

## Civilization 641

### Chapter 641 - October Meteor, Tribes Re-discuss

October came with flames that connected the sky, descending from the smoky heavens onto the Eastern Madre Mountains in the Northern Land. It was the season when vegetation withered, leaves from trees in the mountains fell, and pine needles carpeted the forest floor. Once the terrifying wildfire ignited, it rapidly spread along the mountains, carrying the momentum to devour everything!

The wildfire traveled through the mountain forests unchecked. Ozoma and Masate relentlessly led more than two thousand warriors, fleeing from the Red Monkey camp to the Red Deer camp, and then, taking along the Red Deer Tribe, escaped to the long-established main camp of the Red Dog.

The Red Dog Chieftain, Chichika, had no time to reprimand before flames, towering tens of meters high, rushed towards them. Thousands of Canine Descendants had to abandon their well-fortified main camp, leave behind their disheveled supplies, and continue their frantic escape eastward. Then, the ferocious wildfire engulfed the Red Salamander camp, burning a path of ash twenty miles long before it stopped at the turning mountain range and gradually subsided.

Here, the mountain path extending eastward suddenly turned north, merging into the main vein of the Eastern Madre Mountains. The terrain of the main vein was even steeper and more treacherous, with large areas of brown mountain rock exposed, and the forests became sparser. Further north, fifty miles away, was Pamus Valley, where tens of thousands of Canine Descendants gathered.

The terrifying fire finally stopped! All five tribes, thousands of Canine Warriors, collectively breathed a sigh of relief. Everyone was grimy and dusty, tormented by a psychological shadow from the fire. Amidst the devastating fire, many ordinary tribes lost morale and scattered in disarray.

Fortunately, the Canine Descendants were always fast runners with not much baggage. Each of the five great tribes gathered their scattered troops and rested in a newly constructed camp at the rear.

Although this new camp was located on dangerous terrain and recently built, it was the last line of defense against the southern Allied Forces.

The leader Chichika was weary from travel but settled down in the camp. Then, he immediately took stock of his manpower and called together the chieftains of all tribes to commence the Tribal Army council.

"...So you're saying, out of the seven thousand warriors in various camps, only five thousand have gathered here at the new camp now?!"

The Red Dog Chieftain clenched his fist, his eyes seemingly ablaze with anger. He had led nearly ten thousand warriors, all high in spirit, on this campaign! Even though the Red Dog, Red Deer, and Red Monkey Tribes had fought successively and lost more than two thousand men, there were still at least seven thousand left. Yet, after the wildfire, only five thousand warriors remained, most with low morale and in disarray as if defeated.

Hearing this, the Red Salamander Chieftain Axotl coughed softly and lowered his voice to explain to the leader.

"Great Chief, the losses among our elite were minimal. The two thousand warriors who dispersed were mainly from regular tribes recruited for the campaign. When the fierce wildfire hit, discipline among the tribes broke down, and the tribe members were the first to flee. They ran along the mountain path and likely headed straight back to the valley."

Hearing Axotl's words, Chieftain Chichika's face remained expressionless, but he unclenched his fist.

It's worth mentioning that in the Nava language, Xiulote (Xolotl) represents the black celestial dog, symbolizing fire and thunder, death, and rebirth. However, the meaning of Axolotl refers to an aquatic salamander. These two names are quite similar. Because the salamander can regenerate limbs, it symbolizes the power of death and rebirth, thus it has also been endowed with divinity by the ancestors of Nava.

Among the tribes, the Red Salamander Tribe was the first to submit to Chieftain Chichika, hence they were stationed in the rearmost camp, in charge of logistical matters. Axolotl, who had witnessed the entire rout, was well aware of the circumstances of each tribe and remained calm. He smiled and continued.

"Great Chief, although the fire that struck was fierce, it burned in a straight line, leaving enough room for escape. Very few warriors actually perished in the fire. If you send envoys back to the valley, you can recruit them again! The food reserves in the camps are less than half a month's stock, and the baggage is minimal; even if it was burned, it's not a big loss."

"Moreover, this great fire has cut off the entire mountain path, holding back the southern Allied Forces for a good ten days! Perhaps the Cactus Samurai on the other side have already dispersed in the great fire. It's currently harvest season – by the time they attack again, all tribes will have completed harvesting corn, and there will no longer be concerns about food shortages!..."

Chichika listened for a moment with a dark expression. He first nodded in agreement, then shook his head silently. Next, the Red Dog Chieftain picked up a sturdy cowhide whip and walked towards the disheartened Ozoma.

"Ozoma, do you realize your guilt?"

The Red Dog Chieftain spoke out with a voice as cold as a frigid tide.

Ozoma lifted his head, met Chieftain Chichika's gaze, and shuddered.

"Chichika, I am not guilty! The forests in the autumn are prone to catching fire, and due to the reliance on the forests for defense, all camps were vulnerable! Although it was I who started the fire this time, causing the army's dispersion... if the Aztecs had attacked the main camp, setting a fire in the woods, we would all have been doomed!..."

Ozoma cried out repeatedly. He had pondered these reasons for several days, finding excuses. And indeed, the locations of the camps were chosen by Chichika himself.

"Ozoma, do you realize your guilt?!"

Chichika suddenly became furious. His gaze was sharp as a knife, containing lethal intent, and he tightly gripped the leather whip, which creaked.

"I... I am not..."

Masate stealthily extended his foot and kicked Ozoma's knee. The Red Monkey Chieftain came to his senses. He looked around the tent, saw the Red Salamander and Red Deer Chieftains mocking him without cause, and the other minor chieftains all showing dissatisfaction. Under the collective anger of the tent, if Chichika ordered his execution... Ozoma's heart jolted, his knees buckled, and he fell to the ground.

Chapter 642 - October's Fallen Leaves, The Tribes Deliberate Again\_2

"Great Chief, I acknowledge my crime! ... The Red Monkey Tribe first ambushed in the forest and then fought a deadly battle at the camp, killing over a thousand enemies, suffering heavy casualties ourselves. Please, in consideration of the warriors' achievements, forgive my mistake!"

Seeing the kneeling Ozoma, Chichika's expression eased slightly. He suppressed the murderous intent in his heart and bellowed.

"Ozoma, you have made a grave mistake, causing the Alliance to lose three camps! As the Chieftain, considering your achievements in battle, I will spare your life! Now, remove your Wolf Robe, turn around, and receive fifty lashes!"

"Ah? Fifty lashes..."

Upon hearing this, Ozoma kneeled on the ground, his face pale. He looked pleadingly at the Red Deer Chieftain opposite him.

Masate's eyebrows twitched. If fifty lashes really came down, Ozoma might very well be whipped to death! Chieftain Chichika was exploiting the situation to make a point and show his power by killing the monkey to establish his authority. After hesitating for a moment, sighing in his heart, he stood up nevertheless.

"Respectful Chichika Great Chief! The Southern Allied Forces are fierce in their attack, yet the Red Monkey Chieftain resolutely resisted. He set ambushes in the forest, provided support to me, and made contributions to the alliance! The act of setting the fire was due to the Southern Allied Forces pressing too hard, leaving no choice but to use the flames to block the enemy... I implore the Great Chief for understanding!"

"During the ambush earlier, the Red Deer Tribe surrounded and killed the enemy general, capturing a set of precious Thick Leather Armor! It is impervious to arrows and spears, exceptionally sturdy, and only a true warrior can wear it. Great Chief, I am willing to offer this Thick Leather Armor to you, please forgive Ozoma for his transgressions!"

Upon saying this, the Red Deer Chieftain knelt on one knee and bowed his head respectfully.

"Hmm? The Cactus Samurai's Thick Leather?"

Chichika was a bit surprised. He eyed the submissive Red Deer Chieftain and fell silent in deep thought.

Among the various tribes of the Valley, the Red Salamander and Red Crane Tribes were the most submissive, followed by the Red Deer Tribe. The Red Monkey Tribe was the strongest and always the most defiant. Therefore, in this campaign, he had placed the Red Deer and Red Monkey Tribes at the very front, to confront the enemy first in battle.

The wildfire was sudden, but the outcome was not unexpected. The Red Monkey Tribe lost eight hundred warriors, becoming the weakest of the five tribes, while the Red Deer Tribe lost six hundred, only slightly better than the Red Monkeys. Both suffered heavy losses, and their Chieftains became more submissive. If they could be subdued and harnessed, there was no need to kill Ozoma outright.

Thinking this, Chichika's expression softened.

"Masate, present the Thick Leather Armor!"

The Red Deer Chieftain nodded and had his trusted aide present the Treasured Armor. Chichika felt it with his hand, delighting in his heart. He grinned and nodded slowly.

"Killing the enemy leader and capturing the Thick Leather Armor can indeed compensate for some of your faults! Ozoma, since it's your first offense, you will be punished with twenty lashes! Are you satisfied?"

Ozoma bit his lip, lowering his head to hide the resentment in his eyes. He replied in a low voice.

"Respectful Great Chief, your judgment is just, I am convinced!"

"Good, turn around."

Chichika gave a cruel smile, raised the leather whip in his hand, and lashed down mercilessly!

"Snap! Snap! Snap!..."

"Ahhh! Ahhh!"

