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Chapter 81: New Appointment

If it weren't for Maximus's recent realization, when he wanted Volenus to select slaves to join the Supply Camp and form a new Centurion, that Volenus, already holding considerable authority in administrative affairs, would become the person with the most power in the Supply Camp under Maximus by also intervening in military matters...

Maximus, reborn in this era, values power greatly, as it directly pertains to his survival.

Precisely because of this, he came up with the idea of establishing the position of military officer and assigning Flanitus to focus exclusively on military matters.

Maximus glanced at Volenus. Although this diligent and hardworking clerk is not an ambitious man, once all power is delegated to him, there is a chance it might change him.

Therefore, convenience alone mustn't dictate the process; relying exclusively on one person is not an option—power must be distributed. Maximus sighed in his heart but spoke aloud, "Volenus, take one of your experienced subordinates and assign them to Flanitus as a clerk for the military officer."

"Let's have Latimas do it," Volenus suggested.

"Latimas?" Maximus thought for a moment and then realized, "Oh, the freedman from the Napolet Harbor. Fine, let's go with him. Flanitus, go to Volenus later to request this person. Then, take him to compile statistics on the soldiers' casualties and the performance of each Centurion. Afterward, gather the young and strong male slaves willing to join our Supply Camp and form a new Centurion. Distribute the weapons and equipment we've seized as quickly as possible—by the way, have the soldiers had breakfast yet?"

Flanitus was caught off guard by Maximus's sudden question, but Volenus responded, "Fesaros has followed your orders and organized the slaves in the wealthy district to cook for the soldiers. They should have eaten by now."

"Good. Flanitnus, confirm it later. Acronis, the kitchen supervisor, won't be able to bring his team here today, and since we'll likely be staying here for several days, you, as the military officer, will need to take charge of the soldiers' meals during this time!"

"Leader, rest assured, I'll handle this task," Flanitnus pledged firmly without hesitation.

"Guarding the three gates of Pompeii has already been delegated to Fesaros. Go check later to see if there are any issues. Earlier, I neglected the harbor—later, have Camillus send a team to seal off the port to prevent merchant ships from slipping away..." Maximus's mind was overwhelmed with pressing issues. He spoke instinctively, "Also, the soldiers battled all night and must be exhausted. Figure out a way to let them rest in shifts and recover their strength... Hmm, and... I've lost track. Do you have any suggestions?"

"Leader, Fesaros, Torrelugo, and Camillus don't yet know your appointment of me. If I go alone, they likely won't obey my commands," Flanitnus reminded directly.

"Oh, you're right!" Maximus slapped his head. "That's indeed a problem. If I had someone explicitly representing my authority to convey these orders, things would be easier... Looks like I need attendants and must get everyone accustomed to my decrees..."

Upon thinking of attendants, Maximus recalled Aco and his group of children. Unfortunately, fearing danger during this raid, he didn't bring them along. He could only instruct Flantillus, "Later, summon the three Chief Centurions. I'll announce your appointment in front of them."

"Understood."

"Any other suggestions?"

"Leader, our manpower is already limited. We still need to allocate soldiers to guard the hundreds of prisoners and feed them. I suggest releasing the Pompeians among the captives back home. They're naturally timid, were defeated this time, and likely won't dare oppose us in the future. As for the captive guards and wealthy individuals..."

Flanitnus knew these two groups were troops and slaves hated deeply by the rebel army soldiers. So he suggested the approach often used by the Supply Team after occupying farms: "Gather the Pompeian slaves and conduct public trials and executions in front of them."

"Pompey's elites have likely been slaughtered by Quintus and the others, leaving few survivors," Maximus remarked casually, smiling at Flanitnus's proactive attitude. He added, "Alright, you'll manage this matter."

"Leader, after I leave the military advisory group, who will take over my role as group leader?" Flanitnus inquired further.

"Don't concern yourself with that; I have my arrangements," Maximus replied coldly before redirecting the topic. "Horace has stationed the Medical Team at Areyous's residence. Later, check on their treatment of the wounded soldiers and see if there's anything you can help resolve. This is your responsibility as a military officer."

Understanding the warning implicit in Maximus's words, Flanitnus felt a chill in his heart.

"Also, once you've finished your tasks, gather information on whether there are any blacksmiths in Pompeii. If so, no matter what it takes, recruit them to join us."

