

## Civilization 391

### Chapter 391 - The Battle of Takuro Plains Part 3

"It seems I haven't yet tasted turkey... Does it have this kind of gamey taste?"

The former gold miner unconsciously licked his lips, sampling the splattered blood. Then he shuddered deeply, his face filled with the bewilderment that follows slaughter.

The spear formation maintained an unusual silence as they mechanically killed in silence. Silence was a habit of the legion, facilitating the relay of commands from captains. The new troops thrust out their long spears, slowly and effectively killing the enemy, partaking in a collective slaughter without even glimpsing the faces of their opponents.

Guzman felt the morale of his comrades waning, looking at their somewhat glazed eyes, experiencing the same bewilderment as himself. It was everyone's first time participating in such a massive field battle, the first time engaging in large-scale killing, where life and death blinked in an instant! He felt the silent atmosphere of the formation and believed he had to do something!

The young captain thought quickly and blew the bone whistle urgently.

"Toot toot! Priest, speak, sing!"

The priest in the center of the formation was also young, vigorously pushing forward with his companions. Hearing the captain's call, he hesitated, then sang out a couple of lines he had memorized.

"The Chief Divine Huitzilopochtli is supreme and mighty, omnipotent! Those who believe shall be saved and ascend to the Divine Kingdom!... Praise the Chief Divine! He bestows us with food, we shall fight for Him!"

Hearing the familiar prayers, the spear militia gradually regained some vitality. The militiamen thrust their long spears, killing the strange enemy, while muttering to themselves.

"To be saved and ascend to the Divine Kingdom! Praise the Chief Divine, fight for Him!"

The intense confrontation seemed to last only a moment, yet also seemed to drag on for a long time. Not until the enemy before them suddenly cried out and then turned tail and fled did Guzman finally heave a sigh of relief. He stared blankly at the corpses scattered in front of him, at his comrades dyed red, stood motionless for a moment, then also murmured.

"I am saved, I ascend to the Divine Kingdom... I praise the Chief Divine, I fight for Him..."

Then, once again, the thunderous beat of war drums sounded from the rear; Guzman abruptly straightened up and put the bone whistle to his lips again.

"Toot toot toot! Advance, advance!"

Under the flag of the "Black Wolf," Xiulote stood erect on a high platform, looking towards the fiercely battling frontline.

The spear formation didn't disappoint him. The tightly-knit formation faced the scattered enemy militia with almost no injury, crushing them utterly, even less than the samurais had suffered! Soon, the Chapala militia in front of them broke and fled in a rout, and the spear formation advanced again at a tortoise's pace, yet with an overbearing force!

Under the parallel fire of arrows, the stabbing of spears, and the assault of the samurais, the twelve thousand Chapala militia suffered heavy casualties and morale plummeted rapidly. They had already broken ranks several times, losing over four thousand men. The dense corpses lay in front of both armies' lines, kicked aside by both samurais and militiamen. On the blood-stained grass, long spears and war clubs advanced alternately, time and again defeating the enemy militia.

In the last wave, two thousand militiamen reached the front, vigorously throwing a volley of javelins, killing dozens of Mexica warriors. Then the warriors of the Holy City let out a cry, engaging fiercely and briefly. In less than a quarter-hour, two to three hundred militiamen fell to the ground, beaten into various wrecks by the war clubs. As the spear formations on both sides closed in slowly, the Chapala militia let out a cry of fear and suddenly collapsed, fleeing toward the rear formation.

The Samurai of Chapala waved their flags and copper spears, loudly guiding the Militia to the rear of the small hill, where they regrouped in formation. The battle lines of both groups of Samurai gradually drew near like intertwining serpents, swiftly closing to within a hundred paces!

Xiulote watched the unfolding battle without blinking. Soon, he forcefully waved the Spear Flag in his hand, a short, spiraling call followed by a loud blast of the horn.

The Mexica Samurai halted in succession. They erected their great shields, lowered their sturdy helmets, and stood around fifty to sixty paces from the enemy in front. Following them, the crossbowmen, panting, began to fire upwards. Within moments, a dense rain of arrows rose from the enemy's front, aiming for the "Feathers" of the Commander's Flag atop the small hill!

As the incoming arrow rain approached, "Feathers" Penguari's eyes narrowed, and he immediately crouched down to hide behind his protectors' shields. Then, he sensed something amiss, naturally stood up, and calmly looked downslope. He was at the highest point of the small hill, draped in the Commander-in-Chief's War Clothes, with Leather Armor underneath and surrounded by trusted aides with raised shields; he actually had no need to fear the enemy's arrow rain.

As expected, the volley of arrows passed with a slanted trajectory, mostly hitting the tightly defended front line of Samurai, only felling dozens of Chapala Samurai. The lengthy Feathered Arrows "whooshed" in, sticking into the raised shields with a "thud" sound, intermittently mixed with the "thwack" of arrows piercing flesh and the cries of the grievously wounded.

Only a few hundred short crossbow bolts could rise to sufficient height, striking towards the denser rear ranks of Samurai. The stout bolts "zipped" past, embedding deeply into the trusted aides' Great Shields. Occasionally, the bolts would penetrate gaps, skewering the faces of trusted aides, and bringing down one or two unlucky family Samurai.

Penguari, watching the crossbow bolts whistling overhead, paused slightly, his expression changing. He took a shield from a trusted aide, shielded himself in front, and then quietly moved two steps away, distancing himself from the Commander's Flag.

Afterwards, the "Feathers" Commander looked towards the front of the formation, his eyebrows deeply furrowed. On both flanks of the Mexica side, there were four thousand dense Spear Formations, which easily crushed the attacking Militia with very little loss. This kind of formation was similar to the Long Spears units established by King Su'angua, but their equipment was significantly better.

Penguari pondered briefly, noting the enemy within an extreme shooting range of fifty to sixty paces, then waved the Divine Staff, pointing forward.

Soon, Militia Archers on the flanks received the order, releasing waves of volleyed Feathered Arrows. Four thousand simple Wooden Arrows cut through the sky, pattering onto the dense Spear Formation like raindrops, entering unprotected faces and instantly felling dozens of Militia. Screams of agony rose nearby as Guzman hastily ducked and blew his Bone Whistle.

"Toot toot! Raise the shields, lower your heads!"

Hearing the command, the Militia in front raised their shields overhead while those in the back covered the flanks. The spearmen in the Spear Formation raised their Spears as the Militia ducked their heads, and the second volley of Feathered Arrows arrived on schedule, causing only scattered casualties. Two more rounds of arrow rain came, and the Mexica crossbowmen in the back returned the favor with a volley of Longbows. The powerful Feathered Arrows shot up and down, piercing the clothed Militia Archers, causing an instantaneous two to three hundred casualties, and the small hill erupted with awful cries!

Seeing the effect of the arrows, "Feathers" Penguari cursed under his breath, his face showing outrage.

"Greatbows with extreme range, Crossbows firing far, ignited Fire Arrows... and now even equipping Militia with War Armor, shields, and helmets! Mexican Valley, just how affluent are you?!"

Feathered Arrows came once more, toppling the archers around him amidst a circle of screams. The "Feathers" Commander waved his hand irritably, and his trusted aides, carrying copper spears, stepped in to silence all the noise. Then, he waved the commanding flag once more. Five hundred Great Shield Personal Guards advanced on each side, protecting the firing archers on one side and implementing strict supervision of the battle on the other.

Afterwards, Pengguari observed the Mexica legions. Seeing that the arrow rain was thinning out, he finally revealed a satisfied smile. At the Rivermouth Fortress, he had already tested the Mexica Longbows and knew the shortcomings of these Greatbows. Although the Longbows had a long range and powerful force, the Arrows were very expensive, requiring sturdy wooden shafts and costly feathers. For such heavy bows, ordinary arrows were simply not suitable!