Ozoma kneeled on the ground. At first, he gritted his teeth and endured the punishment, but eventually, he couldn't resist screaming out in agony. Hearing the screams, many Chieftains felt a shiver inside at first, then showed mocking smiles and ridiculed in low voices.

"Ozoma cries out like a monkey, truly disgracing the warriors of the Wilderness..."

"With such a weak Chief, it's no wonder they couldn't withstand the Otomi's dog assaults..."

After the twenty lashes, Ozoma could no longer hold himself up. Covered in blood, he collapsed to the ground like a dead monkey, losing all his face.

Chichika put down the blood-stained whip. He squatted down slowly, grabbed Ozoma's hair, stared into the eyes of the Red Monkey Chieftain, and said coldly.

"In the tradition of the Southern Tribes, there will be one Great Chief, ruling over all the tribes. He is supreme, receives the submission of all common Chiefs. The ceremony of submission is to grab the other's hair... Now, Ozoma, submit to me!"

"Great Chief, I... I... I submit to you..."

Ozoma's voice was hoarse. He opened his mouth, responding with difficulty, not daring to show any discontent.



"Good! The Great Chief is dignified, as well as just. He punishes the erring Chieftains and rewards the warriors for their merit. Ozoma, I have personally punished you for your mistakes. Now, it's time to reward your warrior's achievements!"

Seeing Ozoma's reverent expression, Chichika nodded with satisfaction. He stood up, paused, his face showing a hint of reluctance, then switched to a majestic demeanor. Then, the Red Dog Chieftain took the heavy Bronze Cloth Armor in one hand and placed it next to Ozoma.

"Ozoma, this set of Thick Leather Armor captured by the Red Deer Chieftain, I bestow upon you!"

"Ah! The Thick Armor?"

Masate gasped in surprise. He looked at Ozoma on the ground, who was touching the Armor, his face full of disbelief.

"This... this... Thank you, Great Chief!"

Ozoma felt somewhat dazed. He bit his teeth and got up from the ground, bowing to Chieftain Chichika with a newfound sense of awe.

"Not bad! Ozoma, you withstood my twenty lashes and still got up, you are a tough warrior!"

Chichika grinned again. He waved his hand, and his trusted aide brought over a clay jar. Then, the Red Dog Chieftain helped Ozoma up and handed him the jar.

"This is a precious Herbs potion prepared by the tribe's Witch Doctor! It can heal wounds and is not susceptible to the God of Death's Mana. This jar, I give it all to you! Ozoma, rest in the rear camp for a few days. The Red Monkey warriors have lost many, fled to here in disarray, and their morale is quite low, they also need to regroup!"

"Thank... Great Chief..."

Ozoma took the clay jar filled with Herbs, listening to Chichika's comforting words, responding in a low voice. At that moment, a sense of gratitude absurdly rose in his heart. Then, the Red Monkey Chieftain silently clenched his teeth, shivered, and began to indulge in wild thoughts.

Chapter 643 - October Meteor, Tribes Discuss Again\_3

"Damn Chichika, is he using witchcraft on me? Why would I feel grateful to him..."

Chichika gave a faint smile, nodding, then turned to look at the Red Deer Chieftain.

"And you, Masate, the Red Deer Tribe fought hard, suffering heavy casualties. You too, lead your people to the rear camp to rest for two days. After we repel the Cactus Tribe, and return to the Valley, I will replenish your losses!"

"Thank you, respected Great Chief! The Red Deer Tribe is willing to fight for you!"

Masate was quite grateful, and also paid his respects.

Chichika nodded with a smile, and even tugged at Masate's hair. Between punishment and reward, he distinguished the majesty of a Great Chief. The tribe leaders inside the tent looked on in awe, all bowing their heads in submission.

Amoxtli stood in the corner of the large tent, silently observing everything. The newly appointed Red Crow Chieftain's gaze was deep, etching every moment into his memory. In the days he had followed Chichika, the door to a new world was slowly opening to him, silently transforming him.

A moment later, he silently looked outside the camp. Although the great wildfire was gradually extinguishing, the flame in his chest had just begun to ignite.

"The truly powerful warrior is the leader who commands all warriors, the Wolf King who drives the wolf pack!..."

Not long ago, a wildfire had struck, causing chaos. Amoxtli had thought about escaping amidst the confusion, but ultimately did not. Because the tribe's warriors with red hair stayed in the army's rear camp, including Alan, together with the Red Salamander warriors they acted in unison, tangling with each other, making it difficult to break away. Ever since he had last saved Uman, Chichika had not turned his anger on Amoxtli, instead, he began to trust his abilities, intending to promote and cultivate him. This important military council, he too was allowed to attend.

"My chiefs, my warriors!"

After punishing and rewarding the two chieftains, Chichika stood tall. With an exuberant tone, he confidently shouted at everyone.

"Although our camp was burned in the wildfire, it also gained us precious time! Now, this newly built camp controls the valley passage, the mountain is majestic and towering, the terrain even more dangerous! As long as we hold this place, neither the weak Otomi dogs nor the barbarously brave Cactus Samurai can do anything!"

"Our old camp, Pamus Valley, is just fifty li behind this camp! Now, our food is no longer scarce; we harvested a lot of corn. You all heard from the tribe's Messenger, the farmland's yield in the Valley greatly surpasses that of the Wilderness! Such fertile land, we must hold on to it and claim it as our own!"

"The wildfire came, and some warriors were demoralized, but the Southern Tribes too suffered greatly in the wildfire, also suffering heavy losses! Now, I have already sent out Envoys, drafting warriors stationed in various tribes from the Valley, gathering ten thousand reinforcements! With enough food and brave warriors, we can hold this mountain stronghold until the enemy dies of old age!"

"...Warriors, I will not say more of these trivial things! As long as we repel the Cactus Tribe, our fierce Guajili people, can stay in the rich Valley and establish a powerful City-State Alliance! At that time, all losses of the tribes, can be replenished through looting. I will lead you all to the south, to grab more food, skilled craftsmen, and the tender southern women! Howl!!!"

"Listen to the Great Chief! Repel the enemy, take over the Valley! Howl! Howl! Howl!!!"

Hearing Chichika's call to war, the large tent immediately turned chaotic. The Red Salamander and Red Monkey chieftains were the first to shout in agreement, followed by the Red Deer and Red Monkey. All the tribe leaders roared aloud, even the punished Ozoma yelled hoarsely.

"Grab food, grab craftsmen, grab southern women!!"

The frenzied shouting echoed in the large tent, even the shadows flickering in the campfire, changing into greedy shapes like fish hooked by desire.

Shadows cast over Amoxтли in the corner, covering his face, making him lower his gaze. He once again thought of Kakalo, recalling the old Chieftain's parting words.

"Aximo, the world of the Wilderness is vast. The tribes are constantly migrating, the eagle flies far away in its flight, everything is for the sake of vitality and hope, for heritage and continuation... We cannot resist the shadows, it's time to leave..."

Chapter 644 - An Unexpected Encounter

The October wind was filled with silence, and even the sun felt mildly cool. Thousands of Samurai marched silently through the scorched woods, their footsteps resounding with a crackling noise at every stop. When they lifted their feet again, their straw sandals were dyed black with wood ash. Along the way, they sporadically encountered charred human forms, but their identities were no longer discernible. The perilous wildfire had just passed, and the birds and beasts of the mountains, having fled far away, had yet to return. Along the path, only the godlike traces of destruction left a deep reverence in the hearts of mortals.

"Blessings of the Chief Divine! Praise to His Highness!..."

Fervent prayers rose from the ranks of the Samurai, drifting beneath the Royal Banner of Black Wolf.

The King halted his steps, pausing for a brief rest. He raised his head to watch the birds loitering in the sky and saw a high mountain rising to the northeast. As they progressed further, the mountain path did not narrow but grew increasingly steep. His gaze then shifted to the forest—the burnt landscape offered a clear view, extending far into the distance. The Guajili people had not launched an attack here, and the army's passage went extremely smoothly.

"We set off in early August, and now it's mid-October. The corn harvest is just about finished, and the Guajili people are no longer short of food. I hope they're still lingering in the Valley, not scattered and fled into the vast Wilderness!"

Xiulote looked into the distance, lost in thought.

When they set off from the Otomi Mountain city, the three legions counted more than twenty-seven thousand strong, with several thousand Militia maintaining the supply lines. The great army marched north, annihilating Tribes along the way, then conquering the Red Fox Valley. They had suffered losses exceeding two thousand, with nearly thirty thousand prisoners captured. Afterward, one thousand five hundred Otomi Warriors and three thousand Militia were left behind to garrison the Valley and continue to secure the supply lines. Three thousand Canine Warriors were extracted and followed the main force to campaign to the East.

In the eastern mountain paths, the Ottopan Warriors and Guamare Samurai had faced the Canine Descendants in several encounters, suffering two thousand dead and hundreds wounded. The number of enemies the great army had killed was also roughly the same, around two thousand.

"This is the result with Mexica Samurai providing support. In fact, the battle strength of the Canine Descendants' main force is clearly a notch above the Otomi legions. Their actions are swift, their tactics more flexible, and they have an advantage in the forest terrain... No wonder in the previous southern invasion, they pressed the Otomi Tribes so hard they could hardly raise their heads."