In the lower classes of City States, blacksmiths were a relatively prosperous profession with decent earnings, making it unlikely they'd willingly join a rebel army. Flanitnus understood well what Maximus meant by "whatever it takes." The two physicians from the Capua Gladiator School in the Medical Team were forced to serve the rebel army under the threat of short swords for the safety of their families. Flanitnus harbored no resentment toward such practices; in his youth, while campaigning under Marius, the army had done far worse things.

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"Leader, I understand. I will take care of it as soon as I have the time."

"At that time, don't forget to bring Capito along. Once the blacksmith joins us, he should be managed by him."

"Yes, Leader."

Maximus remembered something else and said, "By the way, Flanitnus, after the soldiers block the harbor, you can detain those merchants, but do not harm them. Volenus, when you send people to inventory the port's goods, apart from confiscating the goods belonging to those wealthy Pompeians and Roman merchants, do not touch the goods of other merchants for the time being."

"Yes." The two replied simultaneously.

"Do you remember who you mentioned in our Supply Camp... who used to be a merchant?" Maximus looked at Volenus, trying hard to recall the name of the person, but his mind drew a blank.

"The director of the transport team, Pigeris. He used to make a living selling horses in Little Asia," Volenus reminded him.

"That's right, Pigeris! How could I have forgotten him?" Maximus slapped his forehead again, recalling that when Volenus first mentioned it to him, he was surprised, saying, "I never thought that Pigeris, sturdy as he is, used to be a merchant."

In fact, Pigeris had an outgoing personality, an active mind, and was willing to take risks, which suited his past identity. Although he was doing quite well as the transport team director, the role itself did not require too much competence; as long as he managed his people well and fed the horses properly, he didn't even need to maintain the wagons (the Supply Camp's construction team had carpenters responsible for inspection and repairs). He just needed to wait in the camp for notifications from different brigades, then lead the transport team to looting sites and transport supplies back to the camp. Since there were no enemies in the surrounding areas, it was safe and stress-free.

However, would Pigeris find it too boring? Should I transfer him to be in charge of trading goods? ... Maximus pondered, glancing at the two men still standing there. He quickly waved his hand and said, "Volenus, quickly lead people to count those Pompeian slaves ready to join us. Flanitnus, go call Fesaros and the other two, so I can announce your appointment!"

After the two left, Maximus gazed at the empty office of the Pompeii Governor and suddenly laughed at himself: In his previous life, he was just a lone freelancer, and now he had become the leader of a slave rebel army commanding over 2,000 people (including other personnel in the logistics department).

Learning how to manage so many people and make the entire operation more efficient was something he was continuously learning and exploring. Fortunately, the environment he was in now was loose enough that even if he made mistakes, no one mocked or even discouraged him (the leaders of the rebel army each had their own spheres of control and rarely interfered in others' matters, and everyone was not very knowledgeable, lacking a deep understanding of the significance of what Maximus was doing in the Supply Camp). Through constant attempts, he felt he had managed the Supply Camp quite well, but after capturing Pompeii, he realized there were many flaws in the system he had established for the Supply Camp.

He didn't feel disheartened by this, though he considered himself a novice in this area, but with several thousand years of Chinese political systems as a reference, he was confident in correcting these mistakes.

Perhaps occupying Pompeii for some time, trying to manage it and taking the opportunity to train the troops was a good idea... Having worked tirelessly all night, Maximus lay back in his wooden chair and unknowingly fell asleep.

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"What did you say? Maximus led the Supply Camp Guard and captured Pompeii?!" Spartacus was taken aback after hearing the news brought back by Hagux, the captain of the Supply Camp's cavalry squad.

"Yes, Leader Maximus last night had some soldiers take the risk of rowing into Pompeii Port. After entering the city, they quickly seized the city gate. He then led the main force into Pompeii and, after fierce battles, defeated the garrison and eventually occupied the entire city..." This brief recount by Hagux was prepared in advance to meet Maximus's request — to neither deliberately boast of their battle merit nor to downplay the intelligence and bravery of the Supply Camp Guard.

Hagux paused briefly, allowing Spartacus and Hamilcar a moment to savor the news, then continued, "Leader Maximus is now working hard to control Pompeii and cannot leave at the moment. He wishes to invite Leader Spartacus, Leader Hamilcar, and other leaders to Pompeii to jointly discuss how to deal with Pompeii."

A moment later, as Spartacus gathered his wits, he turned to Hamilcar, "How many soldiers does the Supply Camp Guard have?"

"About 800 people."

"You've seen Pompeii, as have I. With our current forces, a direct assault would be very difficult! For Maximus to capture it even with a surprise attack is truly remarkable!"

