

Perish 281

Chapter 281: First Assault on the Camp

Suddenly, a piercing scream came from the side, followed by cries of alarm from many people.

The enemy has launched their short spears! ...Quintus was startled, turned around, and ran back, his foot slipping on a bundle of grass, he fell, got up, and slipped again, in a hurry he simply tore off the wooden sole of his shoe and ran back desperately.

At this moment, the tribal leader in the rear had already changed his expression, swinging his longsword viciously, threatening, "Continue carrying the grass bundles and fill the front of the camp! Anyone who is greedy for life and fears death, hiding away, I will report to the Great Chief, strip him of his land, and expel him from the tribe!..."

His threat took effect, and Quintus and the other tribesmen had no choice but to continue performing the dangerous task.

Quintus and his group were facing the east side of the camp, there were a total of three towers, and at this moment, all three towers began launching short spears.

Quintus intentionally slowed down, forced himself to calm down, and after observing, he discovered: these three towers liked to fire short spears into crowded areas, and after firing one, there would be a period before firing another.

With these two discoveries, Quintus immediately moved quickly in a crouch towards less crowded areas, and soon completed the task without incident, safely returning to the rear, and continued carrying grass bundles...

Many experienced Pannonian warriors also adopted the same strategy as Quintus, but some young warriors out of fear liked to cluster together for courage, becoming prime targets for crossbow snipers, sometimes even one spear would kill two or three people.

But there were only three towers, and there were more than 2000 Pannonian warriors active in front of the camp, the number they killed was only a ripple in a stream, merely instilling psychological fear in the Pannonians, and could not stop their actions.

However, when the Pannonian warriors pushed within about 30 meters of the camp, an urgent copper horn sounded inside the camp, and a deafening roar erupted from the wooden wall, stones and javelins fell like raindrops, immediately followed by screams, with a number of Pannonian warriors falling in front of the camp.

Since the Pannonian warriors were carrying grass bundles to fill the ground, they had little protection, and even if hit by stones, they would get injured, scaring them into retreating quickly, leaving their injured teammates writhing on the grass in agony.

"Looks like we can't send them up alone anymore, otherwise casualties will be high!" Temagis in the rear, observing the situation, suggested to Andres.

According to the pre-arranged plan, their two families' forces launched an attack from the east, while Brochi and Mazi's reinforcements attacked from the north.

"You're right, it seems we need to deploy what we've prepared for several days."

Shortly after Andres spoke, at the forefront of the Pannonian attacking force appeared a dozen very wide and long wooden planks, these wooden planks were made by interlacing wooden beams and securing them with iron nails, the wood was tightly joined with few gaps, each wooden plank was held at an angle by seven or eight people, moving slowly toward the camp side by side like a long moving wooden wall.

Behind them were still the warriors carrying grass bundles, intermixed with infantry holding shields and long spears, they were to prevent the enemy from suddenly charging out from the camp gate, a lesson Andres learned from his last small setback.

When the wooden wall approached within about 30 meters of the camp, it stopped moving forward, and the warriors behind lay down, stuffing the grass bundles in front of the wooden wall...

During this time, the Nix soldiers stopped throwing javelins and stones, even though they had the height advantage and could still hit the Pannonians behind the wooden wall, their destructive power would be significantly reduced.

Only the crossbows continued to fire, and thick wooden planks were still being pierced by short spears, killing Pannonian warriors behind, but quickly replaced by others. Despite the high accuracy of the three crossbows at such close range, they couldn't stop the slow advance of the wooden wall.

This Pannonian tactic was not only carried out in the east but also executed in the north.

Maximus, overseeing from the north side of the camp, saw this situation and felt helpless: the Nix Tribe lacked bows and archers, not even javelins, only converting previously captured Segestica Spears, and their quantity wasn't much. Furthermore, the Nix Tribe didn't have specialized javelin throwers, they could only temporarily assign soldiers with such skills, like some Celts and Illyrian Mountain People who were adept at using javelins.

