

## Civilization 941

### Chapter 941: Battle of Tree Snake City, Warriors in a Desperate Charge\_2

"Bang! Bang!!"

The bronze axe and stone hammer clashed instantly, erupting with a deafening roar, each strike deadly enough. Two warriors raised their weapons high, fighting fiercely, and after only three shocking exchanges, the moment of life and death arrived!

"Dong!"

Tlahtolli knelt on the ground, his face completely pale, his fingers trembling. He could barely hold his weapon, the heavy stone hammer had already broken its wooden handle. His side's cotton armor had a long scratch, the bronze armor plate inside was cut open, revealing slightly grazed skin. If not for his serpent-like agile footsteps and the cloth-covered bronze armor he wore... that last strike would have killed him on the spot.

"Cough, cough!..."

Moteloki lay on the ground, his left shoulder caved in, shattered by a single blow. The artery beneath his collarbone was broken, rapidly bleeding internally, draining his remaining life. The enraged vanguard warrior "coughed" out a mouthful of bright red blood, glaring at the enemy who killed him, uttering his final curse of life.

"May the Chief Divine bless! The Tlaxcalans... they all must die!... Cough! Uh..."

Around the two main generals, warriors from both sides pounced at one another, like kindling set ablaze, embracing and burning together. Tlahtolli was dragged back several meters by a few self-sacrificing trusted aides, and after a while, he struggled to stand up. He looked at the heroic axe-wielding warrior opposite him, now turned into a warm corpse, being carried down the wall by two grief-stricken copper-armored warriors.

"...Your Most High Majesty! The brave Vanguard General, hereditary noble of the Lake Capital City, Eagle Warrior Moteloki, has just died in battle on the city wall!"

"Hmm!"

King Aweit's eyes widened abruptly as he looked at the returning trusted aide, his expression cold as frost. Moteloki was a renowned warrior under his command, unexpectedly meeting his end here. The king looked deeply outside the eastern city wall, at the dozens of copper-armored elites who had just retreated, and then mercilessly decreed.

"Decapitate every retreating warrior, mount their heads on long spears for display! Tell the accursed Chichimiqui, if he cannot take the eastern wall, he must die there for me!"

"Yes! As you command!"

The trusted aide quivered as if chilled, respectfully bowing deeply before hastening to relay the orders.

Soon after, following a series of wails, dozens of blood-dripping heads stood tall at the front of the formation. The Royal Legion at the forefront fell silent in an instant. A middle-aged great general stood high, shouting loudly, personally striking the charge drumbeats. Then, another thousand copper-armored warriors burst into a high-spirited cry, rushing to reinforce the city wall!

"Your Most High Majesty! The Tzompantli warriors of the South City have opened a breach on the city wall!"

"Oh?!"

Upon hearing the trusted aide's report, Aweit's spirit lifted. Standing on a small hill southeast of Snake City, he could see the situation at both the east and south cities. In the middle of South City, dozens of Tzompantli warriors had already secured the city wall. Leading them was a burly general, draped in a platinum-colored cloth-covered bronze armor, wielding a shield and war club, fighting valiantly on the wall, unstoppable by any opponent!

"Good! Such a formidable assault general!"

Aweit watched for a moment, clapping his hands in praise. The Tlaxcala warriors from the North City were clearly not elite, immediately falling behind when faced with the fearless Tzompantli trusted aides avenging their Legion Commander's death.

"Hmm, what is his name?"

"Your Majesty, he is the most renowned warrior of Tzompantli City, Head Warrior of Legion Commander Xochitl's family, Turquoise Texiwhit!"

"Oh? Xochitl's family Head Warrior, Turquoise Texiwhit?"

Upon hearing this, an inexplicable glimmer flashed in King Aweit's eyes. Moments later, he confidently lifted his head, laughing as he made a promise.

"Haha, good! Such an elite warrior should serve the royal family! If he returns alive, I shall promote him to a hereditary noble, grant him land in Chinampa, and make him a Hundred-man Team captain in my Tonsured Guard Camp!"

In the past two years, besides the Eagle and Jaguar noble battle groups, Aweit has reselected valiant warriors from various parts to rebuild a thousand-strong Tonsured Guard Camp.

The Tonsured Guard Camp offers generous treatment, regardless of background. Even descendants of the Canine from the wilderness could be enlisted if they were bold enough. During this eastern campaign, he allowed the City State Army to besiege and battle, consuming strength, while also selecting heroic warriors from various legions to replenish vacancies in the Tonsured Guard Camp.

In the ambitious king's view, this Tonsured Guard Camp was solely loyal and courageous Personal Army belonging to him!

"Shoo shoo shoo!"

"Boom!"

Arrows intertwined like rain, copper cannons roared like giant beasts. After only a few quarters of the brutal siege, another layer of bodies covered the city wall, stained with blood. Fresh blood mingled with old traces, forming a captivating dark red hue, dark under the dim sunlight.

Ten days of siege, both sides fought to the death without regard for life, the bloodshed shocking the eyes. The attacking casualties exceeded the expectations of King Aweit and the Legion Commanders.

Even though the cities of Central America were far more rudimentary than those of the Celestial Empire, and the Mexica Alliance's equipment was superior, the cost of the siege was still extremely high. Facing the large numbers of Tlaxcala militia, the Alliance Army could easily crush them in field battles, but needed the lives of warriors to fill in during the siege!

In these ten days, the Alliance's five legions lost a total of four thousand noble warriors and consumed four thousand trench-filling militia. In fact, Tlaxcala was not far from the Alliance, and there were numerous militia available. But to fully infiltrate the city before the heavy rains came, it had to rely on capable warriors!

To hastily capture Snake City, Aweit strictly ordered the Royal Legion to assault day and night, resulting in the deaths of two thousand Royal Warriors! Among them, seven to eight hundred were elite in copper armor. The other three City State Army legions also each lost six to seven hundred men.

As for the defending Tlaxcalans, they suffered at least two to three thousand Tree Snake warriors and over four thousand militia casualties. Along with losses from night raids, the defending army in the city was nearly halved.

At this moment, the Alliance attacked on all four sides simultaneously to disperse the defenders' forces as much as possible. Because the king knew well that the Tlaxcalans in Snake City were likely at the very brink of morale and manpower!

"God of the Hunt, please bless us!"

Seeing the South City in crisis, Tree Snake City Lord Okote bit his lip, hesitated for a moment, then finally waved his command flag. The remaining three hundred reserve Tree Snake warriors shouted the name of the Divine, and were thrown into the South City wall. At this moment, with no forces left in hand, he

could only devoutly pray to the sky, hoping for torrential rain and for quickly driving away the ascending enemy!

"Hmm?"

Aweit squinted his eyes, watching as a contingent of fresh Tlaxcala warriors suddenly appeared on the South City wall. These enemy soldiers were incredibly fierce, all wearing a cloak with a Tree Snake pattern, steadily driving the vanguard Tzompantli trusted aides down the wall. Seeing this, the cold king wasn't angry but rather delighted, laughing heartily.

"Good! Very good! It's time!"

Aweit, invigorated, took out a crimson flag. He vigorously waved it forward, then threw it forcefully to the ground.

"Royal Decree! The Vanguard shall offer themselves in sacrifice to the Chief Divine! Eagle Warrior Battalion, prepare to storm the city and rout the enemy!"

Chapter 942: Battle of Tree Snake City, Divine Power Globes, Explosive Chaos

"Praise the Chief Divine! He guides our path after death, granting us invincible Divine Power!...In the sacred Eastern Campaign, sacrifice for the Chief Divine!..."

The War Priests' fervent prayers echoed before the scattered formation of the vanguard, symbolizing the will of the Divine and the King. Over a hundred vanguard warriors stood solemnly, gazing up at the clouded sky, devoutly praying in unison.

"Praise the Chief Divine! Sacrifice for the Chief Divine!"

Then, one by one, Divine Power Globes were taken from wooden boxes, tightly embraced by the vanguard warriors as if holding a gift from the Divine. The War Priests shouted hoarsely with high-pitched voices.

"Ignite!...Sacrifice for the Chief Divine! Fight for the King!"

"Sacrifice for the Chief Divine! Fight for the King!"

The vanguard warriors showed their resolve to die, fervently shouting at the top of their lungs. Only the most devout warriors were honored to use the Divine Power Globes. Their voices resounded to the heavens, clearly audible even on the battlefield amidst the cannon roar, flying arrows, and relentless combat.

"Hmm? What's that?"

The Cloud Serpent Hunter Tlahtolli stood on the eastern city wall, looking towards the direction of the shouting.

They saw over a hundred Mexica warriors forming a loose formation about two hundred paces from the city wall. Behind them was a second team of equal number. In front of them were more than twenty War Priests leading prayers. In their embrace, they held rather heavy clay globes. After the priests concluded their prayers, they ignited the globes with torches. Then, these peculiar Mexica warriors, clutching the smoking clay globes as if chased by a jaguar, charged desperately towards the Tree Snake City walls!

"Sacrifice for the Chief Divine!"

The fanatical shouting rapidly approached, bringing with it an ominous sign of impending death. Tlahtolli pressed his lips together, watching the charging warriors with a grave expression.

"Smoky clay globes...I've heard about them somewhere...they are..."

At that thought, Tlahtolli's expression suddenly changed. He grabbed his greatbow, aimed at the rapidly approaching enemies, and urgently shouted.

"Quick! Quick! Shoot them dead!"

"Swoosh!...Swoosh!"

The enemy's charge was extremely fast, and their formation was very scattered. The Cloud Serpent Hunter shot two arrows, only managing to kill one vanguard warrior near the city wall.

The smoky clay globe slipped from the warrior's hands, rolling a short distance outside the wall. The nearby Copper-Armored Archers quickly backed away, looking tense and flustered. Most of the vanguard warriors had already reached the foot of the wall. They quickly scaled the scaling ladders, and before reaching the top, some warriors hurled the clay globes at the city wall.

"Sss...sss..."

The clay globes rolled on the wall, emitting a faint hissing sound, landing among the crowded defenders' feet. One smoky clay globe landed not far in front of Tlahtolli. The brave Cloud Serpent Hunter felt a great alarm in his heart, quickly stepping back several paces, grabbing a militia from the City-State and putting him in front.

"...Sss..."

A moment of silence, as if even the wind had stopped. Then, destruction descended!

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!..."

A terrifying explosion burst forth on the eastern city wall, merging into an earth-shattering thunderbolt. Over thirty clay tribulus exploded on the wall, igniting large plumes of fire and spewing acrid black smoke. Fireballs erupted on the wall, and sharp shards flew like blades! Within two steps, whether armored warriors or simply clothed militia, all died immediately!

"Boom!..."

The shockwave from the explosion came close, directly hitting the ears, causing dizziness. The scent of the volcano hit the nose, pungent and oppressively hot.

Tlahtolli was shaken by the shockwave, his legs trembling, unable to stand steady. He fell straight onto the ground, both hands on the ground, coughing continuously. After a few breaths, he barely recovered, feeling a patch of warm wetness on his hand. Glancing with difficulty, he saw his hand covered in bright red!

