

Herald 71

Chapter 71 Celebration Party

As the new leader, Alexander quickly started giving orders.

"Cambyses, you are to secure our food. Go take inventory of how much meat we managed to get last night and how much-smoked sausages we managed to make."

"I will try to secure as much as possible for us," Cambyses promised with a determined face.

Then Alexander addressed his second in command, "Menes, go tell the soldiers about me becoming their leader. Also convinced them to support me tomorrow at the voting."

"It will be easy." Menes grinned with a nod.

Anyone who could oppose Alexander was either dead or cleverly chose to jump ship.

"Camius, you do your usual thing. Spread rumors about my deeds. Especially among the Cantagenans and Alcmene and Regias's troops. Nudge them towards voting for me."

"No problem. Last night those guys were eating up anything and everything I said about you." Camius slyly smiled. "I promise they will see only you as the rightful candidate." He solemnly claimed.

"Remember to tell them the scavenged meat and the smoked sausage as his idea." Theocles selflessly added, which got him a grateful look from Alexander.

Such a claim was not easy to give up and it would really help Alexander tomorrow.

Alexander then tasked Theocles with his most important task, "Theocles I am entrusting you with collecting the most important thing for us- money. The Cantagenans are decimated and I want you to secure as much loot as you can from their dead."

"I will try to put a corrupt puppet leader in exchange for their gold." Theocles happily smiled.

Nestoras would have never been able to come up with this order and Theocles was once again pleased that he chose the right person.

Done with receiving their instructions, the men and woman headed off to perform their respective duties, and Alexander, free and finally his own boss after ten years, with no one to tell him what to do, strangely felt a bit lost on what to do next, and so decided to go check out his new tent, the tent reserved for the group leader, the tent he designed for Nestoras.

So, with the assistance of some helpers, Alexander moved his little belongings out of his old tent and into the new one, and then with nothing left better to do, and that big bed looking mighty inviting, he decided to take a short nap, just a bit of shut-eye to re-energize the body.

But his short nap actually lasted till sunset when he was woken up by the clanking of footsteps and human ins and goings.

As the leader, his tent was supposed to be off-limits to almost everyone and any assassin would not make so much noise, so Alexander was puzzled by what could be making such a ruckus.

He opened his groggy eyes to see men moving things into his tent, things he could identify even in this soft candlelight as belonging to Cambyses.

'What is the girl doing now?' Was Alexander's first question.

And the person in question was there to answer it.

"You're awake! Great! The guys have prepared a feast for you. Let's go." Cambyses eagerly shouted.

Alexander still groggy from just waking up felt confused and wondered if he had heard it wrong.

Because as far as he knew, they did not even have enough to feed themselves, so where would they get the food for a feast?

But even before he could ask such questions, or why she was moving her stuff into his tent, he was dragged by his hand out of his tent and into a small opening, where a large bonfire had been lit and meat of various shapes and sizes were being prepared beside it.

Alexander was the chief guest of the party and when he entered with Cambyses holding hands, it drew quite a few knowing smiles as the duo made their way to the center of the party.

"Any new information from the goddess?" Menes was the first to greet Alexander with a smile, playfully making fun of him for sleeping the entire day.

Alexander only gave a shy smile in reply.

It was really not a good look for a new leader who had taken post just that day to only sleep the whole day while everyone worked.

He had intended it to be just a power nap of at best an hour and not the solid almost twelve hours of sleep he took.

'Looks like I was more tired than I thought Alexander ruefully reminisced.

"Haha, don't worry." Seeing Alexander embarrassed, the giant strongly slapped him on the back. "You are the leader! Who's gonna blame you, hahaha." He ended the sentence laughing boisterously.

"Hey, leader, join us here." A loud, warm voice from the front then beckoned Alexander to them, allowing Alexander to escape this awkward encounter.

And Alexander approached them to see the faces of Camius, Batholomew and Remus, and a few others, illuminated by the bonfires, as they sat on the ground enjoying their meal.

"Sorry, we started without you, here have some." Camius enthusiastically passed some cooked meat to Alexander who graciously accepted.

"It's good to see you here, Remus. My condolences." Alexander then offered his sympathies to the boy, who surprisingly did not look too down.

"*Nod*, I tried my best, but he chose his path." Remus let out a heavy sigh as he drowned a large sip of his drink.

"The one silver lining is our people did not get sacrificed," Bartholomew added.

And this drew Alexander's attention and naturally asked for clarification.

"I met two mercenaries from Regias's group in the medical tent who told me." A feminine voice from behind him rang out.

Alexander turned around to see a short, raven-haired girl, holding a wooden plate with some meat on it, accompanying her ex-mistress.

It was Mean!

The girl then expounded, "They told me Regias And Nestoras were placed in the left wings and were the very first to be killed by the Adhanians."

"May Gaia guide them to Elysium." Alexander made a hand gesture with his hands.

Then, choosing not to continue this conversation about the dead and the deceased, he diverted the topic, saying with a smile "Congratulations on your freedom, Mean. Finally, you are a freedman."

But strangely, he did not receive the usual 'Thank you' or similar platitudes.

Instead, he got a sneer, "Only a disloyal snake like you would be happy to not serve the mistress. I will have you know Mistress has bought be back!"

Mean reported this 'recapture' of her with infinite pride in her voice as puffed her nonexistent chest in smug satisfaction, clearly viewing herself as superior to Alexander.

"I said she can work for me as long as she likes and can quit whenever she feels like it." Cambyses offered a clearer explanation.

Then she added, "I even offered her a wage."

"Hmph, as if I would stoop so low as to accept money for serving my mistress. Getting to serve you is my greatest reward." Mean said these usual words of flattery with genuine feelings.

She truly loved serving Cambyses and vehemently rejected it when Cambyses offered her money for the work, even feeling vaguely insulted.

Though if one were to understand the history between the two, one would not find it so strange.

Because in Mean's eyes Cambyses was not her master lording over life.

She saw her more as an older sister or even a mother/guardian, who cloth, fed, reared, and protected her.

They even slept together, sharing intimate acts together meant for only lovers.

So in her eyes, being free was almost equivalent to being disowned by her family or being dumped by her girlfriend.

That's why when she heard of her emancipation, instead of joy she felt horror, pure unadulterated terror thinking she had done some extreme, unforgivable crime and was thus banished from her mistress's life.

And so she went to Cambyses like a gale, with tears and snot running out of her face as she asked for forgiveness.

It had made quite a scene in the camp and after spending a considerable time calming her down, Cambyses finally understood what happened.

And then, although Cambyses tried very hard to convince Mean of the perks of being a freedman Mean would hear none of it, even threatening to end her own life saying, 'If I can't serve mistress, I don't have a reason to live.'

So, the two, at last, reached a compromise, where Mean could continue doing what she was doing and Cambyses would from now on pay her a wage.

"I told her if she did not want to take the money, I would hold onto it and give it to her descendants." Cambyses clarified that she was not using Mean as a slave, even though she would like to be treated as one.

"Hmph, then mistress will have to hold onto it forever, cause Mean's never marrying." The short girl shot back.

"Not even Alexander?" Cambyses teased.

This statement caused the girl to flush in embarrassment as she stomped her feet, "Mistress, mistress is bullying me."

"Hahaha." Came the group's loud laughter.

It was not a particular secret in the group that Mean liked Alexander, a rumor Alexander started to save her from Octavius.

Per the rumor, both of them were in love, but in reality, Alexander loved Cambyses, and Mean loved them both.

She loved Cambyses the most, but she also loved Alexander, who had done much for her, though she was very shy to ever admit it.

And like this, amidst the merriment and laughter, the meat was eaten and wine drunk, and jokes were told as the living tried to forget the pain of losing their loved ones and tried to appreciate the company of those who still accompanied them.

Chapter 72 Cambyses's First Night (R18)

Alexander returned to his tent late at night, patting his belly in satisfaction, it filled for the first time in weeks.

It seemed they had managed to scavenge a lot of meat, a lot more than anticipated, and had the happy problem of not having enough cooking facilities to turn them all into smoked sausages in time.

So rather than see them rot and go to waste, each group was given some excess meat to organize a party.

It seemed it was Melodias's idea as a way to boost morale and dull the pain.

Thus, after the merriments and relatively delicious dinner, Alexander returned to his tent, took a quick bath, and then changed into a clean pair of clothes, getting ready for bed, when suddenly an 'uninvited' guest entered his tent unannounced.

Cambyses!

And she was wearing something vastly different from her regular attire.

Instead of her usual leather armor, she wore a black peplos, a single, body-length garment upto the ankles, with one shoulder open.

Her tiny feet were adorned with golden gilded shoes and her ankles were dressed with thin golden brackets.

Her chestnut hair had been released from its binds, now draping over her smooth, olive shoulders and reaching her magnificent buttocks, swaying with glorious cascading ripples as she approached the bed.

Her face appeared flushed and her hair was slightly wet and glistening, clearly, she had taken a bath just now.

As she approached Alexander under the dim candlelight, she seemed like a goddess that had descended onto the mortal realm and Alexander swallowed a dry gulp at the scene.

There was no need to ask why the girl was here.

Both of them had been waiting for this night for as long as they could remember.

Without uttering a single word, Cambyses threw herself over Alexander onto the bed, hugging him strongly, and locking lips with each other in a hot, sensual, animalistic kiss.

Their tongues twined together, tasting one another, sucking one another, trying to devour one another as they greedily took in the other's flavor.

Cambyses tasted sweet, sour and hot and sticky to Alexander and he felt that he could never get enough of her juicy lips

Cambyses used her tongue like a brush, painting her lover's mouth with her taste as she aggressively pushed her tongue into Alexander, trying to reach as far as possible.

