

Rome Must Perish

#Chapter 33 - 32 Post-war Deliberations - Read Rome Must Perish Chapter 33 - 32 Post-war Deliberations

Chapter 33: Chapter 32 Post-war Deliberations

Even though Maximus has only been in this world for a month and hasn't fully integrated into it, he still acts somewhat as an observer. But seeing the old man, who was always kind and amiable, suddenly become a cold corpse deeply upset him and made him feel guilty: Because he hadn't gathered the scattered Supply Team members in the camp earlier to lead them quickly to the hillside, the retreat was chaotic. After climbing up, they found that more than thirty members of the Supply Team were missing; now Saraya's body appeared here... I'm afraid the others are also in this pool...

Thinking of this, Maximus's breathing became rapid, and he didn't dare to look anymore, worried about seeing other familiar corpses.

Next to Maximus, Cross suddenly roared in anger, startling him. The Gaul warrior gritted his teeth and said, "The Romans slaughtered our captured brothers, this must be avenged in blood!"

None of the other leaders, such as Spartacus, objected; they were all equally furious.

"After breakfast, gather the brothers and sacrifice those Roman captives with blood!" Spartacus coldly decided.

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"Kill him!!! Kill him!!! Kill him!!!!..." The rebel soldiers who had already gazed upon the "Thousand-man Pit" shouted angrily when they saw Grabo being brought into the center of the camp.

Seeing this scene, Grabo knew that he couldn't escape today. He raised his head proudly and glanced at everyone with contempt, sneering, "Ignorant slaves, don't be complacent today. Tomorrow, Rome's might will crush your camp and hang you on crosses until your filthy blood runs dry—"

Before his cursed words were finished, he felt a sharp pain in his body, with a sharp sword tip protruding from his chest...

Cross stabbed his chest several times, completely destroying his heart. Only when Grabo stopped struggling did Cross chop off his head and raise it high in his hand.

The soldiers cheered even louder.

Next were the officers of the Roman army, followed by the ordinary soldiers. They were executed one by one by the rebel army's execution squad, totaling more than 400 people. This was not the entire number of captives. The rest were either Campania auxiliary soldiers or slaves of the Roman Legion, so they were spared.

Maximus suggested: to cremate all the bodies in the camp and the farm as quickly as possible to prevent the outbreak of a plague.

Although Maximus explained, Spartacus, Cross, and other leaders still couldn't understand "why too many bodies would cause a plague," but just the word "plague" was enough to make them nervous. Moreover, in the hot weather, piles of corpses could easily stink and breed mosquitoes, making people uneasy, so no one opposed Maximus's suggestion.

The entire rebel army rallied, collecting firewood and burning the bodies, making the camp full of blazing fires and billowing smoke, busy for a whole day.

Meanwhile, some rebel soldiers who were defeated in the previous day's battle and fled gradually returned to the camp. After escaping the Roman army's pursuit, they hadn't gone far but hid in the nearby mountains. At night, the sound of battle by the wine farm was deafening, so they all sensed something happened. Today, they secretly sent people to scout and found that the Roman camp was actually full of rebel soldiers, which surprised them greatly...

By late afternoon, over 400 rebel soldiers who had been separated returned. Among them were fifteen gladiators believed to have been killed in action, and the entire army was filled with joy.

In this victorious atmosphere, the leaders of the rebel army held a Military Commander Conference in the living room of the wine farm.

"Now that we've defeated the Roman army and seized a large amount of equipment, our strength has increased. But the Romans will never rest; they will surely send a stronger army to annihilate us. Therefore, we must quickly strengthen our forces before the next Roman army arrives!" Spartacus warned everyone at the start of the meeting.

"Spartacus, you need not worry. Earlier, we were just skirmishing, and within less than a month, we expanded from over 200 to more than 4,000. Now that we've defeated the Roman army and demonstrated our strength, many more slaves will join us, and we have enough weapons to equip them. When the Roman army returns, we can fully defeat them head-on!"

When Cross said this, he felt shame inside. Previously, he also feared battling the Roman army, which made him follow Enomai's left flank charge because he couldn't withstand the pressure. But the recent Vesuvius raid boosted his confidence.

"I agree with Cross. Our ranks will soon be vast, and the new brothers won't wield hoes and sticks but real short swords and long spears. But we need to strengthen their training; otherwise, even with weapons, they'll flee before the Romans' attack!" Enomai said loudly. In yesterday's battle, he fought bravely at the front while the new recruits fled beforehand, a deep impression.

"It seems everyone realizes that even with more people, if they're untrained, they'll only flee on the battlefield." Spartacus looked at Hamilcar solemnly, saying, "Regarding soldier training, Hamilcar, you must not only hasten the implementation but also strictly require the brothers. We'll fully support you, so we can be sure of victory in future encounters with the Roman army."

"I'll do my utmost to help the new recruits improve their combat skills!" Hamilcar first promised, then added, "I have another suggestion. We currently have nearly 500 Campania prisoners, most of whom are Napoletans. We shouldn't release them like last time at the Flora Temple but instead take them outside Napolet City and negotiate, getting slaves and gladiators in exchange for these prisoners.

Moreover, doing this has another benefit: I've heard that Napolet is a trade city with many merchants, who will spread news of our victory more widely and attract more slaves to join us."

"This is a good idea!" Spartacus slapped his thigh hard.

"I also think this is a good way. We can't let these Campania prisoners go for nothing. But we're not familiar with the slaves and gladiators in Napolet City. What if the Napoletans slip in some loyal people among those they exchange, then incite them to disrupt our ranks?" Antonix expressed his concern.

"I despise traitors, and dealing with them is troublesome!" Cross agreed, glancing at Maximus inadvertently.

After thinking, Spartacus said, "We won't lack warriors, and the most reliable are those who voluntarily join us. There's no need to ask Napolet for people; now we lack weapons. It'd be better to have the Napoletans trade weapons for these prisoners, what do you think?"

This time, nobody objected.

Looking at everyone, Spartacus continued, "We're unfamiliar with the gladiators of Napolet, but we're familiar with those in Capua. There are many gladiator schools there, mostly outside the city, and we've all faced them in the arena. Once our strength is

restored, we'll send a team to raid outside Capua and rescue the gladiators there to join us and reinforce our strength!"

"I agree! Send me then. The Radi Gladiator School there is full of Germanic warriors, and I've long wanted to rescue them!" Enomai said excitedly.

Others also agreed, as training new recruits was a long process, whereas the gladiators were ready combat power with whom they shared a common language.

"There's one more thing I'd like to discuss with you." Spartacus said seriously, "I want to abandon this camp and lead the army to establish a new camp at the farm not far to the north."

