

Civilization 95

Chapter 95 Banquet_2

"The old King is dead; all his sins will naturally be judged by the gods. Take the body away and let the Priests embalm it—we will have to carry it back to the Capital City and bury it in the Royal Family's graveyard."

"Make sure to let every camp's Commander and Captain take a look, so they can confirm that Tizoc is indeed dead!"

The trusted aide bowed his head to take the orders and then carried the body out of the tent. Life returned to the tent, now even more spirited and excited than before.

Aweit warmly pulled the youth close to the throne. Acap, solemn Samurai, and a noble Priest, all three greeted him together.

"Come, Xiulote, let me introduce you."

With one hand, Aweit held the youth's hand, and with the other, he forcefully pulled the solemn Samurai's arm. The solemn Samurai quickly bowed his head to show respect to the King.

"This is my loyal Samurai, Gillim, of hereditary nobility, who has followed me for over twenty years. Last year, he was in the Capital City planning the grand strategy for me. The two thousand family Samurai in the Ktotoko reinforcements were his arrangements.

Gillim's hard work over the years has been of high merit. The ease with which we won the battle for the army was largely thanks to him! Now that he is here to help me plan, he will be in charge of the army's intelligence work."

Hearing Aweit's praises, Gillim again bowed solemnly, paying his respects to the King.

Xiulote felt a stir in his heart upon hearing this; this was a close confidant of his friend, the future intelligence chief.

Since Aweit started his uprising, and with no need to worry about Tizoc's suspicions, the old subordinates from the Tarasco campaign had been gathering. Xiulote had met many commanders, but Gillim was the only one receiving such a grand introduction today, which spoke volumes of his status in Aweit's heart.

The youth also bowed his head, clenched his fist, and solemnly saluted Gillim.

Then Gillim once again returned the salute with serious sincerity.

Seeing the two exchange such formal salutes, the young noble Priest next to them chuckled and teased.

"Since we are all eagles, there's no need to flutter like turkeys—let's soar directly!"

Hearing this, Gillim remained silent.

Xiulote smiled and nodded to acknowledge the young Priest.

Yet in his heart, Xiulote was puzzled: Where did this wealthy young master come from? Unworldly enough to liken both me and Gillim to turkeys? Indeed, more reckless and naive than me."

Aweit also smiled at these words. Holding onto Xiulote with one hand, he used the other to point at the young noble and introduced him.

"This is one of the six Elders of the Chief Priesthood at the Great Temple, the youngest son of Uguel, from the hereditary nobility of the Royal City, Ugus. He is currently the Fifth Level Earth Wolf Priest in the Capital. He has joined the army as a War Priest, coming specially to contribute to the Alliance."

Hearing key information about the Chief Priesthood and the six Elders, the youth pondered and had a realization. He glanced at Aweit, and the friend slightly nodded. The youth then looked back at Ugus with a smile spreading across his face.

"I've heard about His Highness's reputation upon arriving at the camp. Seeing you today, you indeed have remarkable looks, truly like a florid Samurai." Ugus commented reservedly on Xiulote.

Gillim also nodded solemnly in approval.

"Your Highness's development of siege engines and Longbows truly shows your ingenuity. The creation of writing shows your profound scholarship. Raising the slogan to end the war in the camp reveals your deep understanding of human nature. This time, killing the old King and forcing the Great General to his death, you've shown extraordinary bravery.

Let me honor you with another cup of cocoa, wishing that the heart of the Scholar never falters, the wisdom of the Wise never alters, and the heart of the Samurai ever endures!"

Having said this, Gillim refilled a cup with mixed cocoa, held the clay cup solemnly above his forehead, and drank it down in one gulp.

Seeing Gillim do this, the youth could only sigh lightly. He too filled a cup with mixed cocoa, respectfully drank it, and instantly felt spirited. Sweetness filled his mouth and nose, bitterness lingered on his tongue, heat burned his chest and belly, and his heart twitched again. It was indeed too much!

Aweit watched the two's formalities with a smile.

He chuckled inwardly, knowing that Xiulote usually only drank hot cocoa with honey and was particularly sensitive to chili and spices. The youth's silent writhing expression couldn't escape his notice.

"Though cocoa is a drink for nobility and Samurai, it has after all fallen to the mundane; the Priests of the Great Temple do not favor it." Ugus also took a sip of cocoa and continued to join the conversation.

"I once drank the Holy Water from the Chief Priesthood of the Great Temple in the Holy City. That is the true gift from the gods, requiring a three-day fast before it can be consumed. Each time after drinking it,

I felt as if about to soar, sharing joyous moments with the deities, without the headache left by divine smoke, truly an unparalleled treasure."

The youth was startled; it sounded like some kind of special Potion that brought about a pleasant mood. Out of curiosity, he asked, "Where does the Holy Water come from? And how can one drink it?"

Ugus smiled mysteriously, a look of self-satisfaction in his eyes.

He looked toward Aweit and bowed: "The Holy Water, of course, comes from a divine gift. Once the esteemed King attends the coronation in the Capital City, the Chief Priesthood will naturally present it with respect!"

Aweit laughed heartily, patting Ugus on the shoulder. Xiulote quietly took note of the name "Holy Water."

The feast began shortly thereafter. During the war, there wasn't much luxury in food, but there was a variety of dishes in ample portions.

Xiulote first ate a slice of corn tortilla with cochineal cactus. This type of cactus was a favorite of the cochineal insects, offering a tender and crisp taste with a refreshing sweetness. It was served to whet the appetite and line the stomach.

Then he spread open a burrito, adding delicious huitlacoche, fragrant forest mushrooms, hot grilled venison, and topped it all with fresh wild honey. After rolling it carefully, he took a bite—juicy and crisp, sweet but not cloying, with a light pleasant fragrance. This was the youth's favorite main dish.

