

## Civilization 94

### Chapter 94: Feast of Resonance

Back at the main camp, it was dinner time, and the air was filled with the enticing aroma of roasted corn cakes, the grassy smell of roasted amaranth, and the spicy scent of roasted chili peppers.

Xiulote sniffed, a bit hungry from the journey, but he had pressing matters to attend to now.

He sent Bertade to arrange for the army to set up camp and prepare meals, Olosh to check on his father's injuries, and took Stanley with him to the central tent to report back on military affairs.

As soon as he entered the tent, the young man saw Aweit sitting majestically on the throne. After a week apart, his friend had become even more composed, every move radiating the regalia of a king, his glance alone was enough to send chills down one's spine.

Many commanders sat on either side of the tent, those directly under the royal authority on the left, and the city-state legion commanders on the right. The commanders quietly conversed among themselves, and big cups of cold cocoa were already placed on the simple wooden tables, indicating that the banquet was about to begin.

Xiulote smiled slightly, noticing his old friend Acap also seated near Aweit.

Acap looked a bit thinner but was vibrant. Before the decisive battle, he had been sent out to soothe and connect with the surrounding city-state legions. Seeing the tens of thousands of City-State Warriors near the main camp now, it seemed he had done quite well.

Upon seeing the young man enter, Acap also showed joy and nodded at him.

There were four seats near Aweit, one closest to him still empty. The remaining two were occupied by visitors from the capital city.

The seat near the throne was occupied by a samurai in his thirties. He had a lean face with a square jaw, dignified demeanor, and a stern expression, his eyebrows exuded dominance. At that moment, he was slightly raising his head, carefully sizing up the young man entering the tent, his eyes sparkling with intellect and contemplation.

The other seat held a young Priest in his twenties, oddly dressed in a Fifth-Level wolf Priest robe. His appearance was handsome, his face always carried a slight smile, which seemed uninviting yet possessed a worldly, aristocratic air. At this time, he was also curiously observing the young man.

Seeing the young noble priest, Stanley behind him snorted heavily through his nose, showing a bit of disdain. The noble priest just pursed his lips, not sparing Stanley a glance.

Then two samurais entered, carrying the body of Tizoc and placing it in the center of the large tent. The autumn on the Highland was not cold, and since Tizoc had been dead for three days, the body had begun to emit a faint odor of decay.

The tent instantly fell silent. The front row of legion commanders wore complex expressions, and the higher-ranking samurais stood up to inspect the body. All the commanders stared at the body of the former king, silent for a moment.

"King, Tizoc has fallen in battle, Totec has also taken his own life. We were fortunately not disgraced on our mission southwards; you are now the sole king!"

Xiulote knelt on one knee, bowed his head slightly, holding the Divine Staff in both hands. In such a formal setting with all division commanders present, it was imperative to maintain the King's majesty.

The tent filled with legion commanders suddenly burst into exclamations. It seemed only at that moment, upon hearing the young man's report directly, could they believe that Tizoc was truly dead, that the body before them was indeed their king.

Excitement flashed in Aweit's eyes as he rose from the throne, walked over, and gently took the Divine Staff, handing it to a guard behind him, then lifted the young man up with both hands.

"You have worked hard on this expedition! You deserve the foremost credit in this battle!"

The king loudly praised, holding Xiulote's hand, his sharp gaze sweeping across all the commanders in the tent.

"This is my beloved commander Xiulote! He is the grandson of the High Priest Xutel of the Holy City, my dearest student, and also the fiancé of my eldest daughter! Come, let everyone drink this cup, to honor our triumphant warrior!"

The commanders in the tent were solemn. They picked up the cocoa from the tables, stood up together, and were just about to toast when they hesitated for a moment, looking at each other: how should they address him?

It was the stern samurai at the head of the table who reacted the fastest, grasping the essence. He approached, raising his ceramic cup above his chest, bowed his head solemnly: "To his Highness!"

The crowd then together bowed deeply: "To his Highness!" and then drained the large cups of icy cocoa.

The bright red juice of the cocoa dripped from the commanders' lips, a beverage for samurais and nobility, also a gift from the gods. The icy cocoa was mixed with specially prepared fruit juice for coloring, and honey, spices, and chili pepper for flavoring, much like the blood of the gods.

The commanders saluted loudly, giving the young man a strange sensation, akin to the buzz of being slightly drunk.

He remained firm, bowed his head in return, smelling the sweet aroma of honey in the air, the spicy scent of the spices, and the sharpness of the chili pepper. Recalling the bitter, spicy, and sweet taste of the cold cocoa, his heart twitched slightly, his expression turned bitter. However, the slight drunken sensation had quickly faded away.

Only then did Aweit approach Tizoc's body, looking at the pale, blood-stained face and smelling the faint scent of death. His elation slowly receded, his eyes gradually revealing profound sadness.

After all, this was his sibling's younger brother, with whom he had shared over a decade of childhood warmth. Although they had later become enemies due to power struggles, the warm memories of the past could not be erased.

"Perhaps, only when facing a dead enemy, a body posing no threat, does the warmth flow again from the heart of a king, coating the cruel struggles for power with a tender veil," reflected Xiulote, watching his deeply saddened friend.

"Bringing back such a body is indeed better than bringing back a brother who would eventually be turned into a corpse by Aweit. At least this way, I can preserve a bit more warmth for my friend!"

It was a long while before Aweit awakened from his reminiscences. His eyes regained their usual indifference.