And Alexander let her in, sucked her in, as he tasted every nook and cranny of her tongue.

"Hah hah.." With panted breath, finally, the girl let go of the long kiss.

But Alexander did not let up.

He started kissing her neck, placing hickeys around her nape and shoulder as he tasted her sweet skin and took in her natural fragrance.

"Ohh yeah," Cambyses moaned in ecstasy as she copied Alexander by placing her hickeys on him in return.

Soon Alexander was not satisfied by just making out.

He pushed her into the bed, his azure eyes gazing lovingly into her caramel ones as he boldly undid the pin holding her peplos, and brushed off the garment hiding her naked beauty.

Cambyses wore no underwear and now her upper body was laid bare before Alexander's eyes, her cherry nipples perking themselves up after coming in contact with the cool air.

"Don't stare," Cambyses whispered coyly as she attempted to cover her flawless breasts with her arms.

Even though Alexander had seen her naked multiple times before, somehow she now felt embarrassed.

"Hehe, what's the use playing the innocent sheep now," Alexander smiled vulgarly as he took off his own tunic and then wrestled Cambyses's arms off to reveal her naked glory.

He started raining kisses around her left breast, even softly biting on her beautiful collarbones, and sucking on the soft skin around them.

"Mmmmm, don't, you are gonna leave marks," Cambyses moaned shyly at all the hickeys Alexander was leaving but her actions did not match her words.

Because she kept using her arms to strongly hug Alexander's head in place.

Cambyses's moans seemed to energize Alexander as he then proceeded directly to her breasts.

His wolfish hands sank themselves into the modest, soft, pillowy marshmallow goodness and he squeezed and kneaded the tender flesh to his heart's content, relishing in the exquisite, warm feeling and the sweet scent.

"These puppies are something else. So soft." Alexander salivated over the meat globules.

"Ahhh, yes, harder." Cambyses moaned the request.

And Alexander obeyed, more forcefully reshaping her breasts, while also moving to pinch her small, delicate pink buds.

These ripe cherries had risen themselves to attention in excitement and they felt hard and squishy to roll them between his fingers as Alexander played with them.

He strongly pulled, pinched, and rolled the soft pale pink cherries, while Cambyses responded with sensual moans and joyous cries, "Yes, do it more."

Surprisingly the girl liked it rough!

Understanding this, Alexander decided there was little need to treat the girl like a tender virgin.

He pinched both her nipples and then gave them a strong tug, pulling and twisting them with enough force to make them hurt.

But Cambyses only made an earsplitting moan, "Oh, god, yes!"

"So you like it when it hurts huh?" Alexander said with a smirk, which made Cambyses go red with embarrassment.

He then kept doing it, even more, pulling the nipples in different directions, yanking them harder and harder, and making Cambyses roar louder and louder.

"Oh, coming, coming, ughhh" The girl, at last, howled in bliss, her legs straightening up and her body spasming as her head went pure white.

She had an orgasm just from having her nipples played with.

"She's that sensitive huh!" Alexander thought in surprise as the girl lay in a mess, her mouth drooling and her eyes misty and unfocused.

She was taking large, deep breaths, her twin pink flowers now swollen red, and feeling as if it was on fire.

But soon the flowers felt a cool, sticky, rain blessing them as Alexander took them inside his mouth, now sucking them, biting them, rolling his tongue around them.

They tasted sweet and smelled of cinnamon and Alexander felt he could suckle on them all day.

"I...I just came...huh..be...huh..," Cambyes panted.

Understanding the play might have been a bit too rough, Alexander decided to slow the tempo down, now playing with her snowy breasts gently, carefully massaging them inside his hands and treating them with loving care.

Then he started going down, trailing his tongue down her chest into her midriff, marking her with his scent until he encountered her cute navel.

"Hehehe, it tickles," Cambyes giggled as Alexander started smooching and licking and sucking her little belly button.

Then, at last, done with the appetizer, Alexander decided to move on to the main course.

"Ah," Cambyses let out a yelp, as he deftly stripped her, throwing her peplos with a suspicious wet crouch onto the ground and, at last, making her appear in her birthday suit.

And what a birthday suit it was.

Flawless olive skin with a healthy reddish hue, exquisite lovely breasts, a willowy waist, and wide hips.

But her most attractive feature was her thighs, creamy, soft, and thick, and the forbidden garden that was nested in between them.

Alexander gazed lovingly at the innocent fawn, once again smitten by how beautiful a piece of art she was as his eyes naturally went gravitated towards her secret ravine.

Feeling Alexander's burning gaze, Cambyses made a shy retort, "Why am I the only one naked,? It's not fair." as she tried to cross her legs to hide her crotch.

"Hehe," Alexander chuckled, and feeling a bit uncomfortable with his male organ straining itself against his pants, decided to take them off, laying his magnificent specimen bare for Cambyses to witness.

"That..that's.. so..big!" Cambyses gasped in apprehension. She had seen Alexander's penis lots of times before, but it had been always flaccid.

This was the first time she was seeing it fully hard and although she knew the phallus grew in size when men were sexually excited, this was the first time she understood just how much.

"Will it hurt?" She asked like a scared little rabbit.

She had expected that cute little thing hanging off Alexander to penetrate her, not the bulbous engorged beast currently staring at her.

'How will that big thing ever fit inside my tiny hole? It's going to tear me apart,' Cambyses thought in fear.

"Oh, Cam, I would never hurt you." Hearing the frightened fawn's voice, Alexander comforted her, stroking her back and kissing the girl strongly to calm her nerves.

"Umm, be gentle okay," Cambyses moaned.

She knew that the first time hurt but she also knew it was a ritual every girl had to go through to become a woman.

Then finally, Alexander felt it was time to feast his eyes on the grand prize.

He gently but strongly parted her legs, letting the cool air at last kiss her beautiful tiny, wet cut slit as it glistened in the mellow candlelight.

"You are just divine, Cam," Alexander whispered enchanted, as he beheld the magnificent pink garden.

Chapter 73 Teasing Cambyses (R18)

Cambyses's garden seemed to have been sculpted by the gods.

Its flawless pink petals were tightly shut, making it appear like a single line running through her, like a crack in an otherwise flawless jade, with short, wispy raven hairs adorning it.

Clear love liquid was ceaselessly flowing out of the entrance and flooding her groin, a testament to just how much she was enjoying herself.

Cambyses shyly covered her eyes as Alexander stared at her wet entrance.

Even though Mean had done similar things to her, somehow Alexander doing it here and now made her bashful.

But she did not close her legs.

Instead, she even spread her legs even more, almost into an M shape to allow Alexander better access.

"Who cut you down here? Mean?" Alexander joked as he lightly pulled on the sparse hairs guarding her entrance.

Recently, every time Alexander had seen Cambyses naked before she had a thick, black bush underneath.

After all, being a traveling mercenary left little time or personal space a girl needed to properly groom herself.

"You scoundrel, you rogue," Cambyses shouted angrily at Alexander's crude joke.

She had gone through all the trouble to prepare herself for her special night only to be laughed at.

"Haha. don't get angry. I like it. In fact, always keep it short." Alexander chuckled as he playfully twisted and pulled the short hairs.

He genuinely preferred short hairs down there because it made licking easier.

"Ahhhhh," Cambyses gave a short moan at the slightly painful play.

Then feeling her pussy itching, said in a frustrated tone, "Just put it in."

But Alexander was not done playing. In fact, he was just getting started.

So, he brought his face closer to her flower garden and took in a good, audible whiff.

"*Sniff*", he loudly breathed in and the place smelled as good as it looked- strong, sweet, hot, and musky.

As Alexander was relishing in the healthy odor that hit him, Cambyses felt the hot, heavy air along her entire crack and let out an embarrassed cry, "Kyahh, no, what are you doing? You pervert!"

Cambyses had assumed Alexander would now penetrate her, and so was surprised to see him smelling her garden, something most girls would feel embarrassed about.

Not even Mean had done that.

"You smell wonderful, Cam. Like flowers, *sniff*." Ignoring her protests, Alexander again loudly smelled her, now touching his nose to the entrance and taking in the much stronger smell.

A part of him was doing it to punish the girl for some of the things she did during the day.

"Kyah, no, stop pervert!" Seeing Alexander ignore her protest and being so close to her private place, the shy girl again screamed and brought her meaty legs close together to try and stop Alexander, sandwiching him between her thick thighs.

But this became a reward and not a punishment.

Alexander felt his face sides being enveloped by two fleshy, creamy, soft jellies and could not be happier.

He had always loved staring at those fleshy muscles of goodness and now being smothered by them felt like pure bliss.

He wrapped his hands around the thighs, locking them in place, and said, "Relax, if you are not wet enough, it will hurt. We need you to get wet enough to drench your asshole."

"My..my..butthole?" Cambyses shyly repeated as her struggles died down a bit.

Alexander then decided that just smelling the outer portion was not enough.

He parted the closed petals with his nose, exposing the red organ, and plunged it directly into her hot hole, moving it up and down inside her, taking in the much stronger smell.

"Ahh, no, it tickles," Cambyses weakly used her hands to try and push Alexander away.

But Alexander was like an addict, stubbornly smelling the much more concentrated heavenly scent.

To him, it smelled like true love.

Then he decided it was finally time to taste the garden and, *slurp*finally, gave the entrance a hot lick.

And it tasted just like he thought it would.

Sweet and sour with a bit of metallic taste to it and Alexander loved it.

He felt he could subsist on this as nourishment for the rest of his life.

"Cam, you taste so sweet," Alexander commented as he then started raining kisses on her hot pink petals.