Chapter 34: Chapter 33 Maximus's Request

"Why?" Antonix was somewhat puzzled, "This place is so good, it's convenient for our defense, and if we really can't hold out, we can retreat to the mountain behind. Isn't it because of this unique terrain that we defeated the Romans? This is a place blessed by the war god Ares! Why give it up? Furthermore, if you move to that farm to the north, the terrain there is flat, it's very easy for the Roman Army to launch a surprise attack, and if we're defeated, it's not easy to retreat, our legs can't outrun the Roman cavalry."

Cross immediately said loudly, "I agree with Spartacus's opinion, we shouldn't stay on this mountain any longer! Yesterday's battle has already told us that relying only on defense and waiting won't defeat the Romans, and the way we defeated the Romans this time can't be repeated. The Romans will learn the entire battle process from the stragglers, and next time they come to attack us, they won't make the same mistakes again.

Defense requires skill, new soldiers can't learn it in a short time, attack mainly requires courage, and our brothers do not lack hatred for the Romans, hatred will fill them with power, so taking the initiative is our best choice, and building a camp on flat ground without natural defenses means we can only secure safety by defeating the enemy, while staying on this mountain may soften our fighting will!"

"I also agree with Spartacus's opinion." Hamilcar nodded to Antonix, speaking in a gentle tone, "Not to mention anything else, the farm to the north is surrounded by trenches and earth walls dug by the Romans, in fact, its defense is better than our camp here. Moreover, on flat ground, we can train our soldiers better, and once our forces expand, it will be easier to expand the camp outside as well. Also, it's easier for the Supply Team to transport supplies on flat ground..."

"Let's relocate the camp quickly, there's nothing good here!" Enomai complained, "The surroundings of the camp are all scorched, there's a burnt smell everywhere. And there's that pool of corpses, although they've been cremated, just thinking about it makes me uncomfortable, we might as well quickly change to a new place."

The suggestion to relocate the camp was passed and it was quickly decided to act on it the next day.

After making this decision, a few leaders had nothing more to say, as usual, Spartacus asked as a final question: "Does anyone have any other suggestions?"

"I do." Maximus, who had been silent in the corner, spoke, "From yesterday to today, we have more than 240 people injured to varying degrees, and judging from the previous recovery of the wounded, I'm afraid that more than half will die from wounds festering and high fever. I learned some medical skills when I was young, and I believe that if the wounds are cleaned and bandages are changed regularly, keeping the wounds clean, allowing them to get adequate rest, and providing them good enough food... as long as the external injuries are not too severe, most of them can eventually recover."

"But our current care for them is really insufficient!" Maximus said painfully, "Causing those brothers who fought alongside us shoulder to shoulder (referring to those gladiators who were injured during the escape) to lack sufficient treatment and die, we can't go on like this! I suggest putting these wounded entirely in the care of our Supply Team, I will have my men take good care of them, doing our best to let them heal and return to the team!"

"You know medicine, why didn't you say so earlier?!" Cross glared at him, voicing his complaint loudly.

Maximus shot back immediately, "I have learned some medicine, but I have never treated anyone before, and taking care of the wounded is a very troublesome matter. If it weren't for the fact that I noticed so many of our wounded have died during this time, and since I just became the Supply Team Captain, having the conditions to do something about it, otherwise, I wouldn't want to meddle in it!"

"You—"

"Alright, alright, treating the wounded is indeed a very troublesome matter, we all have deep experience of this at the Gladiator School, it's great that Maximus is willing to let the Supply Team take care of the wounded, we all should thank him! Don't you guys agree!" Spartacus immediately affirmed Maximus's suggestion.

"Maximus, I really must thank you, you're doing me a great favor this time!" Antonix expressed his gratitude sincerely, knowing that the current regulation of the rebel army is that whichever team's soldier gets injured, their own team takes care of them. Once, a Thracian gladiator in Antonix's team had a wound festering on his chest, repeatedly having high fevers, often uncontrollably wailing, almost driving the entire team's soldiers insane, in the end, everyone strongly requested to give him a quick end.

Knowing that the wounded was Antonix's fellow countryman, they had a good relationship, he eventually had to put him down, so he shouted without hesitation: "I

support it with both hands, let the Supply Team be responsible for caring for the wounded!"

Cross and Enomai also had similar experiences, and they too quickly expressed their agreement.

At this moment, Hamilcar said, "I remember when we were at the school, the doctor called Valerius had quite good medical skills, many brothers could be healed by him after being injured, this might be related to his long-term responsibility for treating wounded gladiators, having rich medical experience. This time when we go to Capua, it's best to invite a doctor from the Gladiator School, let him join the Supply Team to treat the wounded."

Maximus's eyes lit up, "That's a great idea! It's just that these doctors are paid well, I'm afraid they won't join us."

"They won't join but they have to join!" Cross said coldly, surprisingly, no one opposed, including Spartacus.

I thought you guys always insist on the principle of voluntary joining for anyone, just like those farm slaves, turns out you'll resort to any means for truly needed talents! ... Maximus looked at the four of them, feeling like he learned a new trick.

"I also agree with the Supply Team taking care of the wounded. But the Supply Team is responsible for providing food, transporting supplies, managing the warehouse for the soldiers, manpower is already tight, and now taking care of the wounded, is there enough manpower?" Hamilcar asked seriously.

The teacher coming just when you need help!... Maximus inwardly rejoiced, and immediately replied, "Indeed, manpower is a bit lacking! There are currently more than 240 wounded, needing at least thirty to forty people to take care of them all day. And you all should know, most people in the Supply Team are physically weak, they can't even lift the wounded, so how could they possibly take good care of them, so we don't just need people, we also need strong men!"

Spartacus looked troubled, "But right now, all the major teams are lacking people... How about this, when more people join in future, we'll try to allocate more to the Supply Team."

Maximus replied with a hint of complaint, "That would be great, should have done it long ago. But long term solutions don't quench current thirst, the wounded urgently need people to care for them, there's no way to delay, I think we should assign that batch of captured slaves to our Supply Team."

"That won't work! These slaves are different from those previous ones who only knew farming, they've undergone military training, and have some combat experience, giving them to your Supply Team would be a waste!" Cross immediately objected.

The batch of slaves they were referring to came from the recently defeated Roman army. According to the current Roman military system, the smallest unit of the Roman Army is a squad, consisting of 10 people, of which two are slaves, they do not participate in combat, but are responsible for miscellaneous tasks, such as carrying items for the other eight soldiers, cooking, pitching tents, repairing weapons, taking care of the wounded...

