

## Civilization 287

### Chapter 287 Personnel Appointment

Xiulote stood silently, his thoughts drifting with the wind, surging into the vast world of the night.

Bertade silently moved forward, adding some high-quality charcoal to the campfire. This was a product recently delivered from the charcoal yard, produced from a modern kiln. Soon, the charcoal burned intensely, producing neither smoke nor crackling sparks.

A warm breeze then swept toward Xiulote, gently caressing his robustly growing figure, his handsome and refined face, and his bright and clear eyes. Sparkles flickered in the young man's eyes; he watched the charred remnants of the charcoal fall naturally like the first snow, like the searing flames of life leaving indelible marks in the era.

After a moment, Xiulote smiled contentedly and began to speak slowly.

"Bertade, for this expedition, my father is indeed suited to be the commander-in-chief. However, you must help me command the new troops and the Personal Guard. The new troops include the Spear Legion that is under training, and the Longbow Militia who will pledge their loyalty tomorrow. The Longbow Guards have reached a thousand people and can be called the Longbow Camp, mostly followers. This is my direct force from the common people and militia warriors, and your prestige is enough to lead them; I only wish to entrust them to you!"

Bertade pondered for a moment, then respectfully knelt down and bowed. The prince's followers had already been divided into three groups: part joined the new troops, serving as the backbone of the legion officers. Part served as personal escorts, attending the prince. Most practiced with the longbow, becoming Longbow Warriors, and the Longbow Camp thus became the prince's personal guard.

"Willing to die for you! Under the witness of the predecessor monarch's spirit, may the reborn sun rise into the sky and reign over the world of the Mexica!"

Bertade solemnly vowed in a low voice, his usually calm face revealing a deep-seated fervor. Having followed Xiulote for two years, the prince had become the repository of his spirit and ideals. Regardless of whether the young man was the reincarnation of Montezuma I, he would continue to protect him, waiting for the hopeful tomorrow.

Xiulote laughed heartily. He strode forward, ruffled Bertade's hair, then powerfully lifted the loyal Head Warrior. Then, the two sat opposite each other, cross-legged, discussing personnel appointments.

"Bertade, you need to temporarily command the army. Who in the Personal Guard is suitable to assist you?"

Thinking back to the last expedition, Xiulote asked earnestly.

The Head Warrior's mind raced, as many faces flashed through his mind, finally settling on a simple, honest smile.

"Prince, Ters is simple-minded and has undergone the test of loyalty. He has known you for a long time and has been trained in the followers' unit for several months, suitable as an adjutant in the personal escort. When I command the army, he can be responsible for your safety," he said.

Xiulote's gaze flickered. He remembered the initially captured face, that simple joyous look of the Holy City warrior. Once again, profound, unforgettable memories surged, bringing with them his once pure and kind self, stirring complex emotions within.

The young man slowly nodded, once again burying the past deep within his heart.

"Very well! Let Ters meet with me in a couple of days to see if there have been any changes."

Bertade bowed to take his orders. Then, after a moment's thought, he asked,

"Prince, the Spear Legion is a complete Xiquipilli of eight thousand men. You promised the position of Vice Legion Commander to Ezpan, being a surrendered general... Who do you have in mind for the Legion Commander?"

Upon hearing this, Xiulote thoughtfully considered.

"The Spear Legion is a legion of commoners, also incorporating a lot of new tactics. There are only two people who are experienced enough to command the legion and capable of handling this position, having enough prestige to keep the officers in check: either Monkey Kuluka or Poet Balamo."

Bertade nodded subtly, listening to the prince's words and assessing the standing of each commander in the prince's heart.

"Both are of common origin and can also win the support of the warriors and militia. As for whom to choose..."

Xiulote pondered for a moment. He remembered the loyalty of the two men; the Poet had composed poems glorifying him but had not proven his convictions. Meanwhile, Monkey had often been busy following him on adventures, purchasing copper mines, and had also captured a golden eagle for him...

With that in mind, Xiulote made a decision.

"Send an envoy to recall Kuluka. His success in managing the copper mines warrants him officially taking over as the Legion Commander of the Spear Legion! Let Ezpan coordinate with Monkey, train the legion until September, then join the Northern Route Army."

Bertade took out paper and pen, noting down the prince's appointments. He then swiftly drew up the appointment letter in text and illustrations, presenting it to the prince. Xiulote took out a Jade Badge marked with his name, stamped it on the appointment letter, and attached a Jade Talisman representing himself. The Head Warrior took out a cotton bag, placing both the appointment letter and the Jade Talisman inside, to hand over to the Messenger the next day.

In this era where institution was just establishing, all rules were so simple and straightforward. The military, representing power, identified more with the commanders and individual authority rather than central appointments and Tokens.

"Prince, what about General Balda?"

Bertade asked again.

Xiulote already had a decision in mind. He smiled slightly.

"I will take Balda with me. This expedition, Aweit promised to give me several thousand warriors directly from the Royal Family. These armies from the Capital City are to be returned to the Alliance after the campaign ends and disbanded. As last time, the warriors of the Capital City will be commanded by Balda. He also has sufficient capacity and prestige to suppress the military nobility."

Actually, I once asked him, but he did not favor the combat strength of the commoner's legion and preferred commanding thousands of warriors. Since he harbors such a mindset, it's hard for him to lead the Spear Legion well... So, it's better this way!"