

Perish 241

Chapter 241: Offering Surrender Before the Battle Formation

The Centurion where Tini Bazus was located was positioned at the forefront of the right wing of the entire formation. He watched the dust rolling in from the front and felt the slight tremor of the ground, unable to resist turning his head and saying, "The Segestica people's lineup is no small matter. Today will be a hard fight! Samoras, once the battle begins, don't worry about me, just take care of yourself and your brothers under your command!"

It was the first time Samoras heard Tini Bazus say something like this before a battle and was a bit puzzled, "Huh?"

"Don't 'huh' me, have you heard clearly?!" Tini Bazus kicked him with his foot backward.

"I... I understand." Samoras nodded heavily.

"Today, let's have a good fight, brother!" Tini Bazus cheered them on while he held his shield to the side.

Samoras showed a silly smile and forcefully bumped his shield against his.

"You idiot, go easy." Tini Bazus scolded him, turning forward again, watching for a while, murmuring, "The Segestica people should stop advancing, right? Otherwise, those guys in the back weren't prepared for nothing."

Tini Bazus's guess was correct. With the two armies still over a hundred meters apart, Andres swung his great sword to signal the troops to halt their advance.

The rumbling footsteps ceased, and the rolling dust began to settle. The soldiers on both sides stood against each other across the hundred-meter distance: the Segestica Warriors brandished swords and spears, shouting and making menacing gestures at the adversary; while the rebel army soldiers merely planted their shields on the ground, standing silently.

The contrast between movement and stillness was stark.

In the middle of the rebel army's formation was the Second Legion, with Legion Commander Torrelugo standing at the forefront of the array. Watching the display across from him, he laughed heartily, saying, "What the enemy is doing is foolish. They won't frighten our soldiers, only prematurely deplete their energy, making them incapable of a prolonged fight with us!"

The soldiers in the front row shouted loudly, "Legion Commander, we all heard you. You'd better get back to the rear!"

"Why the rush? Are you afraid I'll join the battle and kill more enemies than you?" Torrelugo turned and said.

"We're afraid you'll be punished by the Military Judge again!" the soldiers replied in unison.

"You guys!" Torrelugo pretended to point angrily at them.

Everyone burst into laughter.

From a hundred meters away, Andres saw the relaxed smiles on the faces of the enemy and frowned, saying, "Make the slaves attack!" After issuing the order, Andres rode back to the rear of the formation.

Gowes was once a Scodisqi Noble, who witnessed the decline of his own Skodisqi Tribe when he was young. He became a slave of the Segestica, swapping his sword for a plow, occasionally being used as cannon fodder to charge the enemy lines.

However, even with just a wooden stick in hand, his performance was still exceptional due to his military training from a young age, earning him better treatment than ordinary slaves. Because of this, he was always placed at the forefront during charges, which was exactly what he desired. The fall of his tribe left him in long-term agony, and dying on the battlefield was his best destiny.

Despite the Segestica people shouting loudly from behind, Gowes did not rush forward. Seeing the enemy ahead brought forth his deepest nightmare, making him very uneasy. He loudly instructed his compatriots around him, "Stay close to me! Move slower, this enemy is different from the past, you must be extremely careful!"

Over 2,000 Skodisqi male slaves formed a loose horizontal formation about a mile long. Goves intentionally walked at the forefront of the center of the formation, deliberately slowing his pace. With considerable prestige among the slaves, most followed his lead.

After walking ten meters, Goves suddenly heard singing from the enemy's formation ahead.

This sound... Goves was moved because it was the sound of home.

As the singing grew louder and more resonant, more slaves heard the lyrics: "...People born of the wilderness, raised in the forest,

Feel the teachings of the Druid.

Our hearts are connected with nature.

When danger arises, do not panic.

Like a wild bear, gain strength from faith.

When encountering setbacks, do not lose heart.

Like a hamster, learn to persevere from adversity.

..."

This was a Druid ballad! A song they would inevitably chant during rituals and whenever listening to the teachings! All the Skodisqi male slaves who heard this song were greatly shocked.

Amidst their confusion, countless people wearing traditional Skodisqi attire emerged from the enemy's uneven formation, quickly coming to the front. Small flags were raised, each painted with a wild bear, made by the women of the Supply Camp over an afternoon and evening. Despite their simplicity and crudeness, the effect was tremendous, deeply moving the hearts of the Skodisqi male slaves.

It was at this moment that the Skodisqi compatriots standing in their front stopped singing and shouted in unison: "Brave warriors of Scodis, those in front of you are not enemies, but your kin! Come quickly! Escape the Segestica and come with us, let's go home together!"

