Governor 281

Chapter 281: Treatment of C9 Level Employees

By the time the entire situation was reported up the chain and became known to Gu Hang, it was already two days later.

The efficiency was not considered low, but Gu Hang still had to be thankful that no information had been lost along the way.

The clerk named Jason Morgan had not dismissed the information as nonsense because he couldn't understand it and refused to report it; the Migration Bureau, upon hearing of a peculiar, yet potentially key talent, reported directly to the Civil Affairs Department; upon learning the news, Osenia sent him a message…

When Gu Hang received the message, he had just spent his grace points to establish the "Technical Academy."

Knowing that someone claiming to be the 'Engine Prophet' had appeared under his command, Gu Hang immediately laughed out loud.

Of course, Gu Hang knew what level the Engine Prophet was.

In the hierarchy of the Mechanical Cult Guild, the progression line was: Junior Commissioner – Technical Commissioner – Mechanic – Mechanical Priest – Engine Prophet. The Engine Prophet was already considered a middle-tier figure within the Sect of Mechanics. Above that was the Dominant Bishop.

This rank was even the highest in some of the Foundry Worlds controlled by the Mechanical Cult Guild, with some Founding Generals being nothing more than Dominant Bishops.

In comparison, Wu Jiarong was initially just a Technical Commissioner with the skills of a Mechanic, sent to the surface of Rage Owl Star. It was only through her intensive study of the Black Box over the past six months that she had made rapid progress, barely reaching the level of a Mechanical Priest.

Yet even so, Wu Jiarong had already been able to provide tremendous assistance on many technological projects.

What about an even more formidable Engine Prophet?

His expertise in gene engineering included technologies such as servo craniums, soilless farms, medical technology, and servant modifications, which were his specialty.

Even for some non-specialty technologies, given the time to study, he could do no worse than Wu Jiarong — possibly even better.

Besides, assigning him as a lecturer at the just-established Technical Academy was another avenue, freeing up at least half of Wu Jiarong's time.

Gu Hang would not think that having an Engine Prophet meant he could replace Wu Jiarong.

To Gu Hang, Wu Jiarong's most important duty was guarding the many Black Boxes that had been produced.

This task required loyalty rather than technical ability. She had performed well over the past half year, and Gu Hang did not wish to replace her.

After all, who knew if the newcomer was reliable?

Moreover, Gu Hang had yet to ascertain whether this Engine Prophet had truly reached the level he claimed.

However, that did not stop Gu Hang from taking this matter very seriously.

Whether he was genuine or not, one would know by taking him out for a spin.

On the one hand, he notified Wu Jiarong to come to Revival City to meet the Engine Prophet with him; on the other hand, he dispatched a Falcon Squadron to pick up the individual from the north of the Green Valley Region.

Several hundred kilometers in the middle, driving here would take a long time. For the Falcon Squadron, however, they could make the round trip in less than two hours the same day.

The Falcon, equipped with an Anti-Gravity Engine and capable of vertical takeoff and landing, did not even require an airport; any reasonably flat area would suffice for landing.

Not keeping the governor waiting for long, two Falcons landed one after the other on top of the Governor's Tower.

This was his office, which had recently been completed by converting the Old Alliance's Parliament building. On the rooftop outside the office hall, a few helipads were added, facilitating the takeoff and landing of aircraft.

With the Falcons, not to mention their potential role in warfare, Gu Hang felt that his time had been greatly saved. Capable of supersonic cruising Falcon allowed Gu Hang to reach any region currently under Alliance control in less than an hour.

Especially the trip from Revival City to Weixing City, which for the Falcon was almost the matter of a single takeoff and landing, only taking a few minutes.

This greatly facilitated Gu Hang's travel, allowing him to easily visit multiple locations within a day, to personally inspect the factories in Weixing City, visit the troops on the front lines, and to check the progress of reconstruction planning in Gaota Province or Central-North Province.

It is said that the limits of governance are determined by the speed of information transfer.

Of course, within a planet, normal communication methods can basically cover the entire planet, but if Gu Hang, the ruler, could also appear anywhere he wished with great speed, it would greatly enhance his governing effectiveness.

The Falcon that landed first brought Wu Jiarong.

Gu Hang briefly chatted with her about the progress of the current research projects she was working on, and the conversation had not gone on for long before the second Falcon arrived.

An unremarkable middle-aged man, escorted by guards, entered Gu Hang's office.

After a brief introduction, with Gu Hang and Wu Jiarong's deliberate guidance, they continued the previous topic.

After a brief silence, once the man named Hu Ke understood what they were talking about, he joined the conversation smoothly.

The three of them talked for almost two hours in the office.

In the beginning, Gu Hang was able to keep up with the topic, mainly by stating requirements and inquiring about progress. As the conversation delved into more in-depth technical content, he mainly listened, not fully understanding, but the other two became more and more enthusiastic.

Chapter 282: Treatment of C9 Level Employees_2

By the final stage, Gu Hang had completely lost the ability to understand, and even Wu Jiarong spoke very little, turning instead to listening and thinking. Mainly, it was Hu Ke speaking, and even Wu Jiarong appeared to benefit greatly from his lectures.

By then, even without asking for Wu Jiarong's opinion, Gu Hang knew that the man before him was indeed an Engine Prophet.

In the end, he was the one who ended the conversation.

Having no choice, as he could not understand, he decided to leave the technical issues to those qualified to handle them. His Excellency, the Governor, had no need to continue wasting time there.

With a light cough, he said, “Mr. Hu, let’s talk about your past. I am quite curious, how did a Mechanical Cult Guild’s Engine Prophet end up on Rage Owl Star?”

Speaking of which, Hu Ke sighed and shared his past experiences.

After listening, Gu Hang also felt quite moved.

“War has destroyed the beautiful lives of countless people,” said Gu Hang, “but it is also the only means by which humanity has managed to survive in this ever-turbulent Star Sea.”

Hu Ke agreed, “You’re right, but the cost is high, especially when the cost falls on individuals.”

“But I promise you,” Gu Hang stated, “in the future, I will do everything in my power to prevent those calamities from befalling you and your family. I cannot guarantee that such things will never happen again, but at least as long as I can ensure overall stability, you will have a peaceful life. What I need from you is merely your knowledge and your loyalty.”

“I will always remain loyal to The Emperor.”

The middle-aged man seemed to say more than he meant, but Gu Hang did not mind.

“That’s enough,” he said.