"Ahhh, yes." A sensual moan escaped Cambyses.

Although Mean had done similar things to her, somehow it felt many times better when Alexander did it.

So now, instead of using her hands to try and push Alexander away, the girl used them to push Alexander's head into her hot entrance, pinning him in.

"Yes, ahhh, do it more slave. Ahh, pleasure your mistress even more," She moaned the order, pressing his head against her garden.

Cambyeses loved getting eaten out and seeing Alexander in such a submissive position thrilled her.

"As you command mistress," Alexander voiced out between his licks and kisses, making her hole vibrate from the air pressure.

Her hole was hot, moist, and sensitive, and its flesh kissed him every time Alexander's tongue went inside it.

He started with long, slow licks then started rapidly thrusting in and out, at the same time kissing her peachy flesh outside

"Mistress, your pleats are red, swollen, and wet. They taste so sweet," Alexander said, while strongly kissing and sucking around her hole.

"Ohhhhh," Cambyeses just pulled Alexander's hair in response, seemingly too overwhelmed by pleasure to speak.

Alexander thus kept on going, making loud *slurp*, *slurp* noises.

He not only kissed the hole and its surrounding area, but he also moved onto Cambyeses's tiny urethra.

"How's this mistress?" He asked cheekily as he poked the little urine hole with his tongue.

It tasted faintly of ammonia but Alexander did not mind.

"Ohhhhh, no, not there," Cambyeses screamed in pleasure.

No one had touched her there, not even Mean and the peculiar feeling felt too much.

"As you command mistress," Alexander made a sly smile, and then instead of removing his tongue, he doubled down.

He gave the place a stronger poke, but now his nose nuzzled against her hooded bead.

"Ahhhh, disobedient slave, stop" Cambyes squealed again at the overwhelming pleasure.

But Alexander had no intention of listening to his mistress and kept on doing it, even more, poking, kissing, licking, and sucking it, while also stimulating her sensitive red bean.

"Ahhhh, unruly slave, ohhh rebellious slave," Cambyes knew this was Alexander's way of punishing her and she loved it.

Soon she felt a tingling sensation down there and moaned, "Yes, mnmn...coming, coming."

Her toes curled up in anticipation of the massive orgasm, but then suddenly,... suddenly the sensation disappeared.

"What,..why, why did you stop?" Cambyes asked in confusion, almost tearing up as she looked pleadingly at Alexander.

She was so close to release, and the itch felt unbearable.

"Hehe, mistress, let this slave pleasure you even more," Alexander darkly repeated the command Cambyes had given him.

She certainly did not miss the hidden undertone and it sent a little chill down her spine.

Maybe she had teased him a bit too much.

So, she tried to quickly back down and stammered, "No, there's no need for that."

"Hehe," Was Alexander's only reply.

He was not going to let off Cambyses that easily.

To shut the girl up, he decided to up the pleasure even more and directly bit on her hooded bean.

".....", Cambyses bent her head backward and opened her mouth as wide as possible as a silent scream escaped her.

The air in her lungs seemed to have been knocked out and she felt dizzy from the intense sensation.

But Alexander did not care about this.

Like a good slave, he pressed forward to provide even more pleasure to his mistress, just as she asked.

He brought his fingers closer and used them to part the hood covering her most precious pearl and finally reveal it to the world.

It was magnificent- red, moist, swollen, and almost pulsating.

"Ah," Cambyses gave a little yelp as the cool air for the first time hit her ultra-sensitive bean.

Here Alexander decided to ominously say, "Mistress, let this slave pleasure you even more," and directly bit down on her sensitive protrusion.

"Ekkkkkkkk," A bellow like never before left Cambyses throat as her legs shot up in the air and her fingers clutched the sheets in desperation.

The pleasure was too much and Cambyses felt she was floating as the insides of her head went pure white.

She had thought that maybe because of her prior experience with Mean, she could somehow bully the virgin Alexander.

But now, came to the brutal conclusion that she would not last much longer if Alexander continued to tease her.

Thus she decided to do what any wise person would do and surrender.

"I... am... sorry," She spoke out in broken english.

But Alexander feigned ignorance, "What's mistress say? Is the slave not pleasuring mistress enough?"

Cambyses, even in her delirious state, picked up the constant use of the words, "slave" and "mistress" and screamed in almost desperation, "I am sorry for calling you a slave. I am the slave and you are my master. I learned my lesson, so please no more."

"Oh, Cam, you're making it sound like I am hurting you! Here let me lick you a bit more. " Alexander snickered

"Nooo, no more. Please, It feels weird, it feels too good," Cambyses frantically shook her head and implored.

"Then have you learned your lesson?" Alexander seriously asked, though it looked quite comical with his head between her legs.

"Yes, yes, I will be a good girl." Cambyses eagerly nodded, desperate for the teasing to end.

"Good, here's your reward then," Alexander wolfishly grinned and resumed the attack.

She was not getting off that easily!

Chapter 74 Cambyses Becomes A Woman (R18)

Alexander was not only Cambyses's lover, but he was also her friend, companion, and most importantly her teacher.

And as her mentor, Alexander did use to punish her whenever she did a grave mistake or something he did not approve of.

And after numerous punishments, Cambyses learned something.

,m She learned that whenever she did do something bad, if she sincerely apologized and promised not to repeat it in the future, usually Alexander would forgive her.

So, it was baffling to her why the same technique had not worked this time and she howled in almost anguish, "No,... why? Stop."

Alexander had again nibbled at her sensitive bud.

Then fearing the girl will lose consciousness and not be able to feel her punishment, he decided to slow down and moved to teasing her hot hole and drinking her sweet nectar.

He used his fingers expertly to stimulate her pink garden and it soon became soaking wet to the point it even muddied her puckered hole below.

Alexander felt he could even take her backside without any lube.

"Ah, it itches, do it more," She was again very close to coming and so pushed her waist towards Alexander, almost begging him to make her come.

But just then Alexander slowed down the tempo, again denying her release.

"Noooo, hey do it more, come on, stronger, ahhh," She almost had tears in her eyes as she tried moving her waist on her own to grind against Alexander's face.

Alexander then resumed anew, repeating the process and denying her orgasm at the last moment again.

"Ohh, mmmm...nooo, why? I apologized didn't I?" The girl cried at Alexander's cruel game, drool coming out of her mouth and eyes clouded by lust.

Looking at the lewd and debauched face, Alexander wondered how much she could actually think except for sex.

He then asked her, "Why are you apologizing? Say it!"

"I, I should not have called you a slave, I am sorry," She begged.

"Good," Alexander gave her bean a flick as a sign of approval.

"Ahn," a sensual moan echoed.

"And what more?" Alexander abruptly stopped the stimulation.

"What?" Cambyes looked confused as she could not think of any other thing to apologize for.

So Alexander reminded her by pressing on her pee hole with his index finger, "Why did you speak so rudely to me in front of everyone at the arena?"

Cambyes knew there was really no point defending herself.

So she directly yielded, "Ekkk, I let my excitement get to my head, I am sorry."

"Um, good." He kissed her urethra in exchange, sending shivers tingling down her spine.

Then with his middle finger scratching her inside walls, he asked, "And what more?"

"Mnnn, I don't know. Please tell me." The clever girl understanding the rules of the games quickly replied with no resistance.

"When I asked you to stay outside the command tent yesterday, why didn't you?" He pressed.

"I am sorry I didn't," The girl hastily accepted her mistake.

"Good," He put another finger inside her, doubling the pleasure.

Alexander was having quite a bit of fun with this little play and so decided to see how much he could push her.

"Now, from on you will call me master," He commanded.

Normally a strong girl Cambyses would never address him like that. but the girl was too lust driven to clearly think.

So, she almost instinctively replied, "Yes, master."

Alexander was very thrilled by hearing this.

Hearing his previous owner now call him master, filled him with a weird sense of pride and achievement and so he decided it was finally time to end the game and reward the girl.

"Good," Alexander slowly smiled, now placing his hands on both her two cheery buds adorning her milk jugs.

"Now, come my hot little minx, come." He then strongly twisted her nipples and firmly bit on her red pearl simultaneously, sending the girl to heaven.

"Kyaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Cambyses's spine lifted itself in an arch and her voice turned hoarse as she screamed her throat out, a hot torrent of clear fluid gushing out from the hole and spraying Alexander.

'A squirter! Mmmm, gotta love those,' Alexander thought as he licked the delicious fluid off his lips and looked at her disheveled girl.

Finally being offered her release, Cambyses seemed to be on cloud nine, her mouth open and drooling her eyes were unfocused, and she was taking heavy panting breaths.

"I...I..sorry...peeing," The girl absentmindedly apologized in incomplete sentences.

Having been denied her orgasm so many times, she, at last, came so hard that she squirted for the first time in her life and thought she had peed herself.

"Hehe," Alexander chuckled at the amusing misunderstanding.

He then got up from his prone position and sat on his knees, positioning his large, thick organ straight at the mouth of Cambyses's hot hole,

He intended to take her suddenly while she was still 'flying' to minimize the pain.

Then, taking one last look at the dazed eighteen-year-old virgin, he rammed half of his thick meat shaft in one go, ripping the thin membrane in one powerful thrust.

"Urggghh," He made a low grunt as intense pleasure assaulted him and a thin trickle of red dyed his organ.

Proof that Cambyses had become a woman.

"Owww," A painful, screeching howl also instantly echoed across the tent as Cambyses was brought back from heaven to what she felt like hell.

She felt like her lower body was being torn apart and looked at Alexander with accusing eyes as tears welled up underneath them.

