

## **Earths GMagus 471**

### **Chapter 471: Letting go**

Yesterday at noon, when Emery left for his preparation.

Right at that exact moment, Gwen's figure was seen arriving at his estate in a hurry. It seemed she had something pressing she wanted to talk about with Emery, but she only found the Egyptian Queen, Klea, waiting for her there.

The two immediately got into an argument, which then swiftly followed by Gwen telling Klea her decision to let go of everything for Emery.

"I love him!" said Gwen, half screaming.

Such a controversial and thought-provoking sentence was quickly questioned by the Egyptian Queen.

"How can you be so sure that what you feel is love and not your selfish desire to own him?"

At first, Gwen was not so sure of her decision. True, she felt an untold amount of happiness when she was with Emery. However, she was not sure if she would let go of everything for him, until that night on the streets of Camelot City.

The sight of the little boy giving the bread he has to two old couples. Gwen clearly remembered the wide smile plastered on the old woman, as she shared the bread with an old man: it was pure happiness. She wanted to be like that too with Emery; to grow old with each other's company.

"Isn't that love?" Gwen asked Klea after she finished recounting the story.

Klea couldn't lie and said she wasn't moved by the story. But she wasn't going to admit it.

Gwen continued on. "I am willing to give up everything I love for him, to live a simple life with him.

In all honesty, Klea was taken back by Gwen's words. However, she asked her a question.

"Do you know what a magus is?"

"A magus?" Gwen asked, confused by the new word.

Klea had explained what Magus entailed to Gwen. She was smart enough to elaborate about the matter without breaking the restriction of not telling anything about the Magus Academy.

Gwen, on the other hand, looked speechless. Her mind was still trying to comprehend everything she just heard.

"A magus, which Emery will become, will have many enemies. Do you really have what it takes to brave this path?"

Initially, Gwen thought a magus would be the same as a wizard. Hence, she could understand this, as she had been playing hero with Emery for the last few months. However, Klea's detailed explanation about this also gave out the answer for the questions that had always been on her mind.

The question Emery strangely always avoided answering. Especially about time.

From Klea, she got the knowledge that a Magus would likely disappear for dozens of years just for a simple quest.

"Dozen of years..." murmured Gwen softly with a tone of disbelief. If this revelation made an impression on Gwen's mind and shocked her, the next fact Klea revealed shattered her.

"Magus are beings close to the immortals. They can live for almost a thousand years. As for you, a girl with D aptitude, you will never become a magus. Hence, you will never be the appropriate partner for him, no matter how hard you try."

While Gwen was still trying to process the shocking information, Klea added on.

"The simple life you seek will never happen with him. You will have a 100 times simpler life with a king than with a magus."

Although not knowing about much about her, Gwen could take her words to be the truth.

Unknowingly, tears rolled down her cheeks, along with it was her dream to live together with Emery.

Seeing the sight of the girl, Klea took pity on Gwen and decided to help her to do a proper goodbye. It was not easy for her to move out of the sideline, but she would do it for Emery.

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In the middle of the sea, the ship's upper deck.

"That's it! All the things I told her were the truth! But in the end, she was the one who made the decision!"

Emery walked towards the end of the ship's deck, gazing in the direction where the Briton was. His Spirit Reading wasn't able to reach the island, but he was sure that right now Gwen was staring at him from the island.

In the end, Klea only reminded Emery's his biggest fear in her relationship with Gwen. All the danger they would face, all the time he would be away... it seemed it's true there would never be a future for Emery with her.

In addition, it would be selfish of him if he made Gwen sacrifice her everything for a future he couldn't give.

Even so, it was still difficult for Emery. His mind might be able to accept it, but his heart was still in pain.

Klea approached Emery, stood next to him and told him to just focus himself on his journey and the two friends that were fighting in Rome. It would help him to get over her easily.

Emery let out another sigh, before turning to Klea and sincerely said, "Thank you, Klea."

Klea revealed a big smile at Emery's thanks. To be honest, she was annoyed that Emery's heart was taken by that girl. However, the sincerity Emery showed towards a girl only made Klea like him even more.

'She knew him for 10 years and he was already like this. Let's see what will happen between us after 100 years... It's alright, I can be patient. After all, we have a lot of time.' Klea inwardly thought.

Emery casted [Spatial Storage] and took out the special wooden box that he still kept. Train of nostalgia hit him as he pressed one part of it and the small figure of a familiar girl came out of it. He took a deep breath as he looked at the figure. It would not be easy to let her go.

It was at this time that Klea suddenly snatched the box from him and threw it into the sea.

Emery froze when he saw the box fly through the air and fall into the water. He was shocked and dumbfounded, but his anger was stopped by Klea's smile.

"You'll thank me about this later, Emery." She then gleefully walked away and shouted, "Next stop, Rome!!"

Emery could only watch helplessly as the box slowly sank into the sea and disappeared from view. Seeing the fate of such an item by Klea, Emery suddenly remembered about a certain black headband he really should not have taken out in front of the Egyptian Queen.

#### **Chapter 472: Voyage**

The voyage from Britannia had been ongoing for a few days already, the large ship gliding across the wide blue expanse of the ocean.

Emery took the first few days of the journey as an opportunity to busy himself again casting the [Nature Grasp] to further cultivate the seed.

This was the first time he had ever cast the skill while at sea, or on top of any large body of water, for that matter. The results he gleaned from were quite interesting indeed.

He realized the part of Gaia's energy present within the sea was not nearly as strong as that which was found within the land. Uniquely enough, though, it possessed a different quality of energy altogether. These findings only increased Emery's understanding of natural elements even further and he acknowledged this fact with a satisfied smile on his face.

During these past few days, Klea always found excuses to enter his room. From bringing him food to just coming in for company whenever the weather on the deck was bad. Emery realized she was only doing these things because she was concerned about him.

Emery decided to suspend his training and walked around the deck to find the Egyptian queen. Today he wanted to know more about their exact location and future destinations.

Klea unrolled a large map and smoothed it over the table.

As she began to explain the various locations on the map, Emery chimed in with his spirit reading in order to try matching their location with the drawings on the map.

"So, Emery..." Klea started, turning towards him with an inquisitive look on her face.

"Do you know where the Eastern location mentioned by Gaia is, exactly?"

Emery then started to describe the vision he had received about the places. The vision whizzed by quickly when it was shown to him; but with an increase in his spirit force level, his memory was also enhanced, and Emery could come back to the information at will when he so desired. He could recall the images with almost perfect clarity.

He started to envision the information with the drawing in front of him. Unfortunately, he was not exactly sure where to start, as he couldn't really imagine any of these places in full detail.

This was where the intelligence of the Queen came in. Her first inquiry was regarding the weather. As the places on the vision did not seem cold or snowy, that would mean that it wasn't located in the far northern or far southern hemisphere.

Emery also remembered acres and acres of rainforest and Klea quickly pinpointed the location somewhere far east of the Parthian empire.

"We might as well go as far as to visit Chumo," she said, observing the illustrations.

The thought of all five friends having a reunion on Earth did excite him. There might be an opportunity for them to exchange information and improve their cultivation together.

After all this work, Klea then began to chart a travel destination for them.

Currently, they were heading southwards using the ship towards the territory of Hispania; from there they would sail past the Gibraltar strait, passing through the North of Africa before heading towards Rome to pay a visit to their two friends.

"Next we could visit Greece, and then, we're definitely going to Egypt!" Klea exclaimed. Her excitement was so intense that it was palpable. "You would definitely love Egypt!"

Once again, Klea enthusiastically went over each destination on the map, going on long tangents while explaining in detail the places they were going to visit.

The whole travel plan was definitely an exciting matter for Emery. But with the prospect of traveling to distant lands now spread out in front of him, once again, he couldn't help but start to think about her.

