

Civilization 89

Chapter 89 Withering

After about half an hour's run, the battlefield finally appeared before their eyes.

Xiulote climbed the nearest mound and peered down; four to five hundred meters away, the towering figure of Totec appeared once more. He was leading over thirty Imperial Guards forward, charging at the Royal Warriors who were obstructing the formation, with Tizoc guarded by more than fifty Imperial Guards behind him.

The young Commander furrowed his brow. He had seen the exact state of the battlefield and couldn't say that the group of Royal Warriors was shirking their duties.

Every three hundred of them formed a dense shield formation, primarily focusing on defense. Seeing Totec leading the Imperial Guards in a charge, they would try to sidestep to avoid the fierce onslaught, aiming to wear down Totec's stamina. They waited for the rear guard where Tizoc was to get closer, then moved forward again to entangle repeatedly, forcing Totec to return to aid his troops. Ten shield formations alternated in this manner, continuously harassing the enemy.

Put plainly, it was still akin to a pack of wolves tearing at their prey, attacking relentless to exhaust the opponent's stamina and capturing the prey with minimal casualties.

Totec would occasionally burst into the shield formations, striking swiftly a few times, taking down the squad leaders at the front before retreating before he could be swarmed. He would not stray too far from the supporting Imperial Guards, preventing himself from being surrounded from both front and back. Once encircled by the dense formations, losing speed and space, even the most valiant of warriors could only hold out for a moment.

Each effective assault would heavily drain his stamina and add some new wounds, but it also plunged the shield formations ahead into stagnation and chaos, losing command for at least a quarter of an hour.

To break through such layered obstructions, either the speed of the assault had to surpass the rate of the shield formations' alternation, as Totec was doing now—already leaving a significant number of shield formations behind. If his stamina was sufficient, he could completely break through with the King in half an hour.

The other method was to continue the struggle until nightfall. When darkness descended, the dense shield formations would fall apart, and the military formations would become difficult to coordinate. During a night battle, the individual combat ability of the warriors was amplified, and with Totec's capacity, breaking through would be a breeze.

Xiulote gestured with his hand; Bertade nodded his head, both having conspired earlier with a simple and crude plan.

As the Samurai continued to march into position and the deep sound of drawing bows rose again, any possibility of breaking through was lost.

Totec halted his steps. He turned around to look at the nearby mound. More than a hundred paces away, Longbows took aim. The Commander cloaked in a cape stood in front, the same diminutive Samurai who had saved Aweit. Beside the diminutive warrior were three familiar old adversaries: Stanley holding the Great Shield, Bertade drawing the Longbow, and Olosh gripping the Javelin.

"Tizoc, surrender!" called out the youth, removing his helmet to reveal a face that was delicate yet resolute.

All this effort, of course, was not for the doomed King. The youth's gaze was fixated on Totec as if beholding a rare treasure.

Totec also looked at the youth. His body was covered in indelible bloodstains, his face was full of dust, and his brow could not hide his fatigue, yet his expression remained as steadfast as a rock.

No matter how difficult the situation, his unwavering will would never give up!

Seeing Xiulote's face, Totec was slightly surprised, then the only thought he pondered was recalling the youth's identity. His gaze immediately sharpened, he slightly bent his body, breathing quickly to conserve energy. Then he slowly moved forward, his whole body poised and ready to strike like a Jaguar ready to pounce.

Only by capturing the youth alive could he have the slightest hope of escape!

"So it's you, you little mongrel! It was you all along!" Tizoc suddenly realized, shouting loudly from within the protection of the Imperial Guards' Great Shields.

In the two days of fleeing south, he had repeatedly dissected the failings of the civil unrest but had never been able to make sense of the events.

How could Aweit suddenly appear at the mountainous camp? Why were Ktok's reinforcements in the hands of Aweit? Why did Xiuxoke's legion betray him at the most crucial moment? Now, he believed he finally understood the whole truth of the matter.

"So the puppeteer behind the scenes is Xutel, that old fox! The old fox colluded with a venomous snake!" he exclaimed.

"The sinister snake has bitten me once, and the cunning jackal too has bitten me, and now even this little pup that hasn't yet grown its teeth wants to take a bite! Tell me, who else is there? Quetzal, that old venomous frog, has he betrayed me too?"

Xiulote's appearance seemed to shatter the last shred of sanity in Tizoc, and madness once again took over his eyes. He waved the Divine Staff in his hand excitedly, and the composure of a warrior once again vanished from his being.

"Tell my brother, this little mongrel is a threat to his throne, and he is the reincarnation of Montezuma. He will sooner or later die at the hands of the old fox and the jackal! Only by killing them..."

As Tizoc shouted towards Stanley, madness kept him from being rational, but it could not erase the cunning ingrained in his very bones. Perhaps imagining the delightful scene of his enemies slaughtering each other, his excitedly waving Divine Staff deflected the shield in front, revealing a significant gap.

"Shut up!" Xiulote could no longer bear Tizoc's slander and instigation against his grandfather, father, and Aweit. Infuriated, he swung the War Club, ready to cast aside the original plan and order the Longbow Warriors to shoot in unison, no longer concerned about the possibility of accidentally injuring Totec!

"Whoosh!" A sharp Lightning struck with the loud sound of air being ripped, carrying a slight curve, in the blink of an eye it passed through the gap opened by the shields, directly hitting Tizoc behind them. The King was instantly silenced!

Bertade's Longbow trembled, and a smug smile appeared on the corners of his mouth, proudly admiring his own shot.