

Civilization 831

Chapter 831: The Legend of Quetzalcoatl_2

"Alisa, what else do you know about the downfall of the Teotihuacan people?"

"Hehe, there are records in the royal heritage, and also in the temple on Mount Estrella."

Alisa smiled sweetly, licking her lips like a greedy little fox.

"Hmm, Xiulote... if you let me have a bite, I'll tell you."

"Huh? Alright!"

Xiulote readily nodded, reaching out to hold the girl's shoulder. Then, he lowered his head, leaning towards her rosy lips.

Alisa gave a sly smile and gently turned her head to dodge. Then, she opened her small mouth, bit into Xiulote's ear, and licked it clean.

"Ah?!"

Xiulote felt a sharp pain in his ear, followed by a tingle. He smiled wryly and caught the mischievous little fox.

"Alisa, why... why do you keep biting me?"

"Hmm... hehe. Biting you leaves a mark, which means... you are mine!"

Alisa blushed, speaking softly. Then, she returned to the previous topic, providing an unexpected answer.

"Hmm! Ancient heritage records thousand-year-old images. Though the Teotihuacan people once flourished, the seeds of their doom were long sown... They connected with the evil god beneath the earth, borrowing the primal, malevolent force, and destroyed the place of the gods' origins. This angered the four main gods who sealed the evil, with only the Rain God Tlaloc protecting them..."

"But after the Teotihuacan people conquered the world, they indulged in pleasure and comfort, ceasing their sacrifices to the Rain God Tlaloc, which greatly displeased him... All the gods left the city of the gods, and Teotihuacan lost the favor of the divine, with evil influence growing stronger, leading to endless calamities. Civil war, division, barbarian invasions; plague, drought, failed crops..."

"In less than a hundred years, the Teotihuacan people declined and perished, completely disappearing from the ancient holy city! They left behind only a huge, deserted stone city and vast pyramids... Until eight hundred years later, when we Mexica people migrated here, prospered, and revived the desolate holy city."

"Divine protection... malevolent forces... divine favor and disdain... a decaying elite... natural and human-caused disasters..."

Xiulote pondered silently. He reflected on the myths Alisa had recounted, extracting key elements, trying to explore the ancient mysteries. Suddenly, he felt a tightness in his back, warmth in his chest, followed by a tender sensation.

"Xiulote, do you think... will we Mexica people also suddenly vanish one day like the Teotihuacan people? Will the great lake capital city become desolate and abandoned like Teotihuacan, or be buried underground forever like the divine city of Quetzalcoatl?"

Alisa reached out and hugged her loved one tightly. She buried her head in Xiulote's chest, her words tinged with anxiety.

"Alisa..."

Xiulote remained silent. He recalled history from another time and space, sighed softly, and his resolve strengthened again.

"No, not as long as I'm here! Don't worry..."

"Hmm!"

Alisa nodded, saying nothing, just holding the young man tighter.

The setting sun cast long shadows over the embracing couple. Their silhouettes merged into one, intimately inseparable, even their hair intertwined.

After a while, Xiulote finally looked up, taking deep breaths of the mountain air. The girl in his arms panted heavily, her neck blushing pink. The young man watched her for a while, smiling. After a moment, as his breathing steadied, a question suddenly crossed his mind.

"Alisa... what you said earlier... did someone purposely tell you something?"

"Hmm..."

Alisa widened her eyes in thought for a moment, then answered softly.

"Xiulote, no one purposely told me anything... just that a noble lady from the royal family mentioned rumors in the capital... that the alliance's gunpowder weapons are not divine blessings but come from underground demons, carrying the breath of volcanoes with demonic mouths... The alliance's use of malevolent forces is similar to the Teotihuacan people and destined to bring disaster to the world..."

"Hmm?!"

Hearing this, Xiulote's brow furrowed deeply. He pondered for a while, his expression growing remarkably serious.

"Alisa, do you know the source of these rumors? When did they start spreading?"

"The source... I don't know..."

Alisa shook her head, blinking her eyes, then added a few more words.

"As for the time... the rumor about the alliance's new weapon using the power of underground demons has been spreading among various tribes for years... but connecting the alliance with the Teotihuacan people only began after this year's festival..."

"After the festival..."

Xiulote pondered, his expression turning stern.

Rumors that stir people's hearts and spread widely often hide political schemes against the current rulers. The appearance of such rumors within the alliance signals danger. The spreaders might be foreign merchants or envoys, fearing the alliance's threat; or perhaps the great nobles within the country, discontented with the king's centralization of power. Even certain local priests who lost their power might be intentionally linking myths and reality...

"Xiulote, what are you thinking about? Hmm, it's a little scary..."

Alisa held Xiulote's arm, worriedly looking at her lover.

Xiulote lowered his eyes slightly, the murderous intent in them vanishing. Then, he relaxed, smiling.

"Nothing, I was thinking... about our hot spring vacation tomorrow! What fun things shall we do?"

"Ah!"

Alisa felt a bit shy. She lowered her head, thinking seriously for a while.

"Xiulote, I want you to teach me useful knowledge..."

"Hmm, teaching? Knowledge?..."

"Hmm, not that kind of knowledge... but, but the secrets of medicine!"

"Oh! The secrets of creating life..."

"It's medicine, how to heal life, not how to create life..."

"Haha!"

Xiulote laughed heartily. His eyes sparkled, looking at the flushed-faced girl, feeling a sudden warmth. Even in the highland mountainous region at an elevation of three to four thousand meters, the tropical climate was still warm. The girl had walked for a long time, and sweat had soaked through her pure white robe, revealing the alluring curves beneath...

"Hmm, naughty brother!"

Alisa lowered her neck, stomping her foot. Then she tugged her lover and quickened her pace up the holy mountain.

"Hurry up! Mount Estrella is four to five hundred meters high; we still have to stay overnight at the mid-mountain temple... At the summit, the Temple of the Sun carries the sacred fire from the Quetzalcoatl ruins! We need to rest early tonight, do nothing. Tomorrow morning, we must climb to the summit and pray..."

"Alright! I'll do as you say today!"

Xiulote waved, giving a low command. Hundreds of Imperial Guard Warriors split into two teams. Most would camp and guard at the mountain's base under the Head Warrior's command. Only a few dozen trusted aides, led by Nashu, would escort the couple up the mountain for worship.

"Alisa, slow down, don't twist your ankle..."

"Got it! I've been to the holy mountain many times..."

The young man hurried after, holding the girl's hand, climbing together.

The mountain path wasn't steep, with trails trampled by others. The mountain had ample geothermal energy, making the climate comfortable. The evening glow shone on the mountain, with vibrant wildflowers blooming everywhere, the fragrance of flowers lingering at the tip of their noses. On closer inspection, butterflies danced among the flowers, hummingbirds collected nectar, and redbirds frolicked around.

"Xiulote, look at this flower bed, it's beautiful!"

"Yes, flowers in full bloom, lush trees, truly a splendid scene."

The young man smiled, nodding. Then, he quietly hugged the girl, leaning close to her ear to whisper.

"I didn't finish earlier, today I'll do as you say... but, what about tomorrow?"

"Ah..."

Hearing this, Alisa's ears turned red, and her face overheated. She tilted her head, her eyes misty, looking at her close lover, whispering softly, barely audible.

"Hmm, tomorrow we'll soak in the hot spring, watch the fish swimming... I'll do as you say..."

Chapter 832: The Temple in the Mountains, the Priest of the Capital City

Mount Estrella is only four or five hundred meters high, not particularly steep or perilous, yet its thick peaks exude an imposing aura, akin to the throne of a deity.

Xiulote stepped on the faint morning light, holding Alisa's delicate hand. They climbed steadily along a winding path, with dozens of Samurai carrying weapons and dressed in Leather Armor, spreading out before and behind them in vigilance.

After walking for several quarters of an hour, the scenery along the way was nothing short of breathtaking. Looking down, the mountain terrain appeared vast with jagged rocks; on a level view, the woods were elegant and flowers were in bloom; looking up, clouds rose, revealing an ancient Temple of the Sun among the mist and trees, already within a hundred meters.

"The ancient Temple of the Sun, passing down the sacred fire..."

Xiulote gently chanted, and Alisa responded with a smile.

"The original sun descended upon this mountain, the stairway for the highest Chief Divine, the place of the fifty-two-year cycle's initiation..."

They exchanged smiles, tightly clasping hands, and chanted the final part of the hymn together.

"Mount Estrella, witness the immortal miracle, make an eternal promise!..."

The clear chanting voice floated away on the wind, spreading afar. Moments later, a hearty laugh echoed from the Temple of the Sun.

"Haha! The Divine Eagle flies from the sky, the egret descends from the clouds, truly a blessed day!"

A lean middle-aged Priest, dressed in simple Ceremonial Dress with a long crown adorned with Eagle Feathers, strode out from the Temple. The middle-aged Priest had an elegant, otherworldly look, a warm smile on his face, and walked with firm and steady steps. In just a few moments, he passed through the Samurai's formation and arrived before the two, bowing respectfully.

"Praise the Sun God! Honorable Supreme High Priest, esteemed Princess, the High Priest of the Temple of the Sun, Tonaya, greets you!"

"Praise the Sun God! Greetings, High Priest Tonaya!"

Xiulote smiled warmly, holding Alisa as they returned the greeting to the lean middle-aged Priest. Then, Alisa blinked and took a delicate wooden box from the guards' hands.

"Uncle Tonaya, Uncle Tonatiuh knew I was coming, so he specially asked me to bring some gifts and food for you."

