

Civilization 82

Chapter 82 Unrivaled!

Beneath the vast sky were two royal banners with identical designs. At this moment, two kings stood beneath them, merely a hundred meters apart.

Xiulote stared unblinkingly, his focus fixed on Tizoc not far away.

The initial speed of the longbow exceeded 60 meters per second; in but a single breath, hundreds of feathered arrows shot forth. Carrying a sharpness that pierced everything, they flew through the gaps in the shields, penetrated the sturdy leather armor, and sank deep into the soft flesh. Then, the arrowheads emerged from the bodies and pierced into another form, blood suddenly gushing forth!

Xiulote's eyes widened. He saw that the moment the sound of bows being drawn rang out, a Tonsured Guard did not hesitate to throw his body forward, knocking down Tizoc as the king's banner snapped in half. Then, the surrounding Imperial Guards also did not hesitate to pounce inward. They had no time to lift their wooden shields; instead, they used their own backs as shields, layering into two walls of flesh, tightly protecting the king.

The feathered arrows almost arrived at the same time. The powerful longbows pierced through human bodies; more than ten outer guards were struck dead in that instant. The trans-body longbows continued forward, pinning the inner guards together, immobilizing them.

By then, the outer Tonsured Guards rushed over. They force tore away through the dead guards and longbows, pulling the king out from the human shield. The king's skull helmet had fallen during the pounce, and the young man saw Tizoc's disheveled hair and his face unsettled with shock.

"Ah!" the young man sighed with regret, "Truly, it's the loyalty of the Tonsured Guards!"

The guards quickly erected two thick layers of wooden shields, completely blocking the directions of incoming arrows, and the young man could no longer see Tizoc's expression.

Suddenly, the king's banner was raised again, and under the cover of the guards' shields, it was quickly pulled back. The second round of shooting followed immediately, longbows piercing the front-row guards' shields, leaving behind nearly ten corpses. Seconds later, the last volley of shots hit the retreating shields, ineffective.

Xiulote felt somewhat regretful, yet a deep, unearthly roar sounded near his ear. He shivered all over, his gaze turning, only to see Totec charging fiercely, a daunting figure rapid closing in.

The cold Supreme Commander had just heard the thuds of bowstrings during the charge and instantly judged the power of the longbows. He pivoted his body, and before he could return to help, his sight caught Tizoc being knocked down by the Imperial Guards, arrows entering bodies. Then, within seconds, Tizoc was dragged out, showing a pale, colorless face.

Totec became resolute, a moment of thought confirming the crux of this battle. He immediately let out a furious roar and charged violently toward Aweit. The Samurai's charge is about 8 meters per second, and in barely four to five breaths, Totec and the four hundred Imperial Guards reached Aweit.

Aweit's family Samurai did not hesitate to ready their shields to meet the charge. A Samurai protected his upper body with his shield, and the copper spear in his right hand ruthlessly targeted Totec. As the most loyal force, the family Samurai also possessed the best weapons and leather armor.

Totec merely dodged slightly, nimbly avoiding the sharp copper spear. Then he advanced a step and accurately kicked at the bending leg of the Samurai directly to his left side. The immense force immediately made the opposing Samurai lose his balance. The Samurai's body tipped forward, his shield skewed, exposing his neck. A massive bronze axe followed closely, its sharp blade cutting precisely and immediately bifurcated his head, with bright red blood splashing like a waterfall.

Totec did not pause, chopping forward like a whirlwind. His steps shifted, dodging the Samurai's side attacks—this was the agility of a tiger; his precise striking broke through the Samurai's front defenses—this was the swiftness of a leopard; his enormous force cleaved the Samurai in two—this was the strength of a bear. Among the battle arrays, there were no complicated maneuvers, only practiced chops, exquisitely timed dodges, and supremely accurate judgments.

Where the great axe went, armies parted easily. Totec slashed through a dozen elite Samurai, his bravery unmatched in all the land!

In just a moment, he had already advanced within ten steps of Aweit, threatening the King's life.

Xiulote was dazzled by the spectacle.

"Truly an unmatched general!" the young man murmured, "Within ten steps, a man is slain, leaving no trace even across a thousand miles."

Having undergone more than three years of Samurai training, he had a clear understanding of the skill levels of Samurai. The Totec he watched stood at the pinnacle of Samurai; placed in Europe, he would be called a "Champion Swordsman", in the Celestial Empire, a "Match for Ten Thousand", in Japan, an unparalleled "Sword Saint"!

As a "Sword Saint", Totec possessed not only terrifying strength and speed but also absolute control over the battlefield. His grasp of distance was extremely precise, his control over his body was flawless, and his understanding of his enemy's reactions was as if he held them in the palm of his hand.

This was not something that could be achieved through mere training. A "Sword Saint" must be extraordinarily talented and have gone through countless life-and-death trials to reach this human limit.

Xiulote thought quickly; for such a "Sword Saint", the best method would be concentrated long-range firing. When ranged density reaches a certain level, human reaction can no longer avoid it. Muskets, longbows, powerful crossbows—hundreds of them firing together, even a hero would inevitably fall.

The young man immediately told the Longbow Guards to retreat, pulling back to shooting distance, searching for the right angle.

Xiulote continued to survey the battlefield; with long-range support unavailable for now, he could only use another method.

He would direct the Great Shield Formations of Samurai from all directions to close in tightly, reducing the "Sword Saint's" space to maneuver. By limiting his range of movement, the Samurai could overwhelm with numbers, swiftly depleting the "Sword Saint's" stamina. Once the close-combat attacks became dense enough, it would also spell doom.