

TECHNOLOGY 1211

Chapter 1211 - A Dangerous Man

-Hidden Estate, somewhere far from Pyno-

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The day had passed, and now, the night had come.

But since it was summertime, even at 8 P.M, the sin was still ablaze, engulfing the land with its arrogant demeanour.

The puppycod flowers bloomed and danced in a wavy manner, giving the illusion that the fields had come alive.

The ring butterflyflies still fluttered at this time, showing off their very unique features.

But what made nature proud were the chair-like snails that were the size of a dog.

These snails were a rare delicacy here and only grazed the lands in this manner during Summer.

Their shells have a faint bluish glow to them that seemed mesmerizing. But make no mistake. It was just a defence mechanism against predators.

Once glowing a faint shade of blue, if one were to touch the shell and accidentally lick their hands, they would be paralyzed for several hours straight.

Animals typically fall prey to this.

Humans captured the snails first, washed them thoroughly, got rid of the gland causing the strange reaction, and ate their snails merrily, and that was that.

The snails step out in this manner only in the summer in search of more moisture to take care of their overly large bodies.

In Spring, Fall or winter, they were fine. But in summer, the heat could dry and kill them entirely if not careful.

With their large sizes that were as big as an average dog, they could actually finish a bucket of water in one go.

Nature sure was beautiful.

But unlike the beauty outdoors filled with vitality and glee, things indoors weren't looking bright at all.

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In one of the main buildings, over 30 people stayed within a dining room, all wearing various masks on their faces.

They sat on the table in silence, with no one making a single sound.

And soon, all that could be heard was the steady sounds of footsteps making their way into the room.

Instantly, everyone stood up before calmly saluting the incoming person.

"Leader. We salute you."

"Sit."

The burly giant, who was bigger than them all, only nodded his head before joining them at the foremost head of the table.

And instantly, his Goblet was filled by a standing steward.

The burly man then looked at another man, who in turn kneeled without being asked to.

The burly giant raised his goblet at a high angle and allowed the rum to flow from the goblet into the man's mouth.

The goblet never touched the man's mouth. Only the purplish rum did.

The kneeling man then savoured the taste in silence. And when nothing, or was declared that the wine was good and the goblet wasn't also poisoned as well.

The poor taster gripped his neck in horror as his face suddenly started turning a faint bluish-purple undertone.

~Khack-Khack-Khack~

The taster's eyes bulged out as his body continuously trembled in from the constant pressure he felt in his throat and eyes.

That's right. At this moment, he found himself crying out blood.

The feeling of death slowly closing in on him terrified him silly, so much so that he had lost his sense of thinking.

Now, it was only desperation in his eyes.

Yes! Ever since he had been kidnapped, he had been tortured and made to eat all sorts of poisons. The life of a poison taster wasn't easy.

One would get poisoned and given a portion of the remedy after several days of forcing one's body to get used to the poison.

During this time, he could go on for days without eating until his trainer allowed him to eat. But that was only after each poison training season, which lasted for days. At times, he could eat just thrice in 2 weeks during training. But there were times that it was just once.

And during training, he also had to master how to detect each poison from a single whiff of smell.

The life of a taster was tragic and full of torture.

But after 15 years of service, one could become a junior Poison Trainer, apprentice under a senior Poison Trainer... That is if one made it alive by then.

Typically, 6 out of ten people brought in died in the first week since their immunity wasn't used to poisons.

But the more one trained, the more one's immunity got used to it.

So when poisoned during a job, one would only faint or end up with a slight concussion showing that they were poisoned.

In the end, they would relay what they were poisoned of and get the antidote.

However, the fear was that there were always new and unknown poisons out there in the world.

And just like today's case, this taste tester knew he was going to die.

He didn't want to die yet.

He got kidnapped and trained daily for 11 years now, dragged like a slave to take jobs and forcefully trained.

So how was all this fair?

He wanted to love! He wanted to live!

And in sheer desperation, he dragged his checking body, accidentally touching the leader, while still begging him with his bloodied eyes.

"P-p-please! Help me... Help... Kah-Kah-Kah."

The man began begging but couldn't even talk because of his choking.

But everyone's silence wasn't about the shock of his death.

No. It all boiled down to the fact that he dared talk to the leader and even touched his clothes.

More than ever, there was something else that was on everyone's mind.

That so, the real reason they were here.

Sigh.... It looked like soon, heads would roll again!

Chapter 1212 - Looking For Brothers

~Khah-Khah-Khah-Khah~

The leader turned his head to watch the dying slave before snapping his hands hard.

~Snap.

Instantly, a hidden guard appeared. And before the slave knew it, he was tortured 5 times before actually dying from the poison.

(x_x)

All this happened in just under 5 breaths?

Everyone looked at the slave's dismantled corpse and only felt their bodies shiver.

Indeed. Their leader was a cruel man.

But they liked it!

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~Drrr~~~

The body of the already dead taster was quickly hailed away amidst everyone's discomfort.

And even though many were now wondering who would be trying to poison the leader, it was very typical for their leader to be poisoned daily.

In fact, if no one tried to poison him, it would be bizarre. Well, the culprits were definitely not themselves.

So daily, 3 or 4 tasters always died.

People also tried creating new poisons and sneaking them in, hoping that their leader would die. But fortunately, their leader was too smart for that.

In truth, for the fact that the poison could make it this far meant that it should be another influential enemy trying to kill the leader.

Without a doubt, if the powers belonged to ordinary people or even the 'wealthy' people of the world, it still wouldn't be able to make it this far.

Meaning only someone as tough as their leader could get it this far.

There are a lot of speculations, but does it really need mentioning?

Deep down, they already know who it is.

And just as that side kept trying to kill their leader, their leader also did the same to that side as well too.

As a matter of fact, right at this very moment, that side should be getting their own poison in their food as well.

What could they say? Strong people had too many enemies. So it wasn't weird.

Of course, there was another matter that they had to handle.

That is... Who captured the leader's brothers?

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Everyone felt like the world would soon be turned upside down because of the news.

Were their ears deceiving them? Or was this some joke?

The fact that someone even had the balls to do it was beyond them.

Even if they one day grew 50 heads, they still wouldn't be able to be that bold and daring.

Who was their leader?

He was the freakin' Head and Leader of the Pirate Organization!

The one whom the direct supreme Adonis leader himself kept trying to poison daily and failed.

Do you know how great the leader was?

Moreover, do you think that he could become a leader without strength?

The leader had a unique gift.

His entire body was strong as stone without any training.

That is, an arrow shot right for his heart might not even do the trick.

It was as if his entire body was a shield.

And damaging him required a lot... They meant A LOT of work.

They had seen their leader on the battlefield back in his teen years.

Heh. Unless one was absolutely sure of their kill, it wasn't advisable to make a move against their leader.

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Who doesn't know that when it came to their leader, all the legends about him were already extraordinary at his early age before he had even begun training the secret techniques?