These fellow Skodisqi, both men and women, waved anxiously to the male slaves, some even running forward to pull them over.

What Gowes saw was somewhat different. In front of him stood an elderly man with long hair and beard, wearing a robe and a crown of leaves, arms outstretched and raised high... Even though he had been a slave for more than a decade, this figure often appeared in his dreams because this was the Druid, revered by the Skodisqi people!

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Moreover, the appearance of the old man made him feel somewhat familiar, and he was just about to ask.

But the old man spoke first, "Gowes, what are you waiting for! Quickly take the others and follow me to the safety of the rear! If we delay any longer, the long swords of the Segestica people will come slashing in!"

This voice... this face... it's Emmerich! The revered Druid Emmerich! ... Gowes was greatly shaken and no longer hesitated. He shouted loudly, "Everyone, quickly follow Sage Emmerich!"

In fact, even as he was shouting, many people were desperately running forward. Indeed, many of them had been treated by the old man before, and even those who hadn't seen him for decades remembered him as deep and rich as aged wine.

All the Skodisqi male slaves began to run desperately forward. To make themselves run faster, many threw away the wooden sticks in their hands. Meanwhile, their compatriots also turned and retreated.

The Hamster Flags led these two merging groups as they quickly retreated to the rear through the staggered gaps of the thousand-man formations.

During this process, the rebel soldiers raised their square shields, building a shield wall around the formations, staying vigilant against the Skodisqi slaves passing through the array.

The Skodisqi male slaves were also worried about being attacked by the rebel soldiers as they passed through the formations. Still, their trust in their compatriots and the Druid, and their eagerness to escape the Segestica people, overrode this fear.

The Skodisqi male slaves did not charge into the rebel army's formation, nor did the rebel soldiers stab them with short swords. However, the Segestica warriors supervising them noticed something was amiss. When shouting and cursing proved ineffective, they began slashing at the fleeing male slaves.

The constant screams from behind forced the male slaves at the front to flee desperately, inevitably causing some chaos.

"Brothers, hold the square shields steady! Without my order, don't swing your swords!" Tini Bazus, like other team officers, braced his body against the shield to withstand the Skodisqi male slaves' panicked impacts on the shield formation while loudly reminding his soldiers.

Just then, the long and deep sound of a horn came from the front...

As the Great Chief of the entire Segestica Tribe, Andres could no longer lead by personal example as he did when he was younger. He had retreated to the rear of the formation and, through layers of warriors, naturally couldn't see the anomaly behind the Skodisqi male slaves at the front.

The entire Segestica formation was still following its usual routine, only slowly advancing after the Skodisqi slaves at the front had moved a certain distance. Even if the warriors at the front noticed something unusual, making a swift response in a loose formation of over 15,000 people was impossible.

In the end, a few warriors supervising the Skodisqi slaves rushed back to report the matter urgently to Andres.

Feeling deceived, Andres' face turned ashen as he roared, "Those damn Skodisqi slaves actually surrendered to the enemy on the front line! It seems they don't want to live! Sound the horn and charge, crush them!"

The command flag of the Segestica people was far less complex than that of the rebel army, having only one command—to sound the horn and attack.

Once the horn sounded, the attack commenced, with no further command from the commanders. So previously, the starting and stopping of the advance were led by Andres and the surrounding warriors leading by example, with the others following... But now, Andres could not stand by and watch over 2,000 Skodisqi slaves escape easily, then turn against them, so the attack orders were issued prematurely.

The horn sounded, and the frontline Segestica heavy warriors began running, with the light infantry closely following behind, their thunderous footsteps rolling like roaring sea tides toward the rebel army formation.

At this moment, most Skodisqi slaves had already fled to the rear of the rebel army formation, leaving only a few injured slaves struggling at the forefront, but the rebel army could no longer wait.

Fesaros, Torrelugo, and Camillus, the three Legion Commanders, almost simultaneously issued the order to "Merge Formation," with the rear thousand-man formations quickly advancing to fill the gaps between the frontline thousand-man formations.

In no time, a long iron wall rose between the two swamps.

The injured Skodisqi male slaves were dumbfounded by the seamless shield formation before them and let out hopeless wails... only to be trampled by countless feet in an instant, soon falling silent.

The Segestica heavy warriors charged to the front of the formation, swinging their longswords fiercely at the enemies.