In addition, Quintus's suggestion was adopted by everyone, which was to gather some smaller stones and have soldiers collectively throw them, also producing some damage, somewhat compensating for the lack of medium and long-range firepower, but once the Pannonians used the wooden wall tactic, the Nix soldiers, even from above, could still attack the enemies behind the wooden wall, but the destructive power was inevitably reduced, and to save javelins and stones, the team officers ordered a halt to the throws.

Having a well-defended camp but unable to fully exploit its defensive power due to a lack of adequate long-range firepower, this left Maximus feeling regretful and resolute to quickly improve the Nix Army's long-range weaknesses.

When the wooden wall pushed to within 15 meters of the camp, it was forced to stop because in front was the barricade set by the Nix, countless waist-high sharp stakes densely crossed and inserted obliquely in the narrow area ahead, even a single warrior could not easily pass through this section to get closer to the trench, let alone when they were carrying wooden planks.

Chapter 282: First Attack on the Camp_2

However, these past few days were not wasted for the Panoni Alliance Army; they have their countermeasures.

The warriors carrying wooden planks placed them on the ground, bracing them with their bodies to prevent them from falling. The warriors behind them, holding weapons, carried their Wooden Shields at

an angle, carefully threading through the gaps between the planks, and maneuvering cautiously among the sharp stakes. The warriors originally carrying bundles of straw bent low to follow behind them, using the shield's protection to begin uprooting the sharp stakes...

The Nix Tribe fortified their defenses according to the Roman Camp's strict requirements to protect against the Panoni Alliance Army's assault. These sharp stakes were deeply embedded in the ground, making them hard to extract, often requiring two people to exert all their strength to succeed.

The Nix Soldiers couldn't allow the Pannonian warriors to act so freely, so javelins and stones rained down again.

This time, however, the Pannonian Army began their counterattack; because it was an assault on a camp, Andres had recruited some javelin throwers, who were hunters from the tribe. The Pannonians lived along the riverbanks, primarily making a living through agriculture and fishing, but some tribesmen ventured into the mountains to hunt for meat and furs.

These javelin throwers hid behind the wooden planks, hurling javelins at the Nix Soldiers on the camp's wooden wall. Though their hit rate wasn't high, it somewhat suppressed the enemy's long-range firepower.

The Nix Soldiers, attacking from a higher elevation and at close range, had a much higher hit rate. Some strong soldiers even hefted large stones for hurling down, striking the shields like a sledgehammer, causing the enemy to release their grip or stumble, an even more effective tactic than javelins.

Siris was struck on the head by a stone while extracting a stake, immediately blacking out and collapsing. When he regained consciousness, he found himself surrounded by fallen comrades. As he struggled to get up, a sudden flash of insight struck him, and he quickly feigned death by collapsing again with his eyes shut.

Despite the increasing casualties, the assault on the camp had reached a crucial moment. Andres could not retreat; tribal leaders and chiefs shouted loudly, compelling their underlings to advance only forward, with no retreat.

Thus, the stretch from the deer spikes to the trench was nearly filled with the fallen Pannonian warriors, who cleared nearly ten paths with their blood and lives.

Once more, the large wooden planks were carried forward by the Pannonian warriors. The Nix Soldiers realized their intentions and attacked even more fiercely. As the distance closed, two or three of them heaved large millstone-sized stones or meter-long logs as thick as a man's waist to hurl down.

The Pannonian warriors, tired from lifting the wooden planks, could not withstand such heavy blows and fell immediately, the planks crashing onto them with screams ringing out.

The subsequent Pannonian warriors surged forward, using one hand to shield themselves and the other to forcefully push the wooden planks onward. Once one fell, another quickly took their place, finally pushing the wooden planks to the edge of the trench.

The Nix Soldiers further intensified their assaults, causing the Pannonian warriors to hastily push the wooden planks across.

The plank tipped over into the trench, rendering it useless as a bridge.

