Governor 131

Chapter 131: Long Live the Governor!_2

Of course, this was a joke. What Gu Hang wanted was not those lowly pleasures.

Expanding the military, developing industry, constructing starships, and maintaining one or several combat regiments… his ambitions were grand indeed.

As for the present reality, once these inner city folks entered his new system, thanks to their own advantage in education level, professional skills, and past work experience, they naturally outperformed the impoverished people from the outer cities who might not even be able to recognize all the characters. They would easily strive for a higher starting rank and a faster promotion speed.

As long as they supported the governor, they would feel the benefits.

Restoring their past standard of living was not difficult, and it was inevitable with the increase in productivity. Moreover, better class mobility would give them opportunities they could never have had before.

The good days were still ahead!

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Gu Hang's divergent thoughts came to a close with the death of the last batch of executed convicts.

Next, another big event was to come: the award ceremony and the military parade.

These two events were combined.

In fact, the vast square was now occupied by only about ten thousand citizens, leaving open space for the upcoming parade.

The various units would one by one, accompanied by bugle calls and majestic music, set off from the outside assembly area, pass the main road outside the parliamentary square, and advance along the path made way by the audience to arrive here at the podium.

The commanders of the units would come to the platform to receive medals, military ranks, and more importantly, on behalf of the entire unit, accept the designation and the flags.

The military music had already started, with four bands in four directions of the square creating quite a din, along with trumpets arranged in various locations to further amplify the sound.

Then, a formation slowly approached.

Four ‘Strider V’ armored vehicles led the way, followed by tanks still not fully repainted, captured from the previous Alliance Legion, and then a column of Iron Bull trucks accompanied by Scout Rider Motorcycles advancing. Some of these trucks carried full loads of soldiers as troop transports, and others towed huge 155mm howitzers.

This was the 3rd Battalion of the original Governor’s Infantry Regiment. Among the leading officer vehicles, Perbov from the 2nd Battalion and the 3rd Battalion’s commanding officer were seated.

In fact, the 2nd Battalion should have been reviewed first and Perbov, as its commanding officer, was indeed the first. Unfortunately, he was a bit of a lone wolf; his main force was still recruiting and reorganizing in Weixing City, so he could only tag along with the 3rd Battalion’s formation.

As the entire formation arrived below the podium, whether riding in vehicles or marching on foot, all the soldiers shouted their slogans loudly!

It began with the officers at the front belting out “For the Emperor!” followed by all the soldiers chanting together.

Then came another “For the Governor!”

Gu Hang stood at the forefront of the viewing platform, watching his troops march past, his face expressionless, merely nodding slightly in acknowledgment.

The soldiers followed the directions to the space set aside for them in the square and took their positions. Perbov and the 3rd Battalion's commanding officer went up to the platform together.

Gu Hang personally adorned them with the shoulder boards that signified the rank of Major; following that, he also presented them with medals.

Gu Hang had personally designed two styles of medals.

This moment, they were all being awarded the 'Revival Medal'.

The design of this medal was roughly circular, featuring a fist clutching a hammer raised upward, surrounded by wheat ears.

The Revival Medal, Gu Hang intended as a foundational award to be given out. It was primarily meant for soldiers and officers who had displayed excellence in the series of battles involving Revival City.

Half of the awardees were either valiantly killed in action or wounded. The former needs no further mention, while the latter were generally expected to retire upon receipt of the medal.

These medals were not recognized within the entire empire, unlike military ranks. The titles from the Planetary Defense Force were acknowledged by the Imperial Military—although the prestige attached to them varied greatly.

But Gu Hang still needed to establish this system.

Soldiers fighting for their own should rightfully receive honor.

Moreover, aside from honor, the medals also had tangible benefits. The 'Rejuvenation Medal' itself equated to an E5-level allowance, a seemingly insignificant amount, but this was in addition to the basic

allowance soldiers already received and would continue until retirement. In cases of disability or death, the pension would also be more substantial.

In fact, awarding medals to disabled retirees and fallen soldiers was also to provide additional consolation to the relatives of valiantly fallen soldiers.

For those without relatives, the military's political department would arrange for an orphan—there were too many on the wastelands—to inherit these, but the precondition was that the orphan had to take up the hero's surname.

They would be raised and educated by a specialized War Orphans Institution.

After Gu Hang had placed the ranks and medals on the two battalion commanders, the award ceremony for them concluded, and the formation of the 4th Battalion was already coming up behind.

The two battalion commanders and a few soldiers who had joined them on the podium hurriedly received a sizable box and many furled flags from the governor's attendants, then quickly made space for their brothers in the approaching 4th Battalion.

In the boxes were several Rejuvenation Medals, to be later awarded by the commanders to their own battalion's soldiers; the furled flags were the battalion and company red banners, which would clearly display the unit's numerical designation.

These regimental banners were distributed, and soon they were raised by the flag bearers.

Quickly, during the next batch of ceremonies for awarding ranks and medals, red banners began to flutter within the first square formation.

Among them were two special unit designations—the 1st Abandoned Cave Company and the 4th 'Kodi' Company.

These two banners belonged to Perbov's 1st Composite Brigade, 1st Composite Battalion. Although he had not brought personnel with him, allies stepped in to help as temporary flag bearers, raising the flags high.

The first banner recognized Gu Hang's establishment of the very first company made up of native people from Rage Owl Star, which had exhibited outstanding performance in many battles; the second was to honor the heroic deeds of the martyred Kodi, assigned to the company where he served as political commissar, which was incorporated into the 1st Composite Battalion as the fourth company.

This concluded the entire process of conferring ranks and awarding medals.

To be honest, the level of the military band, which provided the accompanying music in loops, was quite average, and the formations of soldiers and vehicles were not particularly tidy when moving.

In Gu Hang's opinion, especially when compared to the military parades he had seen on TV before crossing over, it was still lacking.

But there was an entirely different aspect here: this was truly his own army.

At his command, the guns and cannons in these formations would fire at any enemy; the soldiers in the formations would die for him.

Watching them from the podium, Gu Hang felt an infinite surge of pride.

The citizens from the inner city watching alongside him, however, remained silent.

In fact, among the soldiers marching in formation, many were familiar faces to them. Quite a few were indeed former soldiers of the Alliance Legion, a significant portion of whom had been integrated into the 1st Composite Brigade; the rest would be infused into the 2nd Infantry Division as its framework.

Yet, to the inner city's residents, these familiar soldiers now seemed quite unfamiliar.

There had never been a military parade within Revival City, and they only saw these soldiers when they were on duty or out on missions. The inner city residents generally harbored an indifferent attitude towards the military.

But now, the entire army seemed to be different from what they remembered.

Their whole spirit had changed.

Under the leadership of those with red caps, the soldiers puffed out their chests, striding with vigorous, proud steps.

When had the citizens ever seen their own army with such a spirited appearance?

Oh, that's not right, it's now the Governor's army… Eh? That's also not right, we seem to be the Governor's people too, so this is still our army…

It's a bit confusing.

