

## Civilization 69

### Chapter 69 Inquiries

Three people gathered around a fire pit, chatting lively late into the night about their next actions before dispersing contentedly deep into the night.

After merely two cups of rice wine, Xiulote felt a bit tipsy. His young body was not yet fully grown, making him more susceptible to alcohol. Bertade reached out to steady him by the arm and helped him back to his tent. The young man smiled and did not refuse.

"Wine doesn't intoxicate; people intoxicate themselves," Xiulote said with self-deprecating laughter, giving a warm embrace to bid farewell to the loyal Head Warrior before lying down on his simple sleeping mat in a slightly tipsy state.

After a hectic day of battle and setting up a temporary camp, naturally, there were no soft grass beds to lie on. The samurai were not very fussy about their living conditions.

The alcohol made him feel warm all over, so the young man took off his leather armor robe and slept just in his undershorts, bare-bodied. He was deeply asleep for about four or five hours, still before dawn, when he suddenly woke up with a start and sat up.

Xiulote stared blankly, looking at the sky outside the tent, which was still deep night. He had just had a weird dream.

In the dream, he saw a powerful man wearing a beast helmet, clad in red armor, and holding a Divine Staff. The man was sitting aloofly on a high Obsidian throne, surrounded by generals celebrating the new king.

"Aweit!" he happily approached, giving the new king a hug. But the man pushed him away and then voluntarily removed his helmet. Taking a closer look, the young man was shocked and bewildered. Beneath the helmet was his own cold face.

The version of himself that became king stood up, handed the Divine Staff to the stunned young man, then forcefully set him on the throne before disappearing. The generals continued their congratulations. The young man sat uneasily, finding the Divine Staff extraordinarily heavy and the throne both ice-cold and incredibly hard, which made him uncomfortable all over. Finally, he could not endure it any longer, threw the Divine Staff aside, and abruptly stood up from the throne!

Then, the young man woke up. When he looked again, he was sitting on his sleeping mat. He breathed a sigh of relief and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He touched the sleeping mat, a thin layer that was indeed hard and uncomfortable. Then he looked at his left hand, which had somehow been trapped under his body and had turned red.

Xiulote first let out a sigh of relief, his heart calming down. Then, reflecting carefully, he felt somewhat solemn, "Power is indeed a terrifying thing. Unknowingly, my heart has already filled with a desire for the Divine Staff and the throne."

"If one day in the future, I really obtain the ultimate power, what will I become?" Thinking of the cold and aloof face he wore on the throne, he shivered involuntarily.

"I must control myself. No matter what happens in the future, I must not betray my true heart." Xiulote unwittingly clenched his fist, muttering to himself firmly, then silently nodded.

Afterward, he remembered the dream king who had pushed him away.

"Everyone is changed by power. What will Aweit become once he gains power?" The young man pondered worriedly.

Seeing that it was just before dawn, Xiulote put on his robe and walked out of the tent. He sat cross-legged on the grass wet with morning dew, quietly watching the twinkling starry sky.

It was September, which would be autumn in the northern hemisphere. Yet at this time, there was still the last warmth of the rainy season slowly fading on the Mexican Plateau.

A pale bright star caught the young man's eye, heading in the direction of the east. It radiated a cold blue light, tinged with red, embodying a detached lethality. The young man was somewhat mesmerized, his pupils reflecting a faint light. That was Sirius, the star of murderous intent in Huaxia mythology, the star of conflagration in Ancient Greece mythology, and the star of solitude in Central American mythology.

"First success drums of war, three men converse shooting Divine Eagle. Two cups of lingering wine enter dreams, a single Sirius falls into a solitary heart~"

The young man softly sang; the stars were so brilliant, the dreams so distant. Would a samurai, who was no longer solitary, perhaps one day become a lonely king?

Xiulote momentarily lost track of time, just watching the pre-dawn sky. Until the dawn light began to brighten, and the sun rose in the east, revealing a beautiful morning sky. The young man's worries, like low whispers in the night, gently dissipated into the wind and were promptly forgotten.

As the sun rose, the samurai awoke from their dreams. The sound of voices and clashing of weapons against armor made the camp boil with a murderous intent. Xiulote, neatly dressed, headed straight for the central grand tent.

Inside the grand tent, Aweit's face wore a dignified expression. In his king's regalia, surrounded by jaguar warriors in full armor. Seeing Xiulote approaching, he nodded gently with a faint smile.

The generals quickly assembled. Gazing at the slightly bright sky, Aweit smilingly gave an order.

"Sterling, the sun has already risen; Ctoco must be awake by now. Go and bring up your prisoner from yesterday."

The bear-like Sterling responded with a knowing smile, his bone ornaments lending a brutal footnote to his grin. His leather armor swayed as he strode away with large steps.

Soon, a commotion came from outside the tent, where a voice roared angrily, though not very clearly, "I am the Alliance's newly honored Third Level nobility! How dare you insult me like this! Ugh... Ugh..."

Then, the tent curtain was pulled open again as the tall and robust Sterling stepped in. His right arm firmly clamped around a struggling, slightly plump figure, half-choking the person's neck. His large frame dragged the other like a bear dragging a constantly flailing wild boar.