"O Cloud Serpent! Protect me!"

The brave Cloud Serpent Hunter shuddered, a chill running down his spine. To be killed by such a demonic weapon was without any honor, unsure if the soul would ascend to the Divine Kingdom or be dragged into the Abyss! He immediately searched himself for injuries but found no severe wounds. Looking carefully, he saw that the militia he had grabbed just now had their neck sliced by a flying shard, blood gushing out. They were clearly a goner.

"Hmm?"

On the small hill, King Aweit furrowed his brow, looking at the chaotic scene on the city wall with displeasure. He had been watching the vanguard warriors' throws, but the recent explosion...

"Why did most of the clay tribulus not explode?!"

The trusted aides looked at each other, at a loss for answers. After ten breaths, a War Priest accompanying the army knelt on the ground, fearfully confessing to the King.

"Supreme Your Majesty! The Divine Power Globes utilize the powers of earth, fire, and death! The craftsmen extract the essence of the deceased from the Abyss, then ignite it with fire, drawing the attention of the Volcano God of Death...However, it is now the humid rainy season; the Rain Divine governs all things between heaven and earth, suppressing the Divine Power of the Volcano God of Death. He weakens the power of the explosions, causing them even to dud..."

Upon hearing the priest's explanation, Aweit nodded, his expression slightly easing. He looked at the front lines, where the second platoon of a hundred vanguard warriors was chanting the divine slogans, launching a desperate charge! The warriors mounted the city once more, throwing this powerful yet highly unstable Divine Power Globe.



"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!..."

Thunderous explosions erupted on the city wall again, bringing rumbling, flames, smoke, and death!

Most of the Divine Power Globes failed to detonate during the rainy season, quietly resting at the feet of the defenders, spreading unknown fear. Some Divine Power Globes exploded prematurely, directly blowing the vanguard warriors holding the clay globes into tattered pieces. However, even if only a third of the Divine Power Globes exploded among the defenders on the wall, it was enough to crush the remaining morale and shake the wavering hearts!

During those brutal days of siege warfare, Tree Snake City's defending army was already at its limit, only a thunderous strike away from collapse!

"Ah! It's the War God's Thunder! The War God has descended to destroy us!"

"O God of the Hunt! We beg you, grant us Divine Power, save us!"

"No, no! It's the demons of the underground volcano!"

The Telascallans, too, devoutly worshiped the divine, fearing demons. Faced with such unknown and mysterious power, the warriors and militia on the wall fell into utter panic. Chaotic cries interwove everywhere, resembling a crowd running and colliding on the wall, all in utter confusion. The sharper voices in the mix were hysterical screams of complete breakdown!

"Ah ah! Ah ah ah!..."

"What...what is this?"

Atop the towering Pyramid Temple, Tree Snake City Lord Okote looked in horror at the chaos on the eastern city wall. At such a crucial moment in the siege, this chaos could destroy the entire City-State. Trembling with fear, he urgently shouted orders to his trusted aides.

"Quick! Quickly get the Cloud Serpent Priests on the wall to calm the people!..."

"Ha! Now is the time!"

On the southeastern hill, under the flag of the Evil Spirit Commander, King Aweit waited no longer. Without hesitation, he waved his command flag, pointing at the eastern city wall, shouting loudly.

"Chief Divine's blessing! My Eagle Warriors! Go, capture this city for me, seize the Telascallans' capital, and earn the greatest glory in the Eastern Campaign!"

"Chief Divine's blessing! Praise our King! Roar!"

A thousand of the Alliance's most elite Eagle Warriors had long since formed ranks to the side, ready for action. They were each clad in over forty pounds of Cloth Heavy Armor, wielding great shields and hand axes, adorned with Copper Helmets and Eagle Feathers, standing out prominently. At this moment, they let out a unified and deep shout, charging at the wall like an unstoppable torrent!

Chapter 943: The Battle of Tree Snake City, The Fallen City-State

"Eagle Warriors! It's the Mexica Eagle Warriors!"

On the ramparts of Tree Snake City, Cloud Serpent Hunter Telavito had just recovered from dizziness when he heard his personal guard's anxious cries. He hurriedly looked over and saw thousands of elite warriors, steady in posture, agile in step, feathers of various colors shaking, rushing forward swiftly.

The lower sides of these warriors' shields hung with yellow and green bird feathers, while gray eagle feathers stood atop their helmets. Although their luxurious war clothes had been replaced with platinum heavy armor, Telavito recognized them at a glance. Then, his heart suddenly tightened, and he let out a painful groan.

"Ah! It's the shield-bearing Eagle Warriors!"

At this moment, despite being brave, the face of Cloud Serpent Hunter showed a trace of despair.

The Telascallans and Mexicas have battled for decades, and they are most familiar with the combat prowess of the Eagle Warriors. These elite noble battle groups do not engage in labor, instead they practice martial arts every day, their battle techniques extremely skilled. They are professional warriors exempt from labor, and the most battle-ready groups in Central America. Each Eagle Warrior is a seasoned veteran with the experience of capturing over ten prisoners!

"The situation on the rampart..."

Telavito looked again at the rampart; most warriors and militia were still in panicked chaos. Two rounds of terrifying explosions had almost completely destroyed the morale of the defending army. At this moment, people were jumping down from the ramparts, screaming chaotically, fleeing into the city...

"Praise the Chief Divine! Fight for the King!"

In just a moment, the Eagle Warriors reached the base of the city wall. They shouted in unison and then, holding their shields, scaled the ladders, climbing onto the rampart.

Those climbing the wall were steady, not rushing to attack. They charged into the gaps opened by the vanguard and securely took root. The swing of their hand axes scattered warm blood in all directions and left numerous defending soldiers' bodies collapsing.

"Cloud Serpent protect us!"

Telavito gritted his teeth, facing a group of Eagle Warriors with a dozen remaining personal guards. He abandoned the cumbersome stone hammer for a sharp war club, striking rapidly and accurately, but still couldn't kill anyone.

The Eagle Warriors he faced were not only clad in solid heavy armor but also wielded feather shields skillfully, always protecting vulnerable neck areas. Coupled with their seasoned and succinct battle techniques, and their cooperative coordination, they were as resilient as rocks!

"Damn it, damn it! Huff!..."

Cloud Serpent Hunter cursed under his breath, gasping. The Eagle Warriors opposite him also breathed heavily. This close combat was the most exhausting, and Eagle Warriors clad in heavy armor definitely could not fight for long. If there were sufficient forces, occupying the wall's advantage to delay time, it might be possible to hold out a bit longer. But now...

"Ah! Ah!..."

Several able-bodied defenders showed despair, letting out meaningless screams, turning to flee. They jumped off the wall in their escape attempts, but "crack" broke their legs, their cries becoming more heartrending.

"Damn it! We can't hold!..."

Telavito surveyed the ramparts; more Eagle Warriors were gaining their footing, while resistance on the ramparts weakened. Even some of the overseeing Tree Snake Warriors began to flee.

"Boss..."

One personal guard leaned forward, lifting a shield, barely resisting the opposing attack, while hesitantly speaking in a low voice.

"Boss, we can't hold..."

"Sky's Cloud Serpent...!"

Telavito lifted his head, looking at the sky where heavy rain was falling, a sad sigh emanating from his heart. Moments later, he made a decision, looked at the last few personal guards following him, and ordered resolutely.

"Leave! We're leaving!"

"Where to?"

"To the Pyramid Temple, meet with the City Lord, and take my newlywed wife!"

"...Yes!"

Telavito pressed his lips tight, cautiously withdrawing from the battle line, retreating from the ramparts into the city. Beside him, warriors and militia continually fled downwards, hiding in various places throughout the city. However, Telavito knew in his heart that such hiding was meaningless. Once Tree Snake City fell, facing their decades-long enemy, the Mexicas would inevitably cleanse the entire city.

If they remained within the city, women, children, and the lowly moth people might become slaves to preserve their lives. The noble warriors and nobilities were certain to end as sacrifices!

"Howling, the city is breached!..."

"Praise the Chief Divine!"

"War God protects the Alliance! Roar!..."

Telavito rushed all the way, just arriving at the Pyramid Temple in the city center when fervent shouts resounded from the eastern city wall, mixed with the beast roars and cheers of Mexica Warriors, echoing through the clouds and the city. He paused his steps, his face heavy, and then accelerated again, racing up the towering pyramid.

Tree Snake City Lord Okote stood inside the temple, with his back facing the fervent sounds of killing in the outer city, facing the statue of the God of the Hunt. He gazed sorrowfully at the deified spirit revered for a hundred years, tears streaking down his face, desperately questioning aloud.

"God of the Hunt!... Why have you forsaken us? Was our offering not bountiful enough? Or is the War God's divine power too mighty?..."

"Respected Divine Descendant City Lord. The God of the Hunt will never abandon his people. Soon, in the flames of the dead, we shall meet the ancestors and all gods!"

The aged Cloud Serpent High Priest Tezcatlipoca, his voice hoarse and low, calmly instructed the Priest Apprentices who hadn't fled, piling up the divine's cloth banners, stacking the hereditary wooden picture boards, and scattering the pungent Stone of the Dead. Then, tremblingly, he donned the dark ceremonial dress, fixed the nearly meter-long feather crown, preparing for the final journey.

Dozens of Tree Snake personal guards, clad in leather armor, stood by, neither obstructing the priests' busy work nor participating. They merely bore an expression of martyrdom, standing idly in the temple, awaiting the apocalypse.

"Family Head! The east wall has fallen, the south wall is about to!..."

Head Warrior Itz, blood-covered, rushed into the temple, kneeling at Okote's feet.

"I just came from the south wall, bringing back a hundred warriors. Quick! Let me escort you out of the city!"

"Escape? Haha!..."

Tree Snake City Lord Okote smiled miserably and shook his head.

"Mexicas have surrounded us from all sides, where can we escape to? Trascal Land has been completely occupied by the enemy, and the bones and ashes of our ancestors are buried here..."

Similar to the Telascallans, the Mexicas practiced both cremation and burial. The glorious Divine Descendants and the noble High Priests left behind cremated remains, enshrined at the bottom of the temple pyramid, accompanied by large quantities of sacrificial jade, gold, silver, and sacrifices.

"Family Head, let me escort you through the siege! It's only a few dozen miles to the northwest to reach the continuous mountain range. Seeing the heavy rain approaching, the Mexicas unfamiliar with the roads will find it hard to capture small groups. As long as we escape into the mountains and hide patiently, there will certainly come a day when the Mexicas' army departs!..."

"Haha! Breaking through the siege, escaping into the mountains? Waiting for the Mexicas' departure?"

Okote remained stationary, shook his head again. He laughed, face filled with determination.

"Itz, the Divine has forsaken us!... The alliance of the Four States, in little more than half a year, has completely fallen. Millions of tribespeople, three hundred thousand able-bodied men, have become sacrifices to the War God. And the strong Tree Snake City didn't even hold for a month!..."

At this, tears welled in Okote's eyes, his voice gradually rising, transforming into a sorrowful chant, like a death poem.

"...I then realized, the radiant Cloud Serpent has departed! And the blood-red War God has come from the Western Snake Mountain, engulfed the eastern basin, swallowing all the light!..."

