Governor 121

Chapter 121: Rebuilding the City

Osenia did not find herself idle just because the disaster had ended.

On the contrary, she became busier.

In the process of arranging the evacuation of Revival City, the urgency of the matter inevitably led to considerable chaos in the midst of the storm.

But fortunately, the problem was ultimately resolved.

When the evacuation was half completed, the storm subsided, and the sky cleared up.

Although the governor had not issued new orders at that time, Osenia could see that the disaster sufficient to obliterate the entire Revival City seemed to have passed.

Despite the houses that had collapsed in the storm, standing in the flood caused by the torrential rain, everything appeared immensely messy. There were also quite a few people who had been electrified to death by lightning strikes…

But overall, the casualties were still within an acceptable range.

By that time, she had already been requesting the troops assisting her to implement more orderly control; and after confirming the governor's order that the disaster had ended, she directly halted the evacuation of the city.

At this point, Osenia's focus shifted to emergency rescue and disaster relief.

The already organized populace was not sent back directly. She took the stage with a loudspeaker, personally explaining the entire process to the people. The dreadful Cultists had tried to summon a storm to destroy the city, but this plot had been personally thwarted by the wise and valiant governor.

Now that the city was safe again, those who hadn't received their food could continue to collect it at the distribution points; those who had received it were required to participate in the city's emergency rescue and disaster relief operations under the arrangement of the troops.

As for the tens of thousands of people who had already gone to the evacuation points outside the city, Osenia had not crammed them back into the city.

As per the great governor's request, they would carry out indoctrination and education on those 30,000-plus people, facilitating their relocation to Weixing City.

This was the pre-established population strategy.

Revival City actually did not need to maintain such a large population.

The past Revival City, not to mention the exploitation of the suburban poor and the refugees by the inner city people, faced difficulties just in terms of industrial structure in sustaining so many people. Revival City's light industry was decent, but it could not absorb a working population of millions; the service industry was mainly targeted at the inner city, and even the commoners there lived rather tightly, with only the wealthy truly having money, but they did not require that many people to serve them.

Plainly put, the production capacity could not support so many people, and exploitation was not really the key issue.

If Revival City couldn't support them, Weixing City could!

There was a severe shortage of people there, and the expansion of production was hampered by the population numbers.

In his original plans, Gu Hang had intended to relocate a large portion of Revival City's population to Weixing City to establish a heavy industry base.

Now it was the perfect opportunity.

Those who had left the city had their belongings washed away by the flood, and with their food for the journey already prepared, the masses might be slow to move, but a two-day march should get them to Weixing City.

Of course, they would not be sent on their way just like that.

The wasteland was not safe.

Captain Perbov had received orders to lead his troops in collaboration with the third battalion, to escort the convoy back.

By then, Patel, the representative of the Abandoned Cave Society, would probably be overjoyed to distraction.

As for the emergency rescue and disaster relief of the outer regions of Revival City, it was actually quite blunt and straightforward.

Originally, there was no planning to speak of in the outer region of the city. When people arrived, they found a spot, set up a shelter, and called it home. The materials for the shelters were diverse; none of these houses had any fire or disaster resistance to speak of, the ones that didn't leak wind or rain were considered well built.

They had not considered whether the traffic was convenient or not. In the especially dense areas, having a small path for people to get in and out was decent enough.

It was only when the inner city folks couldn't bear to see it anymore—mainly because they couldn't have the country folks block the roads in and out of the city—that they planned several main roads and strictly forbade obstruction, thereby maintaining basic supplies and communication.

This too was in Osenia's plans. Little by little, she aimed to clear the outer city, using the main roads as a reference to develop a more rational network, and establish administrative districts based on industrial structure, dividing the areas by blocks and zones.

The storm and the floods it brought were disasters, but… looking on the bright side, it unwittingly helped to demolish the houses.

Even though the ruins were a mess, they still had to clear them by hand.

So let them clear it.

What was called emergency rescue and disaster relief was just that. They searched through the ruins piece by piece, rescuing people first, and then clearing an area to concentrate the debris in one location. The cleared space would then immediately be used to construct simple, inhabitable large houses, where people could at least sleep in large communal bunks to begin with.

The construction teams would then move in synchronously, building new houses according to the plans in the cleared areas.

Watching many people simply having a full belly, wading through water, rolling up their sleeves, and getting down to work enthusiastically, a long-lost smile appeared on Osenia's face.

She liked such vibrant scenes the most.

However, after smiling, she immediately turned back to her temporary office.

Since the emergency rescue and relief work was to be combined with city reconstruction, the necessary planning needed to be started promptly.

This caught Osenia somewhat off guard; she had thought there would be plenty of time to think about this. How to demolish, how to rebuild, including how to settle and compensate the civilians whose homes were demolished… Now, many problems didn't require thinking, but new ones had arisen.

She was full of energy.

…

“What are they up to now!”

“It was them who said we had to evacuate, and it’s them saying we have to come back!”

“And having to move so much stuff, clear what ruins, if you ask me, what’s there to clear? When the water’s gone, can’t all this be used again…”

“Ricky, boss, you got something to say?”

Listening to the complaints one after another, Ricky probably felt something similar.

But when people asked him, he just waved his hand and said, “Less talk, more work.”

“Tch…” The person gave up, disappointed, waved his hand but didn’t dare to say much else.

Ricky had some influence in this area. After all, he had led hundreds of people through the wilderness, struggled to survive, and made it to Revival City. Then, with his bravery and fierceness, he carved out a small territory for his own people to have food; at the same time, due to his loyalty, compliance with rules, and sensibility, he didn’t bully others. Instead, he was willing to stand up for justice for others, establishing considerable prestige so that people from a large area of the neighborhood respected him, even the gangs didn’t bother coming this way.

But this was all he could do, at most, at most.

And now, this neighborhood was already destroyed, the people had scattered everywhere, with very few acquaintances remaining nearby.

But Ricky didn’t care. He just quietly lifted the waste material boards from the ground and transferred them to the cart beside him, then repeated the action.

In his view, what was the use of saying so much, doing so much?

When had those above ever regarded them as people?

In truth, this new governor, who provided grain and food, was already very good. He wanted to play his games, let him be. As long as they were fed, he could do whatever he wanted.

Whoever fed them was the boss.

As for the storm that could destroy the city, it was said that it was stopped by the governor… Anyway, I didn’t see it, whatever you say goes, could I even oppose it?

Of course, it’s not like I completely disbelieved it. After all, that storm was definitely not normal, and I did see red lights falling from eight points around the city, accompanied by the sounds of explosions, as if fierce battles were happening.

Eventually, the storm did stop.

Maybe it was indeed handled by the governor?

But it was unrelated to small fries like me.

Could I influence anything?

I couldn’t influence anything.

Even in matters that could destroy a city and lead people to death, for the poor like me, even those with a bit of influence, doing anything was meaningless. Even if a storm, lightning, or flood really claimed my life, I would have to give in, what else could I do?

By comparison, all I could do was strive to secure a meal for myself.

If I was going to die, I should have a meal before I die, right?

During my past wandering life, I came close to starving to death, and I've seen people starve to death. I think it's the most terrible way to die in this world.

However, speaking of having a meal, it seems better that the governor won.

After all, the governor did provide a meal.