"Oh?..."

The High Priest Tonaya received the wooden box, slightly opened it, and saw a precious jade necklace. He was momentarily stunned, then immediately understood, his smile becoming even warmer, and his tone shifted.

"Thank you! Your Highness, Princess, the incense in the Temple is already lit, please follow me to worship the Sacred Fire together!"

"Thank you, High Priest!"

Xiulote responded with a smile and walked side by side with Alisa to the Temple. He pondered for a moment, thinking about the various priestly main branches of the Capital City.

In the Mexica Alliance, Divine Authority and royal power coexisted, making the priestly groups in the Lake Capital City very powerful.

The traditional Capital City Priests could generally be divided into five main branches based on the divinities they inherited: the Mexica Chief God, Sun God, War God, Rain Divine, and Fire God. In the High Priesthood, there were twelve Elder Priests, overseeing the Alliance's religious affairs. Six Elders came from the Holy City and the Lake Region, while the remaining six Capital City Elders mostly came from the five main priestly branches.

The Chief God is the most important tribal deity. The Chief God faction Priests have always been prestigious, with traditional roles in tribal education, but they can intervene in all matters. The former

Chief Priest Quetzalcoatl came from the Chief God faction. After Quetzalcoatl's death, the Chief God faction became marginalized, and now its successor is the youngest Elder Priest, Acap.

The War God is the Chief God's avatar, responsible for martial prowess and punishment. The War God faction Priests mostly undergo rigorous Samurai training and can lead the Temple Guards to battle. Elder Priest Azar represents the War God faction. The Chief Priest Yaoco also comes from another branch of the War God faction, which has been responsible for the prison for generations.

The Rain Divine controls rain and floods. After the religious reform, the Rain Divine's divinity was incorporated into the supreme Chief God, but the Rain Divine's priestly heritage still exists. The Rain Divine faction has many Priests, usually responsible for rain-making and harvest ceremonies, and has a significant influence in villages. The chubby Elder Priest Uguel comes from this faction.

The Fire God controls mining and forging. The Fire God faction Priests oversee temple construction, Craftsman management, and weapon crafting. Their presence is not strong, and their influence in the High Priesthood is weak. Their representative in the High Priesthood is Elder Priest Tekuis.

The Sun God's rays shine in all directions, holding a revered position. The Sun God faction Priests oversee the Holy Land, pass down the Sacred Fire, and participate in sacrifices, holding a supremely noble status, with many even possessing Royal Family bloodlines. The High Priest Tonaya before them is a third-level main Priest of the Sun God faction, and Elder Priest Tonatiuh represents the Sun God faction in the High Priesthood. In the Navajo language, "Tona" means the sun.

If Tizoc had been captured and not executed by Aweit, his fate would have been to retreat to the Holy Mountain and Holy Lake, becoming a Royal Family Priest serving the Sun God.

In the Capital City's heritage, besides the five main priestly branches, there is actually a sixth, the Feathered Serpent Divine faction. But the Feathered Serpent Divine faction mostly came from the culturally rich city of Tlacopan. Many High Priests were implicated and executed during the great purge. Their representative in the High Priesthood was replaced by Elder Priest Como, who came from the Royal Family. This was an important reason Xiulote's suggestion to erase the Feathered Serpent Divine was adopted during the religious reform.

Xiulote's expression remained unchanged, his thoughts filled with myriad concerns. He contemplated the Priests' heritage and the situation in the Capital City. The Chief Priest had a formidable reputation, strict and decisive, and was the leader of the Holy City Priests, supported by the eternal sun, allowing

him to have absolute authority in the High Priesthood. However, the five main Capital City Priestly branches had deep roots, controlling numerous Priests and offices.

Hence, the centralization of Divine Authority was not easy, facing many obstacles like the centralization of royal power. His grandfather intended to integrate Divine Authority by using the High Priesthood as a foundation to control the local priestly heritage. The main priestly branches of the Capital City needed to be drawn together through cooperation and alliances.

"Praise the Chief Divine! Your Highness, Princess, this is the Sacred Fire passed down from the Divine City of Quetzalcoat!!"

Upon hearing this, Xiulote returned to his senses and found himself already inside the Temple of the Sun. He looked around; the Temple was actually not large, simple in style, and weathered with many statues and bricks eroded by wind and rain, with visible signs of wear. Only the main hall appeared slightly more magnificent.

In front of the main hall was an ancient clay fire basin. Under the fire basin was a large pile of Gold and Silver and ornaments, left by the nobility who came to worship. In the fire basin, a flame of Sacred Fire burned vigorously, having never been extinguished for decades!

"Praise the Sacred Fire!... May the Sacred Fire protect and bless the holy Alliance, and bless our marriage!"

Xiulote lowered his head, and he and Alisa bowed in prayer towards the Sacred Fire.

The High Priest Tonaya added some expensive spices to the Sacred Fire and dropped in the skull of a mature mountain eagle. After a moment, he carefully removed the skull and examined it, then smiled with joy.

"Honorable Your Highness and Princess, the Sacred Fire brings blessings, protecting the holy wedding, a sign of great prosperity!"

"Praise the Chief Divine! Thank you, esteemed High Priest Tonaya!"

Though Xiulote was a High Priest and knew the origins of most omens, receiving the blessings of a holy marriage was still a joy. He gently waved his hand, and a Samurai offered a heavy cloth bag to the Sacred Fire.

"This is a bag of gemstones from the Lake Region, a modest offering."

"Praise the Chief Divine! Thank you for your devout offering!"

Tonaya's smile was sincere. Just a glance allowed him to estimate the weight of the gemstones. He bowed his head, then extended his hand invitingly, and turned to enter the hall.

"Honorable Supreme High Priest, please join me in the morning prayer!"

Xiulote nodded and strided into the main hall, while Alisa stayed outside. In the center of the main hall stood a tall statue of the Sun God. The Sun God faced the East, primitive and ancient in design, yet thick and solid. It was adorned with Gold and Silver all over, and its eyes were inlaid with gemstones, but its facial features were extremely blurred, making it difficult to discern.

"High Priest Tonaya, this Sun God statue... seems very old."

"Indeed, Sir Supreme High Priest, this ancient statue comes from the ruins of the Divine City of Quetzalcoatl, several miles away."

"The Divine City of Quetzalcoatl... that means it is at least two thousand years old!"

Xiulote exclaimed in surprise, finding it unbelievable.

Hearing the exact date, Tonaya also showed a surprised look. He glanced deeply at Xiulote and then smiled.

"The time is about right. Honorable Supreme High Priest, please stand at the main position and lead us in prayer!"

"Indeed, light the pine incense, and begin the morning prayer."

The pine incense was lit, and its faint aroma spread. Xiulote's expression immediately became solemn. He lowered his head and chanted softly a few lines before raising his voice in praise.

"Praise the Chief Divine! Truly believe in our divine Huitzilopochtli! He is the highest and greatest, omnipotent! He gives us sunlight and rain, harvest and food..."

"Praise the Chief Divine!..."

A dozen temple priests bowed their heads together, chanting the standard scripture from the Book of Ama Colley. Alisa, along with the Samurai, also chanted softly in response. Soon, the sincere prayer spread, echoing through the Holy Mountain and Temple, delivering the religion and the devotees' hearts through heartfelt voices.

Two quarters later, the strict morning prayer concluded. With the solemn prayer ceremony complete, everyone relaxed. Xiulote adjusted his attire, bowed, and withdrew from the Sun God statue.

"Your Highness, is this your first time vacationing at the Holy Mountain?"

Tonaya smiled and asked softly.

"Yes. I've been too busy before to find the time."

Xiulote nodded, smiling as he asked.

"With so many hot springs at the Holy Mountain, residing here for years, do you have any recommendations for me?"

"Your Highness, do you prefer the larger springs or the smaller ones?"

"The larger springs are too noisy. If I encounter other nobility from the Capital City inviting me to bathe together, it would be difficult to decline."

"Then the smaller springs it is."

Tonaya nodded. He thought for a moment and asked softly.

"Your Highness, you and the Princess are here for a honeymoon?"

"Yes."

"Then go to the southwestern valley, two or three miles away, where there is a small spring used privately by the Priests. The small spring is connected to geothermal heat, flowing with the vitality of the Fire God, promoting longevity. The scenery there is beautiful, with flowers in bloom, off the main path, and surrounded by deep woods. Even if there's some noise, you don't have to worry about being overheard... Your Highness, I will instruct the temple priests to avoid the area during their breaks, so as not to disturb you."

"... Thank you, High Priest."

Xiulote was silent for a moment and then had to thank him. The Alliance's customs were such, with simple and ancient manners, not avoiding the topic of merry songs.

"Haha!"

Tonaya laughed heartily, winking and speaking in a low voice.

"Your Highness, the Holy Mountain has many hot springs, each with its own characteristics. There are also some hidden large springs in the mountains, some scorching, some mildly spicy. There are also secluded priestesses, each with a graceful figure, particularly good at swimming like fish... If the Princess were not here, I could lead you to enjoy some uniquely exquisite pleasures!"

"Uh..."

Xiulote was slightly embarrassed, understanding well. It was none other than the legendary hot spring trip...

"High Priest Tonaya... Perhaps another time..."

"Haha! Your Highness, I was merely suggesting."

Noting Xiulote's discomfort, Tonaya chuckled. His expression turned solemn again, speaking in a low and meaningful tone.