"As long as I exhaust your supply of Arrows, I shall have nothing to fear!" Pengguari confidently said with a smile. Suddenly, his smile froze, and he looked puzzled towards the front. Before the two armies' formations, the Mexica were holding torches, pushing forward two logs wrapped with Copper Hoops, their openings aimed right at him!

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The golden sunlight fell upon the crimson battlefield, like the gaze of divine beings, watching over the lively sacrifice. The thunderous shouts of war suddenly rose loudly, as if it were a heavenly ritual, reaching its climax in an instant.

Xiulote surveyed the surroundings. The two legions were like dueling samurai, gripping their weapons tightly, already at the most dangerous distance amidst a gaze filled with intent to kill!

On the outermost flanks, two thousand warriors from the western city-states faced four thousand Chapala militiamen. The enemy militia shouted aloud, approaching within thirty paces, hurling volleys of spears mixed with stone and wood. The muffled sound of the air being pierced rushed forth, "whoosh," felling dozens of Mexica samurai.

Facing the enemy's assault, the warriors of the western states could no longer hold themselves back. Raising their war clubs high, they let out a continuous roar, pouncing like a pack of wolves, charging ferociously!

The nobility from various states charged in the forefront, carrying various battle banners on their backs, skillfully swinging their obsidian-studded clubs. With powerful chops, they sliced open the enemy's chests, creating wounds up to a meter long. With precise blows, they accurately hit their opponents' heads, distorting them into various twisted shapes. Occasionally, they would knock an enemy to the ground and then, raising their clubs high, execute a threatening execution at the enemy's neck!

At such times, the samurai of the noble families would gather around the family head. They protected the family head while paying attention to the ritual of honor. When a vibrant blossom of blood burst forth, the nobles once again raised their weapons high, and the samurai erupted into fervent cheers of praise, drowning out the pitiful echoes of screams. This was an ancient battlefield ritual, a symbol of the nobility's personal valor, similar to the honor of capturing prisoners!

However, even in the face of fierce Mexica samurai, the Chapala militiamen also showed considerable bravery, with a willingness to fight to the death reminiscent of canine descendants.

A young noble from the Tlalocan city-state knocked down a militiaman with his club. He then stopped his charge, looking around, as the samurai of his family gathered around him. The young noble, seeing the enemy struggling helplessly on the ground, carelessly put down his club and took out the more glorious Obsidian Dagger. Then, stepping forward, he raised the glittering dagger high, and in the sight of all, knelt on one knee and plunged it fiercely toward the enemy's heart!

But the militiaman on the ground suddenly rolled away, avoiding the incoming dagger. The dagger plunged deep into the earth, bringing a slight "put" sound. The young noble's hand came up empty, and he was startled when a pair of strong hands grabbed him from the side. The wounded militiaman held the noble tightly, and without hesitation, opened his mouth and bit into the young noble's neck, bypassing the sturdy Leather Armor!

The young noble screamed in agony, dropping the dagger from his hand and desperately pushing against the militiaman on top of him. A young samurai from his family hurriedly rushed forward, swinging his war club wildly, striking the militiaman. The pained militiaman bared his teeth fiercely and, with a "crunch," bit down, as blood flowed "whoosh" from the corners of his mouth and the noble's scream abruptly became more shrill.

Another older samurai of the family frowned slightly and pushed aside the young samurai in front of him. He drew the dagger from his waist and stabbed precisely into the militiaman's back. With a single twist, the militiaman lost all his strength and soon lay motionless. The samurai quickly grabbed the militiaman's jaw, carefully prying open his teeth, and dragging him off the noble. The noble's voice gradually weakened, the blood gushed from his neck, soaking the family banner behind him. In just a moment, he was completely silent.

Looking at the noble who had died in battle, the samurai of his family exchanged glances, speechless amidst the intense battlefield. The old family warrior turned to the young samurai.

"Izel, why did you swing your war club recklessly just now instead of using your dagger to help your brother?!"

"Respected Head Warrior, this is my first battle. I only remembered your teaching: on the battlefield, hold tightly onto your war club, never let go until death!"

Izel answered respectfully, yet with a tinge of relief in his expression.

The Head Warrior stared deeply into Izel's eyes, then looked around and spoke quickly in a low voice.

"The Family Head is far in Tlalocan. The legitimate eldest son has died gloriously on the Tarasco battlefield, heading to the infinitely beautiful Divine Kingdom. Now, according to custom, let Izel from the junior branch take up the family's battle standard and continue the unfinished divine war!"

The battlefield allows no hesitation, and the melee continues. The Chapala militia, wielding their stone hammers and clubs, pounced almost frantically and entangled with the warriors of the western states. Militia fell in groups, and occasionally a samurai was surrounded and killed. Thunderous shouts echoed around, with a merciless fight determining the true warriors.

In this corner of the battlefield, the family warriors nodded silently. Izel happily removed his brother's battle banner, quickly tied it to his back, and took the first step in the rise of his life!

And at the center of the battlefield, two weapons of the new era were about to unleash the first roar on the battlefield!

On a high platform several meters high, Xiulote looked toward the flanks, listening to the intense fighting amidst the wind, his brows furrowing slightly.

Facing the militia's attack, the city-state warriors on the flanks had initiated a charge on their own, falling into entangled combat. The nobility of various states struggled to command, still engaged in the intense warfare and performing the ancient and inappropriate battlefield rituals. Even as the supreme Marshal, he was helpless against these city-state nobility.

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"The Chapala militia indeed are fierce. City-State nobility are really unreliable!... Fortunately, I have the true Thunderbolt to rely on, the truth that will soon dominate the world!"

Thinking this, the Young Commander smiled and looked ahead. The wooden frames of the two cannons were finally fixed, the muzzles aimed at the enemy's square formation on the hill, with the artillerymen erecting ready red flags. Then he looked towards the hill, "Feathers" flag below, Chapala warriors in tight formation, taking up a solid defensive stance.

Xiulote hesitated no more, waving the command flag in high spirits, pointing towards the enemy Marshal on the hill! The piercing blast of the copper whistle followed, and the cannon team's gunners quickly lit the match cord, then covered their ears and crouched two steps away from the wooden cannons.

"Boom!!!" A thunderous roar resonated through heaven and earth, causing all the fierce combat to fall silent in an instant. Izel had just taken the first step in his rise in life when he collapsed bowing, terrified by the terrifying roar of the God of Thunder. Lying on the ground trembling, he lifted his head to look back at the recently thundering divine weapon.

Amidst the tremendous booming, the cannon barrel leaped backward, and a wisp of smoke rose from its mouth, like a Divine Beast roaring. This was his second time witnessing the divine weapon's display of power, and he always felt it was a living creature, like the mythical spirits with Divine Power. Izel couldn't help but lower his head, silently praying to the mythical creature.

"Oh Divine Beast of Thunderbolt, grant me victory in battle, so I may take the position of Family Head!"

The booming wooden cannon fired off a stone shot, with immense might, crossing a distance of fifty paces to strike the Chapala center troop!

The scatter shot flew, instantly knocking down four or five warriors in front. The powerful stone shot penetrated sturdy Leather Armor, piercing soft bodies and smashing unprotected faces. The warriors had no time to moan before they fell distorted and mangled, spilling a large pool of red. Next, the spreading stone fragments, like rain in the rainy season, hit the warriors within a dozen paces, "bang bang" making noise, kicking up clouds of dust.

Faced with the weapon that spanned eras, the Chapala warriors were completely shocked. Listening to the thunderous roar, filled with an unknown fear, they stood stunned looking at the smoking Divine Beast several dozen paces away. At this moment, no one paid attention to how many were dead or injured. They were just desperately screaming in their hearts.

"What is this?!"

The "Feathers" Commander of Chapala was in chaos, pointing at the wooden cannon directly opposite him, asking frantically.

"Priest! What is this? An Evil Demon of the Mexica?!"