As for working now? Well, after being fed, it's only right to work.

Where on this wasteland could you get a free meal?

Even when working, there was always someone in a black jacket and red hat, shouting through a megaphone, which was kind of annoying.

But I didn't dare say a word.

They carry guns and command troops. There are thousands of people working at this site, with nearly a hundred soldiers guarding it. These soldiers didn't just supervise the work; under the leadership of the person in the red hat, they also labored.

But if you're going to work, work, don't keep making noise.

Talking about how this is cleaning our homeland, how in the future better houses will be built here, how we'll be the ones living in those homes…

Damn, where's such good fortune in the wasteland? I've never heard of this in my whole life.

But saying this, I can't help but wish for it a bit.

Could we really live in sturdy houses, live orderly lives in neat neighborhoods?

Forget it, better not to have too many hopes, to avoid greater disappointment later.

As the work in my hands continued, the fatigue and weariness of my body gradually made it difficult for me to have any idle thoughts.

But just then, the sound of gongs and drums began.

It was time for a meal.

I looked up and realized that the sky had darkened, and it was about time to finish work for the day.

Following the crowd to the meal site, I picked up my portion.

It wasn't delicious, just a hard blob like a pancake.

But I was still happy. Whether it tasted good or not was never my concern. All I knew was that this rock-hard pancake was substantial and filling when eaten.

Not to mention, it was accompanied by a bowl of thick soup. Soaking the pancake in it, that was already a great delicacy.

After a day of toiling, saliva was triggered by this meal, and my stomach embarrassingly growled.

Picking up the food, I was eager to move away to a quiet spot and enjoy it, but someone called out to me.

“You didn’t take this.”

“Hm?” I looked back, and it was a pair of gloves.

“These just came in with the supplies. You can use them tomorrow. Be careful when you work, don’t cut your hands.” The girl in charge of distributing food and gloves said this.

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Ricky hesitated before taking the gloves, but he couldn’t help looking around and noticed that almost everyone had received a pair.

He began to reconsider his earlier thoughts.

The food in his hand, the gloves, it was as if they were telling him that the new adults who had arrived seemed willing to treat them as humans.

Otherwise, if all they wanted was work, wouldn’t just giving you food be enough? Why would they care if you might scratch your hands and give you gloves?

Collecting his thoughts, he nodded slightly in acknowledgment, took the food and gloves, and left.

After eating and drinking his fill, he lay down on the communal sleeping area, ready to sleep.

It was a bit noisy around him, as the construction crew was working through the night to build houses. The materials they used were the junk they had collected earlier, and the houses they were building were simple prefabricated ones.

In fact, some had already been erected that day. According to the man with the red hat, they were building temporary shelters for them, and everyone would move in first for resettlement, and later on more houses would be built, and distributed to everyone according to their contributions.

He still didn't quite believe the latter part, but he had no doubts about the former. Although he hadn't moved into one himself, that was because there simply weren't enough of these prefabricated communal houses yet, not enough to go around; only a portion of people, focusing on the old, the young, and women, could be accommodated.

Where he was sleeping now was outdoors, with just a pile of waste material arbitrarily stacked to raise the ground a few dozen centimeters, encircled by makeshift shelters to avoid sleeping directly on the damp ground, and to provide some shelter from the wind.

But by tomorrow, when more of the resettlement houses were built, he should be able to sleep inside, and wouldn't have to endure conditions like today's.

Although living conditions were harsh, in truth everyone could bear this sort of hardship; it wasn't a big deal.

He lay down, ready to quickly fall asleep, since tomorrow there would still be a lot of work to do.

Just then, he heard a loudspeaker calling from outside.

"Ricky! Ricky! Who is Ricky? Does anyone know Ricky?"

He sat up, his expression grave.

He didn't know what had happened, but as a wasteland traveler by instinct, he assumed any unexpected event to be bad news.

He was already considering how to conceal his name, how to slip away quietly.

However, he wasn't given the opportunity.

Having a reputation isn't always a bad thing, and he was quickly identified. More than one person outside was saying, Ricky is right here.

He could only walk out reluctantly, glaring at those who had exposed him.

A young man who caught his glare spoke somewhat sheepishly, "Boss Ricky, these people looking for you don't seem to have bad intentions, otherwise I wouldn't have told them where you are, I'm not betraying you!"

"Save it!"

After a rebuke, he could only resign himself to following the person with the loudspeaker and the red hat.

He got into a car—for the first time in his life—and arrived at a place that wasn't much different from their temporary dwellings.

Here, too, the night was bright with lights, and many people were coming and going, seemingly very busy.

After waiting for a while, someone led him inside, to a girl in a blue shirt.

She seemed unaware of his arrival, still engrossed in her paperwork; her shoulders looked frail, as if a breeze could blow her over; her face was also very haggard, as though she'd been working hard for a long time.

But this person, Ricky knew.

He couldn't quite believe his eyes, "Os… Osenia?"

Hearing his voice, the girl who had been looking down lifted her head, revealing a surprised smile:

“Uncle Ricky? I finally found you! Are you okay?”

Chapter 124: The Little Steward

Ricky was surprised.

“How are you… now?”

He wasn’t blind, he could tell that Osenia held a high position here.

“Um… something like a minor manager,” was all Osenia could say.

A clerk who was just about to go out to deliver some materials couldn’t help but laugh.

‘Minor’ manager.

You, Miss, are now the chief officer of the Production Department, directly appointed by the Governor. In the absence of any other civil departments or actual positions, you could be considered the de facto highest civil manager of Revival City at the moment.

And you call that a ‘minor’ manager?

When Osenia heard the laughter, she glared fiercely at the clerk.

The clerk gave her a tittering laugh and quickly scurried away.

Turning back, she gave Ricky an embarrassed smile, “Colleagues don’t really understand…”

“There’s no need to explain further.”

Even if Ricky wasn’t exceedingly shrewd, he had been mixing in the wasteland for a long time and would be too foolish if he couldn’t see through certain things.

His demeanor became a bit more reserved.

The two were acquaintances from the past.

During her flight to Revival City, Osenia had actually traveled in Ricky’s group. She had received quite a bit of help from Ricky during the flight and for a while after arriving at Revival City.

Ricky wasn’t helping her specifically, but he was a rare kind of person who valued fairness and loyalty. On the road to refuge and after settling in a small block of Revival City, having that much support was already a great help to Osenia, a young girl trying to survive with her younger brother.

Of course, since they were not relatives or close friends, the help only went so far. Later on, Osenia left Revival City with her brother.

Ricky said, “I heard someone say they heard you give a speech and that you became an employee under the Governor. I was happy for you. But I didn’t expect that you were more than just an employee.”

“At that time, I heard that you and your brother got taken to the Governor’s Camp after sharing a bowl of porridge with someone. I thought you were tricked since there are no such good deals in this world. But, it seems I was the one with limited knowledge. As long as you’re doing well now, that’s all that matters.”

Osenia smiled wryly, “I wouldn’t say I’m doing too well. I’ve barely slept in two days. And, the reason I asked Uncle Ricky here is that I have serious business.”

“What serious business?” Ricky was very cautious. He was still somewhat afraid of falling into a trap.

But Osenia had already eagerly pulled out a sketch of a planning map from the pile of papers under the table.

