

## Civilization 90

### Chapter 90 Withering\_2

Totec listened to the voice, his heart trembling. He changed the angle of his force and charged toward the King, but it was already too late.

The long arrow, with a quivering sound, pierced through Tizoc's throat with a thud. Then, carrying immense kinetic energy, it tore through the King's windpipe and sliced open his right common carotid artery from the inside. A great amount of blood gushed from within the neck, streaming into the adjacent trachea.

Tizoc could no longer speak. He collapsed in Totec's arms, struggling to breathe, but could only gasp out mouthfuls of bloody foam. The King, in the triple agony of choking, suffocating, and bleeding, struggled for several dozen seconds before his hand loosened, the Divine Staff falling to the ground, granting him eternal release.

Bertade's smile froze. His aim had been the eyes, so the process would have been quick, and the King wouldn't have suffered much.

Stanley said admiringly, "As soon as the Commander said 'shut up,' the Head Warrior shot an arrow through Tizoc's throat, a shot worthy of the God of the Hunt! That's the first merit of this battle!"

Since they had joined forces against Totec two days before, Stanley's impression of Bertade had greatly improved. He thought that although the other came from a humble background, he was indeed a warrior no less brave than himself. And between warriors, mutual admiration was only right.

Olosh sneered, "To hit the throat from over a hundred steps away, I couldn't do that! You must be the lame tiger that caught a blind rabbit, purely by luck."

The calm, weather-beaten warrior's old face turned red. He simply looked up at the sky, paying no further heed to the envious crowd. Above, the noon sun rose high into the sky.

Although the three mighty warriors felt a pang at Tizoc's death, there was little turmoil in their hearts. Their spirits were high, longing only for a broader sky!

However, not all warriors longed for the future; some already left their faith and vows in the past.

The battlefield fell silent, the old King was dead, all was at rest.

Totec held the dead King, his arms drenched in blood that flowed down his limbs, across his body, and onto the earth at his feet.

All would return to the earth, as per his oath.

Totec remained motionless, like a statue set in stone. Head bowed, Xiulote couldn't make out the expression on his face. Beside him, the Imperial Guards had also lost their animation, like withered trees bereft of life.

The youth waited for a moment and, seeing the statues remained motionless, decided to take the initiative.

"Totec! Tizoc has passed away! I will give him a glorious and grand funeral! I will conduct a Sacrificial Rite to guide him into the Divine Kingdom! Come, help me!"

As if those words flipped a switch, Totec finally slowly bent over. He laid the King's body on the ground and gently closed the eyes, which were opened wide in pain. Then, with slight effort, he pulled out the long arrow lodged in the King's throat.

Then he removed his double-layered armor and with a bronze Long Dagger cut through his undershirt, tearing a long strip of cotton. The sharp blade cut through the muscles on his chest, oozing out threads of fresh blood. His demeanor didn't change one bit, as he slowly and steadily wrapped the King's wounded throat, then straightened the King's appearance.

The youth's words stuck in his throat. He said no more, silently watching the scene, a bad premonition forming in his heart.

Totec knelt on one knee and finally performed a ritual of allegiance to the deceased King. Then he stood up and faced the youth.

Xiulote observed carefully and saw that Totec's face bore no sadness, anger, pain, or relief. His usually stern, impassive face now lacked even temperature, like an inanimate boulder.

"Heart as dead as ashes, now we're in trouble!" The youth felt uneasy and made a last attempt.

"Totec, surrender! Tizoc is dead, Aweit is the new King. We can pledge our loyalty together to Aweit! If you surrender, the position of the Supreme Commander can still be yours! Whatever you want, I can promise on behalf of Aweit, such as the status of a Third Level Nobility or a wife from the Royal Family..."

The youth felt perhaps his own prestige wasn't enough, so he took on the role of granting titles and making promises on behalf of Aweit, surety that Aweit would agree. After all, an army is easy to obtain, but a good general is hard to find. With such a fierce warrior, one could form a strong Battle Group to strike at enemy commanders in major battles and secure critical victories. With him, conquering the world would be much easier. Besides, Totec's leadership skills were clear for all to see.

Totec just shook his head gently.

"We could join hands to conquer this world! The Tarasco, the Tlaxcalans, the Otomi, the Mistecs, the Zapotecs... We could work together to conquer all of them! This is also the will of our predecessor Montezuma!"

Xiulote, increasingly frantic, realized that the Great General refused to surrender and remembered that the previous generation of warriors were young men during the reign of Montezuma, who held a particularly special place and influence in their hearts. So he cited the alleged will of the former king.

Totec nodded, then shook his head, and finally spoke.

"The will of our predecessor Montezuma was to integrate this Alliance. He said, 'I have conquered enough land; my descendants must unify this fragmented Alliance into one entity. Reduce the Priest's

divine power, increase control over the City-States, decrease the Great Nobility's lands, for this is the path to enduring peace.'