So imagine the combined strength he had now?

That's why most people who think of killing their leader result in using poisons instead.

But they didn't know that back in the leader's early teen years because the leader's teacher had pointed out this point, he had been trained to be poison resistant from the age of 11.

So for decades now, the leader had long been able to resist so many things.

Of course, he still kept his poison tasters there to confuse the enemy and let them maintain the notion that he could quickly die from poison.

Additionally, it was also a great way to get new poisons and study them too.

That's right. The food or drink that the taster ate wouldn't be thrown away but studied.

His Pirate research team at headquarters would hop on board to study it. And they typically partnered with others from the Morg institutes to study them all as well.

Any contribution to Morgany as a whole was a great thing.

And this was why Morgany would always remain on top.

Thinking of how powerful their leader was, they still couldn't imagine who would dare to pick a fight with the leader so boldly.

The burly man's terrifying aura instantly choked everyone on the table, making their hearts skip a beat:
"How did it happen? I want answers, and I want them now. So speak!"

"Yes!" Everyone responded obediently before looking at themselves helplessly.

You look at me. I look at you... Who goes first?

Everyone swallowed their saliva dryly before someone began retelling all he found after asking his subordinate about it all for the hundredth time.

"Leader... It's said that Whitebeard's ship was found somewhere far in the dead of the sea in Area 3 waters, nowhere close to any empires or continents. And when they found his ships, they were all emptied and a bit damaged too. There were also blood streaks around as well. But for now, we can't say for sure whether he's dead or alive. But we mostly think he's alive."

"Oh?"

Bang!

The entire wooden table split in half, and the food and drinks all dropped to the floor in one big swoop.

Without a doubt, their leader was pissed!

But why take it out on them?

Didn't the leader know how terrifying he was?

(:w_w:)

Mommy....

Chapter 1213 - A Good Show Was Coming

~Bam!

Everyone's body trembled like shivering oysters getting taken off their clams.

But even though everyone had their heads down, looking at the damage on the floor, no one gave a hoot about it at all!

No. Their minds were too busy focusing on the giant creature in the room... Their leader.

The man took a deep breath and raised his beautifully shaped brows underneath his mask calmly. But of course, his aura was nothing close to being calm, still as sharp as ever.

"So you're telling me that my brother was possibly kidnapped, his goods stolen, and no leads found? Not even one? Then why the hell do I ensure that thousands and thousands of you get stationed all across the waters? You mean to tell me that no one saw his ship sail out that far? Are you trying to give me the impression that his ships popped out there in the open like magic, hence missing your detection?"

Everyone wanted to nod, but they dared not.

Listening to the leader speak, or honestly sounded silly. No. Stupid.

How can a ship appear, disappear, and pop out onto the far waters away from any continents just like that?

No! Impossible.

So could it be that maybe Whitebeard, who knew where all their ships would be stationed, wanted to give from them, perhaps because he was guilty of something?

Oops. That way of thinking was also too far-fetched too.

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Everyone knows how much Whitebeard loved being a pirate. He wouldn't trade or sabotage his current existence or lifestyle for nothing.

He was the leader's brother and had enjoyed countless privileges for decades now. He was highly respected, and even when other pirates, merchants or passerbys saw his pirate ships, they would give him so much respect and fear for their lives.

And given how proud they as Morgs were, it was impossible for Whitebeard to betray them.

The cons of betrayal outway the pros by far. So why do so?

Not to talk to the fact that they, the Morgs, controlled the waters. And Whitebeard also had a lavish life and owned several properties due to his benefits.

Additionally, Whitebeard might be arrogant and sometimes stupid. But it was an undeniable fact that he loved his brothers.

Betrayal wasn't really something that he could imagine Whitebeard doing.

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For the leader, his thoughts never for once strayed towards the oath of betrayal. He, more than anyone, knew his brothers.

So forget it. It was impossible.

But then again, the fact that his ship also appeared that far out was also somewhat suspicious.

The leader massaged his chin with a playful look in his eyes: "Tell me. What was his last ?ssignment before vanishing?"

"Leader, he had already picked up some items from Magoon Terique in Pyno and was heading towards Veinitta briefly. A year back, our merchants in Terique didn't confirm that he had left. And sure enough, he also met another pirate fleet while sailing across the Northern part of Arcadina, which also confirmed that he did leave Terique. And after that, communication was lost."

Lost?

The leader's eyes flickered with a strange light: "And in the end, his ship was found docked out far in the open seas in a location that would take months and even close to a year's travel to any nearby continent?"

"Yes, leader."

"And what continents are closest to that location?"

"Veinitta and Pyno." Said the man obediently.

And in the end, he only heard the leader begin laughing in an evil manner that made his scalp tingle in fear.

Leader... Is, is everything alright with you?

"Bahahahahahaha!~~~."

The man's eerie laughter filled the room, making everyone higher in their seats, not knowing whether they had offended the leader in some way or not.

Oh my God! They were just trying to stay alive, alright?

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The burly man grinned murderously: "Interesting. It looks like my brother was kidnapped around Pyno. He might not be there anymore, not Pyno is the place to start!"

"Yes!" The others replied.

In short, they too had suspected that he should be around these 2 continents. But they were only 50% sure. Who knows if the enemies wanted them to think that and would flee to another far away continent like Tenola or worse, Lampe, where those Adonis bastards were?

The leader was right. They had to start their search out there.

"Out of curiosity, the private fleet that last saw my brother, where were they heading to?"

"Magoon island, Leader. It's just by Terique."

"And what about my other brother? What about The Baker? Have you heard from his ?ssistant Ratcliffe? Weren't they supposed to be in that same Terique you mentioned?"

Shaking his head, the man agreed: "Yes, leader. But they fled to Magoon island. And before fleeing, they had already sent a message to headquarters by then. It appears that the Temple of Dragmus was after them."

~Crack

The wooden armrest cracked from the leader's rage.

Dragmus. Dragmus.

Those Bastard people who betrayed his forefathers and kicked them out of Pyno millenniums ago.

When they first got here, their pirate group wasn't anything to talk about.

But with time, just finding their way, inter-marrying with Morgs to establish connections and also doing dirty jobs got them started.

And thousands and thousands of years later, they were now part of the Morg society.

In fact, their original accents had long been washed away with time. And because over the centuries, most of the children born were Morgs, forget it.

One could say that even the current leader was probably 1/20th Pyno when looking at his ancestry.

The last Pyno person in his generation was 20 generations back.

Their family had always maintained and overruled the pirate organization.

Meaning his cousins could also compete for his position too.

Actually, as per pirate law, any pirate with enough merits could compete and take over.

But the question now was who would dare?

Thinking of how Dragmus had always been their arch-enemies, the burly man so severely wanted to destroy them all.

But unbeknownst to him, sometimes had already done his work for him.

However, that person also happens to be his enemy.