Some Pannonian warriors, driven by the leader's harsh shouts, braved the rain of stones, arduously turning the planks (typically three meters high, seven meters long, by Pannonian make) and pushed them toward the trench, managing to propped it against the opposite earthen wall before long.

But before they could celebrate, a massive stone from the wooden wall came crashing down.

There was no extra space on the opposite side of the three-meter-wide trench, just a compacted and slightly slanted earthen wall. With no stable support at the base of the wooden planks, the stone directly smashed them into the trench.

Andres's attempt to use the wooden planks as a bridge to allow warriors to cross the trench failed, but their assault continued.

This time, warriors carrying ten-meter-long ladders charged to the forefront. When they reached the trench, a few riskily held the ladders firm, letting them drop, resting one end against the wooden wall top. Before the Nix Soldiers could push it away, a Pannonian warrior quickly clambered up and advanced swiftly.

The Nix Soldiers instantly focused their attacks on him; a stone struck him, and the warrior tumbled into the trench, which was also filled with many sharp stakes. One stake impaled his chest directly...

At the moment he fell, two more Pannonian warriors had already followed closely behind. Learning from their comrade's fate, they discarded their long spears, grabbed the long ladder, shielded their heads, and endured the excruciating pain from stone blows to crawl forward with effort...

Soon after, another Pannonian warrior climbed the long ladder.

The Nix Soldiers hefted a stout log, placed it at the top of the wooden ladder, and let it roll down. The log rolled down the ladder, smashing against the first Pannonian warrior's shield. The powerful impact caused him to lose his grip on the ladder, rolling backward and taking the following comrade down with him...

Some long ladders were struck by large stones, directly breaking in two, causing warriors on the ladders to scream as they fell into the trench...

These tragic scenes replayed on each long ladder...

The Pannonians didn't solely rely on long ladders for camp assaults; the javelin throwers also advanced to the trench line amidst the Nix Soldiers' scattered attacks, hurling javelins at the stronghold. The shortened distance improved hit rates, leading to rising Nix Soldier casualties...

Andres had the former straw-bundle-carrying warriors continue their tasks; this time, they carried grass sacks filled with soil, continuously transported to the trench line. The sacks were tossed into the trenches, and yet still, there were many felled by stones and javelins, becoming part of the trench-fill...

While the Nix Soldiers fully defended against the Pannonians, others in the camp were not idle; they formed long lines, loading stones and wood stored inside the camp into wooden frames, handing them along until they reached the wooden wall walkways...

Seeing the stone piles diminish noticeably, Capito and Volenus sought Maximus's approval to open the camp's south gate, leading people downriver to gather stones...

By afternoon, after relentless efforts, the Pannonians finally began filling parts of the trench with soil bags and their warrior's corpses.

Another batch of Pannonian warriors charged up, crossing the trench and placing wooden ladders on the corpses and sod bags, leaning them against the wooden wall. This time, the ladders inclined at a larger angle, offering greater stability, and even if one fell, there were soft bodies and sod bags below for protection, enhancing safety.

Scaling the ladders were not the previous Light Infantry, but armored Heavy Infantry, the Nobles and Warriors of the Pannonian Tribe.

Ordinary stones had little effect on them; javelins, large stones, and logs, due to earlier combat depletion, were running short now.

Thus, the Nix Soldiers often employed pitchforks to prop the ladders, pushing them with combined force.

With gasps of astonishment, ladder after ladder toppled over, yet they were quickly righted again. This push-and-pull continued... At the ladder's base, more and more warriors joined to press down on the ladder feet, stabilizing them...

Finally, a Heavy Armor Warrior reached the top of the ladder, immediately facing two or three long spears aimed at him. Dodging left and right, he was mercilessly speared in the chest, screaming as he plunged through the air.

"I killed a Pannonian Armored Soldier!..." The young Scodisiqi New Soldier exclaimed excitedly, and then heard a "thump" beside him. Turning his head, he saw a square shield blocking him, a javelin embedded in the shield face, realizing what had occurred: "Th... thank you for saving me!"

