

Civilization 247

Chapter 247: Cutting Hair, Blood Oath, and Conquest_3

Whether the Otomi Warriors remained silent or resisted, as long as they failed to complete two key rituals, they were ruthlessly dragged away by the guards. Then, these scarred warriors were tightly bound by the hands and kept under watch in a corner of the square.

As Uguel surveyed the square, he quietly calculated in his mind. After the rituals were completed, approximately three thousand five hundred Otomi Warriors pledged their full allegiance, while over six hundred warriors were captured. These die-hard warriors looked furious, their gazes sharp as knives. They glared at the two groups of surrendered Otomi Warriors, their curses loud and clear, their words piercing the hearts of the surrendered like arrows.

Natali, listening to the harsh swearing, watched these unrepentant warriors, his eyes gradually filling with murderous intent. Beside him, a thousand surrendered Otomi had regained their war clubs and shields. They wore expressions of cold determination, their intent to kill even surpassing that of the elite Mexica Battle Groups.

"Such stubborn Otomi hill people," Uguel said with a slight sneer. He then swung the Divine Staff with force.

"Praise the most exalted Chief Divine! Beloved Otomi Warriors favored by the Chief Divine, you have chosen to believe in the Chief Divine and have thus attained salvation, embarking on the path of light! Now, the road to the Divine Kingdom has been opened. You may engage in sacred combat with these misguided warriors, helping them to reach the blissful Divine Kingdom instead of plunging into the suffering Abyss!"

Hearing the Priest's message, Natali raised his war club, ready to move forward to fight. Unexpectedly, Priest Bravo shook his head slightly at him.

"My child, you have already proven your loyalty and bravery. Now it's time for the second batch of newly surrendered warriors!"

Natali was slightly startled. Quickly, he looked towards the three thousand plus disheartened warriors, saw the Commoner Camp Leader who had opened the city gates for him, and strode over.

The Mexica warriors around were about to step forward when Commander Osellor smiled and waved them off. Elder Uguel, too, turned his gaze in their direction. In the corner, Priest Bravo appeared thoughtful.

"Weimak! What are you hesitating for!" Natali grabbed his friend's shoulder from among the crowd.

"These warriors are lost souls beyond salvation, symbols of darkness! They're doomed to die anyway, so let us send these brave men off, allowing them to ascend to the Chief Divine's Divine Kingdom!"

Weimak looked incredulously at Natali, who now seemed both familiar and strange—was this really the same simple warrior who once cared for his comrades and cherished his fellow villagers? He stared into his friend's eyes and saw a bright, clear light filled with steadfast faith, which left him momentarily bewildered.

"Weimak, don't hesitate! For the Chief Divine, kill the enemy, release them, and illuminate yourself!" Natali paused, glanced at the dumbstruck Balamo in the distance, remembered the Poet Warrior's way of helping... He then stuffed the war club and shield into Weimak's hands and pushed him towards the corner designated for dueling.

Weimak's expression changed. He walked slowly to the center of the duel, facing a warrior who was pushed along, empty-handed. They knew each other from two years of defending the city together, having weathered the storm and withstood the siege of the Mexica people. Yet, at this moment, when the opponent saw him, he unleashed a barrage of curses and, straining his injured body, charged straight at him.

Initially, Weimak felt guilty and only used his shield to parry and block. But the opponent fought with all his might, viciously striking Weimak's unguarded back, attempting to snatch the war club from his hand. Pained and threatened, Weimak's eyes gradually filled with ferocity.

Finally, as the opponent lunged with great force and was blocked by Weimak's shield, his body leaned forward with momentum, positioning his cursing head within the range of the war club. After a brief hesitation, the war club swung forcefully, striking the vulnerable temple with a thud. Then, with a snap, the warrior's neck broke at a strange angle, and after a contorted smile, he silently slumped to the ground.

The rage in Weimak's heart suddenly subsided. He stood there for two seconds, looking at the twisted smile on the corpse, sighed softly, and then turned around to return. He avoided Natali's embrace, simply returned the war club and shield to his friend, and then knelt to the ground in a daze, subconsciously murmuring a prayer.

"Chief Divine, most high and mighty... I offer my body and soul... wash away all sins... and bask in eternal light..."

Atop the divine platform, Elder Uguel nodded with satisfaction. He thought for a moment and then encouraged the two groups of Otomi Warriors to persuade one another.

Following the example set by Camp Leader Weimak, one or two hundred more warriors stepped forward. Armed with shields and war clubs, they fought against the empty-handed and wounded warriors, successively killing their former comrades. Then, guided by the Priests, the warriors devoutly prayed to the Chief Divine, seeking redemption and light.

In their hearts, chains silently shattered, and a secret fire burned fiercely!

Uguel waited a moment longer, seeing no more warriors step forward. He shook his head slightly, not pressing further. The Elder Priest counted briefly and found that there were still about five hundred obstinate warriors left in the corner, whom they temporarily set aside.

It was now the turn of over twenty thousand civilians who had been waiting. Prolonged starvation had left deep marks on these people, their gaunt chests outlining stark ribs. They were like driftwood in the wind, their life's flame about to extinguish at any moment.

Uguel swung the Divine Staff again. The Priests replaced the barely remaining holy wine with freshly heated cornbread. The aroma of the cornbread stirred the people's hearts, and a shocking desire flashed in the civilians' eyes. They had not eaten a feast for two years, not had their fill for four months, and some had not eaten for days. At this moment, driven by desire, they were herded by the warriors into nearly a hundred lines.