No one answered the Marshal's questions, only frightened and disorderly shouts and hasty, confused prayers. Then another roar of thunder, the second wooden cannon aimed carefully, firing directly at the enemy's Commander's Flag on the hill!

The sprayed stone shot flew across seventy paces, violently striking the rear ranks of the warriors. The distance of this shot was slightly longer, and it didn't cause much effective damage. Several warriors in front, holding up shields against arrows, were knocked down by the oncoming scatter shot. Then they rolled around in disarray on the ground, their Cotton Armor studded with stones that had just pierced through, crying out in fear.

In the thundering sound, the surrounding warriors knelt down in fear, loudly begging the roaring Divine Beast for mercy. The flying mud and stone splashed ten paces away, spraying Pengguari's face and causing painful impacts where they struck. The "Feathers" Marshal was shocked, suddenly falling on the ground, still pointing forward, continuing to scream in dread.

"Evil Demon! The Mexica's Evil Demon!"

Along with the two epoch-shaking cannon blasts, only a dozen or so Chapala warriors fell wounded or dead, yet tens of thousands were left stunned and soul-shocked!

With the wooden cannon position as the center, the Tarasco warriors and militia were thrown into disarray, engulfed in chaos. Many warriors knelt on the ground, dropping their weapons, praying in terror to the enemy's Divine Beast! Even more warriors, with fear and confusion on their faces, bowed their heads weakly, praying for forgiveness from the three gods! The militia in the rear, just gathering together, were shocked by the thunder of the cannon fire, entering the brink of collapse once more! While in the distant outskirts, Mexica warriors and Chapala militia ceased fighting, reverently watching the army center, fearful of the unknown!

The sound of cannon fire echoed between heaven and earth. The Mexica legion at the center was prepared, bursting into a loud cheer.

"The Chief Divine descends, bestowing the highest Divine Power! Invincible Divine Might, assured victory in divine warfare!!!"

Cheers originated from the devout Divine Blessing Legion first, followed by the zealous Temple Guards, then the excited Holy City Samurai, and finally reached the sternly-arranged Spear Legion. Amidst the cheers of the Mexica people, the morale of the Chapala Legion once again plummeted, and the Samurai

turned their heads in extreme unease. They looked toward the majestic Commander-in-Chief, gazed at the sacred Priesthood, waiting for a convincing explanation.

Xiulote surveyed the situation quickly. The wooden cannons were being reloaded, and it would be nearly a quarter hour before they could fire again. The morale of the Mexica legion was at its peak, the enemy's morale at its lowest, the charge was at this moment!

The Young Commander made his decision. He raised the fluttering Spear Flag, swung it forcefully in a circle, and then resolutely pointed forward!

"All forces, charge!!!"

The deep war drums beat fiercely, accompanied by the urgent and uplifting sound of flutes. The Mexica legion erupted in a tremendous roar, like hunting Jaguars, charging toward the prey ahead!

The Holy City Legion, carrying War Clubs high, screamed and charged at the forefront. They rushed into the front of the Chapala center army with ferocity, breaking through effortlessly, and in moments had penetrated a dozen steps inward. The front row of Chapala warriors dropped their weapons, nearly resisting not at all. They merely knelt in desperation, praying as the Holy City Samurai forcefully struck them down. Afterward, sharp blades sliced across unprotected necks, cleanly cutting throats, killing them on the spot!

Facing a victory within easy reach, the Holy City Samurai showed no mercy, unleashing full-strength slashes and completely abandoning defense. In just more than a dozen breaths, half of the three thousand Chapala front-line warriors were breached, and four to five hundred armored elites lay bleeding on the ground, motionless and forever silent.

Olosh dropped his shield, wielding the War Club with both hands. He half-turned sideward, swinging the weapon like hitting a ball, and with a "thump," struck it against the head of an enemy before him. That warrior knelt on the ground, shouting incoherently, then suddenly the shouting stopped, as his neck twisted into a strange arc and he "plunked" down.

The fierce Jaguar warrior shook his head and without a second thought, slashed another enemy's throat, muttering softly to himself.

"These warriors who have lost their souls, stand in place without moving, not even running, are easier to kill than turkeys!"

Then, Olosh fixed his gaze on the enemy's Commander's Flag several dozen steps away, a glint in his eye. He called to the warriors around him and together they pushed towards the higher ground of the small hill.

"The evil demon of the Mexica... again the evil demon of the Mexica..."

Feathers trembling in his hands and feet, Pengguari stared fixedly ahead, watching the two wooden cannons being reloaded. The elderly Head Warrior was the first to react. He approached the Family Head, known as Feathers, and urgently shouted.

"Family Head, the enemy is upon us! Quickly issue the command, beat the drums of battle, and have the Priests chant to inspire courage!"

Pengguari's eyes were vacant, his mind in a fog. The warrior next to him shook his body and repeated something. Only then did he nod absentmindedly, and the Head Warrior rapidly relayed commands.

Amid the turmoil on the hillock, the Militia Archers knelt and howled, and nobody paid them much attention. Soon, the urgent beat of the drums rose again, the Priests trembling as they chanted loudly, conveying the divine will.

"The three deities protect us, vanquish the evil demon of the Mexica!"

The Feathers Head Warrior personally led hundreds of clan warriors to the beat of the "thud thud" drums, resisting the assault of the Holy City Legion. He was buying more time for the center army warriors to recover from the chaos.

The Spear Legions on both flanks chanted the name of the Chief Divine, formed into tight squares, and advanced at a slightly slower pace. They set up five rows of Long Spears in front of the formation and finally reached the front lines of the enemy warriors, stabbing out deeply in an interweaving manner! The sharp Copper Spears pierced the thick Cotton Armor, making a crisp tearing sound, followed by a dull thud as they penetrated the bodies. Left-wing warriors of "Sky" and right-wing warriors of "Silver" simultaneously cried out as they toppled over in droves, letting blood soak the earth.

From the center army to the flanks, and then to the outskirts of the formations, the two vast armies of tens of thousands of warriors were intertwined, and the boiling combat merged into one.

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The Samurai's war club swung, cutting through the thick cotton armor, and then with a "crack," cleaved through the fragile limbs. The Militia's long spears stabbed, piercing the sturdy leather armor, and with a "splurch," penetrated the soft bellies and waists. As the Mexica legion launched a full-scale assault along the miles-long front, blood splattered simultaneously, and the dying wails echoed!

"Monkey" Kuluka wore the simple war clothes of a legion commander, devoid of a lofty back flag, barely noticeable within the Spear Formation. He commanded the left-wing Spear legion, warily scrutinizing the battlefield.

The Chapala Legion was shaken by the previously unheard cannon fire, plunging into brief but intense chaos. The army's charge was timely and forceful, fully gaining the advantage on the battlefield!

To his right, the central army's City-State Warriors rapidly broke through the enemy lines, charging toward the "feathers" Commander's Flag on the small hill and clashing with the Marshal's trusted aides. To his left, the peripheral City-State Warriors also gradually regained their momentum, storming into the circular formations of the Chapala Militia.

"The central army's warriors hold firm; the formations are still entangled, difficult to break through at the moment. The peripheral militia are frightened and skittish, their ranks quickly disintegrating, just one strike away!"

Kuluka pondered briefly, then called a trusted aide to take a message to the Marshal under the Commander's Flag behind them. Afterward, he looked straight ahead, waved his command flag, blew the copper whistle hanging around his neck, and moved more Spear Formations to the front line to combat the warriors dressed in sky-blue war clothes.

In the commander's brief whistle signals, ten dense Spear Formations, wielding nearly three-meter-long spears, covered each other's flanks, slowly and steadily piercing the enemy's ranks. Intersecting spears thrust forward, and the first few rows of enemy warriors writhed helplessly like beached fish, indiscriminately struggling in place, then were easily skewered by the "fishermen." Then, in the extended whistle signals from the commander, the "fishermen" slowed their pace, stabilized their formation, and impaled the next batch of Tarasco fish!