Forget moving, the hurt was so intense that even just breathing sent paralyzing pain coursing through her body.

"Congratulations, on becoming my woman, Cam," Alexander clenched the words out of his teeth.

Alexander was also not in a good position, though for different reasons.

Cambyses's canal was first class, hot, wet, and tight as hell, and his hips wanted nothing more than to furiously pound the hole with his long spear.

After all, Cambyses had gotten two amazing orgasms, while his little brother got nothing.

But his brains told him to hold off.

The look Cambyses sent him made his heart ache as he had never seen the strong girl cry from physical pain and could only guess how much it hurt her.

So, he could only stand still as a statue, gritting his teeth, as Cambyses's hot fleshy wall kissed and danced around his little brother, teasing him to move.

The urge to come inside was overwhelming for Alexander.

"You, bastard, what did you eat growing up? Horses? Ouuuu" Cambyses was in no mood for congratulations as she cursed in pained gasps.

"Cam, just breathe, the pain will end soon," Alexander advised the inexperienced girl.

And so she did what Alexander told her and took in large breaths, though even moving her lungs hurt.

Cambyes recalled Gelene telling her that first times always hurt but she was not expecting anything like this.

She considered herself a strong girl, at least physically, and was no stranger to cuts, brushes, and even the occasional sprains.

Also, she and Mean regularly fingered and scissored each other and thus she had brushed off her experienced slave's advice as Gelene being a weak and soft woman.

But the pain now was like nothing she had ever felt before.

It felt like being repeatedly stabbed with a hot knife down there.

And from the looks of it, Alexander had not even put half of it in.

"Relax, and your hole will naturally expand. Just stop squeezing me tightly." Alexander almost pleaded.

The pleasure was really becoming too much for him and he just wanted to madly ravage her hot hole.

"I told you it would not fit. Why's it so thick? Ouuuu." Cambyes whimpered in pain.

The length was not a problem for her, but it was really girthy and felt like it was cutting her in half.

Alexander did feel a bit guilty about the pain he was causing but in his defense, he had tried his level best to prepare her.

But the fact was his organ was really well endowed, much better than the one from his previous life and any normal girl would have trouble taking the beast, much less an inexperienced eighteen-year-old.

There simply was no way to avoid the pain.

He could not even move over to kiss Cambyses because the movement would hurt her and also because he feared if he started moving, he would not be able to stop.

So he could only clench his buttocks and wait for the girl's canal to adjust itself.

And soon he could feel the pressure off his glans decreasing a bit.

It looked like the walls were diluting a bit.

"Yes, that's it, Cam, you are loosening. Just breathe and relax." Alexander encouraged, eager to soon taste the magnificent canal.

"Ah, don't move. I should have starved you, lousy slave." Cambyses again cursed as she tried to distract herself from the searing pain.

Alexander's mouth twitched a little with him being called a slave once more.

It appeared the punishment had not been strong enough.

"Cam, I going to go all in at once. Okay!" Alexander decided that if the girl had enough strength to be cheeky, she had the strength to bear the pain.

"No, no, wait, I am so.....owwww," Another pained mixed with pleasure howl graced the tent.

Chapter 75 Magical Night (R18)

Alexander finally felt like he was in heaven as at last he was buried fully balls deep inside her.

Finally, that extremely uncomfortable feeling of having half his organ outside and cold and half of it being hot and being pleased inside was gone.

Finally, he did not have to fight his hips instinct to ram it in, cause he had done it.

And like he had guessed, Cambyses's inside was every bit as delightful as he had guessed.

The canal was wet and hot and like an inverted cone, got narrower and narrower as he went inside, her moist walls tightly clamping his thick shaft.

"God, you are so tight, Cam." Alexander painfully panted as her narrow walls squeezed his meat shaft so hard that he felt it might snap off.

Any kind of smooth movement was impossible.

"Ouuuu," Cambyses also groaned, arching her head backward and trying to squirm her body away.

But Alexander did not let his prey escape, firmly holding her by her hips.

"Endure it, Cam. It's something every woman needs to go through," He comforted, hoping the walls would dilate soon.

But it did not.

"Owwww, bastard. Are you trying to kill me? Aghhh," Cambyses was just getting used to the precious size, when the entire shaft suddenly entered her, filling her to the brim and bringing back the pain.

"Your holes will widen slowly, just relax and let your hubby please you." Alexander was also in pain and so almost in a desperate move, started to tease Cambyses's pink buds.

She was particularly sensitive there and the pleasure of her nubile buds being squizzed, pinched and flicked slowly made the pain less.

"Ahhnnn," Soon a pleased moan escaped Cambyeses's mouth and Alexander could feel the pressure lessen.

"Yes, that's it, now tease your pearl down here yourself, Cam," Alexander encouraged and took her empty hand and placed it on her swollen nub.

Cambyeses then started pleasuring herself, vigorously rubbing her love button, pinching, rubbing, and rolling it around and the results were soon apparent.

At last, the walls stopped biting Alexander's little brother and started pleasuring him, squeezing and cascading around his shaft with loving care.

At this point, Cambyeses suddenly remembered that it had been only Alexander pleasuring her.

She had done nothing for him and this selfish act made her feel a bit guilty.

So, even though she was still feeling sore, she coyly said, "Move and make me a woman. Make me your woman."

And Alexander needed no more than that.

He started with slow, deep thrusts, scraping his hard rod against Cambyeses's bumpy wall as pulled out to the edge and then slowly prying open her walls as he inserted himself back inside her.

"Ohh Cam, your insides are hot and tight. It's squeezing me all the right places," Alexander huffed.

The way her walls stimulated his exposed glans was particularly enjoyable to him.

"Yes, do it more," Cambyses was also finally feeling some pleasure with the way Alexander's tip was pushing against her walls.

Alexander hence gently sped up, feeling the exquisite taste of her walls pressing against him harder the more he went inside went him.

Her walls were warm, moist, and bumpy and they attacked him at all the right spots from the glans to the root.

Few would believe that this was the inexperienced pussy of a recent virgin girl.

"Yes, open my pussy more, make it yours," Cambyses sang. She really loved the tingling sensation of Alexander pushing her walls open with his hot rod and it made her toes curl up.

"*Plak*, *Plak*," As Alexander's thrusting increased, his hips started strongly colliding with Cambyses's wet crotch, and making an obscene noise.

This lewd sound made Cambyses flush.

"Don't make those noise. It's embarrassing," she said with a red face.

"Hehe, it's the music god has given lovers to listen to during their intimate acts. How can we not hear it? Alexander personally loved this sound because it further reinforced the fact that this was real, all this was real and he was really doing such things with his most beloved person in the world.

So instead of lowering the sound, he increased it by deliberately swinging his large ball sack into Cambyses's wet pleats.

And soon his family jewels were bathed in the sweet, sticky love juices.

"Ahh, Alex you rogue, you turn me on so much. Harder," Cambyses was also feeling it listening to the debauched sounds.

Plak, *Plak*, as the shameful music played in the background, soon Alexander felt close to release.

"Cam, I'm going to come." He warned.

Just as he spoke those words, Cambyses's leg magically appeared behind him and locked him in place.

He could not pull out!

"Inside. Come inside," Cambyses begged with a lewd face. It appeared she was desperate to bear Alexander's child.

But Alexander was reluctant to have a baby in such troubled times and in such uncertain situations.

So, he tried to back out, "Cam, now is not the time. I promise I will get you pregnant as soon as possible. But after we escape."

But Cambyses did not budge and cooed, "It's okay. I had my bleeding about a week ago and today's my safe day. I calculated it like you taught me."

Alexander taught Cambyses how to keep track of her periods and calculate her safe and fertile days, something he learned in sex-ed.

Hearing this good news, Alexander did not argue.

He switched from his slow deep thrusts to fast shallow penetrations, grinding his sensitive glans against the rough walls and he was soon approaching salvation.

"Yes, ohh, I am coming too. Let's come together," Cambyses too was near the edge as she strummed her swollen nub like a guitar string.

"Cam, here I come. Take it all, *ugghh*," With a grunt and one last mighty thrust, Alexander smashed against Cambyses's cervix and released his huge load inside her baby room.

"Coming, coming, ahhhh, you are coming inside my womb," Cambyses had another mind-shattering orgasm.

She could clearly feel Alexander's stiff rod pulsating and spewing out his love essence, the hot white magma hitting her walls and painting her insides white, marking her as his.

Yes, she was his, Alexander's, and this thought suddenly sent a shiver down her spine and all of a sudden she felt an uncontrollable urge to pee.

"Ekkkk, *Splash*", Cambyses had a second consecutive orgasm, and this time she squirted again.

'Ah, I peed myself again,' She almost sobbed, mortified at how she seemed to be wetting her bed at such an age.

In the meantime, Alexander had not simply pulled out the hole which was leaking thick, jellylike white liquid.

Coming just once was simply not enough, and he intended to start round two.

This time he laid behind Cambyses, in a spooning position, and hugged her, making her rest her head on his right arm.

Cambyses, too snuggled towards him, thinking the night was over.

She was more than satisfied with tonight, with it being even more magical than in her wildest imagination and the exhausted girl was ready to hit the bed.

But then suddenly she felt the hard thing poking her.

'Why is it still hard' Cambyses thought in confusion.

Gelene had told her that, unlike women, after orgasms, men turned soft and needed some time to again continue.

So, why was Alexander not turning soft?

Unless he..!

It was then she felt Alexander's strong, sturdy left arm lift her left leg to give him better access, and a thick, musky growl whispered into her ears, "Mistress, let this slave pleasure you even more."