Chapter 1214 - Zain Jones

Everyone took deep breaths while waiting on the leader.

"Continue."

"Yes, leader."

Instantly, the man began retelling all he knew.

In short, The Baker had fled Terique and had ended up going to Magoon island.

But after that, contact with him also stopped.

Those who later went to Magoon island only found the place in a mess. All 3 fleet camps looked like they had been abandoned for centuries. Broken buildings, dried up blood around, creatures roaming within the buildings, and all savings, treasure chests and other valuables buried in the secret stash locations, were all wiped clean too.

Not even a single gold coin could be found there.

Even the pirate ships sitting dock for heaven knows how long, also had greenery growing in them.

Some parts were also damaged too, probably because they sat out there on the same spit through the seasons till now.

The wood was rotting, the floor was weak, and the ships badly needed maintaining.

The fact that nobody touched the ships showed that even if visitors came through the place, they dared not touch anything belonging to pirates for fear of being hunted.

So could it be that The Butcher was taken by those Dragmus people?

Be it Dragmus or Adonis, they were all enemies to them.

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~Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.~

The leader tapped his other armrest deeply.

For sure, Pyno would be an excellent place to start.

Also, want it just 2 weeks ago that he heard about Alec and Nopline's death in Pyno?

So what if all this was the hand of a single organization, A.K.A, the Temple of Dragmus?

With their dishonest ways, it might be possible.

But he felt like even though both sides opposed each other, the Temple wouldn't pull so many reckless moves simultaneously in a short time span.

They weren't big enough to make all these moves.

So what if it was another brand new enemy?

Could it be that stupid temple of Adonis instead?

Or was the problem actually with those idiotic Man-hating Witches? Or what about the Demon Believers?

There was also another group of idiots that believed that everyone should ever be allowed to live above the age of 20 or else they would turn possessed. That's why they killed everyone older than 20.

Zain Jones had a headache just thinking about how many idiotic organizations existed that always tried to test his patience and that of the T.O.E.P.

That's right. He was one of the very top controllers of the T.O.E.P.

That said, of course all news would reach his ears without a doubt. But it all depended on how far or fast the news would travel.

One should know that Zain was still waiting for news on the successful capture of that boy called Rankin. So the news about there being some secret new organization living in someplace called Hamunaptra still hadn't reached him yet.

For now, he was primarily focused on his brothers; Hon Jones, A.K.A Whitebeard, and Marlo Jones, A.K.A, the Butcher.

And because of his strict upbringing as the heir or potential leader, as well as for safety reasons, no one except his brothers and his late mother knew his real name.

It was and has always been like this, with people calling him nicknames and tactless growing up.

When he was younger, they called him Heir apparent #5.

And as one would've guessed it, he wasn't the only one competing for this spot.

There were 860 of them in total. And the battle for leadership was an 18-year long one that started at the age of 7.

All leaders stepped down at 50 max, becoming elders. From there, the next leader takes over at 25.

That was how the rules had always been.

And in the case that a ruler died before 50, all the leaders would work hand in hand in controlling the organization until the next heir tournament is over.

Nothing could stop the tournament or rush it.

And only one could emerge victoriously.

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Zain squinted deeply when thinking about Pyno.

How odd. This Pyno has been making trouble recently.

Wasn't this the same continent where the quacks were supposed to be found?

The medical team and soldiers had just boarded their ships three weeks ago for a year-and-something-long trip to Pyno to investigate and fight the quacks who were trying to steal Morgany's numerous Pyno customers.

They had to make an example now, or else once the entire Pyno starts avoiding Morgany's treatments, then who knows if these quacks would spread their tentacles to other continents too?

Morgany lived and flourished by getting large amounts of money worldwide through medicine, art, and other professions.

So if everyone started stealing their jobs and customers, do you know how affected their economy would be?

Analyzing the strange things and issues he had heard about Pyno, Zain had an unprecedented thought in his head.

...Could it be?

Could it be that all these were signs that a new powerhouse that could threaten Morgany was emerging from Pyno?

No! No! No! No!

That's impossible, right?

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Instantly, Zain wiped the thought clean out of his head.

What the hell was he thinking?

That ugly poverty, struggling, hungry place could never create a powerhouse.

Even their potentials like Alec and Nopline had died just like that. So what could come out of that place?

Sigh... It looked like his head was overworking itself again.

Pyno was Pyno. A disgusting place for beggars.

Thinking like that, Zain finished up his meeting and headed out to yet again kill the cooks. He was poisoned, after all. So someone had to die for attempting it on him, right?

Like so, the big boss left his shivering subordinates and headed out, completely forgetting about his initial fear of Pyno.

But sometimes, one's gut feeling, no matter how ridiculous, could truly be a mysterious thing because back in Pyno, the most dangerous person Zain had to be worried about, was now making his way towards the Lower region hastily.

Landon, who had no idea of the storm coming his way, only felt even more alive from the news he received.

They did it. They actually did it!

Hahahahahahaha!

Chapter 1215 - Progress!

They did it. They actually did it!

Hahahahahahahaha~

Very quickly, Landon found himself floating in the air like a lovestruck person.

He skipped merrily while hastily making his way to the Weapon Manufacturing Industry in the lower region.

That's right. The weapon manufacturing Industry.

Oh, dear. Landon felt like he was going to have a heart attack from overjoy when he thought of the good news he heard today.

The progress rate was faster than he imagined.

~Catchak.~

Landon stepped out of his vehicle after hopping through countless checks just to get into the Lower Region.

Those standing close to him had always held awe when looking at how he did things.

Look! Even his majesty had to do checks before entering the lower region, so how could they, the workers, feel that these checks were too much?

Sometimes it was the little things like this that made everyone feel that doing these checks was necessary.

Of course, only those who drive in with their vehicles would go through these checks. It wasn't anything tedious and was super fast since people would have to pass through the detectors and scanners, as well as show their I.D's, both private and company one that matched them too.

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Again, one shouldn't forget that the Lower Region as a whole had its own private bus and train Stations dedicated to it within each Residential District.

They only placed them in the residential districts, making it easier for the Baymardians to leave their homes and board according to schedule.

3 years back, the Lower region workers only used buses to move back and forth at will.

But now, it was all different.

They had decided to add trains to the mix as well. And this was because of how big the Capital city was as a whole.

Workers had to board the buses several hours ahead, sometimes too early in the morning. They also had to go through the checks, as well. And at times, everything combined just made people more tired instead.

Thus, they had decided to cut travel time. And Trains were faster than buses.

Now, people could drive their vehicles, park them at the train stations, go through the checks before boarding the trains for a one-way trip to the Lower region.

It was super fast and also very entertaining as well. Why? Because although it starts off as a land train, it soon ascends, becoming a sky train that gives a good tour of the city.

And once it got somewhat close to the Lower Region's entry point, it would then descend back on land.

