

## Civilization 81

### Chapter 81 Shooting the King\_2

"The distance now is three to four hundred paces, too far for longbows to reach," the young man calculated silently for a moment and then answered seriously. Following that, he assessed the landmarks ahead.

"If I could lure Tizoc near that large rock ahead, it would be within one hundred fifty paces, right in the range for a longbow's trajectory!" the young man declared confidently.

"Good!" Aweit nodded, "Next, I will invite Tizoc for a meeting, try to get him as close as possible. He should not yet be aware of the longbow's range. You lead the Longbow Guards forward slowly, further reducing the distance between us."

"As soon as I wave the Divine Staff with my right hand, the Longbow Guards will concentrate their fire on him! Giving him an honorable Samurai's death!"

The young man nodded vigorously, slightly excited. If they could eliminate the king in one fell swoop, the battle would be easily won. The opposing army would surrender without a fight!

Xiulote immediately summoned Bertade and one hundred fifty of the Longbow Guards. He gave detailed instructions, and the Longbow Warriors took out their powerful longbows and fitted them with armor-piercing copper arrows, readying themselves at all times.

"The great new Great Tlatoani, ruler of the lake city of Tenochtitlan, bearer of Montezuma's Divine Staff, the glorious Aweit, will meet with his brother of the same bloodline, the deposed former king, failed Alliance commander, and inept Tizoc!"

Dozens of War Priests advanced to the front line, holding high the banner of Totec, adorned with the decorations of the High Priesthood. Their organized shouts reached the ears of most warriors, causing a stir among those in the front ranks.

As they shouted, the Royal Banner on the opposite side responded. Tizoc almost instantly moved forward, fury burning intensely in his chest, nearly transforming him into the flames of the Sun God.

Totec slightly furrowed his brow, the stern Supreme Commander's face always as solid as rock. He quickly stepped forward twice, shielding the king beside him, then stretched out his strong arm, half supporting, half restraining.

"King, they are intentionally provoking you, do not fall for it!"

Tizoc again tried to move forward for two steps, probably unable to drag the imposing Supreme Commander, before he finally calmed down.

"Forward! I wish to confront this traitor! Totec, can I trust in your valor?"

"To die for you!" Totec clenched his fist with one hand, placing it on his chest.

"I'm worried about the situation in the Royal City, the army's morale concerns me. We must kill this traitor in this battle! Be ready, I will get close to him."

"As soon as I wave the Divine Staff, you lead the Imperial Guards to charge and split my dear brother in half!"

"To die for you!" Totec responded without hesitation, bowing to accept the command.

Then, on Totec's orders, five hundred Tonsured Guards raised their shields and surged forward. They tightly protected Tizoc, surrounding the king's Great Banner as they advanced.

Aweit, flanked by hundreds of elite family warriors, moved forward bearing the Royal Banner. Beside him, the bear-strong Stanley also held up a Great Shield for protection.

Behind him, Xiulote, clad in war armor and wearing a masked helmet, remained inconspicuous. He temporarily did not want Tizoc to notice him, to avoid jeopardizing his father. Bertade led the Longbow Guards at the rear, with the warriors' longbows carefully hidden behind their robes and shields.

Xiulote had a slight stirring in his heart; both kings had not brought the Jaguar or Eagle Warrior Battalions.

It seemed that, in the royal civil war, as pivotal military nobilities of the Alliance, the loyalty of the Jaguar and Eagle Warrior Battalions was greatly wavering and not fully trusted by the kings. This was similar to Mongolia's Qeshi army, which was also suspiciously looked upon by both Great Khans during the Mongolian civil war between Kublai Khan and Ariq Böke.

"Therefore," the young man pondered slightly, "if I can isolate the opposing Eagle Warrior Battalion from Tizoc, without direct military orders, the Eagle nobility might slack off and will likely not fight to death."

Thinking this, Xiulote instinctively looked towards his father's direction, then at the over three thousand Holy City warriors there. Then, he remembered his father's message and nodded slightly.