The rebel soldiers did not hide behind the half-human-high square shields but instead tilted the shields upward, aiming to use the iron rams in the center of the shields to intercept the longswords. This was

the lesson they learned from previous battles, to avoid having their shields damaged by sharp longswords, while the thick iron ram could easily injure the enemy's sword-wielding wrist, preventing them from wielding full strength.

Similarly, many Segestica heavy warriors heeded the warnings of the few survivors from previous battles, avoiding direct collisions with the shield formation to prevent being stabbed by enemy short swords.

Full-scale battle erupted, with the sound of killing echoing to the sky...

Maximus gazed from above: under the enemy's charge, the straight formation of the rebel army appeared to cave in one section after another, only to slowly restore its original shape...

Maximus breathed a sigh of relief, "Not bad, Emmerich successfully got his compatriots out, and we timely reinforced the formation to fend off the Segestica charge, so this first step of the plan was a success!"

"The battle has only just begun, and the plans ahead are the toughest!" Quintus reminded grimly.

Maximus nodded, asking, "When will we start changing the formation?"

"No hurry, let's exhaust more of the enemy's strength. Once their bodies are tired, their minds will stop thinking," Quintus pointed to his head, "and they will become blindly obedient!"

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Gowes hadn't even stood still at the back of the rebel army formation when the deafening sounds of fighting came from behind, held back by the solid iron wall behind him.

Are we safe now?!... Gowes felt as if he were in a dream.

Many Skodisqi male slaves recognized familiar faces among those who rescued them, eagerly wanting to reconnect. More people flocked to the Amway Group, expressing their gratitude and longing... The team of over two thousand squeezed together, creating quite a clamour.

Even Emmerich himself, seeing his long-lost compatriots, was so excited he could hardly contain himself.

At this moment, many outside were calling his name, "Emmerich!! Emmerich!!..."

He quickly pushed through the crowd to see Flanitnus standing with a team of soldiers, a serious expression on his face.

As soon as Emmerich approached, Flanitnus reprimanded, "Emmerich, have you forgotten the promise you made earlier?! Allowing so many people to gather here is a huge risk! Quickly get all your people together and take them where you need to go!"

"I'm really sorry, I got overly excited just now and failed to complete the task in time, it's my fault!"

Emmerich's earnest apology eased Flanitnus's expression slightly. He said solemnly, "Looking at them right now, can they really go into battle in a bit? I'm afraid you'll have to put in a lot of work to straighten them out!"

"Believe me, they definitely can!" Emmerich said confidently.

Chapter 243: Changing Formation

The two were speaking in Latin, which the Scodisqi slaves could not understand, but they saw the elder dressed in thick armor and wearing a red-plumed helmet looking imposing, while their esteemed sage appeared somewhat subdued, causing fear and resentment to arise in their hearts.

Emmerich turned back with a calm demeanor and loudly announced, "Children of the Grey Bear, follow me, I will take you to a place of safety!"

After speaking, he took a flag and held it high, leading the way westward. The others holding flags automatically followed behind him.

Thus, under Emmerich's leadership, the Skodisqi male slaves left the battlefield, following their compatriots.

As they blindly followed the main force, Gowes had many doubts in his heart. Someone came to find him, saying, "The sage wishes to see you," and he immediately ran to the front of the line.

When Emmerich saw him, he amiably asked, "Gowes, how many years has it been since we last met?"

"About 15 years... and 5 months... the last time I saw you was when we were disastrously defeated by the Romans, and you came to heal me," Gowes recalled.

Emmerich sighed, "You remember so clearly, you must have had a difficult time these past years."

Feeling a pain in his heart, Gowes hastily asked, "Sage, what is going on here?"

"I know you have doubts, and I called you here to give you the answers." So Emmerich briefly explained to the former Scodisqi noble in front of him how he joined the rebel army.

"Are you saying that this army, daring to fight against the Segestica people, is composed of slaves from western Italy? ... They have previously defeated the Roman Army multiple times? ... You have already sworn allegiance to their leader and joined their ranks? ... And promised their leader to bring us to join them as well? ..."

Every time Gowes asked a question, Emmerich nodded in affirmation.

Finally, Emmerich said earnestly, "Now, the only place on this land willing to truly accept us, regard us as their own, and ensure our safety is this newly established Nix Tribe! It is only the Nix Tribe that dares to go to war with the Segestica people and is willing to rescue our other suffering compatriots!"

Gowes was silent for a moment, then looked up at the waving flag and said softly, "If everyone joins this Nix, what about our tribe?"