Hamilcar nodded. Despite having a bit more preparation than Spartacus — since Maximus had once privately spoken with the Lukaiya people through him, expressing a desire to capture Pompeii — he hadn't received any further news. He thought the eager student had given up, yet to his surprise, Maximus quietly accomplished the feat on his own. Therefore, the astonishment on Hamilcar's face was no less than Spartacus's: "I did notice the Supply Camp's base was exceptionally quiet this morning, and their training ground was empty — it turns out everyone had gone to Pompeii!"

"Unexpected! Not only is this young man Maximus capable of managing the Supply Camp, he's also so good at warfare!" Spartacus praised sincerely, a delighted smile appearing on his face.

"It seems you're planning to go to Pompeii then?" Hamilcar asked.

"Indeed!" Spartacus said excitedly, "The Supply Camp capturing Pompeii is a monumental event for our entire army, and even for the Romans! We must all take it seriously and discuss it thoroughly, as it is beneficial for our future development!"

Afterward, Spartacus dispatched Okmar's cavalry to inform other leaders.

When the messenger found Cross, this Second Great Captain of the rebels was leading his troops to sweep through the farms around Suysula.

Initially, when the brigades set their camps, the Second Brigade chose to station at the northeastern edge of the Vesuvius Region, the farthest from the headquarters, and now his looting range extended far beyond the Vesuvius Region.

"That Maximus brat actually captured Pompeii?! Impossible!" Cross exclaimed with more astonishment than Spartacus upon hearing the messenger's report, as he had always looked down on Maximus, making the impact greater.

After listening to the messenger's brief recount of the Supply Camp's capture of the city, he disdainfully remarked, "So it was a surprise attack. I thought so; with his forces, how could he possibly assault Pompeii directly and capture it?"

Despite his words, the looting of farms now seemed tasteless to him. He urgently ordered his men to regroup the troops and return to the camp, while he himself followed the messenger on horseback towards the headquarters.

Passing by Suysula City, he couldn't help but carefully observe the plain town built by the Samnites, with only one thought in mind: perhaps I should attempt to lead my troops to capture a town as well.

Chapter 83: Arrangements for the Lukaiya People

Due to extreme exhaustion, Maximus slept for a long time until he was awakened by a soldier, who told him, "Leader, the Lukaiya people are outside seeking an audience."

"Quick, let them in!" Maximus said as he vigorously rubbed his cheeks to make himself more alert.

When Quintus and the others pushed the door open and came in, Maximus strode forward to greet them: "Quintus, Oluus, Scapula, have you avenged your grievances?"

"Apart from a few minions, none of the Pompey nobles who framed us escaped, we beheaded them all." Oluus said loudly, "We took their heads to pay homage to our deceased relatives outside Lukelia City before coming to see you."

"Great revenge has been avenged, this is wonderful news!" Maximus said with a smile: "Is there something you need to discuss with me?"

"We are here to fulfill our promise," Scapula said earnestly, "we once promised that as long as you help us capture Pompeii, allowing us to avenge ourselves, we would join your ranks!"

"Yes, I have heard Leader Spartacus mention this matter, they will come over later, and I will convey this to them," Maximus said calmly.

"No, we do not wish to join them, but rather your Supply Camp because you were the one who helped us get our revenge!" Oluus said with determination.

Maximus smiled again. In reality, he had anticipated their decision long ago, but he was waiting for them to express it first so that he could have the upper hand in future interactions. At this moment, he enthusiastically said, "This is excellent! On behalf of the Supply Camp, I warmly welcome you to join us! Come, let's sit down and discuss the details."

After the three of them found wooden chairs to sit on, Maximus returned to the seat behind the long wooden table, the former seat of the Pompeii Governor.

"I wonder what arrangements Leader Maximus has for us and our families?" Quintus inquired.

Perhaps due to the fulfillment of his great revenge, his demeanor was no longer gloomy and instead appeared somewhat relaxed, making Maximus feel less oppressed facing him this time.

Regarding how to arrange the Lukaiya people, Maximus had long given it thought. Looking at the four of them, he said loudly, "You have stayed in the Supply Camp these past few days and should know that I have a military advisory group under me. I would like to invite you, Quintus, to oversee this advisory group."

Quintus immediately questioned, "Isn't this advisory group led by Flanitnus?" This also showed his interest in the Supply Camp.