Seeing the Spear Formation's successful advance, "Monkey" Kuluka's eyes sparkled as a slight smile crept onto his face.

The Spear legion had to maintain a stable formation to maximize the lethality of the dense long spears. In the moments of engagement, rhythm was of utmost importance! The Militia could neither recoil in fear nor charge forward in reckless bravery; they had to maintain the same pace as their comrades.

The new army, although having participated in many minor battles, was experiencing such a grand formation battle for the first time. At the initial moment of engagement, many spear soldiers' steps became slightly erratic, their speeds mismatched, even becoming separated from each other. The front of the formation undulated like waves, creating noticeable gaps. Fortunately, the chaotic Chapala warriors failed to seize this fleeting opportunity. They merely called out the names of their gods in vain, getting stabbed to death by the disorderly spears!

"Monkey" Kuluka once again waved the command flag and sounded the copper whistle.

Several Spear Formations gradually merged, their interlocking pinwheel shapes slowly closing into a tightly-knit larger formation. Then, the grand Spear Formation, with its sharp layers of pointed spears, pressed forward even more vigorously into the enemy ranks, with blood spurting instantaneously. Within moments of engagement, hundreds of enemy warriors fell, covering the frontline with a vivid display of red and blue.

Facing the approaching Spear Formation, Ahonda, clad in pure blue war clothes and carrying a three-meter back flag, angrily stood on high ground. He swung his martial prowess-filled war club, bellowing loudly at the disordered warriors.

"Warriors of the 'Sky' family, be true samurai, rise fearlessly to battle! Join me in courageously confronting the enemy, do not be frightened by the wicked thunder! The enemy's weapon has already reached us, how can we surrender to death like turkeys?! Rise quickly, the sky belongs to the valiant red hawk, which can even blind the eyes of the evil God of Thunder!"

Hearing the familiar roar, the surrounding warriors turned to look at the Family Head in the center. They sought emotional support, rekindling the samurais' courage.

"Fight! Fight for the honor of the family! In the name of 'Sky' Family Head Ahonda, I command all loyal warriors to raise your shields, brandish your war clubs. No matter what witchcraft the Mexica use, no matter what sounds they create, the outcome of this war will still be decided by the noble warriors! By us!"

With the Family Head's rallying cry, more warriors gradually recovered their morale, the family's glory soaring within their hearts.

"If they summon the roaring wooden beasts, then go slay those wooden beasts! If they wield weapons bestowed by the gods, then seize those weapons! There is no surviving, no pleading for mercy. I will fight alongside you, fearlessly dying on the battlefield of the divine war!!!"

Having said this, Ahonda leapt down from the high ground. Swinging his war club, he led his trusted aides to the front of the battle line. Under his lead, the surrounding warriors finally erupted with hysterical cries. Then, one by one, they rose and charged toward the Spear Formation!

Soon, Ahonda strode to the frontline, the commander's flag especially conspicuous among the crowd. He didn't rashly lead his aides in a charge but maintained a distance, carefully observing the Mexica Spear legion.

These new soldiers were high-spirited, well-disciplined, and well-equipped, seemingly on par with the warriors. But in reality, their main force was still Militia, recently trained. Like the Royal Family's Spear Formations, they relied on the advantages of long spears and emphasized the cooperation of dense formations.

The 'Sky' Family Head, battle-hardened and having encountered the Royal Family's Spear Formations' tactics, had thoroughly contemplated how to engage in combat. These schemes were not to be disclosed to outsiders, and his caution towards the centralization of royal power was deeply concealed. He simply waved the flag and continued to roar loudly.

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"Frontline samurai, raise your shields for defense and retreat slowly! Flanking samurai, circle to both wings and harass them! Rear samurai, take out the spare war clubs and long spears, and prepare to throw!"

Ahonda stood resolutely at the front line, stabilizing the warriors' morale. Under his effective command, the family legion no longer foolishly charged at the spear formation front or stubbornly resisted the sharp long spears, instead they utilized the elite samurai's agility.

The frontline warriors raised their shields high and retreated scattered to the Family Head's side. They used the Chief Divine's flag as bait, attempting to lure the enemy formation into disarray. The warriors on the left and right spread further apart, surveilling the flanks of the spear formation, and each dispatched a hundred elites to attempt a rear encirclement. The warriors from the rear ranks, in squads, continuously surged from the gaps in the front line. They ran rapidly, accelerating until they reached the front of the spear formation, and then hurled out the war clubs in their hands. The heavy weapons shot into the enemy's spear formation, occasionally knocking down a few poorly protected spear soldiers. Afterwards, they dangerously turned and retreated, exposing their vulnerable backs, enticing the enemy to pursue.

"Monkey" Kuluka stood on a high ground, observing the changes in the enemy, his brows deeply furrowed. As the enemy commander-in-chief's battle flag moved forward, the enemies quickly regained their morale, their actions became agile and swift, and they became exceptionally troublesome.

"The stiff wood carvings have now gained life, turning into living coyotes!... It seems, the enemy commander is a tough veteran to deal with!"

Kuluka's eyes flickered. He steadied his command to slow the spear formation, ordering the militia to raise the left-handed rattan shields and lower their helmets to guard against thrown weapons. The massive battle formation halted, then slowly regrouped, splitting into a protective formation for the flanks. Facing the nearby enemy commander, and the exposed vulnerable backs of the enemy warriors, he remained unphased, stabilizing the pace of the attack. Amidst constant javelin throws, the four thousand spear square formation advanced at a turtle's pace. The new troops maintained a tight formation, not showing any flaws, continuously pushing back the enemies in front of them.

Watching the enemy's response, Ahonda frowned and sighed softly.

The agile coyote facing the steady porcupine was equally helpless. Three thousand "Sky" warriors had suffered losses of hundreds, pitted against four thousand unharmed long spear militia, the two armies on the left wing thus found themselves in a stalemate.

He looked around him, full of anxiety. In the grand confrontation between the two armies, the Chapala Legion was clearly at a disadvantage. The "Sky" warriors were unable to achieve a decisive effect, only barely supporting on the flanks. The warriors of the central army were clumsy and slow, not yet fully recovered from the disarray. The "silver" warriors also remained uncertain of the battle situation... The "Sky" Family Head looked towards the enemy's commander's flag.

Under the standing Black Wolf Banner, Xiulote, like an envoy of the God of Thunder, controlled the direction of "Thunderbolt!" His gaze remained calm, surveying the entire battlefield. An envoy rushed from the front line, conveying suggestions from Legion Commander Kuluka. Soon, the wooden cannons on both flanks also raised red flags, finally completed loading.

The Young Commander nodded slightly, and before he realized, the two armies had been fighting for a quarter. He glanced at the entangled warriors from both sides, and then waved the red flag in his hand, pointing towards the flanks. The wooden cannons then moved slowly, pushing outwards several dozen steps. Next, the cannon mouths turned towards the flanks, aiming at two groups of Chapala militia a hundred steps away.

On the flank, Izel just got up, taking the second step of his life's rise.

He swung his war club, battling with the Chapala people's militia, occasionally cautiously raising his shield to block the enemy's assault. The enemies across from him were like beasts of the jungle, always attempting to charge within half a meter, using hands and feet, engaging in dangerous close combat. He skillfully executed a shield strike, fending off the oncoming young militia, then swiftly dealt a blow with his club, smashing it onto the opponent's skull. The young militia's eyes suddenly widened, blood seeped from his nose, and then he staggered to the ground.

Izel just caught his breath, yet at that same moment, two men simultaneously pounced from the front. Two militiamen wielding short spears of no more than a meter lunged forward in an instant. He hastily blocked with his shield and war club, but the enemies continued to close in regardless. After just a few breaths of fight, the enemy on the left was blocked by the shield, while the one on the right took the opportunity to rush within half a meter. He tightly hugged the young warrior's left arm holding the club, dying close and stabbing out with his broken stone spear.