"Our tribe has already perished..." Emmerich said heavily, "For now, we have no choice, but as for the future... no one knows what will happen."

Gowes blinked, seemingly understanding the implication of Emmerich's words, and then he declared, "I will listen to you, Sage, so... let's temporarily join this Nix Tribe."

Temporarily join... Emmerich glanced at him, immediately understanding what he was thinking, but he chose not to persuade further and instead mentioned another matter, "In your group, besides you, who else has prestige?"

"We were all temporarily assembled here from various Segestica tribes and do not know most of the people in this group very well, but during these days of marching, I saw a few acquaintances..."

The names Gowes mentioned were known to Emmerich; they were all former Scodisqi military nobles, renowned warriors, so he instructed, "When we arrive, you will be given shields and long spears, you and those few should organize the group well, and then follow the commands of the leaders sent by the Nix Tribe. Return here when the time comes—"

"The Nix people want us to go back to the battlefield and fight bloodily with the Segestica people?!" Gowes's expression darkened.

Although brave, Gowes was not a fool. During the march, he had witnessed the strength of the Segestica Army. Having just escaped captivity and with newfound hope for rebuilding the tribe, he naturally did not want to be driven by the Nix people to fight against the powerful Segestica Army, depleting the already scarce number of compatriots.

Emmerich shook his head and waved his empty left hand with force, "No, it's not sending you to fight the Segestica people! But rather, when they collapse, you need to intercept them and prevent their escape!"

Gowes immediately asked, "How many warriors has the Nix sent to fight the Segestica people?"

"Over 9,000," Emmerich replied truthfully.

"Only over 9,000, and the Nix expects to defeat this Segestica Army?!" Gowes found it hard to believe.

Having marched with the Segestica Army for several days, Gowes roughly knew the number of Segestica warriors. The disparity in strength between the two sides was too great. Although the Nix people's weapons and formations resembled those of the Romans, they were not the Roman Army. They claimed they had defeated the Roman Army before, but neither Emmerich nor he had seen it with their own eyes. He was more inclined to believe that the Segestica people, with superior numbers and having defeated his tribe multiple times, could achieve victory.

Emmerich knew a little about Maximus's battle plan, but he was unwilling to say much, as he himself was skeptical about it. He could only say softly, "Rest assured, Leader Maximus promised me that he would not send you into battle unless the enemy collapses."

"But..." Gowes did not feel relieved by this, for he already realized: if the Nix is defeated in this battle, the Segestica people will continue to advance, and if they destroy the Nix, what will become of us?"

Chapter 244: Formation Change_2

Gowes began to feel anxious.

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The battle continued, but compared to the initial slaughter, the situation had changed in some ways.

The originally loose offensive line of the Segestica Army gradually began to gather forward for three reasons:

Andres could not tolerate that such a massive force had fought for so long yet couldn't shake the enemy's line even a little. Thus, he dispatched the only cavalry by his side to urge the idle warriors in the rear to press forward and apply greater pressure on the enemy's defense line;

The light infantry of Segestica in the rear were also dissatisfied with the current stalemate. After all, they had followed Andres and won some victories over the past few years, carrying a sense of pride that did

not allow them to remain idle. In fact, they had already unconsciously started to press forward even before the cavalry urged them;

The more than 2,000 Segestica Heavy Infantry warriors currently engaging were the most uncomfortable. Some were noble children, others were warriors who had excelled in previous battles. Andres bestowed them with this valuable weaponry and other material rewards. They were neither nobles nor ordinary tribe members but carried their own pride. Given the rare chance that Andres gathered them to use, they also wanted to win new glory in such a great battle;

However, their previously unstoppable assault encountered problems today. Their sharp longswords could not break through the enemy's thick shields, and even if they occasionally hit the enemy's body, the opponent's equally thick armor left them largely undamaged. In contrast, they had to be extremely cautious of sudden close-in attacks from those hiding behind sturdy shields. In such close-quarters, the enemy's short sword would suddenly thrust forward, making it hard to dodge. Even wearing chain armor, being stabbed so fiercely would cause painful wounds;

So, although the Segestica Heavy Infantry were on the offensive, now most of their sword-wielding arms were sore and their spirits were highly tense, resulting in increased exhaustion. Hence, giving up on using longswords and relying solely on large shields to bear the brunt became their best option, which also allowed the light infantry behind them to press forward.

Actually, the Segestica people wouldn't foolishly focus only on crashing into the enemy's shield formation. Especially for the light infantry in the rear, some began to try crossing the swamp to flank the enemy.