Trying not to fall back down the rabbit hole, Emery attempted to distract himself by going through the map once again. Realizing the position of Rome, which was not too far from Britannia, he realized they traveled an even greater distance by using the sea.

He furrowed his brows. "Wouldn't it be faster if we go by land, Klea?"

"Yes, if speed was the main priority here, traveling by land would be faster." She chuckled slightly when she saw that Emery's expression had dissolved into more questions. "We would arrive at our destination in two weeks, maybe three weeks tops. Meanwhile, by sea, we would be able to reach there as far ahead as a month from now."

Hearing this made Emery begin to wonder. Weren't they in a hurry to see Thrax and Julian? But Klea, appearing to have read his mind, only answered briefly.

"Sea is more relaxing."

"..."

It was evident from his face he was concerned. Klea sighed. "Alright, alright... I can guarantee we can reach Rome in three weeks if you really do insist."

Before Emery could comment, Klea had already leapt on top of the deck and stood up straight to cast her wind and water elemental spells. Just like that, their boat instantly increased its pace, traveling much faster than it had before.

Within just a week, the ship starts heading east toward the Mediterranean sea. But before they reached it, Klea decided to make a stop at a port just before entering the Mediterranean territories.

They dropped by to purchase fresh supplies and stockpile for the journey ahead and Emery welcomed the visitors, their ship's crew, to the new land.

The port town was called Tingis. One of the developed towns north of Africa which was apparently being controlled by Romans.

"The Romans really are everywhere these days," muttered Klea.

Another reason for Emery's excitement was none other than to check on the local flora. Here he found dozens of plants that he had never seen before.

Fortunately, although he could not cast [Fragmentation] because of his cultivation problem, Emery was still unable to cast his [Analyze] skills.

[Universal Flora Level 1 - Activated - Analyzing flora...]

[Analyzation complete]

[Wormwood - Medicinal herb - Level 1]

[Universal Flora Level 1 - Activated - Analyzing flora...]

[Analyzation complete]

[Hypoxis - Medicinal herb - Level 1]

[Insignificant for the database]

These plant data would give him dozens of tiny contribution points, but what he was hoping for right now was to find a new recipe or enhance his old ones.

When Emery was busy doing stuff to further increase his advantage for the Magus Academy, Klea was having fun enjoying the local delicacies and culture before they returned to the voyage.

For Klea, weeks of undisturbed alone time with Emery was considered a dream come true. This was the true reason why she chose the sea route instead of the land route and this intention was clearly shown by Klea.

Emery's past experience with Gwen and his problems with Morgana made him realize he was actually very dense when it came to women. Now that he had caught wind of Klea's attitude towards him, Emery decided he should probably be more caring towards her.

One day during their voyage, with his spirit reading, Emery found signs of large wreckage at the bottom of the sea. The idea suddenly comes to ask Klea to go check it out and surely it was very much welcome by her.

She ordered the crew to stop sailing in the middle of the ocean and used this chance to change into a different garment that appealed more to her skin and both of them jumped into the water.

With their respective cultivation levels, both Emery and Klea had the ability to stay underwater for an hour without losing breath. when needed more Klea can cast the [water breathing] for him.

Thus, the two spent all day diving into the deep of the ocean. With both of them possessing similar water element affinities, they took the time to cultivate together.

Like always, the Klea's genius was full of surprises.

[Congratulations! You have reached a breakthrough in the Water element]

[Battle power - 47 (37)]

[Spirit force - 340 (224)]

[Wind spirit - High Foundation]

[Water spirit - Peak Foundation]

[Lightning spirit - High Foundation]

[Acolyte rank - 8]

They ended the day by catching a huge fish, grilling it on the deck as a feast for them and the entire crew.

It was just one of those rare, perfect days that ended just as good as they started, full of laughter and sunlight.

When the night finally arrived, as expected, Klea came knocking at Emery's door. She was freshly showered, donning clean clothes, with a genuine smile spread across her face.

"Thank you for the wonderful day, Emery. I haven't had as much fun as I did today in a long time."

"Yes, me too, Klea..."

A silence had fallen between them as they looked one another in the eyes.

Emery saw the goddess in front of him, her eyes, her lips and it would be a lie if said he wasn't tempted, but again, a memory of a certain girl came to mind which made him hesitate.

Realizing Emery's hesitation, Klea jumped to kiss him on the cheek.

"Good night, Emery."

As she walked away, with a giggle Klea thought, "Let's see how many days you can stand that, Emery."

**Chapter 473: The Legend**

To be burned, to be bound, to be beaten and to lay for an eternal rest beneath the sword.

But the most important thing was to obey their master's will without question.

That was the foundation of what a gladiator lived for. With that, the flames of rebellion were ignited.

It started small, as a group of escaped gladiators decided to stop fighting for others in their yearning for freedom. For that, they decided to do it the way they knew best, by carving the path with their blade.

When the news hit Rome, the senate was too busy handling the war in Spain and the Pontic Empire to spare a thought to a bunch of unruly slaves expressing their frustration. They weren't concerned and sent around 3000 Roman soldiers to the rebels' refuge at Mount Vesuvius, blocking the only passage up the mountain. Their objective was to stall for time and wait until the rebels die of starvation.

Unfortunately for Rome, the one who led the rebellion was none other than Thrax, or Spartacus, as the Romans called him.

In the middle of the night, when the guards were divided into shifts for night watch, guarding the mountain and sleeping, Thrax bravely jumped down the mountain and slaughtered the Romans' barely guarded camp. The sudden attack incited utter chaos and it was worsened when dozens of gladiators charged down the hill, killing off all the 3000 men.

From that daring stunt, the legend of Rome's defiant gladiator began.

The news about the rebels started to spread and slowly, but surely, escaped slaves, deserting soldiers and hungry peasants flocked in to support their cause. Many started off untrained, but after months, Thrax was quickly able to transform them into an army of tens of thousands.

With their increased numbers, and the coming of cold winter, Thrax decided to led the rebels into decisive moves

One afternoon, when the sun had almost fully dipped beyond the horizon, a man was seen walking into the gate of a city called Sinuessa.

Dozens of fully armed Roman guards could be seen atop the walls and dozens more manning the gates.

"Halt! State your business!"

The man looked at the guard standing in front of him and muttered.

"I came for all the pleasure your city has to offer."

The guard offered his hand, a gesture to ask for coins.

"My apology, but I have no coin to offer"

"Then, turn away from the fucking gate!" The guard said and spat onto the man's feet.

If the man was enraged, he gave no indication of it. Instead, he merely gave the man a smile. "Like I said I came for the pleasure... for killing roman...!"

Splatt!

The next second, the guard's outstretched arm was cut off. The arm fell onto the ground with a sickening squelch, but before the man could scream, his head was cut with another clean swing to the neck.

His body fell onto the ground, splattering blood and guts all over the walls and his head rolled away towards the middle of the door. The guards were instantly alarmed, and the screams of citizens standing near the gate filled the place.

"Intruders!"

In response to the call, a group of Roman soldiers quickly gathered and surrounded him with a row of shields.

"You dare create trouble in a Roman city and kill Roman guards?! Capture him!"

The man did not panic at all. With a calm expression, he raised his blood-soaked sword and fought against each one of the guards who broke out of the formation.

Splat! Splat!

Each of his slashes were done with such precision and every time the glint of his sword reflected the sunlight, another soldier fell to be trampled beneath his feet.

One of the guards stationed above the gate threw a javelin spear at him, but the man blocked and captured it easily.

"Now finally, a spear!"

With the spear in hand, the man's attacks became even fiercer than before. Now the guards could not even begin to read his movements and they died before their weapons were close enough to even attempt a strike.

The guards on the wall nocked their bow and arrows, but at the same time horn echoed by their own. They turned and saw a sea of men from the hill rushing towards the city.