The citizens watched these familiar yet strange soldiers marching past them and then assembling neatly on the other side of the square, their emotions quite mixed.

The mood among the residents of the outer city was not so complex.

Revival City lacked the capability to broadcast live images, which made it impossible for everyone to see the ceremony.

But at least the technology to broadcast via radio was available.

The pronouncement of death sentences on various individuals by Lambert was also broadcast live via radio.

Compared to the calm of the inner city, the outer city was quite lively. As people worked, they heard of various prominent figures being executed. They might not have known who each person was, but they could recognize a detestable name being mentioned as gunned down.

Consequently, cheers erupted sporadically on the worksites.

During the subsequent award ceremony, the radio announcer would also read the details of the awards received by the units and their exploits, following the script.

This also made the poor in the outer city realize that previously there had been such a reliable army fighting to protect Revival City from being destroyed by a cult conspiracy.

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After all the troops had passed, the last two to appear on the stage were Yan Fangxu and Tadeusz.

For the former, Gu Hang bestowed the rank of colonel.

Accepting this rank meant that he was saying goodbye to the Imperial Navy sequence and joining the ranks of the Rage Owl Star Planetary Defense Force.

The relevant formalities were already in progress, and Gu Hang had even made a special point of discussing his case with Colonel Yelisia.

Therefore, Gu Hang spent 10 points of favor to activate Yan Fangxu.

In the system's appraisal, he was classified as a rarity of N, which stands for normal, a level 2 military commander with his highest attribute, command, reaching 12 points, and only one trait, [Excellent Military Commander], nothing special.

Beyond receiving the rank of colonel, Yan Fangxu was also awarded a 'Revival Medal'.

And standing next to him, Tadeusz was conferred the rank of lieutenant colonel, and further, was awarded a ‘Wind-Extinguishing Medal’.

The medal was irregularly conical, resembling the abstract shape of a tornado.

Designed by Gu Hang as the second type of medal, only one was issued this time, and it was for Tadeusz.

Without a doubt, the ‘Wind-Extinguishing Medal’ was a hundred times more precious than the Revival Medal in the entire military’s medal system.

After the personal conferring of ranks and awards was completed, both men also received a flag each.

They saluted Gu Hang, donned their ranks, wore their medals on their chests, and holding the banners, descended from the stage.

Next, each moved to the very front of the two large square formations, passing the flags to the flag bearers who had been prepared.

The flag-bearing squad raised the red flags, and both banners were established at the forefront of the two military units.

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The flag that Tadeusz took down was nothing special; when unfurled, it was simply the banner of the 2nd Infantry Division.

The flag that Yan Fangxu took down, however, had something to talk about.

Once spread out, the words written on it were: [1st Extinguishing Wind Brigade].

Without a doubt, this was also an honorary designation given to the entire brigade, in recognition of the outstanding performances of the officers and soldiers of the whole brigade, including those former

Alliance Legion soldiers who were absorbed into it, during the Wind-Extinguishing operation—this included the platoon that Tadeusz had previously led as political commissar.

After the ceremony of conferring ranks and bestowing medals had concluded, the broadcast signal switched to the microphone in front of Gu Hang. His voice, amplified by the loudspeakers, echoed throughout the entire square and then throughout the entire city.

People quieted down; they began to listen carefully to the Governor's words, seeking to find a new, reliable support for their future lives.

"Residents of Revival City, my most loyal warriors, greetings. I am your Governor, Gu Hang."

"Just now, I have adorned our brave warriors, who fought valiantly to protect this city, with the honors they rightly deserve."

"I have bestowed one hundred Rejuvenation Medals, each of the honorees is a true hero. They have made outstanding contributions to the defense of Revival City, even at the cost of their own lives."

"I have awarded the Wind-Extinguishing Medal, the highest honor, to Comrade Tadeusz."

"Many still vividly recall the storm from ten days ago. With the help of the Phoenix Battle Group and the Sainte-Lys Nun Association, we thwarted the cultists' scheme; we extinguished the storm, saving the entire city. And without a doubt, Comrade Tadeusz was among the most outstanding of them. At the most critical moment, with the most fearless stance, he accomplished the most heroic feat—he struck the final blow to extinguish the storm."

"Extinguishing the storm is precisely the origin of the name for the Wind-Extinguishing Medal and the honorary designation of the Extinguishing Wind Brigade. All the soldiers who fought bravely, everyone who maintained order and rescued the city amidst the disaster, can rightly be called heroes."

At the beginning of his speech, Gu Hang started with the origins of the Wind-Extinguishing Medal and the honorary title of the Extinguishing Wind Brigade.

The inner-city residents remained silent, not deeply moved by this; but the people from the outer city remembered the images of those soldiers.

In the battles over food transportation, they had seen with their own eyes soldiers fighting the cultists who tried to destroy the food carts and leave them starving.

In that escalating storm, which then abruptly ceased, they might not have known what happened in several wind farms, but they clearly saw a large number of soldiers maintaining order, distributing food and supplies in the wind and rain, and arranging for people to evacuate the city.

This military force seemed indeed different.

In the midst of disaster, they did not use their weapons to loot and plunder, nor oppress the poor. Instead, they stood with the people against the wind and rain.

All this was witnessed by their very eyes, and the Governor's summarizing words of praise reinforced their impressions.

This was Gu Hang's intention.

He wanted to bring honor to the military.

Honor keeps the military disciplined, honor makes the people cherish the military.

After saying these words, Gu Hang paused briefly and continued his speech:

"Hundreds of years ago, before the era of war, Rage Owl Star was a civilized world, the pearl of the entire Tianma Star Sector. Leveraging advanced industrial technology and special psychic energy fields for energy extraction, Rage Owl Star's contribution to the Imperial Tax could rank in the top three in the Tianma Star Sector, only behind the Star Sector Capital Wing Star and the Nest Capital World Korolya III; the standard of living of its inhabitants could rank second, only slightly inferior to the Garden World Winged Star."

“Back then, the people of Rage Owl Star lived in cities, many with respectable jobs; for the majority, the problem of food and clothing was a distant concern. They enjoyed the sunshine, the nightlife, the variety of delicious foods produced, and a thriving cultural industry…”

“Such an affluent world was not something you could see on many Imperial worlds. The people of Rage Owl Star were deserving of envy from most inhabitants of the Empire World.”

Gu Hang’s words left many with mixed feelings.

No one had seen the pre-war condition with their own eyes. But they had heard about it from their ancestors, passed down from generation to generation; some artifacts occasionally unearthed from the ruins before the war also proved this point.

The past Rage Owl Star was indeed prosperous and flourishing.

So why are we, the descendants, living such wretched lives?

The Governor provided an answer:

“Despicable traitors betrayed us. The highest quality energy resource on Rage Owl Star, the psychic energy field, was used as a source by the Chaos Traitors to open a psychic tunnel. This tunnel connected to a world corrupted by chaos; under the shroud of dark magic, even demons from hell were summoned.”