The rebel army anticipated this and had trained beforehand. Troops from both flanks of the formation had sent part of their soldiers to form a thin defensive line on the edge of the swamp.

The line was thin, but the Segestica light infantry maneuvering through the swamp found it difficult to break through. The reason was simple: the swamp was full of mud, making walking challenging to avoid falling, let alone fighting while building momentum. Besides, there were other hazards in the swamp, like snakes and leeches. During their crossing, some Segestica people screamed in terror, and just as they barely emerged from the swamp, the rebel soldiers experienced in defense, using square shields, toppled them off balance and finished them with a short sword thrust.

As a result, the Segestica suffered more casualties here than in the frontal skirmish.

Of course, some tried to go further around the swamp to avoid the enemy's block on the shore, but that meant delving deeper into the swamp, where the water got deeper and more perilous.

Segestica warriors saw firsthand several comrades who, crossing sections appearing shallow, suddenly sank and were quickly swallowed by the mud... Terrified, the Segestica people ceased trying.

"Boom!... Boom!..." Stags half-squatted, using his square shield to fend off the enemy's impact. At the moment of collision, he skillfully tilted the shield's angle, thus absorbing more than half of the impact force. Therefore, even though the enemy's pressure on the shield formation increased, he could still handle it with ease.

Although these enemies in front were also heavy infantry, compared to the heavy infantry he encountered that day, they were far inferior. That person had great strength, cleaving through Stags' shield with one strike, nearly severing his arm, a memory that still haunted him.

Later, Stags learned that enemy was a leader of the Segestica Tribe named Wallis. He even saw his corpse, which was hideous in death, but felt no remorse since a dead enemy was a good enemy.

After that battle, his shield was almost irreparable, and he exchanged it for an injured soldier's shield. Due to this experience, he deeply understood the longsword's damage to shields wielded by Segestica Heavy Infantry, spending time studying it.

The "use shield corner to deflect longsword" suggestion was something he proposed to Great Captain Bubius, who reported it, and its swift adoption army-wide, brought him commendation from Leader Maximus.

Stags pushed forward forcefully, momentarily pushing back the enemy, then quickly glanced at his row of soldiers, his gaze lingering briefly on Casaridaoa.

Stags was most concerned about Casaridaoa, not just because he saved his life, but because he was young and easily excitable.

Their platoon was unlucky, selected to temporarily join the Third Legion responsible for the left flank. The left flank was to execute special missions, highly dangerous. Thus, team officers repeatedly advised soldiers to conserve energy to ensure successful withdrawal when executing the plan, meaning the left flank soldiers primarily focused on defense when engaging with enemies, unless a good opportunity presented for using the short sword.

Stags worried Casaridaoa might lose control and get caught up in the fight, depleting his stamina excessively, also affecting the whole line's defense... But until now, his worries hadn't materialized. Casaridaoa had shown great composure, prompting admiration: some people are born to be soldiers!

However, Stags noticed some soldiers already showing fatigue, making him contemplate whether to initiate a formation change now. As soon as he shouted "formation change," the 2nd and 3rd line soldiers would raise their shields, ready to replace the front defense, while those in the 1st line would seize the moment to retreat through shield gaps to the rear, recuperating.

Nevertheless, as he hesitated, he heard the sound of the copper horn.

The copper horn began continuously blaring from the rear of the rebel formation to ensure every soldier heard it.

Stags roused himself, shouting hoarsely, "Brothers, the copper horn has sounded, begin retreat!"

He shouted in Latin, not worried the Segestica people in front could comprehend.

Yesterday, Quintus disclosed the entire battle plan to every soldier, conducting numerous drills, so they knew what to do once they heard the copper horn.

The soldiers held their shields against enemy attacks while slowly retreating...

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At the moment the copper horn sounded, Maximus and his companions stared intently at the battlefield from the hill.

In their plan: the army's right wing remained steady, the center slowly retreated, the left wing retreated more quickly... gradually turning the eastward-facing entire formation to face the Validosi Swamp to the north, equivalent to the entire formation rotating counterclockwise about 180 degrees, like a dragon swinging its tail.

But this tail was hard to swing. After all, this was a massive formation of nearly ten thousand people. Even during yesterday's rehearsals, ensuring the entire array and all soldiers synchronized without major errors took considerable time, let alone now under enemy pressure. A misstep could turn a tactical retreat into an actual rout!

Chapter 245: Pretend Defeat? Real Defeat?

