Sacrifices, Light, and Blood_5

"You are my beloved father," Oyet said seriously, looking at Stanley to convey his respect for the opposing samurai.

The two began their duel immediately. However, the disparity in strength and equipment predetermined the outcome of the duel from the very start.

To make the fight as long and spectacular as possible, Stanley continually defended during the lengthy prelude. Occasionally, Oyet's war club would strike Stanley's leather armor, creating a loud bang, and Stanley would wince in feigned pain. Cheers and praises echoed from beneath the temple.

Oyet was indeed an elite warrior. He continually shifted his footwork, attacking Stanley's unprotected right side. Stanley simply used his war club to block or sidestepped to defend with his shield. Meanwhile, Otomi maidens danced gracefully around them, their light steps weaving. At times they whispered mournfully of life's ephemeral nature, and at other times, they sang loudly in praise of the samurai's bravery.

The samurai's fortitude and the maidens' gentleness, the intensity of combat and the smoothness of the dance, merged perfectly together. Inspired poets on the square burst into loud praises and recitations.

"I yearn for the samurai's bloom to never wither! Where can I find such beautiful flowers and melodious tunes? I search under the eyes of the divine, but the earth will never spawn a gentle spring!"

A poet, overwhelmed with emotion, sang while tears involuntarily slid down his cheeks.

"His resolve never falters; he longs to die under the blaze of an obsidian blade, a brilliant burst of flowers! He dares to endure the dark fragrance, both fresh and sweet!"

Another poet's praise rose, accompanied by the cheers of the crowd before the Great Temple.

A samurai's stamina is always limited, just as flowers bloom only briefly. Soon, when Oyet could no longer strike, Stanley stopped defending. He attacked like a tempest, slicing countless shallow wounds on Oyet, whose movements gradually slowed from blood loss. Then Stanley swiftly slashed across Oyet's throat and quickly raised his shield, where flowers of blood blossomed.

At this most thrilling moment, cheers erupted from beneath the temple, reaching a fever pitch! Maidens collapsed on Oyet's gradually cooling body, weeping for the passing of the samurai and their own fates. The faint scent of the maidens mixed with the warrior's fresh blood—this was the beauty and death of the Mexica.

The heart-stopping duel ended; Stanley glanced at King Aweit quietly sitting inside the War God Hall. He bowed respectfully in that direction, then along with the priests, carried Oyet's body away. The procession through the capital was next.

Behind him, the maidens sang in tears, "Rain Divine, may your tears water the earth to let all things thrive, while we lie buried beneath!"

The samurai's ritual had not started yet; the Heavenly Divine's procession was underway. From Tlatelolco's North City, a cheering procession approached, accompanied by the tune of clay flutes and conch shells, alongside the singing of priests.

The procession lifted a wooden platform high above, upon which stood a strikingly handsome young boy. He was dressed in the garb of a deity and played a beautiful flute. Seeing the yellow headband on his head and the glittering Obsidian Mirror on his body, Xiulote knew in his heart: this was the incarnation of the primal Sun God Tezcatlipoca.

Around the young boy were four beautiful girls, dressed in the attire of goddesses, nestled close to him, crying, their faces filled with love and reluctance to let go. They gently caressed the young boy's chest and tenderly kissed his handsome cheeks. All along their path, screams and heartfelt cheers erupted from the many residents of the capital.

This was the annual festival of the primal Sun God, also integrated by the priests into the coronation ceremony of the king. The handsome young boy had taken on the role of the primal Sun God for a year. A month ago, four beautiful girls had entered his dwelling. In their poignant intimacy, he knew that the most beautiful bloom was not far off.

Soon, the platform reached the walled enclosure of the Temple District. The young boy, playing his flute, elegantly entered amidst the throngs of young girls and spectators. His appearance captured everyone's attention. The nobility and samurai scrutinized him carefully, on this, the final day of the old deity. Meanwhile, the noble ladies sighed sorrowfully, shedding tears for the departing beauty.

After a short moment, as the young girls lay prostrate weeping their farewells, the handsome young boy smiled and said, "Farewell forever!"

In front of the grand blood-red Great Temple, he ascended the long stone staircase alone, breaking the flute in his hand, the ceramic issuing a clear cracking sound. The priests' song then rose, welcoming the return of the primal Sun God. The sacrifices at the War God's Temple paused momentarily, and even the young girls at the Rain God Temple stopped weeping. In this moment, he was the sole protagonist.

"Primal Sun God, we thank you for yielding to the War God. In the name of the Sun God, welcome back to the everlasting Divine Kingdom!" Quetzal bowed respectfully, his smile as warm as a gentle spring breeze. Uguel simply nodded slightly.

The young boy then gracefully nodded. He then removed his exquisite divine robe, revealing his perfect physique, and quietly lay on the sacrificial stone.

"My child, soon. You will soon journey to the divine realm of the Sun, to forever bask in peace and beauty," Quetzal said with a smile, pouring a small cup of potent Holy Water into the young boy's mouth. Soon, the young boy displayed an irresistible beautiful smile, blissfully awaiting his return.

This time, as the Obsidian Dagger swept across, there was a thunderous cheer and high, fervent devout prayers filled the air. The heart of the old deity was once again offered to the new deity. The body of the old deity received special treatment, as it would be reduced to ashes in the flames. Tomorrow, a new handsome primal Sun God would be selected again. So it goes year by year, such is the melody of the gods!

The sacred ritual finally reached its climax. King Aweit, dressed in the full blood-red Sun ensemble, majestically emerged from the War God's Temple. The coronation was at hand!

Xiulote stood at the level plane of the Chief Palace, reflectively observing all this unfold. In the hearts of the Mexica people, there was a deeply rooted reverence for natural and artistic beauty, and yet their military might was subject to strict social restrictions and moral governance. Thus, in the light, there alternated the blood red, and in beauty, death was celebrated.

This was the splendid yet bloody Aztec civilization! These were the Mexica people of flowers and beauty, dance and poetry, war and sacrifice, sun and blood!