Governor 171

Chapter 171: want to be the boss

Henry had already learned about the recent events in Rubbish Town.

He was also an agent; the meeting should have provided a place for him. Being busy outside, one of his subordinates had to attend in his stead.

His subordinate had informed him of the situation and was one of those who had kept quiet at the time.

Martial law was of course a good thing, preventing the situation from further deterioration, preventing those agents and traders from fleeing with supplies and a large number of adventurers.

If it lasted too long, it would surely become uncontrollable. Rubbish Town, lacking a centralized power structure, didn't support the continuation of such strict policies for long.

But despite that, he still felt it was somewhat miraculous.

When he re-established communication with Swan, he couldn't wait to ask, "Was the martial law order really passed so easily?"

"Ha, do you think it was easy?" Although he said this, Swan's voice was steady, yet with a hint of pride, "I had contacted many agents close to me who have industries in Rubbish Town in advance. Passed, that's how it had such an effect."

Henry noticed a subtle shift in Mr. Swan's attitude towards him: the personage, whose status was far above his own, seemed to be trying to befriend him, and the tone of his speech was attempting to become more intimate.

It wasn't exactly flattering, but at least it was an overture of friendship.

It was because he had aligned himself with the governor before Swan did that Mr. Swan needed to befriend him, to make it easier to speak in the future…

Thinking of all the twists and turns involved, Henry couldn't help feeling somewhat smug.

Curbing this minor smugness, Henry continued with the previous topic: "Then… wouldn't this push Nasr into a corner, making him desperate?"

"There's that possibility." Swan said, "But the situation should be controllable."

"How so? Those agents with industries should oppose it when they hear that the governor wants to reclaim the whole of Rubbish Town and implement the New Alliance system here. Their industries will be repossessed, right? On the contrary, it would seem that those without fixed assets would be relatively less opposed to the governor."

Swan, unusually patient, explained the situation in Rubbish Town: "It seems that way on the surface, but with your intelligence, you should think deeper. We who have assets are truly the ones who cannot run. If we run, what else do we have? Nothing. We don't have enough resources or even enough people to obey our commands; attempting to become raiders would only make us a minor force."

"Even if the governor confiscates all assets when he comes, I've carefully examined your policies. Those assets, once repossessed, won't just be abandoned, will they? They would need to be restarted. And we who once owned them, at least understand these industries, so why couldn't we switch from being business owners to factory managers? As a manager, according to the 45-level rating, that should be higher than that of an ordinary worker or clerk, right?"

"Being a manager who has to report to the so-called Alliance Production Department, and doesn't own the produced goods, certainly isn't as satisfying as being a real owner. But your policies can guarantee a lower limit, allowing people to live a steady, decent life. Believe me, just that is enough to attract quite a few agents who don't want to live in constant fear."

"Moreover, what room do we have to refuse? Either Rubbish Town is destroyed and becomes nothing, or one goes from being an agent to a factory manager, a member of the management staff—many people would make this choice."

“On the other hand, those without assets are the ones who cannot accept the arrival of the governor. After the governor arrives, will he continue to allow large numbers of armed forces to remain in their control? Once all production is allocated by the New Alliance Government, can they still profit from buying and selling goods? Taking the chance with enough manpower while one still can, having guns and people, where can’t they carve out a domain for themselves? Even as raiders, they would be the leaders, living luxuriously, with people at their command. They are the ones who are least willing to stay within the governor’s system.”

Henry listened thoughtfully.

Swan paused, with more to say:

“For us, the proprietors, the only real point of concern is the situation of those who had assets in the past in Revival City. Many are most afraid of surrendering their assets, only to be liquidated in the end, as was the case with the large executions before the governor’s speech in Revival City. Frankly, that set a very bad precedent; your… our governor took harsh measures to quickly take control of the city, but it was a very, very bad start.”

With these words, Swan revealed his stance and concerns to Henry, who had clearly sided with the governor.

Henry also understood that he was seeking assurances from the governor through himself.

But this insurance… Henry felt he couldn’t provide it.

And he didn’t need to provide it.

He responded, “If you really understood the situation of those who were executed back then, you would know they got what they deserved. They killed the old council president Hodgson, who had supported the governor; they tried to violently prevent the governor from entering Revival City; they colluded with the Cult… For these crimes, they deserved to die. The situation is different between Rubbish Town and Revival City. If you can bring the whole city under the governor’s command and actively help the governor restore production afterward, without hatching any more schemes, then why should you worry about those baseless concerns?”

Having heard these words, Swan stood by the window, unsure whether he had gotten what he wanted or not.

Indeed, he felt somewhat at ease, but not completely.

After all, there had been no formal guarantee.

But to have come this far was probably the limit.

The call ended, and Swan stood by the window, full of ambition.

His office was perched at the highest point of Rubbish Town.

Looking down, his feelings were complicated.

In the past, he had always strived to climb higher and higher. Once he reached the top, he extended his hand, wanting to grab more and more.

He wanted to be the master of Rubbish Town.

At one point, when the Green Skin Orcs brought severe harm to Rubbish Town and Henry said that the Governor intended to completely reclaim it, he thought his dream was going to shatter.

But now, it seemed that he could achieve this goal from another angle.

After all, Rubbish Town was two hundred kilometers away from Revival City. If he did well, could he become the mayor of Rubbish Town? As the highest administrative official, to some extent, it seemed he could fulfill his old desire.

Previously, to become the master of Rubbish Town, he had to fight against heaven and earth, figuring out ways to compete with those who didn't follow his path; yet this time, it might be an opportunity. The Governor would help him sweep away those damned things, and he could then become the boss in this clean house.

It couldn't be anything but a good thing!

Once the Governor arrived, he needed to put on a sufficient performance. He had to ensure proper logistics support, proper restructuring of the adventurers, proper inventory and transfer of the overall industry of Rubbish Town… These things had to be done perfectly.

Thinking of many specific action plans, he momentarily got lost in thought.

A series of footsteps from behind brought him back to reality.

Turning around, he saw a rather handsome young man dressed in a grey combat uniform.

That was Mark Ferry, his confidant, whom he had promoted to help him manage the most crucial armed force under his command, the 'Clock Iron Blade' adventurer group.

"Boss, the martial law order has been carried out."

"Good."

Swan's voice regained the indifference he always showed to others.

He was always like this, keeping a distance from people. In his view, a sense of distance was one of the key points to maintaining mystique and authority, especially towards his subordinates.

As usual, Ferry should have just left after getting a "good" from him.

But today, things didn't seem to be quite the same.

Ferry hesitated for a moment, then continued, "Nasr won't let things go; he's mobilizing the adventurers he can control who are still in town. There might be conflict later."