Even though Maximus doesn't believe in gods, he couldn't help but pray silently in his heart at this moment, while hoping that the resilience and immense trust developed by the rebel soldiers over the past year would support them.

In fact, the current situation of the rebel army's formation had already started to deviate from what Quintus and the others had initially planned.

In the original plan, the right wing served as the root, and it needed to remain as stationary as possible so that the center and the left wing could retreat, using it as an axis, to keep the formation intact...

However, in the reality of battle, the center began to retreat, and the soldiers on the right wing nearest to the center naturally also retreated to avoid exposing their flank to enemy attacks, connecting with their comrades in the center. Moreover, under the enemy's strong pressure, what was supposed to be a gradual retreat turned into larger steps due to the chain effect...as a result, the soldiers at the end of the right wing couldn't merely pivot to link with their adjacent troops, and were forced to retreat to maintain the integrity of the formation...

This led the entire formation of the rebel army to continuously move north while retreating, and even when the red flags on the hill were swung, signaling the copper horn to stop sounding, the retreat persisted...

"Leader...rest assured, they can hold steady!" Quintus reassured Maximus, though his voice was trembling slightly.

"I believe they can complete the plan!" Maximus appeared more composed at this moment, confidently saying, "We've struggled to get here, and we finally have new hope. We are unwilling to let it be snuffed out halfway!"

Quintus was taken aback, then his old face flushed red as he shouted, "Yes, Leader, they will definitely withstand the enemy!"

He hesitated for a moment, then asked, "Leader, should we notify Pequot to start the operation now?"

Why was Quintus hesitant?

Because once the rebel army completed their formation change, they would no longer be able to block the Segestica Army, allowing the Segestica Warriors to outflank the rebel army's side. If they managed to outflank successfully, the subsequent plans of the rebel army couldn't be carried out. Therefore, after the formation change, the rebel army needed to quickly move to the next step. But in an unstable formation, acting hastily could easily lead to the collapse of the entire army.

If they informed Pequot at this time and the forces he led arrived on the battlefield without a solid formation, it would be impossible to take the next step. The enemy outflanking the sides would inevitably discover Pequot's troops. Once they become cautious and prepared, the entire military plan would fail.

Therefore, Quintus felt tremendous tension and deep guilt at the moment...

Maximus overlooked the valley below; the battlefield was much closer than before, and he could hear the blood-pumping sounds of fighting more clearly. The mountain wind rushed up along the cliff, hitting his face. Strangely, he felt more serene than ever, and his voice was steady and powerful: "Execute according to the plan and notify Pequot! Since everyone agrees with your bold plan, they will work hard to make it happen!"

"Yes...Leader!" For some reason, Quintus found his eyes moist.

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On another hill, Budocaribas and his group's expressions were much more intense.

"Ciciliotes, the outsiders...lost!"

"They've done quite well to hold off the Segestica people with so few troops! Besides, they haven't lost yet, they're just being forced to retreat."

"Only retreat when they can't withstand it; the Segestica people will take the momentum to attack fiercely, and they will soon collapse!"

"Budocaribas, do you think we should immediately send out our tribe's warriors to support the outsiders and help them reverse the defeat? The combat prowess of the outsiders is quite strong; they're our shield for breathing space."

"Are you insane! If we rush to rescue them now, they might collapse before we even arrive. Countless fleeing soldiers could disrupt our ranks, and if the pursuing Segestica people burst into our camp amidst the chaos, you'd... you'd be the tribe's traitor! Budocaribas, don't listen to him!"

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"Everyone, quiet!" exclaimed the anxious Budocaribas, halting the other leaders' quarrels. He solemnly instructed his subordinates: "Immediately return to the camp, gather the warriors to strengthen the defenses, and keep a close watch on those prisoners. If anything unusual occurs, kill them all!"

"Yes, Leader."

Budocaribas then turned to the other leaders and said gravely, "Gentlemen, the situation is dire. I hope you can return to your tribes, gather your warriors, and quickly lead your troops to my camp as a precaution!"

"Even without your notice, we would do so! Guarding your camp protects us all!" responded Ciciliotes decisively.

"Exactly! Our tribes are united as one!..." echoed the other leaders.

"Thank you! Thank you!" Budocaribas expressed his gratitude repeatedly, then continued: "If these outsiders are defeated, we won't risk sending troops to assist them. The camp gate will not only remain shut but also barred firmly, with warriors stationed on the wooden walls ready for defense.

However, we will dispatch boats to their camp's riverbank to rescue them as much as possible, prioritizing the transport of materials from their encampment."

With these words, everyone understood the situation.