“A brutal war erupted on Rage Owl Star as its battlefield.”

“The people of Rage Owl Star, united with the soldiers of the Empire, with endless sacrifices, defeated those Chaos Traitors, closed the psychic tunnel, and destroyed the psychic energy fields… But at the same time, this war, which lasted for decades, turned Rage Owl Star into ruins, transforming this once flourishing world of nearly ten billion inhabitants into a desolate wasteland. The collapsed ecosystem gave rise to terrible low energy storms and mutated monsters, rendering vast lands uninhabitable.”

“Since then, Rage Owl Star went from being the Star Sector’s pearl to a desolate planet, abandoned by the Empire, removed from the Star Sector’s planning.”

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This part was somewhat difficult for many people to understand. Terms like “Chaos Traitor” and “demons” didn’t seem familiar, and they were even more perplexed by “psychic energy fields” and “spiritual energy tunnels.”

But it didn’t prevent them from grasping the gist: our world had been betrayed by a traitor and destroyed by the Chaos Traitor.

Those abominable things were the culprits responsible for destroying the good life we should have had.

It inevitably reminded them of the Primordial Wrath Owl Sect, that damn cult that almost brought Revival City to ruin!

Gu Hang’s speech continued:

“After a dark century with no light of day, an Imperial Officer named Huo Haibin stumbled upon Rage Owl Star and was startled to discover that tens of millions of people were still alive. He helped the locals and applied layer by layer through the Star Sector Government. Finally, he obtained permission to rebuild Rage Owl Star, reintegrating it back into the Empire’s bosom. He also became the first Governor of the Rage Owl Star Wasteland era.”

“Governor Huo was a man worthy of everyone’s respect. He toiled hard on Rage Owl Star for 17 years. Leveraging the first 15 years of tax exemption, he worked tirelessly to restore the population, established a united alliance, brought together various forces across the planet, ended the constant conflicts over scarce resources on the wasteland, and rebuilt the preliminary productivity.”

“But it still wasn’t enough. In his 17th year as Governor, Rage Owl Star had to pay taxes to the Empire for the first time, standard Imperial Taxes. But Rage Owl Star hadn’t recovered sufficiently to even meet the lowest tax bracket. He was executed by the Department of Taxation, and the Alliance Government underwent a major reshuffle.”

“Then came the era of Niel Farches as Governor, an era that filled countless members of the Alliance with dread at the mere thought. He learned from Governor Huo’s failure, utilized the power of the Alliance Government, and implemented many policies a lesser man would prefer death over. He plundered the planet far and wide, solely focusing on paying the full taxes to the Empire, which resulted in a complete halt to all production and recovery efforts.”

“He managed two terms of tax collections but at the cost of squandering over a decade’s worth of Governor Huo’s efforts. Numerous families were torn apart, and innocent people were taken as tax payments; countless grains that should have fed the people, numerous essential industrial goods, were seized and handed over to the Empire.”

“Rage Owl Star faced a disaster, and his unsustainable actions incited rebellion. He held his position for six years, with the Alliance on the brink of collapse. Many people left the Alliance, many practiced deception, many violently resisted, many were utterly annihilated… The population of the planet suffered immensely, and seventeen years of recovery were nearly ruined in an instant. His deeds brought him to the guillotine in his third term.”

“Afterwards, for three successive generations, each Governor lasted only two years before being executed for their inability to pay taxes. The remaining forces conspired to control the Governor’s actions, manipulating his orders and deceiving both above and below. They used the Governor, along with officials of the temporary Governor’s Government elected to serve for two years, as scapegoats every two years.”

“During this entire process, Rage Owl Star endured another six years. These six years of division and chaos did not improve from the time of the second Governor; still many people died, and the planet saw no glimmer of hope for revival. The name Revival City became a mockery, both laughable and tragic.”

Gu Hang gave a lengthy speech detailing the history of Rage Owl Star over the past several decades.

And this period was very familiar to the people. From the first to the fifth Governor, spanning twenty-nine years, many of the younger generation had grown up during these times; the older ones had lived through those years in full.

They knew that what Mr. Gu spoke of contained no falsehoods; it was their lived experience.

However, before this, few amongst them had given deep thought to why all of this had happened.

But after Gu Hang shed light on these issues, they naturally began to ponder them.

Was it because of the Empire?

No, before the Empire retook Rage Owl Star, during that six months of dark post-war times, Rage Owl Star was on the verge of collapse. It was the first Governor who established a semblance of order, using the Empire's aid and interstellar trade to support the structure of the Alliance and revitalize many local industries.

The screw-up was the second Governor and the subsequent powerless Governors.

The brutal yet incompetent reign of the second Governor brought huge disasters;

The following three Governors were powerless, without troops or supporters, subjected to deception and manipulation. Almost every one of them believed they could meet the tax demands, hearing only the news that things were steadily improving, only to find the warehouses insufficiently stocked come tax time, and the population centers meant to serve as tax payment deserted.

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The three governors could only sit in Revival City like wax figures, blindfolded and deaf, totally unaware that the Alliance was so loose it was on the verge of disintegration. The various powers would not heed commands or proclamations; under this loose and autonomous system, the planets' strength could not be integrated, let alone developed.

So, it seems the answer is on the verge of emerging: the problem is not entirely with the Empire, the main issue is that there isn't a governor with enough power, enough daring, or enough capability.

Of course, there are many people who can't see this at all. The hardships they had personally experienced were, when spoken of from a broader, more macro perspective, almost like a script from heaven. Their thoughts could only passively follow the governor's narrative.

But what Gu Hang was about to say was for those not so clever, yet the most important and solid group of people:

"Until I arrived."

"Over two months ago, I came to this world and saw it was full of scars."

"At that time, I leveraged the Alliance's communication system to announce my arrival and my philosophy to the entire planet. I said I would rebuild the entire Wasteland World so that every Rage Owl Star person could live a good life through their own efforts. I did not come purely to collect taxes, nor would I collect taxes regardless of the people's well-being."

"When I realized that the Alliance's officials could not assist but were instead an obstruction, I left Revival City."

"Now, I have returned. My declaration has never changed, and those who obstructed me from bringing you a rebuilt, revitalized, and better life are all dead. From now on, no one will prevent us from jointly building our city, our world!"

"I will establish a welfare system to ensure that everyone who works hard can have enough to eat and clothes to wear!"

"I will establish schools to ensure every child can learn and grow in a bright classroom instead of scraping a living through thievery, begging, or working in sweatshops as a child laborer!"

"I will establish factories to produce more goods and create more jobs, allowing you to live a better life!"

“I will establish hospitals so that every injured or sick person can be cared for.”

“I will establish a more fair and efficient government to maintain order and security.”

“I will establish a more excellent and honorable military to fight for the protection of everything we have created!”

“These are my responsibilities, my mission, the mission of the new Alliance Government, and the mission of every Rage Owl person.”

