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Chapter 86: Leaders Gather in Pompey_2

This remark made several leaders pause.

Cross immediately asked, "What have you all acquired?"

Torrelugo glanced at him, "I'm not exactly sure what specific resources there are; you can ask Leader Maximus later."

Antonix said worriedly, "Since you're going to stay here for at least another three days, these Pompeians are always a potential threat."

"You don't need to worry about that. Leader Maximus has already considered it. Early in the morning, he sent someone to shout through the neighborhoods, requiring the Pompeians to stay indoors and not move around, or they would be killed without mercy. However, as long as they obediently followed the orders, their lives and property would be safeguarded. The Pompeians were weak and quickly obeyed the command; that's why you see the city so quiet. Moreover, we are also quickly incorporating the Pompeian slaves who are willing to join us into the Guard to strengthen our forces—"

"The Supply Camp dares to privately expand their own troops!" Cross shouted sternly.

"Cross, you have the gall to say that! Your second brigade has long exceeded 5,000 soldiers, right? Are those all assigned by headquarters?! Don't think that just because your camp is the furthest away, that quietly doing so means no one knows. The cooks we stationed there apply for supplies just as much as the other camps every time, but the consumption is the fastest. Is it because every soldier in your second brigade can eat so much?!"

Torrelugo's sarcasm made Cross rather furious, and he shouted loudly, "Our second brigade is to fight against the Romans, recruiting more soldiers is necessary! You at the Supply Camp are responsible for logistical support; why do you need so many soldiers?!"

Torrelugo adopted a look of understanding, "Oh, you who are responsible for combat dare not attack Pompeii but are taken down by us who are responsible for logistical supplies."

As soon as these words were spoken, the leaders' expressions changed.

"Enough, stop talking!" Spartacus loudly interrupted the two's conversation, "It's an extraordinary achievement that the Supply Camp was able to capture Pompeii, worthy of all our respect!"

After praising with this sentence, he didn't want to argue about the expansion of the troops any further. In fact, ever since defeating the Roman Army, there have been many people joining the rebel army every day, and private troop expansion has been happening within each brigade, only to varying degrees. As the rebel army grows stronger, the control of headquarters over the various troops has become increasingly weaker...

Spartacus then asked, "Prohibiting the Pompeians from going out is a good idea, but have you thought that those without food at home may go hungry?"

Torrelugo calmly replied, "Leader Maximus has already thought of this. He has instructed soldiers to inform all Pompeians in the city that if anyone runs out of food, they can paint a picture of bread on a wooden board and hang it outside their house. If a patrol team sees it and verifies the situation, they will deliver wheat to them... Hmm, we've seized a lot of grain in the city, giving them some is nothing.

Moreover, Leader Maximus said that although it seems a bit troublesome to do this, it can make the Pompeians feel some goodwill from us, thus reducing any potential resistance and ensuring that our Supply Camp can secure the town in a short time."

The leaders appeared thoughtful.

"Aside from guarding the city gates, where are the rest of the soldiers of your Guard from the Supply Camp?" Spartacus asked again.

"Some are at the port, where there are a lot of resources and people, requiring concentrated guarding; another part is in the wealthy residential area, where the people have mostly been cleared out, serving mainly as places for the brothers to rest and eat, and recruit new slaves; next to the wealthy area, in that arena, a new army is being formed. Additionally, one Centurion is responsible for patrolling the entire city, and another Centurion—"

Torrelugo pointed in front, "Is responsible for guarding there — the Pompeii City Hall, where Leader Maximus is."

The group had entered Pompeii Square, walking toward the tall white stone building indicated by Torrelugo's finger. As they passed the fountain in front of the building, they paused briefly to admire the towering and imposing stone statue of Poseidon standing in the pool.

Leader Maximus, having received the news, quickly walked out of the city hall doors, descending the steps in two strides, spreading his arms wide, and said excitedly, "Spartacus! Cross! Enomai! Antonix! Attutmus! Haha, I've been eagerly waiting for you!"

Spartacus also laughed, "Maximus, you really gave us quite a scare this time!"