“Take a look at this.”

“This is…” Ricky took a quick look and, although he couldn’t understand many of the detailed parameters on the planning map, just by looking at it, he quickly recognized it, “This is our block? But…”

It’s completely transformed!

But how much money would it take to do this?

“Stop with the ‘buts’.” Osenia said, “As I remember, Uncle Ricky is not the kind of person to be indecisive. I’ll be straightforward, I didn’t ask you here just to catch up. You see, my work now is very voluminous, very busy. I asked you to come to help me.”

“What can I possibly do to help you…” Ricky instinctively wanted to refuse.

Everything was too unknown, and he didn’t want to step in without clearing things up first.

However, Osenia waved her hand dismissively.

She was no longer the timid girl of the past, or rather, the tenacity inside her hadn’t changed, but she had learned that sometimes, to achieve her goals, she needed to show that tenacity outwardly.

She said, quite indisputably, “Uncle Ricky, don’t refuse me. Your prestige in the neighborhood and your good reputation can provide me with great help. I’m in dire need of capable people to handle affairs—helpers who are reliable in both character and ability, to help me speed up the work.”

“This matter isn’t just about me, nor is it simply a command from the governor. It’s also for the welfare of the entire city’s people. Even if you don’t consider other aspects, think about our old neighborhood. Do you want to return to our previous life or would you prefer to live in the houses I’ve designed?”

Ricky said helplessly, “Of course, I’d want to live in the houses you’ve designed…”

“Then come help me. I guarantee you’ll be able to move in, just by working for me and serving in the new government. That alone will earn you enough credits for a house. And your work will help many others move in as well. I also assure you that you’ll become an even more respected person.”

“It seems like I don’t have a choice.”

“That’s right, you don’t,” Osenia smiled and extended her hand, continuing toward the man before her, “But I promise you won’t regret it, never.”

“Alright,” Ricky sighed and continued, “What specifically do you want me to do?”

“Find more reliable manpower, organize the teams, follow our planning maps and work more efficiently. We need to make everyone understand and believe that what we’re doing now is for a better life tomorrow. In this respect, our political commissars, those with the red hats, will help you. But our people lack enough knowledge about Revival City, so we need locals like you to organize teams, distribute food, supervise the progress of work…”

She started to explain the specific tasks to Ricky in detail.

Ricky was also listening very carefully.

…

In fact, Ricky wasn’t the only person that Osenia had recruited.

Throughout the process of clearing debris and rebuilding the city, Osenia encountered too many problems.

She had already identified the number of workers needed for the factories and shops within the city getting back into operations and hoped that corresponding workers and clerks would go back to their jobs.

And many people without jobs, or those whose work was ruined by the disaster, were temporarily transitioning to construction workers on site. Through work-for-aid programs, she also meant to handle the city's infrastructure.

But when it came to the point where more refined management was needed, Osenia realized that her control wasn't sufficient.

She didn't have enough people to disseminate her ideas and plans to every construction team and every district. She also lacked the personnel to assist her with a series of plans she was making.

For now, this problem wasn't particularly noticeable. The army, still maintaining its organizational structure during the disaster relief, was helping her. But this situation obviously couldn't last forever.

She had to establish an administrative foundation.

Among the poor in the outer city, she actively sought out those with good character and reputation, those with prestige, those with professional capabilities, and then tried to fit them into her administrative framework.

But this was still not enough.

Among the outer city's poor, people with a relatively good educational background like herself were a minority, while there were many more in the inner city.

And in this regard, she had already approached Lambert.

Chapter 125: Terror Engulfs

In the midst of that terrifying storm, the Inner City was certainly affected too. However, compared to the Outer City, the better-planned and more modern Inner City fared not too shabbily.

The sturdy houses were not easily blown over or collapsed due to flooding; the drainage system, though overwhelmed, resulted in the city being submerged for a while, but reliable sewer systems and drains quickly diverted the water away once the skies cleared.

Even for the people of the Inner City, a few days of shutdown did not lead to starvation. They generally had food reserves and savings at home.

But their days were far from comfortable.

It was just that the nature of their discomfort was somewhat different.

If one were to say that the person currently in charge of Revival City's outer restoration was Osenia, the Civil Affairs Chief, and the general mood of the Outer City was one of bustling post-disaster reconstruction,

Then the most powerful figure in the Inner City was Lambert, the grandson of a former chairman of the Alliance Council, and what he brought to the Inner City was a reign of terror.

Lambert, almost the last of his family, had transformed into a vengeful specter—at least, that's how the people of the Inner City saw him.

Before the storm, this reign of terror had already begun. Following Norris's capture, based on his and Bradford's testimonies – both former heavyweights in the Alliance Council – people were taken away by soldiers every day.

Those taken vanished without a trace.

The ones responsible for the abductions weren't any unit familiar to the people of Revival City. The Governor's Direct Troops from Weixing City were completely impartial, not even offering a way to discreetly inquire about the fate of those taken.

The Inner City now resembled a deadly game of murder, where every time you closed and opened your eyes, someone you knew might have been invited for tea, never to return.

To describe the situation as panic-inducing would be an understatement.

A notion began to circulate within the Inner City: the vengeful specter intended to drag the whole of Revival City into hell, as a burial for his family.

The tempest that seemed poised to destroy the city actually became a respite for the troubled mind. At least for many who harbored guilt, it was so.

At least during the storm, they didn't have to worry about soldiers coming to take people away.

However, once the storm subsided, the atmosphere of terror swept back in, and the people of the Inner City began trembling with fear once more.

Lambert had become a name within the Inner City capable of silencing a crying child.

"It's not that frightening, is it?" Listening to Osenia's teasing over the communications signal, Lambert couldn't help but laugh and cry at the same time.

"Isn't that the situation though? I've heard all about it! Don't try to deny it!"

"You can't just spout nonsense!" Lambert continued to defend himself, "I've been acting according to Mr. Gu's instructions. I have no need to misuse my power for personal vengeance, after all… after all, according to Mr. Gu's instructions, those connected to my grandfather's death are all enemies of this city. Striking at them is merely official business. As for those additional ones, it's not that I want to take it out on them; it's just that they've all done their fair share of bad deeds. By Mr. Gu's standards, they need to atone."

“How are they to atone?” Osenia asked, quite curious.

Lambert didn’t hesitate with his answer: “Those who have committed heinous acts will, three days from now at the public trial, have their crimes announced and be executed publicly; others will be sentenced to varying periods of forced labor. These prisoners, sentenced to labor, will be escorted to the mines of the Abandoned Cave Society to work as unpaid laborers, or to the state-run textile factories that specifically use prisoners as their workforce, to operate the sewing machines.”

“How many people in total?”

“Hmm… around two thousand, I suppose.”

“Two thousand…” Osenia couldn’t help but marvel, “The Inner City only has a total of a hundred thousand people, right? You’ve locked up 2% of the population. No wonder the whole city is talking about you like this.”

“They brought it upon themselves,” Lambert snorted coldly, not wanting to continue the topic.

His actions were not driven solely by his own will. Mr. Gu had instructed him to take action, and it was intended as a thorough cleansing of the Inner City. If they were planning to seize all means of production to convert them into state assets, how could it possibly be done peacefully?