Xiulote shook his head. The Otomi Warriors from the three states were all conscripted vassal legions. They were composed of private armies from various Tribes and were not supported by the Kingdom, making it difficult to intervene and retrain them. Although these troops' discipline was poor, their combat effectiveness on home ground was passable; they could fight a winning battle with the wind at their backs.

Now in his hands, there were over twenty-one thousand strong. Seven thousand Ottopan legions forged the way ahead, more than five thousand Imperial Guards provided support in the middle forces, and the remaining nearly ten thousand were in the rear forces. The width of the battlefield within the mountain paths was limited; even including the woodlands on both sides, at most just over ten thousand from each side could engage in battle at the same time.

The lengthy marching column of troops stretched for over ten miles. After half a day's march, Xiulote had a Scout report back to him.

"Your Highness, about ten miles ahead we've encountered an enemy encampment! The banners of the Canine Descendants' various Tribes are all there; they've encamped in a strategic spot and are prepared to defend it to the death!"

Hearing that the Canine Descendants were still there, the King breathed a sigh of relief. Then, leading his trusted aides, he hastened for more than ten miles and arrived at the new encampment of the obstructing Canine Descendants. After surveying the terrain, he inhaled sharply.

The long mountain path here took a sudden turn northward, and along with the mountains on both sides, rose tens of meters, forming a steep incline. The incline was flanked by rugged and steep rocks, difficult to scale. A brand-new encampment perched at the end of the incline. From its elevated position, it completely blocked the mountain road!

Upon closer examination, this encampment was actually quite rudimentary. Its perimeter had a wooden fence, followed by a sturdy low wall made of mixed wood and stone. On the low wall, thousands of Tribal Warriors moved about restlessly, their heads bobbing in the thousands. And the number of red-haired Hunters exceeded a thousand. Seeing the approaching Allied Forces, many Canine Warriors shouted curses and made various provocative gestures, seemingly high in morale.

Xiulote observed the enemy's demeanor for a while, categorizing them clearly into two types: one chaotically shouting, the other silent and calm. He quickly made a judgment.

"Most are new troops, but they are not elite!"

Further back, the large banner of Red Dog stood tall, surrounded on all four sides by Tribes' banners of various sizes, clearly delineating rank and importance. Beyond the banners, one could faintly make out a large area of disordered grass nests and a half-completed rear wall.

"Haha, the Canine Descendants have chosen a good location but built a turkey nest!"

Xiulote observed for a moment, then suddenly burst out laughing. Afterward, he turned to the Otomi generals.

"It's a pity my Black Wolf isn't here. Who wishes to act as Vanguard and test them for me?"

Chief Mespa bowed his head, saying nothing. Chalki Great Chieftain's expression flickered with indecision. Only Prince Jiowar narrowed his eyes, stepped forward, and responded loudly.



"Your Highness, the Ottopan Warriors can serve as Vanguard!"

Xiulote took in the reactions of all the generals. Then, he nodded to Jiowar and smiled.

"Good! Prince Jiowar, send two thousand Warriors out, carry more Great Shields and test the mettle of the Canine Descendants. I will send you a thousand Crossbowmen to reinforce!"

"Thank you, Your Highness!"

With Copper Armor adorning his body, Jiowar bowed and departed.

"Thud thud thud!"

Soon, the low rumble of war drums began to sound, and scores of grey-blue clad Warriors formed a battle line in front of the encampment. Jiowar started to rally morale. Thousands of Crossbowmen took up position behind, ready to provide covering fire.

Above, on the high encampment, the Canine Descendants also began to separate, bustling about like ants. The red-haired Hunters claimed the best shooting spots, readying their bows and arrows. Some Tribal Warriors held up wooden boards to shield the Hunters. Meanwhile, others stood by piled-up rocks, poised to throw them at a moment's notice.

Chapter 645 - Unexpected Encounter\_2

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"Huh, it does follow some patterns."

Xiulote's eyes sparkled as he scrutinized the details of the camp. His gaze swept over a small but noticeable squad of long spearmen before settling on the flag of Red Dog. There, a tall, indistinct figure was clad in a Chieftain's Wolf Robe and was also looking this way.

"...Uman, the one wearing golden armor and a face helmet, is that the Great Chief, God of Death?"

Chichika narrowed his eyes, looking toward the Black Wolf banner on the opposite hill, and then turned his head to ask.

"Er... yes, Chieftain. I've heard... that banner holds Mana... one shouldn't look at it too much."

Uman, holding a shield with one hand, faithfully guarded in front of Chief Red Dog and responded hesitantly. He had previously been hit in the left arm by an arrow from the Head Warrior, the arrowhead penetrating nearly an inch into the flesh, but fortunately not reaching the bone. As a trusted aide of the Great Chief, he naturally received the best treatment. Witch Doctor Priests used the spiritual "Holy Medicine" on him, which included spineless Cactus balls and dried black feather jade slices.

In the Northern wilderness tribes, black feather jade had been widely used as a medicine for over five thousand years. The earliest archeological specimen was found at a prehistoric site of the indigenous people of Texas around 3700 years ago. It contains barley malt alkaloid with antibacterial properties that

are effective against both bacteria and fungi, which could serve as a substitute for Penicillin to some extent. It also has strong analgesic effects and is often used for the sharp pains of childbirth in women.

Of course, among the wilderness tribes, the most important effect of black feather jade is its use in sacred religious ceremonies to communicate with the Divinity of heaven and earth and to gain enlightenment from nature and the divine spirits... in simple terms, it's psychedelic.

Chichika frowned slightly, looking at his stuttering escort. This was the symptom after using too much black feather jade. Chief Red Dog's face darkened as he admonished.

"Uman, Holy Medicine is the medium for Priests to communicate with heaven and earth, and it erodes the souls of mortals. Even warriors can't avoid it! The Holy Medicine protected you and helped you escape from the inflammation tainted by the God of Death. Now that your wound has healed, from today onwards, you are forbidden to use Holy Medicine! As a warrior, you must endure pain on your own!"

"Er... I will obey you, Chieftain!"

Uman's eyes glazed over as he nodded vigorously.

Chichika continued to stare at the Black Wolf banner, his expression as fierce as a wild beast. With over fifteen thousand warriors under his command and a formidable camp for support, he had enough confidence to hold off the Cactus Tribe!

Across the distance of several hundred steps, in a corner of the camp clinging to the mountain side, a young girl named Alan, carrying the Hunting Bow, also looked toward the Black Wolf banner before her.

She dyed her hair red and tied a tight band across her chest. This was her first time participating in a battle against the Mexica as a warrior.

Upon seeing the Wolf Banner of the Black Wolf, Alan's heart pounded furiously and complex expressions flitted across her face. After a while, she bit her lip, gripped the bow and arrows in her hands, and turned to ask the spearmen warrior beside her.

"Chipawa, is this the Mexica's legion?"

"Yes. This is the Mexica's legion."

Chipawa was just seventeen or eighteen years old, a thin boy. He held a long spear in his hands, his eyes red as he stared at the large army outside the camp. Three thousand Mexica warriors wearing White Gold Cloth Armor were arrayed under the Wolf Banner, their formation neat and orderly. Tens of thousands of Otomi Warriors surrounded the area, filling up the entire valley. Memories of past battles quickly flooded his mind once more, causing him to tremble with fear.

"It was them who destroyed the Tarasco Kingdom and also killed my father!"

Hearing this, Alan empathized deeply and her eyes reddened as well. She reached out forcefully, placing her hand on Chipawa's shoulder.

"Chipawa, don't be afraid! The Mother of the Wilderness will guide you out of your past nightmares, to become a fearless warrior!... just like I have experienced."

"Alan..."

Chipawa looked gratefully at the young girl before him, his heart suddenly racing. After a while, he nodded vigorously.

"I will be as brave as you!"

"Yeah!"

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The girl gazed at the pattern on the Wolf Banner, lost in thought for a moment, and then turned her head to ask.

"Qipa, you come from the Divine Eagle Tribe in the south, and have a better understanding of the Cactus Tribe... What does this black wolf pattern represent? Is it common?"

"Ah? The black wolf pattern? Hmm... I heard Captain Zucata say that the black wolf is the God of Death for the Mexica people. It's a very important deity, so it should be quite common in the Mexica Alliance!"

Qipa racked his brains, trying hard to recall what the captain had said.

"Among the legions, this flag represents the Mexica God of Death. During the Mexica invasion, he was the Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Route Army... I was in the Southern Army, so I never really encountered him..."

"...Legend has it that he is the incarnation of the God of Death, possessing terrifying mana, able to transform into a running black wolf, unleashing lightning that explodes like a Thunderbolt. It was him, who destroyed the sturdy Rivermouth fortress, defeated the esteemed Divine Eagle King, and then conquered the magnificent Kingdom's Capital. It was also him who burned down the holy Three Gods Temple, destroying the villages of my homeland!..."

"Ah? I see... so it's a rather common pattern..."

Alana blinked, feeling somewhat disappointed. Then, she clenched the Hunting Bow in her hands and stared fiercely at the distant King under the Wolf Banner. The King wore a face-covering Copper Helmet and was dressed in gleaming Copper Armor, as majestic as a divinity.

