

Civilization 62

Chapter 62 Waiting_2

Xiulote watched for a while, feeling an odd sense of familiarity: wasn't this just like the Japanese hiragana and katakana? Both were acquired from the Celestial Empire during the tribal era as a phonetic understanding of their own language, and they would ultimately follow a similar path towards integrating Huaxia culture and developing their own civilization.

And as the evening mist blurred the surroundings and daylight hid behind the clouds, the young man would stand atop the riverbank hill, gazing as the Long River flowed westward into the ocean of his memories; watching the Naval Forces of both sides intertwine on the water, sparring like the Mori clan, then dispersing, the Militia retrieving the fallen ships, heading back to camp to eat.

This sudden tranquility left Xiulote somewhat perplexed.

He found Aweit, the teacher, busy recording the consumption of food with Chinese characters and Mexica simplified script, as the camp now maintained a supply of provisions for over a month. A new fleet was gathering in the Capital.

"Aweit, what exactly are the Tarasco people across the river up to? Why have they only attacked once? They still have seventy thousand men," the young man asked, puzzled.

"Because they can't find an easy opportunity for victory. Or rather, the cost of winning the battle is too great," Aweit said with a slight smile, exuding full confidence.

"But last time they crossed the river, they had the chance to win," the young man thought for a moment.

"At that time, their first group of Spear soldiers and the second group of Mercenaries had already pinned down our eight thousand Samurai. If their third group of five thousand Samurai crossed the river, they would have engaged our remaining Samurai. Then the fourth group of five thousand could have attacked the four Mexica Samurai camps that had just defeated the Spear soldiers. The fifth group of Samurai could have gained the upper hand, and the sixth group would have been sure to secure the victory!"

"Then under Longbows, Javelins, and War Clubs, how many Samurai would they lose?" the Commander asked with a smile. "Besides, I wouldn't allow the fourth group of Samurai to be transported smoothly. The Naval Forces were ready to fully engage the enemy, blocking the transportation for at least a quarter of an hour. By the time our side had dealt with the Spear soldiers and held off the Canine Descendants, we could surround and eliminate the five thousand Tarasco Samurai. Su'angua's throne would then become unstable."

"That's true, to defeat us they would at least have to lose five thousand Samurai," the young man nodded, "The Naval and Land Forces can cooperate with each other, producing a greater effect. The Naval Forces here are crucial, capable of impeding the enemy's troop transports at any time, allowing us to have a local numerical advantage, then our superior Land Forces can easily annihilate the enemy."

"What if they give up this crossing and head north from another place?" the young man asked again.

"Our point here is like a Wooden Spike, stuck in the eye of the Tarasco waist. Places within a five-day march are vaguely under our control, their supply line threatened by both our Land and Naval Forces. If the Tarasco people recklessly head north, once their supply line is cut, the Otomi will have no food to rescue them."

"A force without supplies has no combat power to speak of," Aweit patiently explained, seizing the opportunity to teach Xiulote basic tactical skills.

"So, they must pull out this Wooden Spike we've implanted?"

"If they really want to head north. they have to take down our stronghold," Aweit nodded.

"If they find the right moment and secretly transport thirty thousand Samurai across the river, we would likely be unable to beat them," the young man seriously evaluated the casualties on both sides, believing in the truths mathematics revealed.

"Haha, if they really can get all their Samurai across the river, we indeed would have difficulty winning a head-on fight," Aweit chuckled cunningly, "At that time, we would all hide in the camp and defend to the death. This camp is prepared for such a defense."

"With thirty thousand Samurai surrounding us, the food in the camp could only last a month," the young man unexpectedly worried.

"If the Tarasco people really do get their thirty thousand Samurai across and surround the stronghold, that would be better than anything!" Aweit laughed heartily. "Stationing troops under a fortress, with a great river behind them and enemy ships obstructing transportation."

"At that time, Totec won't even bother sieging Otapan City! He'll just lead his army south, striking from inside and out, with the fleet blocking the river. Once we've eliminated those thirty thousand Tarasco Samurai, the Tarasco people will be on the brink of extinction!" The Commander laughed with joy, looking forward to that future.

The youth nodded in understanding, "So, the Tarasco people don't have the assurance of defeating us. Then why do they send out troops?"

"In war, who can be sure of defeating their opponent?" Aweit stopped smiling, becoming more serious, "It's all about terrain domination, seizing the situation, and then waiting for the right moment."

"What is the situation?" The youth asked, half understanding and half confused.

"The situation. This Lerma River, this mountain encampment, that is the situation! Relying on this river, the enemy's forces cannot advance en masse, their numerical advantage cannot be brought into play, and they must also contend with our naval forces disrupting their grain supply lines. Relying on this mountain stronghold, we can hold out, using a small number of troops to counter a large number, and can fully utilize the power of archery."

"Terrain domination is about enhancing our army's capability to exert a greater effect! Restricting the enemy's troops to achieve a lesser effect!"

Aweit confidently concluded, "Not having secured this strategic location beforehand, is Su'angua's greatest mistake."

"So, what are the Tarasco people still doing on the south bank?" The youth pondered for a moment, a flash of insight, "Gathering so many troops, consuming so much provisions, there must be a purpose."

Hearing this, the commander's pupils contracted slightly, snapping out of the pride of recent victory.

He turned his back, pacing and thinking, "By staying here, the Tarasco people can only achieve one effect, and that is to tie down our army."

Aweit slapped his hands together, "It is likely that this was their original intention. The battle at the river crossing must have been a spontaneous decision by Su'angua after seeing me, an old friend!"

"It seems that although the Tarasco people haven't taken the advantageous position, they are waiting for the right moment... I see now!"

"What moment?" The youth was curious.

"We will know soon enough," Aweit's eyes suddenly became deep, "because Otapan City cannot hold out for much longer."

In the blink of an eye, it was August, and the rainy season greeted its most fervent period. Torrential rain turned into thick ropes in the sky, and the surging river waters submerged the previously used fords, bringing complete calm to both camps.

Xiulote quickly adapted to the regular life: training, studying, instructing, researching, and reflecting. Every day was full of strength and purpose, and he was becoming a pillar for those around him. Confidence and resolve shone on his face as if destiny and fighting spirit were burning in his heart.

One evening, as he stood on a hill once again looking at the distant boats, a small canoe suddenly, deftly arrived at the new crossing, and a young man descended from the boat, dressed simply and with a gentle face.

Xiulote rubbed his eyes, almost unable to believe what he saw.

"Acap! What brings you here?" The youth strode forward and wrapped his childhood friend in a hug, joyfully asking.

"Wow, not seeing you for a year, Xiulote you've completely changed, now you seem to possess the air of a commanding officer," Acap smiled softly, his demeanor gentle as jade.

"I've come this time due to a previous agreement between the High Priest and the king's younger brother," Acap said seriously, "I also bring an extremely important message!"