“Since we have got this far…” Hu Ke knew that he had passed this two-hour interview, and now it was time to discuss his compensation, “I am quite interested in the rank hierarchy you have established on Rage Owl Star. May I know what rank and treatment I can expect under your command?”

“C9,” Gu Hang answered directly, without beating around the bush, revealing the decision he had made earlier, “the highest level of the C tier. You will have a large standalone villa with a yard in Revival City.

If you prefer a lively neighbourhood, we can arrange a residence in the residential area, where your neighbours will be government officials or researchers—I guarantee your house will be the best in the community; if you prefer quiet, your house can also be located in a standalone villa in the suburbs."

"Naturally, I will not need to mention that you will have no worries about food and clothing. You will have three E-level employees as nannies and housekeepers to provide services. Your wife can freely choose a job, and I heard she enjoys reading?

The museums, archives, and libraries in Revival City are all in their formative stages; we are dedicated to collecting pre-war relics and striving to restore the once-glorious culture of Rage Owl Star. Perhaps your wife would also like to become a C-level employee and contribute to the cultural renaissance of Rage Owl Star."

"Of course, if she prefers to stay at home peacefully, that's possible too. However, without a specific job, her rank can't be rated too high. Please understand this, as it is the policy of the Alliance and it cannot be broken for any individual," he continued.

"Your child will receive the most comprehensive education from the Alliance. Perhaps you do not care about these things, as the quality of the education you could give to your child at home during your spare time is probably higher than the Alliance's current educational level. But I believe you would still want your child to have a proper childhood and socialize with peers," Gu Hang said.

Hearing this, Hu Ke nodded in satisfaction.

Solely from the standpoint of living conditions, he had nothing else to ask for.

C9, under the current Alliance system, was already very high. It was said that Lady Osenia, who in practice took on the work of the Prime Minister of the Alliance Government, was only at B3. Clearly, the Governor was intentionally reserving higher levels for future promotions.

From this level, he was only four sub-tiers away from the current highest rank of the Alliance.

With his child and wife properly taken care of, all he needed to do was his job.

“May I ask then, what exactly will my job entail?”

Gu Hang provided an immediate answer: “Under the Alliance Production Department, a Science and Technology Development Bureau will be planned. Ms. Wu Jiarong will be the director, and you will be the honorary director. You will have an independent research institute in Revival City and I will try to provide enough assistants to help with your work.”

“The tasks you need to undertake are mainly threefold,” she began, “the first is to take on various scientific research projects either from the Alliance Production Department or directly from my office, that is, the Office of the Governor.”

“The second is to serve as an educator at the Alliance Technical College.”

“Thirdly, you will act as a direct technical consultant to the Office of the Governor, answering some of my questions when necessary.”

After listening carefully to these tasks, Hu Ke indicated that there was no problem.

Moreover, he immediately demonstrated initiative in his work and, in accordance with the third point raised by Her Excellency, reported a situation.

It concerned the incidents at the southern edge of the Green Valley, the Nature Salvation Society, and his student Ge Wajia.

Upon hearing this, Gu Hang immediately furrowed his brows deeply.

“Are you saying… the aberrant beasts that are ravaging the Rage Owl Star, which are almost omnipresent, are the products of this Nature Salvation Society? And it’s not just simple genetic mutations, biological variants, but also involves supernatural phenomena related to demons from the Abyss?”

“That’s the general idea, although some details may vary,” Hu Ke clarified, “The aberrant beasts of Rage Owl Star might not be entirely the work of the Nature Salvation Society. But they have exploited these creatures, employing their filthy, degenerate demonology.

They are conducting inhumane experiments in the Southern Green Valley, attempting to manufacture and control these aberrant beasts on a large scale.”

Gu Hang stroked his chin, deep in thought.

If it was just the aberrant beasts, that would be one thing.

He had not not dealt with such monsters before; in the nearly deforested woods surrounding Weixing City, now the site of the Phoenix Monastery, he had once led a fledgling army, besieged by a group of aberrant beasts activated by dark sorcery from the Primordial Wrath Owl Sect.

Those creatures were a terrifying threat to the average wasteland survivor force.

They did not fear death, grew cyclically, were immensely powerful, and with things like the Pus Spewer, they could almost be considered short-range bio-cannons.

The aberrant beasts of the Green Valley region are generally such creatures. Even if there are occasionally some strange species, on the whole, their numbers are not large.

And yet, it was these very creatures that had wrought great destruction upon the local plantations of the Green Valley, one by one laying them to waste.

At present, the entire central and southern parts of Green Valley were in dire straits.

According to the latest intelligence Gu Hang had seen, the aberrant beasts were the source of the disaster. Aside from the direct destruction of settlements, casualties and reduced food production they caused, the most terrifying thing was the secondary disasters that followed.

People wouldn’t just die out; those who had lost their plantations, their food, and their wealth wouldn’t just sit and wait to starve.

They would spontaneously band together, compete with each other, consume each other, eventually forming larger, stronger, more cohesive groups.

And so one Marauder Tribe after another was born.

They would raid, kill, and loot in order to survive.

A significant number of plantations were also destroyed by these marauders.

The wave of aberrant beasts led to the emergence of refugees — these refugees formed Marauder Tribes — which in turn destroyed more settlements, creating even more refugees — leading to even bigger and more Marauder Tribes…

The vicious cycle, like a rolling snowball, had begun.

Chapter 283: The goal of the war is the entire Green Valley Region!

The vicious cycle in the Green Valley Region was not a first-time occurrence.

In past years, every monster wave saw similar events unfold.

However, previous waves of beasts were neither particularly long in duration nor particularly large in scale.

Once the tide of monsters abated, the source of the vicious cycle would disappear, and things would start to improve.

Raiders were either eradicated or, in the territories they occupied, they would “whitewash” themselves and turn into legitimate plantations. Those who did not whitewash and continued as raiders existed as well, but their numbers would never be too significant.

Ultimately, when most people had enough to eat, the situation would gradually settle down until the next wave of beast tides, and the vicious cycle would commence anew.

In summary, that's how the people of the Green Valley Region got by over the many years.

But this year was different, the wave of Aberrant Beasts too large, not just sporadic; and it lasted too long, nearly half a year now, showing no signs of weakening but instead escalating.

With the source of the vicious cycle not diminishing but strengthening, that vicious cycle naturally could not be stopped.

Yet, the issues in the Green Valley Region needed to be addressed.

It is the most important granary of Rage Owl Star, not only feeding the 10 million population of the Green Valley Region itself but also supplying food to Central Province and the Eastern Provinces.