"Hmph! This is the evil leader of the Mexica? If he dares come near our camp, I'll shoot him dead with one arrow!"

Alana held her head high, confidently tugging on the Hunting Bow. Then, after thinking for a moment, she added,

"Right, my father said that to counter the thick skin of Mexica people, aim for the lower legs and neck!"

"Alana, that's not thick skin, that's Bronze Armor."

Qipa muttered quietly.

"Bronze? What's that?"

"Uh... Bronze is... hard, sharp gold."

"Gold can be hard and sharp?"

Alana was somewhat confused. Although the Northern Land was desolate, there were quite a few scattered open-pit gold and silver mines. All tribes in the Wilderness possessed small ornaments made of gold and silver.

"Ah, this..."

Qipa scratched his head. He was just an ordinary village Militia, and he didn't really understand these things either.

"Alana, anyway, our tribes are all in the rear camp, living quite close. When night falls, I'll have Captain Zucata come and explain it to you! He is a seasoned Kingdom's Warrior, very formidable, and knows a lot."

"Okay! My father is also very interested in the Southern Tribes..."

Afterward, the two fell silent, just watching the opposing army with tension.

The heavy sound of war drums grew more urgent. Two thousand Ottopan Warriors completed their formation and began to initiate their attack. Under the command of an Armored Warrior, they held up huge Wooden Shields, climbing along the mountain path, slowly advancing toward the lofty encampment.

Thousands of Temple Crossbowmen, praising the name of the Chief Divine, followed closely behind the warriors. Clutching their prime crossbows, they appeared fervent. Soon, the Crossbowmen closed in within seventy steps, suddenly pulled the Hanging Knife, and with heads thrown back, they unleashed a rain of arrows!

Chapter 646 - Attack

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh!..."

The fiercely shot crossbow bolts, like flying birds, suppressed the hunters on the stockade walls. Nearly ten Canine Warriors were struck by arrows, falling from the height with chilling screams. Then, the "bang bang" sounds from the rocks abruptly silenced the screams.

"Ah, the Mexica's archery is so fierce even when shooting upwards!..."



In tension, Alan crouched low, hiding in the corner between the mountain face and the stockade wall. Deadly crossbow bolts flew over her head and landed behind her in the camp, creating a "thud" as they buried into wood, while occasionally, the wails of the wounded could be heard. Clutching the Hunting Bow tightly, her mouth also dried up significantly. Although she had gotten used to small-scale fights, and had hunted down more than a dozen enemies, this was her first time participating in a battlefield with tens of thousands of people.

"Alan, it's okay! This position is good, just stay hidden, and the Mexica's arrows won't reach us. Just wait until their warriors charge up, then the arrows will stop!"

The young militia, Chipawa, whispered reassuringly. Alan turned her head and saw that Chipawa had already skillfully crawled behind the wall. He placed his Long Spears beside him and pushed a huge round rock, peering down through the gap between the wall and the rock. Then, he issued a tense, low shout.

"They're coming up!"

"Thud thud! Thud thud!"

The spirited war drums rang loudly, inspiring the spirit of warriors, conveying the charge command! Two thousand Ottopan Warriors raised their Great Shields, formed into several front and rear squads, and charged towards the stockade walls in sequence. The hunters on the stockade also began to counterattack, as Bone Arrows fell like torrential rain, turning the shields into porcupines. Quickly, the first squad of five hundred warriors braved the rain of arrows and charged within thirty steps. The vanguards, screaming mightily, began to climb the final steep slope.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh!"

Thousands of red-haired hunters popped their heads out, continuing to shoot arrows viciously! At this distance, their shooting accuracy was terrifyingly high, each arrow targeting vital spots. The climbing warriors, unable to shield their bodies with their shields, were hit repeatedly in the head and face by arrows, screaming as they tumbled down the slope. After just two or three rounds of arrow showers, more than a hundred warriors had fallen! And when the vanguard warriors reached the steep slope, nearing the stockade, they were met with heavy rocks smashing down, crushing heads and splattering blood. The cruel uphill attack was brief, and the first squad of warriors began to falter. Some warriors even stopped on the steep slope, raising their Wooden Shields to defend on the spot.

"Supervisory teams forward, retreaters die! Keep charging; sacrifice for the Chief Divine!"

Jiowar, clad in Heavy Armor and wielding a War Club, stood at the steep slope under the camp. He roared loudly, leading the Longbow trusted aides personally in the supervision.

"Kill the Canine Descendants, reclaim our land!"

"Kill the Canine Descendants! Reclaim the land!"

The second squad of five hundred warriors echoed the chant and then carried out a desperate charge. Bone Arrows fell from the heights, becoming even more fierce. Many red-haired hunters, as if by unspoken agreement, aimed at the supervising Jiowar, quickly turning his Cloth Armor into a porcupine hide.

"Advance twenty steps, and shoot from opposite the stockade!"

Balda was ruthless. He held up his shield and personally led the Crossbowmen forward. As the Crossbowmen got closer and released a volley of arrows, a dozen red-haired hunters fell. The hunters furiously retaliated, shooting down several Crossbowmen. Subsequently, both sides' Archers and Crossbowmen began exchanging fire; the rain of arrows crisscrossed in the air. With the cover of the Crossbowmen, the second squad of warriors quickly approached the stockade, and the third squad also launched a charge.

"Whoosh!"

Alan peeked out, squinting her eyes and swiftly firing an arrow. An Ottopan Warrior, who was climbing up, clutched his face, tossing his head and rolling down the mountain. His dropped shield hit the warrior behind him, who paused stunned, then continued to climb with gritted teeth!

"Their morale is high...ah!"

Alan looked worriedly for a moment, then abruptly crouched behind the stockade wall.

"Whoosh!"

A fierce crossbow bolt grazed her red hair, striking the mountain wall with a forceful "bang". Only then did the bolt's momentum exhaust, bouncing into the camp behind.

"Alan, are you alright?"

Anxious shouts came from beside her. Alan turned her head to see that Chipawa hadn't moved, still pushing against that huge rock, with only a small half of his face visible.

"Chipawa, what are you doing?"

Alan blinked curiously.

"I am... throwing rocks..."

Chipawa hesitated before answering.

"Good! The Otomi have climbed up! Archery is too dangerous, I'll come and throw stones with you!"

Arin moved swiftly, scrambling to the boulders. She squinted towards the direction of the Otomi Warriors, then unhesitatingly pushed the huge rock down with force!

"...Arin!"

"Bang!!... Bang bang!"

The dull thuds rose from beneath the fortification walls, accompanied by the muffled sounds of bones shattering. Then, the impact sounds continued unabated, along with the warriors' cries of alarm. The boulder rolled down the rugged steep slope, gathering speed and bringing an unstoppable force, charging straight towards the supervising Jiowar.

"Damn it!"

Jiowar, covered in arrows, stood defiantly. However, as the boulder approached, he could no longer hold himself together. The Coyote Prince roared and flung himself to the side.

"Bang!!"

The boulder struck down a Longbow trusted aide, emitting a grating crash, and finally smashed into the gentle mountain trail, burying deeply into the soil. The trusted aide spat blood from his mouth, his chest caved in, clearly beyond saving.

Jiowar climbed up from the ground, fearfully. Then, in a fit of rage, he waved his War Club and pointed towards the fortification where the boulder had fallen.

"Longbow trusted aides, fire at will! ..."

"Ah, ah!"

Rain of arrows crisscrossed, taking the lives of archers. Boulders rolled down, crushing the bodies of warriors. And the dying moans echoed continuously through the mountains, as the fighting grew ever more brutal.

On the steep slopes, one or two li wide, the Ottopan Warriors paid a heavy price but finally made their way to the fortification walls. With bloodshot eyes, they swung their weapons and engaged in combat with the thousands of Canine Warriors defending!

"Kill!"

A few warriors climbed over the low wall near the mountainside, backs against each other, fighting fiercely with the defending tribe's warriors. Although it was a remote location, Prince Jiowar had specifically ordered an attack here; indeed, the defenders were not many.

A fierce warrior swung his War Club, slashing down three Canine Descendants in succession. Then, a sneak-attack with a Stone Spear came from behind, blocked by the shield of a comrade. The fierce warrior slightly tilted his head, swept his War Club horizontally, and knocked down the attacking warrior.

"Puchi!"

The comrade behind stepped forward and thrust out a Copper Spear, stabbing into the downed enemy. As he pulled out the Copper Spear, a large gush of fresh blood splattered.

Blood splattered on Chipawa's face, gripping his Long Spear, his whole body shook. He faltered in his steps, unconsciously retreating. This display of fear caught the eye of the warrior, triggering their utmost intent to kill. The fierce warrior sneered, then advanced in large strides with his War Club swinging.

"Kill!"

The ferocious War Club slashed through the air, bringing a sharp whoosh but missed. The fierce warrior raised his eyebrows as the young Canine Descendant stumbled, actually scared to the point of suddenly sitting on the ground, making him miss his strike. But it didn't matter anymore; the seated enemy simply closed his eyes, waiting for death.

The warrior cruelly smirked and turned the direction of his War Club. He aimed at the enemy's neck, ready to strike down.