Maximus didn't ponder whether Spartacus's words had another meaning and asked curiously, "Why didn't Leader Hamilcar come?"

"We all came, someone had to stay and watch the camp." Spartacus looked at Maximus and emphasized, "But before leaving, Hamilcar told us all that since he can't come, during the Military Commander Conference, I can vote on his behalf."

In other words, you have two votes... Maximus thought to himself, maintaining his composure, "That's really a shame, I was hoping he'd come to taste some of Pompeii's specialty foods."

"No worries, there's always next time," Spartacus's seemingly casual response gave Maximus more to think about.

"Maximus, now that you're in such a hurry to have us come over, don't ramble on. Hurry up and get to the point, what's the matter?" Cross said impatiently from the side.

"Alright, let's go inside first, sit down, and discuss slowly."

The leaders of the rebel army entered the city hall and arrived at the administrative officer's office.

Maximus initially wanted Spartacus to sit on the administrative officer's throne but was refused. So he called for six wooden chairs to be brought, and everyone sat in a circle.

"Maximus, since you're in such a hurry to gather us, why don't you tell us what's going on first?" Spartacus initiated.

Maximus didn't stand on ceremony, cleared his throat, and directly said, "Here's the thing, our Supply Camp has captured Pompeii City; this city has various resources we desperately need, not only abundant but also in large quantity. Just speaking of grain, our army's total number is—"

"Close to 20,000," Spartacus interjected.

"Twenty thousand... hmm, yes, the grain in Pompeii alone is enough for our 20,000 men to eat for four months; there is also enough linen for every brother who joins to wear a brand new waistcoat; there are a lot of pottery jars to allow our brothers' worn-out jars to be replaced with new ones; there are also plenty of herbs stored here, enabling our Medical Team to provide better treatment for the wounded...

Moreover, there is a blacksmith shop here, and the two blacksmiths in the shop have already been 'invited' to join our Supply Camp. They can use their iron furnace to forge some weapons and equipment for us..."

Maximus paused for a moment to give the leaders a chance to think, then emphasized, "If we choose to make Pompeii City our new camp, there's another advantage—having more comfortable and weatherproof barracks, solving the problem of lack of tents.

But if we choose to abandon this city, first of all, our Supply Camp does not have enough manpower to take away so many resources, and some resources are not convenient to transport, so we must abandon them; second, although the blacksmiths will follow us, abandoning the iron furnace means they can only help us with repairs in the future... Anyway, although Pompeii City was taken by the Supply Camp, it belongs to our entire force. Whether to abandon it or keep it? We all need to decide together!"

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Just as Maximus finished speaking, Spartacus chimed in, "Using Pompeii as our new camp has another advantage. Its city walls are solid, aiding in defense. Before I came here, our spies gleaned some information from the tradesmen in the Latium area—"

Looking at everyone with a solemn expression, Spartacus said, "Rome is recruiting soldiers on a large scale. It's said that young men from towns across the Latium region have flocked to Rome, likely because we defeated the Roman legions last time, provoking the Roman Senate to assemble more legions to come and quell us.

This time, they will certainly be more prepared, and our current camp is too close to Rome. If the Roman army marches at full speed, they could reach us in three or four days, even faster with cavalry. Additionally, though we have many people in each camp, our defenses are poor. If the Roman Army launches a sudden attack like we did previously, the situation could become dire.

However, if we choose Pompeii as our camp, with its thick walls for defense, Mount Vesuvius as a barrier in front, and the sea beside us, it can more effectively prevent sudden attacks from the Roman army, giving us the time to respond appropriately.

My idea is... We can first use Pompeii as a base to reorganize our troops, strengthen our forces, and observe the movements of the Roman Army. After some time, we will then lead our army southward. I hear the south is quite affluent, with large cities like Tarentum, Croton, and Turi. Yet their military strength is not strong, and their relationships with Rome are not as close as those of the Campanians. Also, being far from Rome, the Roman Army would have to travel long distances to attack us, allowing us ample time to prepare and find opportunities to defeat them!"

