

# Aztec Civilization: Destiny to Conquer America!

## Chapter 31 - 30 Negotiation

...

The strong wind carried the chill of late December, with that unique desolation and solemnity of the autumn and winter seasons.

In the tropical north of Mexico, there was no snow to cover up the cruelty of everything, only the golden-yellow beanstalks in the fields during the harvest season.

The end of the year had arrived, and in the blink of an eye, it was the ominous day.

Perhaps due to the pressure of food, the two detached forces quickly assembled and promptly took along provisions for more than a month.

Twenty thousand troops headed north for two days, then split to go northwest and due north. Three thousand Samurai, nearly two thousand Militia, and the divine and merciless King Tizoc remained, sitting in their camp below the city of Otapan.

Casal stayed in the Royal Family's camp, leading one thousand Jaguar Warrior Brigade and five hundred Tonsured Imperial Guards, ready for battle at any moment. King Tizoc was expecting that the City-State of Otapan would seize the opportunity to break out of the siege and then welcome this "surprise".

Totec led eight thousand personal Samurai and two thousand Militia from his own villages, marching nonstop toward Guamare to the northwest.

He had a wooden map, and every time a Scout discovered an Otomi village, he would use bright red dye to draw a circle at that location.

Xiulote originally didn't want to join this campaign. He wanted to stay in the tent, calmly teaching his followers Chinese characters. Aweit, however, smiled and firmly pulled on his arm, dragging him out of the hut.

All he could leave behind was a message, "You must study hard!" before he was relentlessly dragged away.

Bertade chose sixty outstanding Samurai followers to accompany Xiulote. Ever since he invented the "beast" catapult, more and more low-ranking Samurai had defected to him; now he had over three hundred followers.

Fortunately, the King now had no interest in such trivial matters.

To maintain these followers, Xiulote had to periodically beg his father for help, and Xiuxoke, with a pleased face, agreed, and even sent more Samurai from the Holy City to act as the core force.

After marching for half a month, the way was filled with undulating mountains and hills. At first there were dense woods, but the further north they went, the fewer the forests became, and the mountains progressively less steep.

Xiulote could clearly see the hills and fields before him, as well as the faint smoke from the fields, with the impoverished mountain villages at the end.

Half a month later, the legion finally arrived below the city of Guamare. By this time, Totec's wooden board was all marked with bright red.

Guamare City was a typical Mountain city, built on a hill, with the base of its walls more than ten meters above the ground. Xiulote estimated that the city covered about four square kilometers, with the walls about four meters high. The not-so-high hills still effectively strengthened the city's defenses, also reducing the effectiveness of human-powered catapults by half.

"Hilly terrain, forests, mountainous cities, plateau cities. It seems that even though the Otomi people are weak, they are not an easy target for conquest," Xiulote mused while looking at the City-State before him. "If the Empire were to launch a territorial war, who should be its first target?"

Soon, figures began scurrying about on the walls of Guamare City. Aweit said that, excluding the support for Otapan, there were probably about five thousand Samurai and twenty thousand Militia in the city, a numerical strength on paper capable of battling the Mexica Samurai.

The Mexica Legion marched to a position two miles from the city, with eight thousand Samurai putting aside their shields and War Clubs, casually eyeing those on the city walls. Two thousand Militia stayed behind to erect a basic encampment, guarding the provisions.

Totec sent out an Envoy, waving a flag to signal, requesting a negotiation with those inside the city. After half an hour, the city gates opened slightly, and a group of Nobles and Priests hurried over. They were dressed in fine robes with Feather Crowns, obviously having taken time to attire themselves.

The leader was a Noble, dressed in a black and white exquisite cotton robe, smiling. Next to the Noble followed an elder with an Obsidian crown. The old Priest was not tall, draped in a black and white striped Ritual Robe, looking grave.

Totec stood in front of his legion, signaling Aweit to step forward for negotiations. Aweit then took his entourage, grabbed the youth dressed in Divine Descendant's Ritual Robe, and smiled as he approached.

As both parties had just stopped a mile away from the city, Xiulote suddenly felt a chill. Looking up, he saw the elder Priest glaring at him with eyes that could carve one to pieces, or more precisely, at the Ritual Robe on him.

The Noble from Guamare smiled, asking with a touch of respect, "Honorable leader of the Mexica people, descendant of the Sun God," only to be interrupted by an unsatisfied cough from the elderly Priest.

...

The nobility's smile faltered before he continued, "I am a Divine Descendant Nobility from Guamare. What business brings the Mexica Samurai Brigade to the city of Guamare? We have always had friendly relations with the Mexica City-State Alliance, and our support for Otapan City was only due to the alliance pact, not the true intentions of Guamare City. If your Battle Group needs food and drink, the City-State can supply it in abundance."

