

## Civilization 59

### Chapter 59 Crossing the River Part 2

One thousand Jaguar warriors, like beasts unleashed from their chains, ferociously pounced from the flanks into the shattered Spear formations, completely scattering the Spear infantry. Their Beast Helmets glinted as they mimicked the roars of lions and tigers, swinging their War Clubs like lightning with full force. The remaining Spearmen struggled for just a few moments before their morale collapsed under the continuous strikes, and then, in groups, they threw down their weapons and desperately leapt into the river behind them.

At the same time, three thousand Militia emerged from the camp, spurred on by two hundred Commanders' Escort, and charged at the Canine Descendants engaged in combat. The Militia swung their simple Stone Spears and Stone Hammers, bypassing the dense formations of the warriors, and swiftly advanced to the front lines of battle with the Canine Descendants. Their Stone Spears could pierce the unprotected bodies of the Canine Descendants, while the latter's Stone Axes could easily knock down the Militia, and both sides rapidly collapsed in the fray.

The four groups of Samurai tactfully retreated simultaneously, recuperating while reorganizing their formation. Once a degree of organization had been restored, the Commanders of each group automatically fanned out to the sides, attempting to encircle the flanks and rear of the Canine Descendants. The Commanders' Escort also continued to supervise from behind the Militia, maintaining their morale.

Now, Aweit only had three thousand warriors, a thousand Javelin Militia, and a hundred Longbow Guards. The third flotilla of Tarasco was carrying another five thousand warriors towards the North Coast.

The Commander issued another order, and the Mexica's naval forces began doing their utmost to disrupt the enemy's flotilla, hindering the enemy's river crossing. From time to time, a large Mexica vessel launched a charge, ramming into Tarasco's smaller boats from both sides. Then there was a loud boom, a massive collision of kinetic energy, hurling the warriors and Paddlers on board into the river.

Then the large boat's Paddlers exerted force once more, while the Militia fought as they swiftly retreated. Before the warriors on other boats could gather, the large vessel disengaged. Then, after a short rest to allow the Paddlers to regain strength, they struck again. The purpose of this attack wasn't to cause massive casualties but to leverage the large vessel's advantages to delay the enemy flotilla's movement while preserving their own forces.

It had only been a quarter-hour since the Spear infantry's morale had collapsed, and the encirclement was already in its deadly final phase. The Tarasco people had either put down their Spears, surrendered, or jumped into the water. The Long River behind them made the pursuit north extraordinarily swift and straightforward. The warriors suffered casualties only during the brief stalemate, with nearly two hundred warriors dying in that quarter-hour. Following the Jaguar warriors' pounce, it was a one-sided slaughter.

A short blast of a conch shell sounded again, and as the battle flags waved, one thousand Jaguar warriors began to reestablish order. Their discipline was the highest, gradually retreating back up to the hill to regroup. Meanwhile, the four thousand pursuing warriors had completely dispersed, fiercely chasing the struggling Spearmen along the riverbanks and in the river, and it would take a long time to reform their ranks.

At this time, the remaining four thousand foreign Mercenaries had completely fallen into the encirclement of the Samurai and Militia. The Militia on the front line exchanged lives brutally with the Canine Descendants. The Samurai, from the rear and flanks, utilized their numerical advantage and fully leveraged their shields and formation to steadily harvest the furious enemy.

At that moment, the five thousand Tarasco warriors finally began to land, the elite shield-bearing, spear-holding men approaching to assemble. Soon, two Samurai camps had formed on the beachhead.

Aweit issued another order, and the Longbow Warriors, within ninety paces, swiftly shot at the Tarasco warriors. They fired 10 arrows per minute, and at full exertion, they could continue for a maximum of ten minutes. The fierce Heavy Arrows were strong and substantial, pounding into the warriors' shields with a thudding sound, and occasionally a clanging sound from the rare Bronze Shields.

But through the gaps between the shields, occasionally, a Longbow Arrow would tear through Armor-Piercing, whistling into the flesh followed by subdued agonizing screams and a thump as bodies fell. From time to time, a seasoned Longbow Warrior would slow the firing rate, carefully aiming for a moment, then a swift arrow would shoot forth, striking an enemy's face, penetrating the skull, a one-shot kill.

Facing the spread-out, shielded, Armor-wearing elite warriors, the Longbow's lethality was much reduced, as even the close-range Heavy Arrows were often blocked by the shields. In five minutes of rapid firing, about three hundred Tarasco warriors fell, their fate unknown. The Commander sent out the last three Samurai camps, guarding beside the Longbow Guards, waiting for the enemy warriors' charge.

The one thousand Jaguar warriors who had fallen back to the hill had just finished forming ranks. Each took up all three of their Throwing Spears, inserting one into the Javelin Thrower, and then ran toward the flanks of the Tarasco warriors. At a distance of twenty paces, they suddenly roared like tigers, hurling the Throwing Spears in their hands. The heavy Javelin Spears traced a visibly curved path, but with unstoppable kinetic energy, snapped through wooden shields and pierced into the enemy's torsos.

The powerful kinetic energy instantly knocked the stricken warriors to the ground, the large spear tips causing severe wounds. Those hit were either critically injured or killed instantly, only Bronze Shields could marginally defend. Just the first round of throwing spears had caused a hundred or more warriors to fall, the powerful strike instantly loosening the enemy's formation and shaking their morale.

The Jaguar warriors rested briefly on the spot, inserting the second Throwing Spear to prepare. Suddenly, a shrill conch sound came from the south bank, signaling a retreat. The Tarasco naval forces immediately began to reload the warriors who had just disembarked. Unwillingly, these warriors waved

their Copper Spears, and then, following a loud command from a Commander on a large vessel, they turned and reluctantly boarded the ship.