

Civilization 171

Chapter 171 - Blood Ties and Guilt by Association_2

Afterward, Priests from the Great Temple arrived with orders from Uguel, proclaiming the "Prince of Texcoco's crimes." The Priests pacified the nobility of the Capital City and Tlacopan, inviting them to the Priests' palace in the Temple District to worship the Chief Priest Quetzal and to bid farewell to the revered spirit.

The two thousand elite warrior Battle Groups from the Temple District had already been brought under control. Hundreds of Samurai from Texcoco were first excluded and temporarily detained. The Envoy announced the "order to suppress the Texcoco rebels."

The military nobility showed unease but did not stir up trouble. Soon, more royal officers arrived, and that finally suppressed the tumult of the elite warrior Battle Groups. Two hours later, five thousand warriors from the Lake Capital City arrived at the command, restraining the noble warriors, and the seven thousand-strong army set off in stages. They embarked on the already assembled Naval Forces at the port and sailed overnight under the moonlight. The fleet then headed for the eastern shore of Lake Texcoco, dozens of miles away to the City of Texcoco.

Aweit returned to Montezuma Palace, led by the Envoy. He first had the guards bring gifts to his daughter. Then, sitting opposite Gillim under the dim glow of the ceremonial fire in the main hall, they remained silent.

After a while, Gillim saluted respectfully and reported solemnly.

"According to the latest intelligence, Chief Priest Quetzal is dead, and the Prince of Texcoco intends to rebel. The elders have dispatched troops to suppress it."

Aweit nodded lightly, then shook his head, it was impossible for the Prince of Texcoco to rebel at this time.

"This matter is too peculiar, what exactly happened?"

Gillim pondered for a moment and spoke in a low voice.

"The situation is completely under the control of the elders, the Texcoco lineage was utterly unprepared, this must be the elder's scheme."

Aweit was slightly surprised.

"You mean...the death of Quetzal?"

Gillim nodded cautiously.

"Why would the elder do such a thing?!"

"That depends on what exactly His Highness Xiulote said to the elder," Gillim answered, saluting respectfully, his words filled with profound meaning.

At the same time, in the dark Serpent House, Xiulote was awakened by a sudden commotion. Feeling somewhat disoriented, he carefully moved the tail of the small green snake encircling his neck. Then, he pressed his ear against the wall, listening carefully. There were faint shouts and cries. About a quarter of an hour later, the noise gradually subsided. In the night, there was the silence of death.

Xiulote furrowed his brow. He was worried about Aweit and Alisa, whom he hadn't seen in a long time. Then he went to the stone doorway and shouted out to the Guards outside. The guards remained silent, giving no response.

Xiulote leaned against the wall again, staring into the darkness. He did not know his fate and worried for his loved ones. The silence and darkness were irritating, eventually lulling him back to sleep. The small green snake shifted its position, coiling around his waist. It was like being wrapped in a silk blanket, smooth and rather comforting. The youth propped his head with his hand and fell asleep amidst his thoughts.

This sleep lasted until the next morning. At this time, with two meals a day, breakfast would be around nine o'clock. The stone door was thunderously opened, and breakfast was maize cakes and black bean paste. The guard still did not communicate with Xiulote, leaving the food behind and immediately departing. The youth chewed on the still warm cakes, his thoughts drifting far away.

Meanwhile, dozens of miles to the East, under the guise of a celebration, the gates of Texcoco were thrown wide open.

Many insiders had long been ready, ushering the Alliance's great army into the city. Seven thousand warriors from the Capital City entered from the west gate, while four thousand warriors from the Holy City surged in from the north gate. The slightly more than a thousand Texcoco garrison warriors were taken by surprise, surrendering without a fight. Shortly thereafter, the city gates and streets were under control. The Capital City warriors were responsible for suppression, while the warriors from the Holy City burst through doors to capture Texcoco's royal family, nobility, and priests.

The royal family and the Great Nobility, who had reigned for hundreds of years, trembled, complied, wept, raged, resisted, and fought, yet they could not change the fate decreed by the elders. Those who resisted were turned to ashes, and those who surrendered were captured as prisoners. The sudden turn of events and the disparity in strength made cries and roars meaningless.

After breakfast, Xiulote perked up. He first recalled three hours of religious doctrine, then pondered for two hours on economic surveys, and finally, aimlessly thought about military reforms for another two hours. By four o'clock in the afternoon, it was time for dinner. Dinner was unexpectedly lavish: turkey legs, stewed rabbit, maize pies, and mushroom tomato soup.

Xiulote remembered the customs of his homeland and fearfully touched his own head. That's right, the Mexica also had similar customs. He zoned out for a while, feeling fear momentarily, but then the Samurai's resolve took over. He sat down unrestrainedly and ate heartily.

"In eighteen years, I will be a hero again! Ah, I'm almost fourteen years old." The youth whimsically mused, striking a heroic pose to suppress the unease in his heart, draining the mushroom soup in one gulp. Then he tore off a rabbit leg for the small green snake. The snake disdainfully sniffed the cooked meat and slithered away from the youth. It wanted to dive into the waterways to hunt for tasty little creatures.

At the same time, on the eastern shore of Lake Texcoco. Thousands of scared royal and noble children were escorted by fully-armed warriors and boarded canoes. Empty-stomached, bare-handed, and shivering, they headed towards the Lake Capital City. They knew of the "Prince of Texcoco's rebellion," but they had no idea what their fate would be next.

Another silent night passed. That night, Xiulote had a restless sleep. He thought of his ancestors, friends, subordinates, and lovers, his strict self-discipline, sleepless nights spent on technical research, and his grand plans for the future.