"We are under attack!" One of the guards standing atop the gate announced. "Close the gate! Sound the alarm! Hurry!"

The rope holding the gates was quickly cut, destroying the mechanism and letting the massive wooden door fall free. However, the man had just finished killing the soldiers all around him and he charged towards the gate and held it with one arm.

Seeing the scene in front of them, the guards could only stare in bewilderment. A few soldiers tried to rush towards him, but even with just one hand, the man was able to kill the oncoming attackers.

The man's terrifying strength and the incoming attacks quickly made the guards know who they are fighting with? "Spartacus! He is Spartacus!"

All the guards tremble as they saw trained gladiators and rebels finally have arrived and rushed in through the gate.



By this time, more Roman soldiers have come gathered trying to stop them, but they stand no chance against such force. The gates quickly fall and the rebels flood in the city.

Sounds of clashing steel followed the footsteps of the crowds, mingled with screams of terror echoing within the walls of Sinuessa. Everyone who tried to resist were dragged into the streets and were made to taste first-hand the sharp edge of their blades.

Within hours the city has finally fallen.

No one could ever predict that a band of disorganized rebels like them would be able to take over a Roman city, much one as big as Sinuessa.

Crimson filled the streets and houses, screams of anguish coupled with broken tears echo the end of a slaughter. The distinct smell of blood started to spread following the darkness of the night.

Thrax walks towards the city center, with his body soaked with blood and sword still dripping with it. Seen their leader's arrival, the men start chanting his name.

Spartacus!! Spartacus!! Spartacus!!

At this moment of glory, Thrax realized the corpses that filled the streets.

These rebels had specifically been ordered not to kill women and children, but in such chaotic moments, swords had no eyes. As he continues his path, he witnessed everything, from terror to tears of joy and glassy eyes from lifeless corpses.

In his contemplation, he saw a familiar figure standing in front of him. A Roman dared to stand among the sea of rebels with anger looking toward him.

The man was not other than Julian.

#### **Chapter 474: Warned**

Julian stood in plain sight, wearing worn-out clothes and a cape. However, there was no mistaking the strength he exuded, enabling Thrax to sense his presence.

The two approached each other and stood several meters away from each other. A moment of silence passed between them.

Perhaps, the Roman standing in front of him was the only Roman he had fond feelings for, but meeting him at the moment, while surrounded by the corpses of Roman women and children was far from ideal.

As much as the Roman tried to hide it, Thrax could easily smell his anger. He stood still, waiting to see how his Roman friend would react.

But they were not exactly alone and the rebels all saw what was going on. After all, even hidden beneath the worn-out clothes, the aura of Roman arrogance was unmistakable.

One of the gladiators, a huge man with a mop of short dark hair, raised his massive sword towards Julian.

"Now, what do we have here?!" The gladiator used the tip of his bloodied blade to remove the cape covering Julian's face. "A fucking Roman!"

That loud voice alerted all the slaves. They all turned to look at Julian in pure contempt.

Without giving them the time of day, Julian looked at Thrax and raised both hands, showing he held no weapon. But his uncaring silence only stoked the anger of the gladiator, and he quickly tried to hit Julian with the back of his sword.

To everyone's surprise, it was the gladiator who got staggered and forced to drop his sword.

The other gladiators were shocked, aside from Thrax. He could tell Julian secretly used his [Stone Skin] spell. Hence, none of these people could hurt him.

"Stay your hand, Crixus!" Thrax yelled and gestured for his men to stop. "The Roman and I have things to talk about!"

"Why do you even bother talking with this Roman pig, huh!" the gladiator named Crixus spit to the ground and said, "You're lucky our leader is here to save you!"

Thrax shook his head, this Crixus is one of the strongest gladiators, but he won't be able to stand 5 seconds against Julian.

Afterward, Thrax took Julian into one of the empty villas and picked a still-intact table to sit together on.

As the new owner of the city, Thrax was acting as the host.

"I wanted to offer you wine, but unfortunately we slaves have nothing to give."

Julian let out a long, tired sigh and glanced at the carnage outside. The place was mostly destroyed too, thanks to the slaves' indiscriminate rampage.

"Thrax, I can understand your cause, but this has gone too far! Can't you see the streets are filled with corpses of women and children?!"

Hearing how serious the conversation will be, Thrax answered.

"I would need some wine for this, after all," Thrax looked up through the cupboard and found an unbroken jar of wine hidden away up.

"Thrax, you have to listen to me," Julian continues to persuade. "Please, You must listen to reason. If this goes on, you will only lead these people to their doom."

Thrax returned back to his seat and drank a sip of wine. Afterwards, he casually said.

"These people, they are the same as me, the creation of Roman greed, the demons of your own making. This is your punishment."

Julian took a deep breath and said.

"Thrax... I am sorry I wasn't able to save your wife." Julian started and looked at his friend in earnest.

"But, Thrax, you have killed the man who wronged you and there is no reason to continue the path of revenge. Everything is over now..."

Thrax clenched his fist, breaking the jar and sent out its remaining wine to the already dirty floor.

"It's only over when I said it's over!" Thrax snarled in rage, the memory of his wife, who was taken from him replaying in his mind again.

"Besides, this rebellion is no longer just about me... I would stand and see the mighty Roman republic crumble beneath my sword!"

Julian sighed, closed his eyes and said.

"My friend, you cannot hope to win... The republic has formed six legions to see that you all are eradicated. That is around 30.000 men and it would be a difficult feat to defeat that."

"Your republic would be disappointed then," Thrax stepped on the broken jar beneath his feet. "Send as many as you want. I will be ready!"

"Thrax! I will not stand by knowing a combat acolyte like you seek to tear down Rome, it will be an unfair fight! If you wish to continue involved in this I will have to stop you!"

"Hahaha! That's great then, Julian, it will be just like old days!"

It was clear, there was no convincing Thrax to stand down at this point. Julian then decided to continue with his second reason for coming here.

"Thrax, taking this city was a good plan, but you will soon be besieged as you run out of food. Release the captured Romans, then, as they will only take away from your supplies. The roman will be forever grateful...?I will be grateful... Do this and I promise to send you more food for your cause"

Thrax fell into silence and hesitated. As much as his enraged heart wished to keep the citizens inside, they would only lead to more trouble, something he couldn't afford when his men had to focus on fighting.

He agreed with Julian and announced his decision.

It was an unpopular decision and angered many of the rebels, but in the end, Thrax managed to convince them.

That day, Julian returned to the Roman camp, showered with praises as the hero who was single-handedly able to release thousands of Roman citizens from the jaws of the savages.

However, when Julian was busy preparing the food wagon to send towards the city as promised, The six Roman legions arrived, led by the famous Marcus Crassus. He walked in front with bulky armor that attracted the attention of everyone there.

The Magister realized what Julian was doing and quickly forced him not to send the food wagon.

Unfortunately, there was nothing that Julian could say that would change the magister's will.

"We shall send them nothing!!!" The commandant screamed on top of his lungs. "Go! Let those lowlifes suffer!"

The siege had finally begun, 30.000 strong Roman legionnaires coming to slaughter 80.000 people made mostly of hungry escaped slaves.

### **Chapter 475: Title and Honor**

In the last few months subsequent to his return to Rome, Julian had been having a very close relation and interaction to this Roman magister Marcus Crassus.

The man was not only the richest man in Rome, but he was also the person who held the most influence. As he followed and walked through the man's daily life, Julian had a firsthand experience of how money and power could easily determine the outcome of a war.

He used his own wealth, thousands of coins, to instantly form 6 full legions fully equipped legionnaires to quell the chaos. When they arrived, the legions quickly besieged the city.

"We shall see how long they can last, starving to death," said Marcus Crassus, as he looked at the completely surrounded city.