“Hand in hand, we will surely triumph!”

What Mr. Gu, the governor, had finally said was something that everyone could understand.

The people cheered and jumped for joy, they were extremely excited!

“Long live the governor!”

Chapter 135: Ideals and Unforgiveness

Gu Hang’s speech ended amid the thunderous roar of “Long live the Governor.”

His last few words could be taken as pie in the sky, yet spoken at this moment, they were a clear and explicit political promise that genuinely instilled hope for the future in the listeners.

The residents of the outer city were anticipating that the Governor would fulfill all the promises he had made for the future. Considering the activities of the officials obedient to Miss Osenia and the propaganda of those wearing red hats, they started to believe that none of this was too far off.

The flame of hope was burning brightly on this land for the first time.

Even the residents of the inner city couldn't help but be moved.

Not to mention, at least in this speech, the Governor seemed to indicate one thing: he was not the type to extort and plunder like the previous generation of governors. They apparently didn't have to worry about toiling endlessly in factories just to pay taxes or how many people would be sent as tax contributions to the imperial transport ships, heading off to unknown parts of the starry sky, never to return, without any news.

If that were the case, it seemed that supporting this new Governor might not be a bad idea.

Hmm… human's baseline for tolerance is breached step by step like this.

A harsh slap, followed by a bit of sweetness, and it seemed the situation wasn't completely unacceptable.

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Was this public trial, execution, military parade, and medal ceremony merely a performance?

Of course, it was.

But who can deny the importance of propaganda in politics?

The inner city residents, having received the slap of watching their old acquaintances being publicly executed, were then fed some dates. The atmosphere of terror fostered by Lambert after many days of turmoil should, after this event, ease a little.

For the residents of the outer city, they simply received a sweet date.

There was no need for a slap; they had already suffered too many over the years.

The morale of the people, now bolstered, began to truly look forward to the prospects declared by the Governor, to a future with a better life; even their daily work was done with more vigor.

However, propaganda is just that, propaganda. These things needed to be implemented, and it wasn't as simple as announcing them over loudspeakers.

Things needed to be done one by one.

How to build schools? Where would the teachers come from? How to allocate resources? Hospitals were in the same boat.

The so-called welfare policies were tied to the forty-five ranks Gu Hang had previously envisioned, but what exactly were the benefits for each rank? What was the allocation of materials? How long could Revival City's current resources last? Where would the shortfall come from? How to ensure continued production could keep up?

Not to mention, the output mustn't all be consumed. The imperial tax was a matter for two years later, but preparations had to start now.

These detailed matters didn't need to be broadcast widely, and many of the methods involved couldn't be discussed openly.

After the medal ceremony, Gu Hang convened an internal meeting.

This meeting was where the real substance and key issues were.

The meeting lasted a full two days.

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When Lambert stepped out of the meeting room, it was already the morning of the third day.

The morning sun wasn't too harsh, yet it still made Lambert's eyes uncomfortable.

For the past two days, he had been in literal darkness.

Eating and sleeping all took place in the meeting room, with an all-night session held just yesterday.

The Governor, on the other hand, always managed to appear lively and spirited, but Lambert was only human and couldn't handle such strain.

At the moment, he was truly exhausted.

Yet he couldn't suppress his excitement.

In the two-day meeting, a significant portion was devoted to personnel appointments. Now, he was the head of the Supreme Legal Committee, the highest judge of the Alliance. His important task going forward was to draft laws in accordance with the spirit conveyed by the Governor during the meeting.

For this, he needed to establish the Legislative Council for legislative work, the Executive Council for judicial work, and additionally, the Disciplinary Council to oversee and audit government officials and factory managers.

Right from the start of the New Alliance Government's establishment, there was an awareness of the risks of corruption and systemic ossification. He needed to tackle these issues aggressively.

This indeed matched the work he had been doing in the previous period.

Legislation, judiciary, oversight, auditing… With many powers vested in him, he, as the Alliance's highest judge, was in a position of authority that, in a sense, was on par with the government head—the Alliance Premier. And currently, the Alliance Premier was none other than Gu Hang himself.

This almost meant that he had become the highest-ranking official in the New Alliance.

The Hodgson Family's early investment in the Governor was now paying off.

However, the concentration of such considerable power in one individual was inherently unsustainable, merely a temporary measure due to the lack of qualified personnel. After all, positions had been left vacant, presumably to be filled in the future.

But what of it?

If Lambert was in charge, wouldn't those who took over in the future essentially be his former subordinates? Even if he were to move on from this work area, he would have left a significant legacy of influence behind.

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However, senior officialdom and lucrative salaries were not the reason for his excitement now.

For him personally, were these things worth exchanging for the lives of his entire family?

If given the choice, he would not choose this path a hundred times over.

But his grandfather had chosen it, and it was only when disaster struck that he realized it.

When he had just decided to come to Governor's Camp to help the governor, he knew his decision represented the Hodgson Family's stance being laid bare. But at that time, the worst outcome he could imagine was that his grandfather would face tremendous pressure in Revival City, and the family would be suppressed.

But all that could be recovered, all would be taken back after the governor's success.

He never thought that the Speaker of the Alliance Council would die in the capital of the Alliance.

But Hodgson had probably foreseen this; he just hadn't told him.

Was it for him?

Was it for the Hodgson family?

Lambert didn't think so.

If it was for these reasons, they wouldn't have needed to go this far. What Hodgson Family is there to speak of now? Everyone's dead except for him.

So what was it all for?

He remembered the conversation with his grandfather just before he left Revival City to join the governor.

"The whole planet is longing for revival, the sooner the better. I'm willing to make the first contribution, rather than wait in silence. Being a promoter of the era is far more meaningful than waiting anxiously to board the train when the era changes."

This statement doomed a political family of Revival City, but it also became the catalyst that allowed the governor to become the owner of Revival City much earlier.

Regardless of how many twists and turns there were in the process, it had now become a fact.

Why say that only the governor can save the world?

This question is better transformed into what exactly did the empire bring to Rage Owl Star?

History is a witness.

Imperial taxation was indeed a heavy oppression, but in the hundred years after the war and before returning to the empire, was the situation on Rage Owl Star any better?

It was terrible, even worse than during the second governor's era.

When the first governor established the Alliance, the total population on Rage Owl Star was probably just over twenty million; after his seventeen-year rule, this number rose to nearly fifty million, doubling. The birth rate increased significantly, the death rate dropped dramatically, and a large number of hidden populations re-emerged due to social development.

Only in the last twelve years, it has fallen to less than forty million again.

Returning to the empire indeed brought heavy taxation. But apart from that, it wasn't without benefits.

In rebuilding the world, the empire would allocate financial subsidies, distributed by the Star Sector Government.

This aid, in the hands of the first governor, led to seventeen years of substantial development on Rage Owl Star, tantamount to being the engine of the planet's revival.

Without these, could the first governor have formed the Alliance, integrating the various forces by risking his neck?