This time, the Roman Army came to fight at Mount Vesuvius with a total of 560 such slaves, the rebel army eventually captured more than 200 after a surprise attack on the Roman Camp. They belonged to Rome's public slaves, many coming from war captives, after working hard for Rome for many years, they had the chance to be released and become freedmen, thus not all slaves were willing to join the rebel army, but the rebel army's slaughter of all Roman captives frightened them, so they all expressed their willingness to join.

Chapter 35: Chapter 34 Need for Guard

"Precisely because these new slaves are familiar with military affairs, they shouldn't be used as ordinary soldiers," Maximus asserted confidently. "They can cook, which the kitchen of the Supply Team needs; they can transport supplies, which the transport of the Supply Team needs; they can care for the wounded, which the convalescent camp the Supply Team is about to set up needs; they can also maintain and repair weapons, which is something our team urgently needs..."

"They also know how to conduct military training and how to build a camp... We need them even more to teach our new recruits who know nothing!" Cross reminded assertively.

"It seems these new brothers are quite popular," Spartacus said seriously, looking at the two of them. "Each battalion needs them to improve combat strength, and the Supply Team needs them to better assist us. I think we can first assign thirty people to the Supply Team; if more join in the future, we can give more to the Supply Team. What do you think?"

No one else objected, but Maximus looked aggrieved. "Only 30 out of more than 200 for our Supply Team? That's too few!... Well, for the sake of our entire team, I agree."

He paused and then continued with a serious expression, "I have one more suggestion. I hope the Supply Team can have its own Guard."

As soon as he said this, Cross immediately opposed, "Absolutely not! The Supply Team isn't responsible for combat. Your safety is protected by us, and there's no need to allocate a Guard to you!"

"We used to think the same. With your protection, we didn't have to worry about our safety," Maximus said with a look of regret. "But because of this, when you were fighting below the mountain, our Supply Team was fighting fires in the camp. When you were defeated, throwing away weapons and armor to escape desperately, did anyone think of holding back the pursuers for our Supply Team?"

While we were panicking, we were also trying to drive the carts up the mountain so you wouldn't starve when defending it. As a result, time was delayed. Our Supply Team consists of the elderly, women, and children. How could they outrun you? In the end, over thirty were caught by the enemy and died in that Thousand-man Pit..."

Maximus sniffled with a sad expression.

For a moment, Cross didn't know how to respond.

Maximus intensified his tone and continued, "We barely managed to drive the carts up the mountain, and because the road was narrow, we stopped halfway, hoping you'd send troops to guard it and prevent the enemy from taking it away. But what did you say, 'Impossible, the brothers have just escaped pursuit, how do they have the strength to watch your carts'..."

Maximus sneered with a cold look and said angrily, "Now, we've won the battle, and everyone is celebrating the victory, but don't forget it was our Supply Team who proposed a way to descend the cliff when you were in despair! It was also our Supply Team that spent half a day to spin enough ropes for you to descend smoothly! And it was our Supply Team that exerted all efforts to make enough food so you could have the strength to fight the enemy! For the Supply Team, which played such a critical role in this war, having its own Guard is entirely justified!"

Cross looked pale, and Enomai and Antonix looked ashamed... For a moment, the living room fell silent.

Spartacus looked around and said sincerely, "The Supply Team is indeed important to us and has achieved great merit in this battle against the Romans. While we're committed to fighting with the brothers, sometimes there's no energy left to look after the Supply Team, and that's my mistake! Now it seems the Supply Team indeed needs a Guard to ensure its safety. Let's temporarily set the number at 100 people, and when the Supply Team expands in the future, we'll increase the number of this Guard. What do you think?"

"I agree!" Maximus responded loudly and immediately, though he regretted the number of guards was too small. But once the Supply Team had its own armed forces, things would become easier to handle.

After Maximus's outburst, Cross, Enomai, and Antonix didn't dare oppose, and the matter was settled.

"I want Fesaros to lead this hundred-person Guard," Maximus looked at Spartacus and further requested since Fesaros now belongs to the First Battalion under Spartacus's command.

Spartacus felt that Maximus made this request because he was on good terms with Fesaros, and only Fesaros responded to Maximus's request to guard the carts yesterday on the mountain. So having Fesaros take the role of Guard leader would mean he would follow orders, and Spartacus was happy to agree without hesitation.

After the meeting ended, Maximus caught up with Hamilcar and said softly, "Teacher, thank you for your help just now!"

Hamilcar turned to look at him, concerned, "Now that the Supply Team has a Guard and must also take care of the wounded, things will be more than before, and there'll be more people than before. Can you handle it by yourself? And be sure not to make any mistakes for others to seize on."

Maximus understood whom he was referring to and immediately assured, "Don't worry, teacher; I'll do my utmost to manage the Supply Team well and provide our team with the best help possible!"

Hamilcar nodded, "Let's go, we'll choose those thirty new recruits now."

Over 200 Roman Army slaves had just joined the rebel army and hadn't been assigned to each battalion, temporarily under Hamilcar, who had just taken over military affairs. Most of them were young men in their twenties or thirties, with only a few being middle-aged over forty. They were all healthy and had ruddy complexions.

As Roman public slaves, they apparently had a good status in the Roman Army. However, compared to other slaves who joined the rebel army, many seemed overly cautious. When Hamilcar assembled them, most kept their heads down, looking dispirited.

Seeing this, Maximus said loudly, "I am selecting thirty people from you to join the Supply Team. Those who join the Supply Team don't have to fight the Romans and can eat well and spend time with women every day. Who wants to join?"

The slaves perked up and shouted, "Me!... Me!... I want to join!..."

A few people who didn't speak out also raised their heads.

Maximus frowned and said, "The Supply Team only needs thirty people, and there are too many of you who want to join, so I have to choose carefully. Among you... who are good at carpentry? Preferably those capable of making siege weapons."

"Me!... Me!..." More than twenty slaves shouted simultaneously.

"So many?!" Maximus looked surprised and pointed to his right side, "Then come over to this side."

After these slaves stood out, he stared fiercely at them and said, "I will test your carpentry skills in a moment. If anyone lies and I find out, next time we fight the Romans, they will be placed at the forefront of the army!"

Hamilcar hesitated to speak because he saw that many slaves who stood out looked uneasy.

Maximus took the opportunity to say, "Now, I'll give you another chance to correct your mistake. If you think your carpentry skills aren't good enough, return to the group."

Immediately, more than half of them bowed their heads and returned to the group.

"Who among you knows the most about camp construction? Preferably knows how to build roads," Maximus said, and then looked at the slaves on his right again, "If any of you feel you are good in this area, step forward. The more you know, the easier I'll choose you."