"Well done, Julian. If it wasn't because you were able to bring the citizens out safely, the senate might force us to attack the city right away."

Julian, who stood next to Marcus, was not happy when he heard the latter's compliment. How could he be when he was forced to break his promise because of the man?

Sure, he knew and understood the strategic importance behind the move, but not with the cost of his honor

"Honor! Hahaha, how silly of you. They are slaves! They have no honor and no need to give one either." Marcus casually said with a faint smile hung on his face.

Julian's accomplishment of successfully rescuing the thousands of Sinuessa City's citizens also gave a crucial factor to win the war against the rebels, important intel. With the fact that the citizens got into contact with the rebels, Marcus was able to know the rebel's total number, their level of equipment, and also, the knowledge that the rebels only had enough food to support them in the city for one week, at most.

It would probably mean the rebels would be forced to go out and clash head on with the legionnaires waiting for them outside or stuck inside the city, until they reached death itself. Even if they did go out, the only differences that would possibly happen would be whether they came out impoverished or frenzied due to starvation.

With this information, Marcus planned to only launch a full assault on the city two weeks later. Therefore, he ordered the legionnaires to keep their formation and hold their ground.

"Even the gods can not win a war with an empty stomach! Hahaha!!" said Marcus, while laughing boisterously.

The more he heard about this, the more annoyed Julian became, apparent from how sour his face looked at the moment. But then, he knew the rebels would not be easily defeated, not with Thrax on their side. Moreover, hungry and cornered beings were known to be the most dangerous of all.

However, the next thing Marcus said did surprise him.

"Julian, I have clearly seen your talent during your time with me these past few months. You have done a great service to Rome."

Marcus then gestured to a soldier standing on the side, the said soldier quickly brought a chest and placed it before Julian. The soldier swiftly opened the chest after Marcus gave the affirmation and, inside of it, Julian saw a commander's gear.

"Julian Caesar, for your great services to the republic, you are awarded the position of Tribune and you shall lead the 6th legion as its commander for the glory of home!"

This matter that Marcus just did was such a big promotion for Julian and unprecedented in the history of Romans. He just directly went from a commander of 480 men to the highest authority of the legion consisting of 5000 men.

When the gear landed on Julian's hand, Marcus continued on. "You are just one step away from becoming a legatus. Help me win this war and I will make sure the position is yours. With it also naturally comes your place in the senate."

Having a seat in the senate was the same as being one of the 600 leaders of the empire that covered vast land - the highest level of honor one could achieve in the Roman Republic. With this, Julian could also finally regain his father's honor who was tarnished by his enemy.

Julian was so motivated to win the war, until the magister added one more requirement for such reward, the moment the latter said that, it was as if the blazing flames in him doused by the wave of a tsunami.

"I want you to hand me the head of Spartacus."

...

Julian had gone through, what in his opinion, one of the hardest two weeks of his life. Throughout the weeks, his mind was utterly filled with the guilt for the hunger happening to the rebels inside the city and the thought of killing his friend for the title he so desired.

Eventually, Julian decided to spend the two weeks occupying his mind with how he should train the new legion that came under his command.

In the end, the two weeks passed by like a flash to Julian and he had found himself standing before the 30.000 legionnaires, who had prepared themselves to attack the encircled city where the rebels were at.

"Hahaha, did you see those rebels on top of the gate? They can't even stand properly! How can they even fight against us?!"

The magister, Marcus Crassus, had been waiting for the victory for two weeks and, finally, he could feel it was within the reach of his grasp. The man was seen standing before the 30.000 legionnaires, giving off the air of authority.

"Those slaves will meet their end today! All for the glory of Rome!!!"

Julian, on the other hand, honestly found the situation quite suspicious. There were supposedly 80.000 rebels currently in the city and they had certainly seen the Roman legion's formation ready to advance. However, the number that was reported to be seen by the soldiers were only in thousands. It was as if they were purposely showcasing it to look less threatening, to fool the Romans.

Hence, Julian told Legatus about his suspicion. Alas, the man was too embarrassed to retract his order after the prideful declaration. Therefore, the Roman legions kept their advance toward the city.

When the 30.000 legionnaires were charging furiously toward the city, Marcus and the other commanders were given the surprise of their life. Not only were the rebels not weakened or impoverished as predicted, there were even the sight of 5.000 Sicilians, who came to help the rebels from the sea.

"Those fucking pirates!! They dare to come and help the slaves?!!"

When the Romans utilized their machines and sent salvos of attacks, the Sicilian also didn't remain either. Their ships began to launch several flying rocks that smashed onto and destroyed the legionnaires' formation.

While the Romans were trying to quell the chaos happening in their ranks, the rebels and the gladiators chose this moment to come out of the city, rushing ferociously toward the legionnaires like raging waves.

Julian could see Thrax at the front of the charge, leading the carnage as the rebels began clashing against the legionnaires. Those who were around had somehow turned into a beast, as they wreaked havoc and fought as if they were oblivious of pain and injury.

Naturally, the Romans didn't back down, as they immediately fought back. However, they were surprised to find out that the rebels and Sicilians were gradually overwhelming them and shredding their formation into tatters.

The fight continued on, but one could see the Romans were getting pushed back by the rebels.

Marcus eventually realized the situation and immediately ordered the legionnaires to retreat. Alas, by the time he did so, the Romans had suffered quite a loss. Not only did they lose their dignity because of this defeat, they also lost their brethren under the hands of what they always considered as lower-class being.

On this eventful day, Marcus lost one-third of his men. 8.000 Roman legionnaires had died and buried in the surrounding area of Sinuessa City, while 2.000 others were wounded severely.

Julian was seen rushing towards the commander's tent, only to see the said legatus was wounded because of the battle.

Gritting his teeth from the pain he was currently in, Marcus pointed his finger at Julian,

"Julian! Those fucking Romans you rescued had gave us false information! If you don't properly settle this matter, don't you ever fucking dream about becoming a legatus! Do you hear me?! I will make sure you end up as a footsoldier your whole life!"

After being bombarded with several more curses and threats, Julian walked out of the commander's tent with a new task. As he approached the battlefield, he could see hundreds of dying Roman soldiers, both young and old.

Eventually, Julian found himself standing in the middle of the battlefield. He found his new resolve as his gaze fixed at the city.

"It finally comes to this, my Thracian friend."

### **Chapter 476: Sieged**

The intense noon sun shone high above the city of Sinnuessa, but the rebels stood vigilant above the wall. Even with a layer of sweat covering their bodies, their spirit never wavered and their fatigue only served to strengthen their resolve.

One rebel saw a cloud of dust forming in the distance and squinted to get a better look at it.

After a few seconds, he shouted.

"A rider is approaching!"

"How many?!" Someone shouted from another section of the wall.

"Just one... But, by the looks of it, he is a fucking Roman officer!"

The mention of anything related to Rome made any gladiator who was still relaxing stand up. Before long, a ton of people crowded the wall, looking down at the approaching figure.

"Call out Spartacus!" One of the gladiators said.

Despite being a high-ranked officer without anyone guarding him, while riding on arrow distance, the man seemed calm, his expression merely betraying a trace of regret and disdain. The former slaves were ready and the gate was opened, revealing Spartacus who stood ready with his weapon drawn.

Both leaders approached each other without anyone beside them.

"Wow, you certainly look different in that dashing new uniform, definitely way better than us slaves." Thrax gave him a huff mixed with a dry smile.

This time, the man didn't take it in jest. There was no trace of their former cordiality, as the Roman officer squinted at his opponent. "Thrax, let us not joke around anymore. Many lives have fallen and if you continue down this path, you will be playing with their lives."

Thrax merely chuckled at the warning and said. "Then, tell me, what have Romans been doing the last few hundred years other than playing with our lives? We were treated like chickens in a fighting ring-" Thrax shook his head. "No, we slaves are worth less than that for you Romans."