"Noooo, Alex, no, hubby, no, master, please this slave...ohhhhhh" Cambyses howled in ecstasy and never got to finish her sentence, not that it would have mattered.

Alexander had no intention to listen to anything the girl had to say, only her sensual roars.

He commenced the copulation with no slow thrusts, but with solid, rock-hard pounding, almost as if wanting to destroy the delicate hole, showing absolutely no mercy to the poor girl.

He had been gentle enough, pleasuring her excessively and slowly guiding the girl through her difficult first time.

But now, it was time for him to enjoy himself.

It was time for her to please him- with this finest pussy.

And what a pleasurable organ she possessed!

As Alexander rapidly gouged her insides out, Cambyses reacted by clamping down on him even more, tightening around his shaft and trying to keep him inside forever.

Clearly, despite what her upper mouth said, her lower was much more honest and she was enjoying the rough pounding to the maximum.

And what was her upper mouth doing?

"Ahhhh, Ekkkk, Ohhhhh, Yessss," Cambyses seemed to have lost herself to pleasure and was now alternating between different pitched moans, from high squealing ones to low grunts.

Alexander looked at the drooling, disheveled, debauched face and she looked absolutely stunning to him.

He felt as if he had fallen in love with her all over again and Alexander brought her face towards him as he gave her a strong, almost feral kiss.

"*Mwah*, you are mine and mine alone. For now and forever." He fiercely declared.

Chapter 76 Voting Begins

Alexander's sweet sleep was interrupted by a sharp cry that kept repeatedly calling out his name from outside the tent.

"Alexander, it's almost time for the voting. Wake up! Quickly!" The familiar raspy voice of Camius kept on urging.

This rooster cry in human form forced Alexander to get up from his sleep and with great reluctance, he opened his sleepy, weary eyes.

"Yea, I am up. Let me freshen up a bit," Alexander groggily replied.

It was then a few stray strands of long chestnut hair got inside his mouth and his nose twitched at the sweet, feminine scent of his lover, Cambyses.

The girl slept naked, her back snuggled into him, transmitting her warmth and fragrance directly to his skin and exposing her long, fair nape to her lover.

The soft, once fair, olive skin was now encrusted with red hickeys all over, and Alexander thought it looked ravishing,

"*Mwah*," He could not resist leaving another fresh one, greedily sucking her sweet and salty skin.

"Ah," Cambyses gave an unconscious moan.

Alexander's little brother had also woken up by now and a soft, wet, and velvety feeling started to throughout his lower body.

He then recalled the activities of last night and how he had to stop just after round two as Cambyses became unresponsive and seemed to be almost on the verge of losing consciousness.

So, then he only reluctantly could stick his hot rod inside her warm, moist cave and cuddled and spooned together to sleep.

But as his newly awoken little brother was saying to him, last night had been enough, not even close to being enough and he wanted nothing more than to start round three.

But with great unwillingness, he decided against ruthlessly pounding the hot hole to oblivion and he pulled his spear out.

"*Plop*, *plop*", large dollops of milky goodness mixed with Cambyses's love juices soon started flowing out of the uncorked hole and further stained the sheets.

"Mmmmm," Cambyes again moaned at the tingling sensation, as in her sleep she felt the hot baby batter inside her escape and her widened entrance slowly closed by itself.

Alexander sat up on his bed and took one last look at Cambyes's fat, creamy, white ass and the pink, wet snatch snuggled in between the fat globules, tantalizingly inviting him inside and

with one last spurt of immense willpower, turned his head around and got up from the bed.

As much as he would have liked to tell Camius to go away and then sleep with his lover, foregoing the opportunity to become the leader of the group, he knew there was no room in his world for such whimsy.

'Hah, it's always work,' He lampooned in his heart with a sigh.

He then snuggly tucked the sleeping girl in with the blanket, making sure nothing was showing, and with one last kiss on her forehead, decided to get ready.

He quickly picked up his pants from the floor and put them on, washed his face with a basin of water, combed his hair, and brushed his teeth using ash and a twig.

"Hurry up! You can sleep with Cambyes all you want later." Camius crudely joked from outside the tent.

'That bastard,' Alexander cursed while subconsciously also looking back at the closed tent flaps to see if the loudmouth could see anything inside.

Alexander was relieved to find out he could not.

"I'm done. Just one minute!" He yelled with an unmistakable hint of anger laced in it.

Alexander then quickly put on his full set of armor, something he always did out of habit and precaution, fastened his scabbard to his hips, and stepped out of his tent.

The sky was still dark and the air chilly as Alexander took in the cool air and felt his drowsiness wash away.

Camius the motor mouth had a big grin plastered on his face as he greeted Alexander and digging his elbows towards Alexander's ribs, asked, "So, how was it? Hehehe."

Alexander chose to completely ignore the idiot.

He instead decided to address one of the mercenaries guarding his tent, "Hemicas, go to Cambyses's tent and get Mean. Also, tell her to make sure Cambyses does not walk today."

"Hahahaha," This bought rambunctious laughter from Camius as he then repeatedly patted Alexander's shoulder in celebration, "Brother, only you could have tamed that tigress. Congrats!Congrats!"

"Let's go." Alexander only placidly replied, him being used to Camius's antics by now.

Hemicas also went on his way after giving his leader a slight nod.

It had to be said the two mercenaries had a tough night yesterday, forced to hear Cambyses's lust-filled moans for hours, while unable to relieve themselves, their little brothers straining painfully against the leather pants.

On their way to the 'election venue', Camius informed him in detail how they had prepared to win today.

For example, he told Alexander that yesterday Cambyses had given Remus and Bartholomew quite a bit of money to 'convince' the swaying soldiers to vote for Alexander.

Those two had supposedly fed much exaggerated truths about Alexander, claiming he had even prophesized the death of Agapios in advance, when in reality Alexander only deduced it much later on from the information Nestoras had provided.

Camius also proudly said that with his help, Heliptos had managed to take the helm of Damious's mercenaries, though his position seemed temporary at best.

Theocles had been working hard to bribe the Cantagenans to his side and Menes had managed to convince everyone from his group to vote for him.

The comprehensive report quite pleased Alexander as he felt much more confident about his chances of winning.

The duo fast approached the clearing where a large crowd had already gathered and the clamor and din of a large number of people filled the air.

The crowd seemed to have precipitated in front of a large, decorated, high table, that had been placed there, for what to Alexander seemed like a makeshift podium.

The mercenary leaders and the candidates had all seemed to arrive and they appeared to be chatting freely among themselves.

"Sorry, I'm late." Alexander greeted his seniors.

"Brat, we were about to start without you!" The hot head Petricuno said waving his strong fist.

"Haha, no problem, no problem, we just got here." Melodias on the other hand eagerly greeted him.

"Hehe, it's normal for youngsters to enjoy their youth. But don't overdo it okay." From far back, the gruff-aged chuckle of Menicus rang out, the old man having a surprisingly perverted smile stuck on his face.

Alexander clearly understood that everyone knew why he was late and after throwing Camius a hateful look who was no doubt the prime perpetrator of the crime, he could only embarrassingly smile and nod.

"Haha, let's not tease the boy. Come on let's start." Heliptos from the side helped Alexander.

"Yes, yes, the soldiers are getting restless. So who's first?" Melodias too enthusiastically urged for the voting to start.

The way this 'voting' would be done would not be like soldiers casting their votes in a ballot and then picking the winner.

Instead, the process was for every candidate to get up on the makeshift podium, aka- table, and tell the soldiers how he would lead them and how he would get them out of this situation.

The louder the soldiers cheered for the candidate at the end of his speech, the better would be his evaluation, and the one who gets the loudest cheer would be chosen as the 'Representative Commander of the Army.'

"I will go," Replying to Melodias was the easily agitated Petricuno, who powered his strong body up onto the table and commenced his speech.

"Brothers of Thesos, I am Petricuno of Zantoria. Some of you may know me, some may not. But you should know I participated in the War of Flowers from its very beginning nineteen years ago." This produced a bit of hubbub among the mercenaries as those who survived the entire three years of that brutal war were seen as tough-as-nails people.

Exolas had managed to cut the Cantagenan army down to less than twenty percent in that war and so anyone that survived that slaughterhouse for that long was either supremely competent or massively lucky.

Both good traits to have as a commander.

Petricuno began again, "For three years we fought the Exolites. We fought them in the 'Battle of Shobug Rock', on the banks of the Sybug and on the plains of Fijkyle. And even though we lost, we rose again, and again, we never broke and we never surrendered."

This was technically true, though it was not because Cantagena never wanted to surrender, but because Exolas had rejected all of Cantagenan's appeals for surrender.

Exolas demanded complete unconditional surrender from the Cantagenans which the latter deemed unacceptable.

Petricuno then finished his speech by saying, "I will admit that we are not in a good position. But I have been in worse situations and I have survived. I believe only under my leadership, only with my experience and wisdom can we overcome this challenge. So what do you say to me being your commander?"

Petricuno asked the last sentence while raising his arms to the sky like an orchestral master directing an opera.

But despite his zealous delivery and theatrics, the cheers he received from people other than in his mercenary group were lukewarm at best.

It was time for the next candidate to make his case.

Chapter 77 Becoming Commander

"*Clap*, *Clap*", Melodias politely clapped at Petricuno as the man made his way back to the group.

He walked with slumped shoulders and a drooping head, pretty disheartened at the lack of support, because Petricuno truly believed he was the most qualified.

He did not buy Alexander's little story and thought of the boy as being capable but ultimately just lucky.

"Well, then senior, please take the stage," After Petricuno's turn, Melodias cordially gestured to Menicus, the eldest of the group to make his speech.

"Let the boy go and let's get it over it quickly." Menicus roughly retorted.