From there, it would move for a good steady distance before passing the massive front Gates.

That's right. Both vehicles and cars could pass through the gates when opened. The entire gates were as large as a 4 lane-road. So the trains had their own sections too.

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The trains would then go straight in and drop the passengers at the only Train station within the Lower Region.

Following that, they would pass through a brief yet simple security check again before stepping out.

The Train station was located at the first entry zone of the lower region.

Typically, people would board the buses that would take them straight for their respective industries scattered around. Bear in mind that the Lower region was as massive as a town.

So with all the numerous industries scattered about, they couldn't afford to make bus stops and keep stopping at every single turn. And that's why each company had its private buses.

Well, the trains were the only way apart from private vehicle transportation that the workers could use to enter the Lower region.

When it came to leaving the lower region, that was another matter.

People could use the buses or trains to leave.

After the private industry buses pick the workers up and leave them at the Train/bus station within the lower region, they could then choose to leave via the train again, or take the Official Lower Region buses that could disperse towards all parts within Baymard.

This setup truly pleased the workers.

The trains would only stop at the Residential districts. But the buses leaving will head towards the other districts, and one could even stop at the stores, parks, banks or any other place they wanted to go to after work.

That was how things were typically done when it came to the lower region.

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Landon stepped out of his vehicle, spotted several industry buses now parked outside, and couldn't help feeling a bit accomplished with the many changes that had taken place over the years.

But of course, his emotions were once again swept to the back of his head after seeing several people in lab coats briskly walk towards him excitedly.

Looking at their expressions, it was clear that they were trying to hide their joy and act cool.

Too bad their quivering lips and big steps had completely crushed their act.

"Your majesty, welcome!"

"Hmm. Is everything in order?"

"Yes, your majesty. We are ready. And those from the Ministry of National Defence, as well as those from the Ministry of Innovation, Science & Industry, are also here as well. Of course, special guests from the Navy, Barracks, Police forces, Marines and Coast Guards had long arrived too." Said the excited man who was still wearing goggles. It looked like he had even forgotten that he was wearing them. At the moment, his eyes twinkled and shone thrillingly while looking at Landon.

Hahahahaha! Today was the scheduled day when they had to show how much progress they had made. He was particularly pleased with all the prototypes they had made.

His job, as well as that of everyone else, was to impress them all today and blow everyone's minds straight into the clouds.

And just how confident was he about today's matter? 200% confident!

Even when experimenting, creating and doing countless things, he was highly enthusiastic about them all. So how could he not know their worth?

Today, the weapon Manufacturing Industry was ready to give another good show.

The man smiled from molar to molar with burning passion in his eyes: "Your majesty. We are ready!"

"Good. Good. Good. Lead the way."

With that, Landon also briskly walked forward as well.

What a joke. Even though he had long been prepared for today's matter, he didn't know how far they had gone. So after the call, he more than anyone else was looking forward to the show.

The gang headed straight in, passed through the detector doors, shipped the access cards through the machines within the massive room.

And after it turned green, they were allowed to pass.

The weapon manufacturing industry owned one of the largest spaces within the lower region. It had humerus fenced fields belonging to it, where one could even shoot out a hand grenade if need be.

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"Your majesty!"

"Your majesty!"

"Minister Gonovich, Minister Devin... Monster Gordon... Glad to see you all are well." Landon said while greeting the numerous people who all held great roles and titles within Baymard. He even saw his sworn brother Mark too.

Hey. Those from the armed forces had come, as well as everyone else from the various ministries that concerned today's matter.

Some wore their well-decorated military suits, while others wore their tailored suits instead.

In short, everyone looked powerful and in control.

Landon looked at them and smiled wryly. Fortunately, Lucy forced him to dress formally for the meeting. Although... He still felt it a hassle. After all, he was yet again going to run around once the meeting was done. And from the looks of it, he might not even have time to change. And in this boiling summer sun, wouldn't he end up sweating buckets instead?

Landon undid the top button of his military-style suit and took his seat in distress.

Who asked him to be a public figure?

In truth, his casual clothes weren't all that casual. Do you know how freaking expensive they were? Many were also limited edition ones too.

But, in matters like these, he had to either wear his well-decorated military attire or his royal one.

Like so, everyone discussed with each other excitedly while waiting for the show to commence.

Both ministers and armed force personnel really dove into countless topics in wait. No doubt, their focus was also on today's matter.

Landon looked at his watch and smiled broadly.

1 minute to showtime.

Chapter 1216 - New Weapons!

The room, filled with many important personnel, suddenly grew extremely quiet when they saw the massive door at the back open magnificently.

The door that was honestly as large as an airplane hangar door, if not bigger, immediately called everyone's attention to it as they watched countless people in white lab coats push a few things into the indoor space.

Landon glanced at the scene and felt it funny.

The expressions of these people were all professional and so diligent that one would think that they were astronauts or something.

Not to say that what they did wasn't great or anything. But why all the heroics?

Landon had a hunch that if it were possible, these people would be floating from sheer pride.

Well, this was also a good thing.

It showed that they were overly confident about today's matters.

Today, the overseer in charge of the Weapon manufacturing industry was unfortunately sick. She had caught a bad flu and was so weak that she had to stay bedridden for a while.

Thus, it was one of her chief staff members, Supervisor Bailey that was assigned to oversee today's show. Everyone knew the 29-year-old Supervisor Bailey. So seeing her handle today's affairs wasn't surprising to them at all.

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When it came to Bailey, she was hard-working and brilliant as well.

If she were a student, she would be within the top 10 of the class. Her mind sometimes worked like a calculator, and at times, as she could sometimes calculate some complex things at the drop of a hat.

For her intelligence, people were both helpless and envious too. If they had such a brain, wouldn't they finish their own tasks early and save them the time they took studying late at night or going overtime at work?

Bailey was highly liked in their industry because she was multi versatile and could do countless jobs at different positions too.

So at times, when people were stuck and didn't know how to bypass a problem, they would rush to her for help. Honestly, she was like an idol in the industry. And if she weren't already married with 3 children, many would've already proposed to her ages ago.

Even the other female workers couldn't help thinking that if she were a man, they too would also want to marry her as well.

Of course, Bailey was 29 and still considered old and already had a stable home too. So no one really had many thoughts on her.

Bailey had her raven hair tied in a bun while wearing her unbuttoned lab coat too. And underneath the lab coat, one could see that she was also wearing a standard black pantsuit, looking very professional and well-kept.

She moved amidst the other lab-coated staff pulling several rollable tables forward, along with her secretary at the side.

And once she arrived at the front, she smiled warmly and did a respectful bow at Landon.

"Your majesty, our respected guests... Welcome to the Weapon Manufacturing Industry's second Viewing."

With that, everyone flipped the document in their hands while listening to Bailey go through the agenda for today.

That's right. They were here to more or less critique the things shown today. If something needed improvements or were going in the wrong direction, then they would have to point it out fast.

