

## Civilization 85

### Chapter 85: Fleeing South

The midday sun still shone, but now it carried the light of a narrow escape from death. Beneath the sun, the fierce battle raged on between the personal guard and the eagerly observing warriors from both sides.

Xiulote admired Totec's retreating figure. Following that direction, he saw the nearby Tizoc Royal Banner with envy. Further ahead, a charging squad of Jaguar warriors caught his attention, led by two familiar figures fearlessly assaulting under the royal banner.

"This is bad, very bad!" Seeing his father and Olosh, Xiulote swiftly realized the situation. He suddenly leaped up, seizing Aweit's arm.

"Quick, Aweit, we must charge towards Tizoc. My father and the others can't hold back Totec alone!"

"Yes! The moment has come, we cannot let Tizoc slip away!"

Aweit once again swung the Divine Staff, and the royal banner moved forward. Beside him, hundreds of family warriors with Great Shields and Copper Spears immediately advanced. Under Stanley's command, they bypassed the fiercely resisting hundred Imperial Guards and charged directly towards Tizoc's royal banner.

Xiulote also rallied the Longbow Guards, and together with Bertade, they too sprinted forward once more.

Totec, striding meteorically, had already reached under the Tizoc royal banner. Moments before, he had hurled his massive axe, but sadly fell short of success, for Aweit was saved by a short warrior whose face was unclear. Now, he had armed himself with a spare shield and war club, ready to fight for the king's protection!

He quickly surveyed the situation. The betrayal of the Teotihuacan Battalion was a direct and critical blow; the balance of power had suddenly shifted, putting the Royal Army at a distinct disadvantage. Even more crucially, the connection between the royal banner and the direct battalion had been severed. Without the commander's control, the loyalty of the Eagle Nobility and their warriors was now in doubt!

Totec hesitated no longer. He let out another deep, thunderous roar to bolster both his and the Guard's spirit, then charged directly towards the approaching Jaguar Warrior squad.

Hearing the roar, Xiulote shivered momentarily, as he still harbored a psychological shadow from Totec's previous battle cries. The young man looked ahead only to see Totec holding his shield with his left hand and swinging the war club with his right.

The tip of the club was as fast as lightning, striking a Jaguar warrior at a vital point, the force piercing through the body, tipping the warrior sideways to the ground, dead from the blow; the resonance of the club, like crashing thunder, continued pummeling on the Jaguars, shattering their bones, causing them to tremble and fall, soon writhing in agony. In just moments, nearly a dozen Jaguar warriors had fallen.

Dressed in Double Armor and wearing a Beast Helmet, Xiuxoke stood shoulder to shoulder with Olosh, also adorned as a Jaguar warrior, both bravely advancing. Totec swung his club horizontally, but Olosh skillfully blocked it, while Xiuxoke struck powerfully from behind.

Totec furrowed his brow and stepped back quickly. He moved nimbly, his left hand dancing with the shield to block their attacks, his right hand gripping the club, ready to strike. Warriors in fast motion and strong attacks often reveal flaws, and Totec's eyes, sharp as a hawk's, watched their every move.

Xiuxoke, clearly agitated, delivered a forceful club strike, exhausting his strength but missed as Totec stepped back, causing Xiuxoke to stagger slightly.

Totec immediately raised his left hand, hurling the shield at Olosh with great force, then gripped the club with both hands, his upper body slightly turned in preparation, and delivered a powerful, sweeping blow.

In the blink of an eye, Xiuxoke could only brace his shield in front, but then an irresistible massive force struck, hurling him several meters along with his shield. He fell to the ground coughing up blood, limbs numbed and weak, body twitching slightly, unable to move for the moment.

Olosh barely managed to dodge the shield when he witnessed the scene. He gasped in shock and swiftly stepped back to protect Xiuxoke. Surrounding City-State Jaguar Warriors also crowded in, dragging Xiuxoke away by the hands and legs.

From a distance, Xiulote cried out in alarm. Fortunately, slaughtering the great general was not Totec's goal. Seeing the Jaguar squad retreat, he did not pursue them.

Totec simply stood his ground, taking several deep breaths to recover the rapidly depleted energy from the intense battle. An Imperial Guard picked up the shield from the ground and respectfully handed it to the grim-faced Supreme Commander, his body stained with blood from the battle.

Totec nodded, noting the Jaguar squad had indeed retreated far enough. He then turned once more, leading two hundred Tonsured Guards back into the fray on the left side of the Teotihuacan warriors. He aimed to reconnect with the Eagle Warrior Battalion and, with his undoubted authority, regain control over the battalion.

In the loose battle formation, ordinary warriors could not support each other effectively. Totec always managed to create opportunities for one-on-one attacks, and with each strike, he felled an enemy. In less than a quarter of an hour, he had already knocked down more than a dozen men, nearly clearing through the battle lines, barely seeing the Eagle Warrior Battalion in the distance.

A fierce scowl appeared on Totec's face. An experienced Supreme Commander like him could judge the intensity of the battle just by the size of the clash zone.

He had realized that the Eagle Nobility Battalion was not fighting intensely; these noble warriors were just forming a dense shield formation, engaging in single-sided clashes with a similarly dense formation of Jaguar warriors. War clubs struck each other's shields, causing a loud clashing noise, but almost no warriors from either side were getting hurt.

At that moment, the dull sound of drawing bows rang out again.

Finally, Xiulote brought the Longbow Guards to a position 150 meters from the royal banner, suitable for flat shooting. He quickly arranged the Longbow Warriors in a line formation, increasing the shooting angle. Rapid arrows burst forth like a waterfall, and the archers began firing at a rate of 10 arrows per minute.