After the last lesson, this time, a dozen people spoke up, and some who had previously stood out also responded.

"Who among you knows the most about maintaining and repairing weapons and armor? Preferably can operate crossbows skillfully... Who among you understands military training, deployment? Even has ample battlefield experience... Who among you has rich experience caring for the wounded? Those who can treat wounds are even better..."

Chapter 36: Chapter 35 Establishing the Guard

After Maximus finished questioning these slaves one by one, he naturally couldn't test them to verify the truth, because he had to act quickly to avoid other leaders noticing and coming to compete with him for people. Due to the limited spots, he chose those who responded to his multiple questions, so among the 30 people he selected, most were relatively older.

Seeing this situation, Hamilcar felt a bit uneasy and quietly asked, "The people you picked seem capable, but they are too old. Can they take care of so many wounded soldiers?"

Maximus responded confidently, "Teacher, rest assured, since I've taken on this responsibility, I have a way to handle the treatment of the wounded. However, in the future, you must give us in the Supply Team some younger and stronger ones."

Hamilcar hesitated a moment, then said, "Alright, you can pick five younger ones to return to the Supply Team."

Maximus reminded, "Teacher, thank you for your help, but if we do this, Cross and the others might—"

Hamilcar waved his hand, "You are taking away the elderly that each battalion doesn't want; they are more than happy. Since you're at a loss because of this, you should indeed get more compensation, and Cross and the others shouldn't have any objections."

Seeing Hamilcar say this, Maximus no longer held back. He immediately called for five more army slaves in their thirties whom he thought were decent, then left the camp with these thirty-five people and returned to the wine farm.

He went directly to the kitchen to find Acronis, who was busy inside.

Upon seeing him, Acronis complained, "Captain, you informed me that the leaders want to hold a victory celebration for the warriors tonight and to make dinner more sumptuous, preferably before sunset. Time is tight, and we are short of people here. Everyone's working hard, but it's tough to finish by dusk!"

"I know your difficulties, so I brought helpers for you." Maximus led Acronis out of the kitchen, pointed to the thirty-five people he had just brought back, and said with a smile, "They were once slaves of the Roman Army, but now they are new brothers in our Supply Team. Since you lack manpower in the kitchen, I'll let them help first. However, they just arrived, so there might still be a little—" Maximus pointed to his chest and subtly winked at Acronis.

After spending time together daily, Acronis immediately understood Maximus's intention, promptly looked at them, smiled, and waved her hands energetically, saying, "Oh, that's wonderful! Our Supply Team finally has some proper men coming in, welcome to join our Supply Team! Let me tell you, being in our Supply Team is better than joining other battalions; you'll eat well, sleep well, and there are plenty of girls. If you work diligently, they will definitely notice you! Come on, come on, quickly help in the kitchen!"

Acronis's words encouraged some younger slaves who immediately followed her into the kitchen.

Others didn't move, instead looking at the oldest slave.

The slave glanced at Maximus and said calmly, "Since we're already here, let's do what needs to be done. It's better than fighting outside, right?" Saying this, he walked directly toward the kitchen, followed closely by other slaves.

Maximus stayed at the door quietly, observing the performance of these newly joined slaves.

"Maximus!" A voice sounded beside him. He turned his head to see and immediately smiled, "Fesaros, welcome, welcome, I've been waiting for you!"

"I didn't want to come, but this is Spartacus's order. He said you specifically requested me to be the Guard Captain of this Supply Team," Fesaros said, a bit dissatisfied.

Maximus said softly, "Don't worry, I didn't bring you here to be a nanny for our Supply Team. There will certainly be battles for the Guard in the future."

Fesaros's eyes brightened, and he eagerly asked, "Do you mean—"

"We'll discuss those things later in detail." Maximus diverted the topic, jokingly saying: "At least you should thank me now for promoting you from centurion to centurion, and as Guard Captain, you won't have to take orders from that... Anat—"

"It's Anatolian. When he heard you were taking me away, he cursed and said he'll give you trouble in the future." Fesaros laughed gleefully, then sighed, "Now I don't need to follow his commands, but later I still have to follow your orders."

"Don't worry, I'm not as overbearing as Anatolian. We can discuss things in the future." After comforting a bit, Maximus asked, "How many people did you bring?"

Maximus's promise relieved Fesaros, who then seriously replied, "Fifty people, personally selected by Spartacus from the First Battalion. They're all slaves who joined the team earlier, without any gladiators, but they participated in yesterday's two battles and would no longer fear Romans like before. Spartacus also asked me to tell you that the First Battalion now only has over 600 soldiers, so he can't allocate more, but the shortage will be made up as soon as possible in the future."

"I can understand." Maximus said, though he felt surprised internally: aware of the rebel army's situation, he hadn't expected Spartacus to send so many people so quickly; his strong initiative and generous actions were truly admirable and worth learning!

"Where are our Guard personnel now?" Maximus asked while looking around.

"In the front yard."

Maximus soon met with the Guard members. Facing them, he had a different speech, "Brothers, welcome to our ranks! Our Supply Team longed for a Guard of our own. Are you willing to live alongside our Supply Team's elderly, children, and many 'women' and protect them wholeheartedly?!"

"Willing! Willing!!..." The Guardsmen shouted excitedly.

"Excellent, from today onwards, you are part of the Supply Team!" Maximus looked at them, his expression turning serious, "The Supply Team has its own rules that you must strictly comply with, or you'll face punishment! Those who diligently execute orders and perform well will receive my rewards, while those who underperform or disobey orders will face my severe penalties! Do you all understand?!"

"Un...understood." The soldiers' voices lowered significantly, and they looked at Maximus with a trace of awe. Unlike the Roman Army's slaves and military gladiators before, when they were desperate retreating to the mountain, they personally heard Maximus propose the miraculous idea of "descending from the cliff" to the leaders. Most of them later followed Hamilcar and Maximus to flank the camp from the gentle slope, witnessing firsthand him slaughtering enemies on the front lines, so they couldn't help but feel reverence when seeing him again.

Maximus watched their expressions and continued, "Brothers, the girls in the kitchen are busy now, Fesaros will lead you to assist them."

The soldiers grew excited again. Being slaves previously, working was a usual task for them; although they might not bake bread, tasks like carrying water, chopping wood, slaughtering sheep, and skinning...were doable.

To get Roman Army slaves and Guard soldiers familiar and integrated into the Supply Team swiftly, the best method is for everyone to work together, which is why Maximus stuffed them all into the kitchen at once.