"Uncle Tonatiuh has mentioned many times that Xiulote's wisdom is divinely inspired, destined to shine brightly... In the future, please stay close!"

"Elder Priest Tonatiuh..."

Xiulote's eyes flickered. He nodded and smiled, reaching out to pat Tonaya on the shoulder.

"Praise the Chief Divine! We will draw close, discussing theology and scripture together in the future!"

"Haha, praise the Chief Divine!"

The hearty laughter spread far, dispersing into the long wind of the Holy Mountain. A majestic mountain eagle circled the mountain, looked for a moment, then turned and flew west. As the sun rose and the clouds dispersed, a few eagle feathers floated down from the sky, falling into the Temple, unnoticed by anyone.

Chapter 833: Snowy Egrets, Cheerful Songs, and Lectures

The warm wind in the forest carried the scent of grass. Flowers bloomed abundantly in the valley, and beautiful trees shaded the spring. The hot spring in the mountain released steam, and white mist rose into the air. The vegetation was dense, the clouds were billowing. The fog, like silk, divided the vast world, leaving only a pond of comfortable hot spring, offering solitude and peace.

Deep within the Peach Blossom Land, the way back was unknown. A pair of young egrets played by the warm spring water, intoxicated by the wonders of their exploration. They chased each other through the water, their fluffy feathers fluttering, their slender legs visible, emitting joyful chirps.

The hot spring water was smooth, the tender one was weak. The female egret tried to escape for a moment but soon tired, leaning slantingly in the spring, captured by the persistent male egret. The male egret spread its wings, their beaks intertwined, inseparable. After a moment, he gently yet urgently approached, rubbing up and down, grooming the female egret's feathers.

By the stream, the egrets were joyfully together. The female egret crouched in the spring, and the male egret stood behind her. Mist rose suddenly, the silhouettes of the birds swaying. Songs burst forth, the water droplets falling. Han E sang a long song, sometimes crying, sometimes laughing, the echoes lingering; Liezi rode the wind, praising freely, roaming the boundless world...

After a long while, the singing abruptly stopped, the mist ceased. The snowy egrets flapped their wings and flew together towards the clouds.

Xiulote watched the enchanting scene, straightened his back, and suddenly felt poetic. He smiled slightly, holding the person beside him who was still whispering, and recited softly.

"Two orioles sing amid the green willows, a line of egrets ascends the blue sky. The window frames the snow of the western peaks, boats moor at the eastern Wu... The green willows, the blue sky, the snowy peaks, and the boats, truly a sight to behold!"

Alisa, light as a feather, floated as if on clouds, her neck flushed red. Listening to her lover's poetry, she was stunned for a moment, then suddenly shy and annoyed, she fiercely bit her lover's shoulder.

"Bad guy... bad brother! What sort of poems are you reciting?..."

"Haha, just some landscape poems! Look, how miraculous creation is, the blessings of the Goddess of Spring so wondrous, let me think of something more appropriate..."

Xiulote's expression remained unchanged, his smile bright. His shoulder having been bitten often, it wasn't very painful anymore. Having studied for years, mastering two languages, translating poetry naturally came effortlessly, adapting to the circumstances... The young man pondered for a while, then smiled and spoke again.

"... A winding path leads to a secluded place, the Zen room is deep within flowering trees. The sight of the mountain delights the bird's mood, the reflection in the pond empties the human mind. All sounds are silenced, only the sound of the bell and wood strike remaining... Haha! The winding path, the deep flowers and trees. The hummingbird sings joyfully, leaving reflections in the hot spring. Of course, the most wonderful and unforgettable, is still the final moving melody... Oh! Don't bite my ear..."

Alisa, puffed up with anger, clung to her lover like a sloth. She tightly bit his ear, as if eating a tasty leaf. After a while, she let go, her face flushed, burying her head in his firm chest.

"In broad daylight, making such a scene... Xiulote, you mustn't be so bad next time!..."

"Ah? The hot spring is secluded, the samurai guard all around, no need to worry. Besides, you weren't shouting like that just now..."

"Xiulote!..."

"Ah, don't bite!..."

The two laughed and teased for a while, finally getting out of the hot spring. Then, with the help of the maid, they changed into loose robes, lying on the cotton blanket by the spring, eating some dried fruit to replenish their strength, while discussing serious matters.

"Xiulote, you mentioned before that all things in the world can be divided into moving animals, immobile plants, and invisible microorganisms. Animals and plants are made of tiny cells. And microorganisms are the root of our diseases?"

Alisa tilted her head, blinking, looking at her lover beside her.

"Exactly! Fish and birds, monkeys and humans, are all animals. Flowers and grass, corn and cocoa, are all plants. And the black smut cherished by the Alliance nobles is a microorganism."

Xiulote smiled gently, explaining slowly.

"Most microorganisms are harmless to humans. Our bodies contain countless symbiotic bacteria that help us digest food... The pathogenic microorganisms are primarily single-cell bacteria and smaller viruses that feed on cells."

"Hmm, bacteria and viruses, the bad cells and disease-causing toxins?..."

"Yes... They are like, like invisible dust that moves. But they are smaller than dust, able to enter the human body and harm our vitality!"

Upon hearing this, Alisa was a bit confused. She widened her eyes, her face thoughtful.

"Xiulote, these tiny dust with life, how can they make strong people sick?"

"Uh, good question, it shows you're thinking."

Xiulote sat up, cross-legged on the blanket, carefully organizing his thoughts. Since he had decided to make Alisa the head of the Medical Institute, in charge of epidemic research and prevention, he needed to teach all medical and body knowledge as the foundation for medical research.

And in this era, compared to the Church's rule in Europe, and the Celestial Empire's rationalism, the human sacrifice tradition in Central America, with its familiarity with human anatomy, was more suitable for the development of modern medicine.

Xiulote pondered for a moment, noted the time past noon, and called out to Nashu, the aide in charge.

"Nashu, what meat is being prepared for tonight?"

"Your Highness, the Temple of the Sun sent over some turkeys and wild rabbits. The samurai also hunted a deer in the mountain."

"Very good!"

Hearing this, Xiulote nodded in satisfaction and ordered in a deep voice.

"Have the deer and turkeys sent over, and prepare several obsidian short daggers of different sizes. Also, bring the newly made crystal magnifying glass by the gemstone craftsmen."

"As you command!"

The cold female samurai bowed in salute, her deep gaze sweeping over the prince's leopard-like body, lightly licking her lips. Then she retreated, disappearing in no time.

Alisa pondered, glanced at the lovely back of the female samurai, and asked softly.

"Xiulote, what are you going to do with the deer and turkeys?"

"Of course, it's for the lesson. In our bodies, there are many organs working together, forming some clusters, which can be called 'systems' within the human body. Systems are interconnected, acting as a whole. Each system is responsible for a specific activity of the body, such as movement, blood supply, respiration, digestion, reproduction, immunity... The way pathogens invade the human body is, simply put, by damaging specific systems within the body... As for preventing and treating diseases, it's also related to these systems. In animals, these systems, though somewhat different from human ones, also exist. I will dissect them one by one for you to see."

Xiulote smiled slightly. Then, he suddenly thought of something, and asked in a deep voice.

"Alisa, are you afraid of blood?"

"No! Xiulote, my father once taught me how to sacrifice young wolves and deer. In the future, I will also preside over the family's sacrificial rites for you, how can I be afraid of blood?"

Alisa shook her head with a smile. Noblewomen in the Alliance rarely feared blood. Because in tradition, blood was considered the source of vitality and the preferred sacrifice to the Divine.

"Good! Truly my good wife!"

Xiulote nodded with a smile. He recalled his previous question and couldn't help but chuckle at himself.

In this era, the Alliance's requirements for noblewomen were not to be gentle and quiet, never stepping out of the house. All the tribes valued war as the first priority, with sacrifices as a daily activity. Many noblewomen, like warriors, practiced with long sticks and short daggers, learning archery and javelin throwing, even participating in battles and hunting. Besides practicing martial arts, elder noble ladies who managed households needed to learn cooking, weaving, and farming, and master the crucial sacrificial rites.

Alisa's grandmother, the daughter of Montezuma, Atototztli, was a royal princess who wielded a divine staff and carried a long dagger, having personally sacrificed enemy captives. Her image was similar to the Mother Xin Lady Hao of the Shang Dynasty, revered by the Mexica people.

After a few moments of conversation, Nashu arrived hurriedly with several samurai. They set up a stand, tying up a deer and two flapping turkeys.

Then, Xiulote stood up, coming to the deer. His expression calm, he took the sharp obsidian short dagger from Nashu's hand and made a light cut on the deerskin, nodding in satisfaction. The obsidian scalpel had a sharper, more precise edge, making it excellent for detailed dissections. He then felt the deer's body, locating the heart, approximately in the front half of the torso just above the front legs.

"Alisa, step back two steps, don't let the blood splatter on your eyes."

Xiulote ordered his lover, then calmly reached out his hand, bringing down the sharp short dagger, just like a sacred sacrifice.

Chapter 834: Medical Enlightenment and Priest Heritage

The log was deeply nailed into the ground, and a sturdy frame was built. On the frame, a wild deer was firmly tied, limbs spread out, clearly revealing its body and abdomen. At this moment, the injured deer let out a miserable cry, its body undulating and struggling, but it had not died yet.

Female warrior Nashu stood beside, exerting force with her arms, easily pressing down the shaking deer head. The struggling deer soon exhausted its strength in the continuous loss of blood, becoming immobile and a specimen.