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When it came to matters like these, sure, the designers knew a lot, but they weren't the ones who would use them.

Was it too heavy to travel or carry during missions? Could the thickness or even the weight be involved? What about the firing range?

Questions like these would pop out. And after the show, there would be a more detailed question and answer session too.

Of course, people could also ask questions or raise concerns during the show since the items were right before their eyes, and they were more likely to notice issues then.

In short, the official Q&A session was there just in case there was something else they missed.

That said, for today's matter, over 18 people were assigned to take down the meeting/event minutes today.

With how excited the guests were, for sure, countless people would try raising questions at once, and if not careful, vital points might slip by.

So many people were tasked with writing the minutes.

Bear in mind that the Q&A session was also a detailed one too. So there would be a lot of vital and exciting points raised about the things liked, the things unnecessary about the designs, and the things that needed modifications.

And after the event, the minutes would be summarized, and the rest would be history.

Now, with the minor details said and done, Bailey clasped her hands enthusiastically while looking at the excited crowd.

"As stated in the agenda, we will have a look at the military Drones first! And to start, we'll be looking at the single-propeller drone!"

Like magic to their ears, everyone's body jolted in glee as they leaned forward and listened attentively.

Single Propeller Drone. Single propeller drone... Good name!

The group listened while Landon was wrapped up in his own little world instead.

One should know that there were countless sorts of drones that existed back in the world.

And of course, back then they were large plan-sized drones instead, and weren't the ones used in modern times.

The first ever drones were used in World War 1. It was an entire set up from the small miniature UAVs that Landon was trying to create.

Anyway, Landon had already started configuring and assimilating both old and new knowledge to suite Baynard's current state.

At present, the prototypes for the drones don't have cameras yet. Now, they were more focused on designing and understanding the flight functions of it.

For one, he couldn't make digital cameras without computers coming out.

With cameras, he would need to place the chip in a computer or even a device that would allow them to watch any footage.

Of course, the system had awarded him with all knowledge on camera drones.

So he could also use the old techniques too.

Some people might suggest to place the film in them and allowed the drones to fly with the cameras and record what they saw.

And after the drones descended, they would get the film, piece it together and watch it as if watching a movie.

Back in the 90s or so, there were indeed portable cameras that required one to change the film within it regularly too. So such a plan wouldn't be far stretched.

The film would like a stack of black slippery, rolled-up paper that could be inserted into the portable cameras at the time.

Phones changed, TVs changed, and even the cameras would all change soon enough.

Over the months, the research team had been coming up with various suggestions, trying to wrap their brains over several details.

But Landon had long thought hard about what needed changing and what didn't. So he didn't plan on making unnecessary changes anytime soon.

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One should know that it was only now that the team had managed to have a breakthrough and had been able to create a successful drone that could lift itself from the ground without going haywire or crashing after just 3 minutes up in the air.

Because he allowed them to make mistakes, they learned more and understood the foundations faster.

It was like working hard on a senior design project and continuously brainstorming over new arising issues.

At times, Landon would give them a hand or posters if free. But many-a-time, they thought things through themselves.

That said, it was only now that they had managed to pull this off. And so far, as per scheduled the internet and computers will be completed next year. So there was no point for him to waste his time embodying the old methods into the drone.

This year will soon end, and next year will be the start of Baymard's true digital age.

So he could only wait till them before finalizing matters on the drone and adding a camera feature to it.

Of course, those here today also knew about the future plans for the drones too.

They were here to check on the progress rate, ensuring that everything went according to schedule when considering all the funding and money spent on it.

They better be impressed, or they might have to cut the budget and focus on something else. And no one in the weapon industry working on this matter wanted this.

F***! How could they let it go after all their hard work?

No way. They couldn't let this happen, not after all they had done through with so many sleepless nights. Plus, they were also very pleased with what they had accomplished.

So without further ado, it was time to unleash the Drones!

Chapter 1217 - Unleash The Drones!

Drones! Drones! Drones! Drones!

Everyone's eyes twinkled in marvel in expectation for today's show.

And in a very classy way, those wearing lab coats soon picked up numerous dishes on the tables and walked towards the leaders as if they were waiters in a restaurant.

They kept their back straights, one hand behind them and held silver trays that had also been covered up as well.

And each tray seemed to have a large bold number marked on it.

No doubt, their move piqued everyone's interest as they stared at the dishes with laser-focused eyes.

Some people even began smiling, folding their arms tight and flapping their legs inwards and outwards while seated expectantly.

What will it be? Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No! It's... It's... Bah! They didn't know.

Nonetheless, they were so jittery about it all, acting like little schoolboys.

And the moment their 'waiters' brought the dishes before them, everyone's hands had already begun stretching out as if saying: Give it to me! Give it to me!

Landon smiled in amusement at this new, creative and exciting way they started their show.

He couldn't lie. Even he felt a burst of energy flood his brain when staring at the waiter calmly walking towards him.

Hahahahaha! The audience was hooked.

But this was just the beginning.

Seeing the eager eyes from the audience, the waiter all smiled calmly before taking off the silver cover in the slowest way ever.

And this move once again made the audience's blood boil.

Some even began annoyingly looking at their waiters.

'Oh, my ancestors! Can you hurry it up? By the time you finally take it off, I feel like an entire year would be gone by.'

'What the hell is wrong with you? Does your hand have a problem or something? Tch! As expected. Because I am a military woman, it seems that I can't get used to slow-paced things like this. Time is money, so hop to it!'

The faces of the audience were grim with all sorts of emotions and grumbling thoughts flooding their brains.

You know, it took almost all their willpower not to pull open the silver tray covers themselves.

Luckily for them, the wait was finally over.

And when the trays were opened, a whiff of white smoke covered the silver trays, masking whatever was on it.

Everyone looked at their silver trays with widened eyes, wishing that they had some snack right about now.

They couldn't lie. The show was truly interesting.

And finally, the items on their trays were revealed.

This... This... This... What was this?

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~Pfff. Landon tried not to laugh when he saw everyone's confident look.

You know what they expected was to see the drones on each plate.

But what they got was something totally different. Well, it was still related to drones, so those from earth would definitely know what it was.

Heh. Landon looked up the crude controller and chuckled.

The speechlessness from the audience after all this while was enough to make him laugh for an entire week.

You know, it's like preparing to see a man flee, only to see him walk around instead.

He knew it was cruel to laugh, so he could only try to keep his chuckles down.

At the same time, the audience recovered and only had one decision in mind: Budget Cut!

Bahahhahahaha!

Landon looked at the dark faces of the audience and felt his belly hurt from holding back his laugh.

Sigh... It looks like if the ice wasn't broken fast, things might go in an unprecedented manner at the snap of a finger.

Luckily, the capable Bailey was the one in control of the show. So he knew that once things were adequately explained, there wouldn't be a problem

Bailey looked at everyone and felt it funny too.