Swan frowned and looked at Ferry, "Isn't that what I've told you before? He surely won't let things go, but he has no chance. I've had people cut off the communication lines with the front line; now only I can contact the front line, cutting off his ability to call people back; the armed forces he can mobilize in Rubbish Town definitely do not exceed ten thousand men, while my 'Clock Iron Blade' has returned, with three thousand well-equipped men. Blockade the town, no need to kill them, just hold until the Governor arrives, and we win."

"Yes, if the Governor arrives, we win," Ferry echoed, "But what about us? Just now… Boss, you were talking to Dennison Henry, right? Did he give you any assurances?"

"He did, I will be Rubbish Town's master in the future."

Swan didn't want to tell the whole truth, but he felt what he said was the truth.

He would be the master of Rubbish Town, he believed it.

"And what about us?" Ferry pressed.

"You?" Swan turned around, looking Ferry up and down as if seeing him for the first time.

"Yes, us."

Swan broke into a broad smile, "You'll be fine!"

Then he added, "No need to fight anymore, you can put down your guns. Factories need workers, stores need waiters, and Ruin Mine also needs scavengers. Although scavenging should no longer be risky by

then, as the Governor would have cleaned up those mines. Of course, if you still want to be a soldier, that's fine too. The Governor's army will continue to recruit, and with your experience, enlisting should land you a good position. In short, life will definitely get much better then."

"Yes… life will get better then…"

While Mark Ferry said this, he pulled out his gun without hesitation.

Swan, who had sensed something was off with the young man just now, had already heightened his alertness. He quickly drew his own handgun.

But he was too slow.

He was no longer the young man who fought bravely on the frontlines with his brothers. His gun, while exquisitely made with intricate patterns, was more like a work of art than a weapon.

The bullet found him first, hitting his neck with precision.

He toppled backward uncontrollably, followed by several more bullets aimed at his head, neck, and heart.

It wasn't until the magazine was completely empty that Mark Ferry slowly put down the gun. Looking at Swan, who lay on the ground twitching, he said softly, "Boss, you would have been Rubbish Town's master when the Governor came, but the Governor doesn't need people like me. I would only be left to work as a laborer or a scavenger, to start over as a soldier, which doesn't seem fair. Even if you lied to me about a better future, I would have believed you. But you weren't even willing to do that… don't blame me."

Having said that, he withdrew his gaze and turned away.

A dozen minutes later, he met Nasr in another part of Rubbish Town.

Nasr, who had been pacing restlessly, stopped in his tracks upon seeing Mark Ferry. After staring at him for several seconds, he suddenly burst out with a smile, “I was torn between wanting to see you and fearing it, but now I’m sure, I wanted to see you. You’ve got it, haven’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Fantastic! That old ghost Swan! Despicable for trying to kill us all to achieve his dream of becoming the lord of Rubbish Town. Good riddance!”

Mark Ferry, however, did not want to dwell on the topic, “We’re short on time, I don’t have the leisure, nor the opportunity to clean all of ‘Clockwork Iron Blades,’ and according to Swan, many wealthy agents supported him. The best chance to leave is now. We must hurry, taking advantage of the chaos created by Swan’s death.”

“You’re right!” Nasr laughed heartily, wrapping an arm around Mark Ferry’s shoulder, “Let’s go! We’ll leave right away! From here on out, we’ll be as free as the eagles above the yellow sands! We will hunt for whatever we want to eat! Who wants to be a dog to some governor? Eh? Our prey will be those who are willing to be sheep, to be dogs! From now on, Ferry, you’re my best brother and our most important leader! If there’s ever only one piece of meat left, I’d rather starve myself and let you have it first!”

…

Chaos engulfed Rubbish Town.

The death of Swan had already spread on a small scale.

The troops enforcing martial law were mostly adventurers, with ‘Clockwork Iron Blades’ at the core, supported by the teams of adventurers hired by other agents.

But with Swan dead and Mark Ferry, the commander of the ‘Clockwork Iron Blades,’ suspected of betrayal, the ‘Clockwork Iron Blades’ were left temporarily brain-dead. Some of the remaining officers

disappeared—they had fled with Ferry. Others were panicked and clueless, with only a few resolutely carrying out the martial law.

As for the other wealthy agents, for the time being, they were all unable to choose someone to take temporary control.

When the thousands, nearly ten thousand, that Nasr had gathered started to move, and fired without hesitation at anyone who blocked their exit from Rubbish Town, they virtually became the only organized large-scale team within Rubbish Town.

They became unstoppable.

At the beginning of the breakout, Nasr and Mark Ferry were still tense, fearing further twists.

But as the vanguard managed to break out and they with the main force stepped through the gates of Rubbish Town, both involuntarily relaxed.

Breaking away from Rubbish Town and heading for the vast wastelands became certain!

But just at that moment, they noticed the pace of the column had slowed. The crowd ahead of their vehicle had grown dense, and people began to shrink back, afraid to move forward.

Nasr, too, sensed something was wrong. He grabbed the walkie-talkie and bellowed, “What’s the matter? What’s happening up front?”

There was only a hiss of static from the walkie-talkie, not a single useful message.

After a long wait, just as Nasr was about to impatiently ask again, a message finally came back:

“The… the governor… the governor has arrived!”

Nasr felt as if a bucket of ice water had been poured over his head.

Why would the governor come?

Wasn't there supposed to be at least three more days?

At this moment, from the walkie-talkie in his hand, another voice came through: "What now… what do we do?"

Nasr was stunned, and for a moment, he truly did not know what to do.

But Mark Ferry, standing beside him, seemed very decisive.

He snatched the walkie-talkie from Nasr's hand and yelled, "Open fire! Command the vanguard to open fire! Have everyone ready to break out!"

"No!"

Ferry glared angrily at Nasr, who had instinctively denied his words: "What are you thinking?! We've come this far, is there any room for hesitation now?!"

Nasr was almost grinding his rotten teeth to pieces: "Can't fight… can't win…"

"You're fucking realizing now we can't win?" Mark Ferry was furious, half turning and grabbing Nasr by the collar, almost pressing face to face as he continued to roar, "I've been with the old boss for so many years and you're fucking telling me now we can't win?!"

Nasr was frightened by the governor and by the ferocious face of Mark Ferry at this moment. He stretched out his hand, forcefully blocking between himself and Ferry: "For… now… now we can only split the team, flee in all directions… However many can get out… that's how many… and then regroup safely later!"

Hearing this, Ferry seemed to calm down all of a sudden.

He let go and asked, “How many people do you estimate can escape? And how much time will it take to regroup our forces?”

“Definitely a lot can get out!” Nasr rapidly calculated in his head, “The governor is eager to take over Rubbish Town, as long as we don’t cause him too much trouble, he won’t pursue us full force; some people will die, but not many; once we’re out, with my call to arms, everyone will quickly come together again, and by then you’ll still be the big boss…uh…”

Before he could finish, gunfire erupted inside the vehicle.