"Whoosh!"

A precisely aimed Feathered Arrow struck, deeply embedding into his neck. The fierce warrior gasped twice, then lost all strength, similarly collapsing to the ground. Chipawa faced the warrior, and then suddenly burst out screaming.

"Ah! Ah!"

The young Militia grabbed the Long Spear and desperately stabbed the dead warrior. The Canine Warriors behind him immediately backed him up, engaging with the remaining warriors. Arin watched

Chipawa for a moment, shook her head, but said nothing. She once again lifted the Hunting Bow, aiming at the nearby enemy.

#### Chapter 647 - Hidden Killing Intent

Emerald clouds drifted away in the sky, yellow leaves withered among the mountains. Autumn in the Northern Land was full of depth, with a great expanse of mountains stretching to the horizon. The brown ridges extended eastward and abruptly rose into steep slopes before bending towards the north.

Xiulote stood atop a small hill, his eyes unwavering, intently focused on the battle before him.

At this very moment, several thousand Canine Warriors were entrenched in the mountain top camp, defending with the advantage of the steep slopes that soared dozens of meters high. Two thousand Ottopan Warriors dressed in gray-blue War Clothes fiercely attacked up the steep incline, like surging waves!

The Canine Warriors howled as they hurled stones, and red-haired Hunters fiercely shot arrows. Arrows and stones fell from above like raindrops, killing climbing Samurai and shooting down approaching Crossbowmen. The Crossbowmen, with frenzied expressions, stood behind on the lower part of the slope to return fire. The crossbow bolts whistled sharply, piercing the faces peering out from the palisade walls, ruthlessly transfixing the nearest enemies.

The attacking war drums grew more rapid, the intense shouts of killing drowning out the whistle of arrows. From time to time, the elongated, piercing wails resonated between the mountains like a symphony of death!

Under the banner of the Red Dog, the Canine Descendants held their ground, resisting with exceptional determination and strength. The Ottopan Warriors charged the camp three times, and three times they were repelled. Jiowar personally oversaw the battle from the front lines. Clenching his teeth fiercely, he raised his War Club in anger, ready to dispatch a fourth wave of warriors.



From the hill, the blood dyed the brown stones red, and bodies tumbled down the slope, like falling maple leaves, reminiscent of a scroll offered to the gods.

Xiulote lowered his eyes and shook his head.

"Bertade, how many Ottopan Warriors have we lost?"

The Head Warrior gazed quietly at the battlefield. With his extensive battle experience, he counted briefly and confidently replied.

"Your Highness, at least five hundred."

"And the Canine Descendants?"

"At most... four hundred."

"Raise the command flag, sound the conch, retreat."

"As you command!"

Bertade nodded. He picked up a huge conch shell and blew into it himself.

"Toot!... Toot!..."

The fourth wave of warriors was about to charge when the sudden sound of the retreat conch halted their decisive momentum. Jiowar, with eyes red, turned back and roared in anger.

"Damn it! Who is blowing the horn recklessly? I'll have his..."

The Coyote Prince suddenly stopped. Then, he was taken aback, lowered his head, and bellowed with reluctance.

"Issue the order to the Nobility and Chieftains, retreat!"

Quickly, the dark green Crossbowmen covered the retreat with their arrows, and the gray-blue figures receded from the steep slope like a tide. The Canine Descendants on the city walls roared with joy, letting out wolf-like howls.

In the center of the Chieftains, the Great Chief Chichika raised his arms with force, baring his teeth in unrestrained laughter.

In the Tribal Council, although he outwardly exuded confidence, repeatedly emphasizing the need to hold their ground, he was inwardly anxious and had even secretly arranged for an escape route. After all, they were facing the feared God of Death Great Chief! Only at this moment, seeing the enemy warriors struggle tremendously in their climb and incurring heavy casualties in their assault, did the Red Dog Chieftain feel truly reassured.

"Chieftains, warriors!"

Chichika shouted spiritedly.

"The God of Death Chief is nothing! We can hold this mountain fortress until ten harvests pass, with our corn cribs filled to the brim!"

"Awooo! Great Chief is mighty!"

The Red Salamander Chieftain Axolotl joined in with a smile, and the other chieftains also nodded their heads and shouted in agreement. The heads of the Canine Descendants finally felt at ease and no longer secretly considered fleeing.

In a corner of the camp, the young girl Alans breathed a sigh of relief. Having gone through the battle, she now truly became a red-haired huntress. She watched the enemy retreat like the tide, shook her short red hair, and excitedly waved her Hunting Bow. Then, her gaze followed the Otomi leader, down to the black Wolf Banner.

"Your Highness!"

Jiowar, his face flushed with shame, fell to his knees before the prince.

"I have failed to live up to your great expectations, please punish me..."

"No matter."

Xiulote smiled gently. He gestured for the Coyote Prince to stand.

"Prince Jiowar, the terrain here is too treacherous. The Ottopan Warriors have attacked thrice and have already done very well. The lives of warriors are our most precious wealth; there should not be such wasteful loss!"

Jiowar stood up, grateful. He hesitated for a moment, clenched his fist, and through gritted teeth, requested an assignment.

"Your Highness, please give me three hundred sets of sturdy armor! I shall personally lead the trusted aides and scale the ramparts for you!"

"Oh?"

Xiulote turned his gaze onto him. He observed Jiowar's expression for a moment and then burst into hearty laughter.

"Excellent! Jiowar, my brave warrior, you are determined indeed!"

Hearing the prince's affirmation, Jiowar inwardly breathed a sigh of relief. Heart pounding, he awaited the prince's instructions.

"The Canine Descendants are spirited and hold their ground in dangerous terrain. Under the onslaught of heavy rocks, even sturdy armor offers no defense. A forceful attack would cost too many lives!"

Xiulote pondered for a moment and then spoke slowly.

"Jiowar, I have been observing for a while. I now have a rough plan for how to conquer this mountain fortress."

"Ah, divine wisdom has inspired Your Highness! The Ottopan Warriors are willing to die in your service!"

Jiowar immediately bowed deeply, his face showing generous resolve.

"Good. Jiowar, I entrust you with a new task!"

Xiulote suddenly smiled.

"Take a thousand bronze axes, and with the Mexica legion, clear all the sparse trees around."

"Ah, clearing trees?... I shall follow Your Highness's command!"

Jiowar was stunned for a moment, then nodded blankly.

The Mexica and Otomi Allied Forces immediately made an encampment in front of the fortress. The mountain terrain was narrow, and the Guamare legion, Pamus legion, and Longbow Militia were all sent to station ten miles behind. Thousands of Ottopan Warriors then cleared all the trees around. Under the direction of the craftsmen accompanying the army, they busied themselves and quickly constructed more than a dozen catapults.

The Canine Warriors on the mountain fortress came out to raid several times but were repelled each time by the vigilantly guarded Imperial Guard Warriors. The allied forces' catapults were taking shape rapidly.

Chichika looked on with a grave expression, deeply concerned about the developments below. He began by inquiring with Amoxtli from the Red Fox Valley.

"What are these wooden beasts?"

Amoxtli shook his head, not knowing, but he recommended someone, Zucata from the Red Monkey Tribe. In these past days, he had been with the other in the rear encampment, making many contacts, and they got along quite well. He knew that this was a "red-haired warrior" from the Great Tribe in the south, who had seen much and was knowledgeable about the Mexica people.

The Great Chief immediately summoned Zucata. Although Ozoma was reluctant, he had to let him go.

"Warrior from the Divine Eagle Tribe!"

Chichika laughed heartily and opened his arms to welcome him.

However, Zucata bowed his head and clenched his fist at his chest, performing a ritual of the Tarasco Kingdom.

"Great Chief, my greetings to you!"

The Red Dog Chieftain nodded his head, scrutinizing the newcomer. The man was tall and wore the garments of a Canine Warrior, only that he wore a bifurcated feathered helmet that covered his hair. The sacred red hair was always a symbol of the Canine Warriors. Unless necessary, the red-haired of the tribe did not like to wear helmets.

Following that, Chichika stood on high ground, pointed towards the giant wooden beasts below the mountain, and asked seriously.

"Zucata, tell me, what is the Cactus Tribe doing?"

Zucata observed for a moment, and after listening to the detailed report of the Scout, he gave a definitive answer.

"These are catapults of the Mexica people!"

"Catapults?"

"Great Chief, I have fought the Mexica people in the Southern Army of the Kingdom for nearly a year. They have many new kinds of weapons that can manipulate stones, thunderbolts, and flames. The catapult is a weapon for hurling stones, able to throw boulders weighing dozens of pounds over two hundred paces!"

"What? Two hundred paces away?"

Chichika's face showed shock.

"Are you saying this wooden beast below the mountain? It can hurl stones weighing dozens of pounds up to here?!"



"Uh, this height..."

Zucata looked at the catapults below and then at the encampment's height, shaking his head.

"The encampment is situated high and is difficult to climb from below. The Mexica people's catapults cannot be transported up the steep slope, nor can they throw large stones up here, at most, they can toss a few pounds of small stones up. Moreover, hurling from below upwards, the force is easily exhausted, and the feeble stones cause little harm."

