

## Civilization 290

### Chapter 290 Black Wolf\_2

Xiulote first waved his hand, indicating that Bertade need not use his shield for protection. At this distance, the tribal Hunting Bow with Wooden Arrows couldn't penetrate a Samurai's Cotton Armor, unless it hit the neck or eyes. Observing for a moment, the young pupil narrowed his eyes. He moved silently two steps, positioning himself under the cover of the Head Warrior.

The skilled old Hunters raised their small Hunting Bows, slightly tilting their heads to aim. They held the arrow's tail with the most primitive release technique, pulling the string past half their arm, and then releasing it cleanly and naturally. The faint sound of Arrows continued unceasingly, as the simple Arrows traced different trajectories, accurately hitting the head of the straw targets, weakly sticking around the eyes and neck.

Xiulote closely watched, the first group of old Hunters hit the head with all five arrows, with at least two striking the critical points of the eyes and neck. He was unspeakably shocked by the Archery skills of these old Hunters! The reason they only shot at the twenty-step straw targets was not due to limited shooting skills, but because the effective stable range of their simple Hunting Bows was only twenty steps!

"If they were equipped with high-quality Longbows and Copper Arrows, and spent a few months getting used to the new weapons... even the Samurai would likely not escape a precise arrow at close range..."

Xiulote's expression grew solemn, he looked towards Bertade, and the Head Warrior also nodded seriously.

It took only a few dozen breaths for the first group of old Hunters to complete their shooting, followed by the second and third groups. The tribal Hunters who had finished shooting sequentially retreated outside the field, kneeling down anxiously, waiting for the results that would decide their fate.

Xiulote watched the straw targets, his expression solemn. The level of the following groups of Hunters gradually declined, but all consistently hit the targets, many striking vital points. Seeing the straw targets' heads and hearts densely filled with Arrows, the youth's heart was both exhilarated and faintly worried.

These tribal Hunters could hunt birds and hares in the mountains and forests, with Archery skills that were terrifyingly honed over years or even decades. They lacked the technology and metal tools to make Longbows, so they could only await slaughter helplessly before the Armored Samurai. Yet once they truly learned the secrets of the Longbow, could they become a new threat to the Alliance?

Xiulote briefly pondered, then came to a realization. These mountain tribes lacked the productive capacity to manufacture weapons and did not have enough people to form a scale. Even if they obtained some Longbows, they could not withstand the large-scale, well-organized Alliance army. Their existence would only inject new, high-quality fuel into the Alliance's war machine!

Realizing this, Xiulote laughed out loud again. He looked at the spirited Toltec, clapping the young Samurai on the shoulder with force.

"Toltec, this batch of tribal Hunters is not bad, you did well! Bring the promised supplies, I want to reward them double!"

Toltec was slightly startled, as his Highness personally dispensing rewards to the humble mountain people... Obedience and reverence prevented him from saying much, and he immediately went down to give orders. Soon, food and salt were brought to the side of the field. Under the eager eyes of thousands of tribal Hunters, and amid the genuine cheers of the winning tribes, these supplies were personally bestowed by his Highness to the most outstanding Hunter tribes. And other outstanding Hunters from different tribes were also given a bag of grain and salt.

Soon after, His Highness generously announced.

"All the tribal Hunters will be conscripted by the great Alliance, and you will fight for the Alliance! And all the tribal citizens will become citizens of the great Alliance. Your tribes will henceforth move to the fertile lands of the Alliance, sheltered under the supreme Chief Divine, never again having to worry about food and salt!"

The expected cheers did not arise. The tribal Hunters looked at each other. Their vague repulsion to the rule of the Alliance, skepticism about their future lives. Under the threat and scolding of the Longbow Warriors, they were forced to lower their heads, offering mismatched cheers for a moment, then revealing scarcely concealed worried expressions.

Seeing the performance of the tribal Hunters, Xiulote slightly lowered his eyes. He determined to make heavy use of these Hunters, taking them directly under his command. It was easy to rule with power and favor, but gaining the citizens' trust was the hardest. Fortunately, there was plenty of time ahead, start by controlling the mountain tribes, then gradually subdue and assimilate them.

Next, the village Hunters also stepped forward in turn, displaying their Archery. Their skills were just mediocre, barely hitting the twenty-step straw targets, with only a few consistently hitting vital points.

Xiulote said little. He turned his head, looking at the young Samurai, and smiled lightly.

"Toltec, it's your turn. Let me see your Archery!"

Toltec was slightly startled, then responded loudly with confidence, stepping onto the shooting ground. He took out his Longbow, let his fellow Warriors move the straw target farther away, only stopping at seventy steps' distance. Then, he pulled the string with three fingers, the arrow resting on the inside, the drawing hand slightly loose, keeping his wrist straight, pulling the string to his cheek. At this distance, the head of the straw target was just a vague little spot. The young Warrior carefully aimed for a few breaths, then suddenly released.

The moment after releasing the arrow, Toltec shouted loudly.

"Hit the head!"

The moment he released, relying on countless previous shots, he was already certain of where the arrow would hit.

Only a "whoosh" sound tremored, the War Arrow like Lightning, flashing past in an instant. Then, the War Arrow thudded into the head of the straw target, piercing it front to back, exploding a clump of dried grass, shooting deep into the distant soil.

Then, cries of proclamation burst throughout the heavens and the earth.

"Hit the chest! Hit the arm! Hit the leg! Hit the heart!"