

Civilization 84

Chapter 84: Unrivaled!_3

The Head Warrior's footsteps darted; he twisted his body to the side, his left hand holding the shield at an angle to fend off the Battle Axe, while his right hand swung the War Club, deflecting the trajectory of the Battle Axe as well. This kind of defense was like dancing on the edge of life and death, requiring extremely agile movement and exceptionally skilled Martial Arts. If he were not the most seasoned warrior, it would be impossible to continuously seize the right moments.

Under Totec's relentless assault, Bertade was forced to take small steps back. He dodged the greatest force of the Battle Axe, yet always entangled, blocking Totec's path of pursuit. The Head Warrior struggled to hold on for a few breaths until Stanley finally snapped out of it. He roared, lifting the Great Shield once again and pounced towards Totec. The shield smacked and blocked, helping Bertade share the burden. Together, they finally stood their ground, stabilizing their defense to jointly hold off Totec's charge.

From the Longbow's rapid firing, the sudden assault, to the Kings' retreat, and the War Generals' clash, all these events hadn't even lasted a quarter hour, and both sides' guards had already suffered dozens of casualties.

The same drum beat simultaneously erupted, startling birds in the forest and shaking the clouds in the sky. As if in a concerted symphony, the silent Samurai began to move forward on the drums' command.

Seeing the sudden change in the center of the battlefield, the City-State army of Teotihuacan that was prepared early reacted first. They launched their attack at the first opportunity!

"Depose the King, return to our homeland!" With a unified shout, Xiuxoke led Olosh into the charge. Two hundred Jaguar warriors decisively assaulted towards the Royal Banner of Tizoc as it began to

retreat. The remaining three thousand Battle Group moved rapidly northward, wedging into the gap between a thousand Eagle Warrior Battalion and the Royal Banner, first separating them.

Seeing Tizoc's Royal Banner briefly fall then rise again, the Eagle Nobility warriors were in turmoil, guessing the King's fate. Then, the sudden betrayal by Teotihuacan's army completely cut off their connection with the King, and the Nobility warriors' morale wavered, their actions hesitant.

Next, a thousand Jaguar Nobility warriors also charged with a tiger's roar, engaging the Eagle Warrior Battalion directly. These Nobility Samurai were always swift and adept at quick assaults, but now, they changed their usual demeanor. The Jaguar warriors formed shielded Formations, let out earth-shaking battle cries, yet only skirmished sporadically with the opposition.

Both sides' Nobility warriors, coming from the Royal Capital City, were mostly familiar with each other, many related by blood or marriage. Without the King's strong command, they wouldn't actively fight to the death.

The seventeen thousand warriors directly under the Royal Family also fought each other. They gazed at the familiar faces, watched the center of the battlefield where the situation was dramatically changing, just like the dramatically changing hearts of people! The warriors looked at one another, ignoring the distant urging of the Battle Group Commanders. They slowed their actions, reaching some unspoken consensus. Though they seemed to be fighting, it was more like a standoff.

On both sides, the warriors simply swung their shields at each other, tightly defending while shouting unintelligible cries. It seemed as if by mutual understanding, they all distracted themselves, looking towards the two Royal Banners, observing the unfolding situation.

The real fighting was only occurring around the vicinity of the Royal Banners, yet it was intense beyond imagination.

Totec heard the cries and glanced quickly backwards, only to see Xiuxoke leading the City-State army, charging towards where the Royal Banner was located. His heart sank, and looking ahead again, he saw Xiulote dragging Aweit, who had already escaped twenty meters away; further back, the retreating Longbow Warriors had begun to stop their steps, reorganizing their formations, lifting their Longbows once more.

Victory was swiftly slipping through his fingers, the King about to face grave danger! Totec steeled himself and let out an inhuman roar. He charged forward in two quick steps, getting up close to Bertade, but instead of defending himself, he hurled the huge axe sideways with force.

"King, duck down!" Bertade had no time to attack Totec and, turning his head in urgency, he bellowed.

The Battle Axe whirled through the air. On hearing the shout, Xiulote turned, shuddering in fright. He violently pulled Aweit, causing both of them to fall onto the ground. The howling Battle Axe flew over their heads, and with a swish, it chopped off Aweit's Commander's flag, then with a thud, stuck deep into the soil in front of the youth, the axe handle within reach.

Xiulote subconsciously touched his own head. Luckily, it was still there, and he wasn't bald.

Then he looked towards Aweit, who was also visibly shaken, compulsively touching his disheveled hair. It was the first time the young man saw undisguised fear and relief on his teacher's face.

Xiulote once again observed Totec's formidable figure, but saw that he had turned around, nimbly dodged Stanley's war club, withstood Bertade's side attack with his double-layered leather armor, then surged forward again, charging towards Tizoc's royal banner without hesitation.

The Tonsured Guards also split in two, half following Totec to the rescue, while the other half continued to fight to the death. Bolts from the longbow followed immediately, killing dozens of Imperial Guard Warriors, but Totec was already too far away.

The family warriors surrounding them once again rushed over, forming layers of protection around the two and raising the royal banner from the ground once more.

Finally, the boy let out a sigh of relief and calmed down. He removed his helmet and wiped the sweat from his head with the leather armor on his arm; the sprinting escape just now was utterly exhausting, completely reaching the peak of his life's 50-meter dash.

When he became a little more composed, Xiulote reached out, trying to pull the great axe that was fully embedded in the ground, but he couldn't pull it out at that moment.

The boy then looked toward that retreating burly figure, the bright red blood-stained war armor; his heart, which had just settled, was once again stirred. He couldn't help but exclaim loudly in admiration.

"Truly a Great General without equal!"

"Without equal? Does it mean there's no one that can match?" Aweit also quickly recovered, his face returning to its usual calm. He put on the King's authority, hiding the fluctuation of his emotions, scrutinizing the intense battlefield as well as the unfathomable human heart.

"Yes, I always knew Totec was formidable, but I never imagined to this extent! Blood stained on the armor shines red; throughout history, charging into formation to save a dire king. How could Tizoc have such an unrivaled Great General!"

In the young man's heart, there was nothing but admiration.

Aweit reflected quietly. The fact that Xiulote could save him amidst Totec's rapid assault meant that the youth didn't hesitate at all once he saw the situation was critical. He then remembered that before the decisive battle, he had already announced to the generals that should he perish, his student would inherit the throne.

The King remained silent, his face tranquil like a still lake, quietly watching the battlefield, yet complex emotions swirled in his heart.

"After this battle, you too are my Great General without equal!"