After Spartacus finished speaking, the room fell silent.

A moment later, Maximus coughed dryly and complained, "Leader Spartacus, we are currently discussing whether to make Pompeii our new camp, and you're already talking about moving south. You're thinking far ahead!"

Spartacus quickly patched things up, "Just learning this news got me thinking a lot, and I spoke out of turn. Maximus, your criticism is valid. Let's first discuss the issue of Pompeii, whether to make it our new camp and relocate the whole troop there. Let's take a vote."

"I agree with making Pompeii the new camp," Maximus was the first to say.

"I agree," Spartacus said, and added, "Hamilcar also agrees."

As Hamilcar stated before setting out, the other four had no objections.

"I agree," Antonix was the next to express his stance.

By now, there were already four votes, and when Attutmus also expressed agreement, even if Cross and Enomai opposed, they couldn't stop Maximus's proposal from passing.

Therefore, Spartacus loudly declared, "Since the proposal has passed, starting tomorrow, each large unit needs to quickly move to this—"

"Wait!" Cross said loudly, "I heard Pompeii is a small city with only 5,000 people. We have 20,000 people, and more will join later. Can it accommodate so many people?"

"5,000 people are citizens of Pompeii," Maximus said confidently, "Today, I had time to check the town hall records. Including the slaves and freedmen, at least 30,000 people live in this city. By driving out the people of Pompeii, this city can easily accommodate our entire troop."

"30,000 is not much. Considering the number of people joining us daily, in half a month, our troop will exceed 30,000," Cross looked at Spartacus, saying in a deep voice, "Now that our troop has strengthened, we can try to attack towns like Suysula and Lora on the plain, which would provide more supplies to sustain our growing soldier numbers, offer more camp choices, and also train our troops' combat ability."

"Is that your proposal?" Spartacus frowned. Although his appearance seemed kind, once he put on a stern face, he exuded an imposing authority.

Though Cross made no attempt to avoid his gaze, he felt a bit intimidated, "Yes. But Maximus proposed first, so we can move the troop over and then assemble the forces to attack other towns. You all should

know about towns like Suysula and Lora. Compared to Pompeii, their walls are made of earth, lower in height, and with even less population. With our current strength, we can certainly give it a try."

"I think Cross is right. If Maximus can capture Pompeii, and we don't dare to attack a small town like Suysula, how would our brethren think!" Enomai's words were even more direct.

"Alright then." Spartacus spoke softly, "Let's vote now to decide whether to attack the towns on the Campagna Plain."

Cross and Enomai immediately expressed agreement.

Antonix and Attutmus were somewhat hesitant.

"I also agree," Maximus said loudly, surprising Cross a bit.

Maximus certainly wasn't trying to repay injury with kindness; he believed it was worth a try.

After all, the coastal towns of Campania, regardless of size, were mostly established by Greeks. Hundreds of years ago, these Greek colonists, who traveled far from the Aegean Sea to settle here, used advanced Greek city-building techniques and the wealth gained from maritime trade to build their towns into hard nuts to crack, to defend against native invasions.

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However, flatland towns like Suysula, Abella, Nola, and others were mostly built by the Samnites, a mountain-dwelling race with relatively backward city-building techniques. Back then, they held strategic advantages in Campania, so they naturally didn't require strong city defenses. After falling under Roman rule, there were hardly any improvements, and as time passed, some towns even tore down their walls and turned into rural areas. Given the rebel army's current strength, they can certainly give it a try. Besides, the supply camp now has siege technology in reserve—this could serve as a chance for practice and training.

"I agree, too," Spartacus said. "I imagine Hamilcar wouldn't oppose this either."

Cross finally revealed the first hint of a smile since entering the city.

"I have another suggestion," Maximus saw the atmosphere was easing and seized the moment to speak. "Our ranks have now grown to 20,000 strong, yet the individual units are still being addressed as the First Battalion, Second Battalion, and such. I fear this naming convention has become unsuitable. Why not rename them as 'legions'? Moreover, we've defeated the Roman Army repeatedly and built up quite a reputation, yet we still lack a military banner—it makes us seem like an unruly mob. We need our own banner to inspire morale and show the people of Italy that we exist!