Witnessing this scene, Itz pressed his lips tightly and bowed his head, tears also streaming from his eyes. He too could not comprehend: Why had the Mexicas, after decades of struggle, suddenly grown so strong and insurmountable? Why was their eastward conquest so swift and fierce?... To all these, he could only attribute to the Divine.

"City Lord! Father-in-law!"

After a moment's silence, until two shouts were heard from afar. Telavito, gasping for breath, rushed up the Pyramid Temple. Taking a glance at the busy priests and the dumbfounded personal guards, he overlooked polite gestures and greetings, urgently inquiring.

"The Mexicas have entered the city! Eagle Warriors are killing their way to the temple!... Where is Chichipate? I need to take her and escape from the city!"

#### Chapter 944: The Battle of Tree Snake City, The Belated Protection

The wails of the Militia echoed around the pyramid, like a murder of dying crows. The Samurai's shouts of slaughter came from the city walls, interspersed with the growing fervor of the Mexica people, announcing the fall of the City-State. The sky was a low-hanging cloud, the earth a blood-stained city. And between the sky and the earth stood the towering Pyramid Temple, the holiest abode of the God of the Hunt.

"Hmm? Chichipate..."

Hearing Telavito's call, Okote finally shifted his gaze from the gemstone-adorned golden idol. His expression was dim, and after looking at the brave Cloud Serpent Hunter for a moment, he sighed softly.

"Forget it! I was originally going to take them with me on this journey..."

"Family Head?"

Itz's eyes moved as he raised his head. He looked at Okote standing there, ever ready to die fighting for the Family Head.

"Itz, Telavito, you are warriors blessed by the Cloud Serpent; perhaps you really can break out of the encirclement."

There was one last glimmer of hope in Okote's eyes. He gave a few instructions to his trusted aide, who then brought out two men and one woman from the prayer room within the Temple, three young Divine Descendants who were weeping.

"My eldest son Omomochi, second son Tohenyo, and youngest daughter Chichipate, I entrust them all to you. The remaining Tree Snake trusted aides are also entrusted to you... Go quickly! Take them, and strive to escape the city!"

Upon hearing this, tears once again streamed from Itz's eyes. He knelt on the ground, facing the resolute Okote, and kowtowed twice heavily, crying out in pain.

"Family Head!..."

"Ooh, father..."



Telavito glanced at the crying Divine Descendant girl, also knelt on the ground and paid his respects with a gesture of deep reverence.

"Father-in-law..."

"Father..."

"Chief Divine's protection!..."

The shouts of the Mexica Warriors were drawing even closer. Okote stood in the Temple, watching as two dark green torrents surged from the East City and South City walls toward the central pyramid. He gritted his teeth, no longer looking at his softly crying children, and shouted sternly.

"Go quickly!"

Telavito did not hesitate any longer, immediately standing up. He reached out, grabbed the bewildered and panicked Chichipate, and dashed out of the Temple, heading down the pyramid.

Itz stood tall, bringing the two older princes with him, though they struggled to keep up. As he reached the base of the pyramid, he gathered the returning Tree Snake trusted aides and called out to the Cloud Serpent Hunter.

"Telavito! Where are you going?"

"Itz, we'll each take a Divine Descendant, and act separately!"

Telavito turned and glanced at the two princes next to Itz and the conspicuous group of warriors, then made up his mind to separate from them.

"If we can break through, we'll regroup in the northern mountains!..."

The Cloud Serpent Hunter left his final words, then with a few follower warriors, fled toward the West City of Tree Snake City. He had to find a way to exit the city from there.

"Chief Divine's protection! Capture the Divine Descendants and nobility in the city!"

Chichimiqui the stray dog led a thousand Royal Warriors, killing their way through the East City and quickly arriving before the Pyramid Temple. The Eagle Warriors, clad in heavy armor, found it hard to continue fighting and were not suited for pursuit. At this moment, these noble warriors, whose stamina was overly worn, paused at the city walls, leaving the honor of capturing the city's Divine Descendants to the lightly armored warriors in dark green war clothes.

"Hmm?"

Chichimiqui squinted, glancing at the departing hundred Tree Snake Warriors, seemingly protecting someone important. Without hesitation, he pointed, shouting sharply.

"Camp Commander Moquihuix, take three hundred warriors and pursue that group! Don't let Tlaxcala's Divine Descendants and nobility escape!"

"Yes, Legion Commander!"

Moquihuix clasped his fist to his chest, bowed his head in salute. He was Moteloki's clan brother, also a young trusted aide promoted by the King. Hearing the Legion Commander's order, he promptly led three hundred Leather Armor Warriors to pursue swiftly.

Chichimiqui looked around, then glanced at other scattered fleeing warriors, and paid them no mind. But most importantly... Chichimiqui raised his head, gazing at the towering Pyramid Temple, a bloodthirsty smile appearing on his face.

"The rest, follow me into the Temple of the God of the Hunt! Praise the Chief Divine, supreme and mighty, above all gods!"

"Praise the Chief Divine, supreme and mighty, above all gods!"

Hundreds of Mexica Warriors shouted fanatically in unison. Under the blessing of the Chief Divine's faith, they dared to attack the abode of the Divine. Chichimiqui took the lead climbing, as hundreds of warriors gripped their copper spear battle staffs, attacking up the pyramid from all directions. Only by burning down the enemy's Temple could they achieve true conquest!

A moment later, Texiwhit, leading dozens of Tzompantli trusted aides, also fought through the retreating Defending Army, arriving at the Temple Pyramid. His expression shifted slightly as he observed the Royal Warriors attacking the Pyramid Temple from below, hesitating somewhat.

"The merit of capturing the Temple... is not something to contest lightly..."

Texiwhit pursed his lips, shook his head slightly. Then, he glanced around, scanning the distant fleeing enemies, when suddenly his eyes fixed on something! A familiar figure abruptly appeared in his vision, still wearing that snake-patterned cloak!

"Let's go, follow me for revenge for the Legion Commander!"

Texiwhit, as robust as a rock, instantly turned red-eyed. He gritted his teeth and strode toward the west.

"Ah, the Mexica have attacked!"

A young priest, stained with blood, rushed into the grand hall of the temple, urgently calling out.

"The defending army of the temple is resisting, but can't hold on for much longer!"

"Yes. My child, prepare yourself..."

Tecatlipoca, the High Priest of the Cloud Serpent, nodded calmly. Then, he took a torch, while igniting the wooden flag of legacy, and smiled at Okote.

"Honored City Lord of Divine lineage, it is time for us to leave!"

"...Ah! The legacy of the tribes for a hundred years, the offerings to the Cloud Serpent for hundreds of years, is to be severed today!..."

Okote remained silent for a moment, letting out a long sigh. He gaze upon the blazing fire rising in the temple, and also upon the golden statue that gleamed in the firelight. The warm heat surged quickly, like the embrace of a mother in memory, yet tinged with the pungent scent of volcanic fumes. At this moment close to life and death, he couldn't help but lower his gaze, tremblingly asking the High Priest of the Cloud Serpent.

"High Priest Tezatlipoca, after our death, can we truly go to the Divine Kingdom of the God of the Hunt?"

Upon hearing this faith-shaken inquiry, Tezatlipoca stared deeply at his counterpart for a moment and then smiled benignly.

"Yes!"

"Drip...drip...drip..."

The flames of the temple had just risen when the sky suddenly darkened, releasing a drizzle. In a short while, the raindrops grew larger, as if the belated blessing of the Cloud Serpent pouring down from the Divine Kingdom!

"Swish! Splash!..."

"Ah! This, this rain? This downpour?!... God of the Hunt, if only you had come sooner, the fate of Snake City..."

Okote suddenly raised his head, widened his eyes, feeling the raindrops falling from the sky, and couldn't help but burst into tears. The raindrops soon became dense, transforming into a torrential downpour, carrying the overpowering force of the rain season. The great fire in the temple flickered in the sudden rain, then gradually diminished. Before half a quarter had passed, it seemed like the flame would completely extinguish.

"Kill! Praise the Chief Divine! Seize them!"

Chichimiqui, carrying a blood-dripping hand axe, quickly climbed the temple and struck down the young priest with one swing. His body already drenched with raindrops, his hair tangled together like a wild, frenzied man. At this point, he glanced at the feather-crowned and richly adorned figures in the grand hall of the temple, instantly revealing a delighted expression.

"Ha-ha! Divine Descendant Nobility, High Priests! All are the noblest sacrifices!"

"Hm?..."

Upon witnessing the Mexica warriors break into the temple, High Priest Tezatlipoca didn't hesitate, immediately drawing a dagger, deeply stabbing it into his own heart. If he fell into the hands of the Mexica priests and was fed drugged blade water, then life and death wouldn't be his to dictate.

"Uh! Hoo-hoo..."

"Damn it!"

Chichimiqui roared angrily, fiercely eyeing the fallen old corpse. A stab through the heart, the blood flowing profusely, meant there could be no survival.

These serving divine High Priests often were more decisive than the Nobility of Divine Descendants, rarely captured by the alliance, being extraordinarily rare as sacrifices. Alas... the Legion Commander of the Dead Dog took several strides, raising the hand axe, skillfully turning the blunt side, using it to strike forcefully.

"Ha-ha-ha! God of the Hunt! Why is your protection so tardy? Ah?... Uh!"

Okote both cried and laughed, gazing at the rain clouds in the sky, shouting hysterically. Shortly after, he was struck heavily on the forehead by Chichimiqui, directly falling to the ground.

"Pah, what's the point of yelling? The Chief Divine controls everything, even the rain is the will of the Chief Divine!"

Chichimiqui "pah"ed in disdain, took out a rope from his waist, and personally bound Okote's hands. He beamed with delight, looking at the City Lord of Snake City's white teeth, serpentine-adorned exquisite clothes, eagerly asking.

"Who are you?"

"...I am the leader of the Tlaxcalans, the honored Divine descendant of Snake, City Lord of Ocotelulco, Elder Okote!... Uh... woo woo..."

"Ha-ha! Great, great! A splendid catch!"

Chichimiqui burst into laughter, directly tearing Okote's fancy clothes, pulled off a piece of cotton cloth, and stuffed it into his mouth.

"Mobilize the warriors, keep an eye on this guy! Dispatch an envoy, quickly report to the King! The most sacred sacrifice of the Eastern Expedition has fallen into our hands! Ha-ha!"

Euphoria echoed through the temple of the God of the Hunt, accompanied by the pattering rain, like an unrestrained symphony. Under the towering pyramid, everywhere were fleeing screams and dying wails. The Mexica warriors cheered, pursuing and killing the remaining enemies in the downpour, capturing prisoners, pillaging wealth, fully enjoying the joys of conquest!

The very sound struck differently in the ears of different people. Okote listened to the laughter of the Mexica warriors, watched the sky's abrupt downpour, and sorrowfully closed his eyes. At this moment, with tears streaming down, he earnestly prayed in his heart, not for the tens of thousands of citizens in the city, but for his three most beloved children.

