

## Civilization 291

### Chapter 291 Black Wolf\_3

After a few calls, the humanoid straw target in the distance had exploded with five arrowholes, and then gradually crumbled. The drifting dry grass fell to the ground, accompanied by astonished gazes from the crowd.

Toltec raised his head, surveying all around him. His eyebrows were like inverted swords, his eyes sparkled with electricity, piercing enough to make all the Hunters bow and crouch, silent and wordless. It was only when he saw the smiling prince that he fell to his knees with a thud, loudly reporting.

"Your Highness, Toltec is honored not to have failed your command!"

Xiulote laughed heartily. He stepped forward, helped Toltec up, and praised him loudly.

"Toltec, you are my bravest Black Wolf! The black feather on the wings of an eagle!"

"Your Highness, I am willing to catch stags for you, hunt bears, and even ride the wind and spread my wings across the world for you!"

Toltec shouted again, his gaze expectant as he looked at the prince.

Xiulote appreciated him in his heart and intended to cultivate him. He asked with a smile.

"Toltec, the foundation of a Martial Family lies in Martial Arts. Your Archery is indeed extraordinary, but how well do you manage with the War Club?"

Toltec pondered for a moment, then replied with confidence.

"Your Highness, I can match five elite Samurai!"

Xiulote was slightly surprised. He looked at Toltec's confident face for a while, then decided to give him a slightly easier challenge by finding him some weaker opponents.

"Very well! Someone bring forth five tribe Chieftains to battle Toltec at the same time. The loser will not be punished, but the victor will be richly rewarded!"

At the prince's command, within a short moment, five prime-aged Chieftains were selected and stepped forward. They wielded their familiar Stone Spears, coordinating with each other. On the other side stood a young Samurai, with a shield in one hand and a blunt War Club in the other.

The Chieftains cautiously gathered close together, but Toltec charged straight at them, like a cheetah sprinting. As the sides approached each other, the Chieftains thrust their Stone Spears simultaneously. In that instant, the young Samurai forcefully stamped his foot and slid diagonally, shifting a step to the right. Then, using the shield on his left to block the heavily pressured spearhead, he turned his body and swung hard, striking one Chieftain's side with a thud. A miserable cry followed, and the Chieftain fell to the ground with a thump.

Then, taking advantage of the brief chaos caused by his opponent's fall, Toltec delivered a slanting slash that crashed onto the second Chieftain's shoulder, causing him so much pain that he loosened his grip, and the Stone Spear fell to the ground. Another fierce side strike followed, and the second Chieftain also fell to the ground.

Seeing this, Xiulote knew the outcome was determined. He turned his head, pondering over Toltec's shooting technique, and asked curiously.

"Bertade, did Toltec learn the three-finger shooting technique from you?"

The Head Warrior responded calmly.

"Yes, Your Highness. You once instructed me to teach them Archery. The new shooting technique is more stable, and the release is extremely quick, significantly improving accuracy."

Xiulote remembered his own Archery, his face reddened imperceptibly, and then changed the subject.

"The new style Longbow used by Toltec has a changed shape."

Bertade nodded, explaining earnestly,

"Indeed. The old Longbows were taller than a person and symmetrical from top to bottom. When nocking an arrow for the shot, only tall and long-armed Samurai could fully draw the bow. Others had to shoot at an angle, which was quite inconvenient. The new Longbows, while still the same height, have the nocking point shifted downwards, with a longer top and shorter bottom, much more suited to the average-sized Samurai."

Xiulote nodded slowly. The new modified Longbow was more similar to the Japanese Bow, with the upper arc occupying almost two-thirds of the entire length. This design disrupted shooting balance, further increasing the difficulty of shooting, but it also expanded the usable trajectory for shooting. There was no choice, it was the frustration of a nation of shorter people, and without the Compound Bow, this was all they could do.