But who made her in charge of today's matter?

"Gentlemen... Ladies... By now, everyone should be holding the item on the trays. And no. That is not the drone."

Eh? It's not?

The moment the words echoed out, everyone's face turned merry, as their smiles bloomed and blossomed like a flower in spring.

It was not it! It was not it!

That was all they cared about.

F***! Do you know how much the government put into funding these projects?

Say no more. If these things were actually the drones, 2 words... Budget cuts!

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Bailey, who had managed to turn everyone's frown into blooming smiles, secretly rolled her eyes heavenward and continued her presentation.

"Everyone should have received the items on the tray by now. So to start off, this thing is what will be used to control the Drone. And as you all have noticed by now, each controller has a number marked on it, which in turn will also correspond to your Drone numbers too."

With that, she nodded towards a few other people in lab coats, and they in turn dragged one of the wheelable tables and brought it somewhat closer to the scene.

"Ladies and Gentlemen... I give you the Drone Prototype Class-BX."

~Swish!

Without warning, everyone stood up like crazy, filled with tremendous excitement overflowing them.

Their lips quivered, and their grip on their controllers was tighter than before.

When looking at the prototype drones, their minds undoubtedly wandered back to the numerous group meetings and talks about them.

These babies were the future of spy work!

With this, they would be able to infiltrate regions without actually going up in the air themselves.

You know, they could make its outer drone bodies look like anything that large birds, hence masking its presence.

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It was said that in future, they would create a camera that could be so tiny that it could fit into a fly spy drone. But you know to them, that was a fairytale that might ever happen.

How can a camera be that small?

Cameras were massive. So if you say it's portable, it's hard for them to imagine such a thing.

Nonetheless, since his majesty said it could be done, they also wanted to wait and be surprised.

Who knows... Maybe it was a possible feat. But from what they heard, that internet thing and computer thing was also supposed to be a more extraordinary feat too.

Hey. As people in charge of National security, they more than anyone else had begun preparing for the future.

His Majesty had said that there would be a need to train officers and several others to monitor this web or internet thing.

They would need cyber security officers and all sorts of people on the job. No one understood any of this now. But 4 months before the actual launch of the Internet and computer thing, they would be dedicated to the training and testing phase.

The technicians and trainees will spend 4 months ensuring that the finished products are good and ready to go.

And while that went on, the FBI and every other person tasked with monitoring it all would also get trained as well.

They also had to prevent something called cyberbullying right from the roots.

And they found that his majesty was particularly serious about this matter, saying that they should be as fierce and harsh as possible.

From the talks they had and rough guess, they felt that this internet thing would facilitate news and reports.

If someone was kidnapped, others could send word fast. If there was trouble or they were looking for clues in matters, they would be able to find things swifter, facilitating swift crime-solving.

But at the same time, something could be sweet, as well as poisonous too.

So they knew that this thing would come with its own waves of issues.

And they were right.

But at the same time, the issues in Baymard that lived and adjusted to a modern society mindset, could never be as great as the warring medieval times outside Baymard's walls.

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Well, everyone looked at the magnificent n?k?d drones with all sorts of thoughts in their minds.

The drones didn't have an outer covering but were just as cool as if one was looking at those robotic dogs from MIT back on earth.

Their hands itched as they wanted to hug the drones and feel the bad boys for themselves.

Dammit! It was just too cool and made them feel like they were in some James Bond movie.

To them, this was already very futuristic!

But what's the point of looking and not doing anything?

Bailey looked at them and grinned: "Everyone, please press the green button on controllers to start your Drones. It's time to make them fly!"

Chapter 1218 - Its Alive!

Everyone gripped their controllers and found their corresponding drones.

Of course, even though they held onto things tightly, they handled them with care as if they were holding a baby.

At the moment, their feeling was one they couldn't describe yet.

It was like a child getting their Christmas present, playing around merrily.

Minister Gordon from the Ministry of National Defence couldn't help swallowing hard while staring at Bailey: "So we press this button to turn it on?"

"Yes, Minister.. Once the button has been turned on, the propeller will spin, making it levitate." Bailey said before turning her attention to everyone else in the room: "As you all will know, some of you control very different drone types with different designs and number of propellers."

Today, they weren't here to test how the drones would capture images since that would get done in the future.

No... What they were focused on was getting the bad boy in the air and assessing the different modes and models for each drone flight type.

Why were they designed the way they are? What are the pros and cons of each design type? Why are some faster in movement than others? And which drones are better suited for various lines of operation?

Bailey looked at the excited group and gestured towards a particular set of drones: "As I mentioned earlier, we will begin with the single propeller design. So those with Drones marked 1A~1G, please turn on your drones and fly them."

On hearing Bailey, those who had to control other drone models couldn't help frowning in annoyance.

It wasn't fair! They so badly wanted to control the friend now, okay?

(:Y^Y:)

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A single propeller drone.

To put it simply, it had a single propeller attached at the top of the drone. And looked very much like a helicopter.

Of course, there were several internal design structures too. Yes. Even though the outer plastic covering hadn't been placed on them, the metal skeletons already had specific looks that made it easier to guess how they would end up being.

Some had the shape of a dome, sphere, rockets, helicopters or any other forms too.

But no matter how their skeletal frames looked, they all had a single propeller above them.

~Vrm-Vrm-Vrm-Vrm~

And this move alone made everyone's heart jump in glee, so much so that they had forgotten their identities and started acting like children.

"Hahahahahahah! It's alive! It's alive! Old boy, they've done it!"

"Awesome! Too awesome! After listening to all the presentations about this and even talking about it for close to a year, seeing the initial stages completed only makes me believe more and more in the project."

"It's good to see that the nation's money didn't go down the drain. Wait! Do they have enough funding for this?"

"Dammit! My old heart was shocked silly when the thing's wings started spinning hard. Oh, my ancestors! Don't these people know that at 32-years of age, my old heart could explode from this alone? Good surprise! Good surprise!"

(^_^)

...

Without a doubt, everyone was too impressed seeing it come to life. It was so futuristic and might even be the greatest military project of the year!

An 'A+ grade' was what they felt like giving these people now.

As for those who turned on the drones, they were so excited after seeing the drones move up and down continuously.

To them, just this little action was the most exciting thing they had done all year round... And this was coming from people who regularly vacationed too.

But who could blame them?

It was like a person suddenly gaining superpowers. No moment was more remarkable than now.

Like so, Bailey began talking about all she knew about the Single Propeller Drone. It might seem like a waste of time to go through all the details, but amongst the audience, were also the Council of research technicians from the Ministry of National Defence.

And from her dealings with them, they would question and test every little thing if she didn't go into detail... After all, they were all here to critique today's show.

That's why it was best to go deep into things and never skimp on anything.

With that, Bailey pushed her glasses in.