The so-called “extremely wicked and deserving of execution” individuals, as well as many sentenced to long-term hard labor, had their specific penalties decided not just by their crimes but also by their influence.

Those who were not quick enough, thorough enough, or resolute enough in their loyalties had their transgressions magnified by their greater influence.

However, there was no need to say these things to Osenia.

He changed the subject and said, “I already know the favor you need from me. I will select a group of people with minor ‘misdeeds.’ They were supposed to be released anyway. I will kill two birds with one stone; those who were originally terrified will suddenly have a chance to serve Mr. Gu and obtain positions and opportunities even more important than before. They will probably be overjoyed to the point of tears.”

“Uh…” Osenia tried to imagine such a scene.

It was indeed one of tears and sobs.

Lambert paused and then continued, “But you need to be careful. These people have abilities, and there’s no major issue with their backgrounds. However, they have been struck down by an iron fist. Whether they harbor resentment towards Mr. Gu or the new government in their hearts is something I can’t guarantee. You must be very attentive to this when using them.”

“I will be.”

…

After ending the call with Osenia, Lambert organized his documents and went to see Mr. Gu.

When he arrived, Gu Hang’s secretary, Zhang Chao, asked him to wait a bit longer as the previous meeting was running long.

Lambert waited patiently, and after a while, he saw Yan Fangxu and Tadeusz leaving the room.

He stood up to greet them, and they quickly returned the courtesy as they passed by each other.

They didn’t talk about anything. The two military chiefs under Mr. Gu’s power were evidently in a hurry, clearly having many tasks to attend to, and Lambert himself was also in a rush to report to the Governor, having no time for pleasantries.

After entering the Governor's office, Lambert was about to salute but was stopped by Gu Hang.

"Skip the formalities and get straight to the point."

"Yes, sir." Lambert, not daring to delay, stepped forward and placed a stack of documents in front of the Governor.

While the Governor was looking over them, Lambert began to report the situation.

The main content was whom he had recently arrested; which ones needed close attention; and which ones were uncertain and needed Mr. Gu's decision.

As Gu Hang listened, he amended some text in the documents and then handed them back to Lambert.

"Follow this."

"Yes," Lambert responded. "I've said what I needed to, so I won't trouble you any longer…"

He was halfway through his farewells when Gu Hang interrupted him, "Wait a moment, there's something else."

"Your public trial is going to be moved up; it starts tomorrow. After your public trial is over, I want to use the same venue to hold a military honors ceremony for our forces."

Lambert was taken aback and quickly said, "Yes, I understand what needs to be done."

Though he said it like that, the task was actually somewhat troublesome. With the date moved up two days, many preparations hadn't been made yet, and it looked like he and his subordinates would have to work overtime that night.

Gu Hang was clearly aware of this as he reassured him, “Mm, thank you for your hard work, go and prepare well.”

Chapter 126: Tycoon’s Journey

The public trial was brought forward to coincide with the medal awarding ceremony, which was a great opportunity for publicity.

The awarding ceremony was for the upcoming military restructuring.

During this period, Osenia had been busy, Lambert had been busy, and so had Gu Hang.

Not to mention that although those two were officials in charge of different areas, the ultimate power still lay with Gu Hang. Anything of slightly broader scope or requiring inter-department coordination or assistance had to go through Gu Hang. Major decisions also needed his approval.

And these matters were already quite numerous.

Not to mention, Gu Hang was personally overseeing the military issues.

Internal politics were important, and so was military administration.

Gu Hang decided to implement a rank system, organizing the troops according to the standard of the Imperial Regular Planetary Defense Forces.

Officers would be classified into three categories and ten levels: generals, colonels, and lieutenants. There were four levels of generals, none currently existing; three levels of colonels, with colonel being the highest; and three levels of lieutenants, with captain being the highest.

Yan Fangxu was promoted three ranks at once and became the highest-ranking officer under Gu Hang’s command. He would assume the rank of colonel; next was Tadeusz, who would oversee the Military and Political Department as a lieutenant colonel.

The entire army was to be restructured into two major formations.

One was based on the infantry battalion that Gu Hang brought from Weixing City, expanded into a heavy composite brigade. This brigade would be equipped with five composite camps, one artillery camp, one engineer camp, one anti-air camp, one logistics camp, making a total of nine camps; the brigade headquarters and direct reporting included the staff department, command center, battlefield medical department, political department, guard company, engineer company, communication company, brigade-affiliated reconnaissance company, and a land aviation squadron.

Let's not mention the rest, the five composite camps were going to be expansions of the current five infantry camps. Each camp would incorporate 1 artillery company, 1 armored company, 2 motorized infantry companies, 2 mechanized infantry companies, and 1 support company, totaling seven companies in all. The camp headquarters also included a reconnaissance platoon, a communications platoon, and a guard team.

Such a main composite camp would have a total strength of over 800 people. There would be 40 Iron Bull trucks, 30 Scout Rider motorcycles, 24 'Walker' Infantry Fighting Vehicles, armored command vehicles, armored communication vehicles, as well as 12 155mm howitzers, and 12 tanks…

Just the five composite camps alone would have a total force of over 4,100 people, not including various heavy equipment, to say nothing of the lighter gear.

And at the brigade level, along with the four other camps plus the brigade headquarters, the scale would exceed 7,000 people.

Considering that there were less than 1,500 people currently under-strength due to casualties, scaling up to such a force of 7,000… Clearly, Gu Hang was going to absorb quite a bit of fresh blood from the former Alliance Legion.

At the same time, it was even more important that the production of weapons and equipment keep pace.

The tanks would make do with the 60 that were left over from the former Alliance Legion and still operational, though they were somewhat outdated and there was no choice.

As for the production of other equipment, Gu Hang was about to take a trip back to Weixing City to tackle the problem with Wu Jiarong.

The other items could be managed, as the transport trucks and fast motorcycles required for the motorized infantry could just use the ‘Iron Bull’ and ‘Scout Rider’.

But the heavy artillery needed by the gunners was not quite sufficient from what was captured from the Alliance Legion. Gu Hang had to consult with Wu Jiarong about the current status of the self-developed 155mm howitzers.

On the other hand, Gu Hang had to make use of the few technological items extracted this time.

For the ‘Walker’ series of armored vehicles that needed to be produced at scale, Gu Hang planned to first set up the production line for the ‘Wanderer’ Infantry Fighting Vehicle. The demand for these was large and their impact significant.

In the technologically undeveloped Wasteland World, the ‘Walker’s’ firepower was probably more ferocious and more reliable than the locally produced tanks.

As for the ‘Listener’ communication armored vehicle, ‘Defender’ anti-aircraft vehicle, and ‘Navigator’ command armored vehicle, which had lower demand, they would be directly produced from finished black boxes, not rushing to set up production lines for now.

After Gu Hang presented the idea of this heavy composite brigade, both Yan Fangxu and Tadeusz were somewhat taken aback.

The number of personnel was fine, but that equipment requirement… was just too damn extravagant.

A… luxury brigade?

If such a heavy composite brigade were indeed formed, wouldn’t it travel horizontally across the Wasteland World?

Even from the perspective of an imperial officer like Yan Fangxu, such a troop, stationed among the many regular Star Realm Army Corps units, would also be considered luxuriously equipped—if the tanks were exchanged for higher-tier tanks of the Star Realm Army.