"He has been reassigned to another role," Maximus replied solemnly, "I intend to rename the military advisory group as the staff, which in the future will be responsible for the entire Guard's military training and strategic planning during wars. Quintus, you have extensive war experience and strategic insight; I believe you are well-suited for this position."

Quintus thought for a moment and uncertainly asked, "Does that mean this position is akin to the aide of the Roman Governor on campaign?"

"No, no, no!" Maximus shook his head, pointing to his own head, and explained, "Think of it this way, the chief of staff is like the head of an army, responsible for figuring out how to conduct warfare. Once

he leads the staff to devise a plan, the army must fight according to this plan, just like our assault on Pompeii. We carried it out according to your plan. Unlike the aides of the Roman Army Governors, the Chief of Staff will be a permanent role within the Supply Camp, positioning the holder above the three chief Centurions."

After hearing this, Quintus directly asked, "Isn't the head of the Guard you, Leader Maximus?"

Maximus smiled and patiently explained, "You could say I am the head of the entire Supply Camp, while the head of the Guard is the staff. I have many things to focus on, and though future plans from the staff will require my approval to be executed, I am not as dedicated to military study as you all are, so the suggestions from the staff often become the final decision."

"I understand," Quintus evidently showed some interest in the role, his tone heavier, "I am willing to serve as the Chief of Staff, but will I be the only one joining this staff?"

"Don't rush," Maximus comforted him with a word, then turned to Oluus, sincerely praised him, "Last night's raid, leading 30 Lukaiya Warriors, you performed outstandingly. I truly didn't expect that despite your age, you could still be so valiant!"

Oluus laughed heartily, "In these years to avenge ourselves, my brothers and I took up arms again and have trained daily. Don't underestimate my age; I dare say that except for the one named Torrelugo, none of your men are my match!"

"Since you are so formidable, I plan to form a Personal Guard; would you be willing to be its Commander, responsible for my safety in peacetime and serving as a decisive force in war? Your comrades could become team officers in this Personal Guard. How does that sound?"

Oluus looked at Quintus and Spukala and eagerly asked, "How many people will this team have?"

"For now, it is set at 300 people, the same size as the forces commanded by Fesaros and Torrelugo but will eventually expand to at least 1000 people."

people! Doesn't that mean I'm becoming a Great Captain!... Although a Great Captain of the rebel army doesn't compare to a Roman Army Great Captain, Oluus, previously serving as a Legion Centurion of the

Roman Army but forever barred from becoming a Great Captain due to his plebeian background, had his breathing quicken at this moment. Without looking at his two companions beside him, he loudly responded, "My comrades and I are willing to serve as team officers in this Personal Guard!"

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"Good." Maximus nodded, then looked at Scapula: "We have a construction team in the Supply Camp, whose current responsibility is to build camps and roads. In the future, I hope it can also construct bridges, siege weapons, and even water wheels, water mills, and lifting equipment for civilian use. We urgently need experienced engineers like you. Would you be willing to serve as the engineer of this construction team and also act as deputy leader?"

Scapula was somewhat surprised and couldn't help asking: "Why does Leader Maximus want to build things like water wheels and water mills, which have nothing to do with warfare?"

Maximus straightened up and said with unprecedented seriousness: "Initially, we fought for survival. We were forced to rise in rebellion against Rome, garnering the support of countless slaves and impoverished people, and our forces have grown stronger. However, the might of Rome's national power, you should know better than I, so this war will likely last a long time...

In fact, our ultimate goal is not to annihilate Rome but to gain complete freedom and find a piece of land to settle on and build upon...

I hope that by then, we can build water wheels to automatically irrigate fields, water mills to grind our grain, and cranes to help us construct houses and transport goods more effortlessly... With these machines, we won't need slaves and can build our homeland well on our own, don't you think?"

Spukala, Quintus, and Oluus exchanged a deep glance. They had initially adapted to the peaceful life in Lukelia, but having killed so many Pompeii nobles, they were forced to join the rebel army. Knowing Rome's strength, they were somewhat despairing about the future, but Maximus' words seemed to bring them hope again.

Quintus' expression was no longer calm, and he asked solemnly: "Is this the idea of all your leaders?!"

Maximus saw their expressions and candidly said: "This is just my personal view, but I believe the other leaders have similar thoughts."

The three exchanged glances once more, and Spukala quickly said: "Building camps, roads, and bridges was something I often did in the army camp. I also frequently made siege towers, siege carriages, and other siege weapons, including cranes. I've seen water mills and water wheels but never made them. If I have to make them in the future, I'll need some time to figure it out, but I should be able to make them."