"Indeed. Hurling can only be done from high to low, the other way around is much more difficult."

Chichika nodded his head, yet his expression did not relax one bit. He looked intently at Zucata.

"Zucata, if it cannot cause much harm, why would the Mexica go to such lengths to bring this here?"

"Hmm... This weapon can also be used to throw burning, smoking fireballs."

Zucata pondered for a long time before cautiously replying.

"Burning, smoking fireballs? What kind of spell is this?"

Chichika tensed up again.

"I encountered it at the mountain fortresses of Xitaqualo. The fireballs would come burning and emitting thick smoke, sticking to the walls and burning. This kind of fire is hard to extinguish; even water is ineffective—it must be put out with sand and dirt. But it seems that the fireballs are quite precious and not numerous. And when the fireballs burn, the Mexica cannot attack."

"Paper Fireballs... forest fires..."

Chichika pondered for a while, pacing back and forth. The shadow of the recent forest fire still lingered in his mind, refusing to leave. After a moment, the Red Dog Chieftain gave an order to Uman beside him.

"Uman, command all warriors to be cautious. Have more sand and soil dug from behind the encampment and hoarded inside the camp! Ah, right, we should have people cut down the sparse woods around as well and pile them further away!"

"Uh... as you say, Chieftain!"

Uman nodded vigorously and immediately went to execute the command with his trusted aides. Although not articulate, his ability to act was exceptionally strong. In just two days, the camp was stocked with mud, and the shallow trees on both sides of the mountains were cleared away.

Several days later, the Mexica legion launched another assault. The crossbowmen donned the trusted aide's copper armor and moved in close to shoot. The fierce crossbow bolts shot up covering the sky, suppressing the hunters on the wall.

The newly constructed dozen or so catapults creaked and groaned as they hurled stones weighing several pounds. The stones whistled through the air and, exhausted of their force mid-flight, "gently" landed in the encampment. The barrage knocked the Canine Descendants to the ground, holding their heads, but did not cause any casualties or have the power to damage the sturdy fortress walls. Soon, the Otapan Warriors raised their Great Shields and tested charging forward a couple of times. They shouted loudly, but hurriedly retreated without even touching the fortress wall.

"Ha ha, there's nothing to be afraid of with those wooden beasts! The Cactus Tribe worries we lack defensive stones and has specially brought them from the mountain for us! When the enemy comes to attack, we'll ferociously toss them down, returning them to their warriors!"

Chichika looked around. Many tribe warriors saw the massive catapults for the first time and their faces showed fear. The Great Chief then laughed heartily, lifting the spirits of the warriors.

"Warriors, I have good news for you! All the tribes have finished harvesting maize and it's being continuously brought in! The fields in the valley are extraordinarily fertile; this year is a bumper crop!"

A bumper crop meant that everyone could eat their fill. Next year they wouldn't have to fight the other tribes to the death for food or hunt their weak and elderly.

"Howl! The maize is a bountiful harvest; the Great Chief is the son of the earth!"

The Red Salamander Chieftain shouted timely, and instantly the camp resounded with cheers. The Great Chief's prestige was reinforced once again, slowly merging with divinity. If not for outside interference, a new powerful leader would emerge and fully integrate the Guajili tribes within a few years.

Several hundred steps away, Xiulote stood without raising the Royal Banner, just watching from a small hill. Listening to the boiling cheers of the Canine Descendants, a smile appeared on his face.

"Well done, Jiowar."

The Coyote trusted aide bowed respectfully, even though he harbored doubts.

"Let the Canine Descendants celebrate for a day, relaxing their guard. With the catapults complete, the moment for a full assault is upon us!"

Xiulote pondered for a while before decisively giving an order.

"Bertade!"

"Here, Your Highness."

"Take out the fire arrows and give them to the skilled Archery trusted aides! Redistribute the gunpowder to create burning paper fireballs! Also, have the Artillery Camp ready; all Eight-Gate Wooden Cannons to be moved into the camp!"

"By your command! Your Highness, I'll see to it personally!"

Bertade responded calmly, with a touch of excitement in his voice.

"Good! Send out some trusted aides and summon Red Frog Chieftain Keka and trusted aide Miwa as well!"

Xiulote's face showed a smile, confident and composed.

"Tell them, the time has come to serve the Alliance!"

His words dispersed into the wind, drifting over the brown hills and stirring the withered leaves. Amidst the boiling cheers of the Canine Descendants, a heavy aura of killing intent lay hidden, silently flowing.

Chapter 648 - Peril and Glory

The night fell low from the sky, and the campfires sparkled in the camp. The harsh cold wave had passed, but the autumn nights of the wilderness were still warm. Thousands of Samurai slept in open grass nests, conserving their energy for the fight. The patrolling squad was on high alert, roaming back and forth on the edge of the camp. Further away, scouts on night watch vigilantly guarded within the mountains, always ready to combat the red-haired Canine Descendants.

In the vast grass nests, the generals' tents were strikingly conspicuous. And at the center, surrounded by dozens of tents, was the commander-in-chief's grand tent. A Royal Banner of Black Wolf was planted in

front of it. Hundreds of trusted aides, clad in Armor and armed with bows, guarded around the Royal Banner and the grand tent. Their expressions were devout and vigilant, as if guarding a divinity.

"Great Chief, your loyal general, Keka, salutes you!"

Inside the grand tent, Chieftain Keka of the Red Frog Tribe kneeled on the ground, respectfully saluting Xiulote. Your journey continues at [NovelBin.Côm](https://www.novelbin.com)

Keka had been confined by Xiulote's side for almost a month, almost isolated from his tribe. His daily tasks were to eat and drink, and to receive preachings from the priests at regular intervals. His round face had grown plumper. Now, he had donned the attire of a Mexica Samurai, wore a silver Chief God's Amulet, and had learned the etiquette of the Alliance. At first glance, he seemed like a minor noble of the Alliance. Only his hair remained red, as adored by the people of the wilderness.

"Great Chief, Miwa salutes you!"

Behind Keka, the red-haired trusted aide Miwa, wearing a Canine Descendants' Leather Robe, also followed suit and kneeled to salute.

After the chieftain was taken away, he had been the acting head of the Red Frog Tribe, managing the daily needs of three thousand warriors. After surrendering, the tribe's food supply depended on the Alliance. The Cactus Tribe's War Priests came daily, distributing ample food while spreading their faith within the tribe. Hundreds of seasoned Samurai were also stationed around the tribe, often exchanging archery skills with the red-haired people, competing in Martial Arts, and promoting honors bestowed for military achievements and land grants. After just a month, some among the tribe were swayed.

Miwa watched as the tribal warriors began to praise the Chief Divine, drawing ever closer to the Alliance. He often felt uneasy, yet did not know what to do. At this moment, a rare look of anxiety appeared on the face of this red-haired warrior.

"Rise!"

Xiulote smiled, patting Keka's shoulder. Then, he looked at Miwa and said generously,

"Miwa, the Red Frog Tribe has now joined the Alliance as an independent force. You are the Deputy Legion Commander of the Red Frog Legion! How can this simple Leather Robe reflect the dignity of a Deputy Head? It's not durable enough even for combat."

"Someone! Reward Deputy Commander Miwa with a fine set of Leather Armor and a noble's robe!"

Xiulote ordered loudly. Instantly, trusted aides came forward with the prepared Leather Armor and robe, dressing Miwa. Miwa looked helpless, seeking guidance from Chieftain Keka. Seeing that Keka remained unmoved, making a slight gesture with his hand, Miwa obediently donned the Mexica noble's robe.

The King raised an eyebrow and stared at the dazed Miwa for a while, then unclasped the Sun Amulet from his neck and personally placed it around his neck.

"Miwa, the Chief Divine will protect you! He promises you hope and victory, to turn peril into safety! Praise the Chief Divine!"

"Ah, I... Praise the Chief Divine!"

Miwa muttered, lowering his head, praying to the Chief Divine for the first time. Then, the instincts honed from years of wilderness fighting suddenly surged, filling him with doubt.

"Did the Great Chief just mention... peril?"

Xiulote glanced at the two men, smiled, and then returned to his seat. His expression turned serious as he earnestly asked,

"Miwa, how are the Red Frog warriors doing?"

"Great Chief, the warriors' morale is high, ready to fight for you at any time!"

"Good."

Xiulote nodded, asking again.

"The Alliance is at war with the Red Dog Alliance. Do the Red Frog warriors have any reservations?"



"Great Chief, the tribes of the wilderness often fight each other. Unless it's the rare bountiful year, tribes hunt each other's weak. Besides, our three tribes to the west have never gotten along with the five tribes of the East. Fighting the Red Dog Alliance, the warriors' morale remains high!"

This time, Keka answered first.

"Oh? In that case, are the soldiers familiar with the Red Frog Tribe from the Red Dog Alliance?"

"Uh? We don't have much contact with the Red Dog Alliance, and there is rarely any interaction between us, mostly unfamiliar to each other."

The Red Frog Chieftain speculated the Great Chief's intentions, cautiously answering.

Xiulote mused silently. After a moment, he looked expressionless at the wide-eyed Keka.

"Keka, have you had any contact with the opposing Red Dog Alliance?"