As he watched the Guardsmen follow Fesaros to the kitchen in the back, Maximus secretly felt excited: although as the Supply Team Captain, he could attend the rebel army's Military Commander Conference, unlike Hamilcar, he only had advisory power, not voting rights. Moreover, those gladiators only recognized Spartacus, Cross, Antonix, Enomai, and Hamilcar as the army leaders, undoubtedly because these five were the original organizers. From this, it could also be seen that he had no prestige among the officers in the entire rebel army. Now he finally had a centurion under his command, perhaps he could do more to elevate his status within the rebel army!

Chapter 37: Chapter 36 Roman veterans

The victory celebration banquet was successfully held at dusk, even though the rebel army suffered setbacks, there was still an advantage at this time. Less than 2,000 soldiers were able to gather in a camp next to the farmhouse. Dozens of people sat around a bonfire, over which a sheep was being roasted (after the Roman Army defeated the rebel army and entered the camp, they captured all the cattle and sheep herded by the Supply Team, originally for food reserves, but to their surprise, that night the rebel army descended like divine soldiers, allowing this batch of cattle and sheep to return to the hands of the Supply Team once again). Everyone had a small jug of watered-down wine in hand, placed bread baked to a crisp underneath, and hot chicken soup steaming beside them...

They drank wine, ate meat, lamented the embarrassment of yesterday's rout, and boasted of the bravery during the night raid. Some people excitedly sang songs, while others danced around the fire, with laughter and cheerful noises everywhere.

Spartacus, Cross, and several other leaders moved through the camp, frequently clinking glasses with the soldiers, sharing in the joy, and wherever they went, there were thunderous cheers. Last night's battle made the soldiers more supportive of these leaders, all hoping to win more victories under their command.

Maximus and the Supply Team were also originally invited, but Maximus refused, citing that there were too many women in the Supply Team and that the soldiers indulging in drinks and celebrations might cause accidents and disrupt the atmosphere of the celebration.

Spartacus, considering the special nature of the Supply Team, did not insist.

So the Supply Team held their own banquet inside the farmhouse.

More than 200 people sat by ten bonfires in the front courtyard, also drinking, eating meat, singing, and dancing, but because of the mix of men and women, it wasn't as noisy as in the camp. However, the joy in everyone's hearts was even greater.

Maximus likewise moved among the bonfire clusters, offering toasts to his subordinates.

He first toasted Acronis, Pigeris, and Gaius, thanking them for their wholehearted support over the past two days.

Then he toasted the rest of the Supply Team one by one, thanking them for their hard work over the past month.

The people of the Supply Team, after the ups and downs of yesterday, were extremely grateful and respectful to Maximus.

They appreciated Maximus's life-saving grace. Unlike Maximus's self-reproach, they believed that it was precisely because of this young captain's early preparation and

arrangements that most of them, the elderly, women, and children, escaped the Romans' pursuit, avoiding the grim fate of other captured soldiers.

They revered Maximus's wisdom. The soldiers cheered Spartacus and other leaders for bringing them this victory, but they believed it was this young captain who first found a way down the mountain and had them make long ropes in advance, and Maximus was the real savior of the rebel army!

It's this kind of unwavering trust that even made some women boldly express to Maximus: they were willing to sleep with him.

The overly enthusiastic old members of the Supply Team made Maximus avoid them like the plague, and he hurried to the Guard, offering toasts to the newly joined soldiers, hoping they could become a strong support for the Supply Team in the future.

Finally, he walked toward the slaves of the Roman Army, most of whom were gathered near a bonfire at the edge of the courtyard.

"Newcomers of the Supply Team, come on, let's drink!" Maximus held up his jug high and shouted with a smile.

"Drink!" some immediately responded, while others first turned to look at the lead slave. Seeing him raise his jug, they followed suit.

Maximus took a sip of the sweet and sour wine and said loudly, "I've been told this is Falernian wine, one of the best wines in Italy, often drunk by the noble elders of Rome. Do you find it delicious?"

The slaves, amazed, took another careful sip, and then someone said, "Delicious!"

"Here we don't have vicious and evil nobles; there are no stewards whipping you with a lash. We are all equally people who have suffered and toiled; we work happily together and get to enjoy the good things only nobles used to eat. Isn't it great?" Maximus asked with a smile, then looked toward the center of the courtyard, where some people beat a simple rhythm on a skin drum, and several women sang and danced, prompting many men to joyfully hop around them, including the newly joined slaves.

"Compared to before, this place is simply the Elysian Paradise!" someone answered excitedly.

"Yes, indeed!" others happily chimed in.

"But how long can such happy days last?" Suddenly, a voice emerged from the crowd, the speaker being that old lead man.

He met Maximus's gaze fearlessly, with a calm expression, and said, "Sorry, saying something like this might spoil this lively atmosphere, but I was once a Roman citizen, and also once a soldier of the Roman legion. I served for many years, just like them who were also former soldiers of the Roman legion—" the leader pointed around at the other slaves beside him.

No wonder these people knew construction, carpentry, weapon repair, and military training... they were all Roman veterans, and now they've stumbled upon a treasure! ...Maximus thought with inner delight.

"We were once Roman citizens, but now we hate Rome!" the leader emphasized, and those around him nodded in agreement.

"We were soldiers under General Marius, we loyally followed him because he ensured the rights of ordinary soldiers like us! ...But after his death, the dictator Sula led an attack on Rome, and the Governor of the Civilian Faction wanted to reorganize us, who had already retired, to fight against Sula.

Many of my comrades saw the untenable situation and refused to join. Only those of us without family burdens thought we couldn't let the hard-earned rights fought for by General Marius be destroyed, so we responded to the call of the Senate, deciding to risk a battle, but in the end, tens of thousands of troops dispersed without a fight at the gates of Rome..." the leader spoke painfully, with sighs all around, and everyone's face bore an unbearable expression of the past.

"We were captured by Sula; he didn't execute us like the Samnites but stripped us of our Roman citizenship, making us slaves, trying to subject us to more humiliation! These years, we lived worse than death, oh! Many brothers silently passed away, their bodies thrown into the big pit outside the Esquiline Gate (the easternmost gate of Rome), left to be gnawed by wild dogs... our regaining freedom this time is truly thanks to you!"

In fact, the leader should also thank the deceased Grabo, for if he hadn't insisted on recruiting some old soldiers, including citizens and slaves, the recruitment officer wouldn't have added those "Roman rebels" who had been in the slave camp for eight or nine years into the army, originally thinking with their age, they would be no more a threat, yet unexpectedly giving them a chance for freedom.