Speaking of banners, there's another overlooked detail: our forces still don't have a name to represent our cause. A proper name can let the Italian people know why we're rebelling—and through this name, we can rally more people to join us and resist Rome!..."

As Maximus finished his impassioned explanation, the eyes of everyone in the room lit up.

Since initiating the revolt from the Gladiator School half a year ago, they had been preoccupied with strengthening their forces and dealing with Rome's counterattacks. Either they hadn't had time to think about such things, or their ideas had remained vague. Maximus, armed with his extensive knowledge of historical uprisings, stated it more definitively than anyone else could.

"Maximus is absolutely right! Our numbers have long since exceeded the scale of a single battalion, yet we're still using battalion designations. I feel embarrassed when I assign someone to command a thousand soldiers because I don't even know what title to give them—after all, I myself am just a Great Captain," Cross admitted, breaking his usual silence to show his rare agreement with the proposal.

"I think 'legion' is great! 'Legion' is great!" Enomai said with a wide grin, nodding repeatedly.

Rome's dominance over the Mediterranean was largely due to its unique military system, making the term 'legion' widely recognized. Since the rebel army was already adopting Roman military structures, elevating battalions to legions seemed entirely natural, and none of the leaders present voiced any objections.

But Spartacus spoke in a serious tone: "Maximus's suggestion reminded me of something. Our individual units are expanding at a rapid pace. I assess that in another month, the size of each unit will far surpass

that of a single legion. If we switch from battalions to legions now, what will we call our forces later when legions outgrow their names?"

Spartacus's remarks left everyone present momentarily stunned.

"Here's what I suggest," Spartacus said slowly. "From now on, you all may expand your forces on your own, following Roman military organization to form multiple legions and appoint Legion Commanders..."

Maximus rubbed his chin, trying to conceal his startled expression: Could Spartacus really be handing over such significant powers so effortlessly? Was he joking?

Maximus thought this way because he came from a modern background and deeply understood the importance of centralized military command.

Spartacus, on the other hand, hailed from the loosely organized Thrace and didn't share the same awareness of this concept. His initial goal in leading the rebellion was simply to achieve freedom. Previously, the decision to distribute new recruits evenly across leaders rather than allowing personal recruitment was made collectively—mainly to ensure fairness, reduce conflict, and keep the relatively small rebel army united against Rome.

Now, however, the ranks had grown large, and individual leaders had begun harboring personal ambitions. The Military Commander Conference's control over these leaders had weakened. This was especially true after conversations between Torrelugo and Cross brought secret recruitment efforts to light. Spartacus had no choice but to adapt, hoping to prevent future conflicts and avoid a potential collapse of the rebel army.

"I support Spartacus's proposal; it will help us expand our forces and strengthen our position!" Cross quickly voiced his approval.

Enomai and Attutmus expressed their agreement one after another as well, no longer needing to operate in secrecy after the proposal's adoption.

Only Antonix voiced some concern, asking cautiously: "Spartacus, are you proposing we develop separately and no longer act as a unified force?"

"Of course not," Spartacus explained patiently. "Our Military Commander Conference remains the highest governing body of our entire force. Major operations—such as fighting against the Roman Army or moving camps to Pompeii—will still require collective discussion and consent before implementation.

Recruiting new soldiers or raiding villages, for example, are simpler matters that each unit can decide independently. When it comes to military actions like attacking Campania towns, if you believe your unit has the strength to handle it independently, you can lead your forces to launch the attack on your own. If you feel your strength is inadequate, you can also call for a conference and unite others to assist."

So, I can independently expand my Fourth Battalion while still being under the protection of Spartacus and Cross... Attutmus said nothing but felt inwardly satisfied with the response.

"Does the supply camp also have the right to independently recruit and expand its forces?" Maximus asked loudly, immediately drawing everyone's attention.

Spartacus replied gently, "My proposal applies to all leaders participating in the Military Commander Conference, which naturally includes you."