Unconsciously, Ferry had drawn his pistol and fired several shots at Nasr’s stomach.

His other hand was tightly choking Nasr’s neck.

Staring at Nasr’s rather ugly face, he said, “You still want to deceive me at this point? If we really scatter and run, do you think you can just call everyone back together? When the wasteland is full of little marauder tribes, why would anyone with guns and people listen to you? I fought my way out to be the top dog, not to be some small-time chieftain in a tiny tribe! I hate being lied to the most!”

He had completely forgotten what he had said to Swan when he was facing death.

Taking a long breath, he realized the walkie-talkie beside him was still on.

But he didn’t care about that anymore, picked up the walkie-talkie and yelled to the other side, “Get everyone ready! We’re going to gather our forces! Focus on one direction to break out! Only by concentrating can we have a way out! Now I’m the boss, listen to me!”

There was silence on the other end of the walkie-talkie, no response at all.

In Nasr’s team, he had just ‘joined,’ with neither direct lineage nor prestige.

It was not as simple as killing the former boss and claiming to be the boss to actually become the boss.

Chapter 174: Crumbles Upon Touch

The current state of Rubbish Town, and the many emotional entanglements that had just unfolded, were unknown to Gu Hang.

The latest news he received still came from Dennison Henry.

According to the intelligence, Jason Swan, Rubbish Town's most important agent, should have confirmed that he would try his best to lead the entire town to submission.

There were indeed resistance forces within the town, but they would enforce martial law, locking up those dissenters within Rubbish Town until he arrived to take over.

This should be going smoothly, right?

Yet, when he led his troops to the outskirts of Rubbish Town, they encountered an adventure group of over a thousand people leaving.

They looked like an advance party.

At first, there was no exchange of fire, just a standoff from a fair distance apart.

At this moment, Gu Hang's keen judgment told him that something might have gone wrong inside Rubbish Town.

When the frontline troops came to ask what should be done, he pondered for a moment before issuing an order, "Convey my commands to those adventurers: Rubbish Town is the territory of the Alliance, and as commanded by me, should now be in a state of complete martial law. Order everyone to immediately halt their advance and retreat back to Rubbish Town to rigidly enforce martial law."

Soon, Gu Hang's order was relayed to the adventurers in front by the soldiers using loudspeakers.

This statement left the adventurers feeling very hesitant.

Just retreat because they say so? What about the ruckus they had stirred up in front? A military parade?

But if they didn't retreat, were they supposed to fight a battle with the army of the governor on the other side?

The military forces that had come this time lacked the intimidating armored troops. At least the ones that appeared before them were only ordinary infantry.

However, seeing the enemy's uniform black and gray military outfits, combat gear, and the firearms that seemed much more reliable than the iron pipe rifles in their hands, not to mention the far greater number of rocket launchers and machine guns…

In short, the enemy was much more elite.

But the warriors of the 2nd Infantry Division didn't care what those adventurers thought.

The troops confronting the adventurers in the very front included three companies. Other troops were still marching from behind, while some spread out to the sides.

The governor had to enforce martial law, and he wouldn't just do it through the megaphones; he needed sufficient power to ensure that those who disobeyed orders would have a miserable end.

In fact, the entire 2nd Division was next ordered to seal off the town, making sure to fully blockade the area outside the town entrance.

And as for the three companies tasked with the most direct confrontation, they busily got to work in front of the adventurers.

Quite a few of them took out their entrenching tools and began digging foxholes on the spot.

The expansive area outside Rubbish Town was an unobstructed wasteland. With relatively close proximity to each other, the officers of the three companies were quite tense. Should there be any accidental discharge, they definitely needed some form of cover.

Given the urgent situation, digging trenches on the spot was clearly impractical, but any hole would be more useful than being out in the open. Even if shallow, as long as it allowed someone to lie down and reduce their exposed area, it would suffice.

Their actions left the adventurers on the other side even more at a loss.

Dare not fight, yet reluctant to retreat.

More crucially, there was not even one person among them who could make a decisive call.

Those group leaders and team leaders, unsure of what to do, heard Mark Ferry's orders from the radio, commanding them to perform an armed breakout.

But…

The adventure group leaders didn't immediately start to act.

"Who are you? Should I just listen to you? Where is my boss, Nasr?"

"You, a random nobody, are telling me to lead my people to clash with the governor's obviously elite army; am I an idiot to heed your orders? Aren't our lives valuable?"

Most people, in this state, still possessed some sanity.

But, well… with the crowd big enough, anything could happen.

Moreover, this group of adventurers was far from being as disciplined as regular armies.

Whether someone was truly a fool, unconsciously following whatever orders came through the radio, or perhaps someone was simply too tense in the current situation and accidentally fired…

In any case, in the wilderness, a sporadic three shots rang out from among the adventurers.

The soldiers of the governor stationed a couple of hundred meters away, however, were unharmed. The adventurers' widely used decrepit iron pipe rifles had a maximum theoretical range that could hit beyond five hundred meters; in reality, past one hundred meters, they were hardly accurate, even for a marksman.

These three bullets did the same, merely kicking up three patches of dust in front of the digging infantry companies.

But this was a matter of principle.

When the enemy used lethal arms to launch a direct attack, a counterattack became an almost inevitable option.

Nearly four hundred soldiers from the three infantry companies began retaliation at the same time.

The most furious among them were over thirty squad machine guns.

While digging and constructing temporary simple positions, the priority task of the 2nd Division's warriors was to get various company-level firepower deployed first. Mortars, rocket launchers, squad machine guns… all included.

And the ones that got angry first were these thirty-odd squad machine guns.

With high firing rate, large ammunition capacity, and the firepower that burst forth in an instant, combined with the shooting from the other three hundred rifles, the force inflicted significant casualties upon the adventurers right across from them in no time.

Chapter 175: Crumbles Upon Touch_2

The iron pipe rifles in the hands of those adventurers had no accuracy at a distance of one or two hundred meters, but the G9 rifles in the hands of the Alliance soldiers were not the same.

Even at that distance, where the person seen through the iron sights was tiny, by suppressing the muzzle and carrying out precise pinpoint shooting at the general location of the enemy, there was still a certain probability of hitting the target.

What's more, those nearly two thousand people stood quite densely and had no cover to speak of.

People fell in droves.

And those who were still alive couldn't possibly remain indifferent at this moment.

They immediately lay down and began to attempt to return fire.

The two sides thus exchanged fire at a distance of one or two hundred meters.

The adventurers were numerous and had many guns, but not only did they suffer greater casualties, their firepower was also completely suppressed.

What was the use of nearly two thousand rifles? If they were inaccurate, they were no different from noisy fire sticks. Moreover, not only were these two thousand rifles inaccurate, but they also severely lacked powerful suppressive firepower. In terms of the density of firepower alone, one G9C general-purpose machine gun could match a hundred iron pipe rifles.