The dull stone spear slowly pierced through the leather armor, Izel felt a pang on his side, feeling the blade piercing his skin. A chill went down his spine, struggling to push the enemy away, as this was a critical point.

"Chief Divine save me! I have waited so long, yet am I really to face the same fate as my brother?!"

Izel looked desperately at the enemy's close, fierce smile. His eyes showed strong unwillingness as he desperately looked towards the family's Head Warrior, but the elderly Head Warrior seemed to ignore him, only steadily battling with the enemy before him.

"Boom! Boom!"

Thunderous booming sounds suddenly erupted! The intense battle once again halted, and then abruptly changed!

The scattered stone projectiles stormed into the periphery of the militia groups, like a howling storm, instantly knocking down a dozen or so lightly dressed militiamen. The terrifying cannon noise echoed, unknown smoke billowed, accompanied by "thump thump" collision sounds, and the fearful wails of the militia!

In the ground-shaking noise, Izel again fell to the ground, tumbling over with the close enemy. The cannon strike was no more than ten steps away from them, and the splattering mud smashed all over their faces. The young warrior screamed in terror, frantically feeling about on his body, and his nearby enemy also simultaneously screamed. As the cannon struck, several people were instantly killed. The surrounding Chapala militiamen showed terrified faces, suddenly pausing. Then, they emitted cries of collapse, shaking all over as they turned, like leaves in a wild wind, scrambling and stumbling to flee!

Chapter 396 - The Battle of Takuro Plains Continued Part 3

Izel fumbled in panic for a long while before realizing with astonishment that he was completely unharmed. The young Samurai steadied his mind and looked at the enemy who had fallen beside him. The foe's fierce face was now filled with fear as he babbled incoherently.

Izel gave a fierce smile, quickly drew the dagger from his waist, and plunged it into the enemy's throat. Then, licking his dry lips and wiping the fresh red blood from his face, he picked up the fallen war club and rose from the ground again.

"The Chief Divine's blessing, I am destined to become the Family Head!"

The young Samurai's face lit up with excitement. Then he turned towards the fleeing Chapala Militia, looking at their vulnerable backs, and shouted loudly to his family's warriors.

"The enemy is in retreat, follow me and pursue them!"

The war drums grew even more intense, accompanied by the horns of the charge. Under the bombardment of the wooden cannons, the wings of the Chapala Militia could no longer hold on and, emitting fearful screams, completely collapsed. The warriors from the western state paused for a moment before pursuing with bloodshot eyes. They had suffered serious casualties in the short but fierce battle, and now they only craved slaughter, giving the enemy no chance to regroup!

Seeing the crumbling periphery of the enemy forces, Xiulote nodded with satisfaction. The warriors on the wings were pursuing the enemy, gradually forming a pincer movement. Then, he turned his attention back to the central battlefield, watching the "Feathers" Commander's Flag.

"Silver" Family Head Tekata loudly encouraged his troops, managing to barely stabilize the right flank against the onslaught of the enemy's Spear corps. Then, the roaring of cannons sounded again, shaking the warriors' morale and hitting the morale of the corps. He looked anxiously around; the Militia on the flanks were fleeing like rabbits, the central force of warriors remained motionless, and the Archers had also ceased firing and lowered their flags.

Tekata could no longer hold back. He called the Head Warrior of his family, ordering him to hold the defense, then hurried towards the small hill where the Commander's Flag stood. He raced past the panicking Militia Archers, past the Temple Priests singing in frenzied chants, and moved through the dazed Great Shield Personal Guards, finally reaching the "Feathers" Marshal.

"Prince Your Highness, the situation is critical! Please order the Militia Archers to spread out and shoot at their wooden beasts!"

Tekata pointed at the wooden cannons being reloaded, looking at the busy gunners, and urgently spoke.

Pengguari's expression was vacant, his face bewildered. He looked at the cannons and gunners and, in a daze, asked.

"Tekata... what on earth is this?... Is it the Mexica's Evil Demon?"

The "Sky" Family Head paused, studying the Commander-in-Chief's appearance, his heart filling with irritation. Renowned for his extensive connections and extraordinary experiences, and born into the highest ranks of Nobility, he knew well the tricks of the Priests. Although the Mexica were invoking the names of deities, he did not believe in them, focusing instead on the enemy Craftsmen controlling the wooden beasts.

"Prince Pengguari, look carefully! Regardless of what this is, living or not, it's ultimately the Craftsmen who are controlling it! The army is completely at a disadvantage, the warriors are struggling to hold on, and the Militia has already collapsed. No matter what, we cannot let them continue this bombardment!"

Tekata stepped forward earnestly, gripping the "Feathers" Marshal's arm.

"Prince Your Highness, entrust the Archers on both sides to me, let me command them to suppress the enemy!"

Hearing the "Sky" Family Head's persuasion, Pengguari subconsciously nodded, entrusting the responsibility to another. Tekata quickly left to direct the Archers of the Militia, shooting volleys at the wooden cannons fifty steps away. Soon, a barrage of arrows showered down fiercely, and nearly ten gunners by the roaring wooden beasts fell. The Mexica warriors immediately raised their shields to defend, and the remaining pushed the wooden cannons, slowly withdrawing to the rear.

Watching the wooden beasts cower from the rain of arrows, the "Feathers" Marshal slowly came back to his senses. The mythic fear finally dissipated from his heart, and the state of the battle unfolded before his eyes. He saw the center army breached by the enemy, the wings locked in a standoff, and the peripheral forces collapsing, with the enemy closing in for a pincer attack.

"The situation is critical... the corps has completely fallen behind!"

The grand "Feathers" flag flew high, symbolizing the Prince's honor. Below the flag, Prince Pengguari's expression shifted, his complexion changing unpredictably.

Chapter 397 - The Battle of Takuro Plains Continued Part 3

The golden Sun gradually sank to the west, casting a brilliant glow that fell upon the "Black Wolf" flag of the East. The Mexica legion's commander's flag shimmered resplendently as if bathed in the Sun God's blessed gaze. The slanting sunlight illuminated the hills to the west, drawing out layers of shadows that enveloped the "Feathers" commander's flag. Expanding, the vast shadow stretched forth, obscuring the battlefield clamoring with slaughter, submerging the blood-drenched killing. It was as if the hand of the God of Death reached out, seizing the souls offered in sacrifice.

The fierce battle had been raging for two or three quarters, light and shadow interweaving continuously as the battlefield developments, akin to the ever-changing human heart.

Xiulote, holding the grand flag high, stood in the dazzling light, staring at the enemy Marshal hidden within the shadows.

The "Feathers" flag stood loftily, seemingly sturdy as a mountain. Around the commander's flag, small dots of Envoys scurried to relay orders. Chapala's Archers were organized once more, unleashing relentless volleys of arrows down upon the slope, striving hard to inflict casualties.

Xiulote frowned slightly. The enemy Archers resumed action, pushing forward desperately to shoot at the cannon crews. The range of the wooden cannons was extremely limited and they numbered only two; now they had to retreat to the rear, slow to reload.

The Young Commander pondered for a moment before waving the command flag. Three thousand of his Personal Army advanced rapidly until within fifty paces. Then, a high-pitched flute sound rang out as the Longbow Warriors rapidly drew their bows, releasing the final curtain of arrows. Arrows whistled "whoosh whoosh" into the sky, then clattered down, pinning the enemy Archers in groups to the hill.

Below the Archers was the fiercely contesting central force. The central force's enemy split into two formations, a full five thousand Samurai strong. These enemy elites, under the intense charge of the Holy City Legion, lost more than five hundred in moments, their morale visibly faltering, but now they gradually recovered from the chaos. They held the higher ground, were well-equipped, and once they steadied their fortified position, the Holy City Warriors were firmly blocked, and casualties began to mount.