"Don't worry, I'll arrange sufficient manpower and materials for you to explore freely. If you get inspired to make other machinery in the future and need more manpower and materials, feel free to ask me anytime..." Maximus made a solemn promise.

"I am willing to join the construction team of the Supply Camp." Spukala replied straightforwardly.

"May I ask, leader, who is the leader of the construction team?" Quintus interrupted.

Maximus seriously introduced: "The leader of the construction team is Adrius Gaius, a comrade of Flannitus. He is a carpenter by trade and was a Heavy Infantry soldier in the army, but he has done quite a bit of bridge-building and road-paving. He's a man of action who can inspire others..."

"Turns out he's a former army slave—" Oluus said disdainfully in a low voice, and Quintus immediately gave him a look, making him shut his mouth.

"A construction team needs such a person as a leader, so the men will work more energetically. Leader, rest assured, I will cooperate well with him." Spukala said sincerely. Maximus' previous words had enlightened him. As a former military engineer, he was more interested in having time to research and manufacture devices beneficial to people's lives and found managing the team rather troublesome.

Maximus could see that Spukala was sincere, and he happily extended an invitation: "With your joining, I am confident in the future of the construction team. If there are others skilled in building and making machines among the companions who came with you, they can also join the construction team."

After saying this, Maximus then addressed Quintus: "Apart from the Lukaiya people joining the Personal Guard and the construction team, the rest will join you in the staff."

Quintus said nothing, silently calculating: Excluding those, there are still at least a dozen people with him, more than enough to take control of a staff team...

"By the way, among the Lukaiya people who came with you, is there anyone who works seriously and is impartial?" Maximus asked again: "Now that we've occupied Pompeii, the soldiers are all gathered in the city, and some are bound to commit illegal acts, disrupting order and undermining military discipline, so I need a strict Military Judge to oversee the army and maintain order in the city. This is not a temporary position; the Military Judge position will remain long-term in our Supply Camp."

Quintus hesitated for a moment and said: "Among the Lukaiya people who participated in the raid last night with Oluus, there is someone named Sidonius. He used to serve as a Military Judge for a while in the army, and he should meet your requirements."

"Then let him try serving as the Military Judge first." Maximus said straightforwardly.

Of course, Maximus had more profound reasons for letting a Lukaiya person serve as the Military Judge: The Lukaiya people were newcomers and unfamiliar with others, which helped them act fairly and impartially. Moreover, being a Military Judge is a role that offends people, and given the unique status of the Lukaiya people (Roman citizens by birth, neither slaves nor impoverished people), over time, the soldiers in the Supply Camp would inevitably form some opinions about the Lukaiya people, preventing them from deeply ingraining in the troop which holds many important Supply Camp positions...

Maximus was now attempting to use the traditional Chinese political principle of balance, yet whether it would be effective had to be observed over time.

"Tonight, I will gather all the key figures in the Supply Camp here for a meeting, announce your appointments, and let everyone get acquainted. I am confident this will mark the beginning of strengthening the military power of the Supply Camp!" Maximus said with high spirits.

But Quintus asked: "What arrangements does the Supply Camp have for our families?"

Reminded by Quintus, Maximus realized he had forgotten such an important issue but was relieved as he had developed a thicker skin. He immediately composed himself and seriously said: "After some of your families arrived at our Supply Camp, the children were gathered for education and training, while

the adults were assigned to various departments based on their situations. You've had some interactions with your families these past few days, so you should have a general understanding.

Going forward, we will continue to act according to this. If anyone can't adapt, adjustments can be made to their departments, but the basic principle remains unchanged—you can spend time with your families if free, but military and logistics departments will separate housing in the evening, considering that it is wartime now. Given your many years in the Roman Army, you should have a deeper understanding of this. Our Supply Camp also includes a few families, and they too are being handled in this manner. Everyone should be treated equally, right?"

Upon hearing Maximus' words, Quintus and the others could raise no objections. Indeed, apart from other matters, the decision to arrange training and education for the children pleased them greatly.

Chapter 85: The Leaders Gather in Pompey

The three of them walked out of the City Hall. After a while of silence, Oluus couldn't help but say, "I think joining the Supply Camp is great. After all, I not only feel less pressured, but I'm also eager to make a big move again."

"I also think that choosing to join the Supply Camp is our best option," Spukala followed up.

Both of them turned their gaze towards Quintus.