The short obsidian dagger was swift, and Xiulote's hand was steady. He precisely cut open the deer's skin, severing the muscles, revealing the deer's rhythmically beating heart without injuring the arteries or the still-breathing lungs above the heart.

"Alisa, my beloved. In Navajo, we never speak of organs separately, such as eyes, nose, ears, mouth, and teeth. Instead, we say, my eyes *noinixteyotl*, my nose *noyacatzotl*, my ears *nonacas*, my mouth *nocamac*, and my teeth *notlancoch*."

Xiulote contemplated for a moment before explaining, starting from traditional Navajo concepts and gradually integrating modern medical knowledge.

"The reason we speak this way is precisely because body parts cannot exist independently. They are not separate entities but need to be connected together to form a living whole... Just like all my organs and body parts are connected, forming multiple systems, and then forming me."

"Xiulote, I understand! You mean organs and their respective systems collectively form 'tonacayo,' which is our entire body! And as the priests said, the vitality in our body comes from the sun, corn, and water!"

Alisa blinked her eyes, showing an understanding smile. She looked expectantly at Xiulote, waiting for her lover's praise.

In Navajo, 'tonacayo' refers to the combination of all organs, representing the complete body. But this word can also metaphorically refer to 'complete corn' and 'the warmth of the sun.' The meaning of

'tona' is the sun. In traditional concepts, the human body corresponds to corn and more so to the warmth of the sun. Therefore, whenever the alliance sacrifices to the Sun God or prays for a corn harvest, human sacrifices are needed.

"Indeed! Tonacayo is the human body. And within the entire body, there are nine organ systems, each responsible for different bodily functions."

Xiulote paused for a moment, deciding to simplify the concept of human systems as much as possible, using the language understandable in this era. He steadily extended the short dagger as a teaching pointer, drawing on the deer's body.

"Alisa, look, inside this deer, there are many organs. In its head, there is the brain for thinking; its limbs have numerous muscles for running fast; beneath the neck is the chest's lungs, which are breathing; below the lungs is the heart, pumping blood; next to the heart is the deep red liver, brown-red stomach, then the light red intestines, and pale red kidneys... Together, they are responsible for digesting food and excreting; and in the deer's lower abdomen, are the reproductive organs... well, this is a male deer!"

Xiulote's expression froze, slightly surprised by the length as he observed a certain part of the male deer's body. After a few moments, he lightly coughed and summarized.

"In summary, the brain thinks, muscles move, lungs breathe, the heart pumps blood, liver and intestines digest and excrete, and then reproduction. These are seven organ systems responsible for seven bodily functions!"

"Hehe, I understand, it's quite easy to comprehend!"

Alisa stifled her laughter, glancing lightly and biting her lips. Well, tonight she would take good care of her lover... Then she thought for a while, confused, and asked.

"Xiulote, earlier, you mentioned nine systems in the human body. According to what you said, thinking, moving, breathing, blood circulation, digestion, excretion, and reproduction... that's seven in total. So, what are the other two?"

"Hmm... The other two are not visible at a glance but are present throughout the body."

Xiulote thought for a moment and gave a not entirely accurate example.

"If we compare the human body to a kingdom and the body's normal operation to the kingdom's normal operation, then the eighth messenger system is like the kingdom's running messengers. They transmit various instructions, telling large city-states and small villages when to plant in spring, harvest in autumn, pay tribute, mobilize, or go to war... Messengers convey orders, regulating all aspects of the kingdom, as well as the human body. From infancy, growing into adulthood, voice changes, body height, and having the ability to sing, all result from the messengers' guidance."

Upon hearing this, Alisa's eyes glistened. She fell into a long contemplation, believing every word her lover said, just needing time to comprehend. After a while, she softly asked.

"Xiulote, what are the messengers within the human body? How are they produced?"

"The messengers in the human body... are special vitality produced by organs, cells, or glands. They are tiny, not abundant but significantly impactful..."

Xiulote tried his best to organize the language, describing the concept of hormones in the human body. Then he took a breath and continued explaining the last immune system.

"As for the last immune system, it is the body's defense system, used to resist the invasion of pathogenic microorganisms and recover from injuries and illnesses. They are equivalent to the kingdom's warriors and militia. If external enemies invade, they gather from various parts of the kingdom to form a resistance army, fighting to the death with the invaders... The strength of the army determines the kingdom's survival, and the strength of the defense system determines human life and death. When we get cut, the ability to resist infection and heal the wound, or recover from a cold, depend on the body's immune system..."

Afterward, Xiulote glanced at his contemplating lover and added a few more sentences.

"In the body's immune system, warriors and militia are certain special cells. Their production comes from special organs, especially bone marrow, thymus, and lymph... Simply put, the ability to resist and defend against diseases is called immunity, meaning to be free from disease. The so-called immune ability is a kind of... uh... special vitality!..."

Having finished, Xiulote looked expectantly at his lover.

"...Alisa, have you understood what I said about the human body's messenger and immune systems?"

"Uh... I understand... a little bit."

Alisa widened her eyes, filled with confusion. She first placed her hand on her heart, made a gesture of understanding, then opened her white palm, curled her fingers one by one, and finally extended only half of her pinky finger.

"About a palm... no, a finger... uh... about a fingernail's worth! Hehe."

Seeing his lover's playful gesture, Xiulote felt a headache coming.

Although kingdom craftsmen have already ground out a few rare magnifying glasses made of invaluable natural transparent crystals, they are still far from inventing the microscope. Without high-magnification observation tools, there's no actual visible evidence. Trying to directly popularize modern medical knowledge in this ignorant era is like building castles in the air, unlikely to last long.

Thinking about it, the only feasible way to quickly improve the alliance's medical theory level is to combine the era's priestly medical heritage and use traditional cognitive methods to understand and interpret!

Two steps away, Nashu was contemplating. She looked at the pondering prince and tentatively reminded.

"Your Highness, the special vitality produced by organs maintains the body's operation and health... You mean the 'tonalli' in the brain, the 'teyolia' in the heart, or the 'ihiyotl' in the liver?"

"Hmm? Tonalli, teyolia, ihiyotl?"

Upon hearing these familiar yet mysterious words, Xiulote was momentarily stunned and suddenly enlightened.

"Tonalli," "teyolia," and "ihiyotl," these three terms occasionally appear in sacred prayers, possessing very rich meanings. They symbolize three different special vitalities, passed down through generations in orthodox priestly education. They narrate the Aztec and Central American ancestors' unique understanding of the human body and the world. If modern medical knowledge is to be widely accepted by people in this era, it cannot do without these heritages.

Xiulote contemplated slightly and made a decision in his heart. He smiled slightly, looked at the cool female warrior, and ordered solemnly.

"Nashu, you have received complete priestly education and learned witch doctor rituals. You shall first explain the priestly heritage's interpretation of the human body!"

Chapter 835: The Legacy of the Witch Doctor: Tonali, Teyolia, Ihoter

By the hot spring, amidst the ancient forest, the white egrets fly high above the clouds, and the wild foxes cry softly among the grass. Armor-clad Imperial Guard Warriors wielding war clubs vigilantly patrol the perimeter. The noble ones gather around the dying stag, pondering and discussing, breathing new life into traditional Witch Doctor practices.

Nashu stood tall, her features refined and serene. Upon hearing the command from His Highness, she solemnly nodded, took a step with her long legs, and approached the dissected stag. Then, she extended her slender right hand, unbothered by the blood before her, and precisely grasped the dagger.

"Your Highness, Princess. According to the priestly tradition, every part of our body strictly corresponds with the days of the calendar. Within our bodies, the enlightenment of fate resides, connecting with the entire world."

Nashu's expression was serious, her voice like smoke, slowly narrating. She spoke of the very foundation of Witch Doctor studies and the worldview of the priests, which is the correspondence between time, fate, and the human body!

"In the calendar, January has twenty days. The first day is auspicious, Crocodile Day, corresponding to the heart. Children born on this day receive the protection of the Divine, enjoying extraordinary

fortunes. The second day, Wind Day, corresponds to the tongue. The third day, Palace Day, corresponds to the mind. The fourth day, Lizard Day, corresponds to the liver... these first four days of the month are all auspicious days blessed by the Divine, and they correspond to the most sacred organs in the human body."

Upon hearing this, Xiulote slightly nodded. According to traditional beliefs, the first four days are auspicious days, and the corresponding four organs harbor special powers.

The brain, heart, and liver are temporarily set aside; let's first discuss the tongue. The leader of the Alliance is called the Great Speaker, "Tratuoani." The etymology of this name comes from the tongue, "Tlachtlí," because, in people's minds, the tongue holds the power to make the masses compliant, symbolizing the power of governance.

After speaking, Nashu paused slightly. She quietly glanced at the white-clad girl who was intently listening, and a faint smile appeared on her face.

"...In a month, there are several ominous days related to death. The ninth day, Water Day, corresponds to the skin. The tenth day, Dog Day, corresponds to the nose. The eleventh day, Monkey Day, and the twelfth day, Grass Day, corresponding to the intestines... These middle four days of the month harbor ominous omens. The organs corresponding to these four days indicate the proximity of death. Of course, there's also the sixth day, Death Day, corresponding to the hair."

Upon hearing this, Xiulote slightly lowered his eyes. As someone who bears the title "God of Death," he was most familiar with these sayings. Wrinkles on the skin, the smell of age sensed by the nose, unstable and trembling hands and feet, difficulty in digestion, hair turning white... all are symbols of death in Nava teachings. Children born on these ominous days were often seen as cursed and might even be deliberately abandoned.