"Because we spent many years in the Roman legion, we understand the strength of the Roman Army. Relying solely on your force of only two or three thousand, lacking weapons and equipment, even with one victory, once you attract Rome's attention, it's feared you most probably won't escape annihilation..." the leader's voice warned solemnly and with a numb expression looked at Maximus, with pain and sorrow intermingled in his eyes.

The people around also fell silent.

Maximus, however, remained unmoved. He was interested in this man whose face, though somewhat old, still seemed robust with a long scar on his face, adding to his fierce aura. He asked, "What is your name?"

"Casius Flantinus."

From the name, one could tell this man was from the Roman populace, no wonder he followed the orders of the Civilian Faction... Maximus continued to ask, "Flantinus, you weren't just an ordinary soldier before, were you?"

"I was once a Legion Centurion for a period," Flantinus hesitated for a moment but still answered, with no pride on his face, rather a bit of wistfulness.

Chapter 38: Chapter 37 The Sin of Rome

A Roman Army Legion Centurion who has been serving for many years! ... Maximus's eyes sparkled, and a surge of impulse rose in his heart. He wiped the leftover foam from his lips and confidently said, "I can answer your concerns right now!"

As he said this, he turned and walked towards the center of the courtyard, shouting as he walked, "Everyone, quiet down for a moment. I have something to say to you all!"

The courtyard gradually quieted down, and those singing and dancing also withdrew. Everyone's eyes focused on Maximus standing at the center, which showed his current prestige among the Supply Team.

"Brothers and sisters!" Maximus looked around and said loudly, "Someone just told me, 'Rome's army is very powerful. They have defeated many City States and Kingdoms in the Mediterranean. Even if we, a weak team composed of slaves, achieve one or two victories, we will ultimately be annihilated by them!' ... Many of you have such thoughts, right?!"

Some people immediately shouted, "No, no, we are not afraid of the Romans!"

"Captain, tell us who said such discouraging words?!"

...

Others remained silent.

Some military slaves looked at Maximus nervously, whispering suspiciously, "What does he want to do?!"

Flanitus calmly reassured, "Don't be nervous. Let's watch first."

Maximus waved his right hand and said powerfully, "I can confidently tell you, although we are weak now, we will soon become strong. Although Rome is strong now, they will gradually fall into decline!"

"Why?" He softened his tone slightly, then continued, "Many of you are from Illyria, Iberia, Greece, Little Asia, Egypt, Gaul..., you have become slaves, and most of it is related to Rome.

Rome sends tax collectors to collect taxes from the provinces and vassal states to acquire vast wealth, and the taxes are high. The local nobles and officials then transfer most of these taxes onto the ordinary citizens, who cannot pay and are forced to borrow money. It is said that these Roman tax collectors are the ultimate beneficiaries of provincial debts, so the interest is high. When citizens cannot repay the debt, they lose everything and become slaves..."

In the Supply Team, some people led by Acronis showed sadness and began to sob softly...

"Rome also wants more land and slaves, so they often send troops to invade other countries, Gaul, Iberia, Little Asia, Thrace..., many tribes and City States have been conquered by Rome, and people who originally lived freely have become slaves of Rome..."

Some people around, led by Pigeris, clenched their fists and looked resentful...

"Rome continuously plunders wealth, land, and population from all over the Mediterranean back to Italy, but you tell me, have the residents of Italy become prosperous because of this?! Are they living happily?!" Maximus asked loudly.

The military slaves looked at each other, remaining silent.

Gaius and others involuntarily shook their heads, while Vorenus and others responded loudly, "No! No!"

"Why not?!" Maximus shouted, pursuing the question.

Vorenus was tongue-tied, not knowing how to answer, and the others were silent as well.

"Let me tell you why!" Maximus looked at everyone seriously, "Indeed, Rome has extended citizenship to all of Italy in recent years, so all Italians no longer have to pay direct taxes, and soldiers who go out to fight can share in some spoils after victory and even receive some land upon retirement..."

But in Italy, more and more people are losing their land and becoming homeless every year. They either become wanderers, living on free bread, or slaves, working like cattle and sheep for the nobles. I believe some of you have such tragic experiences.

Why is this the result?! That's because the Roman Elders and Nobles hold power, they possess most of the plundered wealth, but they are not satisfied with that. On the contrary, their vast lands and countless cheap slaves allow their estates to produce very inexpensive agricultural products, making it impossible for ordinary citizens to sell their hard-earned harvest; without income from grain, they cannot live better, so they have to borrow money!

And those who lend money are often Roman Nobles and merchants. Although they possess vast wealth, the interest rates are exorbitantly high. Ultimately, Italian citizens experience the same suffering as citizens in other parts of the Mediterranean. The Nobles take away your land and make you their slaves to keep working for them, how sorrowful it is!

Maximus looked up to the sky and sighed deeply, with everyone around listening intently, each with an expression of grief and anger.

"The Roman Elders and Nobles are so greedy, like a large and ugly mosquito sitting on all of us, constantly sucking our blood. For Italian citizens at the bottom, besides standing up and resisting like us, can they change their miserable fate through normal means?!"

Maximus asked again, looking towards the military slaves led by Flannius, "Perhaps yes, but it is very, very difficult! Decades ago, some Roman Nobles led by the Gracchi brothers sympathized with the citizens and proposed some suggestions beneficial to them, but they met with strong opposition from the Roman Elders, who even sent thugs to kill the Gracchi brothers on the spot!

Hundreds of years ago, Roman citizens forced the Roman Senate to establish the position of People's Guardian through protracted struggles. A few citizen elites could hold this position, preventing any proposals detrimental to citizens made by Roman Nobles from passing. But now the Roman Senate has greatly restricted the power of the People's Guardian, and the dictator Sulla has made the position almost worthless.

The Roman Nobles have completely blocked the paths for citizens to elevate their status. Oh, yes, some might say 'we can still join the army, just like General Marce, and make a name for ourselves'.

But you must understand, no matter how brave and talented you are, at most you can become a Legion Centurion by fighting to the death. Who holds the positions of Great Captains? They are Noble children! They do not need to risk their lives from being just soldiers as you do but can easily sit in the position of a Great Captain in the legion that you find difficult to achieve. They then use the victories earned by your fight to gain

political capital, preparing them for future careers as High-level Officials or even running for Governor.

General Marve is just an exception. Over the decades, so many citizens have joined the Roman Army, but only he has been able to achieve such a high status. And don't forget, he married a woman from the prestigious Ulysses family, and he was accepted by Roman Nobles long ago. Otherwise, it would not have been so easy for him to become a Roman Governor.

Roman citizens serving as soldiers not only have to fight bloodily for these Nobles, taking land and wealth, but they must also kill each other driven by the Nobles' ambitions. Even if they can obtain some land in the end, it is eventually taken back by the Nobles through various means, turning them into homeless drifters, losing their glory and dignity, how tragic!