Besides the reconstruction aid, another significant benefit of returning to the empire was interstellar trade.

Upon returning to the empire, after having their governor, the Imperial Merchant Fleet would make Rage Owl Star a trading stop. Many things that could not be produced locally on Rage Owl Star would become available through interstellar trade.

These two aspects were the greatest benefits after rejoining the empire.

Was Rage Owl Star really unable to develop?

Not at all.

Though difficult, with imperial aid and joining the interstellar trade routes, Rage Owl Star should have been thriving.

What they needed was a reliable governor.

He could not be as incompetent as the first three governors, controlled as soon as they stepped into office, their decrees never leaving the office; nor could he be like the second governor, who ruled the world with violence and fear, completely disregarding development, draining the pond to catch the fish, which would inevitably lead to collapse; even the first governor, capable though he may have been, was too kind and lacked the authority of a ruler.

The loose structure of the Alliance allowed the various forces to have a considerable degree of independence, making it impossible to gather the planet's strength for focused development and to handle the imperial taxation rationally. This was the scourge left by the first governor.

These were the conclusions Lambert had reached by himself.

He was betting on whether Gu Hang was a governor who met these requirements.

At least so far, he felt he had bet correctly.

Given the circumstances, saving the entire world seemed to be no longer an empty notion.

And this is precisely why he and Hodgson were willing to give their all.

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After leaving the meeting room, Lambert didn't immediately attend to the legislative work assigned by the governor; instead, he went to the Alliance Prison to see a person.

A former Alliance Councilman, Bradford.

This individual had not appeared on the previous execution list.

Normally, he would have been condemned to death. The number of crimes he was involved in far exceeded that of many who had been sentenced to death and executed.

But he had not been killed.

It is said that this was because he had made significant contributions to justice.

Primarily, Bradford had accused many people of crimes and had provided evidence of those crimes.

Of course…

"You know," Lambert said to Bradford inside the cell, "when being so-called 'stain witness' cannot redeem your crimes, we really don't need the accusations you've made, that evidence."

Bradford's mental state seemed to be quite good as he nodded: "I understand."

"Now, the real opportunity to make a contribution has arrived," Lambert continued, "Minister Oseina has a task for you."

"It's about the food issue, isn't it."

"Yes, you are smart," Lambert said, "Now, Lady Ossina is the only appointed minister, in charge of finance, civil affairs, production, and commerce. These responsibilities will definitely be divided in the

future, and you must surely be interested in the position of Minister of Commerce. However, this position is highly competitive, and you are at an inherent disadvantage."

Bradford listened carefully.

And he was somewhat surprised by Lambert's attitude.

Lambert, however, ignored this and just continued: "If you truly want to make your way into the new government, you need to make a strong first impression and prove your value. Tackling the food issue is an excellent starting point."

"I understand, thank you."

Lambert held up his hand, stopping the thanks: "Someone will let you out in a moment and take you to see Minister Oseina, do your job well."

With that, he turned to leave.

"Wait." Bradford called out to him.

Lambert stopped but did not turn around.

"I'm very sorry, truly sorry."

Lambert knew that Bradford's apology was directed at the Hodgson Family. He waved his hand, his back still to Bradford, and said: "Don't be under any illusions, I've heard your apology, but I will never forgive you. The sole reason you are still alive is that you are still useful to the governor. You'd better ensure that reason remains valid, otherwise, no matter where you flee, I will make you pay the price you owe."

…

The newly free Bradford felt quite good.

Even though Lambert had verbally threatened him just before his release, he did not take it to heart.

Or rather, Lambert's attitude was entirely to be expected.

Even if he wasn't the mastermind, he was still a key accomplice in the downfall of the Hodgson Family; the two had irreconcilable differences.

Asking himself honestly, if he had been in the same position, he might have risked the governor's punishment just to kill an enemy.

In fact, by delivering Bradford into Lambert's hands, the governor probably intended to leave the decision up to Lambert himself. If Lambert had truly wanted his life, the governor might not have said a word of reprimand.

No matter why Lambert chose not to act, at least Bradford was still alive.

Moreover, he now had the opportunity to climb even higher.

Minister of Commerce… If he secured that position, his status might not be any less than before.

Feeling motivated, after meeting Ossina, he truly gave it his all.

Chapter 137: Food Crisis

After the city reconstruction work in Revival City began to set on the right track, the second problem that Osenia urgently needed to tackle was the food crisis.

There was not enough food.

Revival City was a commercial hub and a center for light industry. Now, with the addition of the heavy industry developing at high speed in the waste-hole district of Weixing City, industrial development was booming.

But Revival City did not produce grain.

Although there was a small farm like Mantan River Valley Manor on the outskirts of the city, the output of a single season's crop was decent if it reached 2000 tons. The yield for an entire year could barely feed the whole city for about ten days.

Considering Revival City and Weixing City as one, it was an urban area with a population scale of one million. Based on the lower-end grain rationing standard, daily food consumption needed to reach at least 500 tons; for a whole year, the required food supply was at least 180,000 tons, with 200,000 tons being a safer provision.

When Gu Hang initially took over the city, the entire city's grain reserves could last only about fifteen days.

And now, twelve days had already passed, leaving the grain reserves at around nine days' worth.

The reason for this situation was not just because they were idly consuming the stockpile.

On one hand, following the initial end of the war, when the city's blockade and the wind disaster had come to a halt, grain trades had resumed to some extent. The grain caravans that had already been on their way finally mustered the courage to enter the city, offloading their cargo and loading up on industrial goods before leaving.

On the other hand, there was aid from Weixing City.

The two synthetic starch production lines in Weixing City were operating at full capacity, day and night. Their combined daily output could reach 100 tons. Excluding what was set aside for local supply in Weixing City's two districts, the rest was being sent to Revival City.

However, even with these reinforcements, it was still a case of more outflow than inflow.

This was definitely not sustainable.

The synthetic starch production lines couldn't be counted on for the moment, since the tasks of research and mass production led by Wu Jiarong were quite challenging. The progress of local deployment and development of the synthetic starch production lines was slow.

Even if she devoted all her energy to this, it was unlikely to solve the immediate crisis.

The only option left was to rely on the old method.

Revival City did not produce grains in the first place; its prolonged existence was thanks to foreign trade.

Of course, relying solely on foreign trade meant that the supply of grains would be inherently unstable.

The former Revival City didn't care. If unstable situations arose, so be it. After all, the inner city dwellers wouldn't starve; if people in the outer city starved to death, so many would die, and it wasn't a big deal.

Eventually, there would always be many refugees who would drift in from unknown places and replenish the lost population.

But the current Revival City couldn't operate like this anymore.

Osenia knew that the high morale among the city's residents was based on Mr. Gu's political declarations. People had begun to believe that Lord Governor could bring them a better life, which led them to support the new government and work with great enthusiasm.

However, if they were to face hunger, Mr. Gu's political declarations would bankrupt shortly after they were made, which would severely damage the credibility of the new government.