"Lastly, at the end of the month, there are neutral days neither auspicious nor ominous. The seventeenth day, Earthquake Day, corresponds to the teeth. The eighteenth day, Stone Knife Day, corresponds to the ears. The nineteenth day, Rain Day, corresponds to the eyes. The twentieth day, Flower Day, corresponds to the chest... These last four days symbolize a peaceful life, and children born on these days have ordinary lives. The corresponding organs do not bear special religious significance."

At this point, Nashu glanced at His Highness, smiling with complexity. She was born in those last four days, and her life should have been peaceful and ordinary. But after being selected by the Priesthood in her childhood, her fate changed completely, living only for another person from then on.

"Very good."

Xiulote nodded approvingly, then scrutinized the cold and elegant female warrior, commanding in a deep voice.

"Nashu, continue."

"At your command."

The female warrior bowed her head in salute. Then she muttered and chanted incomprehensible spells, facing the dead wild stag, she touched the stag's head, heart, and liver, performing a simple soul-calming ritual.

"Your Highness, within our bodies, there are three special life forces, located in three sacred organs. They are: 'Tonali' in the brain, 'Teyolia' in the heart, and 'Ihoter' in the liver!"

"'Tonali' is situated in the head. When we are born, the Chief Divine grants it to us, placing it within our bodies. This life force controls our growth and arranges our fate. It dictates the vitality and vigor of the body as well as its aging and decay... Priests can influence 'Tonali' by performing rituals to communicate with the Divine, consuming sacred mushrooms and herbs, even making it temporarily leave the body. When we die, 'Tonali' remains in our skeletal remains, returning to the earthly soil..."

Upon hearing this, Xiulote stroked his chin, lost in thought.

The concept of 'Tonali' in religion is akin to human divinity, while in medicine, it roughly corresponds to the nervous and endocrine systems, responsible for thinking, sensing, and body regulation... The inherited Witch Doctor studies emerged from these understandings and practices.

Through generations of practical experience by Witch Doctors and priests, they roughly understand the brain's role in the human body. To affect the brain's 'Tonali,' they use Cactaceae, Mandragora, Psilocybe, Death Vine water, as well as Frog Poison, Scorpion Venom, Snake Venom... to gain mystical insights and treat diseases of the body and mind.

These drugs from plants and animals contain special alkaloids and hormones, capable of affecting the brain and the whole body, efficiently providing anesthesia, sedation, pain relief, antibacterial effects, and even completely altering a person's mental state.

"Tonali... nervous and endocrine systems... corresponding drugs... Yes, Nashu, continue."

"'Teyolia' resides in the heart, the seat of knowledge and vitality. It dictates human vitality and posthumous fate. When we die, 'Teyolia' separates from the body, ascends to the Divine Kingdom's sky, and enters the afterlife... The fate after death and 'Teyolia's destination are determined by the manner of death, especially the heart's final place. Therefore, sacred sacrifices not only satisfy the Heavenly Divine but also promise the Sacrificer's afterlife..."

Xiulote's expression grew solemn. The Alliance's sacrificial rites greatly emphasize the human heart precisely because of the 'Teyolia' within it. In religion, 'Teyolia' can be seen as the soul. In medicine, 'Teyolia' corresponds to the circulatory system. With this realization, the young man loudly inquired.

"Nashu, what have the Witch Doctors discovered in their study of 'Teyolia'?"

"Your Highness, 'Teyolia' is infused in the blood, the source of vitality in the body. When a person is injured and loses too much blood, they lose vitality and even their soul. Thus, Witch Doctors strive to minimize blood loss during external injuries."

Nashu pondered, recalling common methods for stopping bleeding.

"Applying ink tree leaves, hot pepper grass, yucca juice, honey, or wads of spider webs to external wounds can effectively stop the bleeding. To prevent wounds from splitting, cotton cloth or vines can be used for bandaging. If the wound becomes infected and purulent, green blowfly larvae can eat away the necrotic tissue speeding up healing... Additionally, the Alliance's High Priests have a secret method for stopping blood, learned from the Mayans, which can handle narrow war club cuts."

"Indeed, as long as green blowfly larvae are bred in a clean environment, they can be used to treat infected wounds. These larvae strictly feed on decayed tissue without affecting healthy living parts. They also secrete chemicals that kill microorganisms..."

Xiulote pondered for a moment, then nodded slowly. The use of maggot therapy is widespread in the Alliance; while it may seem disgusting, it has saved many wounded warriors from infection. He then grew intrigued, smiling as he inquired.

"What is the Mayans' secret method for stopping blood that can handle narrow cuts?"

Beside him, Alisa blinked, seemingly recalling something.

"Hmm... Is it ants?"

"Correct! The Princess is knowledgeable."

Nashu smiled, giving instructions to a nearby Personal Guard Warrior. Soon, a warrior approached carefully, carrying a sealed ceramic jar. Nashu opened the jar, extended her slender fingers, swiftly pinched and withdrew, then quickly sealed the jar again.

"Hmm? Are these army ants?"

Xiulote looked towards Nashu's fingers, which held a tropical army ant about the size of half a fingernail, its sturdy mandibles constantly opening and closing, its large head shaking as it struggled futilely.

Nashu gently laughed and brought the army ant to a knife wound on the stag. Smelling the blood, the ant fiercely opened its mandibles and bit down on the wound. Then, with precise dexterity, Nashu pinched, causing the ant's body to drop off, leaving only its head tightly gripping the wound.

"Just like this!"

Nashu bent her finger and gently touched the ant's head. Its mandibles closed, enveloping the corner of the knife wound, acting as a natural "suture." This "suture" not only tightly fastens but also carries antiseptic saliva, aiding in disinfecting the wound.

"Your Highness, as long as there are enough army ants, wounds in the body can be stitched. This jar of army ants has been prepared in advance for you..."

Observing this, Xiulote's face showed amazement and he felt heartfelt gratitude.

"Teyolia, indeed emphasizing blood! Various herbs for treating wounds, maggots to combat infection, ants for suturing... Meanwhile, Europe in this era still extensively uses bloodletting treatments... The medical skills of Central America's ancestors are in no way inferior to the Western world of this era, perhaps even stronger!"

Of course, in the Mexica Alliance, these precious Witch Doctor heritages are monopolized and controlled by middle and high-ranking priests, serving a select few noble individuals. The great nobility of the Alliance often live to over fifty, with those in their sixties and seventies not uncommon. Meanwhile, the average lifespan in Central America is only in the early twenties. The gap between the Divine Descendant Nobility and the commoner peasantries is vast, from the quality of life to the length of life.

"Your Highness, the last type of life force, 'Ihoter,' is located in the liver, controlling a person's emotions and desires, also determining one's health and charisma. 'Ihoter' signifies breath, it is 'Qi.' It is invisible and intangible, its effect extremely mysterious... The priests continue to explore understanding it, with various theories. In rural towns, frying grasshoppers, resembling the liver, is a common snack to enhance 'Ihoter' in the body... When a person dies, 'Ihoter' perishes."

Xiulote briefly recalled what fried grasshoppers are. Those are the post-Mexican snacks, Chapulines. They also double as medicine, aiding diuresis, treating kidney diseases, and alleviating gastrointestinal pain. He then pondered the last life force, Ihoter.

"Ihoter, is the breath of Qi, somewhat similar to the 'Yang Qi' in Chinese Medicine. It symbolizes the mysterious unknown in religion. In medical science, it's connected to respiratory, urinary, endocrine, and digestive systems. Mysterious unknown... that equates to... that equates to extensive discretionary interpretation rights!"

The young lord straightened up, his thoughts suddenly clear. He lifted his head, gazing at the swirling mist above his head, changing forms, and he softly sighed.

"Like mist, like rain, yet like wind, like clouds, like snow, yet like dreams... To merge two systems, to disseminate medical knowledge of future times in this primitive era... we must draw on the ancient narratives of Chinese Medicine!"

Chapter 836: On Plague

The mist swirled around, steam rising, transforming like floating clouds and the breath of the earth. The crowd gathered around Xiulote, listening to His Highness's Divine Revelation.

"Between heaven and earth, the cyclical existence of all things is governed by various types of qi. These are formless and intangible, colorless and tasteless, but they truly exist. There is yang qi filled with vitality, constant qi that changes with the seasons, and plague qi that harms life, all impacting human health!..."

Xiulote pondered for a long time, until the sun set in the west, then he spoke in a deep voice. Beside him, Nashu took out paper and pen, carefully recording every sacred word of the Divine Revelation.

"...As a baby is born, yang qi enters our body and transforms into various life forces. It divides into three: heaven, earth, and abyss, as passed down by the priests. The qi of heaven falls on the head, forming the Tonali of the head, housing the divinity bestowed by the Chief Divine, determining a person's fate. The qi of earth falls on the heart, forming the Teyolia within the heart, containing the human spirit. The qi of the abyss falls on the liver, forming the Ihoter within the liver, governing the body's health!"

Hearing this, Nashu paused slightly, her expression becoming devout.

In the Aztec priestly tradition, the concept of the "Three Realms" also exists, representing the celestial, terrestrial, and abyssal, as manifestations of the world's divinity. Human bodies correspond to the world, possessing a mysterious connection, and also contain the three forms of life force, akin to the Celestial Empire's traditional philosophy of the "Unity of Heaven and Man."

In fact, such concepts are widespread across the world of Central America. The Prepetcha people's Three Gods of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, and the Chichimeca Canine Descendants' sacred realms of heaven and earth, are similar understandings.