In fact, the Star Realm Army was not in the habit of organizing elite composite brigades. More often, the Star Realm Army faced much larger and broader battlefields, where deploying hundreds of thousands, or even millions of troops, was common. Larger divisions and corps structures were more commonly used. Dozens or even hundreds of divisions would form an army group to handle a particular warfront; multiple army groups would assemble into an army group cluster to manage continental warfare…

The Star Realm Army was called the 'Hammer of the Empire' for good reason. It had to smash the enemy to smithereens with unmatched force, like a hammer.

However, this does not mean that the Star Realm Army, having a hammer, does not need a knife. Some elite composite brigade units would be used as spearheads for assault.

The composite brigade that His Excellency the Governor was assembling had a bit of that edge.

If this force were fully integrated and equipped and could somehow be deployed to the Quintet Starship in space, it's probable that the troops on the starship would be in for a challenge. If they were not adequately guarded, it was not impossible for them to be pierced through all the way to Colonel Yelisia's face.

True, there were one hundred thousand people on the starship, but most of them were workers, slaves; the armed forces might only number twenty to thirty thousand, lacking in heavy equipment.

Beyond this main composite brigade, the remainder to be organized was a standard infantry division, made up of three infantry regiments, each with an artillery battalion. Though it's called a division, including the division headquarters, the total force was only seven to eight thousand personnel, quite similar in number to the main composite brigade but much less equipped.

Yan Fangxu didn't think too highly of this force. Even if their training was decent, their equipment was far inferior, and in the Star Realm Army, they would be nothing more than a regular 'fill-in division'.

Of course, in the environment of the Wasteland World, they were not bad at all.

The total force, which had about fifteen thousand personnel, was Gu Hang's current plan.

With a population of a million, maintaining an well-equipped force of over ten thousand seemed to be no big issue for the time being.

There was of course a reason he needed to maintain such a large force.

Internal development was important; the production potential of a million people had to be fully tapped into. Yet, the drive for outward expansion could not be halted.

Gu Hang had not forgotten he had only two years. More than two months had passed. Relying on a million people to pay their taxes was not impossible in an all-out production surge, but that would mean all his resources would be devoted to that effort.

That was definitely not feasible.

He had to bring more territories and more population into his order.

Leaving Revival City to start afresh was to plant a seed; now, this seed had taken root and sprouted in Revival City. The city would become a fulcrum, which he intended to use to leverage the entire planet.

Even the necessary expansion actions were being prepared before all the logistical supplies arrived.

Chapter 127: throwing chaos couldn't even do this

When Gu Hang placed several new "Black Boxes" in front of Wu Jiarong, her mouth opened wider than it ever had in her life.

Where on earth did these things come from?

Initially, she had suspected they were provided by the Gu Family, but then she realized even the Gu Family wasn't capable of this; later, she harbored the daring thought that perhaps Mr. Gu was the son of some great Sage from the Sect of Mechanics, but then again, any Sage would undoubtedly value the Black Boxes more than their own flesh and blood. Those who had mechanical parts replacing everything in their bodies except their brains, did they still possess familial affections? That was uncertain.

After that, Wu Jiarong couldn't think of any other reason.

Even if she imagined the worst-case scenarios, such as Mr. Gu pledging allegiance to chaos and becoming a traitor to the Empire, it still didn't seem plausible: where would a chaotic power be willing to give so many Black Box Manufacturers to a planetary governor just to undermine a broken world like Rage Owl Star?

The input-output ratio just didn't make sense!

Unable to figure these things out, she simply stopped thinking about it.

Wu Jiarong listened carefully to the governor's instructions, occasionally manipulating the mechanical arms extending from her back to write and draw on a piece of paper beside her.

Rather than pondering things that were impossible to figure out, it was better to consider how to meet Mr. Gu's demands.

Mr. Gu was like a client with complex ideas and strict requirements, yet he offered a price she simply couldn't refuse.

So many different Black Boxes, each with immense research value.

Although most of Wu Jiarong's time was to be dedicated to various tasks assigned by the research institute by Mr. Gu, just taking the opportunity to research the Black Box products and the operation of the Black Boxes themselves during her rest time amounted to valuable gains.

Of course, she couldn't understand how the Black Boxes worked; that was a problem even the great Sages of the Sect of Mechanics couldn't solve, and she was far less likely to do so. Yet, merely observing them presented rewards.

An even greater benefit was researching the standard products output by the Black Boxes, which was more suited to her current level.

It hadn't been long before she felt she had made considerable progress from the past.

She had a relatively clear understanding of her own technical skills. Although her official title was just a technical specialist, she had been preparing to become a mechanic ten years ago and had actually reached that level.

However, due to wasted time in the past decade, she had neither the ambition nor the time nor the opportunity to study further.

And now, she felt that sense of rapid advancement returning.

Probably, in not too long, she would be able to promote herself to the next level of a technical priest.

Besides helping Mr. Gu conceal the existence of the Black Boxes, she also needed to strive to prove her own worth. Although the former was important, it actually wasn't irreplaceable. She had to work even harder on the latter.

It's just that Mr. Gu's requirements were still quite challenging.

"Monthly production of 50 units of 155mm heavy artillery… This one is a bit difficult. But I have looked at the 155mm artillery produced by the local natives, and I realize my design can be further simplified. With effort, we should be able to achieve that this month."

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“Producing 50 ‘Strider Vs’ each month, and subsequently needing to gradually increase… this is much harder than producing artillery. The finished Black Box cannot completely solve the problem; it can only produce 15 units with nonstop work for a month. To further expand production, we still need to set up dedicated manufacturing workshops.”

“Just setting up the production line requires the slow production of the Black Box, and the assembly of the line requires the full participation of the technicians. The Strider has many components; we can use the improved Grindstone Engine, but the chassis, body, internal instruments, and weapon systems all need to be produced separately. When it comes to assembly, that’s another challenge. We have to train more skilled industrial workers to be up to the task.”

“I estimate that it might take two or three months to reach the production rate of 50 units/month; however, once we achieve this level, subsequent increases should be faster. There’s also good news: We can initially use the finished products directly from the Black Box to meet the demands of the troops as much as possible.”

“The production line for the G9 Gun Family is relatively mature, so it’s not difficult to increase the output.”

“The same applies to the production process for plastic steel bulletproof inserts used in textile clothing.”

“Explosive guns can only be produced by the Black Box, and even if we set up a production line, we don’t have the corresponding raw material components. However, the demand isn’t great, so it’s not a big deal. It’s mainly making resupplying much more convenient for the interstellar warriors. The extra capacity can be used to make explosive machine guns, mounted on the Striders, replacing the original parallel machine guns. At that point, the infantry fighting vehicle will have dual-barreled 40mm autocannons and explosive machine guns, plus anti-tank missile launchers, making the entire armament station quite formidable.”

“We also lack the capability to produce reactors, only relying on the Black Box. But perhaps we don’t need to mass-produce these things for now? With finished product Black Box, I can have a controllable reactor power generator set deployed in the outskirts of Weixing City within a month. Both Revival City and Weixing City already have existing power grids. If we integrate into them, we won’t have to worry about energy problems for a very, very long time. This will provide immense power for all our production lines, and our production capacity will see exponential growth in the near future.”

