

Civilization 282

Chapter 282 Training and Suggestions_2

At the abundant dinner, the Assistant Priest from the squad would take his place. Originally one of the miners, he had been promoted to "Assistant Priest." Daily training with the others, he had no time to study the revelations of the divine. Therefore, when he spoke, it was but two newly learned prayers.

"Chief Divine Huitzilopochtli, most supreme and omnipotent! Those who believe in the divine shall be saved and ascend to the Divine Kingdom!"

"Praise to the Chief Divine Huitzilopochtli! He grants us food, and we shall fight for Him!"

Guzman scratched his head and, as required, repeated the words along with his comrades. They had to recite them three times before they could officially start their dinner. At this moment, the camp was filled with continuous prayers and praises, floating towards the distant Divine Kingdom.

As for the Divine Kingdom, Guzman did believe in it; since childhood, he had heard of that eternally peaceful and wonderful realm. Yet, he was somewhat puzzled and confused about the Chief Divine, who used to be the War God. As a miner, he previously worshipped mainly the Earth Mother Goddess Tlaltecuhli or the Fire God Huitzilopochtli. Now, with daily prayers, new religious notions were remolded in his mind, slowly blending all deities into a supreme figure rising to the highest heavens.

After dinner, the militia could finally retire to rest. Guzman hurried forward, somewhat impatiently, the fatigue of the day making his whole body ache. Only when lying on the straw bedding did he feel that his body truly belonged to himself.

The sunset had passed and the sky was dim. Guzman crossed the spacious camp, looking distantly towards the central grand tent, not spotting the highly revered figure of the Lord. Unexpectedly, he saw the Tarasco Adjutant, who was in charge of training, speaking quietly with a guard outside the tent. Soon, the door of the tent opened and the Adjutant stealthily entered.

Guzman paused, then continued forward. The fatigue from training washed over him like a tide, his mind filled with nothing but a desire for sleep.

At this moment, Ezpan was far from sleepy. He walked cautiously into the Lord's grand tent, keeping his head low, stealing glances with his peripheral vision at the tent's arrangement, hoping to discern some of the Lord's preferences.

Unexpectedly, the grand tent was exceptionally austere. The walls bore nothing, the floor was devoid of cotton mats, and there were no gold or silver decorations. On a wooden rack, there was just a Greatbow, a set of War Club and shield, a set of Leather Armor, a wooden board map, a few new-style paper books. In the corner was a straw bed and two wooden basins. Near the vent, there was a fire basin with a small fire lit, no expensive candles... This place was more rudely adorned than any Tarasco noble's dwelling.

In the center of the grand tent, there was a newly made wooden table. The Lord, dressed in Priest robes, sat cross-legged behind the table, holding a scroll and looking at him with a tranquil expression. Behind the Lord was the Head Warrior, his face etched with years of hardship, his gaze piercing as if waiting for prey.

Ezpan's heart chilled. He dared not look around any further, nor did he dare to approach too closely. He knelt at the tent entrance, prostrating before the Lord.

"Respected Lord, Ezpan of the Mexica Alliance greets you, wishing you rebirth like the sun!"

Xiulote's expression was calm. He observed the kneeling training Adjutant, then slightly smiled. The other had specifically worn a Mexica Samurai's War Clothes, donned a Leather Hat painted with a Hummingbird, and hung a string of the latest Sun Amulets around his neck, showing a level of meticulousness and caution.

The authoritative gaze lingered on Ezpan for a long while until he sweat profusely; Xiulote then calmly inquired,

"Ezpan, what brings you to me? What do you have to report?"

Ezpan clenched his teeth. He thought of the strength of the Mexica people, the prosperity of the Lake Capital City, and also remembered the Lord's unconventional approach to people. At last, he spoke out loud.

"Respected Lord, concerning the training of the Spear unit, I have some new suggestions!"

Xiulote's gaze hardened. He looked at the weathered face of the training Adjutant and asked sternly,

"If you have suggestions, why not tell the training Chief? Why come to find me alone?"

Upon hearing the Lord's implied reprimand, Ezpan fell prostrated to the ground with a thud. He wanted to speak in his defense, yet felt it improper, so he just knocked his forehead hard against the ground.

Xiulote listened to the dull thuds of prostration until counting to twenty. Then he commanded again,

"Enough, Ezpan, speak."

Ezpan raised his head again, and his forehead was now swollen. The Lord was about to leave the training campsite, and this would be his last chance. With this thought, he forcefully spoke,

"Lord, General Balda excels in the Samurai's training. However, the Spear formation differs from the Samurai formation, focusing less on individual Martial Arts and more on teamwork! All training should revolve around cooperation!"

Xiulote's face remained expressionless, waiting. Under his directive, Balda had already altered many training plans, and now the training specifically focussed on cooperation. Ezpan's words brought nothing new.

Ezpan paused for a moment, not waiting for a response from the Lord; then he bit his teeth and spoke out loud again,

"Compared to the Samurai formation, the Spear formation is not necessarily stronger. Its advantage lies in being quicker to train as an army, with a wide source of soldiers. With ordinary militia and miners, strictly trained for several months, they could roughly withstand a Samurai's charge. Yet any qualified Samurai's training spans over five years."

Hearing this, Xiulote began to show some interest. As a low-ranking officer, Ezpan clearly had abundant experience and expertise. The Lord then gestured with a wave of his hand.