

Herald 16

Chapter 16 Into The Command Tent

After some time, the group amidst all its bickering made its way to an open clearing.

This was the center of the camp and it was bustling with activity. Men ran with purpose over the muddy ground, carrying the wounded to their tent, bringing water and firewood and cooking food.

The noise and the hustle and bustle here made the peaceful serenity the group enjoyed just a while back seem like a dream.

"Well stay safe you two." Alexander said, bidding farewell to the girls. Their roads split here.

"Yeah, you"

Just as Cambyses was saying her bit, a bombshell hit everyone's ears.

"Ramuh has killed the commander and vice-commander!"

A scout repeated this as he ran past them.

"What the fuck? Hey nitwit, what the fuck you spewing out of your ass?" Camius cursed, violently yanking the scout from the back.

The man looked visibly offended at being so rudely treated and turned around sharply, with half a mind to punch the rude Camius, but recognizing who it was, he pressed down his anger and quickly said, "Camius, didn't you hear? It's over all the camps. Both general Agapios and vice commander Samaras were struck by lightning."

"What? Who did you hear that from?" This time it was Alexander who started the interrogation.

"Everyone's talking about it. Those at the hilltop all saw it. One moment the general and the vice commander were chatting on horseback, the next moment they were turned to crisp. Look," he said pointing his index finger into the sky, "lightning in the middle of this clear sky. We have truly offended the gods."

All of them subconsciously looked up at the sky and saw it blanketed in a gentle amber hue, the red sunset tenderly caressing the land with its loving light, nary a cloud in sight.

This was a true example of "a bolt out of a clear sky."

"Fuck, flying fucking fuck." Camius unhanding the scout and burst out cursing like no one's business.

Alexander too deeply wrinkled his eyebrows.

What luck! One stone, two birds.

Out of all the people to hit in this entire battlefield, that strike took out in one hit two of the most important people here. What were the odds?

Certainly, lightning strikes the tallest thing around and those two were at a hilltop, wearing metal armor that might have acted as a lightning rod. But still, there must have been a hundred people around them. Just what were the chances? And it was even both at once.

"Dammmmit." Alexander subconsciously spat out.

"Let's head to the command tent." Alexander changed course and sped up to get some authentic information.

"Take the medicines to the clinic," Cambyses ordered Mean, then started following Alexander.

All along the way Alexander kept thinking only one thing, "Just what were the chances?"

As the trio approached the tent at the front lines, they cast their eyes off into the battlefield and were stunned by what they witnessed.

Cambyes even let a frightened gasp escape her mouth.

Because about a kilometer ahead of them, a white wall had appeared, preventing any fleeing soldier from reaching the camp.

These slingers, on their white chitons, had their backs to the camp and carried swords as they formed a cauldron trapping the fleeing soldiers.

"They have actually sent the unarmored slingers to intercept the infantry!" Alexander's pupils shrunk to the size of a needle at the sight of this.

What a fearsome general!

Alexander didn't yet have enough time to appreciate the magical move that got the slingers here but the demonstration in front made it sink in a little just what a fearsome opponent they were facing.

It seemed as if the opposing general was able to pull off mind-blowing maneuvers time and time again like pulling rabbits out of a hat.

"They are gonna finish us here and now!" Camius exclaimed in horror.

With all the soldiers he estimated to be trapped, this war was effectively finished.

"Boy!" As Alexander was letting the probable consequence of this tactic sink in, he heard a strong, loud, excited voice.

He quickly turned to find the voice, spotting a 2m giant, black man in full gear grinning and waving towards them.

"Menes!" Alexander called out in reply, his voice equally as enthusiastic he rushed to meet the man standing in front of the command camp.

"Boy, hahaha... thank goodness your safe. I was worried sick! Where were you?" Menes started to approach him and then gave him a bear hug as they met

"It's great to see you unscathed too. Hahaha." Alexander replied full of smiles, patting him on the huge back.

Among all the higher-ups in the mercenary group, he got along with Menes the most, who once was a slave like him.

In fact, without Menes's open support, he wouldn't be where he was today.

"Well, your little tactic helped us a lot. The other camps weren't so lucky." Menes offhandedly praised Alexander. "I was just looking for you. Come into the tent, we will fill you in the details." Menes signaled with his head to follow.

Just as he was turning, his eyes suddenly landed on Cambyses.

"Ah, I am sorry about your loss. My deepest condolences." Menes said his regards.

"Thank you. In this profession, death hounds us all. He died a proud mercenary. I am blessed to call him my brother." Cambyses replied in a choked voice, almost shedding a tear as if grief-stricken.

Alexander felt proud looking at his student, while Camius was dumbstruck.

"These two are meant for each other." Camius appraised.

Menes silently patted the girl's shoulder to console her and then guided the group towards the tent, soon reaching the tent door.

"Is that you Menes? Come in quickly." From inside the tent came Nestoras's booming voice. It had a tinge of urgency to it.

"The commander is back! Hopefully he knows what really happened." Menes exclaimed, excitedly. "Let's go! Let's go!" He urged.

Menes was dying to know the actual situation of the army.

"Stay with the mistress until I come back." Alexander ordered Camius.

In terms of rank, he was Camius's squad leader.

But contrary to Alexander's order, the little miss ignored the three men and haughtily led herself straight into the tent, eager to see her father.

Looking at those swaying, pear-shaped curvy hips, Alexander had an intense urge to spank the disobedient girl.

"*Sigh*." He let out an exasperated sigh.

He perfectly knew why she was doing this.

To gloat!

To gloat in front of her father that the heir he so treasured, the heir he always protected and pampered, the heir that he paid so much attention to, to the point of almost neglecting her to death was dead.

Like Alexander, Menes too was visibly displeased by Cambyses wanting to participate in a discussion she had no business being in.

But thinking how the girl had lost her brother and how out of sorts Nestoras was acting, he decided to concede.

Maybe seeing his daughter will get Nestoras to straighten his head.

Hence, leaving Camius to stand outside, with two wet chiltens hanging from his arm, the trio entered the tent.