Quintus sighed, "Given our current situation, if we don't join them, do we really have any other path to survival? The Supply Camp helped us take revenge, and it's only right that we fulfill our promise!"

He then looked at the two of them, speaking meaningfully, "Although Maximus is young, he is capable of managing the Supply Camp in an orderly way. Compared with the other leaders of this team, he has the foresight and courage, which is the most important reason you two are willing to speak for him. Since that's the case, let's help him properly. Perhaps, in the future, it really could bring stable lives for our families!"

Oluus and Spukala nodded excitedly upon hearing this.

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Cross, Enomai, Antonix, and Attutmus, the four Great Captains of the rebel army, rushed to headquarters after receiving the message.

Spartacus left Hamilcar to guard the camp and led the others along with the cavalry, riding towards Pompeii.

By dusk, the group reached outside the Helanicum Gate of Pompeii. From afar, they could see a squad of soldiers standing at the city gate, with the leader waving and shouting, "Leader Spartacus, you finally arrived!"

"It's Torrelugo," Antonix whispered.

Spartacus nodded. After all, most of the top leaders of the rebel army were in this team, and even if it was an invitation from Maximus, caution was necessary. Now that the gatekeeper was an old acquaintance, he could fully relax and sternly said, "Let's enter the city."

The group arrived at the foot of the city wall, where Torrelugo approached them proactively, "Several leaders, I saw you stopping in front, were you worried that the Supply Camp hadn't actually taken the city and feared the danger?"

Cross and the others' expressions subtly changed: they had long heard of this guy's foul mouth, and indeed, it was true.

Spartacus, however, candidly said, "The defenses of Pompeii are strong, so we didn't dare agree to the Lukaiya people's request to assault the city before, and it's unavoidable to doubt whether your Supply Camp truly occupied it. Now it seems you've indeed succeeded, very impressive!"

Torrelugo laughed heartily.

Not wanting to see him gloating, Cross immediately asked, "Did Maximus send you to the city gate to greet us?"

"Leader Maximus is currently so busy that he wouldn't have thought of this. I was assigned by him to lead the troops to defend the city walls. Don't underestimate Pompeii's size, but these walls are not short, and there are five gates just on the land side. So, I simply led the soldiers to block three of the gates with mud and stones, kept busy until now, and estimated that you'd arrive, likely through this gate (because the Helanicum Gate is closest to the rebel army headquarters), so I waited here deliberately—"

"Alright, alright, you continue your work. We need to go in to see Maximus now," Cross, not wanting to hear Torrelugo's chatter, said, having been irritated by this guy ever since he spoke up for some women at the last military meeting, causing the Second Brigade soldiers to be publicly whipped.

Torrelugo, seemingly unaware of Cross's displeasure towards him, immediately said, "I'll lead you there, otherwise you wouldn't know where Leader Maximus is."

"That works too," Spartacus nodded.

Torrelugo instructed a few words to his subordinate team officers and then led Spartacus and the others into the city.

As they stepped through the city gate, looking at the high arch and the hard stone bricks, with the passage inside being five or six meters long, it gave Spartacus and the others a different perspective of the solidity of the Pompeii City Wall.

"Last night, you must have entered the city through this gateway, right?" Spartacus asked curiously.

"That's right! But first, Leader Maximus had Camillus attack the port by ship secretly, and then the city gate was stealthily breached by them, allowing us to enter," Torrelugo said, his voice becoming suddenly animated, "Then I served as the vanguard, leading the brothers forward ferociously, right ahead we encountered the rushing Pompeii City Guard Army..."

The leaders followed the direction of Torrelugo's finger. The wide road ahead was deserted, and although there were rows of houses on the left side of the road, it was very quiet. But glimpses of shadows inside, through the gaps in the curtain fabric of the windows, indicated there were people inside...

So, Antonix asked, "Torrelugo, after occupying Pompeii, you didn't drive the people out?"

Torrelugo snorted, "The brothers fought all night, and even now some people, including myself, haven't properly rested. We only have eight hundred men in total and have managed to capture this city with difficulty. These Pompeians are behaving for now, so why provoke them into rebellion by driving them out! Leader Maximus said, unless we plan to occupy this city for a long time, we don't plan to drive out the people here."

Antonix, aware of Torrelugo's temper, did not take offense to the sarcasm in his words and continued, "If we don't intend to stay permanently in this city, is the Supply Camp planning a quick retreat?"

"Of course," Torrelugo replied, "But the resources we've gained inside Pompeii are so many, it might take two or three days to transport them all."