(*^_^)

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"The one propeller drones provide enough lift force to keep the drones hovering in the air... As you all can see from the spinning propellers. But as of now, there is no other way to control the drone in other directions. That's why the controls for these particular drones just have the on and off bottoms on them, and after different form the other drive controllers too."

Eh?

Can't control it?

Everyone quickly compared their controllers and found that some of them had totally different controllers from the rest. So this alone showed that each drone was unique and indeed different.

But if the drone could only go up and down, then they could still use it for periphery checks instead.

The soldiers would release the drone into the air, and it would capture everything and then hover downwards again.

Now they were wondering if in the future, there could be a sort of camera that could course everything in all directions (360-degree camera.)

That sort of camera would be suitable for things like this.

Of course, they would also try to get to the bottom of why the drone couldn't move in any other direction. Why not go left or right? Why only upwards and downwards?

Everyone's expression was a little sullen.

Bailey better explain it to them, or they would drill a hole in her head with countless questions.

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At the same time, Bailey also brought up another interesting point about Single Propeller Drones that seemed to crush their questions in an instant.

"Everyone, another issue with this drone is that its body will keep rotating opposite to the propeller."

Ding!

The Researchers and technicians in the audience felt like someone had turned on the light bulbs in their brains.

Yes! Yes! This explained it all.

Maybe this was the reason why it was hard to control the drone.

As the Propeller spun, the drone's body would rotate in the opposite direction. So it will be turning around in the same spot as if it were a person just twirling around instead in the Same position.

So how can one control if it moves around on its own?

Bailey held the drone in her hand and tried to explain as detailed as she could.

She began by detaching the propeller from the drone's body.

"The fact that the drone rotates on its own is a consequence of Newton's 3rd law of motion. Looking at the drone, we can see that it supplies the propeller with the necessary torque (force) to make it soon clockwise... But according to the third law of motion: Whenever one object exerts a force on another object, the second object exerts an equal and opposite on the first. So, what does this mean?"

Everyone looked on like eager students, listening to Bailey.

Yes, Bailey. What does it mean?

"This means that since the Torque/force applied on the propeller makes it move clockwise, an opposite and equal force would be sent back to the drone, making its body rotate anti-clockwise instead. This is the flaw with the One propeller design. But as the number of propellers on each drone increases, we can calculate, balance and gain control over the drones!"

...

Like so, Bailey went through all major designs when concerning drones. Of course, she was also able to shut down countless questions before they could get asked.

She showed that they were very confident with their work this time, and overall, everyone was still extremely pleased with the progress rate of things.

No doubt, by next year, these bad guys would be ready for use.

But of course, there were still some major concerns when it came to these drones.

Minister Gonovich furrowed his smooth black beard with a furrowed forehead: "Supervisor Bailey, with the 2, 3, 4 and 6-propeller drones that we can control, what would happen if we lose signal of them? You said that if the drones get too far away from their controllers, they will lose signal. So what do we do then? We sure as hell can't let the enemy get our precious drones. Our technology must not be let out. So what then?"

Good question!

Bailey looked at the stern expressions on everyone's face and smiled calmly: "Everyone, the drone has an emergency factor installed in it. You see, if the drone's signal is being lost by 90%, the safety trigger will turn on, and the drone will automatically fly back to the remote's location. "

Her response was good, but still, the audience was not satisfied.

Captain Lilian frowned: "And let's say that the soldier holding the remote has been captured, or the situation is risky... Then wouldn't the drone just fly back to the enemy instead?"

Bailey nodded: "This could indeed happen. But that's why we are also working on a self-destruct option too."

"Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah~"

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Chapter 1219 - A Rigorous Session

Landon looked at Bailey and smiled.

The way everyone was drilling and coming for her reminded him of all those teachers back on earth who caused him a headache too.

They asked all sorts of questions, which to be fair, was very reasonable as well.

After all, this project was critical and in line with Baynard's national security. So it was better to ask all questions than to assume something which, in the end, might be wrong.

Those taking minutes had already begun writing everything diligently, not daring to get distracted at all.

Landon was already pleased with how things were.

And when concerning the matter of drones losing signal after getting too far away, Landon felt that they couldn't entirely treat the matter the way earth typically treated theirs..

What happens when the signal gets lost?

Some drones would automatically crash and get missing, giving potential enemies the chance to discover them... Especially now that there were countless spies and seasons stationed out day and night in these warring times.

Remember, the outside world didn't have cameras, phones or anything of these sorts.

So the human eyes and ears were essential needs of countless people in power.

And like so, it would pass on swifter than ever.

It was the same way the Chinese lit up the flames across the great wall of China to spread the word that an enemy had invaded.

One person lit up a flame, and after a certain distance, another person lit up the next.

Some people in Earth's history rang gongs or bells instead.

But overall, within Pyno and countless regions in this world, people would prepare not to use such loud methods.

After all, that would only let the enemy know that they had been discovered. By then, what if the enemy flees?

Most people stationed spies around like flies, who would pass on the news in that manner.

And if they couldn't handle the enemy, they would secretly flee instead, leaving the citizens or innocent people to stay behind and get killed by the enemies. Heh. Who cared about the common folks?

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For one, it would alert the enemy that something strange was going on nearby.

Secondly, even if the enemy might take years to understand or even get a clue of the physics or understanding of how the Drone was made, they still didn't want their technology out there like that.

In fact, even understanding how the drone's remote got made might be too much for them. But so what? The important thing is never to let the enemy find the drone.

And thirdly, what if the enemy knew of Baynard's existence already? Seeing the strange drone, the enemy might link it to Baynard somehow. And this wasn't what they wanted.

Even if they disguised the drone like a bird, birds don't crash and splatter on the ground after falling.

Of course, in the future if they could make micro drones like fly or mosquito sizes, then they wouldn't be too worried about it being found out.

Thinking about it deeply, not all drones back on earth would fall to the ground and crash.

In fact, 85% of drones have preventive measures called 'Memory for home' with GPS. So they could quickly return or be tracked after getting lost.

But Baymard didn't have satellites yet. And it looked like it would be a while before it got invented.

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Anyway, with no GPS systems, they could only bend and make adaptive changes suited for their lifestyles.

That's why they had to develop methods that those back on earth might not necessarily need in their drones.

The self-destruction mode was a must!

Landon had suggested that it could be an option on the remote controls that would get covered with a thin but transparent cover over the button.

And if the captive soldiers who were discovered didn't have enough time to press the self-destruct button, then they would have to come up with another method that initiated a countdown to self-destruction.

If the signal got weak by a certain percentage, the drone would automatically turn back. This safety feature already existed in the prototype drones.

But in the future, after the drone flew back and headed towards the location where the remote control's signal is strongest, it would also start a countdown for self-destruction mode.

And to alert the soldier holding the remote of the self-destruction mode, another button on the controller would start glowing bright.

Anyway, once the button glows bright, the soldier has to press it to disable the self-destruct countdown.