Maximus combined the understanding of Roman history from his past life with the observations from recent times, speaking passionately and eloquently.

Not only did the old members of the Supply Team listen with sudden clarity, but even the military slaves led by Flanitnus were moved.

After all, even the cultural elites of Rome in this era could not fully analyze the current situation of Rome from political, military, and economic perspectives like Maximus did. Although he spoke simply, it was enough to make these citizens at the bottom of society, who struggled daily for survival and had little insight, feel as if they were enlightened: so this is why we suffer such hardships!

Chapter 39: Chapter 38 Hope

"The Roman Elders and Nobles are like a great mountain pressing down on the common people of Italy and the Mediterranean. The only way to avoid their oppression and live freely is to take up arms and resist. Only by overthrowing them can we achieve freedom!

Although the Roman Elders and Nobles are very powerful now, there are still more commoners than nobles in this world. Everywhere in Italy, you can see slaves and impoverished people who have lost their land, living in a daze...

Now, we have bravely stood up and declared war on the Roman Elders and Nobles, like igniting a torch in the dark. This has given them hope and is why in just one month, we have rapidly expanded from over 200 people to 5,000! As news of our uprising spreads further, more people who harbor hatred towards the Roman Elders and Nobles will join us. And when all the slaves and impoverished people in Italy are mobilized, can the Roman Army still withstand our mighty force?!"

Maximus raised his fist, speaking passionately, "So in the end, we will surely defeat the Romans, escape Italy smoothly, and create a home of our own elsewhere! In this new home, there are no distinctions of race or class. Anyone with talent can become an official and earn promotion! In this new home, we all have our own land, and as long as we work hard, we can lead a fulfilling life! In this new home, we ordinary people can also participate in politics. We can oppose proposals that harm our interests, and even propose laws beneficial to us and find ways to have them passed! Our elders can be cared for, our children can study, and when we fall ill, we can receive affordable treatment. When we face disasters, our home will offer some assistance..."

Everyone listened, captivated and longing.

"Amazing! It's like an Elysian Paradise!"

"If such a beautiful home could be established, it would be worth dying for!"

...

"Captain Maximus, can we really build such a beautiful new home for ourselves?!" someone asked excitedly.

"As long as we work together and strive tirelessly towards this goal, we will eventually succeed!" Maximus said with great confidence, which inspired those around him.

As they were cheering joyfully, Maximus, who was already slightly tipsy and made even more passionate by his speech, continued, "I want to tell you a story. Do you want to hear it?"

"Yes!!!..." the veterans of the Supply Team responded in unison, as the "Maximus night storytelling" had become their rare evening entertainment before sleep.

The new Guard soldiers were also intrigued, having heard long ago that Maximus was a great storyteller, and now they finally had the chance to hear him firsthand.

The military slaves were a bit confused, not understanding why a story would make others so excited.

Maximus took a sip of wine, looked up at the night sky, and slowly began, "This story takes place far, far away in the East, where there are vast fertile lands, inhabited by tens of millions of people in dozens of kingdoms. They waged wars and merged for hundreds of years until one kingdom eliminated the other powers and unified the far East.

In theory, without enemies, the King should have provided a peaceful and stable life for the people exhausted by war, allowing them to rebuild their homes. However, he initiated massive labor, forcing the people to relentlessly build city walls, construct

tombs, and dig canals. He also instituted harsh laws, where minor offenses were punished by eye gouging, hand cutting, and foot chopping.

The suffering commoners finally could not bear it anymore and revolted against the tyrannical rule of the King, fighting the enormous and powerful Kingdom Army. At that time, there were about a dozen rebellious factions, mostly led by the former Nobles of the conquered states. Only one group was led by a nomadic person, whose subordinates included farmers, butchers, herders, robbers, henchmen... all composed of lowly commoners. I will primarily talk about his story..."

.....

At night, the banquet had ended, and all the bonfires were extinguished. The farmstead returned to tranquility as people began to sleep.

In Maximus's quarters, an internal meeting of the Supply Team was just starting.

Participants included Maximus, Acronis who was in charge of kitchen affairs, Pigeris responsible for the transport team, Gaius managing the supply warehouse, Fesaros of the Guard, Seksepis, a livestock expert recommended by Pigeris, and Casius Flantinus specially invited by Maximus. Also present was Volenus, whom Maximus had assigned the role of record keeper.

In his previous life as a freelancer, a homebody, evenings were when Maximus was most energetic. This habit hadn't changed in this era, though without computers or the internet and other modern entertainment, he expended his energy on teaching, storytelling, and holding meetings to avoid being idle.

He glanced at the people in the room: cooks, down-and-out merchants, farmers, house slaves, gladiators, retired veterans... His subordinates included people of all sorts and modest backgrounds, but each had their own competencies to a certain extent.

Their eyes were all on Maximus. If, earlier, Maximus's good relations from working with Acronis and Pigeris made them welcome his takeover of the Supply Team, after yesterday's battle and tonight's public speech, they now looked upon Maximus with respect, including Flantinus. His wisdom had dispelled confusion for the military slaves and illuminated their path forward, something not everyone could accomplish.

"Time is tight, so I won't be verbose," Maximus said directly. "Our Supply Team needs to establish a Medical Team, and all the wounded will be under our care—"

Acronis immediately exclaimed in shock, "Ah, but that's hundreds of injured! We don't have enough people to take care of them, nor do we know how!"

"The leaders have already set it, and we must implement it!" Maximus feigned helplessness, unwilling to reveal that he actually volunteered for this task. "Don't worry,

taking care of the wounded isn't complex and doesn't need too many people. Besides, the leaders have promised to allocate more people to our Supply Team in the future."

Not intending to give them more room to debate, Maximus promptly asked, "Flanitus, among your people, who knows best how to care for the wounded?"

Flanitus paused before responding, "Putrius Horace. He is kind and patient. After our battles, he always took the initiative to care for wounded comrades."

"Then let him temporarily handle the Medical Team's affairs. If he doesn't perform well, we can replace him. He can also select a few suitable individuals from your people as his assistants."

Maximus finished speaking and looked at Acronis, "As for helping to clean wounds, apply medicine, and bandage the injured, I hope more women will do this, so your kitchen will need to allocate some women, preferably young and unmarried, to the new Medical Team to take care of the wounded."

"Ah! You're asking us women to take care of those men, and the unmarried ones at that?! No, no, this is too much! Moreover, we are understaffed in the kitchen, and if we lose more people, we won't be able to manage our tasks at all!..." Acronis loudly opposed, shaking her head like a rattle, her attitude seemingly determined.