The three infantry companies in the front also suffered casualties; there were not enough foxholes dug, and those with no place to hide could only lie down and raise their guns to exchange fire. But relatively speaking, there were far fewer deaths than on the other side.

What's more, they then took out even more ferocious weapons.

Rocket launchers and mortars.

The three infantry companies together had nearly ten mortars, plus twenty to thirty launchers. When they concentrated fire in one salvo, it brought heavy casualties to the adventurers.

And the greater blow was to their morale.

Having already low morale and uncertain whether they should fight at all, the fighting started mainly because a few people were not thinking clearly or due to accidental discharges, and most knew the fight was hopeless.

As a result, after being forced to start the fight, they were one-sidedly suppressed by firepower, slaughtered, and indeed, as predicted earlier, they stood no chance at all.

After being bombarded like this, they collapsed entirely.

Some started to run.

But while fearing being shot at from behind, most still lay flat and didn't dare to move much.

Then they discovered that those who turned and ran really had no issues, whereas the places where no one ran and people dared to poke their heads out to counterattack, often attracted a hail of machine gun fire, with mortars and rocket launchers occasionally targeting them.

Then, the adventurers all started to flee en masse.

From the start of the battle to the total collapse of the line, the entire process probably took less than ten minutes. About two hundred adventurers died at the front line, while the three infantry companies of the 2nd Division lost two men and had seven or eight injured.

At the same time as this side was fighting, the troops that were setting up the blockade in other directions also encountered conflicts with those adventurers.

However, the results were much the same.

Gu Hang saw the situation on the front line and even felt somewhat ‘disappointed’.

At ten kilometers away, the three artillery battalions of the 2nd Division, along with the direct artillery support companies of the division headquarters, had already set up their artillery positions. Originally, they had planned to send over a few rounds of firepower from the more than eighty 155mm howitzers if the front line encountered any disadvantage, to give those Rubbish Town adventurers a little shock in terms of firepower.

It seems, there was no need at all.

Without even using heavy artillery, the firepower of an infantry company was already enough to settle matters. The armed adventurers, numbering well into the tens of thousands, vividly demonstrated what is meant by crumbling upon contact.

They were too weak to withstand a single blow.

No wonder the entire Rubbish Town, with its tens of thousands, was beaten into disarray by the greenskins from the ruins of the high tower.

Of course, from Gu Hang’s perspective of taking over Rubbish Town, this was a good thing.

Afterward, Gu Hang thought for a moment, then called over Tadeusz, who had been rapidly promoted to division commander, and issued new orders.

The infantry division, having completed its blockade of Rubbish Town, began to gradually move inwards, shrinking the encirclement.

At the same time, their loudspeakers were constantly relaying the Military Governor's orders to the adventurers:

"Lay down your weapons! Those who resist will be treated as insurgents!"

"Lay down your weapons! Those who resist will be treated as insurgents!"

Under the incessant repetition, the adventurers who had witnessed the might of the Military Governor's forces and lacked organization and unified command surrendered en masse.

As for the few who didn't surrender, they could only take their weapons and run back to hide inside Rubbish Town; they simply didn't have the courage to fight against the Military Governor's army anymore.

However, hiding had become difficult.

Rubbish Town wasn't their turf anymore.

The segments still loyal to Swan from the 'Clockwork Iron Blade' adventurer group had previously enforced the martial law in Rubbish Town as an armed force. Now, they had changed roles and become the barricade preventing the adventurers from returning.

After losing their boss and being betrayed by their 'captain,' these elite few among the adventurers of Rubbish Town indeed experienced a period of chaos, but now they had regrouped. The mid-level leaders loyal to Swan had united to continue enforcing the martial law and sealed the main entrance to Rubbish Town.

Revenge? There might have been a bit of that sentiment, but mainly, after clarifying the situation, they chose to stand with the victors.

Following the Military Governor, obviously, had more prospects.

Apart from the people of ‘Clockwork Iron Blade,’ the other property agents still in Rubbish Town had also come together after the initial chaos. They had a hand in persuading Clockwork Iron Blade to continue following orders and even sent out some of their own direct forces to join the adventurers of Clockwork Iron Blade in barricading the town.

The adventurers trying to flee back were cornered and opened fire on them.

I couldn’t beat the Military Governor’s army, but you think I can’t beat you?

Turns out they couldn’t.

‘Clockwork Iron Blade’ might have been an adventurer group, but it was truly the most loyal regiment of Swan. He had spent no small sum on this troop. In terms of weaponry and training, they were stronger than the average adventurer.

Breaking through their defensive line quickly wasn’t so easy.

With numerical superiority, they might have had a chance over more time, but these adventurers clearly didn’t have enough time left.

As the number of those surrendering in the back kept increasing, several companies from the 2nd division began to quickly move forward through the gaps, reaching the rear of the adventurers who were unwilling to surrender and lay down their weapons, and started attacking them.

Caught in a pincer attack, these adventurers collapsed just as swiftly.

Now there was nowhere to run; they only had the choice to lay down their arms and surrender or fight to the death.

Those willing to die were, of course, a very small minority.

And for those rare cases, it wasn't even necessary for the alliance soldiers to take action; their own people would find a way to resolve the issue.

Among those 'resolved' were some adventurer group captains planning to continue resisting, followers of Nasr, those with a history of looting…and one particularly special individual.

Mark Ferry.

He was shot three times in the back of his head and six times in the back of his heart, presented by several adventurer captains during surrender, alleged to have committed suicide out of fear for his crimes.

…

The issue outside the city was basically settled.

An infantry battalion from the 2nd division stayed behind to guard these disarmed prisoners.

They would be detained en masse inside the adventurer's camp within Rubbish Town.

Gu Hang, on the other hand, led the other two battalions into the town.

Greeting him were Clockwork Iron Blade with their weapons stowed and numerous property agents.

Only after entering the largest conference hall in Rubbish Town and sitting down did Gu Hang cast a lively look as the property agents rushed impatiently to pledge their loyalty to the Military Governor.

They talked about their properties, the amount of output they could produce; they discussed the modes of production and operation in Rubbish Town; they debated the best candidate to manage these things and the qualities they should possess…

Gu Hang listened absently.

It wasn't until Tadeusz, who still wore his bright red cap even as a division commander, pushed the door open and strode in that Gu Hang's expression became animated.

These agents had indeed been the masters of Rubbish Town in the past, but as of today, they were no longer.

Here in this place, the last thing Gu Hang cared about was them; it was the army, the armed adventurers.

The appearance of Tadeusz here meant the information he wanted had arrived.

Chapter 176: New Troops

Gu Hang stood up and made a pressing down gesture with both hands.

The proxies quieted down obediently.

"I understand the urgency in your hearts, and I believe that in the future, you will make outstanding contributions to the prosperity of Rubbish Town," he said.