"Alright, Thrax, this is my last warning... Surrender now and I guarantee no more blood will be spilled today."

"Hah!" Thrax hissed. "Romans and your promises. I am still waiting for the food that you promised, you know."

A trace of pain crossed Julian's face, but it only lasted for a split second, before his expression went back to one full of determination. "I have said what I can say, let us meet on the battlefield, then. May the gods be upon you."

"Hahaha!" Thrax let out a boisterous, mocking laugh. "Can't you see, Julian? We are now gods of our own fate!"

Julian merely nodded before turning back, riding far to the distance once more. Thrax returned to the gate, looked at Julian riding further and further away and gripped his weapon before shouting at the rebels atop the wall. "Prepare yourselves! They will be attacking tonight!"

Since Magister Marcus Crassus fell wounded in the last battle, the responsibility to lead the rest of the 20.000 legionnaires fell to Julian.

In the last few days, he had prepared himself and let his men rest. Now, it was time for the fateful hour, the day he would take back the city for the glory of Rome.

The city was located on the western port of Rome. Its western side was covered by the Mediterranean sea, leaving only three gates to defend, north, east and south.

Rome came from the east, hence, the legionnaire camp was closer to the east side of the gate.

When the sun disappeared far in the Mediterranean sea, the sound of a horn echoed, breaking the silence of the cold night. Twenty thousand legionnaires started marching in formation, the sound of their steps becoming a makeshift war drum in the night.

Everyone knew that numbers were on the rebels' side, but on closer look, among the 80.000 of them, only 10.000 were trained fighters, and among those trained fighters only 3000 of them were former gladiators who received training.

Meanwhile, the others could only be generously described as leeches to their resources. To be able to have a shot at defending the city, Thrax was forced to spread his 10.000 men equally on each side.

This was the moment the rebels had been waiting for, a chance to get back at the Romans. But now that it was no longer a fantasy, they were faced with the harsh reality. The sound of heavy boots hitting the ground were a testament of the Romans' strength, each beat making the rebels shiver in fear.

Orange lights started to dot the sky, before raining down onto the wall. Luck was on their side and most were able to duck before the fire did any serious damage to them.

"Put out the fire! Shoot back!" Thrax barked.

The city instantly became very lively, as the non-combatant slaves helped by fetching water from the nearby seas. The guards standing atop the wall readied their arrows and got ready to retaliate.

With the addition of the fireballs, the night became brighter and livelier with enraged and terrified shouts.

Flames started to light up the city streets.

"Shoot back!"



"We cannot, they are out of range!"

The Romans had adjusted their distance, they stood in a strategic location on the far east, close enough to shoot their arrows and catapults, yet far enough so the low-quality bows the rebels used could not be used to harm them.

But, the volley of arrows and catapults quickly stopped. There were way too many rebels inside the city and shooting more would just deplete their supplies.

"Is that all you got, Romans?!"

Thrax provoked them, but right as the words left his mouth, he felt heat from another side. Flames burned on the west side, near the shores of the Mediterranean sea.

"What the hell just happened?"

The confusion was quickly cleared up when Thrax heard the sounds of fighting from the west. He was shocked and tried to discover how the enemies attacked them from the back, only to realize it was the 5000 Sicilian pirates who betrayed him.

This was part of the first tactic Julian prepared. The pirates hated Romans as much as the slaves, but, unfortunately, they loved money even more. With Julian providing them with a ship full of coins, the Sicilians showed their true colors and betrayed the rebels.

There were only 5000 of them, but it was enough to cause chaos and sow distrust amongst the rebels. Even worse, Julian told the pirates to create as much fire as possible in order to dampen their spirits. For the Romans, rebuilding a scorched city would be extremely costly, but destroying the rebels where they stood was a higher priority.

In the middle of the chaos, Julian charged in and prepared to attack, but he didn't come with the full force of 20.000 legionnaires. Instead, he attacked only accompanied by his most 500 trusted men. His initial cohorts that had been trained by him for months.

With these legionnaires, He charged swiftly at the southern gate.

The rebels thought they were ready and they unsheathed their weapons. Prepared themselves advantageous with the city walls protecting them.

Or so they thought.

All of a sudden, a loud tremble could be heard behind them, and a large portion of the southern gate collapsed, right as the Romans were close to them. No one knew what happened, except for two men, one of which placed his two hands on the ground near the wall.

[Soften Earth]

With that, the 500 men charged in quickly and unleashed hell upon the rebels.

Thrax who was at the center commande quickly in rage hearing the news of a sudden fall down walls.

"Julian, you cheat!"

With this, Thrax quickly ran towards the south gate, accompanied with a group of his best gladiators.

### **Chapter 477: Burned**

With the south gate fell, the two legions which had been stationed and in standby position quickly moved as they rapidly charged into the opening. In a matter of minutes, the situation in the south gate could only be described as one word: chaos.

Thrax, who came together with his best gladiators, immediately fell into rage as he saw the broken and collapsed walls scattered around the area.

"Julian!! Where are you!!!" A thundering and ear-piercing shout sounded through the air as Thrax shouted with all his might. His shout was so loud that all the Romans and rebels alike stopped their fighting and turned their heads at him.

As the legendary Spartacus joined into the fray and started killing the Romans left and right, the precarious situation that the rebels found themselves in gradually came under control. The Roman legionnaires who saw how ferocious and brutal Thrax was subconsciously took a step back, as they feared getting torn apart by the beast-like figure.

"JULIAN!!!" shouted Thrax once again, this time even louder. One could see the people around Thrax stumbling and losing their balance for a moment due to how loud the scream was.

He deeply understood and knew that the most dangerous factor in this battle was not the thousand legionnaires before him. Instead, it was just one man, whose name he shouted over and over. One of the elite class acolytes of Magic Academy and his best friends, Julian.

But although Thrax had mercilessly killed dozens of Romans using his spear, Julian was still nowhere to be seen. He didn't even catch the glimpse of the latter's figure amidst the battlefield, which either meant he wasn't here or he was still patient.

Thrax was about to shout again but quickly stopped himself when he noticed one of the gladiators was rushing to him.

"Spartacus! The wall on the East was also crumbling! The enemy has come charging in! What's your order?"

"Urrggg!!!" Thrax growled in exasperation as he finally realized what Julian's plan actually was.

It was clear that Julian didn't want to clash head on with him, as he opted to walk around the walls and destroy them one by one as the other area was engulfed by the chaos subsequent to the walls collapsing. Thrax was extremely angry by the fact that the Roman refused to face him directly like a true warrior.

Therefore, he immediately decided to bring his gladiators to the east and confronted that bastard friend of his. Alas, it seemed fate was playing a joke with him as Thrax could see another of his men coming at him with a flustered look on his face.

"Spartacus! The Sicilians are trying to burn down our grains!"

"Those damn pirates!!" Thrax's annoyance, which had grown so big because of Julian's actions, grew even more and was about to explode. He was torn between the options of putting a stop to Julian's plan and saving the things that fed his tens of thousand men. After contemplating about the matter for a while, Thrax eventually decided to chase after the Sicilians.

In minutes, Thrax and his gladiators had put a stop on the pirates' atrocious acts of plundering. But by then, the Romans already made their way into the city through the broken walls. It was at this moment that Thrax realized that the battle was at its climax.

Crixus, Thrax's best gladiator and right-hand man, looked ready to charge ahead, head on blazing into the battlefield. However, he was quickly stopped by Thrax as he was hesitating. His thoughts travelled to the ten thousand rebels, those who were weak and could not protect themselves.

If Thrax insisted they fight against the Romans, and in the end they somehow won the battle, he knew that win would be a pyrrhic one. Looking at the scorching flames and chaos happening around them, Thrax eventually made a decision.

