

Civilization 251

Chapter 251: The Follow-up in the North_3

As for the Vastec people of the northeast, I'm about to dispatch Samurai to collect grain and wealth, and along the way pressgang some Craftsmen. With this stronghold, the Alliance's control over the Vastec will be further strengthened. I will also send legions to repeatedly sweep through the north and capture breeding prisoners from the Canine Descendants, thereby eliminating the threat of their tribal men!"

Upon hearing this, the Elder Priest nodded in satisfaction, laughing in approval.

"Osellor, the Vastec have always been adept at dance and music, remember to bring back a group of female dancers and musicians for me. In return, I'll send you a batch of southern spices and gemstones."

The Commander laughed heartily, and affectionately patted his old friend's shoulder.

"Uguel, we've known each other for decades, there's no need for such formalities. You might as well leave me a couple of literate Priests to teach me writing and share the new religious teachings. Besides, I hear that the Capital City is mass-manufacturing Longbows. Is there any way you could get me a batch? We can negotiate the price. It's the best hunting method against those fiercely bare Canine Descendants!"

After a moment of contemplation, the Elder Priest cautiously agreed.

"Priests are no problem. When I return to the Capital City, I will also prioritize sending you all the compiled books. I can help you secure an extra batch of grain too. But the Longbows are troublesome; the King and His Highness are keeping a tight rein, with each one inscribed and numbered, stored in the

treasury, in preparation for the western campaign after the autumn harvest. Right now, all the Bowyers in the Capital City have been conscripted into the central Craftsmen hub, leaving none to manufacture them privately. However, I should be able to get you a batch of Tlaxcalan Bows; they should be sufficient against the poorly clad Canine Descendants...

Osellor, looking at these plans and intentions of yours, it seems like you're planning to manage this place for the long term. Could it be that you're ready to accept the appointment and take on the role of the City Lord here, laying down roots in this frontier land?"

As he spoke, Uguel closely observed his friend, his expression turning solemn once again.

Osellor solemnly nodded in agreement.

"Uguel, after hearing you speak of the situation in the Capital City, I made my decision: to stay in the state of Xilotepec, accepting the King's appointment! In a few years, I'll try to have an audience with the King to see if I can hand over the land of the Capital City and relocate the nearest relatives, switching to a feudal tenure here.

Think about it, the coronation ceremony, the Elder's authority like Thunderbolt, the boundless bloodshed. The religious reformation, with the King and the High Priest's power expanding, and the nobility being continuously oppressed, creates a volatile and turbulent atmosphere. It's a seething cauldron, too dangerous to approach.

Now, with the High Priest controlling the religious authority and expanding the Temple Guards, while His Highness's fame spreads far and wide with the construction of many new armies, these developments further unsettle me, fearing that turmoil could once again erupt between the two royal factions, potentially upsetting the entire situation.

You know my situation; although I'm born of the Royal Family and have fought for many years, I'm just from a remote branch. When the King ascended to the throne, I was not brought back to the Capital City as a close confidant, nor do I have any ties with the High Priest's line. After much thought, remaining to defend the frontier is the safest course of action!

Although this place lacks the prosperity of the Capital City, it's not particularly harsh or rudimentary. The Vastec people to the northeast are weak and wealthy. To the north, the Chichimeca Canine Descendants are scattered and powerless; the Otomi people to the northwest have just suffered a significant blow, and the Tlaxcala people to the southwest are still quite distant. To be stationed here, in control of the lives of hundreds of thousands, isn't it far more liberating and enjoyable than returning to the Capital City's cage?

How about it, Uguel, do you want to come and help me, to take on the role of Priest leader here? Let's build a new enterprise together in the north!"

Uguel hesitated for a while, quite moved. Then, he sighed softly.

"Osellor, staying here is indeed nice, but I'm afraid the Elder might not allow it. I'll find an opportunity to test the waters... Enough talk for now, Osellor, it's been two years since we last met. Bring out some fine wine and meat, and let's enjoy a hearty feast!"

Osellor smiled and nodded, calling the guards to serve the food and drink, opening the tent's skylight. Starlight poured in from above, and the two friends no longer dwelled on troubling issues or pondered the future. They simply enjoyed the brilliant starry river, drinking merrily until drunk.

The next day at noon, Uguel gathered the Priests, leaving half of them to establish the new Priesthood of Xilotepec. Then, he assembled the remaining dozens of Priests, along with the two thousand Mexica

Samurai guarding over a thousand Otomi nobility. Thousands boarded the boats heading south, the large vessels swiftly sailing towards the Lake Capital City.

Soon, under the Chief Divine's witness, a new year was about to officially begin!