If the problem in the Green Valley Region is not solved, it not only means a livelihood issue for its 10 million population but will also lead to widespread famine across the entire planet.

Ultimately, this is a population loss Gu Hang could not tolerate.

Population is extremely important, both for productivity and for the fixed monthly income in his system.

Only with more people can a larger industry be sustained, more armies be maintained, and more merit point income be provided.

This grain-producing area, these ten million people, were definitively something Gu Hang had to protect.

And several months ago, the Alliance had already taken action.

The weapons and equipment replaced by the military, from those of the Old Alliance Legion to the adventures of Rubbish Town who were incorporated after being disarmed, were sold in large quantities as military goods to the Southern Green Valley Region.

In need of weapons, the Green Valley Region theoretically could have paid high prices for these firearms and homemade artillery, but under Osenia's instructions, the Alliance Commerce Department did not proceed in that manner.

When there was a shortage of food earlier, the prices were sold a bit higher, but as soon as the food imports from the Western Desert Region increased significantly and the pressure on Central Province's food supplies eased, the Commerce Department even further lowered the prices.

Later on, some of the weaponry produced in Weixing City's armory was sold to Green Valley Region.

And numerous weapons and equipment were not sold for money but were provided free of charge as military aid.

Of course, "free of charge" essentially meant everything but money was required.

Military aid, assistance in all kinds of essential goods, consumer products, definitely all came with an agenda, a strong political attribute.

Without such a large batch of military goods, how could the Alliance's diplomats, civil administrators, and military observers establish the so-called "Qinggu Mutual Aid Committee"?

And this so-called "Qinggu Mutual Aid Committee" was Gu Hang's preparation for the future and complete control over the entire Green Valley Region.

Many plantations, refugees, and even raiders willing to lay down their arms and whitewash were brought in.

The "Mutual Aid Society" made the plantations give up grain as a protection fee, ensuring that refugees and raiders would not plunder them; they organized refugees and whitewashed raiders, armed with the

aid and sold weapons from the Alliance, into militias and patrol teams to strike at other raiders not affiliated with the Mutual Aid Society; these militias and patrol teams would quickly provide support upon receiving pleas for help from various plantations.

If they encountered an insurmountable wave of giant beasts, at the very least, they could ensure the people inside could evacuate alive.

The existence of the Mutual Aid Society proved to be highly effective over the course of two months.

This can be seen from how the Mutual Aid Society, in just two months, rapidly expanded from a smattering of initial locations near Central Province, which was under Alliance control, to a massive organization covering nearly four million people, almost the entire Northern Green Valley Region.

To be frank, the population under the Mutual Aid Society was already nearly comparable to the Alliance proper.

Such rapid expansion was not only due to the effective work of Alliance's external staff and the valuable military goods provided but also because the Mutual Aid Society met the needs of almost everyone in the Northern Green Valley Region.

Refugees found a haven, whitewashed raiders had a stable grain income, and plantations had strong armed support…

Gu Hang viewed the Mutual Aid Society as a rapidly growing fruit of victory.

Once the Mutual Aid Society expanded sufficiently, the Alliance Army could swiftly move southward, bringing with them the militias and patrol teams of the Mutual Aid Society, to fully regroup and push southward, leveling the mutant beasts that had overrun the central and southern parts of Green Valley.

Initially, he had already been capable of annihilating tens of thousands of Aberrant Beasts with just a single infantry battalion, let alone now.

His army had grown in number, and their weapons and equipment had undergone several upgrades, now possessing powerful long-range firepower, armored troops, and even air forces.

Chapter 284: The Goal of War is the Entire Green Valley Region!_2

Aberrant Beasts are at the original level, even if there are more of them, there's nothing to be afraid of.

All he had to do was wait for the Mutual Aid Society to mature, and after that, it was all about reaping the rewards.

After one sweep, Gu Hang would have had the entire Green Valley Region completely under his control, and it would have seemed as easy as reaching into a bag and taking what he wanted.

But now, the news brought by Hu Ke had raised deep concerns in Gu Hang.

The biotechnology of the Nature Salvation Society involved supernatural forces and demon knowledge, and with that, these creatures could not simply be treated as a local environmental monster formation.

If he considered Demons as the hypothetical enemy…

Gu Hang felt incredibly uneasy inside.

To put it bluntly, even the Green Skin Tribe of Gaota Province, which had not fully developed yet, proved to be a tough battle, and if he were to encounter Demons or Chaos Traitors… they definitely wouldn't be easier to deal with than the Green Skin Orcs.

At this point, it was Hu Ke who was trying to reassure Gu Hang not to worry too much.

"The situation hasn't deteriorated to an irreversible point." The C9 employee who had just joined the alliance comforted his biggest boss, and said, "At least during my half-year stay in Chanter Town, I only noticed their technology was related to demon knowledge. I haven't seen any solid evidence of their more significant ties with Demons and definitely haven't personally seen a Demon.

Lord Governor, you don't have to be overly worried."

However, Hu Ke added another line after saying this: “But we might need to speed up our actions. After all, no one knows what could happen if we give them more time… even this year’s particularly massive wave of Aberrant Beasts, there’s no doubt it’s the doing of the Nature Salvation Society.

It’s just a pity that in the past six months, I kept stalling and didn’t undergo their so-called ‘sublimation transformation’, and that’s why I couldn’t access many top-secret details or confirm their exact aims.”

Gu Hang nodded and said, “I understand. I’m very grateful for the intelligence you’ve provided. You’ve worked hard during this time, and the Civil Administration Office should have prepared your new home for you. Take your family and have a good rest. The future development of the alliance will rely even more on your contributions. As for the Green Valley Region issue…”

He paused, then Gu Hang continued, “I don’t plan to change our original strategy, we just have to speed up.”

This was inevitable.

Without knowing the enemy’s plans, and also finding it difficult to find ways to investigate, the best response was to strike quickly and ruthlessly to completely eliminate them before the enemy’s actions fully commenced.

Gu Hang no longer bothered with the two technical experts, Wu Jiarong and Hu Ke, but made his own calculations.

The best resolution time was within a month.

The Quintet would remain for another month before leaving. Although the Starship had suffered some not insignificant damage, its weapon systems were still relatively intact. The ammunition reserves were no longer ample, but still somewhat sufficient, enough to carry out an orbital strike on the ground without issue.

Therefore, the best solution for Gu Hang right now was to resolve the Green Valley problem within a month, while the orbital strike capability was still present, and to thoroughly eradicate the Nature Salvation Society.