Xiulote grasped the flag steadfastly, his spirit soaring, meticulously observing both flanks.

The left wing, known as "Monkey", encountered a formidable adversary. The sky-blue Chapala Warriors, swift and orderly in their maneuvers, flexible in their movements, were locked in a stalemate of relentless advancing and retreating. On the right wing, Etalik held the advantage; the silver-white enemy was fewer in number and tactical rigid. They merely formed into dense shield formations, raising their Copper Spears, struggling to ward off the onslaught of the Spear Legion. Every so often, someone emitted a dying scream, skewered by the crossing Spears.

The Young Commander pondered briefly, then he hesitated no longer. He swung the command flag vigorously, directing it towards the enemy on the right wing, unleashing the Reserve Warriors he held in his grasp!

The battle drums sounded furiously, resonating with the Warriors' spirits. Two thousand of the Divine Blessing Legion and a thousand Temple Guards erupted with a thunderous cry.

"Chief Divine's protection, fight for the divine!"

Following that, Divine Legion Commander Natali, war club and shield in hand, dressed in traditional Otomi War Clothes, charged forward. With devout cries of "Huitzilopochtli," he led the equally fervent Divine Blessing Legion into battle. Swinging to a curved right side, they savagely penetrated the silver-

white enemy's flank. The Divine Warriors wielded their War Clubs unstopably beneath the enemy's Copper Spears, advancing with a death-defying resolve and pierced through their ranks in moments.

The "silver" Warriors, attacked on both sides, fell into an absolute disadvantage. More perilously, under the cunning leadership of Etalik, a thousand Temple Guards were circling to the rear, poised to launch a lethal ambush!

In the shadow of the hill, "Feathers" Pengguari's expression was somber as he observed the flank's battle scene. The Mexica had committed their fierce Reserve Troops, charging towards the most vulnerable flank. These Legions, dressed as the Otomi, were extremely ferocious, fighting with reckless abandon, and were on the verge of breaking through the "silver" Warriors.

"The 'silver' formation is at the brink of collapse; once the encircling enemy arrives, they absolutely won't hold!"

"Feathers" Marshal, after all, was a commander who had participated in wars for many years. Although he dreaded mythical force and often felt faint when faced with danger, his predictions about battle developments were highly accurate.

Pengguari's gaze flickered; first, he glanced at the central force's trusted aides, with half the Reserve Warriors still in his hands. Then his gaze turned cold, considering the entangled "Sky" Legion, then the collapsing periphery and the encircling enemy. He pondered but briefly before making a decisive judgment! The Marshal swiftly sent out his trusted aide, summoning the loyal Head Warrior.

In but a dozen breaths, "silver" Great Nobility Tekata, abandoning command of the archers, rushed forward in haste. His silver war clothes stained with fresh blood, his shield bearing several deeply embedded Feathered Arrows, reflected the brutality of the front lines. At this moment, his expression was particularly anxious, the usual laughter gone.

"Prince! The 'silver' Warriors cannot hold on; please send reinforcements quickly!"

Tekata approached urgently, grasping the arm of "Feathers" Prince.

"Our flank is overwhelmed by the enemy's elite troops! Prince, please send forth your Reserve Forces from your grasp!"

Pengguari nodded. He waved the command flag, and the battle drums sounded immediately. Thousands of Militia, their heads bowed low, weapons in hand, were driven forward by prodding Warriors, confronting the encircling Temple Guards.

"'Silver' Family Head, please hurry back to the front line, command the archers in battle there! I shall support the flanks myself!"

Tekata turned to look for a moment, his face growing increasingly desperate. The supporting Militia had just recently scattered; their morale was now profoundly low. They were barely resisting the fervent Temple Warriors, ineffective in the grand scheme of things. The "Sky" family's Warriors were on the verge of collapse!

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"Silver" Great Nobility clenched "Feathers" Prince's arm tightly. He knelt on one knee, his gaze earnest, and he called out loudly.

"Your Highness, the 'Sky' Samurai are about to die in battle! Please dispatch your Reserve Warriors to the wing that hangs by a thread! The 'Sky' family will forever remember your assistance with gratitude!"

Pengguari's eyes drooped, avoiding the looking gaze. Then, he saw the Head Warrior, torn and bloodied from battle, hurry back from the front.

"The front is critical, let me go and inquire!"

"Feathers" Prince broke free from Tekata's grip and strode forward to meet the coming figure. "Silver" Family Head, unwilling to give in, hastily followed behind.

Pengguari stepped out briskly, creating distance from Tekata. Then, he suddenly turned around and pointed a finger at him.

"Guards on my left and right, seize him!"

The Marshal's trusted aides looked at each other bewildered, but then they heard the command shouted fiercely once again.

"Seize him!"

A few loyal aides, no longer hesitating, stepped forward together and pinned down the incredulous Tekata on the spot.

"Pengguari! You, you?!"

"Bind his arms, gag him, and cover him with shields!"

Continuous commands were issued, and in just a few breaths, the unprepared "Sky" Family Head was securely restrained.

"Ah! Your Highness, this, this...!"

The Head Warrior stood frozen beside the Marshal. The blood on his war clothes continued to drip, indistinguishable between his own and the enemy's.

"This battle is unwinnable! I must preserve the 'Feathers' family's strength and retreat with the elite main force! I must retain the last bit of vitality for the Lake Region!"

Pengguari exuded an authoritative air, openly sharing his intentions with his most loyal, lifelong guards.

"My most loyal Head Warrior! I entrust you with the 'Feathers' battle flag and the more than a thousand warriors engaged in battle! Four thousand Archers are also in your charge, as are the several thousand Militia, everything here I leave to you!"

The Head Warrior stood speechless. He gazed at the forthright Family Head and slowly knelt on one knee.

"Do not fail my trust! Do not betray the family's honor!"

As he spoke, "Feathers" Family Head held the Head Warrior's shoulders and earnestly said.

"Your beloved eldest son will succeed your position! I will not forget your sacrifice!"

Upon hearing this, the Head Warrior bowed his head deeply, tears gleaming in his eyes, and said in a heavy voice.

"Your Highness, I will die for the family! Please take care of my family."

Pengguari revealed a perfect smile and nodded emphatically.

"Your wife, she is my family member too!"

With that, he turned to leave.

The surrounding guards watched in silent reverence at this breach of honor yet in keeping with family tradition. An attendant cautiously approached, asking softly.

"Your Highness, shall we notify 'Sky' Nobility Ahonda on the flank? What should be done with 'Silver' Nobility Tekata?"

Pengguari considered quickly, contemplating the post-retreat situation, before speaking swiftly.

"There's no need to inform Ahonda! Take Tekata away with you. Once we're back in the Lake Region, he'll still be of great use!"

As he spoke, the "Feathers" Prince's eyes gave a chilly glint. He gazed deeply at the "Sky" Family Head at the frontline, watching the sky-blue Samurai fighting, while a dense shadow spread in his heart.

"After this battle, Tarasco will be beyond salvation, on the brink of collapse. Forget the throne! All three Great Families are here, as long as we preserve the main strength of our families and retreat to the Lake Region in time, no one will be able to contend with us. Even Chapala's land will be enough to proclaim oneself king!"

His thoughts flashing, Pengguari sorted everything out in his mind and hesitated no longer. He swiftly dispatched the Militia to the front to replace the main Warrior force in the center. Then, he abandoned the Marshal's flag and led three thousand "Feathers" family Warriors, decisively forsaking everything of the vast Chapala army, and made a hasty retreat toward the river in the west, a dozen or so li away.

"As long as we reach the riverbank and board the grain transport fleet, we can escape to a new life!"