Aweit also gave a slight smile, "Descendants of the gods of day and night, the army has come this time firstly, to see the City-State of Guamare submit to the great Alliance by providing a symbolic tribute. Secondly, we request Guamare City withdraw its support from Otapan City and sever its alliance with Otapan."

Before the nobility could speak, they heard the angry roar of the old Priest, "The Otomi people will never submit to the Mexica. Otapan City is the

ancestral land of the Otomi and must not fall into the hands of the cruel Mexica heretics!"

Aweit's expression turned cold as he declared loudly, "The great King Tizoc is leading us, and the mighty city of Xilotepec has already surrendered. Now, Otapan is on the brink of collapse, with a hundred thousand Samurai already having the Mountain City completely surrounded. After the city falls, whether it be Divine Descendants, Priests, or Nobility, all will be sacrificed to the Sun God."

"The Mexica's great army, with its thundering behemoths, has been unstoppable wherever it has gone! The city of Guamare only has five thousand Samurai—utterly defenseless against the might of the army!"

Aweit paused briefly, then continued with a smile, "However, the city of Guamare is far too remote and barren for the benevolent King to take much interest in. The Mexica army's conquest will end at Otapan City."

"As long as you show submission, offer a symbolic tribute, and call back your support troops from Otapan, you will enjoy the protection of the Alliance and live a calm and safe life on this land."

"The status of the nobility will not change; the Southern Tarasco people will not dare to invade again, and the Alliance's trade caravans will continue to bring cotton, cocoa, feathers, gemstones, gold and silver jewelry, even the divine smoke of the Maya. Your lives will be more sacred and prosperous than before."

Aweit spoke gently of a promising future, causing the nobility to waver visibly. He opened his mouth to say something, but then another roar filled his ears.

"Deceitful Mexica coyotes! Do not deceive the children of the Primordial God with false promises of a future!" the old Priest shouted angrily, like the agitated groundhog of Xiulote's memories.

"Over a hundred years ago, it was the cruel Mexica who drove us from our fertile and rich valleys to the barren North. You ruthlessly took the sacred Ritual Plate of Xilotepec City and now seek to make the Otomi betray their ancient faith. You heretics! Now, you won't even leave our ancestral lands be. The Primordial God will bring down Divine Punishment on you!"



"You can't really have a proper conversation with a religiously fanatical Priest," Xiulote thought.

Aweit paid no attention to the Priest, instead attempting to continue persuading the nobility.

"Otapan City is the foundation of us Otomi in the North, the home of all our City-States." Seeing that Aweit was ignoring him, the old Priest calmed down and turned to the Divine Descendant Nobility to say, "Chichimec people, Tarasco people, Mexica people, Tescoco people—no matter how many times foreign tribes came to invade with overwhelming force, we have always relied on the fortifications of Otapan City to survive. Once the foreigners retreat, we can recover our lands."

"Once Otapan falls, the Mexica will definitely sacrifice all the Otomi Divine Descendants, Nobility, and Samurai within the city, then relocate their own Divine Descendant Nobility. In a few decades, when the Mexica's Otapan City stands in the North, where will there be a place for us Otomi Nobility and Priests? Conquest will come once more, and by then, we will have nowhere to retreat to!"

The Priest's words clearly moved the leading Divine Descendant Nobility, whose expression turned grave as he nodded slightly and gave a salute to the Priest.

Aweit's face then went cold, issuing a chilling threat in a loud voice, "If Guamare City persists in its folly, the army will show no mercy! Every village under the city's rule will be reduced to ashes in the flames. Wealth will be looted, the land will be left desolate, and the Otomi people will fall, wailing, until every last person within the city is sacrificed!"

Upon hearing this, the old Priest's emotions surged as he waved his Divine Staff. Xiulote felt he could explode at any moment, and the warriors on both sides drew their War Clubs and shielded their leaders with their shields.

After a moment, the Priest eventually calmed down, speaking coldly, "The Primordial God protects us! With the forces you have, you cannot conquer the city of Guamare."

"Let the outer villages be destroyed if need be. The commoners are but the wild grasses of the fields; even if the great fires reduce them to ash, come spring, they will grow anew. As long as we hold the city, one day, the land will be filled with commoners once more."

"Otapan City is the cocoa tree planted by the Primordial God, and the Divine Descendants and Nobility are the cocoa gifted by the deity. Once the cocoa tree is cut down, the Otomi will be forsaken by the god and then face extinction."

"Even if you burn the grass of the fields, it's better to preserve the sacred cocoa!" the groundhog-like old Priest roared lastly, before leaving with the nobility under Aweit's gaze filled with murderous intent.

Hearing this, Xiulote fell into deep thought, "It seems that to all ruling classes of this era, the commoners are just expendable. This must be determined by the power disparity between Samurai and commoners. How can I change this?"

Aweit shook his head and turned to return to report to Totec. The hard Supreme Commander was unsurprised as he brought out a wooden board marked with red circles.

Peaceful negotiations had failed; what remained was only blood and fire.