“Basic medical technology is relatively simple; we can quickly arrange to build a chemical plant. Once the imported raw materials are in place, we can swiftly start production. This includes over a hundred types of common medications. When the time comes, the military and city hospitals will have their pharmaceutical needs met. These drugs can also be traded internationally, or even stockpiled to deal with future imperial taxes.”

…

Wu Jiarong was giving Mr. Gu detailed accounts of her thoughts and assessments.

In some respects, Gu Hang was somewhat disappointed, such as with the burst production capacity of armored vehicles being slower than he had imagined.

But what Wu Jiarong spoke of were all realistic factors, especially the scarcity of qualified automotive workers. Had it not been for the production of the Iron Bull truck series and the Patrol Rider motorcycle series, which slightly cultivated some experience, the gap in this area would surely have been even greater.

The demand for qualified industrial workers will only continue to grow in the future.

Gu Hang calculated that after returning this time, he would have to get the education industry started.

Compulsory education for children and teenagers; technical schools for the rapid training of youths and adults; management schools for training new administrative officers; military academies—or Loyal Heir Academy—particularly for ideological education and the cultivation of political officers…

As he thought about this, he began to feel a sense of helplessness.

The education sector ah, it’s another area that requires a great deal of time and energy investment.

Moreover, he didn’t have the right person to get this thing up and running.

Osenia?

She was capable, but she was too overwhelmed with work right now. Rebuilding the city, restoring production, and the insufficient administrative personnel already had the young woman's hands full. She likely wouldn't be able to tackle another equally heavy task in the short term.

Gu Hang had no choice but to consider other candidates.

Chapter 128: Guarantee to Complete the Mission!

After having an extensive discussion with Wu Jiarong about the production of various technology industry lines that followed, Gu Hang then inspected the situation at the Abandoned Cave Society.

The former leader of the Abandoned Cave Society, who is now the head of the heavy industry base, Patel, didn't even have time to meet him!

Of course, that was an exaggerated way to put it. If truth be told, what task could be more important than meeting with the Governor?

It wasn't that Gu Hang didn't let Patel come to see him. Instead, it was he who took the initiative to accompany Patel and observed their work situation.

They were indeed very busy.

Perbov had also changed into a set of military clothes and accompanied him on the side. The day before, following orders, this man led his company, escorting tens of thousands of citizens to the Abandoned Cave Society.

These tens of thousands were among those who were evacuated from Revival City before the storm disaster, the homeless. They were not reassigned by Osenia to return to the city for reconstruction but were instead directly brought, along with some of the food supplies taken from the city, by military escort, to Weixing City.

A small number of people were settled in the former Governor's Camp, the main city of Weixing City, and poured into the light industries factories there. The textile mills, construction teams, tool assembly factories, cement plants, electric appliance factories in Weixing City, like a land parched for rain, welcomed in a lot of new labor.

Under comprehensive strategic planning, there was no shortage of business. The arrival of so many people meant a need for more housing, more raw materials for construction, more clothing, more basic electrical appliances such as water heaters and lights. And these items are in even shorter supply in the outer areas of Revival City that are under reconstruction, with more orders than could be filled.

The enhancement of productivity required more labor to be integrated into the system, and after they earned work points, or even 'borrowed' them with an advance on their pay, they needed to produce these goods themselves to meet their own demands.

Yet, even so, not everyone could stay in Weixing City.

The more important Waste Pit Industrial Zone, also under the administrative jurisdiction of Weixing City, could accommodate even more people.

The core alloy smelting industry has always been a big consumer of labor.

The central alloy plastic steel machine black box had never stopped, but many of the resulting production lines could only remain in the assembly stage, or even sit gathering dust in storage, simply because there were not enough hands to operate the machines.

The burgeoning metal processing factories, bulletproof insert production lines, automotive industry, military industry… the potential for employment seemed endless.

Most people who migrated from Revival City were settled near the residential areas adjacent to the industrial hub of the Waste Pit Zone in Weixing City.

The empty housing previously constructed here became temporary settlement spots. Homes initially meant for a single family might suddenly house twenty people.

Even so, space was still inadequate, considering the incoming population was several times larger than the entire original population of the Waste Pit Zone. In the end, temporary tents and huts had to be used for shelter, waiting for numerous construction crews to work at full capacity to build houses.

Moreover, not all these people could be put to work right away.

The Abandoned Cave Society industrial zone did have some low-end industries where individuals could be sent for short, pre-work training sessions, barely sufficient for them to manage. However, when it came to more delicate processing, vehicle assembly, and a series of jobs requiring a higher skill set from industrial workers, brief training was inadequate.

Fortunately, Gu Hang had previously implemented night school policies in the Abandoned Cave Society, which continued to have an effect.

Literacy and basic skills training were well underway. Now that so many more had arrived, they too were herded into it. Whether it's herding a sheep or a flock… although this 'flock' was exceptionally large.

Nevertheless, the population of the wasteland had numerous issues, but there is one aspect that should not be underestimated. There might be many illiterate people, but many of them had useful skills. After all, wasteland society wasn't primitive; most had seen guns, used guns, maintained guns; while many couldn't recognize many words, they weren't lacking in fix-it skills or craftsmanship.

In the past, these people simply lacked opportunity. Now that they had it, the cost of training them wouldn't actually be too high.

"It won't be long before these people are no longer a burden but the freshest blood for the continued development of our industry!" Patel proudly said to Gu Hang.

…

Gu Hang was fairly satisfied with the development of the Waste Pit Industrial Zone.

After all, things were on the right track. As time went by, the overall production capacity was set to grow exponentially.

The seeds that had been sown were now at the stage of taking root and sprouting.

With a satisfied mindset, Gu Hang spent the night in the Abandoned Cave Society and, early the next morning, he hurriedly boarded the helicopter to return to Revival City.

Joining him was Perbov.

He was to take part in today's award ceremony.

Perbov was not the main event, but he had commanded 2nd Company and had stood out in several fights in Revival City. His troops were still carrying out tasks in the Waste Pit Zone and couldn't rush back immediately, but as the commanding officer, he had to go back and bring his brothers the medals they deserved.

While on the same aircraft as Mr. Gu, Perbov was a little nervous.

Although he was quite familiar with him, he had never spent such a long time in a relatively private space with the Governor he respected and admired.

This made him somewhat uneasy.

He was usually quite open and talkative. But now, without any tasks at hand, he wasn't sure what to say. Yet staying silent didn't seem quite right either.

However, he soon had to stop worrying about the awkward atmosphere.

Gu Hang spoke, raising the topic of official business.

It was about some arrangements concerning his own duties going forward.

“Now, the command for the 1st Composite Brigade should be assumed by Yan Fangxu as brigade commander; and for the 2nd Infantry Division, it should be Tadeusz taking on the position of division commander, who will also double as the commissar for both units. This situation is definitely temporary and cannot be maintained for long.”

“Following that, once the troops are established and we move into routine training and combat operations, both men will still be pulled for unified coordination. Specific command and management of the troops will be handed over to others.”

“I have in mind that you should take on the role of brigade commander for the 1st Composite Brigade.”

Perbov seemed somewhat agitated at the moment.

It was not possible that he hadn’t thought about these things before.

After hearing about this round of military expansion, he had given it thought.

