

Civilization 298

Chapter 298 - The First Confrontation_2

Behind the King, the samurai of the escort trembled in fear as they prostrated themselves on the ground, praying loudly to the mythical monster they revered in their hearts. Off to the side, even the usually resolute Intelligence Officer thudded to his knees. His eyes were filled with bewilderment, for the first time doubting his own beliefs, suddenly in awe of His Highness's origins.

Xiulote smiled slightly. These epoch-making weapons were about to be mass-produced, naturally they could not be concealed. Therefore, he took the initiative to show them to Aweit, also hoping to obtain more craftsmen from the Alliance to increase the production of gunpowder weapons.

After a long while, Aweit regained some composure. He pondered for a good while, pacing back and forth. Then, the King placed his hands on His Highness's shoulders, the teacher gazing at the wondrous student, and spoke slowly with a solemn expression.

"Xiulote, my student, you were born extraordinary! This is a myth you created by yourself; I should have let you control everything. However, these weapons are indeed too astonishing... I will send a contingent of samurai and craftsmen to assist in the management and manufacturing, then completely seal this place off as the highest secret of the Alliance... My child, rest assured, you are still in charge here!"

Xiulote had anticipated this. Hearing this, he nodded earnestly, bowing on one knee, and responded sincerely.

"I abide by your will, my King! This place is not mine; it belongs to the Alliance!"

A glint of relief appeared in Aweit's eyes. He stepped forward, lifted the youngster, and then, the King raised His Highness's hand high, declaring solemnly in front of everyone.

"This place belongs to the Alliance, and the Alliance belongs to you and me!"

Hearing the King's declaration, Gillim's eyes fiercely constricted. The Intelligence Officer thought rapidly, distressed by the lack of information, temporarily unable to devise any plan. Then, a glint flashed in his eyes as he silently stepped back a few paces, blending naturally into the shadows of the people and the buildings, disappearing from sight.

In the center of the escort, Aweit warmly pulled Xiulote aside, sitting cross-legged, discussing the tactics of gunpowder weapons.

"Xiulote, this Clay Tribulus takes too long to explode. If the enemy is prepared, they can kick it away, or even throw it back. And if the enemy knows beforehand, they might send skirmishers to charge and attack the militiamen throwing it."

Aweit thought about how to respond, assuming he faced such a weapon.

"Yes, teacher. The burning time is determined by the fuse, and it is currently very unstable. Shortening the fuse might cause premature explosion. Its use is greatly limited in field battles; this weapon is more suited for siege battles where we have the advantage, bombarding densely defended enemies."

Xiulote was amazed at Aweit's adaptability, admiring him inwardly.

"Since that is so, it's better to take the risk of shortening it than to reduce the lethal effects," Aweit decided coldly.

"Does the power of this gunpowder correlate strictly with the amount used?"

Xiulote nodded slightly.

"One is the amount and purity of the black gunpowder, and the other is the airtightness of the ignition environment. The more the amount, the higher the purity, the better the airtightness, the better the explosive effect. In a sealed underground space, thousands of pounds of black gunpowder enclosed in wooden boxes ignited can completely demolish the city wall above, thereby breaking through gaps of several meters or even dozens of meters, allowing the samurai to directly breach the city!"

At these words, a gleam appeared in Aweit's eyes. He believed in Xiulote's judgment and looked joyfully at his student.

"You mean..."

"Yes, teacher."

The two exchanged glances, bursting into laughter.

After laughing for a moment, Xiulote continued excitedly.

"Aweit, we could also load a large canoe with a large amount of gunpowder, sail towards the enemy's fleet, then ignite it to turn into a fire ship, setting the enemy's large ships on fire!"

Aweit chuckled softly, shaking his head.

"Xiulote, the large boat is already the biggest ship, and there are just over three hundred such ships in the entire Alliance combined. The Maya's paddle sailboats are just a bit bigger; there's nothing worth using a large boat to burn!"

Hearing this, Xiulote laughed without speaking. He secretly resolved that this was a gift prepared for the explorers!

Aweit looked around. His gaze passed over the various officials standing in attendance, landing on a huge wooden cannon, and he asked loudly.

"Xiulote, this wooden cannon has an impressive presence, capable of emitting a thunderous roar; have you given it a name?"

Xiulote faltered slightly, answering plainly.

"It is made of pine wood, so it's called the Pine Cannon. If it were made of elm, it would be called the Elm Cannon."

Hearing this, Aweit laughed. He gently shook his head, affectionately tousling his student's hair.

"Since it can emit a thunderous noise, why not call it the Thunder God Tlaloc Cannon! The word 'cannon' you created is quite interesting, and the pronunciation is short and powerful."

Xiulote thought for a moment. The title of Thunder God seemed too exaggerated for a wooden cannon. He then suggested.

"The Chief Divine ascends to the highest, all other divinities subordinate. Perhaps it's better to remove the title of Thunder God, and simplify the divine name, calling it just Trak Cannon!"

Aweit nodded in agreement, and the two continued to comfortably decide the future of the Alliance.

Unbeknownst to when, Gillim reappeared. His gaze turned towards Talaya standing behind Xiulote, smiling meaningfully.

As the sun gradually sloped westward, Aweit had other matters and could not stay much longer. He smiled and said.

"Xiulote, summon the person in charge of researching these weapons and the craftsmen forward; I want to properly reward them, bestowing upon them enviable honors!"

Xiulote nodded and had Talaya and the craftsmen step forward together.

Aweit's gaze swept over, pausing briefly when he saw the young pottery girl. At that moment, a guard, acting under orders, came to the King, saluted, and then whispered in his ear. The King's gaze suddenly turned icy. He coldly looked at Talaya, a flash of murderous intent flickering momentarily.