"God of the Hunt, I am willing to sacrifice my life, beseeching you to bestow one last blessing! In this world-shattering apocalypse, please allow the Divine Blood of Snake to escape and continue to thrive in this world..."

## Chapter 945: Battle of Tree Snake City, Desperate Duel

"Rumble..."

Near dusk, the sky gradually darkened, and the rain poured incessantly. The endless rain curtain washed away the blood-red marks, making the roads slippery. The shouts of the samurai echoed from all sides, sometimes clear and sometimes blurry in the rain.

Cloud Serpent Hunter Telavito clenched his jaw and, along with a few personal guard warriors, protected his newlywed wife, fleeing headlong. Behind him, the sacred pyramid temple caught fire, only to be extinguished quickly by the rain, and finally the banner of the Mexica War God was planted.

Chichipate frequently looked back at the fallen temple, crying softly. She was only sixteen years old, always pampered by her father, until the urgent war forced her to be married to the brave Cloud Serpent Hunter.

At this moment, amidst fire and rain, the noble divine descendant maiden finally lost her father's protection. She had no choice but to rely on her husband ahead, embarking on a frantic and anxious escape amidst countless terrifying enemies.

"This is the fate of divine descendants, coming from the heights of clouds, gathering into an endless lake, heading towards the bottomless abyss!..."

Mysteriously, the prayers chanted by the Cloud Serpent priests flashed through the maiden's mind. It was the end of the Fourth Epoch, the Chapter of the Great Flood and apocalypse, and also the beginning of the Fifth Epoch.

"Tch-la! Crack!"

The pouring rain, Telavito continuously swung his war club, killing two Mexica warriors who suddenly emerged. Familiar with the terrain, he always took narrow alleys and rarely encountered obstructing enemies. At this moment, looking at the golden patterned war clothes on these warrior corpses, the Cloud Serpent Hunter's expression instantly sharpened, and realization dawned in his heart.

"The Mexica's Golden Legion... the West City is lost..."

"Vito... huff, huff..."

Two steps away, Chichipate gasped, struggling to speak up to remind.

"Behind... behind seems to have pursuers!"

"What?!"

Upon hearing this, Telavito shivered completely. Ignoring the nearby west city wall, he immediately turned and guarded, looking out into the rain.

Soon, in the pouring rain, more than ten Mexica warriors in dark green war clothes gradually revealed themselves, closing in from the other end of the alley. And at the forefront, a burly figure approached steadily, vaguely familiar.

"Damn Mexica, like dead dogs chasing relentlessly!"

Telavito cursed softly, pulling Chichipate behind him, carefully shielding her.

This was the divine descendant wife he had painstakingly won; even if all his personal guards died in battle, he absolutely could not lose her. Because, as long as he and Chichipate bore offspring, his family could become the esteemed divine descendant nobility, forever flowing with Cloud Serpent bloodline, gaining the right to rule city-states and all people! Telascallans revered noble lineage, emphasizing bloodline, evident by this.

"Protect the princess!"

Upon hearing orders, the remaining four or five warriors gripped their war clubs tightly, stepping forward to block the narrow alley thoroughly.



"Tap, tap, tap..."

Turquoise Texiwhit wielded a shield, lowered his war club, and quickly trod through accumulated rainwater. He squinted his eyes, watching Telavito standing opposite, his mouth slowly curling, showing a rock-hard cold smile.

"Ha! Got you!"

"It's you! Damn turtle!"

Seeing the Great General opposite, the brave Cloud Serpent Hunter frowned deeply, feeling troublesome. Time was urgent, and he couldn't ensure a quick victory over the opponent.

"Haha!"

Upon hearing the "turtle" nickname, Texiwhit snorted coldly, directly raised his shield, and charged forward. Behind him, more than ten Tzompantli warriors raised their war clubs, preparing to pounce simultaneously.

"Wait a moment!"

Telavito looked around, seeing the disparity in numbers, urgently shouted.

"Opposite turtle... green stone, I want to duel with you one-on-one!"

"Hmm?"

Texiwhit paused, raised his arm, and the prepared charging warriors halted accordingly. He curled his mouth, through dense raindrops, deeply looking across.

"Despicable archer! You say, want to duel with me?"

"Exactly, witnessed by the divine!"

Telavito's eyes flickered, shouting loudly.

"A sacred duel is the warriors' glory, using deadly combat to please the divine!... Green stone, do you dare?"

"Hmm... duel?"

Texiwhit pondered for a moment, looking at the challenging warrior in front, slowly nodded in agreement.

"Okay!"

Although, in these two years, new reforms were rapidly implemented within the alliance. But old traditions and customs still deeply rooted in people's hearts, especially in the conservative alliance city-states.

At this moment, in the swaying wind and rain, amid nearby shouts, Turquoise Texiwhit straightened his spine, holding the shield at his chest. Following the traditional ritual, he raised his war club, slightly bowing in salute.

"War God Huitzilopochtli witnesses! I, a warrior from Tepanecapan, Turquoise Texiwhit, challenge the brave Telascallan Warrior!"

"God of the Hunt Mixcoatl blesses! I, a warrior from Ocotelulco, Cloud Serpent Hunter Telavito, challenge the steadfast Mexica warrior!"

Telavito stepped forward, bowing in salute as well. In the hurried escape, he hadn't carried a heavy shield, only an obsidian club and a bronze short axe.

"Drip-drip-drip..."

Momentary silence, only raindrops fell. After the salutes, both raised their heads and looked at the opponent ten steps away. Their eyes were sharp like beasts, carrying the resolve to hunt the opponent and the courage not to fear death.

"Tap!"

Telavito took a deep breath and suddenly, like a leopard, stepping on the rainwater, pounced on the burly opponent. He ran quickly, adjusted his war club, switching to a two-handed holding position... Mexica warriors were pouring into the city, he didn't have much time, must break the enemy in one strike!

"Tap, tap..."

Texiwhit sunk down, steady like a mountain range. Left hand holding the shield, right hand raised the club, maintaining the most traditional warrior posture.

"Splash!"

Telavito raised both hands high, taking advantage of the charging momentum, suddenly slashing diagonally, targeting the opponent's right neck where the shield couldn't reach.

"Bang!"

Texiwhit's body seemed heavy, yet his turn was extremely swift. He slightly turned right, stepped back, raised the wooden shield diagonally with his left hand, just blocking the club. Then, his right hand suddenly reached out, and the sharp edge of his war club aimed at the enemy's waist and abdomen.

"Tap!"

Telavito leaped to the left, barely dodging the opponent's war club, only to be met with a horizontal slash. Then, came the violent "bang" sound of collision.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The continuous sound of impacts rang out from the sturdy wooden shield, like sudden rain beating on rock. Telavito, like an agile leopard, moved around the resilient brown bear, continually striking with his sharp claws.

The warriors from both sides watched their leaders' fierce battle, holding their breath simultaneously. It appeared that Telavito was firmly in control, launching ferocious attacks, suppressing the Turquoise Great General.

"Huff, huff!"

Texiwhit maintained a steady breath, a smile tugging at his lips. However, the breathing of the Cloud Serpent Hunter became rapid. Anxiousness rose in his heart; such fierce attacks come at the cost of tremendous energy expenditure, and they cannot last long!

"Damn it, I must make one desperate attempt!"

After hesitating for a few moments, the Cloud Serpent Hunter gritted his teeth, making a firm decision. He suddenly stepped back, drawing the bronze axe from his waist, and swiftly threw it towards his opponent's face.

"Hmm?!"

The bronze axe whistled through the air, Texiwhit's expression changed dramatically. A seasoned veteran, his arm moved instinctively, raising the shield to block his sight.

"Thunk!"

A dull thud sounded on the shield. Texiwhit wobbled slightly, steadying his stance. He brushed past death, and anger surged from within, nearly igniting the enemy opposite him to ashes.

"Treacherous archer! You dare to ambush..."

"Kill!"

The Cloud Serpent Hunter, having thrown the short axe, switched back to gripping the club with both hands, advancing rapidly without pause. He seized the moment when Texiwhit raised his shield, striking fiercely at his opponent's exposed lower section.

"Splash! ... Thud! ..."

Texiwhit retreated two steps quickly, splashing a large amount of water. He dodged this dangerous strike and had barely regained his balance when he let out a bear-like roar.

"Roar!"

The Turquoise Great General swung his arm fiercely, throwing his left-hand shield towards the pursuing Telavito. Then he too grasped the club with both hands, abandoning all defense, meeting his opponent with a savage swing. At this moment, he resembled a black bear waking from hibernation, violently displaying his strength.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Both warriors discarded their defenses, using their two-handed weapons in a brutal close-quarters struggle. In just a few fierce collisions, Telavito's expression changed dramatically, and his grip suddenly loosened.

"Crack..."

The sound of a wooden handle breaking echoed in Telavite's ears. The war club, damaged throughout the fight, finally couldn't withstand the ongoing clash, snapping into two pieces!

"Slash!"

"Bang!"

In this decisive moment, Texiwhit slightly rotated his club, using the blunt side without an edge, to strike hard at Telavito's chest, then another heavy thud!

"Ugh!"

Struck in the chest, the brave Cloud Serpent Hunter's complexion changed drastically, letting out a stifled cry of pain. He staggered back two steps, unable to steady himself, finally falling to the ground.

"Ha! You lost!"

Texiwhit's lips curled up, a hard smile emerging. He stepped forward, aiming the sharp blade of his war club at the Cloud Serpent Hunter's neck, speaking calmly.

"I told you, if you truly set down your shield for a duel, you might not be my match!"

"I... lost."

The Cloud Serpent Hunter's face turned pale, filled with despair. Clutching his still aching chest, he struggled to turn his head, looking at the tearful Chichipate.

"Pate... my wife... I..."

"Haha! Turns out, you are a romantic."

Texiwhit laughed, as if the rock had cracked open a smile. He lifted his head, through the continuous rain, glancing at the fair-skinned, delicately dressed noble lady... clearly, a noble descendant free from labor.

"It's getting dark, and the rain is heavy. The Sun God will soon depart."

The Turquoise Great General tucked away his smile, tightening his grip on his killing weapon. His calm words carried steadfast hatred and a chilly intent to kill.

"Come, despicable ambusher, I shall send you on your way! Let me use the blood of Tree Snake City warriors and a noble lady, to mourn the soul of the Legion Commander going to the Divine Kingdom!... Esteemed family head, I will avenge you!"

"... avenge... the family head?"

Hearing these words, the Cloud Serpent Hunter's face froze. He recalled the night of the sudden assault, with the Mexica Legion Commander shot dead abruptly. Chaotic images flashed before his eyes, like the tumultuous firelight of that night, and the odd arrow! In this instant, something clicked in his mind, as if grasping at the last straw before drowning.

"Praise the Chief Divine! I offer the life of a warrior to you! May you protect the Tlaxcala Clan Leader of the Divine Kingdom, allowing him to fulfill his great revenge, and enjoy peace forever!..."

Texiwhit offered a few words of sincere prayer, without delay. He raised the war club high, gazing at the Cloud Serpent Hunter's neck.

"Wait, wait a moment!"

