

Civilization 215

Chapter 215: Advice and Planning

Darkness fell, and the night deepened.

Having received Aweit's promise and support, Xiulote was greatly encouraged. He solemnly knelt to receive his orders, paid his respects, and bid farewell to the King and his friends. Then, he summoned the long-awaited Head Warrior. Bertade picked up the simple clay pot, and the group hurriedly departed for the High Priest's Mansion.

Aweit smiled as he watched the young man leave. His gaze extended to the horizon, then rose into the night sky, skimming the bland stars to pause on the rising bright moon. It was now mid-January, and the full moon shone like a crystal plate, its dazzling light purity personified.

"Myths have perished, religious reform. Will the moon still threaten the sun?"

Aweit watched for a long time but received no answer. Then, the King calmly turned and slowly sat back on the cold throne. Once again, he reached out to grip the hard Divine Staff and fell into deep thought. In the flickering firelight, the Yellow Gemstone's light sparkled, at times pure, at times profound.

At some point, Gillim silently emerged from the shadows and solemnly prostrated himself. The King's gaze then followed suit.

"Your Majesty, do you really intend to let His Highness command the Northern Route Army?"

The Intelligence Officer raised his head, looking towards the King, his expression extremely solemn.

Aweit calmly nodded his head, without hesitation or words. He was still pondering something.

Gillim reflected for a moment and prostrated himself again.

"Your Majesty, forgive my foolishness, I could not comprehend your intentions. Please instruct me clearly."

The loyalty of the Intelligence Officer held Aweit's gaze once more, wordless, silently waiting.

Gillim gritted his teeth and prostrated himself again. This time, his forehead pressed closely to the cold ground, emitting a chilly sound.

"The entire line of High Priests joining the Northern Route Army could completely eliminate... through the hands of the Tarasco... the Great Nobility in the Holy City have been secretly contacting... but the disposal of the High Priest still needs to be reported to the elders beforehand."

The Intelligence Officer had only spoken a few fragments and was already sweating profusely. He did not care who the target was, but he was unsure of the King's intentions.

Upon hearing this, an abyss flashed through Aweit's heart. He hesitated for a moment, then sternly rebuked.

"I have no such intention. Gillim, you should not do this!"

The Intelligence Officer immediately prostrated in apology, lying face down in silence. After a while, he raised his head again, cautiously speaking.

"Religious reform, military reform, suppression of the nobility, these are all grievances... and all proposed by His Highness... Perhaps letting the nobility know... to create public debates and eliminate them publicly..."

Shadows flashed again in the King's heart. He remained silent for a moment but then shook his head.

"The religious reforms have just begun and are already undertaken by the elders. The military reforms have not yet begun, and secrecy is now imperative. Both are major undertakings that should not be damaged by personal feelings... I still plan to transfer power to him and must protect... Gillim, no more words."

Gillim had to prostrate himself once more, his sweat falling to the ground. After a long pause, the Intelligence Officer spoke firmly again.

"Your Majesty, His Highness has been out of prison for a month, busy every day, never resting.

First, he consoled the families of the fallen Samurai, rallying the troops. Then, at the Priestly Temple, he preached and was praised by 'Divine Revelators.' Later, he investigated agriculture with me, studied the large and small nobility, estimated land and military strength, showing great foresight. He also proposed commercial law reforms, controlling strategic materials and suppressing merchants, with the Priesthood unanimously agreeing.

Then, he met privately with Maya merchants, executed the major Tarasco businessmen, sent people downstream along the river to gather copper mines. He surveyed the artisan district's industries, calling upon experienced jade craftsmen and stone workers, seeming to have a deeper purpose. These past few days, he has inspected various mines, subdued salt workers, controlled large salt mines, created unusual Divine Objects. Today, he even asked you for miners, intending military reform, and forming two new armies..."

Gillim had already dispatched people to surveil day and night. Now, listing these one by one, even though he was experienced and steadfast, he remained shocked and apprehensive.

"Priests, nobility, Samurai, craftsmen, merchants, miners, Militia.... His Highness keeps all layers of the Alliance in his heart, carefully weighing and measuring.

He practices Martial Arts daily, honing his will. He dislikes extravagant clothes, does not play with beads and gems, despises beautiful colors, does not enjoy feasts. He maintains a simple lifestyle, bears the world in his heart, constantly self-motivates, as if racing with fierce tigers...

For thirty years, I have never seen a young man with such a nature. Even if he has innate wisdom, his will is extraordinary, almost godlike. What exactly is His Highness planning? If this is his conduct over one month, what will happen after one year?"

The Intelligence Officer's words, each true, struck Aweit's heart like sharp arrows. The King closed his eyes again. This time, he remained silent for a long time before speaking with difficulty.

"I believe in him."

Gillim forcefully prostrated, making a clearly audible thud on the ground, and called out lowly and earnestly.

"Your Majesty! How can the great matters of the state be entrusted to the word 'believe'?! His Highness's grandfather was the High Priest, his father the Lord of a City-State, commanding hundreds of following Samurai, soon to train new troops. He is competent in both civil and military skills, lives simply, is inventive and wise, his reputation spreading far. He is also of the Royal Family bloodline, heir to the Alliance, and close to your most beloved princess..."

At this, the King abruptly opened his eyes and shouted angrily.

"Stop!"

Yet Gillim, for the first time, defied the Royal Decree. He risked everything and continued to advise.

"Even the elders, when assisting his brother Montezuma I, resigned from the Marshal position, not holding military power. You once said a great ruler must have no weaknesses! But now, your feelings have become a weakness."