"If you don't want to die, focus!" Casaridaoa said coldly, forcefully swinging his short sword to cut off the javelin's wooden shaft.

"Oh... yes! Yes!" The Scodisiqui New Soldier respectfully nodded repeatedly, looking at the young face identical to his own.

Chapter 283: Retreat and Withdrawal

In reality, they didn't understand each other's language at all, but it didn't stop them from understanding each other's intentions.

"Casaridaoa, not bad, you're a veteran now." A comrade nearby teased.

Casaridaoa ignored him, quickly returned to his defensive position, sheathed the short sword at his waist, picked up a stone, aimed at his target, and hurled it down forcefully.

Scodisiqui New Soldiers continuously thrust their long spears, taking down two Pannonia Heavy Warriors. Suddenly, someone shouted, "Everyone watch out, a tough one is coming up!"

It was the voice of the centurion! ... Casaridaoa quickly peeked down.

He saw an extremely burly enemy wearing thick armor, crawling up the wooden ladder. Without a shield, only wielding a large sword, stones striking him had no effect as he focused only on quickly climbing the ladder, nearly reaching the top in an instant.

The centurion shouted, "Enclose him!" Then, along with his nearby comrade, stepped aside simultaneously.

The walkway on the wooden wall was narrow and crowded with people. An opening appeared, and the enemy climbing up instinctively jumped into it.

As soon as he landed, several square shields closed in from all directions, blocking his swing with the large sword, momentarily pinning him in place.

Before he could exert his strength to push them away, Casaridaoa sprang from his side rear, the short sword in his hand flashed like lightning, piercing the back of his neck.

The enemy's body instantly went rigid.

Casaridaoa quickly withdrew it, then thrust again, straight into the back of his neck.

The enemy's eyes rolled back, falling stiffly to the ground without uttering a sound...

The Nix Tribe's Heavy Infantry and Spear Soldiers coordinated their efforts. The attacking Pannonia Heavy Warriors were either stabbed down the wall or killed on the city wall...

Andres stood at the rear, gazing at the battlefield. Every time he saw a warrior climb the wall, he felt excited, followed by disappointment... This happened so often that a thick cloud seemed to hover over his face, somber and frightening.

At this moment, Temagis came over and whispered, "They stopped attacking the camp over there."

"What?!"

"My Cavalry just reported that Brochi and Mazi's troops have ceased the offensive!"

"We agreed beforehand. How can they break their promise and cease the attack of their own accord!" Andres's eyes widened, burning with fury.

"It must be because the casualties were too high." Temagis sighed lightly, "We've also suffered a lot of casualties here. I've fought so many years of battles, and this is the first time I've encountered such a difficult fort to attack!"

"What do you mean?!" Andres's gaze was sharp and his voice low.

Temagis did not flinch, looking him straight in the eye, "I believe we cannot continue fighting today. Look at them for yourself."

Andres's gaze swept across. The warriors around all hung their heads, not daring to meet his eyes. Even the tribal leaders and clan leaders, who had been urging their tribesmen to attack earlier, had now stopped shouting, each looking dejected...

Looking ahead, many warriors lingered and hesitated, while more people were returning. They either used long spears as crutches, limping back, or helped their wounded companions...

What concerned him was the Heavy Warriors under the wooden wall. Since this time Temagis hadn't brought Heavy Infantry, the Heavy Warriors fighting on the east side of the enemy camp were all from his tribe, the last remaining elite of Segestica. Now he saw fewer Heavy Infantry upfront than when they first engaged...

The fury in Andres's eyes began to fade. He was silent for a moment, then said softly with some reluctance, "We can stop the attack, but we cannot retreat to the camp... We sent so many warriors today, painstakingly destroyed their traps, filled their trenches, and greatly depleted their javelins, short spears, and stones. Look at their wooden towers; it takes a long time to fire any short spears now. It seems they've run out of javelins too..."

"That's true, I've noticed the same." Temagis replied, "These Mercenaries just got here, they must not have much weaponry stockpiled..."