Aside from that guy Yan Fangxu, there shouldn’t be anyone else in the entire army more qualified and capable of holding this position.

Frankly, the only real competition were the battalions leaders brought into Revival City by the governor himself. He was the most senior, the most experienced, and had the most distinguished combat achievements among them.

But then, who knew if there might be a surprise?

After all, when it came to seniority, the differences were not significant; it was merely a matter of more than a month’s time difference, what seniority is there to speak of? He was just lucky to have had a head start.

Moreover, who knew if there might be some special circumstances?

After all, there was the example of Tadeusz. That kid also came from the Abandoned Cave Company, starting as a squad leader, and after a single battle, became a hero, even leaping to become a division commander and the head of the army's political department.

His rise through the ranks was unmatched.

In fact, many privately felt envious.

To be honest, Tadeusz had only taken a risk with that particular void. Despite the void taking the lives of an interstellar warrior and a Battle Nun, marking certain death for any mere mortal that approached, he emerged victorious.

But some would not think that way. What Tadeusz could do, they could do as well; it was just a matter of not being there at the time or not running fast enough.

Otherwise, they would be the division commander now!

And whenever Perbov heard these kinds of rumors within his own troops, he would curse vehemently.

What's the use of saying such things? When the time comes, the vast majority wouldn't dare to move forward one step, afraid of being ordered to go on a suicide mission.

Not to mention having the capability to walk out of there.

Others might not have seen it, but had he not witnessed how fierce the interstellar warriors and Battle Nuns were? A task that took their lives was accomplished by Tadeusz, that was no small feat, and everyone had to acknowledge it.

Sarcastic comments deserved lashes.

And now, the words Mr. Gu had just mentioned—of course, they were true, would he deceive him?

He would soon officially become the third most important person in the army after Yan Fangxu and Tadeusz. In fact, when it came to actual authority, he was number one.

After all, the largest and strongest armed force was directly under his control.

Could he shoulder this responsibility?

Even after Tadeusz achieved a remarkable feat, people whispered behind his back. If he took on the brigade commander role, what would the other four battalion commanders think of their former peer becoming their supervisor?

Rattling his brain in the helicopter, Perbov's mind was filled with many thoughts because of Mr. Gu's words.

But these thoughts were also reeled back in because of Mr. Gu's words, "However, our situation is always a bit special. It's hard to talk about seniority; we've just come out of the struggle. To speak of ability, to speak of contribution, that's what really convinces people. So, I plan to appoint you, but I cannot simply dictate it; that would make your future work difficult."

Perbov listened intently, sensing the key point.

"After the award ceremony, you'll immediately return to Weixing City. At that time, people from the recruiting division separated by Tadeusz will come back with you. I am temporarily authorizing you to recruit a batch of soldiers within Weixing City to fill up your battalion, including a large number of weapons and equipment. Even if they have not started mass production, I'll arrange for you to get them from the research institute."

"By then, your battalion will be reorganized into the first battalion of the 1st Composite Brigade, the first to complete comprehensive equipment. I want you to get your troops ready within half a month and then start operations centered on the Waste Pit Industrial Zone."

“At that time, Yan Fangxu will give you a clear combat objective. Centered on the Waste Pit Zone, within a hundred kilometers, there should be approximately 7-10 survivor settlements of varying sizes. Give you another half a month, I want to see those settlements definitely flying the flag of the New Alliance and definitely submitting to the new order.”

Unable to stand, Perbov excitedly straightened up in his seat and saluted, “I understand! I promise to complete the mission!”

He was a bit excited!

He knew that Mr. Gu was giving him this opportunity to accumulate merits in advance, paving the way for his next step and facilitating his future work.

With this opportunity, he felt that if he failed to carry out Mr. Gu’s instructions, he honestly deserved to drown himself in a cesspit!

Chapter 129: Execution

“Marinus Flanagan, charged with murder, subversion of the government, enslavement, imprisonment… by the name of The Emperor, you are sentenced to death!”

“Jesse Dutra, charged with murder, fraud… by the name of The Emperor, you are sentenced to death!”

“Lloyd Eukic, charged with…”

…

Many people, originally dressed in exquisite clothes which were now dirty and soiled from detention and interrogation, were bound and kneeling on the ground.

They looked at Lambert, seated at the judgment bench, reading out their charges, but they could not utter a single word in their defense.

They couldn’t speak; their tongues had all been uniformly cut out to prevent them from speaking out of turn at such an important event.

They were only needed here to make an appearance before meeting their fates.

In fact, they weren’t the first ones. Before them, beneath the high platform of the trial, there was another platform, splattered with bloodstains.

Just moments ago, in groups of ten, after the sentences were pronounced, they were dragged down to the lower platform. Then, a gun was placed against the back of each person’s head, and with the executioner’s command, gunshots sounded simultaneously. The kneeling people immediately fell forward as blood sprayed everywhere.

Immediately afterward, people came to drag away the bodies, and while the next group’s crimes were being read, workers carried buckets of water to splash over the execution platform, then swiftly mopped it down.

It was certainly impossible to clean completely at once; by the time the next group was dragged over, the ground was still damp, the smell of blood rushing up to one’s nostrils.

Scared enough to wet their pants, twisting and turning trying to resist… it was all routine, but utterly meaningless.

Then came more orders, another series of gunshots, another group sentenced…

The prisoners prepared by Lambert would take over twenty batches to finish.

During this period of terror politics that enveloped Revival City, roughly two thousand people had been captured.

Of course, not all of them would be executed here. On one hand, not everyone was sentenced to death, and on the other hand, sentencing and executing two thousand people one by one would take too much time.

A total of about two hundred would suffice to make a point. The remaining four or five hundred death row prisoners would be dealt with later.

Among the arrested, there were also those who were truly innocent; about five hundred or so were eventually released. The remaining thousand or so were all sentenced to labor, prepared to be sent to the mines at the Waste Hole Society Ruins to dig for ore.

This group of people, by the standards of the Waste Lands, seemed rather delicate. Presumably, they had never engaged in such intense physical labor. After toiling in the dark mines for five years, it was unknown how many would survive to see the end of their sentence.

Below the execution platform was the Square of Punishment.

This place was located in front of the Alliance Council's great hall, a rather large space capable of accommodating about twenty thousand people with no problem.

Now, about half that number, roughly ten thousand people, were standing there.

These spectators were essentially from the top 10% of residents in terms of status within Revival City.

They had been 'invited' to watch this trial, and they were quite touched upon receiving the invitation.

The scenes unfolding before them were indeed chilling to the bone.

Among those being executed, there were many they knew, many they were familiar with.

In the past, these were their leaders, their superiors, their bosses.

Whenever they encountered them, they would probably have to bow and scrape, greet them respectfully, hoping to get some small benefit; a bit of patronage might mean a better future.

But now, these individuals who were once so lofty, were being executed in batches before them, like dead dogs.

During the execution, the onlookers fell silent as cicadas in winter.

My lord Governor, it's real this time.

This made many among them have to deeply recall the second-generation governor from six years ago…

No, even more outrageous than the second-generation governor.

The original second-generation governor, in order to implement his reign of terror and extort wealth, also relied on the administrative power and military strength of the Alliance itself. In that era, although it caused a horrific disaster, since the administrative measures depended on the Alliance system, many of them were within this system, they themselves were the executors of the terror.