"Ah! Great Chief, I am utterly loyal to you, with no divided loyalties!"

Keka's back chilled, and he prostrated on the ground with a thump. He indeed wished to contact the other side, but being in the main camp of the Cactus Tribe, his own life was hardly secure, let alone finding an opportunity.

"Keka, the Guajili people stem from the same stock, so it's alright if there is contact. You could persuade them to serve the Alliance together!"

Xiulote smiled lightly, his gaze fixed intently on Keka's expression.

Keka shuddered, like a frog stared down by a snake. His expression turned fearful as he raised his right hand to swear.

"By the ancestors! Great Chief, since joining the Alliance, I have not had any contact with the Red Dog factions!"

"Oh?"

Xiulote watched for a while, smiling. He then turned to Miwa.

"By the ancestors! Great Chief, neither has Miwa!"

Miwa paused, imitating Keka's gestures, and swore,

"If I betray this oath, may my soul never return to the embrace of the Earth Mother!"

## Chapter 649 - Peril and Glory\_2

Xiulote raised an eyebrow. He looked at the Chief God's Amulet that he would personally place on the other party, and after a while, he nodded in approval.

"Good!"

The King smiled with satisfaction.

"Since this is the case, I have a mission to entrust to a loyal Red Frog warrior!"

Keka and Miwa exchanged glances, both sensing an ominous premonition.

"The Canine Descendants' camp stretches for miles, and the flags of various tribes are quite mixed. The Red Frog warriors share the same origin, dress, language, and customs with those tribes, making them unrecognizable at night and easiest to infiltrate the camp."

As the King spoke, he organized his thoughts. Then, after a slight pause, he issued an undeniable command.

"Miwa, you have one day to select five hundred elite warriors loyal to the tribe! Tomorrow night, you will skirt around the mountainsides and infiltrate the Red Dog camp. Before dawn, when the Allied Forces launch their attack, you will create havoc in the camp at the same time!"

"Ah, a night raid?!"

Keka and Miwa exclaimed in unison. Keka lowered his head, his eyes flickering rapidly.

A night raid was extremely challenging, requiring not only elite forces but also those loyal to the tribe. Moreover, the risk of a night raid was staggeringly high. Even if they were successful, the losses would be severe. And when the Mexica Allied Forces took advantage of the chaos to attack, how could they distinguish the Red Frog warriors from other tribes? They would likely be annihilated together. How could the Red Frog Tribe commit to such a deed that would sacrifice the tribe for the sake of enlightening the Alliance?

After a moment, Keka's eyes grew cold, and he silently clenched his fists. The immediate plan was to first escape from the predicament of the cage. With this thought, he knelt down sincerely and petitioned the Great Chief.

"Great Chief! The Red Frog Tribe is willing to die for you! I am willing to personally lead the warriors and infiltrate the enemy camp!"

"Oh?"

Xiulote's smile was indecipherable as he observed Keka's expression, unable to discern its authenticity. He had long had his strategy; now, he merely shook his head.

"No! Keka, you are the Clan Leader of the Red Frog Tribe, many people in the Red Dog camp would certainly recognize you. You were the first Tribal Chief to surrender to my Great Tribe, and I need to use you importantly; I cannot allow you to enter into danger."

Subsequently, the King's expression became stern, his gaze sharp. He looked at the trusted aide.

"Miwa, you will replace Keka and personally lead the warriors! The Chief Divine will protect you!"

Miwa looked at the King and then at Keka, who was willing to die. Years of the chief's generosity surged in his heart, and he clenched his teeth fiercely.

"Fine, I will replace the chieftain and raid the camp! Respected Great Chief, if I do not return, please allow the chieftain to return to the tribe!"

"Miwa!"

At this, Keka's expression grew agitated, his eyes widening as he gazed at Miwa. His fingers twisted rapidly like a water serpent. In this season, water serpents on the wilderness were no longer lively, never exerting full effort to hunt. They preferred to be lazy, sometimes "touching fish."

"Chieftain, I will surely lead the warriors and cause chaos in the Red Dog camp! Even if I return to the embrace of the Earth Mother Goddess, I shall spare no effort!"

Miwa's expression was resolute. He raised his hand and swore, never noticing Keka's fingers. Xiulote's gaze swept past, but he did not understand.

"Ah! Miwa!"

"Chieftain!"

Keka's expression grew even more agitated. Seeing the agitated chieftain, the trusted aide Miwa also grew excited. Xiulote laughed with satisfaction.

"Very good! Keka, you may leave now. I still have specific plans to discuss with Miwa."

"But, Chieftain..."

"Leave! Tomorrow's night raid involves the power of divinity and must not be known by too many!"

"...Yes, Chieftain!"

Keka's eyes widened in helplessness as he left the tent. Before leaving, he gave Miwa a deep look, cursing in his heart.

"You fool of the wilderness! If you end up destroying all my elites tomorrow, even if you miraculously survive, I will strangle you alive!..." Read exclusive chapters at NovelBin.Côm

Seeing the chieftain's reluctant gaze, Miwa felt moved. He once again firmly promised.

"Chieftain, rest assured! I will surely lead the elites and overturn the camp across!"

"I..."

The tent curtain then closed. Bertade stood before the curtain, smiling. Xiulote's expression remained unchanged, still contemplating the battles of tomorrow. To break through the mountain camp and defeat the main forces of the Canine Descendants, all in one go!

A moment later, the King instructed in detail,

"Miwa, select five hundred men, making sure loyalty is paramount. Let the teams disperse and infiltrate the mountain camps in batches from the fluctuating mountains on both sides."

"The scouts have already made it clear. The large tribe in the front camp is on high alert, with elite red-haired guarding day and night. You are few in number; do not attack the front camp but try to infiltrate the rear camp! The ordinary tribes in the rear camp are numerous and in disarray. Should you encounter patrolling scouts, you may impersonate various small tribes..."

"Great Chief, please rest assured! The warriors are veterans of the wilderness, familiar with the tribal rules, there will be no issues infiltrating the rear camp!"

Miwa puffed out his chest, assuring him.

"Good! After infiltrating the camp, patiently wait."

The King slightly nodded his head. Then, his expression became solemn, as if imbued with divinity.

"Tomorrow, the priests will pray throughout the night, seeking the descent of the Chief Divine! The Chief Divine is also the War God, controlling thunder and flames. Before dawn, there will be thunder exploding in the mountains and flames falling from the sky! When the overpowering Divine Power descends into the valley, that is your time to act!"

"Ah, Great Chief?"

Miwa was somewhat surprised. He did not dare to question the majesty of the Mexica Chief Divine but asked again in confusion.

"Thunder and flames? Falling from the sky?"



"Yes! First, there will be thunder roaring like a bellow; then, flames will descend from the sky, unquenchable by water."

Xiulote uplifted with a fighting spirit, commanded loudly.

"At that moment, exert all your effort to create noise in the rear camp, shouting that the divine spirits are descending, and the heavenly fire is burning the mountain! Your primary task is to create as much chaos as possible, noise, setting fires, killing—anything goes. Once the camp descends into chaos, do not linger; try to move as many people as possible, and escape northward. Escape as far as you can. As for killing many enemies, that comes secondary."

"The Alliance only needs the enemy to fall into disarray! Each tribe has its plans, and once the fleeing momentum starts, their resolve to fight will crumble. By daybreak, a large army will march in to subdue any resistance!"

"Miwa, do you remember?"

"...God of Death, Great Chief, I remember."

Miwa swallowed hard, knelt on both knees, and made a bowing salute.

"Good, go prepare! If this battle is won, you shall have the greatest merit!"

Miwa nodded and backed out of the camp. He saw the mysterious Great Chief continue discussing with the Head Warrior, speaking words difficult to understand, instilling awe in his heart.

"Bertade, gather the War Priests, and hold a ceremony in the camp tomorrow. Send out envoys to soothe the three Otomi divisions. Tell them that the Mexica Alliance is about to hold a divinity-descending ceremony, praying for the blessing of Divine Power! The War God controls thunder and flames and will grant the same powers. Let them not be frightened."

"As you command, Your Highness!"

"Have the shooting platforms on both sides of the mountains been cleared?"

"Your Highness, taking the opportunity of logging, the samurai have already cleared the highlands on the mountains and set up planks, preparing small platforms for shooting at the mountain fort."

"Good! With Black Wolf absent, select five hundred Longbow trusted aides, five hundred Temple Crossbowmen, and give them to Toltec's adjutant, Tupa! Have the crossbowmen in position early, and after the bombardment by wooden cannon tomorrow night, launch fire arrows into the camp!"

"As you command, Your Highness!"

"Eight-Gate Wooden Cannons and about a dozen catapults, all hand them over to Balda, and give him a thousand samurai! Prepare in advance. At the deepest part of tomorrow night, aim at the mountain fort with empty wooden cannons, and launch burning fireballs!"

"As you command, Your Highness!"

"Head Warrior, as for you..."

Xiulote paused slightly, his expression serious.

"I give you five hundred Heavy Armor Jaguars, a thousand Medium Armor Longbow trusted aides, and an additional thousand Vanguard barbarians!"

"Your Highness!"

Bertade's expression shook; this was almost the core force of the Imperial Guard Legion.