Hearing this speech, which set the tone, the agents felt much more at ease.

With this tone set, everything would be fine for them. It meant that the Governor still planned to use them, and they were not too worried about ending up like the elites in Revival City.

In fact, Gu Hang did not intend to do that at all. The situations in the two places were different, and the property-owning proxies in Rubbish Town had not acted against him. Instead, they had quickly chosen sides and acted swiftly to help him just now.

In such a situation, Gu Hang certainly did not need to conduct any major purge in Rubbish Town. He just needed to deal with the dissenters.

In Revival City, where he had ordered more killings—although necessary and effective in eliminating the city's incurable vices—affecting governance, news of these actions reached the wasteland and indeed caused some places that would have easily submitted to experience some unrest.

But Gu Hang wasn't overly concerned about these matters.

It wasn't bad to face some resistance. If he were to take over fully, there were countless malignant tumors and vampires clinging to the survivor settlements in the wasteland, which would need to be dealt with after they were incorporated into the Alliance's system. After all, fighting corruption did require some evidence; it was better to resolve these issues under the guise of dealing with traitors while reclaiming territory.

It was a matter of gains and losses.

Governing Rubbish Town without purging would certainly be more complicated than starting almost from scratch in Revival City. The remaining proxies had intricate yet firm control over the industries that belonged to them. Corruption, the inability to fully mobilize society's productive forces, and resistance to policy innovation and promotion… These issues would probably be inevitable.

However, besides the fact that they had submitted quickly and it felt wrong to punish them for it, another very important point was the pressure of the situation.

The most pressing issue for Rubbish Town right now was undoubtedly not governance, but war.

The threat from the Green Skin Orcs was far from over.

Now, Gu Hang really had no time to fuss with these proxies.

Having set the tone and reassured these people, Gu Hang smoothly announced the strategy he would implement in Rubbish Town:

“Rubbish Town is undeniably in a state of war, and the previous lax and uncontrollable system cannot win a war. Now, I declare that Rubbish Town has fully entered a wartime system and is under military management. All productive and business activities, except for the production of necessities of life and military goods manufacturing, are suspended; all residents of Rubbish Town must remain at home, and the city is in full lockdown; all essential goods for the residents will be distributed by the military logistics department under the command of Colonel Tadeusz.”

The proxies who heard Gu Hang’s announcement looked at each other, bewildered.

Such strict management had never been seen in Rubbish Town before, and they appeared lost.

Some instinctively felt that this was not right.

But no one dared to speak up.

Gu Hang paused and continued, “Just now, I had someone record everything you said. Each of you is in charge of an industry and the people dependent on those industries; you need to help manage them. You will temporarily work in the military logistics department to assist Colonel Tadeusz and maintain order in the town. Your performance during this time will determine what treatment you will receive after Rubbish Town has settled down. I guarantee that if your job ranking reaches C5 or even above B, your personal income and standard of living will be better than before, and the power you hold will also be greater.”

It seemed to be another reassurance to them.

These proxies, who had previously planned to turn to the Governor, had gained some understanding of the policies implemented by the new alliance in Revival City. They knew that currently, no one in Revival City had received an A-tier treatment; those who were getting B-tier treatment were very few.

If an E-tier treatment is considered the poverty line, D-tier treatment already represented the good life many in the wasteland could only dream of. One would have to be a technical worker, a professional, or

a lower-to-mid-level manager to receive this level of treatment. C-tier treatment was reserved for senior government officials with commendable achievements, top factory managers, and senior technical experts in their fields.

According to the Governor, if they worked hard, they even had the chance to reach B-tier ranking. It was said that Lady Ossina of Revival City—who was actually just a minister—currently had a ranking of B3.

Of course, they were sober enough to realize that the Governor's words were not just reassurance but also a tantalizing promise. The promise was tempting, but achieving it wouldn't be easy.

But at least there was something to look forward to.

Seeing that the proxies were getting excited, Gu Hang also showed a smile.

With the help of these influential figures, things would indeed be much easier.

…

Wartime system, military control, material allocation… With these three aces in hand, Gu Hang was no longer anxious about maintaining order in Rubbish Town.

Chapter 177: New Troop Type_2

This part of the work, he had almost completely handed over to Tadeusz.

The commander of the 2nd Infantry Division had hardly had any direct involvement in military command since the beginning of the battle, nor was he likely to in the upcoming conflicts.

But his responsibilities were clearly much more important than those of a mere military commander.

And Gu Hang believed he would do well.

After all, he was the only SR-level talent under his command.

Once Gu Hang had ensured that there would be no major issues with the city's order, he immediately shifted his attention to military matters.

The threat of the Green Skin Orcs was far from over.

The two regiments of the 2nd Infantry Division had only rested in the town for one night before they had to set off again.

To be honest, they were exhausted.

From Revival City to Rubbish Town, what was normally a six to seven-day march, Gu Hang led his troops to arrive in less than four days. Marching a hundred li a day, most of the troops had come by foot, and by the time they reached the outskirts of Rubbish Town, many had already reached their physical limits, only to have to fight another battle before they could enter.

It was lucky that this battle was easy to fight, as the adventurers' will to fight was very weak; they shattered upon contact. Otherwise, it would've been a bit troublesome.

Although they had rested for only one night and were about to head to the front lines, there was no alternative.

Just during that very night, Perbov at the front line had already sent multiple pieces of bad news.

Once the Green Skin Orcs knew that the defenses built by the 1st Regiment of the 1st Brigade were tough, they quickly changed their direction of attack and began assaulting other positions.

At the moment, the adventurers still fighting on the front lines numbered just over fifty thousand. Many teams that had been routed and retreated were still reorganizing and had yet to return to the front.

The defense line they had formed was full of gaps, forcing Perbov to deploy two mechanized infantry companies to put out fires along the entire front that stretched over sixty kilometers.

In the ruins of the high tower, the terrain was much more complicated than in the wilderness. Even though the engineering corps had tried to clear a convenient route for support, there were often times when help couldn't arrive in time.

There had even been instances where the enemy had breached the defenses and a significant number of Green Skin Orcs had infiltrated, ambushing the teams as they moved to support.

If it hadn't been for the Strider Type-V Walking Tanks in the companies, which were truly powerful, a major disaster could have occurred.

In essence, Perbov simply didn't have enough men at his disposal, and he couldn't directly command all of the adventurer squads, which made his manpower seem clumsy and inadequate along the tens of kilometers long battle line.

The 1st Regiment and division headquarters of the 2nd Division stayed in Rubbish Town to suppress civil disorder, while the 2nd and 3rd Regiments, these two infantry regiments totaling nearly four thousand men, took over the front line.

A unified command center was established in Rubbish Town, where all the Alliance Army forces, including those adventurers, would receive orders from here and carry out their military tasks.

With these four thousand regular troops, the problem at the front line could be somewhat alleviated.