Escorted by his trusted aides, the "Feathers" Prince ran down the hill, leaving layers of shadows behind and heading towards the splendid sunlight. In the moment before departure, he took one last glance at the newly erected Prince's flag on the small hill. The Guachal bird feathers fluttered gallantly – a symbol of past hope and glory. Below the flag, the troops fought on, the sounds of combat ringing through the earth, followed by successive rumbles of Thunderbolt!

Pengguari looked back deeply, etching the scene into his memory. Silent, his feet did not pause. Beside him, the army bowed their heads and hurried along. The "Feathers" Warriors left behind all their luggage and wealth, only keeping the weapons in their hands, silently following their Commander. They retreated swiftly, maintaining basic order, obeying the marching commands. Behind them, the enemy had not yet appeared in pursuit. When the Thunderbolt sounded again, the "Feathers" Legion had disappeared over the crest of the hill.

Under the Black Wolf flag, Xiulote stood, dumbfounded, as he watched the enemy's central force turn tail and flee. The "Feathers" Legion was so quick in their movements! Without any unnecessary fuss or noise, the Legion gathered briefly and then quickly entered marching formation, soon accelerating to their maximum speed.

The Young Commander urgently waved the command flag and blew the horn, ordering the surrounding City-State Warriors to pursue. However, these Nobility militia, red-eyed, dispersed in disorder. They chased and slaughtered the fleeing Militia, looting the riches scattered on the ground, even attacking the flanks of the enemy's formation. Only a very few Warriors remained lucid enough to accept new commands.

Amidst the urgent horn sounds, Izel turned his head to look at the Marshal's flag. Moments later, his face lit up with joy as he led hundreds of his family Warriors in pursuit of the enemy's retreating central force.

The elderly Head Warrior approached, grasping the younger Warrior's arm.

"Izel, the enemy's main force numbers in the thousands! A fleeing Jaguar is no prey for a Coyote!"

Izel's eyes shone brightly, his face breaking into a smile.

"Respected Head Warrior, I understand this! Rest assured, I won't get too close, just capture some scattered soldiers and pick up the enemy's flag! Every army is in chaos—only we are pursuing, and the Supreme Highness will surely take note of this in his heart!"

As he spoke, Izel's eyes filled with reverence as he looked toward the sacred Black Wolf Commander's Flag. Then, he turned, his face showing longing, gazing at the magnificent "Feathers" Commander's Flag on the nearby hill.

"It's a pity! The Commander's Flag is so close, yet I cannot go and seize it!"

"Izel, don't dwell on it, each family Warrior is precious, we cannot afford any losses. More importantly, this Commander's Flag already has an owner! It must belong to the Marshal's direct line, to the Holy City Legion who will have the primary credit!"

Upon hearing this, Izel nodded in understanding. He said no more, but pursued the fleeing enemy, like a wild dog chasing a cheetah, letting out a brave and loud howl!

The breeze dispelled the dust of the battlefield, and sunlight cast oblique shadows on the hills. A large-scale maneuver couldn't be hidden for long; soon, the Warriors on both wings noticed the central force's retreat.

Pengguari had taken away all the supervisory troops. The thousands of Militia who came up to support had only fought briefly before, under the assault of the Temple Guards, breaking out into chaotic shouts, completely disintegrating. After that, the battle situation changed swiftly. Chapala's dialect floated in the wind, carrying shocking news!

"The Marshal has been defeated!"

Under the "Feathers" flag, the Warriors fighting fiercely gradually fell to the ground, and the magnificent and dignified Prince was nowhere to be seen. The Mexica Warriors roared mightily, boldly advancing.

"The Marshal's trusted aides are retreating!"

Following the direction of the setting sun, a legion bearing the "Feathers" family emblem hastened away, leaving only their diminishing figures and lengthening silhouettes.

"The Silver Legion has collapsed!"

The Temple Guards blew the terrifying Death Whistle, scattering fleeing Militia, then fiercely rushed toward the rear of the silver-clad Warriors. Etalik's eyes were sharp as he spotted the position, broke through the enemy's blockade, and charged toward the center where the enemy thronged. Then,

ferociously wielding his War Club, he knocked down the commanding Warrior with a blow, then raised his weapon high and decisively decapitated the enemy!

The "Silver" Legion paused only briefly before disintegrating in uproar—the phalanx of spears and shields dissolved. Under the triple attack, nearly two thousand Chapala Warriors fell apart like moonlight melting into Water, shattering into scattered white silhouettes on the ground. However, unlike moonlight, they could not return to normal but fell scattering, bleeding red, like falling cherry blossoms.

Then, thousands of voices—some in surprise, some in excitement, some in despair, some in mourning—cried out in different languages, but with the same shout!

"The Commander's Flag has fallen!!"

#### Chapter 399 - The Battle of Takuro Plains Conclusion

White clouds like snow, casting the shadow of the sky. The sky blue as a mirror, reflecting the bright red of the ground. The long wind carried the boiling battle cries, dispersing the clouds above, offering a sacrifice to the highest gods. The Sun God then looked down impassively, watching the massive, cruel battlefield, guiding countless souls to their destination.

On the hill where the sunlight fell, Olosh, covered in blood, finally broke through all obstacles! The ferocious Jaguar warriors charged to the front of the Commander's Flag, and with two fierce swings, he cut down the enemy leader guarding the flag. Then he let out a tiger's roar, snapped the flag with both hands, and the elegant, tall "Feathers" Commander's Flag thunderously fell!

Seeing the scene before them, the surrounding battlefield paused for a moment. The sacred flag toppled to the ground, trampled into the mud by many bloodstained feet, without mercy. Moments later, a roar erupted across the sky, followed by countless cries of despair!

The remaining Chapala center troops disintegrated. The Samurai holding the rear no longer held their ground. They dropped their shields in despair, wildly slashing until they quickly exhausted their strength and were stabbed to death by dense Long Spears. The Archers in the rear dropped their bows and arrows and turned to flee. They exposed their vulnerable backs and were continuously brought down by the pursuing Samurai, crying out in terror. Soon, the warriors who outflanked from both sides came killing, and the Militia fell to their knees powerless. They made no resistance, thousands surrendered, waiting for the judgment of fate!

Tens of thousands of warriors chased the defeated to the north, tens of thousands of enemy troops fled like a horde of rats. The Black Wolf's banner gleamed in the sunlight and fluttered in the strong wind.

Xiulote looked at the victorious battlefield and laughed heartily, his laughter full of confidence and boldness. The glorious victory finally came, as satisfying as the stupor from wine!

Then, the Young Commander glanced at the still-resisting left flank of the enemy troops and once again waved the red command flag. Two cannon changed direction, aimed from the side, and fired two more Thunderbolts!

The thunderous Thunderbolts exploded amidst the sky-blue Samurai formation, grazing the Chief Commander's flag, knocking down several trusted aides. The scattering stones "bang bang" shot through the air, hitting Ahonda's helmet and raising dust, which swooped in and obscured his vision. Ahonda, the Family Head of the "Sky," staggered from the deafening blast, still shouting words to motivate the warriors.

A moment later, when the dust finally cleared, Ahonda abruptly fell silent. He looked around; all of the Allied Forces had either already retreated, were dispersing, or had surrendered. The surrounding enemy troops rapidly closed in, some wielding club shields, others gathering Long Spears, some holding Amulets, completely encircling the remaining over two thousand "Sky" warriors.

"Family Head, the Marshal has fled! The situation is lost, let us protect you and break out!"

The loyal escorts gathered close. They wore faces of despair, preparing to fight to the death.

"Escape?"

Ahonda flashed a wretched smile. He looked around, three different corps' banners tightly enveloping the four directions. Not far away, three thousand Archers ascended a small hill, holding Longbows and Crossbows, aiming at his own formation. There were also dozens of Craftsmen, pushing two roaring wooden cannons closer.

"Where to escape? We served as the rearguard for the army; we have no way out long ago!"

At these words, the Family Head of the "Sky" suddenly became emotional and burst out angrily.