Osenia would not allow this to happen.

In the long term, securing food self-sufficiency within the territory of the new Alliance Council was the fundamental solution to the food security issue. But until then, the short-term solution still had to rely on foreign trade.

This task had originally fallen to the first Alliance Councilman to die at Gu Hang's hand—Wohan. He was the largest grain trader in the old Revival City.

After his death, his grain trading channels were quickly divided up, and the greatest share went to none other than Bradford.

He himself had been a trade magnate, but he had avoided engaging too much in the grain business in the past to avoid internal competition with Wohan. After Wohan's death, there were no such concerns.

At that time, while he was condemning the Governor's tyranny in the Alliance Council and shedding tears for Wohan's death, he was also hurriedly snatching up the industry, fearing that hesitating even for a moment would mean missing out.

With the loss of the war, he ended up a prisoner. He thought everything he had grabbed was lost, but now, it turned out there was a time when it could be put to use.

Of course, not having him didn't mean it was entirely impossible to manage. All the merchant employees weren't dead, after all.

Still, with Bradford, who knew many people, and had trade channels in various places outside Revival City to help out, things would be a lot simpler.

And at this moment, he was explaining to Osenia the specific situation of grain trade in Revival City:

"… Revival City's grain imports can be summarized into two main arteries and a bunch of capillaries," Bradford was carefully sharing his experience and understanding with Osenia.

“The two main arteries, one to the west and one to the south. The southern one leads to the Green Valley Region. I’ve heard that you, Lady Ossina, were born there, so you should be quite familiar with that area.”

“Yes,” Osenia nodded slightly.

She was indeed familiar with it—she was the daughter of a plantation owner with a tens of thousands strong workforce and had been helping her father manage the manor’s accounts for years.

The Green Valley Region lay more than four hundred kilometers south of Revival City. There was no clear boundary line; it was simply that the further south one went, the better the climate became.

Chapter 138: The Food Crisis_2

That was also one of the rare places on Rage Owl Star with a favorable climate, where Low Energy Storms occurred infrequently and there was a vast expanse of arable land. The only scene of sprawling fertile fields on Rage Owl Star could be found in the Green Valley Region.

One plantation after another was spread across that land.

“And the road to the west, it leads to the desert. You might not be familiar with it, even though it’s covered in sand, there are dotted green oases. Many people surviving in the West Desert Region have found underground plantations left over from the era before the war. Once repaired, these factories allow for high-density vertical cultivation. They don’t need a large area to produce very high yields.”

“These two major arteries support the main food consumption of Revival City. Last year, Wohan mentioned in his work report to the Alliance Council that Revival City imported a total of four hundred thousand tons of food from these two sources.”

“The so-called capillaries refer to the various medium and small settlements with food production capabilities within a radius of five hundred kilometers around Revival City. Within this range, there are some cultivable lands, although not as extensive or concentrated as in Green Valley. Still, there are some, like Mantan River Valley Manor; there are also some environmentally special caverns that allow for the dense cultivation of certain fungi; and some places have breeding farms… There are many types, with varying yields. They primarily support nearly all the settlements within this range, and the surplus is brought to Revival City for sale.”

“To give an example from last year, through these capillaries, Revival City purchased a total of one hundred thousand tons of various foods.”

“These combined rough estimates amount to five hundred thousand tons. In fact, Revival City did not consume that much, with 70% of the food being distributed to various locations outside of Revival City. After all, Revival City is the largest trade hub on the entire planet.”

Lady Ossina’s expression grew solemn, “This means that what we need to do is not only ensure our own food security but also, as much as possible, allow food to circulate throughout the wasteland with Revival City as the hub.”

“Yes.” Bradford sighed, “If we can’t manage that, perhaps Revival City won’t starve, but many settlements in the wasteland with no food production capacity may suffer catastrophic disasters.”

Lady Ossina said, “Moreover, there have been issues in the Green Valley Region this year. A much larger monster invasion than in previous years has destroyed many plantations; there are many, many displaced people, and many of them have turned into raiders, further complicating the situation…”

“Yes.” Bradford agreed, “The chaos in the Green Valley Region has led to a more than 30% decrease in food imports from there this year, and if the situation does not ease, that import figure is likely to collapse dramatically.”

The discussion about the Green Valley Region was something Lady Ossina had experienced personally.

It had been several months since she had fled the Green Valley Region, but according to the latest intelligence, the situation there had not improved. Refugees from the Green Valley Region were still trekking hundreds of kilometers and wandering to Revival City.

Behind every refugee who managed to make it to Revival City alive, perhaps two or three people fell along the way.

Thinking about this, Lady Ossina felt almost unbearable.

But she had to bear it.

She knew that they did not yet have the capability to cross hundreds of kilometers southward and rescue those suffering along the way.

She had to ensure that Revival City was well taken care of first.

Gathering her thoughts, she said, “We must restore food trade imports as soon as possible. Next, under the structure of the Department of Commerce, I will establish a Food Trade Bureau. I have sent people to tally everyone who has worked in the food trade in the past, and they will be immediately transferred to the Food Trade Bureau.”

“They will each have their responsibilities and, based on the three main directions we’ve discussed today, will form three working groups. They will try to reach out to those who have had food trade dealings with Revival City in the past and work to restore the scale of the food trade as much as possible.”

“Mr. Bradford, I need your help.”

Bradford was pleased inside but maintained a serious expression, “That’s exactly why I’m here.”

“Good, I can appoint you as a special advisor to the Food Trade Bureau. I need you to take special charge of the revival efforts for both the ‘capillaries’ and the ‘West Desert artery’ trade routes. I hope that within two weeks, our ‘capillaries’ can mostly resume their function; and within a month, our ‘West Desert artery’ can start to flow again. Can you do that?”

Hearing the title of just a special advisor, Bradford felt a little disappointed.

An advisor, after all, might not amount to an official position.

When he first heard the term ‘Food Trade Bureau,’ he had hoped that he might have a chance to become the head of it, even if only on a temporary basis.

Having an official position seemed to represent the beginning of his integration into the new government structure. All that was left was to speak with his abilities and performance.

Food trade was, of course, the most important sector of Revival City's many commercial categories. If he did well in this area, solving the food crisis, then would he really have a chance at the Minister of Commerce position in the future?

After all, Lady Ossina could not possibly continue to take on the work of multiple departments indefinitely.

But now, being just an advisor, a negligible and easily dismissible position, was somewhat disappointing to him.

But he quickly rallied.

Being guilty, having the opportunity to serve and wash away his sins, he should cherish and give it his all.

Putting aside these thoughts, he began to calculate carefully and did not speak for a while.

Osenia patiently waited.

Bradford finally spoke, "I will do my utmost to fulfill your request. I will work hard to restore the relevant trade routes. However, the whole matter cannot be accomplished by my efforts alone. After the trade channels are established, to take in such a large quantity of food, we will also need enough goods to trade."