If things were dragged out past a month and the orbital strike capability was gone, that would be troublesome.

Having thought this through, Gu Hang called his secretary, who was also his butler that had come with him to Rage Owl Star, Zhang Chao.

“Send an order to Yan Fangxu, cancel all troop rotations, all soldiers must be ready to mobilize within three days. His troops will depart after three days, war has begun.”

“Yes!” Zhang Chao instinctively responded, then asked with some confusion, “But… what is the target of the war?”

“The entire Green Valley Region.” Gu Hang replied.

…

Jason Morgan felt that since the establishment of the new alliance, his luck had been particularly good.

He had received another commendation for discovering a top-tier talent for the alliance.

It all seemed dreamlike.

In all honesty, he had just wanted to find an exceptional doctor to help solve the infection and death problem among the refugees.

And from that, he stumbled upon an Engine Prophet?

Jason Morgan had since come to understand what an Engine Prophet represented.

He now counted himself fortunate for not having been rude at the time, but instead, had shown the appropriate respect to Hu Ke.

If the alliance made any key technological breakthroughs in the future, he could claim some credit for it!

Still, this matter was merely an episode to him. Although he benefited greatly from it, and during the recent communication with the leadership of the Immigration Bureau, they even mentioned his promotion by two ranks was a certainty.

Naturally, he was overjoyed.

However, his leadership also reminded him of one thing.

“Your primary job still needs to be done well.”

“I understand!”

And what was his primary job?

1. Ensure the success of the autumn harvest.

2. Manage population migration, with the most important task being infectious disease control.

Both had been his ongoing efforts.

Recently, it was already autumn, and the primary food crops of the major plantations in the Northern Green Valley Region were nearing the harvest season.

Although this year's total yield was bound to be less than stellar, it was crucial to harvest what could be harvested.

Chapter 285: The Goal of War is the Entire Green Valley Region!_3

According to the instructions from the Governor: saving one more grain of food now may prevent someone from starving in the future.

For this task, Jason was actually running tirelessly between major plantations, just to see how the harvests were going and to sign future grain procurement contracts with the relevant plantation owners.

The second task involved relocating populations to the Central Province, especially to the Twin Cities Region, continuously.

This was his old line of work; the only difference was that previously, the relocation was from other areas of the Central Province to the Twin Cities, and now it was from the Northern Green Valley Region.

In terms of the willingness of the population, moving people from Green Valley to the Twin Cities was even simpler than doing the same thing within the Central Province.

Here in Green Valley, most of the people were refugees who longed for the opportunity to go to the Twin Cities Region.

However, the situation was complicated by the outbreak of an infectious disease.

This was a peculiar condition discovered only in the past month.

Known as 'Pustule Disease,' the infectious disease wasn't highly fatal, but those infected would develop blisters all over their bodies causing intense itching. The pus from these broken blisters became a source of infection. Healthy people who came into contact without protection could easily be infected.

Therefore, before relocating people to the Central Province, it was essential to first isolate the individuals to ensure safety before transporting them to the rear. And within Revival City, another round

of isolation and observation was necessary, until it was confirmed that the group showed no signs of the disease before they were allowed to enter the city.

Jason Morgan's quarantine policies at various refugee settlements were about more than just monitoring people for symptoms of illness.

Those who fell ill were quickly transferred to the sick wards, where they would receive care from health workers.

Of course, one couldn't expect these health workers to be highly professional.

Although the hospitals in the Twin Cities had been established for some time, the level of the doctors there was… mediocre, to put it mildly.

And in the refugee camps in the Northern Green Valley Region, one couldn't even dream of having professional doctors.

They were health workers conscripted on the spot, equipped with a rudimentary medical manual, administering medication shipped from the Twin Cities to the sick populace.

But surprisingly, the results were quite effective.

What played the most significant role was the medication itself.

The pharmaceutical chemical plants in Revival City, which had been in operation for some time, produced medication that was genuinely effective.

For pain relief, one dose could truly alleviate the pain—not necessarily curing the disease, but making patients feel much better, and once their mood improved and they were able to eat, their bodies naturally gained more energy to fight off the disease.

The drugs for treating skin diseases and immune disorders might not target the exact symptoms, but the barefoot doctors, following the handbook and administering the standard doses, often found success.

Humans are sometimes frail, but at other times, incredibly resilient.

With enough food and medications that could relieve pain and soothe symptoms… even without a cure-all, most people would ultimately pull through.

The current mortality rate of 'Pustule Disease' stood between 5%-10%. This was a high figure, and with the number of infected individuals across the numerous refugee camps adding up to over a hundred thousand, it meant that tens of thousands might die from the disease.

It was precisely because he had seen too many tragedies that Jason, upon hearing of an outstanding doctor, took time out of his busy schedule to recruit him—an effort that resulted in even greater benefits, but that's another story.

Nevertheless, Jason Morgan was quite optimistic about the future.

As the temporarily recruited health workers, the barefoot doctors, gained more experience in treating Pustule Disease, even the most foolish ones would eventually discern some objective principles, allowing for a further refinement of medication dosage and improving the process of patient care.

Soon, a new medical manual bearing the 'Revival City Research Institute' emblem was distributed to his area, detailing how to medicate patients with Pustule Disease, the symptoms expected at each stage, how to adapt medication plans during phase transitions, specific methods of isolation, and indicators of patient recovery…

This manual was far more reliable compared to the 'Barefoot Book' they were previously using.

He knew that this new researcher was none other than Mr. Hu Ke, whom he had 'recruited.'

He was very reassured.

Though he had initially misunderstood, believing Mr. Hu Ke was a doctor, in reality, the contribution he made was even greater than that of a mere physician.

In summary, with more experienced health workers and the new treatment manual from the Revival City Research Institute, the situation was bound to improve.

Apart from the autumn harvest and Pustule Disease, he had just received news of a new task added to his plate:

He was to coordinate with the Central Group Army, which had already moved south, and with the military observers from the Mutual Aid Society, to locally assemble militia forces. All militia units were to be placed under the command of Yan Fangxu, a General of the Central Group Army, and be subject to the unified dispatch of the headquarters.

Furthermore, the Mutual Aid Society should mobilize all plantations to supply the army with grain on-site after the autumn harvest, as part of the support for the southward moving troops.

He had already disseminated the relevant notifications through the Mutual Aid Society's network to various locations.

Yet, the implementation was not ideal.