Maximus's heart leapt; his risky conquest of Pompeii had finally earned Spartacus's recognition of his military capabilities, paving the way for the supply camp's rapid development!

"Hold on," Cross immediately interjected, questioning, "Maximus originally oversaw the supply camp and was responsible for providing logistical support to all units. If he's going to expand his own Guard, shouldn't we appoint someone else to manage the supply camp so he can focus on combat?"

Maximus froze for a moment, then smirked slightly. "Chief Cross, your suggestion is admirable. I'm willing to resign my position as leader of the supply camp and focus solely on leading the Guard."

Cross's concern stemmed from earlier revelations by Torrelugo, who used food consumption patterns to expose Cross's secret recruitment of excess troops. Since then, Cross realized that if logistical resources

remained under Maximus's control—a leader he wasn't entirely aligned with—it could spell trouble for his forces in the future...

Cross had been prepared to argue fiercely with Maximus, but he hadn't expected the latter to agree so readily. Overjoyed, he was about to speak when Spartacus intervened, saying, "No. Maximus, you will continue to lead the supply camp!"

Maximus's smile turned faint and measured as he politely declined, "I already have combat duties to attend to, and as Chief Cross pointed out, handling logistics on top of that might be too much for me—"

"I trust you're fully capable of managing both combat and logistics!" Spartacus interrupted firmly. "Since you took charge of the supply camp, the brothers have never lacked for food, never needed to worry about injuries going untreated, and we've never had shortages in supplies. Furthermore, the men in the supply camp respect and trust you. If someone else were to take over, they wouldn't do half as well as you. Don't you all agree?"

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"That's right! That's right!" Antonix and Attutmus responded sincerely.

Enomai hadn't paid much attention to the affairs of the Supply Camp in the past, but thinking carefully now, it indeed seemed to be the case.

Cross listened to Spartacus and suddenly realized: the people in the Supply Camp seem to be very convinced by this Maximus, frequently saying things like 'Leader Maximus said.' Now that Maximus has the right to form his own team, his former subordinates might voluntarily leave the Supply Camp to join his team. By that time, even if the Supply Camp is well-stocked with supplies, it would be useless if there was a lack of good personnel to cook for the soldiers or tend to the wounded!...

The more he thought about it, the more alarmed he became. Yet, he was reluctant to let Maximus both lead the army and manage the Supply Camp. While he was in a dilemma, Spartacus continued: "However, in the future, the forces you lead will become larger and larger. For the convenience of gathering food, or for independent operations, they may be scattered in various places. At that time, the Supply Camp might not be able to provide logistical support promptly. So while everyone is gathered in Pompeii, you should start building your own Supply Camps and consult Leader Maximus on managing a Supply Camp. I believe Leader Maximus will be willing to offer assistance.

Of course, the Supply Camp under Maximus's management will always be the main Supply Camp for our entire group. When other teams seek help from the Supply Camp, Maximus should provide support."

"I agree." This time Cross agreed without hesitation, and the other leaders quickly followed suit, as Spartacus's proposal gave them greater autonomy in developing their own teams.

The reason Spartacus did this was mainly to prepare for the future march south. Even though his proposal received approval from the vast majority of leaders, he didn't want the young leader he had high hopes for to feel discontent, so he kept his eyes on Maximus.

"I agree as well." Maximus also spoke sincerely because if each team's Supply Camp was well-managed, his own Supply Camp could focus on its development, which was also beneficial for each team to strengthen their forces and break through Roman Army's encirclement, escaping Italy smoothly.

"Very well, this proposal is approved, let's discuss—"

"Wait a minute, since each team will have its own Supply Camp, shouldn't the supplies previously accumulated in Maximus's camp be evenly distributed among all the teams?" Cross asked loudly.

"Of course." Maximus responded without hesitation: "Including the supplies our Supply Camp obtained from Pompeii this time, they will all be evenly distributed to each of your brigades."

Cross didn't expect Maxim Four to be so generous: "Are you speaking the truth?"