This was because everyone could hear occasional shouts like,

"Alexander, we want Alexander."

"We have already made up our minds."

"Son of Gaia."

'Either the soldiers really want me as their commander or Cam really paid them well,' Alexander's mouth twitched at the slightly embarrassing situation.

There was something such as being too popular, where people put unreasonable expectations on somebody they idolized and then instantly turn on them if they failed to meet such expectations.

Alexander felt his problem might have changed from not being popular enough to be seen as a god who could do wrong.

There was also the possibility of the other leaders banding together in fear of Alexander's popularity.

But whatever it was, there was little he could do to change that right now.

'Camius will be busy,' Alexander ruefully lampooned as he decided he would have to spread some malicious rumors about himself.

A strong slap to his back woke Alexander from his thoughts as Melodias boisterously laughed, "Haha, well go on brother. Looks like the soldiers are calling for you."

Thus Alexander slowly made his way to the top of the table, where the instant his face appeared, the crowd burst into a sky-shattering cheer and started enthusiastically discussing among themselves.

"That's him, that's him, ooh hoo,"

"He once bandaged me. The son of Gaia bandaged me himself."

"So young!"

"Of course, he is. How can the son of a god be old like us humans."

"Right, right, this proves he is blessed by Gaia. How else could he be here today?"

"Hehe, he might not be as young as he looks. I heard he drank from the fountain of youth."

"Ohhh, who did you hear it from? Hmmm, but it could be certainly true."

"Maybe he only disguised himself as such but in reality is hundreds of years old."

"Sage, Hasurite told me he's a sage in disguise."

"Right, I heard he invented the smoked sausage."

"Mascus told me the sweet water is made from fruits made by his magic."

"As expected of the son of the goddess of providence. He has saved us from starvation."

"If not for his warning, we all would have died."

"Yes, Samaras did not listen to him and was eternally damned"

"Oh, father why did you not listen to the divine son?"

"We must follow him if we want to live."

"Yes, follow Alexander!"

"Alexander for commander."

"Alexander, Alexander,"

"Commander Alexander, Commander Alexander,"

"Alexander, Commander Alexander,"

"Son of Gaia, son of Gaia,"

"Alexander, the divine son of Gaia,"

Even before Alexander could start his speech, the crowd spontaneously burst into a rave, chanting his name in unison.

There was no doubt about the candidate chosen by the soldiers.

The zealous revelry of the soldier's shouting could be heard from even past the walls of Adhan, where some of the curious sentry guards atop their watchtower craned their necks to see what the commotion was all about.

Alexander simply stood on the table, facing the joyous crowd with shaking clenched fists and a rapidly pounding heart that almost wanted to break out of his chest out of sheer excitement.

Looking at the throngs of excited mercenaries at his command, he recalled an interesting fact from his previous life.

He remembered that Julius Caesar had stopped a mutiny by addressing the mutineers with a single word, 'civilians.'

And Alexander felt he had matched and arguably trumped that today, by gaining control of an army without uttering a single word.

Alexander loved drawing parallels between himself and the most famous Roman ever to live.

Whenever things got too tough for Alexander, he used to comfort himself by thinking that Julius Caesar too was once captured as a slave by pirates.

But he had managed to escape and then returned with an army to kill his captors.

Alexander regularly fueled himself by thinking, if an ordinary boy like Caesar could do it, why couldn't he, he who possessed knowledge these people could only dream of having.

But Alexander's ambition was not to only parallel Caesar but to exceed him.

Where the roman senator failed to become emperor, Alexander fully intended to succeed.

And today and now was his second real step.

Because today, he had finally done it.

After ten long years of struggle, he had finally gained some control over his life as he could use the ten thousand-strong army to guarantee his safety.

Being able to taste the saccharine taste of success after so many years of brutal hardship made Alexander so emotional that he felt like choking up and his nails dug so deep into the palms of his hands that they started bleeding.

But Alexander did not feel any pain, only pure unadulterated pleasure.

After allowing some time for the perfervid atmosphere to quench the soldiers, Alexander used both his hands to gesture to the mercenaries to calm down and said,

"Brothers thank you for choosing me as your new commander. I swear to use my actions and not my words to convince you that you have indeed chosen correctly."

This produced a second round of vociferous shouts.

"Well, I guess it saves us the time," Melodias ruefully smiled.

He would be lying if he did not feel a little acidic in his heart that a slave freed just one day ago was so much more popular than them.

But the soldiers had chosen their commander and he had to accept it.

Alexander slowly got off the table and approached the group of mercenary leaders with steady footsteps and when near slightly bowed, "I pray seniors can provide me their help and support in these troubled times. And please feel free to offer me any advice you may have at any time.

I am not without errors and I hope to receive your guidance."

This humble and very down-to-earth attitude extremely pleased the leaders and they felt their small dissatisfaction melt away.

They had expected Alexander to be domineering and bossy like Damious given his popularity, but this soft approach somewhat placated them.

'This nose milk-dripping pup might not be totally incompetent. Do those rumors actually hold some water?' Petricuno ruminated.

It had to be said that the reason some were happy was not because of Alexander's modesty, but because they took his gentle manners as a sign of weakness, a weakness they believed they could exploit for their gains.

After all, how hard could it be to deal with an eighteen-year-old boy?

A boy who was a slave until yesterday and whose hair down there had not probably grown properly.

"You do what you have done until now. You don't need an old bone like me telling you what to do," Menicus commented.

"Haha, right, right. You are blessed by the gods. You don't need us. Just say and it will be done." Melodias chimed in.

'Is this a test? Are they trying to test my narcissism,' Alexander inwardly frowned and he felt a weird kind of deja-vu of facing Aristotle and a much more competent Nestoras.

'I have decided that I really dislike old men,' He at last lampooned.

He then responded, "No, no, please, I am no god's son. Esteemed leaders will all know that I made it very clear I am no divine being."

Here he then admitted, "I did spread the rumor about it though because after three consecutive natural disasters hitting us so quickly, I feared without this claim, without this mental support most soldiers would simply surrender or run away. So, please do not take that claim seriously."

Even though it was an open secret among the higher-ups, this frank reveal managed to garner quite a bit of goodwill for Alexander.

His warm attitude also won the hearts of many, particularly Menicus and Melodias who inwardly decided to follow any reasonable given order without causing too much fuss.

At this point, Melodias reminded, "We have yet to formally recognize Alexander as our new Commander. The decision has to be unanimous, so does anyone disagree?"

Naturally, the answer was a resounding affirmation and so Melodias nodded happily, "Good, let's go up to the podium and announce the result then."

So the five leaders- Alexander, Melodias, Menicus, Petricuno, and Heliptos all got up on the sturdy table and Melodias lifted Alexander's right hand into the air and cheered, "Soldiers, here's your new commander, Alexander."

"Alexander, Commander Alexander," They chanted for the third time.

It seemed that these soldiers were really into chanting.

And with this formality done, the soldiers were dismissed, and the leaders got off the table that had been turned into a makeshift podium,

"So, what's our next move," The no-nonsense Petricuno directly asked Alexander even before his feet could touch the soil.

Chapter 78 Alexander's First Orders

Alexander felt the expectant gazes of the other leaders, particularly the four main ones pierce him, waiting to see how he would respond.

Luckily, he had his plans mapped out inside his head since yesterday.

But he did not want to reveal military strategy out here, in range of prying ears.

So he gestured, "Let's go to my command tent. Military matters should be discussed in secrecy."

And thus under Alexander's lead, the four main leaders and the two new leaders of the left behind Alcmene and Regias mercenaries were escorted to the same tent Nestoras had once tried to kill Alexander.

The two new mercenary leaders were very weak and had very little prestige among the other five. In fact, they were so weak that they were not even invited to the election as viable candidates.

These two men, understanding their position thus chose to cleverly shut up and just observe the conference unfold.

"So, to begin, let us take inventory." Alexander took charge.

"Inventory?" Petricuno asked confused. He was a military man who usually left the supply side of things to others.

"Yes, inventory. Do all of the leaders know the exact situation of their individual groups? That means how many soldiers they have, how many are wounded, how many slaves they possess, how many pack animals they have, number of carts under them, amount of food and water with them, etc. I need those numbers to know how many soldiers we have, how many can fight, how many days we can march, and many more."

"Ummm...." The eager Petricuno became a bit tongue-tied and even a little red with embarrassment. Here he was a veteran of the War of Flowers being talked to like a child by essentially a child.

"Yes, I know. I have under me two hundred and...."

"That's excellent, leader Melodias. I hope you can give me the details in writing. This will help me tally up everything with the other groups." Alexander cut him off.

Then he quickly grabbed some reed parchment and started writing, saying, "Here let me give it to you in writing so it's easier to remember. These are the list of all the things I need to know."

And after some time, he handed the rough paper to Melodias and it was basically the same list as the list of things Alexander had asked Petricuno

During the entire time, the other leaders simply stood still, a little bit in awe at how fast the former slave could write.

Most of them doubted if they could write half as fast and even then their handwriting would not look anything neat like Alexander's.

Alexander pretended not to notice the surprised gazes, but instead addressed, "Let me give each of the leaders a copy."

Once this labor-intensive, tedious job was done Alexander set a deadline, "We should leave Adhania as soon as possible. So, please give an accurate count by tomorrow morning."

"You can count on me commander," Heliptos quickly said.

This voice snatched Alexander's attention and recalled that this greedy man up until now had just spoken two times.

'Is he being shunned by the other mercenary leaders,' Alexander wondered about the man he took in his faction.

Following Heliptos, the others too agreed.

Then Alexander brought up the issue of what to do about Adhania.