The decision-making body of the Mutual Aid Committee was the Committee Assembly. These so-called committee members were mostly the plantation owners who still maintained order, and a minority were reformed former looters turned militia leaders.

No official from the Alliance held a formal committee membership; they mostly served as observers.

This arrangement was made initially to dispel the wariness of the plantation owners and militia leaders when the Mutual Aid Society was established.

Originally, there had been time to gradually dissolve the power of the Mutual Aid Society, but the Alliance Headquarters' sudden advance disrupted their plans.

Currently, both the plantation owners and militia leaders wielded significant influence and power.

And a considerable number of them opposed the Alliance's complete southward move.

Now, the Mutual Aid Committee was in complete disarray.

It was up to Jason Morgan to resolve this issue.

Chapter 286: what do you say is the way of loyalty?

Crook Plantation can almost be considered the largest plantation in the Northern Green Valley Region. The surname Crook has been passed down here for four generations.

They have always been the masters of the plantation, and over time they have grown and expanded so that now, their status in the Northern Green Valley Region is of great significance.

A few months ago, the old master passed away, and now Kroc is in charge.

The younger generation, as it happens, harbors even greater ambition than their predecessors.

Disregarding whether this ambition is reasonable or not, at least Kroc believes that he is a man of grand aspirations.

He is not content with merely being a local tycoon of the Green Valley Region, living off of the land like his ancestors—albeit at the expense of others' labor while he reaps the benefits.

Nonetheless, he feels that the Crook family can take things a step further.

The current crisis in the Green Valley Region and the establishment of the Mutual Aid Society, supported by the Alliance, present a golden opportunity that he values highly.

He responded enthusiastically to the creation of the Mutual Aid Society and, utilizing his own influence, persuaded and affected the participation of many other plantations.

This was not difficult.

Firstly, the Mutual Aid Society was inherently advantageous and mutually beneficial; secondly, Crook Manor, as the largest plantation, indeed played a leading role in actively responding to the Mutual Aid Society.

His goal, in fact, is not at all complicated: he hopes to become the controller of the Mutual Aid Society, transforming it from an organization of mutual assistance formed under the aid of the Alliance into a genuine political entity stretching across the Green Valley Region.

He has excluded all Alliance-appointed individuals from the Mutual Aid Committee, granting them mere observer status, while the real power structures are under the control of the plantation owners and militia commanders. As long as he firmly occupies the position of committee chairman and leads well, that will suffice.

Afterwards, the gradual improvement of various governmental mechanisms will ensure that power is truly implemented from top to bottom.

Of course, he is not so naïve as to believe that transforming the Mutual Aid Society into a political entity will allow him to stand up against the Alliance or the Governor. However… the so-called Alliance is not a centralized government. Ever since the establishment of the Alliance by one generation of Governors, we have always been a member of the Alliance and have never left it.

Still under the framework of the Alliance, but as an autonomous regional government that maintains a cooperative and mutually beneficial relationship with the Alliance Central, wouldn’t that be wonderful?

Of course, he is well aware that, given the current state of the GreenValley Region, taking a hard stance against the Alliance Headquarters is definitely not feasible. What he strives for is political benefits. In his view, the Green Valley Region has a population and significant food production, which provides a basis for negotiating with the Alliance Headquarters.

Even if it is inevitable that in the future the region will be completely absorbed by the Alliance, by then, Kroc would need a satisfactory explanation. Becoming a senior official within the Alliance is also not out of the question.

But he did not anticipate that the Alliance would not give him time.

Kroc is somewhat panicked.

Has my cunning plan been seen through? Is the Alliance targeting me?

He called for a grand meeting of the Mutual Aid Society Committee.

The venue was at Crook Manor, which also serves as the headquarters of the Mutual Aid Society.

A circular hall, with its center lower and the surroundings gradually elevated. Wooden tables and chairs were arranged on the steps around the hall for the committee members to sit. And in the very center of the circular dais was the podium.

Inside the meeting hall, Kroc was inciting the thoughts of the other plantation owners.

Standing in the center of the conference hall, Kroc spoke passionately.

“I believe many of you have received the news that Commander Yan Fangxu of the Central Group Army is marching southward. According to the latest orders from the Alliance, we need to provide supplies for this army.”

“Not just food supplies, but also our militia forces, which we have painstakingly established over these past few months, are to be incorporated under the command of Commander Yan Fangxu.”

“Consider what happened in the Central Province two months ago. A large number of settlements were abolished; a large number of survivors were captured by the Alliance; the people who had worked tirelessly to sustain the settlements and protect their people were sent to the guillotine, found guilty.”

“The Alliance is planning to take away everything from us, just as they did to the people of the Central Province two months ago.”

His remarks indeed stirred up many people’s minds.

The sudden move south by the Central Group Army truly caused panic.

The plantation owners are worried that their properties will be confiscated. Under the policies of the Alliance, it seems that fully independent, private properties do not exist.

However, even if their thoughts have been provoked, most people are still largely silent at this moment.

Worries aside, but… should they really oppose the Alliance because of this?

Let’s set other considerations aside for the moment and look at the attitudes of the militia commanders.

Now, the military force of the Mutual Aid Society completely consists of militias.

Among the militia commanders, those elected by the plantation owners are still manageable, and for the time being, they can maintain a stance that aligns with the plantation owners who elected them.

But those bandits who have been surrendered and whitewashed are a completely different matter.

Being placed under the command of the Central Group Army… to them, it doesn’t seem so bad.

The bandits who were recruited and whitewashed originally took up that lifestyle out of desperation and the need to survive. The plantation owners show no particular mercy to them, and they have no fixed properties in the Beiqing Valley Region.

Everyone's just trying to scrape a living, aren't they? If they're incorporated into the ranks of the Alliance Army, surely they wouldn't let them starve?

Who knows, in the future they might even have the chance to become regulars, proud members of the Alliance's formal military.

But imagine expecting a militia with this kind of mentality to risk their lives in military confrontation with the Alliance?

Don't make me laugh.

Besides, it's not just about direct military confrontation, even without war, the Mutual Aid Society couldn't withstand hostility from the Alliance, let alone its hard measures.

A militia of over a hundred thousand, who's going to provide the arms?

With just food, could the four million residents of the Beiqing Valley Region survive? A large volume of industrial products, essential goods for life, all depend on supply from the Twin Cities, especially important is medical aid.

If the support of the Alliance is missing, the Mutual Aid Society itself would collapse.

To be frank, there's no possibility of any direct confrontation between the two sides.

Kroc himself mentioned the Central Province just now, didn't he?

