

## Civilization 167

### Chapter 167 Fate

The breeze stirred the Great Temple's bonfire, swaying the departing light and shadows and dimming the last of human hearts.

Quetzal stood up and rushed forward, but before he could take two steps, a tall shadow met him head-on, firmly blocking his path. He immediately swung the bronze staff without hesitation, smashing it towards the Guard Captain's temple.

The Guard Captain's expression remained unchanged, his left hand still holding a clay jar. He took swift, small steps forward, maneuvering the blunt edge of his bronze axe gracefully, smashing it against Quetzal's left wrist. The Chief Priest then cried out in pain as his wrist went limp, and the Divine Staff clattered to the ground, rolling away.

Quetzal's face hardened, and his right hand flipped forward, thrusting at the Guard Captain's abdomen. The Guard Captain once again deftly turned his bronze axe. With a clang, the axe squarely blocked the tip of the Obsidian Dagger. In the blink of an eye, two more guards pressed in from either side, sealing his fate.

The Chief Priest's face twisted ferociously. Seeing no chance of escape, he stepped back, raised his right hand high, and forcefully threw something down the corridor. A ghostly blue dagger traced a rapid arc, shooting towards the elder.

The elder's face was calm, utterly undisturbed. A guard beside him raised a shield, and with a bang, the dagger rebounded, clinking to the ground. Quetzal immediately turned and dashed towards the Divine Staff. He dove to the ground, grabbing the last weapon, and twisted off the bronze decoration at the top, ready to pull out the blowgun to shoot.

The Guard Captain approached steadily. With just a light kick, the blowgun was flung far away. Quetzal, still refusing to give up, clung to the Guard Captain's leg, shaking him vigorously with both hands, attempting to topple the statue-like figure before him. The Guard Captain slightly sank his body, rooted as if his feet were planted, unmoving.

Watching all this, the elder sighed deeply. His voice was distant yet calm.

"Quetzal, my child, stop your futile struggle. You must understand that the end has already been determined. Leave behind one last shred of dignity, and for your family, leave a path."

At these words, Quetzal trembled. He finally stopped moving, his face pale as he looked towards the elder.

"My family..."

The elder nodded calmly, looking warmly at Quetzal.

"My child, go in peace. Soon, there will be no pain at all."

The will of the gods can never be altered. The Guard Captain finally opened the jar of fate. He took out a bottle of pale green potion and handed it to Quetzal lying at his feet.

Quetzal gave a wry smile. He tremble as he took the potion, opened the seal, and was about to drink it, but then resentfully looked towards the elder.

"Why?!"

The elder did not answer, simply turning away silently.

Watching the massive figure like a mountain, Quetzal finally despaired. He tilted his head back, his wrist trembling as he poured the potion down his throat, reluctantly accepting his fate.

Many drops of the pale green potion splashed out, but the remainder was enough to open the gates of the Divine Kingdom. Soon, the Chief Priest couldn't suppress his trembling body and wore a strange yet sincere smile. Then he gently collapsed to the ground, even the clay jar in his hand not shattered. Following this, Quetzal continued to convulse for a few seconds on the ground, then lay still with a smile on his face.

The Guard Captain crouched down, first checking Quetzal's breath, then lifting his eyelids to check his pupils. After that, he stood up and nodded to the elder in confirmation.

It was only then that the elder walked slowly over. He stood beside Quetzal's body, silently observing for a long while before whispering to himself.

"My child, rest assured. Soon, many will join you on your journey."

Then, the elder gently shook the bell in his hand. Several Chief Minister's Guards quickly arrived and knelt down to salute. Their gazes were unfaltering, not glancing at Quetzal on the ground.

"Where is the guard force?" the elder asked calmly.

"Five hundred guards have already secured the area around the Prince's Mansion and the port to Texcoco."

The leading guard replied respectfully.

"The royal family's samurai?"

"Three thousand family samurai attended the ceremony, now stationed in the palace district."

"The capital city warriors?"

"In the name of the ceremony, ten thousand capital city warriors have been assembled at the four armories."

"The nobility battle group?"

"By your command, after the ceremony, the Tiger and Eagle Warriors feasted in the Temple District, King Aweit included."

The elder finally nodded. His command revealed a long-hidden sharpness. His plain words carried an iron will, cold and indifferent!

"Mobilize the guard force, arrest Prince Texcoco, those who resist shall die. Mobilize the royal family's samurai, arrest the senior priests and the Great Nobility of the Texcoco line, those who resist shall die. Mobilize the capital city warriors, impose martial law in the name of the ceremony, seal all ports. Mobilize the nobility battle group, assemble at the eastern armory, ready for action. Notify King Aweit: stay calm at the residence, this does not concern him."

The elder's expression was impassive, indifferent to the bloodshed and fire that were coming. He continued to speak calmly.

"Summon Xutel, who waits, I must see him. Summon Uguel, wait outside."

The guards bowed neatly and strode off. After many years, envoys once again departed from the Chief Palace, treading the dedicated paths to the Great Temple. Then, carrying the irrefutable command, they proceeded to all places in the capital city where military forces were concentrated.

The elder slowly walked back to the center of the Great Temple, settling comfortably on the divine stone throne. He gently closed his eyes, Quetzal lying nearby as if asleep with a smile. The Guard Captain, still holding the clay jar, stood frozen beside him. The temple again fell silent as a pin could be heard dropping.

Before long, some hurried footsteps distinct from the guards' approach echoed in the corridor. The elder slightly opened his eyes as the High Priest Xutel, clad in his solemn priestly vestments, came rushing, empty-handed.