"...Yang qi resides in the human body, echoing the heavens and earth, sustaining the body's functioning. The origin of diseases is the struggle between the yang qi within the body and the constant qi and

plague qi that invade. The result of this struggle may be the yang qi prevailing and expelling the two evil qis, restoring the body's health; or the evil qi prevailing, suppressing the yang qi, worsening the disease; or both coexist, with the disease hidden within the body, temporarily achieving balance."

Xiulote's voice was loud, pausing with each phrase, resonating like a brass bell.

The tradition of the Alliance's witch doctors corresponds to the heavens and nature, aligning with traditional Chinese medicine theories. The mysticism within witch doctor practices is also best explained by the "qi" concept in traditional Chinese medicine. The reason for this is likely that the Celestial Empire's medical knowledge has been passed down in an unbroken line, with many concepts originating from ancient pre-Qin times. Whether it's the "Inner Canon of Huangdi" or the "Shennong's Materia Medica," they encompass many ancient legends, naturally accommodating the primal witch doctor knowledge of the Americas.

"Xiulote, then, when we fall ill, age, or die, it's because our yang qi weakens, unable to resist the evil qi? And when evil qi enters the body, it destroys the nine systems you mentioned?"

Alisa blinked, lost in thought. Such an explanation was easier for priests to understand, and more convincing for the common people than tiny cells.

"Exactly! When evil qi invades the body and yang qi weakens, vital organs are damaged. There are two types of harmful evil qi: one is the constant qi from environmental changes, and the other is plague qi from infectious spread!"

A movie buried in Xiulote's mind suddenly came to his mind, and the words "Plague Theory" surfaced. The biggest threat to American civilizations was the plague... he sighed and continued speaking deeply.

"Human diseases can be divided into two types. Ordinary injuries and colds are caused by external qi from the heavens and earth, making one sick; severe epidemics, on the other hand, are caused by plague qi from the heavens and earth! The constant qi and evil qi should not be confused; they have entirely different origins and require different responses!"

In the traditional medicine of the Celestial Empire, a cold is a general term for external diseases, not the severe infectious diseases known as typhoid fever in later Western medicine.

"For example, a cold snap two years ago caused thousands to fall ill in the northern city-states. They had fevers, coughs, weakness, and headaches, affected by the cold qi of the heavens and earth. Cold qi invading the body suppresses yang qi, damaging the lhoter, thus weakening the body. One must expel the cold qi to gradually recover! In the summer, farmers suffer heatstroke and faint, affected by hot qi. Damp sea winds cause fishermen to have knee pain, affected by damp qi... these are all constant qis of heaven and earth, affecting the body's operation!"

"Ah, I understand now. Xiulote, with your explanation, I get it!"

Alisa nodded vigorously, suddenly enlightened. Then, she curiously asked.

"What about plague qi? Is it more severe than constant qi?"

"Alisa, in warfare, the dead and injured are numerous. If the corpses are not buried, plague qi is generated and spreads, causing epidemics. Such plagues can spread widely, making many people sick with the same symptoms. This is not due to the invasion of constant qi like wind, cold, heat, or damp, but due to infection with plague qi from the heavens and earth!"

Xiulote's expression grew solemn as he explained the critical mechanics of plagues.

"Plague qi is invisible, intangible, and undetectable by smell. It can suppress yang qi within the body and proliferate; it can also diffuse through the heavens and earth, spreading with the wind and water... The transmission of plague qi to humans can occur in two ways. One is through contagion, by contact with sick individuals, thereby contracting the plague qi from their bodies; the other is through natural means, by inhaling plague qi from the wind, or consuming water containing plague qi, thus falling ill..."

"Plague qi typically enters the human body through the mouth and nose, then invades the chest and abdomen, spreading throughout the body. In the chest and abdomen, it can simultaneously damage the heart's Teyolia and the liver's lhoter. Essentially, what I previously mentioned, the bacteria and viruses smaller than dust, are the plague qi that we currently cannot see. These tiny forms of plague qi differ from one another, each affecting various parts of the body in unique ways. Hence, only specific kinds of plague qi cause corresponding infectious diseases, which is the theory of heterogeneous qi!..."

Xiulote paused momentarily, sighed deeply, and his voice turned somber.

"Since plague qi can proliferate and spread among people, it is particularly dangerous. Once severe plague qi spreads within a city-state, the number of deaths can reach into the hundreds of thousands, or even millions!"

"Ah?! A hundred thousand deaths!"

Upon hearing this alarming number, Alisa exclaimed. Though she trusted her lover's words, she couldn't fathom such a cruel scenario.

"Yes! Even a hundred thousand deaths can only be the beginning."

Xiulote's expression turned grave, reflecting on the history of another era. The oppressive darkness seemed to envelope him, making it hard to breathe.

In 1519-1520, smallpox was spread by the Spanish colonists led by Hernan Cortes. According to later estimates, in just two years, smallpox caused the death of 5-8 million people across Central America, leading to the total extinction of many tribes!

The Mexica Alliance suffered massive casualties, with most of the nobility and samurai dead or injured, including the heir king Quetzalcoatl who succumbed to smallpox. Millions were plunged into apocalyptic terror, desperately falling into the abyss, dying in despair from the plague. One year later, the repeatedly defeated Spanish colonists returned, exploiting the power of smallpox to conquer the now vacant lake capital city, the majestic Tenochtitlan.

In 1545, a new plague crossed the sea, spreading across Central America, ushering in the call of the God of Death, known as the "Cocoliztli epidemic." This epidemic possibly involved multiple severe infectious diseases, including typhus, typhoid, and measles. Between 1545-1548, the three-year epidemic caused 5-15 million deaths, wiping out more than 80% of Central America's population!

Even more terrifying, this epidemic lasted for over thirty years, making it the deadliest plague in human history. From North to South America, countless indigenous people struggled in despair. The epidemic resurged between 1576-1578, wiping out half of the remaining population in Central America, causing another 2-2.5 million deaths.

By 1578, the entire Central American world, including the Yucatan region, had only 2 million survivors. But back in 1519, before the smallpox outbreak, the entire population was at least 22 million! In just sixty years, 90% of Central America's population perished, nearly leading to complete ethnic extermination!

The merciless plague claimed too many lives, even significantly reducing the atmospheric carbon dioxide levels. Studies suggest one cause of the Little Ice Age during the late Ming Dynasty was the change in atmospheric composition, leading to a premature global cooling.

"Compared to colonizers, the plague is the true apocalyptic threat! Hence, both the kingdom and the alliance must prioritize medical development. Only with medical advancements beyond the times can we confront an unprecedentedly severe plague, striving to save the American civilization!... And this, perhaps, is the most significant reason for my presence in this era..."

Xiulote fell silent, a strong sense of mission surging within him, like a burning flame in his heart, never ceasing.

At this moment, Alisa and Nashu stopped their actions. Both stared at their lover, feeling as if his eyes were glowing.

Chapter 837: National Affairs, Prevention and Treatment of Plague

A white heron cried "yow yow," circling above the sky. It stretched its long neck, observing the silent bipeds in the valley. Two people stood in the center, gazing at the setting sun. Dozens of people surrounded them, like mountains cradling the sun.

Alisa widened her eyes, watching the heron circle a few times. She leaned on her lover's shoulder, asking worriedly in a low voice.

"Xiulote... the plague you mentioned, so severe. How should we deal with it?"

Xiulote extended his arm, embracing the delicate girl and gently comforting her for a while. Then, he organized his thoughts and spoke again.

"Plagues vary, affecting different parts of the body and causing different symptoms. For instance, headaches, fever, chills, cough, bleeding, rash... Therefore, we need to identify specific symptoms and adopt targeted measures."

"For common plagues, as long as the body is strong, food is sufficient, and vitality is abundant, it is enough to resist! The human immune system will come into play and resist external invasions. This is the principle that righteousness overcomes evil. Even though you come into contact with the plague and get infected, there will be no severe symptoms. For example, in ordinary epidemics, malnourished elders and women always suffer the worst and fall ill first. In contrast, strong and well-fed young adults often have mild symptoms or fall ill last."

Hearing this, Alisa nodded, indicating her understanding. In the villages around the world, the needs of young adults are always prioritized, as their vitality is the most abundant. Then, she noticed her lover's wording.

"Xiulote, you mentioned 'common' plagues, then are there 'dangerous' plagues too?"

"Yes! Some plagues are extremely toxic and spread very quickly, making them extremely dangerous. Just from what I know, there are a full nine types. Any one of these, if it spreads, can cause tens of thousands of deaths and injuries!"

Xiulote paused and collected his thoughts. Then, he instructed Nashu.

"Nashu, record my words carefully below, they are crucial!"

"Yes, Sir!"

Nashu bowed gracefully and picked up the pen and paper again.

"In the East, far across the sea, there are nine extremely toxic plagues. According to their danger to the Alliance, the first is typhoid fever, the second is smallpox, the third is the rat plague, the fourth is measles, the fifth is cholera, the sixth is diphtheria, the seventh is mumps, the eighth is malaria, and the ninth is yellow fever!"

"Hmm... Your Highness, how should I write these nine plagues?"

Nashu had written half and looked up with difficulty. These diseases had not yet appeared in America, so naturally, there were no corresponding descriptions.

"Give me the pen and paper, I will write them myself!"

Xiulote extended his hand to take the pen and paper. He tried his best to recall and first wrote down typhoid fever, then drew a small figure. The figure was clutching its belly with diarrhea, and the excrement flowed into the river.