At least the Central Province could pull together an army of a hundred thousand without any help and in total opposition to the governor. Could the Mutual Aid Society do that? Once opposed, it's likely that the order established by the Mutual Aid Society in the Beiqing Valley Region over the past couple of months would fall apart on its own.

Moreover, even if an army were pulled together, so what?

Would they be able to defeat the grand forces of the Alliance? How many days did that hundred-thousand-strong army of the Central Province last?

Everyone was rightfully bitter about the Alliance Army's sudden move southward, but if Kroc believes such feelings could motivate everyone to hard-headedly confront the Alliance, he's dreaming.

No one will join him in such madness.

Of course, Kroc isn't delusional enough to think he could incite the Mutual Aid Society to do such a thing. Even if he could, he wouldn't.

Yet, upon reading the expressions of those around and guessing their mindset, Kroc still felt some disappointment.

But he quickly adjusted his attitude.

He continued, "I know you all are scared, thinking 'Ah, has this Kroc gone mad, daring to say such words', but I need to tell you, it is now truly a matter of life and death for us, and no one wants to give up the assets accumulated by generations for nothing."

"Of course, we are not going to confront the Alliance, to confront the governor. I have no such intention. The Mutual Aid Society was established with the help of the Alliance, His Excellency the Governor has helped us a lot, we, the people of Green Valley, will not be ungrateful.

We are part of the Alliance, in the past, at the present, and in the future; we will always be loyal to The Emperor, loyal to the governor, this will never change."

As he said this, people finally became interested.

He had started out talking as if everything we had would be taken by the Alliance, almost inciting us to confront them, but then his speech took a total turn, speaking of loyalty to the governor and the Alliance.

What kind of schizophrenic statement is this?

What in the world is he getting at?

Even though his speech had been baffling, when he mentioned that he didn't actually mean to turn against the damn thing, everyone's guard and vigilance significantly lessened.

People started to expect that Kroc might really have some good plan to keep everyone's assets without causing a direct confrontation with the Alliance.

"We are loyal to the governor, to the Alliance, but loyalty does not mean stupidity, we have to consider the way we are loyal," he said.

"We will show our will to His Excellency the Governor through nonviolent noncooperation. We will refuse to supply the Alliance Army, we will refuse to transfer the command and organizational power of the militia to the Central Group Army.

If there are any direct threats of violence, I allow you to temporarily agree, to promise cooperation; but once the violent threat has ceased, we propose that we will continue to carry out protest actions…"

As he spoke, Kroc's pace suddenly quickened, intensified:

"Members, this is our way of protest. We will never engage in any head-on confrontations with the Alliance Army, striking, protesting, stopping food supplies—these actions will also not continue indefinitely. We just need a civilized way, a bloodless way, to express our demands, and ultimately achieve the goal of resolving issues through negotiation!"

This speech stirred the audience.

Well done, it's a strategy of 'nonviolent noncooperation', right?

But upon reflection, it's not unfeasible.

Strikes, protests, withholding supplies… if faced with guns, there'd be no choice; but as long as there are no guns, do nothing.

How many people does the Alliance Army have?

Are they all going to become supervisors in every area?

Both sides just drag it out, the Green Valley Region has always been a mess, how much worse can it continue to get?

But it's different for the Alliance.

Can the great endeavors of His Excellency the Governor afford such delays?

Creating value in the united front and then at the negotiation table, strive to gain as many benefits as possible…

This approach seems really viable.

But some questioned, "This is a good method, but if the Alliance performs bloody suppression, arrests or even executes the leaders of the protest, that is, us, then how will you respond to that?"

Kroc took a deep breath, "That's the risk we face: first, would the Alliance do that? Aren't they afraid of inciting greater resistance? Second, we must protect ourselves. The Beiqing Valley Region is vast, or rather, the whole world is vast, we must hide, in the wilderness, among the people.

We must also find a way to ensure that even under such circumstances, we can still wield sufficient influence over the Mutual Aid Society, over food distribution and labor…"

Just as Kroc was sharing his thoughts, becoming more and more earnest, a “creak” was heard as the massive doors of the circular council hall were flung open.

Kroc stopped speaking and turned around furiously.

The doors to the meeting hall were located directly behind the podium where he had just been making his impassioned speech.

It wasn’t exactly a secret meeting today, but it was certainly important enough. He had explicitly ordered that there be no disturbances during the meeting. There was supposed to be someone guarding the doors to the meeting hall, so who dared to interrupt the meeting at this time?

However, upon seeing who had arrived, the angry curse on the tip of his tongue was swallowed back.

The newcomer was Jason Morgan, an unremarkable middle-aged man with a slight paunch, not very tall, and his face always wore a rather friendly smile, nothing out of the ordinary.

Yet he still managed to send a chill down the spine of Kroc, who was plotting a big move, feeling full of schemes and knowledge.

Of course, it wasn’t that Jason Morgan himself possessed any kind of magical power.

It was because behind Jason Morgan stood a symbol of an invincible power, one that could only be dealt with in the shadows.

And now, the shadowy plotting was laid bare in the sunlight.

Kroc struggled to come up with a plan, anything at all, but his mind was blank, as if triggering some physiological mechanism had caused his brain to freeze.

Jason's face still bore that friendly smile as he took a few steps forward, standing in front of Kroc, and said, "The Mutual Aid Congress, huh? Not having observers present doesn't comply with the rules for calling a committee meeting."

Kroc managed to force a smile.

He thought of spewing harsh words and even considered calling people over to arrest the intruding Jason Morgan or even kill him on the spot.

However, after hesitating, all he could say was, "We haven't had the chance to notify… Mr. Morgan, weren't you inspecting the disease prevention work in the next park? If we had known you were here, we would certainly have invited you…"

Morgan waved his hand dismissively, "Ah, I see, but no matter. The timing now is just right. On my way here, I saw quite a few militiamen armed to the teeth. I thought I might encounter some trouble on my way in, but no one stopped me, and quite a few comrades from the militia even followed along behind me."

As he said this, he gestured behind him.

A squad of armed militiamen entered.

Morgan turned his head again, facing Kroc, and continued, "Just now, I think I overheard something about 'non-violent non-cooperation', 'we must consider ways of loyalty'…"

At this point, that friendly smile on Morgan's face seemed quite sinister to Kroc.

"What a coincidence, although I'm not sure what 'non-violent non-cooperation' means, I am a graduate from the advance class at Wind-Extinguishing Zhongsi Academy, having received direct instruction from the governor himself. I think I'm the most qualified here to discuss what loyalty means."