Moreover, what was more important was the three artillery battalions along with the direct fire support from the division headquarters. Counting Perbov's own artillery, there were altogether over a hundred cannons.

The artillery was dispersed across many positions, with a range of about twenty kilometers, to cover the sixty-kilometer-long position as much as possible, hoping that whenever the front line needed support, the artillery could immediately strike.

And this time, the logistics were reliable.

Thirty supply trucks that came with the 2nd Division were specially brought to transport artillery shells, a total of 4,500 rounds of heavy artillery ammunition.

This involved almost the entire stock of artillery shells from Revival City, in addition to all the production capacity from Weixing City over the past half-month, which had been almost completely transported here.

But in reality, they still needed to be conservative with their use.

It was only enough for a hundred cannons to fire a few dozen rounds each, after all. If they fired these heavy artillery pieces as if they were free, providing full fire coverage, they would be expended in two hours.

However, the logistics vehicles had already started their return journey, and the military industrial complex in Weixing City had been ordered to work at full capacity. The production of all kinds of ammunition and bullets would be of paramount importance in the time to come.

Moreover, new military production lines were already being built. When there were enough people and raw materials, increasing production capacity wasn't a big issue.

Even so, this could only be said to ease the situation at the front line.

Four thousand men were still not enough to fill a sixty-kilometer-long front line.

The two regiments, assisted by some of the armed adventurers who were still at the front line, could actually only be responsible for about ten kilometers of the line each.

There were still a lot of gaps.

Not to mention, this was only for defense.

What about offense?

Artillery could indeed cause terrible casualties to any Green Skin Orcs daring to attack. But when it came to advancing with the enemy having defensive fortifications, relying solely on bombardment wouldn't suffice, especially in a city ruins environment. Once the Green Skin Orcs hid in the ruins, with cover and fortifications everywhere, the killing power of the artillery would be greatly reduced.

Even tanks and armored vehicles might not fare well in the terrain of the ruins.

One shouldn't be misled by Perbov's reports from previous battles, where two armored vehicles, a tank, and two infantry squads managed to eliminate thirty to fifty Green Skin Orcs with the casualty of only five to ten men, but that was in defensive combat.

Try attacking?

The whole battle situation was more akin to urban street fighting.

In the end, even after the artillery barrage, it all came down to soldiers going in.

Chapter 178: New Troops_3

Can we make do with just the 2nd Infantry Division?

It's a bit difficult. The combat environment in the urban ruins can easily pull you into engagements within dozens of meters, even face-to-face. Even for T5 regular soldiers, they are at a complete disadvantage against Green Skin Orcs.

The Green Skins on the other side might number nearly ten thousand. If it's an offensive operation, even if we were to expend the entire 2nd Division, I'm afraid it wouldn't be enough.

In such a situation, Gu Hang had two strategies in mind.

The problem lies in firepower and troop numbers, right? Then, we simply have to address these two issues.

In terms of firepower, the 155 howitzer's firepower is indeed the strongest Gu Hang can offer under conventional forces. It's more than enough for defensive operations but indeed not effective enough to completely annihilate the Green Skins hiding in the ruins during an offensive.

But besides the firepower at his own disposal, Gu Hang could also ask for external support.

If the 155 howitzer isn't sufficient, what about the Colossal Cannon, whose caliber is beyond description? An orbital strike from space can provide considerable firepower support.

And the second problem, that of troop strength.

The regular army under Gu Hang's command indeed isn't enough to cope with this war, at most sufficient to maintain the front but incapable of advancing. However, those adventurers active on the battlefield are a good pool of manpower.

Right now, they might look pathetic, with shoddy equipment, lousy discipline, disorganized, uneven training levels, and low morale…

But under the baptism of the "Dog Tag" system, issues of discipline, organization, and training level can be resolved.

The morale problem… that's somewhat troublesome. But fortunately, Tadeusz had prepared in advance by nurturing some candidates for unit political commissars, reserved for enhanced troop recruitment.

Before the Loyal Heir Academy was established, the temporary political commissars pulled together weren't very reliable. Even though they had a bit more training time than the ones allocated to the Old Alliance Legion right after the conquest of Revival City, these armies composed of adventurers could be ideologically even worse than the Old Alliance Army.

The former at least used to be regular troops, while the latter are just too varied.

We can only hope that the training effectiveness of the “Dog Tag” panel and the methods of allocating political commissars can raise their standards as much as possible.

As for the level of equipment, there is a preliminary solution.

Gu Hang certainly anticipated the situation in Rubbish Town.

The supply trucks from the logistics department, aside from carrying enough logistics supplies, including ammunition, shells, and rations, also brought five thousand sets of individual soldier equipment, along with associated company and platoon-level weapons such as machine guns, mortars, and rocket launchers.

Gu Hang planned to first conscript five thousand people from this group of adventurers to form an enhanced group.

This force’s source of troops was also already targeted by Gu Hang.

Beast Slaughter Group.

There were two reasons. Among the adventurer teams in Rubbish Town, if he had to say which team he could somewhat approve of, it would be the one called the Beast Slaughter Group.

This statement originated from Perbov’s report.

The other reason he set his sights on this group was because he saw a slight flicker in the [Events] interface on the system screen.

After opening it, Gu Hang saw an activatable event.

[Event Activated: Green Skin Threat]

“`

[The Green Skin Orcs that mysteriously appeared on the planet have grown into a threat that cannot be ignored in just a few years. Just as they were about to destroy Rubbish Town, your troops arrived at the scene. Yet the danger was not eliminated, as the Green Skins’ attack continued.]

[Phase 1 Objective: Defend Rubbish Town, ensuring that it remains under your control until the Green Skin Orcs retreat.]

[Event Reward: T5-level Additional Troop Training Option – Beast Slaughter Group]

[Beast Slaughter Group: A specifically trained infantry unit, for soldiers who have completed T5-level training and can undergo further specialized training against the Green Skin Orcs to become the Beast Slaughter Group. Troops of the Beast Slaughter Group have mastered combat experience and techniques against enemies like the Green Skins, and under a mysterious blessing, have a slight enhancement in physical condition when fighting the Green Skins.]

[Training Price: every 1 point of grace per 100 people]

[Note: There is a special force that, despite a severe lack of equipment, has learned some unique skills from long-term confrontations with the Green Skin Orcs, possessing the potential to become a ‘Beast Slaughter Group.’ Once they are trained into a T5-level or higher force, they will automatically gain the characteristic of the additional troop type ‘Beast Slaughter Group.’]

This message sparked a strong interest in Gu Hang for the Beast Slaughter Group.

Firstly, the event itself. The activation of an event by fighting the Green Skins was somewhat unexpected to him, but it was definitely a good thing.

It was different from the ‘Phoenix Will Die’ event. The chain of events for the Phoenix Battle Group could have been irrelevant to him, but it ended up being directed towards him. However, events like that one require spending points of grace to activate.