"So even if we stop attacking, we must clear the battlefield first. Gather all weapons left on the battlefield, from both sides, including those stones..."

We can't retreat to the original camp, or the enemy will come out and repair their trenches, traps, and sharpen the stakes. We'll have to start from scratch the next time we attack.

Therefore, we must relocate the camp here, encirclement the enemy's camp, and keep men on watch on the river side too. As soon as the enemy dares to come out, we'll send troops to drive them back...

Once we trap the enemy completely and adequately prepare, we'll launch a fierce attack, certainly breaching this camp and eliminating this enemy force!" Andres finished with gritted teeth, swinging his fist forcefully to vent his inner resentment.

"I agree with your suggestion," Temagis said, "But we still need to persuade those two."

"Then invite both of them over here, and I'll speak with them properly. I believe Maitilis and Bricks would never allow their reinforcements to just be showy without contributing!" Andres said solemnly, with a hint of sarcasm at the corner of his mouth.

.....

At dusk, Alde explorer, who had been watching the battle from the hills, circled back to the village and was immediately brought to the wooden wall facing the Nix Tribe's temporary camp. Waiting for him was not only the tribal leader Budocaribas but also leaders from several nearby Alde Tribe groups.

Chapter 284: Rout and Retreat_2

Before the scout could speak, Ciciliotes anxiously asked, "Who won?"

No wonder the leaders were anxious. Although they were not far from the Nix Tribe, the Pannonians had not launched an attack on the Nix Camp in this direction. Instead, they dispatched cavalry to pose a menacing stance in front of the Aldean Village, scaring Budocaribas into closing the village gates and rallying the tribesmen to prepare for defense, not daring to send scouts directly.

But today's battle not only concerned the life and death of the Nix Tribe but also their own safety. So a group of Aldean leaders stood on the village wall, gazing to the east. Although they couldn't see the battlefield, they could see dust shrouding the east and hear the sound of battle, which indicated the fierce fighting. Now that calm had returned, it was obvious that victory or defeat had been decided.

"The Pannonians did not break through the outsiders' camp; they retreated!" The scout's words made the leaders breathe a sigh of relief, and then they showed expressions of joy.

Budocaribas laughed heartily, saying, "Didn't I tell you earlier not to worry? Last time, our allies dared to fight outside the camp and defeated the Segestica Army with fewer numbers. This time, relying on the camp's defense, even if the Pannonian Army has more warriors, they can't break it!"

"Budocaribas, if you trust those outsiders so much, why did you plead for our help earlier?" Ciciliotes teased.

"Indeed, I was beside him, and I heard him mumbling something like 'It's all those outsiders' fault for attracting so many Pannonians, it will bring disaster to us'..." another leader chimed in.

"Nonsense! I... I never said such things!" Budocaribas' face reddened with embarrassment as he vehemently denied it.

"I heard it too, you even said..." Yet another leader interjected.

Seeing his leader's awkward expression, the scout raised his voice and said, "Although the Pannonians retreated, they are now moving their camp south, closer to the outsiders' camp. It looks like they are preparing to surround the outsiders' camp."

"What?!" The leaders' expressions changed at once, and they turned their heads to the east.

However, all they could see were the hundreds of Pannonian cavalry in the distance, not the Pannonians setting up camp further away.

A leader said worryingly, "Although the outsiders repelled the Pannonians this time, if the Pannonians besiege the camp over a long period and repeatedly attack, I'm afraid they will eventually be wiped out!

Then the Pannonians will turn their attention to us with full force, which would be troublesome! Since we are allies, why not quickly send someone to ask the Great Chief and provide them with some timely support?"

"Support? Send our warriors to risk fighting this vast Pannonian Army?! Don't forget! We invited those outsiders here to help us defeat the fierce Pannonians, not to sacrifice our warriors to help them live comfortably here!" another leader reminded discontentedly.

His words immediately won the approval of most leaders. The repeated defeats over the years had filled the Aldeans with fear of the Pannonians. Some had even complained that these outsiders were too

belligerent, bringing the Pannonian coalition army, and with the battlefield so close to the Aldeans' core territory, there was always the risk of a renewed large-scale invasion by the Pannonians.