"The way of loyalty, in my view, is not up for debate. Even these militiamen comrades behind me, who can hardly recognize a few characters, deeply understand this truth:"

“The best way to be loyal is to remain absolutely loyal. And loyalty that is not absolute is absolutely disloyal.”

Jason Morgan adjusted the red cap on his head, completely suppressing all smiles, and looked sternly at everyone present: “I’d like to know, just how many people still wish to discuss further the way of loyalty?”

Chapter 289: starting from 1, they are all my people

The farce ended with the arrest of Kroc.

In Jason Morgan’s eyes, it was just a farce.

The things Kroc said at the committee meeting, Morgan could only describe as utter nonsense.

Could the method of struggle Kroc proposed actually work?

It might work, but there were prerequisites.

Firstly, external support was necessary. Without it, causing trouble out of thin air with no resources at hand, how could that be achieved? To continue the struggle in the absence of the ring leaders, who would be in hiding or on the run, people must be fed and have a way out.

Of course, Kroc wasn’t unprepared for this. During his subsequent interrogation, he admitted to having connections with Blackbird Heavy Industries.

But Jason Morgan sneered at this.

Blackbird Heavy Industries, thousands of miles away, providing supplies to support the resistance movement in the Beiqing Valley Region? It wasn’t just a matter of distance, but also significant geographical barriers. From Beiqing Valley to the western part of the mainland, one had to cross mountain ranges and the Western Desert which were impassable.

The official trade routes had to go through the Central Province, which was under direct control of the Alliance.

Not to mention the operational capability and cost involved, the Alliance wasn't blind and wouldn't make it easy.

Moreover, external support was just one of the elements.

The core success or failure of the resistance movement Kroc envisioned hinged on whether it could gain support from the local residents.

If they wanted to hide, they had to be able to remain hidden. Not to mention whether these landlord lords could endure hardship, even if they could, people need food to eat and a place to live.

If under Mr. Gu's governance, the Alliance was a brutal regime making lives miserable and stirring up widespread discontent; if Kroc and the other manor owners were reincarnated saints who had always treated their tenant farmers very well, ensuring they never wanted for food while they themselves had enough to eat…

If that were the case, their resistance movement would have a chance. With the support of the four million people of the Beiqing Valley Region, they could indeed remain hidden and continuously incite disturbances and provoke the public into resistance.

What about bloody suppression? Killing the leaders would only result in new ones emerging; killing a bunch of civilians would see more rise up. The more they were suppressed, the more resentment and resistance would grow.

But that wasn't the problem.

The vast number of refugees in the Green Valley Region could hardly survive.

It was the Alliance that set up the Mutual Aid Society, moving the refugees to the Twin Cities in batches; even those not yet relocated were at least provided with food, no matter where it came from, as the

civil affairs officials of the Alliance kept making their presence felt; there were treatments for those who fell ill…

The militia was also organized with the help of the Alliance's military observers, armed with weapons provided by the Alliance to protect the peace.

And while the former manor owners might not have been brutal, they were certainly not particularly benevolent.

Four million people of Green Valley were just waiting for a chance to enter the Twin Cities Region, who would listen to your call for resistance?

Hide? In minutes, someone would report them, and just like that, they might get a reward and become city dwellers.

And without going into distant matters, Kroc dreamt of being the chairman of the Mutual Aid Society, but he couldn't even control the Society itself.

When Jason Morgan rushed over from the neighboring manor, he indeed arrived alone. When he reached the gate of Crook Manor, it opened by itself. He randomly picked a militia squad leader on guard, asked where Kroc was, and after a moment's hesitation, he was directed there.

At the entrance of the meeting hall, many armed militiamen stood guard. A group of people was blocking the door hesitantly. Jason Morgan didn't say a word and just walked inside. The rifles crossed in front of him to block his path, but he simply pushed them aside. And those militiamen didn't lay a finger on him.

Even after he walked past, he turned his head and called out in the name of the Alliance, and those guarding team leaders looked at each other for a moment and then really started to lead their people into the meeting hall with him.

When Kroc was arrested and dragged out, he still thought that Jason Morgan had premeditated the collusion, infiltrated his manor with his own people, and prepared to strike at that moment.

Heaven and earth are my witness, Jason Morgan really hadn't planted anyone.

He just heard the news, then he came, and then… all the militia switched sides, what could he do?

Or is it possible that from the beginning to the end, there were never 'your people,' that these people were all 'my people' from the start?

With that level of competence, to conduct a nonviolent non-cooperation movement and seek negotiation leverage with the Alliance… that's enough.

Jason Morgan's assessment of Kroc was that he was a young man who had inherited the wealth of his predecessors, full of ambition but lacking any practical ability, indulging in grandiose but impractical dreams.

Of course, Jason Morgan didn't kill Kroc either.

House arrest, detention, that was enough. If there was to be guilt in the future, let it be for the Alliance Court to judge; that wasn't his job.

And in the meeting hall, the other so-called committee members of the Mutual Aid Society, when they saw Kroc being dragged out by what were supposed to be his loyal subordinates, they all woke up from their dreams.

Let's not talk about those who were quite clear-headed and thought Kroc was delusional. The others who were truly swayed by Kroc's speech and who didn't want to lose their wealth and autonomy were now completely silenced.

As for the defection of the militia… no, it couldn't be called a defection; they had always prioritized obedience to Alliance officials far higher than obedience to the Mutual Aid Society committee members.

Chapter 290: Everyone Is Mine from the Start _2

If the armed forces won't listen, what else is there to say?

Now, they could only feel relieved that when Kroc spouted nonsense earlier, they hadn't yet started to make a fuss before Jason Morgan arrived. How embarrassing would that have been now?

Fortunately, Jason Morgan did not pursue the matter further.

He took advantage of the committee meeting convened by Kroc to steer the topic towards how to ensure the supply of materials needed by the Alliance Army, including the militia assembled for centralized distribution.

The southbound Central Group Army consisted of a total of seven division-level units, with over fifty thousand regular soldiers; the militia gathered in the Beiqing Valley Region boasted a scale of about one hundred and fifty thousand. Securing related material supplies was a major issue that required planning supply teams, allocating vehicles, repairing roads, and arranging materials…

It was a head full of concerns.

Jason Morgan had already set aside the episode caused by Kroc and was focused on how to handle the follow-up work. That was what he cared about the most.