Seeing the war club about to fall, Telavite hastily shouted, a look of desperate hope on his face.

"Hmm?"

Turquoise Texiwhit frowned, shaking his head. The killing intent in his eyes grew stronger, speaking with cold clarity.

"If an archer from Tree Snake City cannot face death calmly, then they have lost the honor of a warrior."

"..."

Telavite pressed his lips tightly, glancing once more at the crying Chichipate, responding quickly.

"Honorable Stone Warrior! You mentioned earlier, that you intend to kill us to avenge the legion commander who valiantly fell that night?"

"Yes."

Texiwhit's expression remained unchanged, nodding. He raised the war club again, ready to strike.

"No! No! Don't rush! ... Witness the Cloud Serpent! He was not killed by us!"

The Cloud Serpent Hunter shouted urgently, his voice trembling and breaking. At this moment, he had no absolute certainty about what he was about to say. However, truth or not, this was the sole card in his hand to seek a slim chance of survival!

"Your family head, the legion commander who died that night, was not killed by the warriors of Tree Snake City!"

Chapter 946: The Battle of Tree Snake City, the Divine Oath

"Hmm?!"

The raindrops pattered, unsettling the mind. The earlier duel, though it seemed long in the telling, lasted barely a quarter of an hour. Now, dusk arrived amidst the heavy rain, the cries of battle in the city were



continuous and disordered. The dim light of day fell on Texiwhit's suddenly changed face, revealing a hint of shock and depth.

"What did you say?"

The burly Turquoise Great General stepped forward abruptly. He reached out his large hand and fiercely grabbed Tlahtolli's collar.

"Damn it, speak clearly to me!"

"...Cough, cough!"

Tlahtolli's chest ached sharply, compelling him to cough. He took a few deep breaths, glanced at his wife behind him, and replied in a low voice.

"The death of your family head has hidden causes... I can tell you everything I know! But, you must swear to the Chief Divine to spare me and Chichipate!"

"Hehe... Spare you?"

Upon hearing the Cloud Serpent Hunter's words, Texiwhit arched his eyebrows, feeling an extreme agitation, his killing intent nearly boiling over. Regarding the Legion Commander's death, he had always been uncertain... The burly general let out a cold laugh and, without hesitation, delivered a punch.

"Bang!"

"Ugh!"

The brave Cloud Serpent Hunter groaned, blood flowing from his nose. The steady rain fell on his face, into his mouth, bringing a thick taste of blood. Telavito gritted his teeth, tightened his lips, and refused to utter a word. This violent reaction was vastly different from the composed combat style he displayed earlier, indicating his distraught mind and deep concern.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Texiwhit landed three punches, leaving the Cloud Serpent Hunter bruised and battered, and Chichipate sobbing bitterly, still without receiving a desired response.

"Praise the Chief Divine! Kill them!"

The cries of the Mexica Warriors drew increasingly closer. Large groups of Alliance Warriors spread out across the city, clearing out the remaining enemies. It wouldn't be long before warriors from the Royal Family or other City-States arrived. By then, these noble captives would all be handed over to the King, to be offered as sacrifices during the great capital ceremony.

"Despicable Archer!"

Texiwhit suppressed the flames within his heart, glaring intently into his opponent's eyes, and shouted angrily.

"Quick, tell me! Everything about that night's ambush!"

"Ugh... You must swear to the Chief Divine, to spare us!"

The Cloud Serpent Hunter replied, his lips swollen from the beating, rendering his speech somewhat garbled.

"..."

Texiwhit pressed his lips tightly, raising his left hand for another rock-like punch.

"Bang!"

The Cloud Serpent Hunter's chin took a heavy blow, causing a concussion in his brain. The intolerable pain was instantaneous, forcing a scream from his mouth.

"Ah!..."

"Are you going to speak or not?"

Texiwhit's eyes widened, as if a tiger or leopard ready to devour someone.

"Ha!"

The Cloud Serpent Hunter sweated profusely from the pain, his face twitching, yet he forced a smile at the corner of his mouth.

"You... swear first..."

"...Damn it!"

Texiwhit growled, raising his fist once more. He looked at the Cloud Serpent Hunter, who was nearly unconscious from the beating, paused briefly, and then slowly lowered his hand. He glared intensely at the Cloud Serpent Hunter, contemplating for a long moment before promising amidst the rising shouts.

"Huff... despicable Archer! Tell me everything you know! If the Legion Commander's death really has nothing to do with you, I will spare you!"

"You... swear! Spare me and my wife!"

The Cloud Serpent Hunter demanded stubbornly, gritting his teeth. For traditional warriors who valued honor, an oath was the only trustworthy guarantee.

"...Witnessed by the Chief Divine! I, Texiwhit, swear by the honor of a Samurai! And you, must also swear to the Divine!"

Texiwhit clenched his fists, suppressing his murderous intent, and spoke word by word.

"Tell me everything you know about the nighttime ambush! If the Legion Commander's death is unrelated to you, I will spare you and your wife!..."

"Alright, it's a deal!"

With a swollen and bloody face, the Cloud Serpent Hunter managed a difficult smile.

"Witness the Cloud Serpent! I, Tlahtolli, swear by the honor of a Samurai, everything I am about to say is the truth!"

"Speak quickly!"

"Huff, huff... That night, I saw the arrows aimed at your family head coming from the rear flank of the military array."

Tlahtolli gasped for breath, recalling the events of that night. Although it had been over half a month since that hard-won victory, it seemed like an eternity.

"And in that position, I did not see any Tree Snake trusted aides for the assault, nor did I send out any assault squads before!"

"Hmm?"

Upon hearing this, Texiwhit's expression changed unpredictably, his mind like a torrent crashing against rocks, creating a thundering noise.

"Continue!"

"...After that battle, I led the Samurai back to Snake City. The City Lord wanted to reward warriors who made contributions, and I searched all the remaining Tree Snake trusted aides, but couldn't find the archer..."

Tlahtolli glanced at the other's somber face, carefully choosing his words. The heavy rain isolated everything, and only the two close to each other could hear his low voice.

"I've thought carefully over these days. That night was very dark, your Family Head was wearing thick armor and also had the Legion's escort. Even with my archery skills, it would be difficult to wound him..."

"The one who could shoot through his neck with one arrow must have been very close and highly skilled in archery! He shot from an angle that the trusted aides did not guard against... And the timing of that arrow was just as dawn was breaking, the Mexica legion had already stabilized through the night raid. Even if the main general was killed, there was no risk of collapse..."

"...High archery skills, very close range, unguarded, perfect timing? ...Family Head..."

Hearing this, Texiwhit suddenly stood frozen. The suspicion lurking in his heart was confirmed by the Cloud Serpent Hunter's words, turning the flood into a fierce fire, burning intensely in his chest. His face showed no drastic changes, but his eyes grew increasingly red, filled with ingrained hatred.

"Are you saying?..."

"That's right! The person who killed your Family Head must be one of your own in the legion! And a ruthless and outstanding Hunter!"

At this moment, Tlahtolli had no complete certainty; it was all speculation and conjecture. But on his face, he intentionally showed a determined and confident expression to let Texiwhit see.

"..."

Texiwhit stepped back two steps, lowering his head and eyes. With a wave of his hand, a dozen trusted aides who had been waiting long enough immediately rushed forward. The Samurai pointed their Long Spears at Tlahtolli's vital areas and also surrounded Chichipate and a few others.

"You!... You swore an oath!"

Witnessing this scene, Tlahtolli's expression drastically changed. He was just about to reach for the Bronze Axe on the ground when a sharp Copper Spear pressed against his neck. Tlahtolli trembled, looking at the silent Turquoise Great General and shouted fiercely.

"Damn it! Honorable Mexica Warrior! Surely... surely, you won't break your oath to the Divine, disregarding honor?"

"..."

Texiwhit remained silent, contemplating, without uttering a word. The heavy rain fell, disheveling his hair, soaking the corners of his eyes, and battering his face. The sky gradually darkened, swallowed by the western mountains, just like his heart... After a while, the burly Turquoise Great General lifted his head, speaking hoarsely.

"Tlahtolli, the sacred duel is not to die. And, in the duel just now, you lost to me."

"Ah?! You!"

Upon hearing this, Tlahtolli was shaken to the core. The sacred duel also being a divine oath... The Cloud Serpent Hunter's face revealed a bitter smile, with a resolute look for death in his eyes.

"I can die here... But you promised me, you would spare Chichipate!... She might already be carrying my child..."

"Ha ha... a romantic, and still quite the warrior..."

Texiwhit's gaze flickered, observing the Cloud Serpent Hunter for a moment before slowly nodding, repeating the sentence once more. Then he spoke quietly, with profound meaning.

"Fine! Tlahtolli, today I can let you go. But, the sacred duel is not to die... you lost, you owe me a life!"

"...Texiwhit, I owe you a life. Let me leave, after I leave a descendant of the Divine... I will... repay you."

The wind and rain howled, wailing vaguely. The Cloud Serpent Hunter pursed his lips, biting his lips, speaking the other's name for the first time.

"Good! The Chief Divine will witness!"

Texiwhit's expression became solemn, clenching his fist to his chest, praying devoutly to the Divine.

"Cloud Serpent witnesses!"

The Cloud Serpent Hunter looked serious. He glanced at the beautiful Divine Descendant girl, raising his left hand with difficulty, loudly swearing. This was a promise between two noble warriors of an old era. They still maintained traditional conduct, which was an agreement of the Flower Battle.

"Remember your oath, Archer!"

Texiwhit nodded, leaving one last sentence. Then, he took a deep look at the other and turned around, not looking back, heading towards the city. Behind him, a dozen Tzompantli trusted aides exchanged glances, hesitating for a moment before following Texiwhit, leaving together.

"Phew!..."

Seeing the departing enemy, the brave Cloud Serpent Hunter let out a long breath. His entire body relaxed, almost drained of all strength, collapsing into the wet mud.

"Waaah!... Vite!..."

Chichipate, drenched, threw herself into the Cloud Serpent Hunter's arms, hugging his solid chest, burying her head and crying bitterly.

"...Pate, stop crying. We need to find a way to slide down from the city wall with ropes under the cover of night and rain. The road ahead is tough; we need to conserve our strength..."

Supported by several trusted aides, the Cloud Serpent Hunter embraced his wife, struggling to stand. He stood in the narrow, deserted alley, turning back to look at the familiar yet strange City-State.

The burly Mexica Great General vanished into the cascading rain curtain. The towering Pyramid Temple stood in the fierce rain. Meanwhile, tens of thousands of Mexica Warriors were flooding into the city, slaughtering at will, erasing the nobility built over a hundred years. After a moment, he sighed heavily.

"Ah! Mexica... Tlascan... farewell, Snake City!..."

The daylight faded in the west, and night slowly fell. Tlaxcala's capital succumbed before the storm, and awaited doom in the rain. Though the fire of the Temple had not been ignited, the brutal conquest would not cease. The night was filled with incessant slaughter in Snake City, warm crimson splattering in the rain, flowing and dispersing into the soil, until it vanished.