"Let's stop arguing and wait a bit longer." Budocaribas tried to mediate: "Before the Pannonian Army attacked, I had met with their leader, Maximus, and expressed my willingness to offer him some help. But he refused. He confidently told me that they would defeat this Pannonian Army just like last time!"

.....

In the Pannonian Army's first attack on the camp, even though Andres was unaware of the situation in the Nix Camp and the warriors lacked experience in attacking regular military camps, he still launched a full assault. As a result, there were up to 3,000 casualties, mostly wounded, but many had injuries like pierced feet or fractures, making them unable to return to combat quickly.

The significant casualties forced the Pannonian Army to be unable to launch another attack soon, so Andres had to let the troops rest while besieging the enemy camp.

Additionally, he actively discussed with Temagis and other reinforcement leaders how to break the enemy camp.

.....

Pulikas was using his foot to scrape through a pile of ashes on the ground. Seeing this, an old hunter beside him said, "Leader, this pile of burned firewood should be from yesterday. I just walked around and didn't see any newer ones."

"So, the enemy ran away yesterday!" Pulikas looked around, seeing only this pile of ashes and a few simple wooden fences by the creek, with no other signs of human habitation on this open space.

"These damn bastards sure ran fast!" Pulikas angrily kicked at the ash, which was wet with dew and not only didn't scatter but stuck to his foot. Stomping it off didn't clean it, making him even more annoyed as he walked to the creek.

At that moment, another search party returned.

"Leader, the enemy likely headed southwest. We found a lot of human waste on the mountain path there, as well as scraps of clothing hanging on branches and weeds..."

"Southwest?" Pulikas looked at the old hunter.

The old hunter said, "Leader, the mountains to the southwest are low and easy to travel, and past them, continuing west, is the Kolana River, which is part of the Aldean's territory."

"It seems these enemies intend to flee back to their own camp." Pulikas said through gritted teeth.

"Leader, shall we pursue them?"

Pulikas didn't answer immediately but first asked the old hunter, "How long would it take to reach the Kolana River from here heading southwest?"

"If traveling quickly, it would take only a day and a half."

It seemed the enemy had already fled far, too far to catch up... Pulikas looked back at the thousand men he had with him, mindful of the primary task Andres had given him: to secure the rear's safety at all costs! If he led the troops in pursuit, abandoning the Kupa River's vicinity, a new enemy could attack the supply lines, causing trouble!

With this in mind, he decided to lead his army back to the base. But considering that this enemy force might sneak back after he left, he left a search party here to stay hidden and report any unusual findings promptly.

.....

Just as the Pannonians found the Nix Special Soldiers' temporary camp in the mountains, Pequot had already led his team out of the mountains.

When he decided to attack the Pannonians' supply convoy, he had already planned to abandon that camp. Although the camp's location was hidden, once they revealed their presence, the Pannonians would certainly send a large search party, and they would surely find it as it was quite difficult to hide the traces of over 2,000 people (including nearly 2,000 Scodisqi slaves) moving in and out of the mountains. Pequot, born among the Illyrian Mountain People, understood this well.

Chapter 285: Capturing the Outer Camp

At first, Pequot considered leading the troops around the mountains with the Pannonians, engaging in guerrilla warfare. But the 2,000 newly enlisted, untrained slaves were undoubtedly a huge burden. More importantly, the provisions in the camp were insufficient to sustain so many people...

So Pequot had no choice but to retreat reluctantly. However, having finally seized an opportunity to lead an independent force and achieve merit, how could he allow himself to return to Maximus so soon?

Indeed, as Pulikas had judged, Pequot withdrew from the mountains to the southwest of the camp. But rather than continuing west to reach the Kolana River and enter Alde Tribe territory, he led the troops eastward instead.

"Adobag, how far is it to the Pannonian tribe you mentioned?" Pequot asked.