"Of course, since our previous rule was that all supplies seized by any team must be accumulated in the Supply Camp for everyone to use, the supplies obtained by the Supply Camp from Pompeii should naturally belong to our entire group." Maximus stated righteously. In truth, as long as it enhanced the strength of the rebel army, he didn't mind distributing the supplies evenly. However, he didn't want to be seen as a pushover, so he emphasized: "But once these supplies are distributed, in the future, as we develop our teams, military rations, and supplies will need to be collected by ourselves. Of course, if there are difficulties, we may request help from each other, but by that time, even brothers should settle accounts clearly."

"What you say makes some sense. But rest assured, if your team lacks resources in the future, we will be happy to assist." Thanks to Maximus's generosity, Cross's tone softened considerably, though there was still some pride because he felt that the Supply Camp's capture of Pompeii was more a fluke. However, such luck is rarely repeated, and more victories must rely on real battles, in which his team was apparently superior to the Supply Camp that hardly engaged in major battles.

"Thank you very much, then." Maximus said calmly, without further rebuttal, as he was equally confident about his team.

"Uh... Maximus, we're all setting up Supply Camps for the first time and might lack experience; can you spare some people for us?" Antonix asked cautiously.

If Cross had asked, Maximus would have likely retorted in displeasure, but he had a good impression of Antonix. As a fellow Thracian, Antonix was close to Spartacus and Hamilcar and had supported proposals favorable to Maximus multiple times at the Military Commander Conference. So he deliberated his tone and said: "People are not resources; over time, they form emotional bonds. I can't bear to distribute the people from the Supply Camp to your teams, and they might also be reluctant to leave the Supply Camp. Of course, if you can persuade them and they willingly join, I won't stop them.

As for lacking experience, we didn't have experience in leading troops initially either, but didn't we all learn within a few months? Managing a Supply Camp is the same. Moreover, while we're all in Pompeii, I'll have people from the Supply Camp come to each of your brigades to share expertise in this area. Managing supplies, cooking food, and taking care of the wounded... none of these are very difficult tasks. As long as you learn diligently, you should be able to learn quickly."

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Maximus presented an open and welcoming demeanor as if inviting others to poach his people, because he firmly believed that the majority of those settled in the Supply Camp, having gotten used to the stable and orderly environment he provided, were unlikely to join forces where might is prioritized and military discipline is lax.

After Maximus finished speaking, everyone appeared contemplative, each quietly calculating their own plans.

"Alright, since it's decided that each division will establish their own Supply Camp, let's talk about the issue of army flag design that Maximus just mentioned," said Spartacus, steering the meeting back on

track. He appeared relaxed, unconcerned about organizing a Supply Camp for his division, due to the assistance of Hamilcar who was adept at handling military affairs, coupled with his close ties to Maximus, ensuring he had the support needed from this young leader.

"We indeed need an army flag. Not only does it aid in battle, but it can also boost morale and show others that we are a formal army," said Cross, glancing at the other leaders before continuing, "I suggest that we depict an image of a gladiator fighting with a sword on the flag to illustrate the origins of our force."

Both Enomai and Antonix, also gladiators, approved of this idea, but Attutmus disagreed: "Now, the majority of our soldiers are not gladiators, and such a flag might be hard for them to identify with, failing to boost morale. I believe depicting an image of a poor person would be more appealing to the soldiers."

"An image of a poor person? That will just make the Romans mock us and boost their confidence in defeating us," Enomai shouted, "I think drawing a fierce boar or a powerful black bear would be better; that's how we Germanic tribes used to like our banners."

"Boars and black bears? Romans already look down on us, and with that, they might laugh even more, seeing us as barbarians. Plus, the other poor Italians might think twice before joining us if they see such a flag," Attutmus retorted, surprising others with his sharp tongue in a rare debate with fellow leaders.

"You—" The less eloquent Enomai was tongue-tied, only able to glare at his counterpart.

"Maximus, it was your proposal; what are your thoughts?" Spartacus asked.

"Here is my suggestion—" Maximus, quite prepared, stood up, took a piece of papyrus from the long wooden table, and handed it to Spartacus.