The Royal Banners slowly drew closer. Aweit, holding the Divine Staff of conqueror Montezuma, calmly looked at Tizoc across from him.

Tizoc was also holding the Divine Staff. This Ancient Relic, granted to him when he ascended the throne at the Great Temple by the Chief Priest, represented the ultimate divine authority of the Mexica ancestors and their ancient traditions.

In his time, predecessor Monarch Montezuma had crafted another Divine Staff to circumvent the interference of the High Priesthood and to enhance the influence of the monarchy. He revered the ancient Holy City, meddled in the High Priesthood elections, supported a High Priest from the Royal Family, and elevated the High Priesthood to a status equal to that of the Chief Priesthood.

Throughout his life, predecessor Monarch Montezuma finally split the supreme divine authority in half, dividing it between two different centers of divine power, each keeping the other in check.

These two Divine Staffs, one representing reform and monarchy, the other representing conservatism and divine power, were now raised high by the two kings, determined to settle their scores!

Separated by over a hundred steps, both sides finally stood firm, with warriors gripping clubs and shields, ready for battle.

"Aweit! You treacherous serpent!"

Having just taken position, upon seeing Aweit's royal attire and Divine Staff, Tizoc could no longer contain the rage in his heart. He bellowed furiously.

"I should have cast you into the abyss long ago, let you struggle and wail in the underground Sacrificial Lake, be torn to shreds by crocodiles! I should not have hesitated, should not have ignored the Chief Priest's advice, giving you, this serpent, a chance!..."

Tizoc completely lost control of his emotions, merely cursing in rage.

Xiulote shook his head; the once majestic and fearsome lion had turned into a powerless, raging mole, roaring ineffectually.

"Tizoc, you have failed! Quetzal has already betrayed you! The High Priests and Elders have already declared your deposition; I have already been enthroned in the Capital City! Give up! Out of respect for you as my brother, I will only imprison you and let you live out your life in peace!"

Aweit watched Tizoc with a smile. He was unconcerned by the curses, even finding Tizoc's behavior extraordinarily satisfying. He laughed loudly, urging his brother to surrender.

"Lies, all lies! I have already made contact with Quetzal, the capital still firmly in our grasp. You are merely a buzzing mosquito! Reinforcements are already on their way, food is being delivered; all it takes is to crush you, this mosquito, and we shall claim victory in the Otomi war!

You warriors on the opposite side! If you turn away from the dark and repledge your loyalty to your King, I, King Tizoc, swear to the Guardian God Huitzilopochtli, I will forgive your transgressions and punish no one!"

The young man first nodded, then shook his head.

Regardless of his military acumen, Tizoc was after all a proper King, stabilizing army morale, promising the future, and winning over warriors were all basic strategies. However, clearly, the Otomi war had become an obsession for the King. Even at this moment, Tizoc was unwilling to end the war; his plea would thus be futile.

"Crossing a baseline turns it into a weakness, and weakness brings death." Xiulote murmured softly to himself.

Disappointed, Tizoc looked across as the warriors under the King's gaze slightly bowed their heads, but made no significant movement.

"Tizoc has been deposed! His sins belong to him alone! Surrender now, warriors on the opposite side! Let's end this war and go home together!"

Aweit shifted his focus, shouting across to the warriors. At the mention of "going home," the loyal Tonsured Guard remained unmoved, but the wavering regular warriors started to stir.

Feeling the situation turning against him, Tizoc thrust his Divine Staff forward, straightforwardly flipping the table: "Die, you serpent full of lies!"

Seeing the signal, Totec immediately let out a thunderous roar. Holding a massive Two-handed Battle Axe like a beast from the wilderness, he charged unstoppable towards Aweit's Royal Banner with hundreds of Tonsured Warriors, leaving nearly a hundred to guard the King.

Facing the charging Guard, Aweit hesitated not a moment. He wielded his Divine Staff forcefully, and a hundred and fifty longbows were drawn instantly, emitting a humming buzz. Then, amidst a massive rumble, hundreds of Armor-Piercing Copper Arrows, like lightning splitting the sky, shot towards the opposing royal flag!