But now, his actions triggered the event, which meant there was no need to spend additional points of grace.

Activating an event was certainly good news.

The defense of Rubbish Town was a battle that had to be fought; having an ‘Event’ accompany it effectively meant additional rewards.

Moreover, the objective of the event largely aligned with Gu Hang’s plan—defending before considering attacking.

The preparations for a counterattack were far from ready, and since there were advantages to defending, it made sense to focus on defense first. The Green Skins colliding with a prepared defense line, suffering heavy losses, was ideal. Gu Hang wanted to turn this defensive line into a meat grinder, depleting as much of the Green Skins’ forces as possible.

As for the reward for the event, it was a pleasant surprise to Gu Hang.

An additional troop type…this was a new mechanism.

Did it mean that after T1-T5 level training of troops, additional grace points could be spent on special training to create special troop types?

The characteristic of the ‘Beast Slaughter Group’ was closely related to the current war.

If every soldier gained the ‘Beast Slaughter Group’ characteristic, the advantage against the Green Skin Orcs, a monstrous enemy, could be further amplified.

Not to mention the details mentioned in the event note.

A special force with the potential to become ‘Beast Slaughter Group,’ if not the Beast Slaughter Group itself, then what?

According to the notes, as long as the force at the front lines calling themselves the Beast Slaughter Group was trained to T5 level, they would automatically possess the Beast Slaughter characteristic.

That adventurous group had about six thousand people, which equated to Gu Hang saving sixty points of grace that would have been spent on additional training.

And conveniently, Gu Hang had an extra five thousand sets of individual equipment, which he could first allocate to arm them. Forming the first group from adventurers, and reorganizing them into a team, was also quite fitting.

Chapter 179: Rubbish Town Adapted

Lucy Lee Ko Xi received the order to withdraw for rest and reorganization.

Since being saved by the Alliance Army and fighting alongside them with his brothers, two days had passed.

These two days had been tough. Knowing that the six to seven kilometers of the front line in the Fifth District were hard to overcome, those green-skins tried to break through elsewhere. And his Beast Slaughter Group had also withstood the pressure of the green-skin assaults from surrounding directions.

Had it not been for the artillery support from the Alliance and the swift-moving armored vehicles sent by Captain Perbov, even if they could have held their ground, the casualties would have been heavy.

But however tough life was, it was still better than before.

At least, there was a war to fight. It was true his brothers suffered heavy casualties, but seeing those green-skins dying under the barrage of gunfire and artillery, he felt that the sacrifice was not without value.

And for this reason, he was actually reluctant to receive the order instructing his troops to withdraw for rest and reorganization.

In his view, aside from those Alliance forces, no one could fight better than his men. If his five or six thousand men conducted an organized retreat, the front line might not hold.

However, what happened next made him hold his tongue.

The replacement troops belonged to the Alliance Army.

They were from the 2nd Infantry Division's 3rd Regiment, taking over his defense line.

Despite the 3rd Regiment having less than half of his troop's numbers, barely two thousand men, and lacking armored cars or tanks, they brought thirty pieces of heavy artillery.

Well, indeed you are more formidable.

Moreover, while he wanted to fight, his subordinates were beginning to struggle mentally.

He could only depart with his troops in reluctant acceptance.

Before leaving, he met with Perbov once more, mainly to express his gratitude.

It wasn't just for saving their lives, but for saving his whole team as well.

Had it not been for Perbov's troops arriving in time, following his death, the demoralized Beast Slaughter Group would likely have dispersed.

Perbov accepted Li Kexi's thanks with composure.

Afterwords, the two of them discussed the current state of the war situation and exchanged views on the Beast Slaughter Group being called back.

“Prepare yourself, as the Governor might be looking to incorporate your forces,” Perbov advised.

“Incorporate?” Li Kexi furrowed his brow, instinctively resistant to the idea, “Why incorporate? Isn’t it quite good as it is? We already fully obey the commands from the Governor’s headquarters established at Rubbish Town.”

“It’s more than that, in the future, you’ll become proper soldiers of the Alliance Army,” Perbov explained.

“I don’t really want that… Before, there were many agents, even Mr. Swan, who wanted us to follow orders completely, all of whom we refused. It doesn’t quite align with the original intention of establishing this group,” Li Kexi replied.

Perbov shook his head, “Whether you accept incorporation is your decision, but I strongly recommend you accept it…”

He said, holding up two fingers, “I’ll give you two reasons to consider carefully.”

“Firstly, Rubbish Town won’t offer the space for mercenary groups to survive as in the past; everything will definitely become regulated. You have to think about the future for your brothers. Do you really intend to die here for revenge? Or even after getting revenge, and exterminating those green-skins, then just stop living? Being incorporated is the best option—enjoy military provisions, allowances. Just train well, carry out orders, and don’t worry about anything else. There’s even a generous pension in case of death, and future retirement will be properly arranged, ensuring security for the rest of your lives.”

“Secondly, even if we only consider the present and how to fight the green-skins, incorporation is better. You’re the most formidable adventurers against green-skins, but true encounters still cost the lives of three or five of your men to take down one of them; after incorporation, you’ll get direct weapons and equipment support, which will greatly assist you in killing those green-skins.”

Having said this, Perbov put down his fingers and indeed said no more.

And Li Kexi, who had initially been resistant, found no arguments to counter Perbov's two points.

…

After parting ways with Perbov, Li Kexi led his troops to retreat towards the rear. After half a day's march, they reached the Alliance Army's camp.

This was a new rear army camp, now accommodating nearly forty thousand people.

The personnel distribution of the hundred thousand adventurers from Rubbish Town was approximately as follows: ten thousand were locked up in a prison camp in the west district of Rubbish Town, where starvation was the least of their concerns — this group had tried to escape with Nasr and Mark Ferry.

Forty thousand were in the Alliance Army camp, mostly adventurers who had broken ranks on the frontline days ago; after retreating, they reorganized, were resupplied with ammunition, and received rest and reorganization right there.

Fifty thousand were maintaining the front lines.

In the Alliance camp, after two days of rest, the headquarters began rotating the troops.

It was difficult to count on these unevenly skilled adventurers to endure the hardships and casualties of frontline combat indefinitely. Rotating troops was more reliable than throwing all hundred thousand into the fray at once.

Of course, the most important thing to maintain their morale was money.

They were adventurers, mercenaries, and they fought for money. Gu Hang undoubtedly issued Alliance currency to them generously, also promising that this currency could be spent in Rubbish Town during the war. He managed to procure a considerable amount of supplies from within Rubbish Town.

Furthermore, he promised that those who continued to stay within the Alliance after the war and reforms could exchange the Alliance currency they currently received for labor points.

Chapter 180: Rubbish Town Adaptation_2

It seemed like a significant expense, but in reality, the costs weren't as high as imagined.