"Grab the grains! We are retreating to the north!!!" said Thrax as his gladiators began relaying the other rebels of his order.

Naturally, Thrax and the remaining gladiators who didn't go also made their way to the north as they needed to make sure the path was clear for their men to pass through.

As they headed north, Thrax could see the rows of Roman legionnaires before him, blocking the path to his objective. Though the other side greatly outnumbered his side, Thrax seemed to think nothing of them as he rapidly approached them like a wild animal.

[Immortal Gate - Stage 4]

[Battle power 78 (63)]

Layers of flame-like energy appeared on Thrax's body as the battle art technique enhanced his battle power. A few distance away from crashing onto the Roman legionnaires, Thrax brought the hand holding his spear back before thrusting it towards the enemies before him.

The air seemed to come into a standstill for a moment before a thunderous gale materialized and slammed onto the Roman legionnaires. The one unlucky legionnaire who received Thrax's attack head on as well as those behind him were thoroughly ripped apart, while those around him were blown away by the belligerent gale.

Thrax's figure collided with the Roman legionnaires straightforwardly, while the other gladiators also began opening their own battlefield. Most of them were fighting together, forming a group of two or three. However, there were also exceptions who charged ahead and fought the Romans alone.

In the meantime, Thrax was seen brandishing his spear around and killing the Roman legionnaires; slashing, stabbing, and striking everyone who was unlucky enough to be chosen by him.

However, the Romans also didn't stay idly and watch their brethren brutally slaughtered like pigs. As it was clear they wouldn't be able to stop Thrax with direct confrontation, they opted to sacrifice some of them and lure him into their formation before eventually cutting his path of escape.

And unexpectedly, their strategy came into fruition as Thrax found himself surrounded by nothing but Romans in every direction. Knowing that the moment had come, the Roman legionnaires rapidly closed into Thrax with the intent of burying him in this place.

However, Thrax wouldn't receive his title as the Spartacus if this much was enough to bring him down.

[Mighty Swing]

Lustrous glimmer of lights enveloped Thrax's spear as the battle art took effect. Thrax swung his spear at the Roman legionnaires and the latter's formation was immediately destroyed into pieces. Another dozen of fully-grown fully-armored men were flung away like a bunch of bottles being blown by a storm.

Then, when Thrax was about to send another attack of the previous magnitude, the spear in his hand shattered apart. It seemed the previous attack was too much for it to bear.

Even though he lost his weapon, Thrax didn't look flustered. He dashed at the closest legionnaires, snatched their javelins, and began using [Spear Throw] - instantly creating several human skewers with them.

As Thrax wreaked havoc among the Romans and attracted most of their attention, his gladiators also didn't remain still as they caused chaos and carnage in their respective areas.

In the end, the Roman legionnaires stationed on the north were broken through by Thrax's group and the rebels successfully escaped the city.

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On the other side of the city, Julian was seen commanding the legionnaires under him. He was finally able to take the city from the rebels' control thanks to his ingenious tactic, but he didn't manage to capture the legendary leader of the rebels, the one known as the Spartacus.

Marcus Crassus was elated when he heard the first part of the report, but not so much when the latter part was relayed to him. This accomplishment of retaking Sinuessa City should bring an endless amount of pride, but the news of Spartacus managing to escape brought sour taste to the esteemed magister.

Even though he failed accomplishing the task Marcus Crassus gave to him, Julian's achievement of successfully retaking the city in the span of a few hours and very minimal casualties was still something that should be praised upon. This accomplishment also somehow washed away the Romans' shame of losing one of their cities to bunches of slaves.

In the commander's tent, Marcus Crassus was seen sitting with a piece of parchment in his hand.

"You have done a great job, Julian. However, it's unfortunate that you didn't manage to finish the rebels completely." said Marcus while writing on the parchment.

Julian was extremely calm when he heard his superior's words. One could clearly see the serene gaze existing in his eyes.

"With all my respects, magister. If you are willing to give me a few more days, I actually have something prepared already."

Julian's words managed to make the magister shift his attention away from the parchment and looked at him. Looking at the calm yet confident look on Julian's face, his smile crept onto Marcus Crassus' face.

"Now, that's the Julian I know."

### **Chapter 478: Burden**

About 30 miles to the north of Sinuessa City, one could see a long streak of humans marching on the snowy landscape, heading further north. The group of rebels was currently making their way toward the massive mountain range on the horizon.

These rebels had lost half of their number because of the battle they had just gone through. In a matter of hours, a total of 40.000 men were killed, captured or simply separated from the main group during the chaos. This was certainly an astronomical loss for their cause.

Thrax, who was currently walking in the middle of the group, watched the myriad expressions on the people's faces with a heavy heart. Some of them showed expressions of hatred, some of apprehension and some of them were listless.

The initial plan was to just wait out the winter inside the city, holling up behind the warmness it provided. But now, these people had to walk through the freezing snowy plains with him, in the middle of the night, with no definite destination. All because he wasn't able to push back the Romans.

As if that wasn't bad enough, many of them were injured, with the majority hungry and cold. All of them suffered various degrees of pain.

Thrax knew they couldn't go on like this, but all he could do right now was comfort them. While doing his best to keep the people's spirits up, he silently prayed the scouts he had sent would find some place they could take refuge in.

...

Several hours later, after walking through the snowy plains for who knew how long, Thrax finally spotted his scouts in the distance. They finally came back, hopefully bearing good news.

From them, Thrax found out the path ahead diverged in two. One was heading deeper north, away from Rome, while another was heading to the east, which meant closer to Rome.

One path led them to safety, with the prospect of freedom. Meanwhile, the other path led them to achieve their initial goal, unleashing their deep-seated grudge and enmity onto the Romans.

Hence, Thrax fell into a dilemma. Which one should he choose?

He knew he had to decide quickly as he was sure the Roman legionnaires hadn't given up chasing them. If his calculation weren't wrong, those Romans were just an hour or two behind them.

Turning around, Thrax locked gazes with his men. With a glance, he immediately knew what these people were thinking. He didn't even have to ask them, to know that they were determined to go to the Roman capital and take their revenge even at the cost of their lives.

But Thrax couldn't do so, not with deep contemplation. At the moment, he was Spartacus, the one who assumed the burden of leadership. The lives of 40.000 living beings were in his hand, his responsibility, and his decision would determine their fate. Their doom or glory.

Thrax, lost in thought, subconsciously looked up and saw the night sky. The sight of limitless expanse currently embroidered with hundreds of lustrous gleams welcomed him.

He prayed to the Greek gods, asking for their guidance. Moments later, under the watch of his thousands of men, he got up and straightened his back, his expression determined.

"We are heading to the east!! We shall see our cause till the end!!"

The rebels were cheering in excitement, as they heard their leader's firm words. The weather was chillingly cold, but it had no impact whatsoever on their burning passion.

40.000 men were quickly moving through the snowy plains, where they quickly reached the divergent path and continued their journey to the east. Each of their steps were filled with vigor, fueled by their determination of giving the Romans their retribution. Nothing could stop them, not even the freezing temperature, not even the growing stomachs.

After hours of walking in the middle of the night covered in snow, the rebels were stopped in their tracks. They were astonished and dumbfounded when they saw what was in front of them.

The path which should have been clear and passable was currently blocked with walls of stone, 10 meters high and 500 meters wide. It was a construction they had never seen before, something that definitely hadn't existed a few days ago as this path was one that travellers normally used to go to Rome.

As Thrax and the rebels went closer to said obstruction, they were gasping for air, as there were more surprises for them. There were pit holes spreading throughout the 500 meters wide terrain before the construction. 10 meters deep and 10 meters wide. These were definitely not something that could be made by humans in a matter of several days.