Vibrant life seeped into the earth, noble souls journeyed to the Divine Kingdom, while sacred bloodlines faced extinction amidst merciless carnage. It was the destruction of the Tlaxcalans, yet it marked the beginning of complete assimilation and national cohesion. The seed of unity sprouted in the rain-nourished soil, with flesh and blood as offerings, as if singing myths carried by the wind!

Chapter 947: Post-War Arrangements, The King's Conquest

For three days, the drizzling rain fell, and the ruthless siege lasted equally long. The rain descended upon the Temple of the God of the Hunt, upon the palaces of the Divine Descendants of Tree Snake, and between the residences of the hereditary nobles. Fresh bloodstains were washed away by the heavy rain, and the dying wails dispersed in the wind. The sturdy ancient Tree Snake City was left only with splendid yet decayed ruins.



Until three days later, when the rain slightly subsided, did a new order arrive with the sunlight. King Aweit issued a royal decree to restrain the warriors of the states and to delineate the garrison positions of various divisions. Afterwards, clad in copper armor and holding the gemstone-adorned Divine Staff, he entered the cleaned-up Tree Snake City among a thousand loyal Tonsured Guards serving as escorts.

"A hundred years ago, the second Snake City built by the Telascallan people, the de facto capital of the Four States Alliance, a persistent Tree Snake City, now bows at my feet! Haha!..."

King Aweit climbed the stone walls, eight or nine meters high, and in the company of his generals, surveyed the compact and fortified city-state reminiscent of a fortress. He looked down upon the city, reveling in a hearty laugh! His laughter was full of the pride of conquering an old adversary and the ambition to unify the world!

"...Your Majesty! In this siege, the Telascallan people resisted fiercely, with thousands of casualties among the warriors! Even in my legion, three of the Thousand-man Camp Commanders were killed on the city walls... Truly, they avenged the elders, dedicated themselves to the Chief Divine, and fought fearlessly for Your Majesty!"

Chichimiqui stood proudly beside him, his copper armor still stained with blood that couldn't be washed away. Hearing the king's triumphant declaration, he gritted his teeth, slightly bowed his head, and cautiously and tactfully offered advice.

"Tree Snake City is so solid, the time so pressing, and the royal decree for the siege so urgent... It was thanks to the rock-solid copper helmet, the awe-inspiring new weapons, and the delayed rain by the Chief Divine, that we barely managed to win this difficult victory before the rain fell!"

"Hmm?"

Upon hearing this, Aweit slightly frowned, recognizing the implicit meaning in Chichimiqui's words. He turned his head, looking at his close general who had been cleaning the city for days without removing armor, his expression softened. The king pondered for a while before nodding slightly.

"Chichimiqui, you led the royal warriors bravely to battle, living up to my expectations! The Royal Legion was the first to break into the city, capturing the City Lord of Tree Snake City, and also seized two fleeing Telascallan princes, earning the top honors of this battle!... My loyal general, I will grant you great

rewards! As for the Vanguard Warriors who rushed into the city, and the fallen royal warriors in the siege, all will receive considerable rewards and consolation!"

"Uh... Your Majesty...I wasn't trying to..."

Upon hearing the king's words, Chichimiqui slightly opened his mouth, wanting to continue speaking, but saw the Chief Intelligence Officer Gillim indicating with a shook head. He pursed his lips, had no choice but to bow respectfully.

"...Thank you, Your Majesty! May the Chief Divine bless you! You are invincible, my highest sun!"

"Haha! Good, keep it up! There will be many more opportunities to gain merit next!"

Aweit's mouth raised in a smile, he nodded. He reached out his hand, patted Chichimiqui's shoulder, and whispered an instruction.

"Chichimiqui, tonight I want to hold a grand banquet for the generals to celebrate the great victory of the eastern expedition! You go back and organize, and tomorrow report the specific casualty figures of the Royal Legion separately to me."

"As you command, Your Majesty!"

Chichimiqui kneeled on one knee, saluting respectfully. Aweit smiled and descended from the high wall, continuing to inspect the city.

"Your Majesty, such a mighty city, in just one month's time was conquered by the Alliance's grand army! It shows that the Chief Divine blesses the Alliance, and the War God favors the king... You are the supreme divine-blessed son!"

Huitzilihuitl wore war clothes with Yun Shan stripes, holding the Tzompantli Legion Commander's Scepter, slightly bent, respectfully standing aside with a smiling expression. His cheeks were a bit chubby, although his physique was burly, his smile seemed harmless to humans and animals, even his eyes squinted into slits.

This siege, the Tzompantli Legion was the second to break into the city, occupying several noble residences, with plundered goods overly abundant. According to alliance customs, plundered spoils are usually shared with 2-3 tenths given to the Supreme Commander, 2-3 tenths to the Direct Legion Commander, and the remaining half to be shared among the participating nobles and warriors.

In the Tzompantli Legion, Huitzilihuitl as the successor commander, his share of the spoils, theoretically equates the king. Practically though, it's even greater, which is the benefit of being a legion commander!

"Haha!"

Upon hearing Huitzilihuitl's compliment, Aweit burst into laughter. Then, he glanced deeply at him, quickened his pace a bit, creating distance from the generals behind him.

Huitzilihuitl understood, also picking up the pace, catching up to the agile king, to individually receive instructions.

"How is the clearing of the remaining enemies in the city by the Tzompantli Legion?"

Aweit paused slightly, asking in a deep voice. His mouth carried a faint smile, his gaze profound and somewhat meaningful.

"Your Majesty! The Personal Guard Warriors of Tree Snake City involved in the night raid have been hunted down by me, all executed, avenging former Legion Commander Xochitl!"

Huitzilihuitl paused, glanced around seeing no one, spoke low and reservedly.

"Hmm..."

Upon hearing this, Aweit's eyes shined. He pondered slightly, then laughed and said.

"Legion Commander Xochitl dedicated to the alliance, now receiving commemoration can certainly rest in the Divine Kingdom! The nobles of the Tzompantli Legion can surely set their minds at ease to serve the alliance."

Upon hearing this, Huitzilihuitl understood. He respectfully reported, informing about the situation of the City-State Army.

"Indeed! Your Majesty, since Tree Snake City has fallen, Legion Commander Xochitl's death was worthwhile! Yesterday I gathered many nobles from the army to hold a commemoration ceremony for the Legion Commander. Everyone praised it vocally, with not a bit of doubt, all admiring the king's illustrious martial achievements, willing to die for the king!..."

"And the Personal Guard avenged their family head, fought bravely, now their great revenge is fulfilled, surely they feel deeply grateful to Your Majesty..."

"Very well! Huitzilihuitl, you're doing well! The Tzompantli Legion in your hands will be able to achieve even greater accomplishments for the alliance."

Aweit nodded with satisfaction. He scrutinized the slightly plump Huitzilihuitl and couldn't tell that Yunshan Clan Chief carried out tasks so meticulously and thoughtfully.

"Legion Commander Xochitl died honorably for the alliance. Now that Tree Snake City has fallen, as the king, I will personally hold a ceremony to commemorate him!"

"Praise the King of the United States! You are majestic and benevolent, like an eagle in the sky!"

Huitzilihuitl nodded repeatedly, his smile respectful yet amiable. Then, he thought of something and hesitated slightly, but with an air of determination, he spoke.

"Your Majesty, the Head Warrior of Xochitl, Turquoise Texiwhit, as fierce as a mountain lion, was the first to enter the city!... Such a brave warrior might be favored by the divine and worthy of the most sacred honor..."

"Hmm? The most sacred honor?"

Aweit paused, savoring Huitzilihuitl's words. The most sacred honor has many meanings, but the most common is to offer oneself to the Chief Divine, meeting a glorious death...

The king's expression was calm, pondering for a while. He glanced at the towering walls of South City, reminiscing about the previous siege.

On the day of the siege, Texiwhit was fearlessly brave, wielding his shield and war club, climbing onto the city wall to fight. His tall and sturdy figure left a lasting impression in the king's eyes.

"Such a brave general can serve as the vanguard for me, to slay generals and capture banners!..."

Aweit pondered for a while, a faint murderous intent brewing in his heart, though not intense. He thought, and solemnly asked.

"Huitzilihuitl, in this siege, that Texiwhit achieved great merit... Do you have anything to say?"

"Hmm..."

Huitzilihuitl thought briefly, hesitating over his words. He understood the king's implication, asking if Texiwhit had any suspicions or other thoughts regarding the legion commander's death.

"Texiwhit is as his name suggests, as steadfast as a rock... He deemed Tree Snake warriors as the enemies who killed the clan leader and fought recklessly during the siege. Now, with his great vengeance achieved, after honoring the family head, he practices martial arts and trains warriors daily, without wandering around. In my view, he likely has no particular thoughts..."

"Hmm, not bad. A pure warrior, who can serve the alliance loyally!"

Aweit contemplated for a while, murderous intent gradually receding, a confident smile appeared on his lips.

The Tree Snake's trusted aides were all slain, Tzompantli's trusted aides mostly perished. The previous plans, like the night raid before the storm, erased all traces. Such brave warriors, having achieved vanguard merit, are models of loyalty for the city-state warriors towards the alliance, inspiring the hearts of the warriors! He is ignorant of the previous events, hence there is no need to execute him...

Furthermore, the alliance nobles slain by the Female Snake have already exceeded a hundred. The warriors under them are all equally incorporated into the royal legion, favored by the royal family, fighting fiercely for the king.

"Haha! Such valiant warriors deserve a glorious reward!"

The king pondered briefly, confidently making the decision. He laughed aloud, declaring the long-planned royal decree. After coercing the city-state army into a siege, it's time to incorporate warriors from various factions, further weakening the strength of the alliance's states.

"...I promised all armies! The brave city-state warriors will be selected into the Tonsured Guard, awarded the Chinampa fief, to fight for the supreme King!"

Aweit announced loudly, his eyes bright as if they were burning. That is the blazing ambition, and the determination of a king, tolerating no opposition. His eyes were radiant as he looked at Huitzilihuitl. The newly promoted city-state Legion Commander narrowed his pupils, then bowed his head, not daring to meet the king's gaze.

"Huitzilihuitl, the Tonsured Guard must continue to expand. Every city-state army must hand over capable warriors to fight for the royal family!... You have ten days to surrender two hundred elite warriors, at least of the third-level elite Fire Warrior standard! Hmm, and that Texiwhit, brave and competent, he should be included too!"

Even the most valiant warriors cannot control their fate. In the king's casual words, everything about mortals is decided: whether life or death, or nobility.

"Ah?! Your Majesty, Tzompantli Army suffered heavy casualties..."

Upon hearing this, Huitzilihuitl trembled internally, his face showing difficulty. Two hundred third-level elite Fire Warriors! Tzompantli Army was already greatly diminished, with only over two thousand warriors left. If two hundred elites were further extracted, the true damage would be significant!

"After the eastern expedition, the Tonsured Guard must expand by two thousand men! The seven armies of the north and south, including the Kingdom of the Lake, must each submit hundreds of warriors! Tzompantli Army suffered heavy losses, hence I'm lenient, asking for only two hundred men."

Aweit glanced lightly, with a slight warning and murderous intent. Huitzilihuitl shivered all over, recalling the death of Xochitl, and fell silent, not daring to speak.