Chapter 40: Chapter 39 Arrangement

"Women are more attentive than men, better at caring for people, and can soothe the pessimism of injured soldiers, aiding their recovery. More importantly—" Maximus patiently and earnestly explained, "Acronis, you must know that although our team consists of people who have suffered, the traditional view places women at a relatively low position in the team. They often face harassment from the soldiers, who remain unpunished.

But when soldiers are injured, they tend to be pessimistic and despairing. Under the meticulous care of women, their recovery seems like a second chance at life. These women become 'mothers' who gave them this second life. Can their respect and gratitude towards the women be any less?! When these injured soldiers return to their respective teams and spread the stories of the women in the Medical Team, who would dare bully you again? Wouldn't your status be elevated?!"

"This... this... that's true." Acronis was moved but still hesitated, "But the young women in our kitchen are the main workforce. If we send them all out, the kitchen work won't be easy to manage. If we can't provide food for the soldiers on time—"

"You don't need to worry about this. Among the new Roman army slaves who joined, many can cook and can temporarily help you."

Why temporarily? Because Maximus thought this group of army slaves could play a greater role; just being cooks would be a waste.

"The soldiers of the Guard can also temporarily help you. As long as we get through one or two days, when the leaders assign people to us, I can let you choose first. However, I think the number of people in your kitchen is not small, but the work efficiency is not very high. Actually, with some changes, fewer people can finish more work. You don't need to watch over the kitchen all the time—it's too exhausting! Regarding this matter... after the meeting, we can discuss it further."

Acronis was a farmer's daughter and used to be a slave and cook without managing people. Since becoming the head of kitchen affairs, she had been figuring out how to manage things and people for a month. Listening to Maximus, she was intrigued, especially since this young Supply Team Captain had already demonstrated his wisdom multiple times before.

Maximus, unaware of her thoughts, continued, "After this victorious battle, we acquired a lot of weapons, armor, several crossbow cannons, and some military supplies. This is different from ordinary life supplies and requires knowledgeable people to manage them carefully. Otherwise, if they get damaged, it would be such a waste!"

After saying this, Maximus glanced at Gaius.

"The captain is right. Weapons and armor are hard to come by. I've never been in the military and don't know how to maintain them. We indeed need someone specialized in managing them." Gaius agreed readily, having no interest in the matter and preferring to keep things simple.

"Flanitus." Seeing no objection from Gaius, Maximus sighed with relief and turned to ask, "Among your people, who is suitable to manage these weapons and equipment?"

Flanitus thought for a moment and said, "Glaeus Capitol. He can write and calculate and used to be entrusted by soldiers to write letters and even manage their money."

"Okay, let's temporarily put him in charge of managing these military supplies."

Maximus nodded decisively, looking at everyone, then continued, "The leaders decided that tomorrow the entire team will relocate to the farm not far down the mountain to build a new camp. Our Supply Team's base will be in that farm. By then, we need to mobilize everyone to work together to complete the relocation as quickly as possible, including the wounded. So, Pigeris, your transport team—"

"Captain, most of our transport team's carriages are still there, but there's not much of the draft horses left—" Pigeris began to complain when Maximus interrupted him, "Didn't Spartacus' leader hand over the 15 carriages seized at the olive oil farm to you?"

"Oh, I almost forgot." Pigeris sheepishly slapped his forehead.

"If there aren't enough carriages, I have already discussed with Okmar to borrow a few captured warhorses to use as draft horses temporarily—"

"Captain, warhorses are not draft horses; they haven't been trained and are hard to control." Pigeris reminded him.

Maximus glanced at him, "That will depend on your transport team's skills. If I solve every problem, then what's the need for you as the transport team leader?"

"I understand. I'll find a way to solve it," Pigeris quickly responded.

"I have three oxen that can help pull the cart," Seksepis offered.

"See, when you encounter difficulties, everyone's here to help, so there's no need to worry at all," Maximus said, half-jokingly and half-seriously.

Pigeris, encouraged, immediately pledged, "Captain, our transport team will do our utmost to transfer all the wounded to the new base smoothly!"

"Good!" Maximus said, turning his gaze to Seksepis, a Samnite man from the Apennine Mountains, tall and thin like a stick. This was why the leaders discarded him to the Supply Team.

"Seksepis, although all the sheep in our Supply Team have been eaten, I believe we will soon acquire new flocks. Your herding team should not follow the relocation. I have gained the leaders' permission; once the soldiers leave, this farm can be used to raise cattle and sheep."

"That's great!" Seksepis exclaimed joyfully, "In the daytime, I can let the cattle and sheep graze on the nearby hills, and at night drive them back into the farm, so we won't lose them again. I can also raise more chickens and ducks on the farm..."

Maximus ignored Seksepis's murmuring and turned to Flanitnus, saying, "After relocating to the new base, I don't intend for the wounded to live in the farm. I plan to set aside a piece of land outside the farm to build tents, allowing the wounded to reside there. But I want these tents to be as interconnected as possible, with breathable air and ample space for the wounded... How many tents would be needed? How should they be set up?"

"How many wounded are there?" Flanitnus asked.

"About 250 people."

"How many people are in our entire team?"

"About 2,000 people."

Flanitus thought for a moment and said, "We are responsible for transporting these military tents. I remember clearly because although the army has only 3,000 people, the supplies were prepared for 5,000. It seems Grabo had planned ahead to mobilize Campania's City Guard. This morning I saw some tents in the camp burned, but the remaining ones are enough for the entire team..."

As Flanitus spoke, he gestured with his hands, "Roman army tents are made of cowhide supported by iron poles, making them sturdy and not easily damaged. They are rectangular when set up and can accommodate a squad of 10 people. If only 6 people stay inside, it will be more spacious. Thus, we will need around 40 tents. You said you want the tents to connect and ventilate, which is simple. Erect the tents close together, roll up the cowhide on the sides, and it will naturally be ventilated."

"How long will it take to set them up?"

"Our 35 people can set up 40 tents, and with some help... it will take roughly an hour."

"That's excellent. This task is up to you. After we move to the new base tomorrow, go ahead and start this immediately. I'll provide as many people as you need, but the tents have to be set up quickly so the wounded can move in. If possible... build a wall or fence outside the tent area to avoid disturbances in the future."

"I'll do my best." Flanitus replied somewhat reluctantly.

"Flanitus." Maximus looked at him and said sternly, "You all have the military skills we urgently need. Apart from managing the military warehouse and members of the Medical Team, the others will form a military advisory group, with you serving as the leader."