

Civilization 164

Chapter 164 The Reform of Mexica Religion – Part 3

However, the slaves of Mexica retained sufficient personal and property rights and had the opportunity to prosper with the assistance of their masters, more like servants and not entirely consumables.

"Overall, the characteristics of religious law are sanctity, extensiveness, and flexibility. Its status is supreme, it governs all aspects of life, and it continually adjusts and changes with regional customs and the development of the times."

The Elder softly pondered, chewing over the concepts of sanctity, extensiveness, and flexibility, considering God, society, nature, and mankind. After a while, he slowly nodded.

"My child, we need a fundamental doctrine, both as a guide for the religion and a basis for the law."

Xiulote nodded earnestly, but it was clearly beyond his capabilities. He could only add,

"The fundamental doctrine is Divine Revelation, which can serve as a principal summary. This is like a towering tree trunk pointing to the sky, not overly detailed, leaving room for flexibility."

Beyond the fundamentals, three specific sources of law can be supplemented: the teachings of the saints, the deductions of scholars, and the resolutions of the Priesthood. These are the vast and flexible branches and leaves, which specifically guide the details of law enforcement."

The Elder contemplated the religious law Xiulote mentioned. He needed a specific compiler of execution. Two figures fluctuated in the balance of his mind. Eventually, the two figures turned into three. The Elder finally made his decision.

Before them lay the deep underground stone house. The sculptural Guard Captain exerted himself effortlessly, and with a loud rumble, the thick stone door opened, a tiny blue snake darting frightened into the corner, dropping a frog it held in its mouth.

"My child, you have arrived," the Elder said expressionlessly.

Xiulote silently entered the snake house and nudged the frog on the ground with his foot. The frog moved slightly but was obviously close to death.

With another rumble, the thick stone door closed again, plunging the snake house into pitch darkness. Soon, the little blue snake slithered over to the young man's side. It hissed softly, expressing its discontent with what lay beyond the door. Um, from the little blue snake's behavior, the Elder had already gone far.

Xiulote leaned against the wall lost in thought. The slick, soft touch came again from his wrist, swaying and winding, gently creeping up his arm and into his warm chest, and then it comfortably stopped moving. The young man sighed and fell into a deep sleep with the little blue snake.

When the Elder returned to the top floor of the palace, the sun had already tilted westward. The setting sun, like blood, soaked the sky in the distance, as well as the divine palace. The Elder watched the sunset, his heart gently fluctuating. He sat on God's stone seat, quietly waiting for the darkness. Behind him, the sculptural Guard Captain held the fate-bearing pottery jar.

Atop the Great Temple, a day's worth of priestly chanting had finally ended. The High Priesthood stepped off the stone steps with composed expressions, their feet stained with congealed crimson. The Elder Priests bid each other farewell and went to rest. A day's sacrifice was exhausting, leaving their arms sore. Uguel gave Quetzal a slight bow and then shuffled away.

Quetzal smiled, admiring the sunset at the horizon, longing for the sunrise of tomorrow. He waited a moment. Soon, a loyal priest came from the north, hands bearing a blood-dripping wooden box.

Quetzal opened it to find a fine severed head, its expression dignified and reluctant, as lifelike as ever. Seeing the old friend, the Chief Priest's smile grew even warmer. He casually closed the wooden box and, escorted by the War Priests, set off directly toward the East.