It was just Alliance currency, and much of it was just promissory notes.

What's the use of issuing Alliance currency? If adventurers spend it immediately, they're spending the savings that Gu Hang pulled together from various places in Rubbish Town. If they hoard it without spending, it represents future redemption.

Truthfully, if one wanted to be nasty, it would be easy to talk about integration into the Alliance system and converting to work points in the future; for those who want to leave and cash out their Alliance currency, you don't get to set the price of goods anymore.

Of course, Gu Hang wouldn't do this unless absolutely necessary, as it would be quite damaging to his reputation.

Gu Hang still hoped that these people would be able to stay in the future.

Even if they didn't remain soldiers, transforming into workers would still mean a population of a hundred thousand.

And among these people, Gu Hang valued the Beast Slaughter Group the most.

After they retreated for rest and reorganization, Gu Hang called for a meeting with the leader of the Beast Slaughter Group, Lucy Lee Ko Xi.

Faced with Gu Hang's proposition of integration, Li Kexi ultimately chose to accept.

On the way back, he had a thorough discussion with his brothers. From the team leaders, to the mid-level commanders, even the lower-ranking soldiers, he asked for many opinions.

The words they used were different, but the sentiment was nearly the same: they were willing to be integrated.

What more was there to say?

Ever since the Beast Slaughter Group was formed, they had been fighting for half a year. Constant death, constant sacrifice, living conditions harsh beyond measure…

Hatred was what drove them, but another fact could not be ignored. They were originally a group of adventurers who, aside from this, didn't know what else to do.

Revenge was a motivator, surviving on just that, perhaps an even greater one.

What was so bad about being integrated?

Life could be better, the future more secure, and it wouldn't impede their fight against the Green Skin Orcs.

As for maintaining independence… It was indeed one of the initial tenets of the Beast Slaughter Group, only accepting sponsorship and not orders, but that was for the sake of focusing on fighting Green Skin Orcs, to avoid being sent on private jobs by the agents in Rubbish Town.

Now, Rubbish Town had been turned on its head, the situation completely different, continuing to hold on to that old principle was unnecessary.

Since that was what the brothers wanted, and Li Kexi himself had been more or less persuaded in his previous conversation with Perbov, accepting the personal overtures of the Governor was met with little resistance.

However, he did make one additional request in the end.

“I want to retain our name ‘Beast Slaughter Group,’ as a separate designation. I heard from Perbov that the Alliance Army allows for this,” he said.

“Hahaha!” Gu Hang laughed heartily, “Of course, I can agree to your request, but not right now.”

Then, seeing the puzzled look on Li Kexi’s face, Gu Hang contained his laughter and spoke seriously, “You want to preserve the name ‘Beast Slaughter Group’ as the designation for your troops, then you must show corresponding performance. Go kill those Green Skin Orcs. Once you’ve killed enough and truly upheld the ‘Beast Slayer’ trait, I will grant you that designation.”

Li Kexi took a deep breath, his expression resolute, “Then it’s a deal.”

…

The adventuring group known as the Beast Slaughter Group completed their reorganization in the following days.

Five thousand sets of G9 individual weapons were equipped, and they also received a new designation: the 3rd Independent Regiment.

Gu Hang had spent fifty points of grace on them.

After they completed their training and became T5-level troops, they also activated the combat experience accumulated within them, turning them into infantry with the ‘Beast Slayer’ Trait.

The transformed 3rd Independent Regiment then returned to the battlefield.

Although they were only equipped with many individual weapons, lacking regimental artillery and with not many mortars—largely just a significant number of rocket launchers—their G9 rifles were much

better than their previous equipment. Moreover, the training conducted under the direct supervision of the Governor over the past few days had made them feel a huge change in themselves.

These changes were directly reflected on the battlefield.

With the support of concentrated artillery firepower from the rear, the Independent Regiment could hold a defensive line of more than ten kilometers on their own, with at most some help from 'Militia Regiments'.

Those so-called Militia Regiments were the original, other adventure groups.

Over these past few days, it wasn't just the 3rd Independent Regiment that was reorganized. All other units also underwent reorganization while rotating into the Alliance Army camp for rest.

Their willingness was also asked.

Those who wished to stay as soldiers were reformed into garrison divisions. Although Gu Hang didn't have enough individual equipment to supply them all at once and did not intend to train all of them to T5 level right away—without enough equipment, the combat effectiveness wouldn't be sufficient, so there was no point in wasting effort.

But reorganization was still necessary, otherwise, command would be too chaotic.

In the end, after seeing the treatment offered by the Alliance Army, the number of people willing to embrace change reached over seventy thousand.

Just by comparison, one could understand that even just starting as privates in the Alliance Army offered them better conditions than their previous scavenging at Rubbish Town.

Out of these seventy thousand, besides the Beast Slaughter Group, which was reorganized into an independent regiment of six thousand troops, the remaining sixty-three thousand were formed into six garrison divisions and assigned numbers four to nine.

There was no major change in the weapon equipment; just promises of better treatment and a revision of the command hierarchy.

Officers for the division and regiment levels were either transferred from the 2nd Division or from Perbov's camp or were promoted from among the leaders of large adventure groups or highly respected adventurers.

Moreover, it was impossible to extend political commissars down to the company level due to the massive scale of the reorganization. Currently, they could only be placed within division and regiment levels, where they were to develop loyalty to the Empire and to the Governor from within, nurturing political instructors at the company and battalion levels.

Additionally, more than twenty thousand others did not wish to transition to soldiers but preferred to become ordinary civilians or to leave the Alliance structure. Gu Hang did not let them go but temporarily employed them for combat at the pay grade of privates.

They were formed into ten Militia Regiments without specific numbers but just sequential ordinals, with their internal structures and command levels based on those of the original adventure groups.

When garrison divisions rotated back to the front lines for combat, they would also be assigned some of the main tasks, while those Militia Regiments would be basically doing hard labor, like building fortifications.

There was no need to use people as cannon fodder; Gu Hang did not do such things.

It hadn't come to that.

After reorganizing into six garrison divisions, if all the equipment is issued and the soldiers' training is completed, Gu Hang would have nine division-sized units, which should be essentially sufficient for military power.

With an army of nearly one hundred thousand and critically with higher-quality equipment, future military expansion should not be too worrisome about the lack of troops.

After all, besides fighting, the army also needed to be stationed locally. Recently recaptured areas, whether to retain or relocate populations, needed military presence to suppress resistance for policy implementation.

Of course, that is a use for later. For now, the priority is the war against the Green Skin Orcs.

Gu Hang planned to hole up here for two months, fighting a defensive battle for that duration.

In two months' time, the reorganization of the nine division-sized units, the training requiring grace points, and the production and distribution of all light and heavy equipment should all be completed.

Afterward, it would be time for a counter-offensive.