This was mostly symbolic as everyone had already decided on 'escape and no surrender.' and the unanimous decision was once again officially said.

At this point, fearing the other mercenary leaders might blame him for taking too much of the spotlight, Alexander asked for input from someone else, "Leader Menicus, as the eldest here what should we discuss next?"

This secretly pleased the veteran as anyone likes having their opinion heard and their words taken heed of.

But the experienced mercenary hid his pleasure and gruffly said, "Hmph, you brats have not even determined the route."

"Yes, that is a very big concern. Should we go back the route we came or should we look for another route? Melodias poignantly asked the men in the room.

"Do we have a map of the way we came?" Alexander hopefully asked.

But received a predictable shake of the head from all the men.

After all, maps were absurdly difficult and expensive to make and were considered national treasures of extreme strategic importance by the people of that area.

Alexander held no hope for any real map with any real details.

"So, how did we get here in the first place?" He pressed.

"We were led by guides. Cantagena had bought them with their army." Heliptos offered the information.

"And are these guides alive?" Though Alexander doubted he would be so lucky.

"I don't know," Heliptos replied, slightly embarrassed.

"Then find out," Alexander said in exasperation.

Then he showed his trust and also assess Heliptos's competence by delegating this extremely crucial task to him, "I am giving you the job Heliptos. I'm counting on you."

"I will scour the Cantegenan camp man to man. If there's any guide left alive, I swear by the gods I will bring him before the commander by tomorrow." Heliptos understood only by displaying his usefulness could he hope to gain the approval of the other leaders and have them support his claim as Damious's successor.

"Good, I will await your good news," Alexander nodded.

Then continued, "But we must be prepared for the worst-case scenario that all the guides are either dead or have run away. Leader Petricuno, what's your opinion then?"

This rash mercenary had not said a single word after his embarrassing failure some time ago and this was Alexander's way of allowing him to smoothly enter the conversation again.

So he folded his arms onto his chest and said, "I think we should just south and ask the locals for directions."

"Will we even find any locals after we burnt their villages to the ground? And even if we did, what makes you believe anything they say is credible?" This was Menicus, mercilessly jabbing at Petricuno.

But the fiery mercenary was not to be outdone.

He shot back, "We can just take them with us."

"Haha, great idea. Let's take in more mouths to feed when we are already short on food. And pretty soon we can have the whole of Adhania following us, begging us for food. What an idea!" Menicus's barbed tongue took no prisoner.

"Even if we could take them, once they do lead us the wrong way, what then? Even if we killed them afterward, it would not change the fact we would be still lost." Heliptos pointed out.

The flushed mercenary had no reply.

Seeing the man being figuratively mercilessly beaten, Alexander attempted a rescue, "I actually quite like leader Petricuno's idea. I believe with a little improvisation, it could work."

Alexander's words carried a lot of weight around here and so instead of outright making fun of him, the four pair of eyes turned their gaze towards him.

"We will first transform some of your pack horses into scouting cavalry. These cavalries will disguise themselves as Adhanians or merchant escorts and ask the locals for directions. We can give each scout some coin or food to use to loosen the tongues of the villagers." Alexander laid out his plan.

"Excellent, excellent." Alexander's sycophant Heliptos was the first one to shout out, even shaking his arms animatedly to show his overwhelming support.

And for the first time, this act did not displease the other mercenary leaders.

They even somewhat approved of it, though maybe not quite to the extent Heliptos was making up to it.

"I will lead this scouting party myself," Petricuno aggressively appointed himself.

"You are a fighter, not a talker. Let the smooth talker Melodias do it." Menicus shot him down.

Alexander too was not in favor of having this ill-tempered mercenary lead the delicate task of information gathering.

He feared the quick-to-act armed mercenary might simply kill any civilians if he did not like their answer or attitude.

So he too politely said, "Leader Petricuno is a warrior among warriors. I am afraid most villagers might simply run away if they spot you approaching them. On the other hand, leader Melodias is much more ...ummm..effeminate. So they will likely be much looser with their tongues with him."

Alexander could not think of a good way to describe Melodias as weak other than using the word 'effeminate.'

This was not a nice word to use to describe a man, much less a mercenary soldier and so immediately after speaking, Alexander secretly shot a look of apology to Melodias.

Melodias only returned a wry smile.

And Petricuno could only sulkily watch as 'his idea' get used by Melodias

"I will send by men to try and gather as much information as possible as soon as possible," Melodias promised.

,m "Good, then I believe we have just one last thing to discuss before concluding the meeting, the Cantagenans."

This was the problem all the leaders had kicked down the road yesterday to decide 'later.'

Well, today and now was that 'later.'

Chapter 79 Carvers

How to handle the remaining Cantagenans was basically divided into two competing camps.

"The Cantagenans are wounded, weak, and lack discipline. I say we leave them. Let them fend for themselves," Petricuno strongly advocated just ditching them.

"We are already low on manpower, and you want to decrease our numbers even more?" Melodias objected, believing having more troops, regardless of their ability, was better than having fewer.

"These undisciplined peasants will only hold us back. You said it yourself, the path ahead will have tough battles. Can you expect these low-morale, leaderless troops to hold their ground when the going gets tough? What if they break formation and decide to run at the critical point? Do I need to remind you in

the first battle if was them that broke ranks first?" Petricuno made some very fine points to strengthen his case.

Melodias did not expect such eloquence from the usually brash mercenary and even his smooth tongue found it hard to refute him.

Alexander too conceded that Petricuno made some very good points.

But his thoughts leaned more towards Melodias and was unwilling to just leave these men behind.

So tried to convince everyone in a roundabout way, "Leader Petricuno has made some very good points." Alexander seemed to agree.

Then he laid out his own views, "But I tend to share leader Melodias's view that leaving such good men is a waste. Even if they are unskilled and untrained as leader Petricuno claims they are, we can still use them as vanguards to absorb the first blow of the enemy, while we take all the glory later on. We can even use them as hard laborers and colliers, have them carry our staff, cook, clean, and maintain the camp for us, and do other menial tasks. And if all that fails, let us sell all of them as slaves to suitable customers. If we just leave them here that's what they will become anyway, so why give them to Adhania for free?"

Alexander spoke the last two sentences with cold, detached emotions as if he wanted to only sell chicken or geese and not living human beings.

This nonchalant tone even surprised Alexander himself, who ruefully lamented how the harsh last ten years changed him.

He certainly was not so cold-blooded in his previous life.

But his inward lamentations were interrupted by a joyous cry of support, "Yes, I believe the commander is right." Heliptos loyally parroted.

The others also seem to like this compromise, including Petricuno.

Then Alexander decided on a long-term move, "Ahem, as leader Petricuno has pointed out, these Cantagenans are really low-quality troops. So, if you do not have any objections I would like to train them to make them at least somewhat useful.

Everyone was happy to dump the extra work on Alexander and thus it was decided that these leftover Cantagenans would go to Alexander.

And Alexander was happy to take this extra load because he thought the Cantagenans would be useful.

This is because although Alexander was chosen as the leader, the troops directly under him were pitifully low and he hoped to shore up some of the deficiencies by having the Cantagenans under his wings.

He also had the motive of convincing some of the young Cantagenans to formally join his mercenary group to bring his group back to its full strength.

Done with deciding the usefulness of the Cantagenans, now all the leaders decided to turn their attention to the meat of the issue.

The real reason they wanted to discuss Cantagena.

"So, how do we deal with the things in the Cantagenan camp?" Surprisingly it was Menicus who could not hold his patience.

The phrase 'way to deal with the things in the Cantagenan camp,' was everyone's euphemistic way of saying, 'how are we gonna divide the treasures in the Cantagenan camp?'.

After all, there was not only the gold and silver that Cantagena had bought with it for everyday expenses but also the treasures it took when they sacked Acme and all the personal possessions such as pots and pans, clothes, boots, bags, etc. of all the dead soldiers.

Alexander had roughly estimated there were less than a thousand of the original twenty-five thousand Cantagenans left and so, he was eager to take secure this defenseless booty quickly.

"Leader Menicus, I have never encountered a situation like this. As the eldest among us do you have any advice?" Alexander cleverly threw the pot to the eager Menicus, trying to use his seniority against him.

Alexander was curious to know how much the individual leaders wanted, whether they wanted an even split or a split based on the number of soldiers they each commanded, and he prudently decided to prod Menicus to feel the answer.

But the clever old man did not bite.

"I remember it was you saying to leave the problem about how to deal with the Cantagenans to the one selected commander. I believe that is now you." Menicus said with a sly smile.

'Darn old fart,' Alexander lightly cussed at the old man.

Then seeing no one else join in, not even the 'loyal' Heliptos, Alexnader could only propose his plan, "I believe the five of us here have sacrificed a lot and bear very heavy responsibilities. Such high-stress jobs should have adequate compensation to keep our spirits high. So, I propose dividing the loot evenly in five ways. What do you think?"

"Hmm, I have no problem. Is everyone else okay?" Melodias was the first to voice his consent.

"Yes. The Cantagenans are too few to protect this great treasure horde. It is our duty to guard it so Adhania can't take it." Menicus shamelessly justified the theft.

"As expected to the wise commander," Heliptoos did not forget to oil Alexander a bit.

"Sure, let's do it like that." Petricuno nodded.

The reason for such a quick, unanimous agreement was because usually commanders, as the highest ranking member, took twice what others took.

So, Alexander's offer was seen as very good by the others and even a bit generous.

It could even be argued that Alexander had suffered a little loss here, because he did not yet know many of the unwritten conventions of the mercenaries, such as how money was proportioned among various ranks.