"Alright, that's it!... Let's go, the pyramid is right ahead. We should go to the temple at the top of the tower and take a good look at the esteemed Tree Snake City Lord!"

The supreme king smiled, leaving behind a proclamation of victory. His heart was filled with the thrill of conquest, to conquer all resistant factions, and furthermore, to conquer the defiant alliance nobles.

"Uniting all factions and seizing power from the states, shining as bright as the sun, is the true supreme king!"

Aweit raised his head, gazing afar at the scorching sun overlooking the city-state, atop the dozens of meters high pyramid. It was the Chief Divine on the Throne of the Gods, rising after the obliterating storm, illuminating everything anew, deciding the flourishing or withering of all things.

"...And I, am the sun!"

The king's whisper scattered in the wind. His figure gradually moved away, ascending higher, not particularly tall, yet his steps were exceptionally steady. Step by step, towards the high pyramid, he proceeded.

#### Chapter 948: Announcement in the Temple, Victory of the Eastern Expedition

The long-missed sunlight poured down from the open sky, illuminating the statue of the God of the Hunt, shimmering with the divine golden light. In the temple atop the pyramid, traces of flames and blood still remained, yet the bodies of the priests and temple guards were nowhere to be seen.

At this moment, the Chief Divine's banner fluttered in the temple, with hundreds of Royal Warriors guarding the pyramid. As the Mexica Royal Banner of the "Evil Spirit Commander" slowly approached, they all lowered their heads, kneeling on one knee to salute the king ascending the pyramid.

"Chief Divine's protection! Praise the supreme King!"

"Hmm."

Aweit nodded slightly, his expression unchanged. He continued forward, striding into the most revered Grand Hall of the Temple in Tree Snake City as a conqueror. Following him was the low command of the Mexica Warriors.

"Kneel down! Kneel and pay homage to the supreme King!"

Moquihuix, armored and ax in hand, growled in a low voice. In these three days, it was he who led over a hundred Royal Warriors to guard the divine descendants and hereditary nobility of Tree Snake constantly sent near the pyramid. These captives were noble in status and exalted in bloodline, the most important offerings for the grand sacrificial ceremony of victory, and must not be lost.

"You! Why aren't you kneeling yet?!"

Moquihuix scanned the grand hall, his eyes locking onto the only standing figure. He quickly stepped forward, lifted his foot, and delivered a precise kick.

"Ugh!"

The City Lord of Tree Snake, Okote, suddenly changed his expression, crying out in pain. His knee was struck heavily, instantly losing balance and, with a thud, knelt to the ground.

"You... dare to!... Ugh!"



The City Lord of Tree Snake's rebuke was not yet finished when his shoulder again suffered a heavy blow. His whole body in extreme pain, he fell flat on the ground, forced to prostrate before the approaching king.

"Chief Divine's protection! Your Majesty, your loyal Warrior, the Military Merit Nobility of the Lake Capital City, Veteran Warrior Moquihuix greets you!"

Moquihuix knelt on one knee, pressing against Okote, respectfully saluting the king. While paying the salute, his knee applied force, firmly suppressing the Tree Snake City Lord's back, rendering him immobile.

"Hmm! Not bad, my loyal Warrior!"

Seeing this scene, Aweit's face showed a satisfied smile. This was the kind of Warrior he favored, one who could be respectfully loyal, disdain the old nobility, and harbor no other thoughts except loyalty to the king. Even when facing exalted divine descendants, traditional nobility, or foreign demons, he would mercilessly trample them underfoot!

"Moquihuix, I remember, you are the brother of the fallen Vanguard General, Hereditary Noble of the Alliance, Eagle Warrior Moteloki?"

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

Hearing his brother's name, Moquihuix raised his head. Looking at the supreme king in his heart, he was somewhat moved in his expression.

"Chief Divine witness! My brother died fighting for you on the walls of Tree Snake City! And I, too, will die for you!"

"Good! Very good!"

Upon hearing this, Aweit's expression turned solemn. He observed Moquihuix's sincere expression, slowly nodding his head.

"Chief Divine's protection! Your brother will enjoy eternal peace in the red realm. And you, my Warrior, will inherit his glory and fight for me!"

"Chief Divine's protection! Supreme Majesty, I am willing to fight for you until death ends!"

Moquihuix bowed deeply, pressing down on the noble Tree Snake City Lord, meticulously paying his respects.

Aweit smiled. Such young, loyal, and fearless minor noble warriors were precisely those he aimed to promote.

"Moquihuix, I remember, you entered the city with the defeated warriors and captured two princes of the Tlaxcala people?"

"Yes, Your Majesty! Two divine descendant captives, offered to the supreme Chief Divine and you!"

Hearing these two sentences, the dejected City Lord of Tree Snake, Okote, was startled, his expression suddenly changing. Despite his whole body's pain, he suddenly struggled up.

"Ugh! Ugh! You, what did you just say, two captured divine descendant princes? Ugh!..."

Moquihuix's expression turned cold, mercilessly. He extended his left palm, striking sharply at the side of Okote's neck, causing him to immediately black out, suffering a momentary lack of blood supply to the brain, rendering him speechless for the moment.

"Haha!"

Aweit, intrigued, laughed heartily. Then, he lightly shook his head, raising his hand to cease.

"Enough, my Warrior! After all, this is the City Lord of Tree Snake of the Tlaxcala people, leader among the most esteemed four... Let him speak standing!"

"As you command, Your Majesty!"

Moquihuix nodded in compliance, then reached out, forcefully lifting the dizzy Okote from the ground. He then took out a fibrous rope, skillfully tying up the Tree Snake City Lord's hands, eliminating any possible threat.

Aweit extended the Divine Staff, using the hard gemstone tip to lift Okote's chin. He carefully examined the other's white teeth, smiling faintly.

"You are the City Lord of Tree Snake, Okote?"

"..."

Okote raised his head, gazing at the Mexica King right before him. He clenched his fists tight, gritting his teeth, his gaze like daggers, yet he remained silent.

"Hmm?"

Aweit frowned slightly, revealing displeasure. Moquihuix immediately swung his fist, striking heavily at Okote's fragile and sensitive flank.

"Ah!"

Okote cried out in pain, his forehead instantly sweating from the agony. His face underwent a rapid change of colors, and only after some time did he manage to straighten his back, striving to maintain his last dignity.

"Not... wrong! I am the leader of the Tlaxcala people, the honorable divine descendant of Tree Snake, City Lord of Ocotelulco, Elder Okote!... Leader of the Mexica people, you have colluded with the volcanic demons beneath the earth, launching a desecrating war, you will inevitably face exterminating divine punishment! Ugh!..."

## Chapter 949: Announcement in the Temple, Victory of the Eastern Expedition\_2

Moqihuix's expression turned cold, aiming at the flank, another fierce strike. Okote was hit hard, "bang" and fell to the ground, convulsing for a good while before barely coming to his senses.

"You, you! Barbaric Mexica people!..."

"Heh!"

Aweit smiled faintly, with unchanged expression, gazing at the Tree Snake Divine Descendant kneeling before him. He was not angered by the other's offense because this was the defeated nemesis of war, destined to be offered as sacrifices.

"Go, bring up the two captured Tlaxcala Princes, let him see clearly!"

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

Two trusted aides bowed their heads in salute and quickly left. In no time, they escorted two crying young Divine Descendants to stand before the despairing Okote.

"Ugh... Father!"

"Ah! My sons... Omomochi, Tohenyo!"

Okote was stunned for a moment. He looked at the two crying sons, tears uncontrollably streaming from his eyes.

"Oh God of the Hunt! Why did you abandon us, sever the bloodline of the Tree Snake Divine Descendants?"

In the sacred temple, under the Mexica King's gaze, the honorable father and sons faced each other in tears, filled with the sorrow and despair of a fallen royal family. After crying for a while, Okote suddenly thought of something. His voice trembled, a bit afraid yet somewhat expectant as he asked.

"Your... sister?"

"Father!..."

The older Prince Omomochi hurriedly shook his head, signaling Okote not to inquire. Okote immediately realized, quickly closed his mouth, not uttering a word. However, it was evidently too late.

"Hm? Is there a fish that slipped through the net?"

Aweit raised his brows. He looked at the Legion Commander of the Lost Dogs behind him and asked sternly.

"Lost Dogs, among the captured Divine Descendants, is there Okote's daughter?"

"...Um, Your Majesty."

Chichimiqui the Lost Dogs thought for a moment and confidently shook his head.

"The captured Divine Descendants are all detained near the pyramid. There are several Tlaxcala princesses among them, but none is Okote's daughter."

Hearing this, Okote's expression shifted, showing joy, and he prayed devoutly in his heart.

"Hmm..."

Aweit's expression turned cold, paused slightly, and issued a Royal Decree.

"Royal Decree, search the entire city again! Count the captured Tlaxcala prisoners, do not let any Divine Descendant escape!"

"...Your Majesty! If it is a young Princess, she might also be in the camps of the City-State Army."

Moqihuix loyally pondered for a moment and loudly reported in front of all the generals.

"The City-State Army's discipline is lax, many City-State Nobles, will abduct beautiful noble ladies and hide them in the camps! I am willing to lead the Samurai to search each camp of the City-State!"

Upon hearing this, the City-State Nobles present exchanged glances, all showing uncomfortable expressions. Huitzilihuitl pursed his lips, feeling discontent yet refraining from stepping forward to explain.

"Oh?"

Hearing this, Aweit's heart stirred. He sharpened his gaze intending to issue an order.

"Cough! Your Majesty!"

The Chief Intelligence Officer from the shadows stepped forward, saluted solemnly. He smiled gently while looking at everyone present and spoke cautiously yet warmly.

"Over these months, each City-State Army has followed the Royal Decree, fighting fiercely, and achieved great merits in siege battles! And the Legion Commanders have diligently devoted themselves, serving the Supreme King wholeheartedly!..."

Upon hearing the Chief Intelligence Officer's words, the expressions of the City-State Nobles eased slightly. Chichimiqui the Lost Dogs quietly stretched out his foot and kicked the kneeling Moqihuix. The young Royal Warrior knew he had misspoken. Although he felt no regret, he remained silent.

"Your Majesty, it is merely a noble lady, who might have already died somewhere in the city, leaving no bones... No need to make a big fuss, the Legion Commanders of each tribe could self-check. As long as a deadline is set to hand over the captured noble Divine Descendants, it would suffice."

"Hmm..."

Aweit pondered without speaking. Over these months, the drive and depletion on the City-State Army approximately reached the limit of each tribe, it was unsuitable to apply further pressure. After contemplating briefly, he finally showed leniency and nodded.

"Alright! Gillim, implement it according to what you said!"

Afterward, Aweit strode away without paying further attention to the discomfited and anxious Okote. Since he had already defeated his adversary, and enjoyed the thrill of conquest, he would not linger further. The gaze of the king always looks forward, towards the heights.

