

Civilization 83

Chapter 83: Unparalleled!_2

He immediately signaled, and the following Samurai raised their shields for support; Aweit's family warriors also formed a dense formation. However, at this time, the Tonsured Guards had already charged up. They launched a savage assault as well, brandishing Bronze Axes and War Clubs, tearing a gap in the shield wall and containing the enemy forces ahead.

Totec took advantage of the situation to slay several men and charged into the shield formation, advancing within five steps of Aweit; the Royal Banner was within reach.

Everything happened in just a few breaths. Faced with Totec's imposing force, Aweit began to retreat subconsciously. Although he was also an excellent Samurai, skilled enough in Martial Arts to match several men, he was clearly far from being able to face such an unrivalled mighty warrior.

Beside him, the huge bear-like warrior Stanley also let out an angry roar. He did not hesitate to lift his shield to meet the enemy, sweeping his War Club horizontally.

After a brief exchange, Totec judged that the strength of the warrior opposite was not inferior to his own. He immediately adjusted his strategy, with a slight sidestep, he moved half a step forward to the left, narrowly dodging the War Club. Then, he swung his heavy Battle Axe, dexterously avoiding the face of the Great Shield, and from the right side where Stanley held the club, he suddenly chopped down, bringing a force that ripped through the air.

Once it came to reactions, Stanley was clearly unable to keep up with Totec's agility. He could only barely turn to the side, using his shield in his left hand to protect his chest. With a loud bang, the Wooden Shield was struck leaving a deep gash, and Stanley was jolted backward, his footing losing stability. With pounding strikes like thunder crashing down, Stanley could only defend desperately with

his Great Shield, unable to launch another attack. He gradually lost his balance, staggering to the side and opening the path to the Royal Banner.

Xiulote felt an ominous sensation. Within ten steps, they were surrounded by enemies, and Aweit's life hung by a thread.

To face the "Sword Saint," the last resort was for several Great Generals to cooperate. Such cooperation required extremely high experience and skill, and the generals also faced imminent risk of death.

The youth looked urgently at the Head Warrior beside him, "Bertade, let's go, to support Aweit!"

Bertade showed an unusual hint of hesitation. He looked at Aweit who was in critical danger just tens of meters away, then at the tall Royal Banner, before saying in a low voice, "King, we can win this battle! You should be the King..."

But the youth did not hear this deeply meaningful statement. He had already dashed forward, rushing towards Aweit under the Royal Banner.

Bertade sighed softly and shook his head slightly. He too sprinted fiercely, following close behind.

Seeing Aweit now within easy reach, Totec no longer entangled with Stanley.

He slightly twisted the Battle Axe, and with a fierce slap of the vast axe face, the Great Shield in front trembled with a ringing vibration, Stanley once again succumbed to an imbalance of his center of gravity. Immediately afterward, Totec took two more steps forward, with a horizontal slash, he cut across the last blocking warrior's chest, blood sprayed instantly, staining his face as well as Aweit's behind him.

Now, before Totec, the unrivalled warrior, stood only the King's brother, holding a decorative shield and the Divine Staff. Red droplets fell from Totec's stern face, and finally, he broke into a bloodied smile.

Life and death were in a moment; Aweit's mind went blank. Past memories flashed by like lightning: born into the most prestigious Royal Family of the Alliance, a carefree childhood doted on by the Queen mother, the dashing youth cultivated by his eldest brother the King, the talented young man esteemed by the nobility of the Capital, the suggestion of kingship inherited from his grandfather's Divine Staff—it was twenty years of a bright and clear path!

Then came leading the army, the bloody and ultimate defeat at Tarasco; returning to the Capital City, the dissatisfaction of the grievously damaged nobility; the grief and reluctance when his elder brother died and his next brother ascended; the subtle threats of the new King's suspicion and the Priest's ostracism; the stripping of his authority, the humble forbearance in the darkness—it was the deepest valley of his life.

At last, there was a fateful encounter, an interesting youth, a sincere affection. The youth dispelled the solitude of his nocturnal wanderings, dissolved his deeply buried resentment, and brought him a chance of dawn's light. Seizing this opportunity, he no longer hesitated, soaring upon the wind in one bound, determined to make the eagle's final strike!

And now, as Totec's raised Battle Axe was poised to strike without hesitation, multiple faces flickered across his mind: mother, eldest brother, next brother, wife, youth... In the end, the image settled on a bright-eyed, clever girl, the tenderest haven in his cold heart.

"Alisa..." Aweit did not retreat any further. Instead, he calmly looked south, gently bidding farewell.

"Whoosh!" The Battle Axe cleaved through the air, the draft unraveling the hair bun, yet it struck empty air.

The youth finally arrived in time; he grabbed the large banner behind his teacher and forcefully pulled it backward.

Aweit stumbled back, his helmet grazed by the axe's edge, leaving behind a crack, then fell off during the motion, the noble's long hair suddenly cascading down.

"Aweit, don't be foolish, run! Run!" Xiulote forcefully dragged Aweit, retreating towards the rear formation of warriors. Thankfully, the youth, having trained for years, already possessed the physique of a Samurai and was able to run while dragging someone along.

Bertade covered the retreat of the two. He lifted his shield, barely blocking the raging charge of Totec.

As the tide of victory seemed to slip away before his eyes, Totec, like a furious giant, unleashed boundless ferocity. He wildly swung his Battle Axe, casually slaying the warriors attacking from both sides, then, like a tidal wave, he continuously struck towards Bertade.

As a seasoned Warrior with thirty years of Martial Arts experience, Bertade's combat savvy was far superior to that of Stanley's. He did not possess Stanley's immense strength, nor did he directly block

Totec's assaults. He simply moved nimbly, keeping pace with Totec's rhythm of attack, doing his best to avoid the direct path of the Battle Axe.