The committee members spoke enthusiastically, each offering suggestions. One said they could provide a certain amount of food, another said they could mobilize a number of workers for road construction; one offered their manor as a rally point, another suggested their estate was suitable as a logistics hub…

With clear minds, the members turned into active participants.

Mr. Morgan himself said it: everyone must demonstrate the right way to show loyalty.

And now, our loyalty is certainly absolute!

However, their 'loyalty' was soon put to the test once again.

A militia captain burst in from outside.

Initially hesitant upon assessing the situation, but Jason Morgan urged him to speak frankly, so he reported the situation directly.

It turned out that an alarm was sent by an outside patrol: a large-scale wave of Aberrant Beasts was about to attack Crook Manor.

It was either a coincidence or something else, but the timing of these creatures' arrival was impeccable.

The NorthernGreen Valley Region was less affected by the waves of Aberrant Beasts, but not immune. These creatures mainly resided in the forest.

The dense wilderness spread across the entire Great Qing Valley Region and was accessible from every direction. The mutated creatures grew and strengthened in the forests and launched attacks from within the woods.

In the Green Valley Region, dealing with the waves of Aberrant Beasts was an omnipresent threat, with no distinction between the front and rear. Any place at the edge of the forest, or not too far from it, was in danger.

The Green Valley Region might boast a population of tens of millions, but on a land of over six million square kilometers, that number of people… well, it's really sparse by comparison. Apart from the scattered plantations and the roads that connect them, most of the area is wilderness, untouched by humans.

A wave of Aberrant Beasts could arise from anywhere under normal circumstances.

Inside the meeting hall, the committee members who had just been demonstrating loyalty and showing their devotion fell silent.

Someone murmured hesitantly, "Shall we… evacuate first? Crook Manor has decent defenses, but us staying here won't be of much help; we might as well go home first. Let the militia try to hold the Manor, and once support arrives, we'll work together to repel this wave."

With someone taking the lead, others followed suit:

“Yes, yes, Mr. Morgan, you don’t have to tough it out here, we can all withdraw together…”

Jason Morgan simply raised his hand: “Gentlemen, gentlemen.”

After repeating himself, they calmed down.

He continued, “We are not going anywhere today; we stay right here. Our work is not finished. Kroc has provided us with an opportunity, and it’s not easy to assemble such a complete committee. We must take advantage of this occasion to finalize some upcoming tasks. Otherwise, getting everyone together like this next time will indeed be difficult.”

He paused, then went on, “As for the enemy we are about to face… we must have full confidence in the militia forces we’ve assembled. I am full of confidence in the defenses of Crook Manor.”

“We will not let our warriors face the enemy alone; we must stand with them. This is also how we show our loyalty to the Governor, and I believe everyone remains unwavering in this belief.”

“Am I right?”

The crowd fell silent.

If you want to court death, why drag us into it?

That’s a wave of Aberrant Beasts!

We also heard the message that the captain came to report!

There are at least over a hundred thousand monsters marching their way here!

How many militiamen are at Crook Manor? Indeed, this place is the headquarters of the Mutual Aid Society, and there are two refugee camps nearby with a population of over half a million in the vicinity. But even so, the Beiqing Valley Region is too vast, and if a hundred thousand militiamen were to be dispersed to hold their positions, currently, there would hardly be ten thousand militiamen nearby.

And the number of militiamen at Crook Manor doesn't even exceed five thousand!

To face a wave of a hundred thousand Aberrant Beasts, even with walls, it would be very difficult to hold them back!

Generally speaking, in such a situation, you would have the militia hold their ground, then evacuate personnel, and continuously call in reinforcements from nearby to respond.

If it really can't be held… then whoever can be evacuated will be evacuated, and if this place has to be abandoned, then it will be abandoned.

What else can be done?

Why on earth is Jason Morgan hell-bent on holding on here?

Morgan couldn't be bothered to explain to them.

Between Crook Manor and the surrounding two refugee camps, there are five hundred thousand civilians, which is a densely populated area of the Beiqing Valley Region. Evacuating and moving people sounds easy, but what does five hundred thousand people mean, and how could it be easy to evacuate them?

These people are just cowards.

The current militia, can they really be the same as the old concepts in their heads? After receiving military aid from the Alliance, their firepower has long been much stronger than the armed forces they had originally organized.

There's no need to worry too much.

He continued to preside over the meeting, arranging work.

This working meeting would not be short—it wouldn't be done in just a few hours. Come evening, everyone went to rest with heavy hearts, estimating that they would have to continue the next day.

A couple of days' effort should be about enough to settle the whole affair.

However, the next morning, something began to feel off.

In just one morning, the front line lost two positions in succession.

This even forced Jason Morgan to temporarily interrupt the committee session, having those committee members discuss among themselves while he pulled aside a military observer who had just arrived the previous night to discuss the front line situation.

In theory, it shouldn't have been breached so easily.

However, the military observer's explanation made Jason Morgan, who was somewhat of a military layman, understand a little bit more about the severity of the current situation.

"…This cluster of Aberrant Beasts cannot be looked at with the old fragmented viewpoint. Apart from their large numbers, they have many advanced variant types among them."

"If they were just ordinary Pus Monsters, it would be easy to deal with; but the number of Pus Spewers among them is very high, and there has appeared a type of super-heavy monster over three meters tall,

the lower half of its body wriggling like a rotting worm, acting as some kind of biological artillery, with a shooting range exceeding ten kilometers.

Direct bombardment brings extreme corrosiveness, and even if people aren't corroded to death, the bombarded area becomes temporarily uninhabitable, which has greatly affected our defensive line."

"There's also a type of biohunter that's grown to over one and a half meters long, moving very fast and spitting corrosive pus. In close combat, the militia are finding it very difficult to confront them."

After hearing this, Jason Morgan had a headache.

He thought for a moment and said, "I need to go to the front line to see for myself."

"Okay," the military observer took him to the front line.

Of course, it wasn't too close to the actual front line—observing from a distance of about two kilometers behind the third defensive line where the firefight was ongoing, he saw the tragic scene through binoculars.

In half an hour, at least three hundred militiamen were casualties.

Clearly, this defensive line couldn't hold.

Jason Morgan couldn't bear to watch any longer, and the military observer pulled him into a car and fled back.

They stopped only when they reached the fourth defensive line.

This was the last line of defense outside Crook Manor, consisting of trenches, foxholes, and small fortresses made of sandbags. Further back, was the manor's wall.

Morgan’s mood was very heavy now.

Damn it, I just bragged, and now are we actually about to face something big?