"How can the Red Hawk and Red Sparrow fly in the same sky? Cowardly Red Sparrow! Penguari, you betrayed the three gods, betrayed the Kingdom, betrayed the Alliance's oath! You will plummet into the abyss underneath the earth!!"

Ahonda turned around, gazing westward. That was the direction of the Feather Army that had fled and the homeland he could no longer return to. He let out a deep roar, like the curse of prophecy.

"Feathers of Chapala, though you may escape for a moment, you cannot escape the future! You will eventually be captured by the enemy, die on the sacrificial altar! I will wait for you in the Divine Kingdom above!!"

Upon hearing this, the surrounding escorts looked at each other in shock, at a loss for words. The Family Head was highly esteemed after many years of battle; they wanted to persuade him but were momentarily unable to speak.

At that moment, an Envoy from the enemy army approached the front. He wore the clothes of the Mexica people, but he spoke with the accent of the northern Tarasco.

"The incarnation of the divine, the undefeated His Highness Xiulote, has sent me with his merciful command: Surrender, brave General of Chapala! Follow the great Alliance, convert to the highest Chief Divine, fight for the new Sun! You will retain your Nobility status, keep your Personal Army guards, and in the soon-to-be-extinct Tarasco Kingdom, your family's legacy will continue!"

Upon hearing this, Ahonda suddenly raised his head, glaring forward.

He saw the towering Wolf Banner moving this way, beneath it the solemn enemy's Personal Army, and hundreds of fierce and formidable Jaguar warriors. A not-so-tall Samurai was escorted by an elite corps in the center, slowly walking this way. He wore a colorful Feather Crown, dressed in black and gold War Clothes, one hand holding a moss green Feather Shield with divine images, the other a deep red Spear Flag symbolizing the Marshal, dazzling like the descent of a god! By his side, a warrior with a face as primitive as an ape's, was quietly whispering something.

Xiulote handed the great banner to the flag officer behind him, stepping toward the sky-blue enemy warriors. Sko, "The Monkey" Kuluka, softly reported nearby, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"My lord, the opposing Chapala commander is an outstanding old general, leading true elites. He managed to respond quickly to the canon and Spear Formation, maintaining the morale of his troops; he truly is formidable!...He must be a member of the Great Nobility, with generations of family warriors under his command. For the future conquest of the Chapala Lake Region, such a person will be very useful!"

#### Chapter 400 - The Battle of Takuro Plains Conclusion Part 2

The Young Commander nodded slightly, revealing a confident smile. He waited a moment, then his teacher Olosh returned at a brisk pace with the broken "Feather" Commander's Flag. His body was covered in the enemy's fresh blood, leaving behind a red trail in his wake.

"Your Highness, I present the enemy's Commander's Flag to you, congratulations on the splendid victory!"

Olosh knelt on one knee, raised his hands high, and offered up the "Feather" flag.

Xiulote took the brand-new Commander's Flag, looking at the familiar feather pattern. Those spread-out feathers were not embroidered, but genuine Gecal feathers, a luxury item more expensive than gemstones. Under the golden sunlight, the beautiful plumage shimmered with blue patterns, like flowing waves.

The Young Commander gazed at the flag for a moment, as if trying to see someone he had never met through the gorgeous banner. After a moment, he nodded with a smile of approval.

"Olosh, you crushed the enemy's center, captured their Commander's Flag, and made the enemy's Marshal flee. You deserve the highest honor for this battle!"

Hearing the modified order in his words, Olosh slightly started. Then, with a look of realization, he bowed his head and said in a deep voice.

"It's the Chief Divine's blessing! And your glory, Your Highness! The Western conquest will surely prevail, the Alliance will conquer the world!"

Xiulote laughed heartily. He bent down, returned the flag to Olosh, lifted him from the ground while whispering.

"Teacher, hold the flag and accompany me to persuade the surrender of the enemy generals."

Olosh nodded. With one hand he held the broken flag and with the other the War Club, cautiously guarding His Highness as he led the way. In just a short time, the Young Commander, the valiant Great General, the elite trusted aides, and the Black Wolf's flag all arrived before the last enemy formation.

The "Sky" Family Head watched closely and stayed silent. The enemy's Marshal, although composed, was a handsome and delicate youth, merely fifteen or sixteen years old.

"By the Three Divinities and my ancestors! To think I would be defeated by a youth!"

Seeing the true enemy Marshal, Ahonda's heart turned cold and his face showed a pained expression. He had imagined the enemy commander's appearance and his response, but now he was momentarily lost for words.

"Surrender, Sky Family Head."

From dozens of steps away, with the enemy completely surrounded, Xiulote smiled slightly and spoke persuasively.

"The Tarasco Kingdom is on the verge of collapse, and the Chapala Lake Region cannot hold out for long. 'Sky' of Chapala, submit to the great Alliance, and I promise you a future of glory!"

With the Prince's words, Olosh strode forward. He fixed a tiger-like stare on the "Sky" Family Head's eyes as he threw the broken "Feather" flag at the other party's feet.

Listening to the enemy Marshal's personal appeal for surrender, the "Sky" Family Head's expression changed, revealing a complex and difficult to discern feeling. He stared at the blood-stained Prince's banner as if seeing a similar fall of the Royal Banner, that hopeless future. In that instant, countless thoughts raced through his mind, leaving him somewhat bewildered.

The trusted aides gathered around Ahonda and began to speak.

"Family Head, the Marshal fled first; we held out to the last moment! Surrendering now does not betray the Samurai's honor..."

"Family Head, the kingdom's situation is dire, and the Mexica cannot be stopped. For the sake of our family's survival, perhaps surrender is the better choice..."

"Family Head, Pengguari has fled back to the Lake Region! The warriors of the Silver Family have been annihilated. If we also perish here, the 'Feather' will be unchallenged in the Lake Region. Who knows what they might do then?"

Hearing this last statement, Ahonda felt a chill in his heart and his face showed emotion. After a while, he hesitated and asked the Marshal opposite.

"Prince of the Mexica, if I choose to surrender, would you allow me to return home?"

Upon hearing this, Xiulote paused, then burst into laughter.

"'Sky' Family Head, how could I possibly let a commander like you return to the mountain so easily? You need to show your actions, prove your loyalty to the Alliance, before you can soar in the sky again!"

The Young Commander said with an implied meaning, still smiling.

"After the fall of the Rivermouth Fortress, the northern Legion's Ospa Commander has also surrendered! He kept his personal escorts, converted to the Chief Divine, and is now under my command, recruiting the nobles of the northern kingdoms for the Alliance!"

Ahonda lowered his head in silence. He understood the enemy Marshal's words. If he was to choose surrender, giving up his legions, converting to the Chief Divine, and recruiting former acquaintances were all inevitable outcomes.

The "Sky" Family Head surveyed his surroundings. The trusted aides around him looked at him with pleading eyes, keenly focused on him. More than two thousand family warriors held their shields high, their faces filled with expectation. Lastly, he glanced at his eldest son in the army, a young Samurai of just twenty years, resolute and following right behind him.

Ahonda showed a moment of tenderness. He turned and caressed his eldest son's face without saying a word. After a moment, he made a decision, his gaze becoming calm as he looked once more at the Mexica Prince.

"Your Excellency, more than two thousand of the 'Sky' legions will surrender under the lead of my eldest son! Please forgive the officers of the legions for the sin of warring against the Alliance, let me bear the responsibility alone!"

"Family Head!!"

The trusted aides around him showed panic, kneeling on the ground one after another. The son behind him had eyes full of entreaty, but Ahonda no longer looked back.

Xiulote's face was as calm as a lake, his heart full of waves. He caught the implication in the other's words, and familiar scenes flooded his memory, years seeming just like yesterday. After a moment, he nodded slightly with his eyes lowered.

"As long as you submit to the Alliance and prove your loyalty, the Chief Divine will surely grant forgiveness!"