

Civilization 244

Chapter 244: Fall of the City and Conversion of Faith_3

Hearing the sudden drumbeats, Balamo quickly patted Natali's shoulder, handed him a black obsidian long dagger, and then fiercely pushed him forward.

Staggering forward, Natali took the lead from among the Otomi warriors, and under the watchful eyes of tens of thousands of civilians and samurai, he shakily ran toward the group of priests at the center.

At that moment, the young Otomi warrior felt as though he was walking on clouds, in a dreamlike stupor. The fear of the gods that had accumulated over more than two decades suddenly surged in his heart. As he looked at the holy and exalted priests, his pace faltered slightly. Then, the deep voice of Balamo echoed in his heart once more, as if endowed with some strange magic power.

"They... guilty... killing... me... not guilty... saving..."

Muttering frantically under his breath, Natali finally approached the head priest at the forefront. The face of the priest, akin to that of a divine being, was filled with furious rage directed at him.

"You who betrayed the Primordial God! You will forever fall into... urgh... ah..."

With a snick, Natali thrust the dagger forcefully, piercing the chest of the head priest. His hand trembling, he had missed the vital spot of the heart, and the priest screamed in agony as he slumped sideways. Natali pulled out the weapon and stabbed again, but the blade's tip veered off course, still not delivering a fatal blow. Finally, with eyes reddened, the young Otomi warrior gripped the long dagger sideways and slashed at the neck above the chest, giving his adversary a merciful end.

This all-out slash not only cut through flesh but also through the final resistance in Natali's heart, unleashing fresh blood and carrying away all the guilt within him. He had finally obtained a new life.

With a contorted face and fierce eyes, Natali swept his gaze across the plaza until it fell upon the Mexica priest beside the Sacred Fire. Only then did he come somewhat to his senses, threw the dagger away with a trembling hand, and, drawn toward the light in his heart, stumbled a few steps forward and fell to his knees before the priest.

"Huitzilopochtli, Huitzilopochtli! Huitzilopochtli!!!"

Natali cried out with fervor, then collapsed to the ground, his face against the earth, whispering the last three words.

"... save me..."

"Excellent, very excellent!" Commander Osellor laughed heartily, swinging his war club with a whistling wind.

He was exceptionally pleased with Natali. This Otomi warrior was the first to rush out in front of tens of thousands of Otomi people and, without hesitation, he decisively killed the chief priest in the city, completely severing ties with the past. His methods were vicious and decisive, his will resolute, and he held such devout belief in the Sun God!

"Record the name of this Otomi warrior! I will promote him to the new hereditary nobility, arrange a marriage for him with a Mexica noblewoman, and hand over a battalion of a thousand Otomi warriors to him!"

Osellor ordered to his guards with an authoritative voice, setting an example for all Otomi people to be the most loyal vassals of the Alliance.

Not far away, the poet warrior Balamo stared, dumbfounded, at the scene unfolding before him.

"Heavenly Divine, is this... this... The flower that was just planted in the garden has suddenly grown into a tall tree? Have my eyes been blinded, or have the hearts of people been deceived?!"

The Sacred Fires blazed brightly. A thousand long-surrendered Otomi warriors were finally inspired, breaking free from their last shackles, no longer constrained. They roared and surged forward, and soon, the chanting of the Otomi priests, along with their blood, seeped into the deep soil. Not far off, the burning Temple was nearing its end.

In the forefront, Natali still lay prostrate in front of the Sacred Fire. He murmured silently, utterly immersed in his vision, feeling the complete light and warmth. And behind him, more and more Otomi warriors knelt down—dozens, hundreds, thousands... until the future of the north was set!