Spartacus was immediately captivated by the drawing on the papyrus: a man in simple clothes wielding a farm tool fending off a snarling wolf. Though merely rendered in blue ink, the lines skillfully captured the man's rugged determination and the wolf's ferocity in vivid detail.

"This is superb! I had no idea you had such a talent for drawing, Maximus!" Spartacus couldn't help but exalt.

The former art school graduate and amateur advertiser, Maximus felt this was a trivial matter and didn't feel proud.

However, as the design passed hands among the leaders, they couldn't help but praise it. Not only was it well drawn, but its meaning was also clear to them all: the man in the image was evidently a poor farmer, and the wolf symbolized Rome, as the Romans claimed descent from a she-wolf.

"The poor resisting the oppressive Rome—anyone can grasp this imagery, and it will surely garner the support of Italy's downtrodden!" Even Attutmus, who was picky earlier, was the first to agree this time.

"Plus, the simple design should make it fairly easy to replicate," added Antonix.

Such a swift consensus was rare, prompting Spartacus to ask, "Maximus, since you've designed such an excellent flag, you must also have a name for our army?"

Maximus didn't hold back, responding directly, "How about 'Free Italy'? This name is a rally cry for all slaves and impoverished people in Italy, and also demonstrates our stance to the Italian City States that once were independent but now have to bow to Rome."

Spartacus pondered the name, then said, "I think the name is excellent and spirited, perfectly complementing the flag's imagery. It will show all of Italy our intentions, and I believe more and more people will support us, giving us greater confidence to defeat the Roman Army!"

Again, Maximus's proposal faced no objections, and thus the rebel army established its name, flag design, and new organizational structure.

After the meeting concluded, the leaders had a quick meal before hastily leading their troops back to the Vesuvius camp.

Maximus quickly gathered the heads of the Supply Camp who remained in Pompeii for another meeting.

In the meeting, Maximus first announced the appointment of Flanitnus as the military officer, clarifying that the officer's duty was to manage all affairs within the Supply Camp army.

He then announced the reformation of the old advisory group into a staff, whose role would be training and strategizing and commanding battles within the Supply Camp, appointing Quintus as the Staff Officer.

Next, he announced the formation of the Personal Guard, appointing Oluus as its captain.

He also announced the establishment of the role of Military Judge, clarifying that the judge's duty was to oversee the entire Supply Camp (as Maximus believed wartime called for even logistical departments to be regulated), to enforce decrees and punish those violating the law, and appointed Sidonius as the Military Judge.

The sudden rise of several Lukaiya people to high positions in the Supply Camp immediately drew the attention of other leaders in the ranks, but due to Maximus's absolute position within the camp, none openly questioned it.

Maximus offered no further explanation, simply briefing everyone on the recent Military Commander Conference, explaining that in the future, his troops would no longer be referred to as the 'Supply Camp' externally, but collectively as the 'Maximus Army' (this applied to other leaders' forces as well), with the Supply Camp included.

Everyone present immediately realized that their affiliated Supply Camp was finally shedding its role as mere logistical support, developing into an independent and legitimate army.

Amidst the joyous atmosphere, Maximus proceeded to promote Fesaros, Torrelugo, and Camillus to Great Captains, finally freeing them from the strange title of 'Chief Centurion.'

In this cheerful environment, the clerk Vallerus reported to Maximus: Today, 780 slaves voluntarily joined the army in Pompeii. These slaves mainly hailed from the affluent district, so a substantial portion consisted of the elderly and women. However, there were also many slaves with literacy and arithmetic skills. As the harbor district, which housed numerous strong slaves and laborers, was only taken over by troops this morning, stability was achieved by afternoon, so Vallerus had yet to dispatch recruiters to encourage harbor inhabitants to join.

Maximus understood this but demanded that Vallerus complete the recruitment and propaganda in the harbor district by sundown the following day, as other troops would soon arrive.

Flanitus also reported to Maximus, stating that he had selected nearly 400 slaves from the 780 who joined, forming 4 Centurion cohorts.