He paused, there was a topic he did not really want to bring up, but in the end, he decided it had to be discussed: "Alliance currency…"

Osenia raised her hand to stop him from continuing.

“That’s not up for discussion. But you can rest assured, we are not going to completely abolish the Alliance currency. In foreign trade, we will recognize the value of the Alliance currency for a long time to come. For international commerce, we can still accept trade settlement in Alliance currency.”

“With your word, I’m much relieved.”

His concern was quite normal.

If the Alliance currency were to be completely abolished, then it wouldn’t just be the residents of the inner city who were ‘plundered’, it would be all the forces that had traded with Revival City in the past. For convenience in trade, many forces had accumulated a certain amount of Alliance currency.

If it were suddenly all abolished, it would mean that the money they obtained from selling food or other commodities in the past would now be worthless.

This would be unacceptable to many forces.

If Revival City could achieve a complete internal cycle, not depending on the outside, then it wouldn’t matter. But now that even basic food needs rely on foreign trade, this clearly cannot be done.

It would destroy the trading credit of Revival City and offend the highly independent other settlements.

“Go ahead with confidence,” said Osenia, “I will do my utmost to prepare the other trading goods.”

…

The problem Bradford mentioned was actually not a concern for Osenia.

As for the currency, it could just continue to be acknowledged in foreign trade.

Of course, we cannot simply buy food with Alliance currency without giving something else in return. People getting Alliance currency would also want to buy things.

Osenia was confident about the related trading goods.

Revival City has quite a lot to offer for sale.

Revival City has a not weak industrial production capacity—textiles, electrical appliances, some metal tools, and even power generators using thermal limestone—it goes without saying.

Additionally, there's a large variety of goods stored in the warehouses of Revival City.

A trade hub does not only deal in food trade.

After those nobles were caught in a single sweep, many channel merchants like Bradford had their goods fall into the hands of the current government.

These are all goods that can be used for trade.

Moreover, Revival City now has two particularly valuable commodities for sale:

Arms and medicine.

Chapter 139: Decree by Proclamation

Medicine is a hard currency in the wasteland, and there are few places with the corresponding production capacity.

Currently, Weixing City's Alliance First Pharmaceutical Factory has already started production smoothly. According to reports, it can produce over a hundred different types of medicines and medical supplies.

However, there is no need to implement and produce such a wide variety of medicines all at once. Some medications for treating stomach diseases, skin diseases, osteoporosis…

These are certainly not useless, but at least for now, they are not a priority.

Quick-acting hemostatic agents, antibiotics, pain relief drugs, and external injury medications… These are much more important, and the demand on the wasteland is also much greater.

As for armaments…

The arms to be sold are obviously not those newly produced ones.

Gu Hang's opulent brigade hasn't even completed its reorganization, so where could there be spare arms to sell to others?

However, it's precisely because he is setting up a heavy synthetic brigade that many of the weapons and equipment left by the Alliance Legion have become stockpiled goods.

Osenia is planning to sell these items off in batches.

But they can't just be sold recklessly.

Selling arms is a sensitive matter.

In her plan, this trade must not only exchange enough food supply for Revival City but also achieve reasonable political objectives.

Osenia is now placing great importance on the stability of the Green Valley Region.

This isn’t just due to personal feelings but also for the food security of Revival City.

The Green Valley Region has always been an important trading partner for Revival City, being the thicker of the two major food arteries. If it falls into prolonged chaos, the impact on Revival City will be significant.

Selecting appropriate trade partners, reaching out to those orderly Green Valley estate owners, and selling them arms to equip them is the best choice.

Osenia hopes that the armed plantations can maintain the order of food production and keep supplying Revival City with food; they can defend against and even counter-attack the looting gangs that arise from turmoil. Ideally, they can unite and quell the monster surge that has been ravaging the Green Valley Region for several months.

She is determined to handle this herself, with Bradford assisting on the side, providing some contacts and channels.

However, dealing with arms sales is a bit beyond Osenia’s authority. She is in charge of civil affairs, commerce, and production, but she doesn’t have the final say on military equipment.

She turned to Gu Hang.

If I can’t handle it, the big boss can.

After carefully listening to Osenia’s report, Gu Hang approved her plan.

…

Half a month later.

The food crisis in Revival City was somewhat alleviated.

Bradford demonstrated his capability. The first phase of the work to restore food imports was relatively successful. The “capillaries” restored blood flow, and the various food production areas around Revival City began to resume food trade and transportation.

In half a month, a total of ten thousand tons of food were imported.

Endless convoys of barbaric ox carts and trucks have started to reappear frequently outside Revival City.

Of course, this is due to the fact that many food transports were not in place due to the war and blockade, causing a backlog at various locations. Now, with Revival City’s trade routes restored, that food was certainly no longer hoarded, hurriedly transported over in exchange for various other necessities of life.

In the future, the trade volume might drop a bit, but it should be able to maintain at about five to ten thousand tons per month.

Just relying on the “capillary” blood flow is not enough to completely solve Revival City’s food crisis. The food output in the surrounding areas is not enough to meet the city’s food consumption.

However, during this half-month, Bradford made contact with an old acquaintance who runs to the Western Desert and a transport convoy from the Western Desert is already en route.

The current stockpile of food can still hold up, and a month later, that transport convoy carrying over fifty thousand tons of food will arrive in Revival City. Meanwhile, Osenia has reached out to Dennison Henry, Gu Hang’s agent in Rubbish Town, and purchased a large quantity of lime ash.

The Western Desert has a high demand for lime ash, a good fuel, which is one of their main imports after selling food. The underground plant factories from before the war consume a lot of water and electrical energy.

Water resources are supplied by oases and are locally extracted; for energy, they heavily rely on imports.

On this front, Osenia has new ideas.

Can’t the electric grid be extended to the Western Desert?

What they really need is energy. Lime ash is transported back for electricity generation.

Then, constructing a high-voltage power grid and directly transmitting electricity would be much cheaper than hauling lime ash by ox carts and trucks, right?

Moreover, the cost of directly exporting electricity is even cheaper.

Ms. Wu Jiarong has already deployed a reactor generator set around Weixing City. Osenia also made an appearance at the inauguration ceremony.

Once connected to the grid, almost all of the lime ash power generation units stopped.

They aren’t needed anymore, as the electricity generated by a single reactor unit upon grid connection is already enough for the production and living needs of the combined one million population of Revival City and Weixing City.

Even, there’s some surplus.

Chapter 140: Issuing a Proclamation to Settle Things_2

Adequate, inexpensive energy brought about tremendous changes.

Thermagstone wasn’t eliminated, but could now be fully used as vehicle fuel. The mass-produced Iron Bull trucks could now run freely without competing with power plants for fuel; the extra energy could be used for some seemingly extravagant things in the wasteland, such as air conditioning.

Revival City’s air conditioning factory expanded its production capacity. Osenia planned to get a batch of air conditioners on the Alliance store shelves before the weather turned to summer.