Many times, terror did not descend upon their own heads.

But the new governor is not like that. He has established a set of forces out of thin air, forces that carry out his will. The new governor truly does not need them.

Over two thousand people were arrested, two hundred are on the execution stage, being executed as simply as slaughtering pigs. This means, almost all the leaders of the ruling class under the Alliance system, all the heads of various interest groups, were wiped out in one sweep.

Isn't this enough to reflect the Governor's determination and ruthlessness?

Now, they could truly feel that Revival City, the Alliance, and even the whole Rage Owl Star, had truly changed.

…

From the highest platform, Gu Hang looked down silently at everything.

The fresh blood on the execution stage, the silent and fearful populace below, none of it caused the slightest change in his expression.

He was indeed destroying the existing order. The goal was to clean house, to more conveniently rebuild the order he desired.

His methods toward the Inner City residents were different from those toward the Outer City.

The Outer City people were poor, miserable, and couldn't even fill their stomachs, so he used a gentle approach, showing mercy, giving hope, establishing credibility. Let them be fed and clothed, let them live and work in peace and contentment, and they would naturally become his force.

The Inner City people lived decent lives, and it was not cost-effective to buy them off with more benefits. Thus, he used decisive means to plant terror in their hearts and minds, to prevent them from daring to become obstacles.

Gu Hang obviously couldn't let these Inner City people continue to be vampires. Furthermore, he wanted the Inner City people to bleed, otherwise, who would bear the cost of the resources for buying off the Outer City people?

Contrary to what he had imagined, after cleaning out the nobles in the city, Gu Hang did not gain much of any real value.

Money was meaningless. The so-called Alliance currency, issued by the Alliance Government with a rather limited circulation, seemed like waste paper to Gu Hang.

He had not yet completely abolished the use of Alliance currency, but it was just a matter of time.

Gu Hang had no patience to engage in any financial industry here.

Could the financial industry help with taxes? Could they use Alliance currency to negotiate with the tax officials of the Empire?

Obviously not.

Currency is merely a means for regulating the economy.

The destructive storm unleashed by the Primordial Wrath Owl Sect, in some ways, had helped Gu Hang quite a bit. With the Outer City people having next to nothing, Gu Hang realized that he did not need to maintain the original financial system of Revival City.

And what he obtained from those so-called nobles, the most important thing was the industries they originally controlled.

Next, Gu Hang would largely abolish and not recognize the use of Alliance currency, which would directly make all the Inner City people impoverished. Their past accumulated wealth would, under this decision, all become piles of waste paper in their homes.

They wouldn't end up with nothing, after all, they still had their homes, some material savings, far better off than the Outer City people who were starting from scratch.

But their past lives would surely be gone forever.

Chapter 130: Long Live the Governor!

Actually, not all the people in the inner city are wealthy.

With such poor productivity, it's impossible to support that many rentier classes.

Most of the people in the inner city still have to rely on their own work to support themselves and their families. They just have a relatively more substantial family background, better education, and more plentiful opportunities.

They work as industrial workers, staff in factories and enterprises, clerical workers in trade associations, and officials under the Alliance Government… They have a stable and even somewhat respectable job, but that's all they have for their livelihood.

In fact, under the new system designed by Gu Hang, if these people did their jobs well, their opportunities would still be much greater than those of the people outside the city. A more comprehensive education and a wealth of work experience were their advantages.

But this couldn't merely be made credible through propaganda. For the moment, Gu Hang did not need to maintain stability through empty talk; his military could manage that in a short time.

As for the future, these inner city residents would come to experience this for themselves.

In reality, for the entire political and economic framework of the future, he already had some preliminary ideas, which he had discussed with Osenia.

The entire welfare system would be established on forty-five grades: a stratification of A-E, with nine levels in each category.

Each level would come with corresponding welfare benefits, including food rations, housing benefits, medical care, and determine the purchase rights for a small number of scarce goods.

Upon entering the workforce, every official employee would have at least an E6 level of benefits. Below E6, there would be apprentice workers, interns, some scholarship recipients, convict laborers, and relief for those unemployed through no fault of their own…

And specific levels would be determined according to the position and the individual's work contribution.

Although there is a certain link between rank and position, they are not entirely equivalent. In the early stages, those at lower levels will be promoted year by year based on seniority and work contributions, which means an increase in basic benefits.

The pace of promotion will slow down at higher levels.

Those with outstanding performance will be eligible for leapfrog promotion.

The treatment for military soldiers does not follow this line, but it corresponds. Privates and corporals receive allowances similar to the E tier, with specific differences depending on the unit; after retirement, efforts would be made to arrange jobs at corresponding levels. Sergeants, senior NCOs, and some lower officers correspond to the D tier; middle and upper officers receive C tier treatment upon retirement; and senior officers and generals receive B tier or A tier, depending on the situation.

Rank and position would also be paid monthly wages, only it's no longer the Alliance currency. It's now work points, and there could be some sort of currency reform in the future. You can spend work points or currency to buy things in stores.

Most civilian goods, as long as they're not scarce items, will be normally placed on the shelves.

Want to eat better side dishes beyond the regular food allocations, such as cake, ice cream, meat and dairy products? You can buy them;

Want high-quality electronics? You can buy them;

Want to buy a tricycle or even a car to use? You might not be able to buy it in the short term, but once production increases in the future, the military's needs are met, and there is extra capacity, you can buy it. There might initially be level restrictions, which can be lifted later when capacity is more abundant.

When there are more materials available, personal hobbies, reading, entertainment, art pieces… all can be bought.

In other words, housing, food, and medical care, the three big mountains, will be secured once you're part of this new system; wages will then satisfy higher-level, more personalized, and diverse needs.

Want something better? Well, work hard to get promoted and earn a raise.

The only exception is education.

That matter, Gu Hang plans to make it public, free, and solely dependent on performance.

And this whole system will include future civil servants, industrial workers, service industry workers, farmers… all of them.

Of course, for now, this whole system looks beautiful, with a somewhat utopian notion, but there will probably be quite a few problems in implementation.

Ensuring fairness, reasonable promotions, adequate supply of materials, satisfying individual diverse needs, fighting corruption, avoiding system rigidity, planning material distribution and production… the list of issues is long.

But this collectivized, planned system has a fundamental advantage: it's easier to concentrate resources to accomplish big things.

On Rage Owl Star, there is a fundamental difference from the modern world: there is no problem of overproduction for a long time.

The meaning of market regulation is not that significant.

All excess productive capacity would be absorbed by the immense pressure of imperial taxation.

The only thing Gu Hang needed to do was to expand productive capacity as much as possible. Making more goods, whether they could be sold or used, didn't matter; the empire's vast system would consume it all.

And with this premise, what Gu Hang valued the most was how to fill the people within this system with motivation.

He would not tolerate widespread attitudes of idleness and dependency on welfare benefits.

These detestable ideas must be addressed by Gu Hang.

Incentives such as rank progression, salary increases, and active promotion of values are all forms of positive motivation.

Performance assessments, competitive promotion slots, and a demotion penalty system…

These kinds of relatively competitive incentives are also essential.

If the people don’t work hard, how can Gu Hang prosper?

Work hard, and next year, the governor can change to a sports car.