As the two were discussing, they heard cheers from the Samurai. Xiulote looked towards the center, where Toltec had already knocked all the Chieftains down, letting them groan at his feet. The young Samurai once again surveyed around authoritatively, the tribe Hunters submitted in awe, and then he turned and approached the prince, kneeling in salute.

"Your Highness, Toltec is honored not to have failed your command!"

Xiulote laughed heartily. He pulled Toltec up and said with a smile,

"Excellent! Very good! Toltec, I have one last challenge for you. Inscribe your name into the ground with your war club!"

Upon hearing this, a bitter expression suddenly appeared on the elated face of Toltec. He widened his eyes, looked at His Highness, his smile freezing silently, and then hesitantly said.

"Ah, this, Your Highness..."

"Write!"

Toltec shrank his neck and obediently lowered his head. He took up the war club, normally inscribed the character "Tol," then became puzzled and only managed to inscribe "wood" after a long while. Next, he skipped the second character and slowly inscribed "big." Finally, with a dejected posture, he inscribed the character "brother."

Xiulote connected them and looked, immediately not knowing whether to laugh or cry, "Tol-wood-big-brother." In front of all the officers, it was not good to say anything directly. He sighed inwardly, took the stick, and carefully inscribed the four characters "Toltec." The youth watched for a moment, remembered a great literary figure, and then said in a deep, meaningful voice,

"Toltec, do you know the origin of your name?"

Toltec's eyes lit up. He stood up tall and answered loudly.

"Your Highness, I know! You have said that it comes from the heroic ancestors of the Mexica people, Toltec, meaning painter and craftsman!" Since the rewriting of history, the Toltec had become the ancestors of the Mexica people.

Hearing this, Xiulote nodded and, pretending to be angry, said.

"Yes, the name Toltec comes from Toltec. He was an outstanding painter, a skilled craftsman, and the light of civilization! Toltec, why can't you just learn to write?"

Upon hearing this, Toltec smiled confidently. Prepared for his lord's questioning, he called out with a voice as loud as thunder.

"Your Highness, I am a painter and a craftsman as well. I use my war club as a paintbrush, with the enemy's blood as my paint! I use feathered arrows for beams, and the enemies' bones to build towers! You are the fire, and I am the torch that burns for you, scorching away all the weeds of this world! Your Highness, I am a samurai loyal to you, your will is my reason. Why bother with books? War clubs and bows far surpass books!"

With Toltec's hearty shout, the declaration of samurai echoed in the camp. Eight hundred longbow warriors, who had practiced many times, shouted in unison.

"Your Highness, we pledge loyalty to you, we follow your will! Why bother with books? War clubs and bows far surpass books!"

The grand shouts echoed between heaven and earth, carrying rolling killing intent, and the determination to sweep through everything.

The hunters watched the samurai shouting with rapture, as their roars turned into orderly wolf howls, like the God of Death's Black Wolves descending upon the mortal realm. Amidst the samurai's terrifying howls and fierce gazes, they prostrated, trembling on both legs, soon becoming limp, losing all their strength.

In the midst of his followers' resounding shouts, Xiulote laughed shaking his head. He raised his arms high and went into the midst of the crowd, howling like a wolf for the first time.

"Awooo~~~ oooo~~~!"

Seeing the actions of His Highness, his followers also raised their hands and shouted even more excitedly.

"Awooo~~~ oooo~~~!"

In the desolate and secluded forest, their high-pitched howls rose into the sky. The God of Death, Xiulotel, became the howling Black Wolf, crossing the forest, startling countless birds into flight.

Only after a long while did Xiulote stop with a big laugh. He slowly lowered his hands, and the followers fell silent, looking at His Highness, waiting. His Highness took a breath, chuckled with a somewhat hoarse voice, and ordered.

"Well done! Toltec, with your resourcefulness and ferocity, you are my finest Black Wolf! These three thousand militia longbowmen, I entrust to you. Go, build the altar, and have them take oaths of allegiance!"

Toltec was overjoyed. He knelt down on both knees and respectfully bowed his head in satisfaction.

"Your Highness, I follow your will!"