Those living in the outer city might not be able to enjoy this luxury, but there was hope. After all, without worries for food and clothing, those who really wanted to buy could save up their work points to purchase one; while those in the inner city who were more proactive in integrating into the existing system, if they were capable and had reached higher ranks, and had also earned bonuses for meritorious service—such as the clerks who had joined the food trade bureau and worked hard. Their bonuses were enough for them to afford an air conditioner and enjoy a comfortable and cool summer.

Even if there were quotas for electricity use, it didn't matter, as the part exceeding the rank quota, also due to the cheapness of electricity, could easily be afforded with work points.

In fact, it was the same for everyone in the city. Those who couldn't afford an air conditioner could always afford an electric light or some other appliance and were able to use them freely.

All of these were visible improvements to the quality of life.

After the nuclear reactor generator sets were integrated into the grid and electricity prices plummeted, Gu Hang's two cities both took on the character of cities that never sleep.

And subsequently, as a variety of industrial goods that used electricity were mass produced and entered thousands of households, this scene of development based on advanced energy would become more and more common.

As electricity consumption increased, what would happen if it became insufficient?

Just build another nuclear reactor generator set.

Abundant electricity could, of course, be sold as a commodity.

Osenia thought it was a good idea to sell electricity to the Western Desert, and the technology for building a power transmission network was available.

However, constructing a long-distance high-voltage transmission network over distances of thousands of kilometers was difficult, but maintenance was even more challenging.

There were many dangers along the way. Monsters might be a lesser concern, for while they have a strong desire to attack humans, they usually don't interfere with human constructions.

But the plunderers along the way were another story.

Cutting off or destroying the power grid wouldn't bring them any particular benefit, but they could use such means to extort and blackmail.

Osenia once mentioned this idea to Gu Hang during a report.

Gu Hang smiled and told her to write it down in the long-term plan.

"Wait until I clear out everything along the way, and then we can build our high-voltage transmission stations all the way through," he said.

…

Clearing out several thousand kilometers from Revival City to the west seemed far off, but it wasn't as distant as imagined.

In just a few days, Major Perbov's battalion had made a fierce advance two hundred kilometers centered around Weixing City.

Before the award ceremony, Major Perbov had received orders from the governor to take on this task after completing preparations.

His unit was the first in the Wind-Extinguishing Brigade to be fully staffed and equipped. In half a month's time, not only were the troops in place, but all the heavy equipment and vehicles were almost entirely filled in as well.

But even before all the equipment had arrived, he had already started moving, unable to wait.

Some especially small settlements, with only dozens or hundreds of people, that were well hidden and hard to find, were let be; but those with a population over a thousand, especially those registered with the Alliance as ‘members of the Alliance’, were easy to deal with.

At that size, most were cases of ‘the monk can run away, but the temple can’t’.

Actually, most settlements didn’t require fighting to be reclaimed.

They already considered themselves members of the Alliance. Previously, it was because the Alliance had no interest, no capability, or some other reason that they did not exercise direct administrative control over them.

However, these places faced a different attitude when the now governor of Revival City demanded that they unify and accept direct governance.

Some gladly accepted, and generally those who did, like the Abandoned Cave Society, were struggling to survive in an impoverished place.

“`

Some, though reluctant, had no alternative. The towed artillery pulled by the trucks lined up neatly, the imposing armored vehicles and tanks were displayed prominently, and the fully armed soldiers, uniform in their attire, were clearly an elite force.

How could one resist?

Major Perbov’s Composite Camp alone had more than eight hundred men, and some camps possibly had a total population that barely exceeded this number, with not enough guns to arm even a handful.

They could only send out representatives with sweaty palms to negotiate with Perbov.

There was not much to talk about, only one sentence, “Surrender all weapons unconditionally and accept governance.”

Following that, the civil affairs officials accompanying Perbov’s troops would enter the captured survivor camps along with the military.

Their people would do two things in batches.

Firstly, inside the camps, they would promote the policies of Revival City. The political commissars from the First Camp’s various companies would mobilize some ideologically progressive soldiers to join the civil affairs department in undertaking this task.

The general idea was, by coming to Revival City, one could earn their keep. Depending on work ability and nature of the job, ranks could be assigned and with these ranks came assurances of basic living needs, from food to medical care to housing improvements.

With this approach, many camps with poor living conditions could generally be stabilized.

Even though most people wouldn’t so easily believe that all of this was true… since there was no way to resist, they could only choose to enjoy the benefits.

The second thing they had to do was to analyze the camp situation and industry, assessing whether the survivor camp needed to be preserved.

Those camps without any special local resource-derived outputs did not need to be preserved. Their populations would be collectively relocated to Weixing City to fill the gaps in various industrial outputs.

Within half a month, four abandoned camps were closed down, totalling nearly seven thousand inhabitants.

However, some places with local resource output—mainly agricultural output—would be preserved.

There were three such camps, one of which was a cave dwelling camp, where a special type of fungus could be cultivated in the underground environment. Relying on this fungus, they not only sustained a population of over three thousand people but also had a surplus for export.

However, this cave dwelling camp would not be entirely preserved. Maintaining and expanding the fungus cultivation industry did not require so many people, two-thirds of the population would be relocated, and the remaining would be reemployed as mushroom cultivation workers and managers, with ranks assigned. The relevant resource allocation would be transported from the city to this place, but at the same time, the entire mushroom cultivation industry would become government-operated and publicly owned.

The other two cultivation gardens, each with a population of around a thousand, underwent similar arrangements.

Apart from the remaining agricultural workers and mushroom cultivation workers and managers, a batch of weapons would also be sent to the camp. Arms would be distributed among the remaining population to form militia organizations, thus enabling them to protect themselves.

In the half-month of Perbov's operation, he added more than ten thousand people to Weixing City's population and secured three village-level strongholds with food production.

Even though it was a military operation, there had barely been any resistance encountered throughout the process.

Of course, this was a good thing.

With no battles to fight, Perbov felt a bit downhearted. He recalled the words he heard on the plane while accompanying the governor to Revival City. In this campaign, he was favored by the governor to be the future leader of the Wind-Extinguishing Brigade and had come especially to build his merits.

Although his actions were highly successful, at the end of the day, it was due to the prestige of the governor and the legitimate name of the Alliance; to claim it was all his own doing was somewhat like having the audacity to boast without shame.

Without firing a shot and securing victory by decree, what did it have to do with him, Perbov?

Yet he couldn't engage in the reprehensible acts of killing the innocent and claiming their merits. The political commissar of the brigade and those of the companies were all watching him. It was said that Revival City was still building a military court, and he had no desire to be its first guest.

His own conscience wouldn't allow him to commit such deeds, either.

But it couldn't always be smooth sailing.

A work team from the Civil Affairs Department and the Bureau of Immigration had sent a distress signal and then lost contact.

Before the loss of contact, they were in 'Sanchi Town', working on population relocation matters.