Melobudam was one of the 2,000 newly enlisted Scott slaves, like Adobag, responsible for herding cattle and sheep for the Segestica people. He belonged to the easternmost of the four Segestica villages along the Kupa River.

"Leader——" Melobudam had just started to speak but was interrupted by Pequot: "I've said it many times, don't call me leader, call me Great Captain!"

"Yes, Great Captain." Melobudam promptly corrected himself, pointing to a nearby small river, "This is a tributary of the Kupa River. If we follow it eastward, we can reach the Kupa River in half a day. The Pannonian tribe I mentioned is by the river."

"I remember you saying that the Pannonian tribe belongs to the Brochi Tribe, and it's really relatively weak?" Pequot asked solemnly.

"It's true!" Melobudam explained anxiously, "When I was herding, I saw several times that there really aren't many people in that tribe. They also haven't surrounded the entire village with wood like our own. That tribe has some of our people too..."

I've heard others say that these places originally belonged to the Aldeans. Later, the Pannonian's Segestica Tribe declared war on the Aldeans and won several times.

Then the Brochi Tribe also declared war on the Aldeans, and the Aldeans suffered another crushing defeat, leading to the original Alde Tribe here being forced to migrate west of the Codona River.

The Brochi people easily occupied this land abandoned by the Aldeans, but disliked the mountainous terrain, settling only along the downstream banks of the Kupa River and some flatlands near the original Brochi territory... To date, the Brochi have not engaged in any battles with the Aldeans, so they should have little defense on the west."

So all these belonged to the Aldeans... Pequot looked toward the south at the low rolling hills, feeling a sense of sorrow for the Aldeans as the Pannonians didn't even want such a good land.

Pequot looked up at the sky, then raised his arm and shouted, "Brothers, we need to pick up the pace and strive to reach the Kupa River by dusk. Tonight, we not only need to capture the Pannonian's village but also slaughter pigs and sheep there, have a good meal, and rest well!"

"Good!!!..." Pequot's subordinates cheered in unison, boosting the morale of the newly recruited slaves. They also shouted excitedly. Even though most of them were unarmed, holding only wooden sticks, the power of hatred could make them forget exhaustion and fear.

Thus, Pequot led the troops eastward at high speed. He had decided to capture that Brochi village to the east first, resolving the issue of feeding his 2,000 men, and then see if further chaos in Brochi's territory was warranted.

.....

During the Pannonian Alliance Army's rest period, Andres did not let the warriors idle. They were dispatched in batches to fill the traps and trenches in front of the camp with earth.

The Nix people sent troops out several times to try to stop this, but Andres was well-prepared. He first used cavalry to engage the Nix forces in the sortie, then quickly mobilized waiting warriors inside the camp to sever the enemy's path back to camp and implement a pincer movement...

After suffering one setback, the Nix Camp no longer made rash attempts to sortie, allowing the enemy to act outside their camp.

Three days later, the traps outside the Nix Camp were cleared, most of the trenches were filled, and new siege weapons were ready. The Pannonian Army launched a comprehensive assault on the Nix Camp once more.

The Nix people's javelins, short spears, stones, and wooden blocks had mostly been consumed in previous siege battles, so the Pannonian soldiers advanced to the wooden walls with minimal casualties.

At this moment, the Nix people resorted to their new defensive weaponry — boiling water and fire oil.

Every twenty meters along the wooden wall walkways, a fire pan was set up, with wooden racks on either side and a copper pot filled with water hanging in the middle. Once the water boiled, it was immediately lifted and poured on the climbing enemies. Even the most well-armored Heavy Warrior would scream from burns and be temporarily incapacitated.

During the Pannonians' rest, the Nix people were not idle either. Following Quintus's advice, Maximus had the soldiers slaughter most of the pigs and sheep acquired from two Segestica villages several days prior, extract the fat, and refine it into liquid to use as fire oil.

Watching Pannonian warriors getting turned into human torches, screaming and running chaotically under the wooden walls, unnerved their surrounding comrades.