

## Civilization 166

### Chapter 166 Exploring the Way\_2

Quetzal sighed inwardly as he thought of this. Kapana was still too disobedient. As the legitimate wife of Biril, she was indeed a suitable match. However, at this moment, Prince Biril was at a low point. He should be able to accept, taking his own grandniece as his wife.

Biril pondered quickly, somewhat surprised and amazed by the Chief Priest's goodwill. He mused for a moment. It seemed there was indeed a rift between Aweit and the Chief Priest. Since proposing marriage to Aweit was unsuccessful, allying with the Chief Priest's lineage was certainly a prime choice. It was just unfortunate that she was not a direct granddaughter.

Biril then composed himself and respectfully saluted the Chief Priest, "If the Chief Priest is willing to extend such kindness, it must be the blessing of my uncle's noble spirit. That is indeed very good. Once I have buried my uncle with full honors, I will visit again to request the friendship of flowers and birds."

Quetzal nodded with a warm smile. He was increasingly pleased as he watched the changes in Biril's expression.

Soon, a servant brought forth a vivid red cocoa drink. Biril drank a cup first, conveying the Warrior's blessing, then asked, "Your Excellency the Chief Priest, this is cocoa specially prepared by Texcoco. Would you care to try a cup?"

Quetzal glanced at the cocoa, mixed with unknown spices, and smiled slightly. As a Master of Alchemy specialized in poisons, how could he drink a beverage of unknown origins. Especially since not long ago, he had sacrificed Uncle Telol on the orders of the elders.

"Thank you for your kindness, Your Highness. However, as Priests, we only drink the divine-given Holy Water and cannot appreciate the essence of cocoa. If Your Highness is interested, I could bring you some Holy Water from the Great Temple to taste next time. It is a truly divine and delightful substance."

Biril smiled in gratitude. The two then conversed amiably, with a vivid red wooden box beside them. Inside the box lay the quiet listening head of Telol.

A short time later, Prince Biril respectfully escorted Chief Priest Quetzal out.

"Let your uncle's head be worshiped by you first, letting his soul ascend deeply into the Divine Kingdom. After two days, I will return to retrieve the noble's head."

Biril's expression darkened and he nodded in agreement.

The two parted reluctantly. Afterwards, Biril turned back to the main hall. In front of the middle-aged Samurai who had arrived promptly, he drew a Dagger, cut his own arm, and began sobbing all over again.

"My beloved uncle, you were cruelly slaughtered, and my heart aches as if cut by knives! The undying old villain, not even sparing the last of the military power, I vow not to coexist with him!"

The middle-aged Samurai also teared up, holding back his sorrow, "King, should we set off immediately, return to the City of Texcoco, and mobilize the Samurai and the Militia, just in case?"

Biril pondered for a moment, then shook his head. "The Samurai are not under our control; rising up now would be hopeless. Since the old villain sent Quetzal to probe me, it seems he harbors no intent to kill. Quetzal's willingness to enter into this alliance also confirms this intent.

To slaughter a Great General under a baseless charge has already displeased the Nobility. Moreover, to kill a prince without any charges? The old villain would not make such a reckless move. Let us complete the Sacrificial Rites for my uncle, return the head, then cross the lake back home,"

The middle-aged Samurai nodded respectfully. Then, a servant brought flowers and together they paid respects to Telol's head, encircling it with flowers. They chanted the Sacrificial Rite's poetry, bidding farewell to the departed soul with fresh flowers and crimson.

Leaving the Prince's Mansion, under the protection of the War Priest's Escort, Quetzal headed straight for the Chief Palace. All the orders from the elders had been fulfilled, and his plan was progressing steadily. Now, his only concern was the wise child from the Xutel Family. High Priest Xutel must have been hurrying on the road day and night, perhaps already having reached the Capital.

"We cannot delay any longer, for delays lead to changes," Quetzal thought, gazing at the changing shadows on the white walls outside the palace. As the sun just set, those shadows turned to darkness, as did the fate of the noble.

The Chief Priest ascended the long staircase and stepped into the hall of firelight and candlelight. The elder sat silently on his stone seat, gazing towards the dark western sky, with the sculpted figure of the Guard Captain behind him.

"Respected elder, the coronation ceremony has been completed. Telol of the Nesaval Family has been sacrificed, and his head has been given to Prince Biril for worship. According to the Ritual, after two days when his soul ascends into the Divine Kingdom, we can hand over the army command,"

Quetzal smiled gently, respectfully kneeling and saluting.

The elder nodded slightly.

"Quetzal, you have worked hard. How is Biril from the Nesaval Family?"

Quetzal paused thoughtfully before he spoke up for Biril.

"Prince Biril is still young. He began to feel indignant, then under my persuasion, recognized his uncle's crimes, and has been crying sadly since. In my view, he is still a child, not yet skilled in discretion, but he is not foolish."

The elder nodded slightly again. He watched Quetzal quietly, his gaze seeming to see through everything.

Quetzal lifted his head slightly, observing the elder's expression. After a long silence, he knelt again and saluted as he inquired.

"Respected elder, how are the matters concerning the 'Cash' to be arranged?"

The candlelight flickered, and the bonfire leapt. The elder lowered his eyes slightly. Then, he slowly stood and walked toward the corridor of spirits.

"Quetzal, you have followed me for thirty years now, haven't you?"

Quetzal remained kneeling. He looked up at the elder's silhouette, elongated by the candlelight, casting shadows into his eyes.

"Yes, elder. It's been thirty years since I graduated from the Temple ranks and joined your command. Following you, I have strived to excel in every task." Quetzal continued to respond respectfully, a foreboding feeling arising in his heart.

"Indeed, my child. From the first time you entered the Snake House and killed a rattlesnake with your bare hands, I knew this was a child with first-rate skills, reflexes, and determination. Later, when you accompanied your older brother to assassinate the leader of a southern city-state and came to me to learn alchemy, I grew even more fond of you. After your brother died, I appointed you as chief priest, and in these thirteen years, you have never disappointed me."

The elder's tone was filled with emotion. His mood fluctuated slightly, a rarity for him to speak so much. After finishing speaking, he had already entered the dark, narrow spirit corridor, heavily guarded by the guards. Then, from the darkness, the elder's voice eerily floated back.

"Quetzal, may I ask you one more thing?"

Quetzal watched the elder's receding figure, listening to the elder's requesting tone, the ominous premonition in his heart rising further. He struggled to maintain a smile, his left hand tightly clasping the copper-plated Divine Staff, his right hand reaching into his bosom, grasping the poisoned dagger.

"Respected elder, I am willing to die for you!"

The elder finally turned around. He looked at Quetzal from a distance, facing the dim candlelight, expressionless.

"Very well. My child, my life is not far from the Divine Kingdom. Can you help me, go explore the Divine Kingdom first?"

Quetzal was horrified. He sprang to his feet, one hand on the Divine Staff, the other on the dagger, and charged at the elder with all his might.