Looking at everything before them, Thrax once again shouted in rage. "JULIAN!!!"

As if his shout was a summoning call, several figures were seen standing on top of the wall and, among them, stood the Roman Tribunus, Julian himself.

"Spartacus, leader of the rebels! You are at the end of the road, there is nowhere for you to go! Surrender now or meet your doom!"

Thrax looked up and locked gazes with Julian, who impassively stared back at him. Gritting his teeth, he replied, "Never!"

After searching for Julian throughout the previous battle, the man finally stood before him. Without the slightest hesitation, Thrax quickly took a javelin from his subordinates and mustered all his strength as he threw it at the former.

The javelin swiftly flew through the air, moving so fast it was as if the air was being cut off by its journey. The hundred meters distance between Thrax and Julian didn't seem to exist, as it was accurately heading towards the latter.

But of course, Julian, whose strength was comparable to Thrax, could clearly see it coming and casually shifted his position to avoid the speeding javelin. The javelin missed its target by a hair breadth and disappeared into the horizon.

"Your anger has always been the source of your strength, but now, it will be the reason for your downfall! This is the third time I advise you to give up! There won't be a fourth time!" said Julian, staring at Thrax.

At the same time, Thrax and the rebels could hear marching sounds coming from behind them. Looking back, they realized the Roman legionnaires, who chased them, had caught up and blocked their path of retreat.

Realizing their precarious situation, Thrax quickly sent orders to his gladiators, who then commanded the 40.000 rebels into formation. But then, when the rebels had already entered their formation, he realized these Romans were not approaching and attacking them as he had previously thought.

Instead, they were setting up camps, building walls and barricades. In short, they were securing the whole path.

"Why don't they attack us?!"

"The fucking Romans are waiting."

"Waiting?! Waiting for what?"

Thrax, who was once part of the Roman auxiliary army, could somehow guess the other party's intention.

"What else besides us dying of cold and hunger? Their fucking commander want to come and watch!"

Trepidation appeared on the faces of those who heard Thrax's words, while Thrax fell silent.

...

Morning soon came and the rebels were preparing for their final battle. However, they were bound to be disappointed because the Romans clearly had no intention of attacking, even after nightfall again.

Meanwhile, in one night, hundreds of rebels who were in a weak condition had died. Not only because the cold was too terrible, but also because of the exhaustion from the journey they had taken.

One of Thrax's gladiators, the most courageous one, Crixus went to Thrax and asked the latter to order them to fight. It was clear the man wanted to die a glorious death in battle, rather than die like a dog. And this sentiment was definitely not only in him, because other rebels were also thinking the same.

"Spartacus!! We should attack! Now!"

Thrax was hesitating. Charging toward completely prepared Roman legions in their own formation wouldn't be the same as the scattered and unprepared ones they faced when they tried to charge out of Sinuessa.

In addition, there were at least 4 legions packed in the layers of the formation - a force that shouldn't be compared with those they wreaked havoc before. Thrax believed it would be lucky if half of them could survive the endeavor.

As frustration and anger overcame him, Thrax once again approached the stone wall. His glare was received by Julian, who was calmly watching what was happening from above.

The two secretly looked at each other, but the other could clearly feel the tension gradually reaching its peak. In such a tense moment, a green-colored, unique-looking bird suddenly swooped down from the sky and gone dissipates into light particles. At the same time, the symbol in Thrax's hand was glowing and a notification came to his mind.

["Hey Mister Rebel Leader, let's come and meet for a chat. I brought our Briton friend with me.]

### **Chapter 479: Arguments**

Someplace In the middle of a snowy mountain, a distortion in space could be seen in the darkness of the night. A moment later a round shaped spark emerged out of thin air, opening a dark space from which two figures came.

"Whoa! Emery, this magic is really impressive."

"Very useful, right?" Emery said and smiled proudly.

The bulky man looked around him with a smile before staring at Emery. Even in the dark, his eyes were practically brimming with hope.

"How many people could get through? Can it fit 40.000 men?" The man asked.

Emery was stunned silent, but he did a quick calculation with his mind. Passing 4 people through the gate should be easy, 40 was achievable although it would probably mean he needs to spend an hour's worth of spirit force.

"... How many zeroes are there in 40.000? That would take at least 1000 hour..." Emery groaned inwardly.

But, he didn't say anything. He simply gave Thrax a wry smile and the rebel leader quickly realized it was not possible.

After he received a message from Klea, Thrax was elated and his frown was yet again replaced with a sincere smile. An hour later, a very familiar figure came to pick him up.

They were led towards a little camp set up simply but neatly, with the crackling of warm fire that filled the cold night. By the fire, two people were already waiting, one was a beautiful girl and the other was a young man decked head to toe in uniform.

Thrax smiled sincerely at the girl, giving her a nod of acknowledgment, next, he stared at the young man and said.

"I reckon you would be here... I guess It's alright, let us enjoy our little reunion without discussing the battle, how about it?"



The question made Julian stare at him in silence feeling unsure on how to respond.

Before the situation could turn awkward, Klea looked away from the fire and interrupted them.

"Agreed! While we're here, no talk of battle!" Klea quickly reached onto her sack and pulled out a small bag made of goatskin. She opened the bag, poured it into her mouth and gave it to Thrax.

"Good company should always need a good drink."

Thrax did the same, wiped the liquid on his chin and exclaimed.

"This is some good wine!"

"Of course, that's Egyptian wine." Klea explained.

Thrax took another gulp, stared at Julian and passed the drink to him.

Julian received it and poured a bit into his mouth.

"Good wine, indeed."

Then, he passed the goatskin bag to Emery.

Emery had never liked wine, nor had he ever gotten used to its taste. He stared at the bag for a few seconds with a doubtful stare. Realizing what he was thinking, Klea piped up.

"Hey Emery, I have another drink for you. How does donkey milk sound? It's pretty good."

Although his face didn't show it, he had to resist the urge to empty his stomach's contents onto the ground upon hearing that. He rolled his eyes, grabbed the wine bag and took a small sip.

The contrast between Emery and the other three made them laugh at his expense, quickly breaking the ice among them.

Ever since they became friends, Klea had always been the light of their group. She talked about her experience in Egypt, the ancient artifacts she managed to discover and her meeting with Emery. Everyone enjoyed the story, until Klea mentioned how Emery was being crowded by women.

The mention of women made the subject bounce to Thrax, who lost his wife due to the slavery.

"I think we should talk about something else." Emery said.

Klea was about to agree with him, but the Thracian quickly shushed them. "No, no... Telling stories about her life will honor her."

Thrax took over by telling stories about the months he and his wife spent together in the mountains, living by hunting animals and gathering herbs, while hiding in caverns. Although their life was a simple one without much in the way of luxury, they were happy.

Until one day, the Roman finally found them and they were both separated and forced to be slaves.

Thrax's voice shook a little. He was tough and he had seen his own share of tragedies, especially recently, but no matter what happened the memories were still vivid in his mind.

Listening to Thrax's story reminded Emery of Gwen. If he were in Thrax's position, he had no idea how emotional he would be.

He grabbed Thrax's shoulders and said reassuringly.

"I am sorry for your loss, Thrax."

"Thank you, Emery." Thrax sighed in relief. "I hope this would be enough to make you see why I hate Rome so much."

Julian looked at Thrax and complained. "Hey, I thought we weren't going to talk about this."

"Really?! Then, maybe we should!" Thrax replied emotionally

"Sure then, While they are here, let's ask our friends what they think!"

"Best fucking idea I've ever heard from you, Roman!"

Emery's brow twitched, as he stared at the rapidly descending situation. He shook his head, looking at Klea, and asked. "What do you think?"

"Honestly, Emery, I don't know," Klea shrugged. "I understand your concern, but probably it would do them some good if they could unleash their anger out here..."

