

Civilization 58

Chapter 58: Crossing the River Below

Aweit furrowed his brows, looking at the enemy fiercely charging in and ordered again.

Immediately, the Longbow Guards swiftly retreated, moving up the hill; they stopped shooting, trying to regain their arm strength.

Meanwhile, four Samurai battalions pounced from the mountain, raising shields and wielding clubs, crashing into the oncoming foreign Mercenaries. In an instant, weapons and shields intertwined, war cries and roars resonated together.

These wild warriors, with disheveled hair and chaotic weapons, were ferociously fierce. They barely defended but swung their Stone Axes and War Clubs, attacking with a disregard for their lives.

Xiulote watched a skinny Chichimeca Canine Descendant, like a Coyote, pounce forward, clinging tightly to a Samurai's shield. His back was subsequently shattered by a War Club, his body bent, yet still twisted and hanging on the shield. The Samurai could only throw away the shield in his left hand. Another small Canine Descendant, seeing the opportunity, swung the double-handed Stone Axe forcefully, smashing it into the Samurai's waist.

The Samurai winced, his body bending at the waist, his left hand pulling out a short blade, stabbing into the Canine Descendant's thigh root, blood immediately gushing. Yet the small Canine Descendant laughed maniacally, ignoring his own wound, and with all his might, swung the Stone Axe again. The axe smashed into the Samurai's head, cracking a deep indentation, and the latter died instantly. The Canine Descendant then collapsed to the ground with a laugh, dying intertwined with the Samurai, as if harboring an irreconcilable hatred towards the Mexica.

"Truly reckless and fierce, with a readiness to embrace death," the young man couldn't help but exclaim. The battlefield below was only about one hundred fifty paces from him, and he looked at the twisted, entangled bodies nearby, feeling a chill in his heart.

"If it were the Otomi people and Toltec rebels fighting so desperately, it would indeed be understandable," Xiulote thought, "but the Chichimeca Canine Descendants don't need to be this crazy."

"Chichimeca Canine Descendants are inherently fierce and fearless of death; they are accustomed to death, and death is a part of their life," Aweit seriously explained as if seeing through the young man's thoughts.

"These Chichimeca Canine Descendants roam the deserts, the Gobi, and the grasslands of the northwest, rarely engaging in farming, but rather chasing prey. They hunt deer, bison, wolves, jaguars, lions, turkeys, birds, fish, and even humans—anything they can eat," he continued.

"The Canine Descendants are divided into tribes, constantly migrating, hunting, and raiding southward. They reproduce rapidly when food is plentiful and kill each other when food is scarce. The elderly of the tribes are driven out without hesitation, becoming prey to wolves and other tribes. The perennial wind, sand, and cold cause them to age rapidly; apart from Shamans and Chiefs, few live beyond forty years," he added.

"Their lives are like those of wild beasts, and death is all too common. They kill each other over food and water, fight over women, and fight to become leaders. A cold wave, a drought, or a food shortage would start a great chaotic battle. Tribes would hunt each other, using their weaker members to survive through times of hunger," Aweit elaborated.

Listening to this, and then observing the frenzied battle below, the young man felt his scalp tingle.

"They pose little threat to our City-States and legions; they only frequently destroy the villages on the border. Only the cowardly Otomi would offer them food in exchange for peace," Aweit commented disdainfully, looking at the frenzied Canine Descendants.

"That's because they don't yet have horses or cattle, sheep," Xiulote realized. The North America bison could not be domesticated, and the Spanish had not yet brought horses. The Chichimeca Canine Descendants were still in the most primitive stage of nomadic tribes, not yet a threat to the agricultural City-States of Central America, but already showing extreme belligerence and madness.

Once they had horses, allowing the tribes to move quickly and unite, raising cattle and sheep, increasing the population of the nomadic tribes, and learning Archery to enhance their ranged attack capabilities, they would become Central America's most enduring border trouble, much like the nomadic tribes that continually arose on the borders of the Celestial Empire.

Xiulote knew that the Spaniards would later fight a fifty-year Chichimeca War with the Chichimeca people. In the war, the Chichimeca learned horse riding, archery, the use of Matchlock Guns, and even survived epidemics, ultimately forcing the Spanish to seek peace with their nomadic guerrilla warfare.

The Spanish could only resort to conciliation, providing food, tools, domestic animals, and land for free, using Missionaries and settlements to assimilate the Canine Descendants, gradually eliminating the northern border trouble over a century.

The young man continued watching the carnage below. In general, the four thousand Mexica Samurai still had the upper hand. Shields and Leather Armor effectively increased their survival rate, and proficient Martial Arts also allowed them to kill the enemies faster. However, the casualty rate of the Samurai was already far higher than in the fights against the Spear warriors, with nearly one Samurai falling for every five Chichimeca people.

In the moments of discussion, nearly a hundred Samurai had died. Seeing the Canine Descendants' stubborn fight to the death, would they really lose a thousand Samurai? Xiulote shook his head. Observing the entangled frontlines again, the Longbow Warriors clearly could not shoot as well.

"The losses are too great; how about deploying Jaguar Warriors?" the young man suggested.

Aweit looked towards the distance, noticing that Tarasco's fleet had just returned to the opposite bank, loading the third batch of the legion. From the looks of it, it seemed to be warriors holding Wooden Shields and Copper Spears and wearing Leather Armor and helmets. He now had a thousand Jaguars, three thousand Samurai, and four thousand Militia at his command.

The Commander first nodded, then shook his head. Soon, several battle flags waved, and a series of battle drums sounded.