"Typhoid fever, the plague invades the intestines, symptoms are diarrhea, vomiting, fever, and bleeding. The transmission method is contact with feces and contaminated water sources..."

Next was another small figure, covered with small dots, lying still on the ground. The figure exhaled into the air, and the breath flew into a neighboring small figure.

"Smallpox, the plague invades the whole body, symptoms are rashes all over, pus, and ulcers. The transmission method is respiratory droplets and contact with items used by the infected person..."

Then, the new small figure had the characteristic limb blackening of the rat plague, with rats and fleas around it.

"Rat plague, the plague invades the lungs, symptoms are fever, chills, bleeding, and gangrene. The transmission method is through rats and fleas, spreading the plague everywhere..."

The fourth small figure also had small dots all over.

"Measles, the plague invades the chest and abdomen, symptoms are red flat rashes, the transmission method is breathing. Similar to smallpox but with slightly milder symptoms."

When drawing the fifth small figure, Xiulote paused. He didn't know much about cholera, but for the next few hundred years, cholera should remain limited to India, not entering America. After thinking for a while, he drew a diarrhea figure and wrote roughly.

"Cholera, the plague invades the intestines, symptoms are watery diarrhea, transmission method is the same, contaminated water sources by patients' feces..."

Next, the sixth small figure had a swollen neck, and the seventh had a swollen mouth.

"Diphtheria, as the name suggests, the plague invades the neck, causing swelling and white patches, spreading through respiration. Mumps, the plague invades the cheeks, causing swelling, spreading through respiration... These two diseases are the killers of children!"

Xiulote took a deep breath. After pausing for a while, he drew a shivering small figure, with the words "hot" and "cold" marked beside it.

"Malaria, the plague invades the liver directly damaging the liver. Symptoms are chills and fever alternating across the body. Spread by mosquito bites."

The last small figure had blood-red eyes and tongue, vomiting blood.

"Yellow fever, the plague invades the lungs. Symptoms are fever, whole-body pain, red tongue, and eyes. Spread by mosquito bites."

Thinking of these two acute diseases, Xiulote sighed deeply and gave serious advice.

"Though malaria and yellow fever are listed last, their harm to the human body is no less than the first seven, perhaps even more severe! But since they rely on mosquito transmission, their spread is limited by geography, occurring in the hot and rainy lowland rainforests, not invading the Mexican Plateau where the Alliance is located."

Xiulote turned around, looking deeply toward the South.

Once Pandora's box is opened, if African Anopheles and Aedes mosquitoes enter America, malaria parasites and yellow fever viruses will permanently take root in the tropical rainforests. All the rainforest inhabitants of America will forever face the test of the plague, which is an unchangeable natural disaster for anyone! The only good news amidst the misfortune is that Anopheles and Aedes mosquitoes dislike the tropical highland climate, posing little threat to the heartland of the Alliance.

Chapter 838: National Affairs, Prevention and Treatment of Plague_2

"In the distant East, there are actually nine types of dangerous plague!"

Alisa murmured to herself, her eyes filled with concern. She tightened her grip on her lover's arm, her voice anxious.

"Xiulote, are there other dangerous plagues? If these extremely poisonous plagues spread to the Alliance, what should we do..."

"The essence of the plague is tiny life forms. With millions of lives in the world, the dangerous plagues naturally far exceed nine types! However, the nine that we currently need to be concerned about are the priority."

Xiulote smiled faintly, comforting his beloved.

"Alisa, the reason I brought you here to oversee the Kingdom's medicine is to treat plague prevention as the most important task! The major affairs of the country lie in the prevention and control of plagues. You don't need to be overly anxious; regarding these nine types of plague, I also have divine enlightenment and bestowed methods to counter them!"

After speaking, Xiulote frowned slightly, pondering for a while.

Based on the types of plague pathogens, these infectious diseases can be classified into bacterial and viral. The bacterial ones include typhoid, rat plague, cholera, diphtheria, malaria; the viral ones are smallpox, measles, epidemic mumps, yellow fever.

For bacterial diseases, the best countermeasure is naturally antibiotics. However, in this era, due to inefficient cultivation techniques, lack of purification technology, and insufficient observational

accuracy, it is absolutely impossible to produce high concentrations of antibiotics. But low-concentration penicillin solution can be attempted to produce. This is not for practical antibacterial use but to cultivate bacterial strains generation after generation.

To obtain genuinely effective penicillin, one must screen the penicillium strains for a long time. This is because penicillium frequently secretes simultaneously, both non-toxic antibacterial penicillin and toxic antibacterial penicillium. Crude penicillin can either cure diseases or be fatal, depending on luck. If non-toxic penicillin is mixed with a high proportion of toxic penicillium, it can instantly be a deadly poison!

The trial production of usable penicillin does not require many personnel but demands a very long time. Historically, after Fleming discovered penicillin, he cultivated penicillium for about ten years. He screened it generation after generation under a microscope, finally obtaining suitable penicillin strains, providing the foundational strains for large-scale penicillin industrial production.

"First task. Nashu, arrange several capable candidates to collect different types of penicillium from rotting grains and fruits. Then, cultivate the penicillium using sweeter fruit juices. Once the amount of penicillium accumulates to a certain extent, mix it with oil. Extract the lower water layer, then absorb it with charcoal powder, and then..."

At this point, Xiulote paused for a moment. He knew that penicillin dissolves in water and can be absorbed by charcoal powder. What next for further extraction?... The young man was unsure and thought for a bit, giving vague instructions.

"...then wash the charcoal powder separately with pure boiled water, acidic spring water, and alkaline ash water. Steam these waters to crystallize them, test the antibacterial properties with spoiled meat, and test toxicity with small animals... Retain antibacterial strains with low toxicity and cultivate them again..."

"...??? Your... Your Highness?"

Upon hearing this, Nashu slightly opened her red lips, her gaze turned utterly bewildered, as if her mind was being toyed with...

"Ahem!"

Xiulote lightly coughed, pondered, and said again.

"When you have some free time, come to me alone. I'll do it with you once... Later, select some patient and meticulous female workers, asking them to repeatedly do this work... for ten or twenty years!"

"Ten or twenty years?"

Alisa opened her bright eyes wide, finding it somewhat unbelievable.

"Yes, this is a very slow endeavor, success or failure depending on the Goddess of Destiny's blessing. Preliminary results always require ten to twenty years. If Losano can produce pure glass, it could speed up significantly."

Xiulote finished speaking, smiled, his eyes showing longing. If qualified penicillin could be obtained within several decades, it would truly be the Goddess of Destiny's gift! After a moment, he collected his thoughts and ordered again in a stern voice.

"Second task, organize the Alliance's various medicines, test their treatment capabilities for common plagues, and document them for reference. For example, tobacco can treat colds, peyote can deal with body inflammation... They all have certain antibacterial effects! The Alliance's Priest inheritance includes over 800 kinds of medicinal materials, mostly herbs, requiring detailed research and organization."

"At your service, Your Highness!"

Nashu nodded solemnly. Organizing all medicines and recording them in books is a complex and sensitive major project. Fortunately, the Priests, considering His Highness's reputation, should not pose too many obstacles.

Central and South America's isolation from Eurasia holds many magical plants, and herbal medicine thrives. Among thousands of plants, there must be medicines to counter various infectious diseases. However, systematic exploration and organization are needed. Historically, it was also South American indigenous Witch Doctors who first discovered that the bark of the cinchona tree could effectively treat malaria.

"Hmm... cinchona tree... We must begin the exploration of coastal areas soon, heading to the Inca!"

Xiulote mentally noted. Then, he looked serious and issued instructions solemnly.

"Third task, compile the first edition of the Priest's Manual for handling plagues!... Plagues grow on patients and can rapidly spread to others or flow into rivers and lakes. Therefore, when encountering infectious diseases, firstly isolate and treat patients and strictly bury excrement. Regardless of close relationships, others should avoid contact with patients, drink boiled water, wipe out disease-transmitting mosquitoes and rats... In severe cases, burn corpses and patient clothing. Deploy guards to cover mouth and nose with fine cloth and lock down the affected area. Even, if necessary, take decisive actions!..."

Chapter 839: National Affairs, Prevention and Treatment of Plague_3

Hearing the resolute means, Nashu's expression stiffened, as if she saw endless blood and fire before her eyes. She bowed her head and respectfully answered.

"Your Highness, your will is the mundane life!"

Xiulote nodded calmly, his face without any waves. He would take time, using the knowledge of later generations, to perfect the quarantine manual in detail and have the priests make preparations in advance. Then, his thoughts turned to the hot springs he enjoyed in the past two days, which had certain bactericidal effects.

"The fourth item, stock up on sufficient sulfur. Mix wood ash and oil and add sulfur powder to make sulfur soap... Using it to clean clothes or skin can strongly kill bacteria."

The advantage of the volcanic activities in Central America is the availability of sulfur mines to obtain potent bactericides. In areas where bacteria breed, burning sulfur powder or adding sulfur to mosquito-infested lakes would weaken the spread of certain miasma.

Night fell, and the sky was enveloped in darkness. The Personal Guard Warriors lit bonfires, illuminating the secluded valley in the woods. Xiulote fell into contemplation. For bacterial plagues, various symptomatic herbal treatments are key. This era's Celestial Empire medicine already has relatively mature responses for treating typhoid and malaria, using houttuynia cordata decoction for typhoid and artemisia for malaria, both passed down from previous medical texts.