"Alright then!" Klea spoke up, attracting the attention of the two bickering friends. "I will hear you two out! But, one rule... No fighting!"

They decided to sit back down and Thrax started talking about the Romans' cruelty he had experienced back as a slave and before, when he was part of the Roman auxiliaries. Thrax has seen the slaves pressured to work day and night by the republic; there appear more than 3 million of them. Thrax explained the inhumane of their action, which led to the people's suffering and anger. Now he and the rebels gathered to fight for such a cause.

On the other hand, Julian talked about progress. How everything Romans did was to give progress for humanity. Every kingdom they conquered would lead to a more prosperous place and people. Unfortunately, to achieve progress, slaves were needed.

"Without any slaves, roads would not be built! Us Romans was shaping up the future of Earth's civilization itself!"

"Hah!" Thrax snorted. "The future that the Romans bring only leads to death and destruction?!"

"That's because the world is filled with uneducated barbarians like you!"

"At least unlike Romans, we don't kill people then think of ourselves as a saint!"

Julian chuckled at that response and said.

"It is still better than being a fool, who did not realize they were killing people." Julian stood and continued.

"Thrax, did you know during the last battle, I purposely led you, so you could escape from the north?! I knew there were two paths available to you before you reached this place, but you chose the path of destruction! Now, your people are dying in the cold and that was not on me... That all was on you!"

"Hah!" Thrax snorted. "If you really know who we are... who I am... Then, you should know that none of us would ever choose the path of cowardice."

"Thrax, that is why I said, you were a fool."

Thrax smiled confidently and said. "No, Julian, that is what we call courage."

"Where did that courage lead you, then? You were trapped, dozens of rebels will die every second, all thanks to your decision."

"That is where you are wrong, Julian... We have set our plans in motion."

Startled, Julian quickly checked his troops with his spirit reading. His eyes widened in shock.

He stared at Thrax and asked. "What did you do?"

#### **Chapter 480: Decision**

Emery brought his three friends along with him, casting [Spatial Gate] to get to their destination.

They arrived on top of the mountains, looking down at the looming stone walls and the pit that had been created by Julian.

There, they all saw how all rebels were passing through, walking through a hole that had been carved out of the rigid stone wall.

As it was, it seemed that a good number of them had already passed through the hole sneakily in the middle of the night.

Making a hole in a wall that was made out of pure stone and snow was not the hard part; what was difficult was getting 40,000 people across that deep, wide pit that lies before the wall.

From atop the mountain, all four friends could see how exactly the rebels managed to do it. Apparently, they took the bodies of their fallen comrades into the pit, thus creating a gruesome yet impressive pile completely made up of frozen corpses, spanning about 10 meters deep and wide.

"Savages!" Julian shouted. "You have no respect for the dead!"

"No, no..." Thrax casually answered, "This is what we would call a meaningful death."

Julian approach Tharx and said

"You plan this from the start! You did it knowing I would be away from the wall during all this... You are... You are a damn smart barbarian!"

Emery and Klea shot each other a worried glance, concerned the two would start fighting. But apparently, Julian did not appear too bothered by the fact the rebels escaped his trap. Instead, he looked relieved.

"Seriously Thrax, I don't wish to see more people dying, but I can't betray my principles as well."

"Huh!" Thrax scoffed, as he rolled his eyes. "You and your stuck-up Roman principles."

The next thing Thrax said startled everyone, as his expression turned somewhat grim and his voice dropped to a serious tone.

"Julian, listen to me! The Roman system is broken! The way to fix it is to break it! Help me bring down the tyrant and give the people peace, free from slavery!"

Upon hearing this, Julian took a deep breath, looking more exasperated by the second. "It's not that simple, Thrax,"

His sentence was immediately cut short as Thrax roared back in reply. "But it is that simple! if you are by my side, together we can bring down the republic!"

Julian felt a burden descend on his shoulders. He was smart enough to know how broken the Roman senate was. The truth was, he did wish to fix them. That's why he wishes to be part of them and lead them by example.

Thrax's offer did sound tempting, but he knew for sure he couldn't accept. His ideals were too strongly rooted within him.

"Thank you for the offer, Thrax, but I can't" Julian said curtly, addressing him with a cold stare. "Think about it, what is your plan after we actually do bring down Rome?? Who will lead it then? Spartacus, the breaker of chains?"

"I don't care, you can lead them if you want!" said Thrax, without any hesitation

"And how are we going to do that? With an army of uneducated rebels?! This will only bring chaos and more problems. The moment we bring down Rome will war be ended? Will slavery be gone? No! Another kingdom will quickly replace them"

Julian shook his head in disbelief before continuing. "Rome wasn't built in a day, its system is far from ideal, but it does work. I really believe I can make changes from the inside, slowly modifying the one that has already been implemented"

Finally, this was something that Thrax could not answer. He never really cared about ruling at all. The only reason he did this was to strive against the injustice that was rampant in the land. He cared nothing about what was to happen next.

"Now, what do you all think?" Julian asked.

As Julian said this, the pair turned towards Emery and Klea expectantly, urging them to state their opinion regarding the matter.

Klea casually answered, "Destroy Rome if you want, rebuild Rome, I don't really care, as long as you two stop fighting with one another!"

As for Emery, his position was the same as when he handled the 7 kingdoms, he always tried his best not to get involved.

All four of them possessed the same knowledge regarding the Magus Ethics and Principles from Magus Minerva.? Emery just reminded them of the extent to which a Magus could really affect the world. The whole slave rebellion that could trample a nation was an example of that, without Thrax, such a thing would simply have been a distant dream.

"A Magus could become the key to the rise or destruction of a kingdom, so we should be wise about our actions."

Both Thrax and Julian agree about the certain limited contributions they should make toward the battle.

Thrax argued about Julian's use of magic in battles, while Julian argued Thrax should have not gotten involved at all with his crazy strength.

Klea suddenly interrupted in a serious tone "Emery, I disagree... I think we are chosen to do something... Why can't we get involved?"

"Yes, Klea, I am not saying we can't be involved, but at the moment we are discussing the fall of probably the earth's biggest nation. If one of us got involved, then probably all of us need to be brought into the discussion. If not, it will only end up with us fighting among ourselves. Don't you agree?"

The four friends knew it would not be simple, but they understand and agree with it.

"Thrax, I am asking you now. Will you continue to be involved in the war with Rome? Even if it means more war coming with Rome or its enemies"

Thrax paused and a silence descended on the four of them before his solemn answer.

"Yes... I must see it 'till the end."

Emery then turned towards Julian. "And Julian, are you prepared to do whatever it takes to protect Rome even if it means fighting against Thrax?"

"Yes Emery, if Thrax is involved, then I will."

"Alright. Me and Klea here, I am sure Chumo will also agree that we don't want for you two to be killing each other and if none of you are willing to back down for this, then one solution will be voting."

Emery then asks Klea if she can choose which is in the wrong between Rome or the rebels but she decides not to give a decision on the matter. Although she knows about the tyranny of the Roman Republic and her hate upon their involvement in her country, Egypt After all is doing the same thing with slaves hence she can understand Julian's position on the matter.

As for Emery, he honestly has no real grasp on the matter enough to choose any sides. With both Emery and Klea having no argument on which side to win or lose then voting was not an option. Hence as examples of magus involvement in other words, the next solution will be a duel.

"So this is the idea, You two decide the fate of Rome among yourselves. Julian, if you win, Thrax will not be involved in the war and vice versa. Whoever wins will get all of our support. What do you think? With this, we at least can see none of you would kill each other"

Anyone hearing their discussion will think of them as an arrogant crazy group of people who play gods among nations, but this was what being Earth magus was all about.

Everyone seemed to agree and think this will be the best solution for all

"Duel it is then!"