Ahead, at the heights, stood the God of the Hunt's mannequin, cast in gold, over two meters tall. He wielded a silver bow, looking towards the East, in a hunting posture, standing atop Tree Snake City. Surrounding the statue were the vivid and imposing Cloud Serpent murals and the haphazardly piled inheritance plaques. As for the smaller jade and gemstone items in the temple, the stationed Royal Warriors had already thoroughly scavenged them.

"Summon the craftsmen with the army, give them ten days! Melt the statue of the God of the Hunt, to cast the sculpture of the Chief Divine!"

King Aweit's eyes were as sharp as knives, he gazed at the golden statue for a moment, then gave a cold order. The most crucial aspect of the Alliance conquering each State was the Divine Descendants and Temples. The former were to be sacrificed to the War God, the latter destroyed and rebuilt for the Supreme Chief Divine!

"Then summon the painters, scrape off the old God's murals, and repaint the legends of the Chief Divine! Erase the position of the God of the Hunt as Chief Divine. From now on, all Tlaxcala people must regard the War God as Chief Divine!"

Within the ancient Cloud Snake Temple, Aweit solemnly announced, his voice thunderous, declaring the conquest of the Chief Divine. This also marked the conquest by the Mexica Alliance, from bodily destruction to spiritual unification.

"As for these inheritance plaques, let the War Priest gather them properly and transport them all back to the Lake Capital City, to be stored in the grand Great Temple!"

"Follow your command, Your Majesty!"

"Very good! The exalted Chief Divine, protecting the great Alliance!"

Sunlight descended from the vault, falling upon the face of the God of the Hunt, and shimmering with a golden glow on Aweit's luxurious armor. After a while, he turned around, facing the submissive crowd, turning his back to the gaze of the Divine, he slowly raised the Divine Staff, issuing a deafening shout.

"The Chief Divine decrees! He has conquered the God of the Hunt, His Throne of the Gods is elevated once more!... The sunlight envelops the Trascal Basin, and the Four States Alliance of Tlaxcala meets its demise today!... From today forth, all Tlaxcala tribes will convert to the Chief Divine, submitting under Mexica people! Any tribe unwilling to change faith faces only destruction!"

As the nemesis of Mexica for decades, Tlaxcala did not enjoy the favors given to Prepetcha. The power of Alliance has now grown beyond past comparison, and no compromises will be made to the surviving hundreds of thousands of Tlaxcala people.

In the King's plan, the fate of most Tlaxcala tribes would be as dependents, agricultural slaves, even slaves, annually offering young maidens, providing manpower for warfare. They would assimilate into the Alliance slowly, over one or two generations, accepting the Mexica influence at a subordinate level.

"...In the Chief Divine's imposing gaze, the glorious eastern expedition achieves victory! All Warriors participating in the Divine War, regardless of origin, will be blessed by the Chief Divine, and awarded by the Alliance!... With the Divine's blessing, we are destined to rule the entire world!"

The King's voice echoed in the temple of the Tlaxcala people, like a heart-shaking thunderbolt.



In the Grand Hall of the Temple, silence ensued for a moment, followed by the frenzied cheers and hysterical shouts of Mexica Warriors.

"Divine blesses the Alliance, rule the world! Divine blesses the King, ascend to the heights! Roar, roar!..."

Amid the passionate cheers of Mexica people, Okote lifted his head with difficulty, gazing at the statue of the God of the Hunt. The golden light on the statue was so dazzling, it pierced him to tears, agonizing his heart.

"Exalted Cloud Serpent! On the Snake Mountain of the War God, I see your towering corpse... And the brutal War God reigns on the Throne of the Gods, chewing your flesh, drinking your blood!... The God of the Hunt, along with His Divine Descendants, will perish atop the pyramid, never to return... "

#### Chapter 950: Unexpected Good News

The sun slightly leaned to the west, casting a glow in the cloud-filled sky. The cheers of the samurai faded atop the towering pyramid and echoed throughout the city alongside the northward inspection of the Royal Banner.

King Aweit's expression was stern as he first inspected the Pyramid Temple and the sacrifices of the Divine Descendants, and then headed north to the granary to examine the food storage within the Tree Snake City.

The scale of Tree Snake City wasn't very large, but the granary's area was indeed quite spacious, even exceeding that of typical noble residences. The grey granary was constructed with bricks and stones, with only two to three meters of its above-ground portion visible, while its underground main structure was three times the height of the ground part!

"Hmm? The entire granary is built with volcanic rocks, reinforced with corn mortar?"

"Exactly, Majesty! The entire granary has been dug quite deep, including the cellar part, all paved with rock bricks and moisture-proofed for the rainy season. In such a dry, low-temperature granary, dried corn and jerky can even be stored for several years... I have asked the elderly craftsmen in the city. Over the years, Tree Snake City has expanded its granaries several times, always preparing for war. And the food storage in the city has always been a priority concern of successive City Lords."

Chief Intelligence Officer Gillim saluted respectfully, reporting in detail. Upon the fall of Tree Snake City, he immediately dispatched personnel to control the granary in the city and personally checked it twice.

In fact, within this Telascallan city-state, he cared most not for the temple, nor the Divine Descendants, but for the granary and food. The storage of food is vital for the survival of the allied army on the expedition, warranted careful and constant attention.

"Hmm, truly a military city built with meticulous care!"

Aweit reached out a hand and touched the solid outer wall of the granary, expressing the sentiment of a victor. Next, he noticed the surface of the granary wall had traces of flame scorching. The king's expression suddenly became grave.

"Gillim, how much food did the army specifically capture within Tree Snake City?"

"Majesty, Tree Snake City originally had a population and family of twenty thousand, with a stored food supply for twenty thousand people for a year."

Gillim's expression was serious and he spoke at length.

"The alliance besieged the city for half a month, attacked it for nearly a month, plus several days of city cleansing. Now it's already the end of July, the start of August. When the city fell earlier, some Telascallan defending troops set fire to the granary. But with divine protection, heavy rain promptly followed, and only a portion of the food was burnt...excluding the consumption and burning by the defending troops, the granary still contains enough food to support forty thousand troops for four months!"

"Hmm. The delayed heavy rain gave the alliance more time to assault the city and extinguished the fire within the city, surely divine protection!"

Aweit smiled. He then heard Gillim's reported figures, and the smile turned into a look of delight.

"Who would have thought there could be food for forty thousand people for four months? Gillim, did you check it?"

"Majesty, I led the Secret Guard and checked twice personally. The food supply in the granary should not differ much from this figure."

Gillim likewise broke into a rare smile.

"The Telascallan did indeed prepare well for this war. However, with divine protection! These reserves now benefit the alliance. The rainy season is at its peak, making food transportation difficult. With this batch of captured food, the logistical pressure on the alliance is greatly reduced."

"Indeed! In Feathered Serpent City, there is still food for four thousand people for over two months, plus this batch of captured food...after I lead the Royal Legion away, more than half can be left for the Southbound Army heading north!"

Aweit nodded with a smile. He and Gillim coincidentally used the figure of forty thousand people to estimate food consumption.

The reason being that after two brutal siege battles, the main force of the Northern Route Army, initially seven full military corps nearing sixty thousand, was reduced to about forty thousand. Of course, among these casualties, over sixty percent were cheap militia, and only forty percent were the samurai who required pensions. And among the eight thousand fallen samurai, city-state warriors accounted for six to seven tenths of them. This disparity in casualties naturally ties in closely with the arrangements made by the king since the eastern expedition.

"Divine protection for the alliance!"

Aweit uttered a prayer and showed slight concern. With such ample food supply in Tree Snake City, the yet-to-be-captured White Snake Hill City and Cloud Serpent Mountain City should likewise have abundant food supplies. Next, if Xiuluo wants to capture these two cities and completely eradicate the Telascallan, it may take quite some time and be far from easy.

"Gillim, during these days of the alliance's assaults, have there been any movements from the other two snake cities?"

"Majesty, Cloud Serpent Mountain City is built within the mountains, making it difficult for the army to enter, and likewise hard for the warriors inside to come out. The Mountain Corps blocked the mountain pass, the Telascallan warriors in the mountains attempted a few harassment attacks but with little effect, and it ended inconclusively."

This kind of mountain city built in the mountains is perilous but often has little impact on the overall strategic situation. This is because the attackers do not need much troop strength to block the mountain pass, cutting off the mountain city's channel for deploying forces. And once these channels are severed, a besieged mountain city becomes a dead city that will eventually run out of food and fall.

"As for White Snake Hill City, located at the rear side of the army..."

The Chief Intelligence Officer paused, then his expression became stern.

"The warriors in the city have come out to attack, repeatedly raiding the army's grain paths, harming several hundred alliance militia, and also burning some food supplies."

The army's grain path is not stable, which is why the Chief Intelligence Officer always prioritized military food supplies.

"Hmm...White Snake Hill City..."

Aweit squinted his eyes, looking towards the northeast, a murderous intent rose in his heart. After thinking for a moment, he then lowered his eyes, shaking his head.

"No. The rainy season is at its peak, not a time for city assault. I also don't have much time to linger here aimlessly. The royal main force must return quickly and hold the capital city. I also need to conduct the grand priestly rites to appease the alliance's hearts!"

Gillim slightly raised his head, observing the king's expression. He then nodded secretly, knowing that the king had already made a decision, and said no more.

"Gillim, a royal decree: dispatch envoys to the Southern Army!"

Aweit pondered for a while and issued the latest royal decree while gazing at the solid granary.

"There are five important matters for the envoys heading south! First, the High Priest goes to the Divine Kingdom, letting Xiuxoke write a letter to comfort Xiulote...Second, inform him of the Northern Route Army's progress. Tree Snake City has already fallen, and the main force of the Royal Legion needs to quickly return to the capital...Third, inquire about the situation of the Southern Army, let him extract at least twenty thousand from the army corps and personally lead them to sit in Tree Snake City! I will await him for a month's time for an in-person handover and strategic guidance...Fourth, have him select one thousand third-level warriors from various corps of the Southern Army to expand the Tonsured Guard Camp."

"As for the last matter..."

At this point, Aweit's face showed an unprecedented brilliant smile. Today he was so joyful not just because of the conquest of Tree Snake City, but also mainly due to receiving this good news!

"Haha! Tell Xiulote that the messenger from the capital city brought the good news of divine blessing! Ten days ago, while warriors were battling atop Tree Snake City, the Chief Divine bestowed sacred blessings, granting prosperity to the royal family!"

Upon hearing this, the Chief Intelligence Officer's forehead jumped, his body shook, losing his customary solemnity.

He had already guessed what this news might be! Calculating the days, it indeed fell within this month. Judging by the king's expression, there should be no surprise. However, whether it's male or female remains unknown...on this matter, the king had arranged another group isolated from all news, independently responsible to him. Even the Secret Guard monitoring the alliance had no authority to inquire or understand any details. Of course, he dared not defy the king on this matter, not even to the slightest extent.

"Haha!"

Aweit laughed heartily, his eyes bent into crescent moons. His face rid of the usual coldness and sternness, even carried a touch of benevolence. He laughed as he declared, just like declaring victory from the eastern expedition, filled with heartfelt joy.

"Tell him, divine blessing for the royal family!...Ten days ago, he became a father! And I, became a grandfather!"