"If only we could cross Hai Xi... to gain medical knowledge from the Ming Dynasty, obtaining various herbs like *houltuynia cordata* and *artemisia*, how wonderful that would be!..."

Xiulote fantasized for a long time, then gently shook his head. To cross Hai Xi, they would need Europe's navigation technology. Yet, once Europeans arrive, they will inevitably bring plagues. At this critical juncture, there is little time left for the American civilization, and it always feels pressing... After a while, he came to his senses and thought again about viral plague responses.

Viral infectious diseases include smallpox, measles, epidemic mumps, and yellow fever. The most concerning is naturally smallpox. At this time, the smallpox virus has ravaged Europe for years, spreading countless deaths. The first viral infectious disease brought by colonizers will surely be smallpox.

"How to deal with smallpox?... Naturally, it is through smallpox vaccination."

Xiulote recalled a novel set in the late Yuan Dynasty where the protagonist rose to power using smallpox vaccination, and the method was not complicated.

During this era, the human smallpox method already appeared in the South of the Celestial Empire. The common human smallpox techniques are the dry and moist methods. The so-called dry method is blowing pulverized scabs from healed smallpox patients into the nostrils of the vaccinee using a silver tube. The moist method involves grinding the scabs into powder, adding water to make a paste, and stuffing it into the nostrils with a cotton ball.

Essentially, the human smallpox method uses the weakened virus from recovering smallpox patients to infect the unvaccinated, causing them to have a mild case of smallpox. Once recovered, smallpox patients are immune for life. The immunity from the weakened virus can also fend off the unweakened virus.

The further development of the human smallpox method is using repeatedly harvested scabs as vaccines, selectively obtaining weaker smallpox viruses. The weakest virus, cowpox, is a close relative of the smallpox virus. However, this requires Eurasian cows, and they must carry cowpox.

"The more the vaccine strain is passed on, the more the potency is refined, the more meticulous the artificial selection. Fire poison is completely eliminated, leaving pure essence, ensuring safety and no harm..."

Similarly, the smallpox vaccination method can be used for measles. As for mumps and yellow fever, Xiulote did not have much knowledge and no clear solution.

"The fifth item, choose a secluded offshore island and establish a secret medical center to study miasma, experiment with... human smallpox and cowpox... Forget it, the Alliance has no access to the Eastern Sea, this is merely a preparation, not urgent for now."

Xiulote stopped halfway and then smiled relievedly, speaking aloud.

"Alright, today's teaching ends here! Prepare the barbecue; we will camp by the spring."

Alisa blinked her eyes, holding her lover tightly, feeling his strong heartbeat, and sensing his strong confidence and will. For some reason, the soft young girl felt a little hot. She looked up at the sky; the clouds obscured the moon, and soon there would be an autumn rain, soaking the profound earth.

"Xiulote... After we finish the roasted meat... let's eat avocado!"

The girl breathed softly into her lover's ear, making him feel electrified all over.

"I brought some avocados... As you said, it can promote the secretion of some hormones, and also that deer... The night is long; let's try together and explore some new... ceremonies..."

"Ah?..."

Xiulote's body heated up, and a spark ignited in his heart. He looked at his radiant lover, gritted his teeth, and said fiercely.

"Even if I don't eat avocado... I can still eat you up..."

"Oh, really? I don't believe it... hehe."

Seeing this, Nashu raised her eyebrows. She sighed helplessly, made a few gestures, and the warriors dispersed again.

Not long after, autumn rain fell from the sky, accompanied by thunder. Listening to the continuous thunder, the cool female warrior felt hot all over, her legs weak. When she looked down, she saw the earth had been softened and moistened by the rainwater.

Happy days are always busy and short. The rainy season was ending, the clouds absorbed the rainwater, and the thunder could not last long. A few days later, a convoy of messengers arrived from afar, bringing the latest reports from the Kingdom in the West.

The wind rises from the ends of the blue grass, and waves are formed from slight ripples. The autumn harvest in the world has ended, and the winds of war are about to sweep the East!

Chapter 840: Alliance, Kingdom and the Sea

The sun rose high, and the birds chirped softly. Warm sunlight illuminated the green mountains and forests, adding a few rays of brightness to the secluded valley with hot springs. The autumn wind blew through the woods, carrying the fresh scent of grass and trees, mingled with the mist from the hot springs, creating an almost heavenly scene on earth.

Xiulote bowed his head, gently kissed the sleeping Alisa, and then got up from the grass bed covered with a cotton blanket. He walked out of the wooden house by the hot spring, and the bright sunlight greeted him, causing him to squint his eyes involuntarily.

"I actually slept until noon..."

The young man murmured, stretched his body, and after a brief Samurai training, he felt sore in his lower back, struggling to exert his strength. He turned to look inside the house and couldn't help but sigh softly.

"...Ah! The tenderness of a woman is truly a hero's grave... No matter how brave, it's hard to withstand the day-and-night entanglement."

Nashu came silently with breakfast in hand. Hearing the prince's low sigh, she couldn't help but blush and pressed her lips together.

A few days ago, after consuming some supplements, the prince became overly vigorous. The princess couldn't bear it and had to ask Nashu to resist a few times. Although she was skilled in martial arts, it was her first time in such a situation, and she ended up in a bleak state, shedding tears.

When the princess came to her senses the next day, she felt both ashamed and angry, and extremely regretful. But as the prince's shadow slave, she was not an outsider; according to the Alliance's custom, she ultimately had to serve the prince... In the following days, with an additional helper, the princess gradually managed to cope with the prince.

In the last two days, she finally grasped some techniques, applying the teachings of the priestesses with the singing of a cat and the dance of a jellyfish, which the prince found hard to resist...

Thinking of this, the cool female Samurai stretched out her tongue and gently licked her upper lip. Then she bent slightly, placed the tray gracefully on the ground, and said elegantly.

"My lord, please have your lunch."

Xiulote turned his head slightly and saw the graceful Nashu, nodding. Then he noticed two avocados next to the corn cakes and felt a sudden tightness in his heart.

"Nashu, you..."

"My lord, you need to replenish your strength, otherwise tonight..."

Nashu smiled and winked mischievously. Then she pursed her lips, stood on her tiptoes, and mimicked the sound of a fox.

"Master, dear master... Wow~"

"Uh!... "

Xiulote's scalp tingled, and his back ached slightly. He hurriedly changed the topic.

"Have the Kingdom envoys left?"

"Not yet, but soon. The envoys rested for a night, and after having lunch, they will travel day and night back to the Kingdom."

"Good, very good!"

Xiulote nodded and reached into his robe, taking out a document.

"Add another Royal Decree and give it to the Camp Commander of the Chiwaco Garrison."

"As you command!"

Nashu put down the lunch and took the latest Royal Decree. She glanced at it briefly and only saw a drawing of a ship riding the waves.

As the female Samurai hurried away, Xiulote looked westward, deeply contemplative.

The envoys brought news that this year's autumn harvest was good, from south to north, it was another bountiful year. After the autumn harvest, various corps preparing for the eastern expedition began gathering, and the sound of war was imminent!

The main force of eight thousand Guajili Legion and four thousand Imperial Guard Legion were gathered at the River Mouth Fortress on the northern bank of the Lerma River, waiting for the Kingdom Fleet's transportation. Meanwhile, the five thousand Tekos Tribal Warriors who had surrendered during the southern expedition gathered in Zicao County by the southern bank of the Tarsas River, to be transported by the southern naval forces of both the Alliance and the Kingdom. Combining the two

routes with the three thousand Imperial Guards from the Texcoco Lake District, the Kingdom had a grand army of twenty thousand!

The logistics for the twenty thousand troops were to be supplied locally by the Alliance. The veteran general Etalik of Zicao County, who commanded the Purple Grass Army, had last month dispatched five hundred samurai to garrison in Tal Village, a strategic point upstream of the Tarsas River. They would quickly build fortifications to control the upper river, providing an additional layer of logistical support for the Southern Army.

As for internal defense within the Kingdom, Monkey Kuluka guarded the north against the Chapala Lake Region downstream to the west; Ezpan guarded the southwest to stabilize the Tekos tribes; Jaguar Olosh guarded the Capital Region, overseeing the overall situation of the Kingdom. These three legions would remain stationed and not participate in the eastern expedition.

After the miracle of the hot-air balloons spread, the Kingdom became more stable. With the first batch of harvest gathered, the development of the southern Apa Plain gradually got on track. Meanwhile, the Southern Shipbuilding Department by Atoyac Lake in Zicao County had been operating for over six months, launching several batches of double-hulled canoes and the first batch of Crocodile God oar-sail ships.

Further southwest, at the mouth of the Tarsas River, the iron ore at Black Rock Mountain had begun extraction and smelting on a small scale. The age of ironware was dawning!

Following Xiulote's instructions, experienced bronze craftsmen from the Kingdom were summoned to explore the initial iron smelting techniques. They built kilns and, after three months, produced the first batch of iron—sponge iron. The quality of the Black Rock Mountain iron ore was low, with many impurities in the smelting process. The iron was very soft and spongelike, unusable directly.

Subsequently, the craftsmen stuffed charcoal into the gaps of the iron blocks, repeatedly melting and forging them to remove the impurities and improve the iron's quality. After another two months of trial and error, they finally produced the first usable batch of iron in early September. However, this batch was still just ordinary cast iron, hard and brittle, only suitable for making tools, not weapons.

"The technology of iron smelting, from nothing to something, always starts slowly. But as long as there is a beginning and direction, there is hope for the future!"