

Civilization 60

Chapter 60 Crossing the River Part 3

Bertade aimed at the command ship of the Tarasco for a moment, then helplessly shifted away.

He casually shot dead a samurai who was loudly roaring and brandishing his spear, leaving himself wide open. The great boat was a full one hundred and twenty paces from him, and the enemy commander carefully hid among his escorts. The boat was still constantly moving and drifting, without the slightest certainty of hitting the target.

The Jaguar Warriors' second volley of javelins only hit a tail, and the third round was even more lackluster. The archers shot at the boats for another five minutes until they were exhausted. The Tarasco's fleet had already embarked on their return journey south, leaving behind fewer than a thousand warriors' corpses on the shore, a timely cut of their losses.

The southbound boats paid no mind to the spear militia struggling to approach through the water, simply leaving these unarmed expendables to the still-harassing Mexica fleet. The Mexica fleet did not continue to entangle with the boats carrying warriors; instead, they gathered on the river near the North Coast, easily reaping the remaining soldiers in the water.

The waves gently submerged the fallen warriors, then curling and taking some away, leaving others to resurface lightly, as if these were bloody ornaments adorning the twilight of the battlefield.

The surviving two thousand foreign mercenaries finally awoke from their frenzy. Watching the departing fleet, the remaining Otomi and Toltec rebels completely lost their morale. They turned around and knelt, surrendering weakly, then awaited the merciless blow that came their way.

In this cruel quarter of an hour of slaughter, the Mexica lost a full three hundred warriors, nearly twelve hundred militia. The militia at one point fled in disarray, and the rear guard of the commanders mercilessly killed nearly a hundred men before once again driving the militia forward.

The remaining nearly thousand Canine Descendants then let out the howls of coyotes, the sound they knew best from their homeland. The howling, as a charge for battle, accompanied every Chichimec person throughout their life; they were born, matured, mated, and fought to it, and if they were lucky enough to grow old, they would meet their end in the belly of a wolf.

In their final frenzy, the Canine Descendants charged toward the flag of the commander up on the hill, forcing the commander's escort to join the fight.

Xiulote watched as the last Canine Descendant died fifty paces away from him, his arm broken by a war club, a back embedded with an arrow from Bertade. His mouth was tightly biting into the neck of a militiaman, the two embracing death together, with a bizarre and twisted smile at the corners of their mouths.

The youth shook his head; this last struggle of the Canine Descendants had taken another five hundred militia, as well as more than fifty warriors. The Mexica warriors had gradually found a way to deal with the Canine Descendants: warriors nearby cooperated with each other, forming tight formations, protecting themselves with multiple shields, and focusing on outnumbering the enemy. Then they aimed to strike the head or neck of the Canine Descendants, aiming for a fatal blow, not giving the enemy a chance to struggle in their death throes.

"Aweit, have the warriors hold back, and leave me a few captains of the spear militia," Xiulote said, grabbing the commander's arm.

"You plan to form a unit of spear militia?" Aweit broke away from the serious command, a smile forming on his face.

"Yes. There are many gold and silver mines being worked in the Mexica city-states. I plan to recruit some miners and train them," the youth said confidently with a smile, pointing at the spears scattered on the ground. "We just happen to have a batch of bronze spearheads now."

"Alright. It's all up to you," Aweit laughed heartily. "This time we owe it to the Longbow Warriors you assembled, their lethality and explosive power are astonishing! The arrows can even break the enemy's formation, seizing the initiative of tactics. I really like this unit; we should give priority to expanding their numbers."

"Great! Once this battle is over, we'll continue making longbows," Xiulote nodded, then looked towards the battlefield strewn with the dead. Warriors were standing in blood-soaked water, shouting and cheering, gesturing defiantly at the retreating Tarasco fleet. "Is the fight over?"

"The fight is over," said Aweit, looking towards the Tarasco camp on the south bank of the river.

The Tarasco King's flag was still flying. Beneath the flag, there were continuous tents, tens of thousands of warriors waving copper spears, militia covering the hillsides, and small boats transporting food across the distant lake.

"But the war has just begun!"