The two new leaders of Alcmene and Regias mercenary groups unsurprisingly got nothing and though they were angry, they could only bear with it.

To attenuate this, Alexander decided to offer them a deal, "Brothers, both the Alcmene and Regias mercenaries have lost a lot of manpower and even their leaders in this war. A strong leader is needed to fill this position and we believe you two are the ones capable enough to do it. So, how much do you want it?"

What Alexander was offering was his support for the two's mercenary leader position in exchange for them formally foregoing their stake in the Cantagenan booty division.

This offer made one of them's eyes light up like a light bulb and he excitedly said, "I can use the funds left behind by Alcmene to secure my position if the other leaders help me."

This was him asking others to lay their hands off the things in his group, especially his former leader's stack.

"Haha, of course, of course. We would never think of putting our hands in another group's coffers." Alexander loudly assured.

Seeing himself as allyless and alone, the other mercenary leader also joined in for the promise that he could get to keep his group's treasures for himself.

"Then let us conclude today. I will send Theocles to help with the Cantagenans and best of luck in your day, gentlemen." Alexander then called for the meeting to end.

And thus the leaders after saying a few niceties left Alexander to himself.

And Alexander decided to call his captains to give them new instructions.

"Theocles, I want you to give me a full inventory of our supplies in writing by tonight. And more importantly, I want you to make sure we get our fair share from the Cantagenan loot," Alexander ordered.

"Yes, leader," Theocles promptly replied.

He was still a little peeved at not being able to accomplish his earlier task of putting a puppet as the Cantagenan leader and was eager to redeem himself.

"Menes and Pallidus, we have been tasked with training the remaining Cantagenans. Gather our troops and have them participate in drills with them. I want them to be useful in three days." Alexander laid out a deadline.

"I will try my best," Menes grimaced at the short time while Pallidus wordlessly nodded.

Three days were nothing when it came to training untrained peasants.

Here Alexander decided to cut them some slack and instructed, "There's no need to teach them anything overly complex. Just things like marching in formation, obeying orders quickly and properly, maintaining basic discipline, knowing one's left from right, things like that."

This bought a low sigh of relief to both the two men's faces as this was hard but at least doable within the time limit.

"Now, I have some things to say to Camius in private. Please excuse us." Alexander gestured towards the tent flaps.

And soon, the tent was emptied save for the two friends.

Chapter 80 Camius's First Task

Once alone, Alexander gestured for Camius to take a seat.

By this point, the sun had well and truly risen into the sky and Alexander feeling peckish, decided to order some breakfast and invited Camius to join, "Let's talk over breakfast. Have you eaten?"

"No, not yet. We did drink a bit to celebrate your win though. Congratulations doc." Camius revealed a huge smile.

He was still amazed by how easily he had won today.

Alexander on the other hand was thinking something quite different.

He was lampooning in his mind, 'Drinking first thing in the morning, really guys?'

In this period, where water tended to spoil easily, basically any and all time was drinking time but Alexander still found it weird.

Outwardly though he hid all this and revealed a grin and simply replied, "Thanks."

Once the meals were bought in by the guards, Alexander started wolfing it down while also addressing Camius in a hushed tone, "Your first and foremost job will be to slowly form a secret information network within the various mercenary groups. I want to know what the grassroots soldiers say and think about the whole situation."

"Well, I have already made some good contacts. But I will need some gold to grease the wheels of some," Camius reported.

"You will get it, don't worry. Also, spread some malicious rumors about me. I am too popular and that's not a good thing." Alexander instructed.

"Don't worry, who do think spread that rumor about you sleeping in because of ...hehe..you know?" Camius proudly revealed with a sly smile.

"So, that was you, bastard!" Alexander joked with feigned anger.

Then, him being used to the loudmouth's antics said with an exasperated voice, "*Sigh*, just keep the maliciousness in check, okay. Don't spread stuff that's too potent."

"Rest assured, I got loads of embarrassing but harmless stories about you," Camius seemed weirdly enthusiastic about bad-mouthing his boss.

The fact that Alexander did not need to explain to Camius why he needed to do such things went on to show the intelligence of the former street hustler.

Because despite his apparent laidback attitude, Camius easily understood being too perfect was not good for any military commander as it tended to alienate the soldiers from their commander and place unrealistic expectations on him.

"You do that. Just remember nothing about malicious about Cam or Mean," Alexander gave a warning

"Oh, darn, there goes half my stories, huh," Camius let out an animated, exaggerated sigh while shaking his head in regret.

Alexander did not even pay attention to this theatric as he then again spoke up, "There is one more thing I want you to do."

He then slowly moved his mouth to near Camius's ear and in a low growl whispered, "I want you to give me an excuse to dispose of Pallidus!"

This produced wide-eyed Camius who seemed to be still digesting the command.

"*Guip*," drinking a glass of water, Camius asked, "What do you want me to do? Specifically, I mean."

Sensing Camius being a tad uncomfortable and unsure about what to do, Alexander elaborated, "You of all people should know how Pallidus has tormented me. And now that Damious and Aristotle are both dead, the craven worm thinks he can make up for everything just by sucking up to me? Huh, fat chance!"

"That ingrate will stab me in the back the first chance he gets. But I can't deal with him too openly....."

"Because he still has the second phalanx," Camius snatched the words from Alexander's mouth.

Giving Camius an equable look, Alexander nodded after a little pause, "Yes."

"So, how do you want me to do it?" Camius asked for specifics.

"I will leave the details upto you. It can be anything like finding ropals in his room and charging him with being a spy or suspecting him of attempting a coup or branding him as a thief for stealing food from the army. Use your creativity, my man." Alexander waved his hand.

"Hmm, attempting a coup is too big an offense and might draw the attention of other mercenary groups. And stealing food would be difficult for him as access to those are limited by Theocles and Cambyeses, both our people." Camius prudently analyzed.

Then he reasoned, "But the thing with ropals might be doable."

Ropals were Adhania's unique currency and Camius seemed to like that idea better than the other two.

Here Alexander added, "Remember we took a lot of ropals when we burnt down Acme, so you have to make sure he can't weasel out using that excuse."

"Forged letters maybe? Leaking military secrets to the enemy is a capital offense." Camius brainstormed.

"You decide. Remember it's your job to present me with hard 'evidence' that can get me to execute Pallidus. Think of it as me testing your skill. Pass and I will use you for lots of critical tasks in the future."

"Hmmm, by when?" Camius asked for a deadline.

"Preferably before we start the march. But at the very latest, before we escape Adhania. I don't want him breathing in Cantagena." Alexander fiercely said

"Okay," Camius did a simple nod.

As this conversation was wrapped up and the two men finally started enjoying their meal, a herald quickly appeared outside his tent and announced he had urgent news.

And when the soldier was ushered in, he informed Alexander that a messenger from Adhania had come to meet him.

The arrival of an emissary was not totally out of Alexander's expectations as he did expect Adhania to make calls for their surrender.

So, he directed, "Hmm, okay bring him in here."

He then added, "Make sure to check that he carries no weapon."

And, thus very soon a tall, tanned caucasian man was escorted into the tent, who strode in with an undisguised haughty facade on his face, as if he owned the very earth he walked on.

He gazed imperiously down at the young boy sitting on the chair and after the initial shock of seeing someone so young as the new commander, his look of disdain only increased, even giving birth to faint disgust.

The undisguised scorn in the messenger's eyes made Alexander inwardly chuckle and he greeted the man with unrestrained mockery, "Hey, buddy, be careful. Your nose is so stuck up in the air, it might soon reach the moon,"

"You..you, what did you...." The man was at first so stunned that he seemed not to know how to respond.

He had done many negotiations before and never once in his life had he been addressed so rudely.

In the past, he had been even threatened with imprisonment and death during negotiations, but he had never been so personally insulted, something the high-hanking Adhanian noble took as being thousand times worse than death.

He usually considered it beneath him to even talk to such plebs and wanted nothing more than to strangle the boy right here right now, but held off in that thought because he was here today not for himself, but under the king's orders for the good of the nation.

His professional experience also told him that it might be a ploy by the opposition to rile him up and make him slip.

So, he decided to try and do the same, "Heh, why is a brat here? Come on, this is not a place for kids. Why don't you go play somewhere else and get your mama here. I hear she's expecting me.'

But how could a sophisticated noble ever match the street smarts of someone like Alexander, who said in pretended surprise, "Ehhh? Mama? Mine?"

Then his mouth turned to a huge grin and sneered, "But why do you wanna meet my mama, when your mama calls me daddy!"

"You, you, uncouth barbarians,... you.." The messenger roared in anger, shaking his fist in fury and looking at Alexander with unmatched fury, lost for words.

But Alexander did not pay heed to this.

Instead, he laughed boisterously, "Haha, yes, yes we are barbarians, so please save your breath and don't expect us to surrender." Alexander unequivocally made his intentions known.

"Surrender? I'm not here asking for your surrender. I'm here to hire you, you fool. Or I was. Hmph, now Ramuh's wrath will destroy you!" The man was ready to storm out of the tent.

"Hire us? Why hire us? And who wants to hire us?" Alexander seemed confused by simple english.

Alexander could envision no scenario where Adhania would want or even need to hire them.

And here and today, Alexander was once again reminded that just because you cannot think of a reason, does not mean others cannot think of one or one doesn't exist.

Usually, the messenger would not have bothered to reply after the kind of insult he received, but today, he chose to bear it, because he was here for his own gains, but for the king and nation.

They needed the mercenaries and he could not let his personal prejudice derail the future of his nation.

So, despite his raging fury, he drowned it with the crushing pressure of responsibility and started delivering the message sent by the king.