"Bertade, rest with vigor. When the day after tomorrow dawns, break the enemy camp for me!"

"To serve you to the death!"

The Head Warrior reverently bowed down. The calm on his face vanished, replaced with a profound intent to kill, reflected by the firelight inside the tent.

"My supreme sun, after this battle, you shall illuminate the Northern Land!"

#### Chapter 650 - Thunderbolt and Fire

Daylight hurriedly passed by, and suddenly it was deep night again. Campfires were lit along the extending mountain ridge, stretching for miles. More than a dozen tribes, thousands of Canine Descendants, camped openly in the mix of darkness and firelight, sleeping just like the mixed and entangled various campgrounds.

The cool moss was cold, and the evening wind was silent. In the quiet of the night, Aztec suddenly woke. Like an alert mountain cat, she abruptly sat up, looking around vigilantly, a sharp Obsidian Dagger now in her hand.

"Huh?..."

There was nothing around, only the tribes' red-haired kin sleeping in the grass nests. During the day, the Mexica camp down the hill had conducted a grand ceremony to worship the gods, with mysterious prayers echoing all day. The tribal warriors had been vigilant all day and now were sleeping somewhat deeply. Further away, at the edge of the camp, a few vigilant scouts were scattered about, though it was unclear to which tribe they belonged.

Aztec was somewhat puzzled. She touched her forehead and did not feel sick. The young hunter girl looked around the campground again and paused her gaze.

In the dim night, a man was leaning against a short tree about a dozen steps away, almost merging with the tree. Aztec squinted her eyes and silently reached for the Hunting Bow.

"Aztec, it's me."

A familiar voice came, and the man lifted his head, revealing a damaged left ear.

"Dad?"

Aztec was relieved. She slung the bow over her back and stood up to approach.

"Dad, what are you doing?"

"I felt uneasy and woke up early."

Amoxtli furrowed his brow but kept his eyes on the surrounding mountains, as if trying to peer through the deep darkness. The instinct of a seasoned scout alerted him to the scent of danger, yet he could not pinpoint its source.

"I feel something is not right."

"Oh? Dad, I couldn't sleep either."

Aztec wrinkled her little nose and sniffed carefully, the wind still carrying the familiar scent of Canine Descendants.

"What's not right?"

"...I don't know."

"Is it the spells the Mexica spoke during the day, trying some magic on us?"

"...It doesn't seem like it. The others are sleeping deeply."

Amoxltli shook his head. Aztec was an outstanding hunter he had personally trained, with an animal-like intuition as well. Both of them sensing something off confirmed it was not mere illusion. The Red Crow Chieftain, somewhat agitated, paced a few steps. Over a hundred tribal red-haired were here, mixed with other ordinary tribes without any organization, unfamiliar with each other. The defensive wall at the back of the camp was only partially built...

Amoxltli glanced again at the flickering campfires at the back of the camp and finally made up his mind.

"Aztec, wake the warriors. I'll take a few seasoned red-haired scouts and circle outside!"

"Okay, Dad, go and be safe!"

Aztec nodded firmly and immediately got busy.

Amoxтли did not hesitate and, taking six thousand elite red-haired, headed toward the forest at the edge of the mountains. As they passed the campfires, they greeted the dozen or so alert warriors.

"Hard work."

"Ah, where are you going this late?"

"Ate too much raw corn and insects, got a stomach ache. Going out to the woods to relieve it."

"...That many people?"

"Hmm. All feeling uncomfortable."

Amoxтли casually exchanged a few words. The firelight was dim, shadows flickering, the dozen warriors gathered in a group. The Red Crow Chieftain calmly looked over the nighttime warriors and asked,

"Which tribe are you from?"

"Red Rabbit. Our camp is just to the south."

The leader of the red-haired team replied crisply without any hesitation. He looked at Amoxтли and also asked,

"And you?"

"Red Crow."

"Red Crow?"

The firelight flickered, shadows looming. The captain's gaze flashed and showed some agitation.

Upon hearing the question, Amoxтли explained again,

"We are a tribe that fled from the western valley, just arrived in the east not long ago."

"Oh."



The two conversed no more. As they left, Amoxltli glanced back, vaguely feeling that the captain looked familiar but couldn't see clearly.

"Quack quack!"

Under a star-sparse moon, short-beaked crows called in the sparse woods, carrying a somewhat ominous tone. Amoxltli had not gone too far. He lay on the ground, observed the traces on the grass for a while, listened to the distant bird calls, and his heart settled slightly.

"No trace of a large group of enemies lurking... did I really fall for a Mexica spell?"

Amoxltli shook his head, reached out to grasp a handful of leaves, and smiled at his elite followers.

"Since everyone is out, let's resolve this here... and then get a good sleep when we return."

The group, all seasoned, relaxed momentarily before briskly walking back. Soon, the nocturnal squad reappeared before them. Amoxltli habitually looked at them for a moment and then suddenly froze.

"How many were on the night watch just now?"

Amoxtli turned to look at his trusted aide beside him.

"Three palms?"

The trusted aide was unsure.

"Now there are at least five palms!"

Amoxtli narrowed his eyes, somewhat serious. The night had deepened, the darkness before dawn. How could there be so many joining the night shift when the warriors slept so soundly?

"Uh... maybe it's their rotation time."

The trusted aide scratched his head, feeling the chieftain was being overly suspicious.

"Everyone, draw your weapons."

Amoxtli waved his hand, took down the stone spear from his back, and concealed it behind him with one hand. The group paused momentarily to take out their weapons and then continued towards the night watch squad.

The Canine Warriors on watch seemed to have been watching them the whole time. Now, led by their chief, they too stood up, left the edge of the camp, and walked towards Amoxltli. In the dim moonlight, both parties walked closer to each other, noticing the weapons in each other's hands and the hostility in their eyes.

"The new Red Crow Chieftain, Amoxltli?"

Seeing the stone spear in the other's hands, Miwa grinned, showing his sharp teeth. He was holding a Hunting Bow and wore loose cloth armor with a leather armor underneath. Behind him, nearly thirty elite warriors were closing in from three sides.

"You are indeed vigilant. No wonder you could abandon us with Red Fox and escape first from the valley!"

Hostility laced Miwa's words.

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Amoxltli warily stopped walking. He looked at his few followers behind him, then at the dim camp not far off, caught in a dilemma. He struggled to recognize the face before him, then suddenly, it clicked. Their last encounter was also just before dawn, jointly ambushing intruding Pamus Samurai.

"You are... Red Frog's trusted aide, Miwa!"

Amoxltli grasped his stone spear and stepped back, shocked.

"What are you doing here?! Isn't the Red Frog Tribe already..."

Speaking this, a chill ran down Amoxltli's spine, his expression growing extremely grave.

"You dare to raid the camp risking your lives for the Cactus Tribe!..."

"Exactly. I love killing smart people."

Teeth gritted, murder glinted across Miwa's face. He raised his Hunting Bow, ready to act at any moment.

Amoxltli's mind raced, forcing a smile. He didn't shout loudly to alert the camp, which might provoke the other side to act, but instead lowered his voice.

"Brother Miwa, we are both tribes of the wilderness, and we've both fought in the valley! On the day the Red Frog Tribe was in peril, it was I and Ivican who sacrificed our lives to save the Red Frog camp. We are old acquaintances, bound by some friendship... The Red Crow Tribe was abandoned by Red Fox as well, even losing the old chieftain. We've all struggled to this day, just to survive, to continue our tribes... why would you sell your life for the cruel Aztecs?"

Miwa's expression shifted slightly, softening a bit. Amoxltli continued to persuade.

"Brother Miwa, you are a true warrior! Among the three tribes of the valley, the Red Frog Tribe is the most warlike, even having defeated the Cactus Tribe's Great General! The Great Chief of Chichika loves warriors; I can also speak some words for you in his presence, to introduce you... if only you would come over to the Great Chief..."

"Damn! Amoxtli, I will never betray the chieftain, nor will I harm him!"

Miwa suddenly erupted in anger, cutting off Amoxtli. Amoxtli felt a chill run down his spine as he heard Miwa shout.

"The God of Death Great Chief has already prayed to the mighty Chief Divine! Divine Power controls the irresistible Thunderbolt and Fire, about to descend from the heavens! The entire Red Dog Alliance will be destroyed by the Chief Divine tonight..."

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Accompanying Miwa's shout, four terrifying booms suddenly exploded in the valley, like the thunderbolt of doomsday!

"Ah!"

After the God of Thunder, there was a moment of silence between heaven and earth. Then, a sudden scream of terror rose within the camp for miles.

"The deity of the Cactus Tribe has descended!"

"Heavenly fire burns the mountains, the deity annihilates the world!..."

Accompanied by the sudden boiling shouts, a dozen huge fireballs rose from the Mexica camp, rolling toward the frontline camps as if invoked by a deity's spell! Next, hundreds of Fire Arrows came, like a meteor shower tearing through the night sky. Fire Arrows fell from the sky, carelessly shooting into the vast camp, igniting countless dwellings!

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Another four terrifying booms, and the entire Canine Descendants camp plunged into hysterical chaos. Countless warriors scrambled frantically, setting off a camp-wide panic that could no longer be stopped!