Because after 30 seconds, the drone would block up, get badly burnt and destroyed.

This was the plan they were currently working on, and they had from now till next year to perfect it before finishing up and installing the cameras in the drones.

Yes. This was the complete plan and outlook for drones in a non-satellite world.

They only worked with radio waves and frequencies that limited their range of things.

Until the first astronaut went up to space, they would have to find new and innovative solutions that catered to their way of life in these warring times.

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The Drone presentation was finally done, with everyone extremely pleased by what they say today.

No doubt about it, the show had been too outstanding.

The whole experiment made them look forward to the future.

They felt like this would be one of the most remarkable military technologies to ever come for the next years to come.

These military drones could be increasingly used in special operations, allowing reconnaissance from the air.

And thanks to their small size, they could sneak unnoticed into enemy formations.

And from what supervisor Bailey said, some of these drones will not only be able to carry out Reconnaissance and surveillance, but also fire if need be.

Oh boy! Imagine taking care of the enemy without actually being there?

Soldiers and others might not necessarily have to risk their lives for deadly and dangerous missions.

No matter how they saw it, they couldn't possibly imagine what other technology would be able to beat these drones in the following years to come.

Hehehe... Of course, their thoughts now were because they were still clueless about military choppers and fighter jets.

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~Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap~~

Everyone clapped after Bailey concluded the shows. And even though they already asked a few other questions during the show, now was Q&A time. It was the real moment to hit her and her team hard with questions.

Instantly, the aura in the room became somewhat intimidating, as no one even smiled now.

It wasn't that they were trying to scare her, but they were organizing their questions in their heads.

And Bailey, who had long been used to them, wasn't terrified or worried.

This wasn't her first rodeo.

The weapon manufacturing industry was constantly making government-improved weapons.

So you can imagine how many meetings she had attended with many of these people.

The fact that Landon was here was also similar to the scene where people gathered and had military meetings with Mrs or Mr. President.

Everyone took the meetings seriously, discussing everything involving the matter.

Bailey knew how much was at stake here.

And she fully understood why the room was so heavy with tension.

Likewise, her lab-coated team also stood behind her with heavy expressions as well. Of course, they were also a little panicked too.

What if these people weren't as impressed as they thought?

Deep down, everyone secretly looked at Minister Gonovich, the one they secretly called the troublemaker.

He wasn't per se a troublemaker, but was more strict and diligent, not soaring anyone's feelings at all when it came to his opinion.

To put it simply, the guy didn't believe in sugar-coating anything.

Sometimes, they wondered how he got married.

Sigh... His wife must be a bizarre one too.

And just as they expected, Gonovich was indeed the first to speak.

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"Supervisor Bailey. How far can the drones fly without losing any signal? At the current testing level, can you truthfully say that these drives will be able to fly far and do the work we want them to? We need a big range, not one that is just a few feet away from the troops. So I ask again. How far can they fly?"

(*^*)

Bailey smiled: "Minister Gonovich, you've asked a good question. As for how far they can fly, that will depend on the drone type. Some can only fly for 20 to 100 yards, while others can fly at a further range. But so far, the longest range we've gotten is 3 miles from the controller."

"3 miles? Wasn't the target goal 4.5 miles?"

"Yes, minister. And we will do our best to ensure that by next year, we have accomplished it."

"What about water resistance? Can the rain destroy them? And what about underwater drones? How come a model hasn't been shown to us yet?"

(-_-)

Chapter 1220 - Meeting Adjourned

Time passed by quickly, and the meeting was soon concluding.

From the fact that they will be making underwater drones to several other interesting aspects, everything was talked about... Even the waterproof factor was properly looked at again.

In future, after the outer protective coverings were made and placed over the drones, they would still have to continue testing making coding adjustments by allowing the drones to fly in all sorts of disastrous weathers.

They wanted to know which drones would be suited for thundering winds, rainy days or any other aspects.

Yes. Yes. Back on earth, maybe there weren't any drones that could even manage to fly in weather like Zalipnia's during winter. But what if they could do it?.

Of course, this wouldn't happen any time soon and might need years and years of research. But what if they could go above and beyond?

Those on earth never had to find solutions because their weather conditions weren't as strange as those in this world.

So the Baymardians would obviously solve problems based on their world situations too.

From the strange incidents in the sea to the waterfalls that suspended in the air like some fantasy, to even the sort of creatures and plants they had in this world... Everything would be created to ease humanity's life in this world.

There were plants deep in the jungle as vast as buildings and could swallow over 30 people in one gulp.

Heck! What about those that strangle their prey instead?

So if everything was that different, then what more of the weather?

What if one of those gigantic birds tried to steal their rooms mid-air? They were also discussing adding a shock/taser feature in their drones too.

Countless people had given out so many suggestions.

The list of ideas was long, but they were currently in the process of still seeing which ones were feasible or not.

Of course, now that they had been able to get the drones up in the air, they could focus on the protective coverings and test all they needed to test according to weather or other daunting aspects.

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Again, in general, there would be 3 classes of drones based on their purposes... Underwater drones, Land drones and Sky drones.

And even though the drones were mainly made for military purposes, after the basic principle was understood, simpler drones would be produced by Overseer Tim's industry.

But the drones produced won't be made for commercial purposes.

Heh... Landon wasn't that crazy to allow the drones to get used by others now... No! Not until world peace had been attained.

In short, the drones produced by Tim's industry would be created and only sold to specific industries and establishments.

Everyone in the meeting felt that this should be the drone to ease the workers' life.

"Wonderful! Your majesty, no matter how many times we talk about it, I still can't stop myself from marvelling at how useful this drone technology is." Minister Raven exclaimed as everyone nodded in agreement.

The possibilities with the drones were endless!

Firstly, drones could assist farmers by measuring and recording crop height. They could use remote sensing technology to illuminate the crops with a laser, and calculate the distance measured by the reflected light.

I'll go! Wasn't that just too genius?

Drones that have biological sensors can fly up to unsafe areas to take air quality readings and check for the presence of microorganisms or atmospheric elements.

This not only prevents people from entering potentially hazardous and poisonous zones but will definitely make researching easier for them.

Not even going far from that point, drones with special electromagnetic sensors could also be used to gather geological information to help geophysicists identify, better estimate and locate the presence of minerals, oils and natural gases.

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And you know, in a big and overly large city like the Capital, every year, they have had some unfortunate fire incidents too... Especially in Spring when the thundering and lightning rain kept spreading fire as it pleased.

Remember, even though Baynard was developed, most of its land was still unused. So sometimes, nature likes to play with them.

The firefighters were constantly busy and did their jobs the best they could.

But with this technology, maybe things would be easier to manage.

Hehehe... If they had satellite footage, they could view the regions... But they don't. So the drones would make them better estimate how far and fast the fire had spread.

At least now, even during disaster relief scenarios, with heat-detecting sensors, the images picked up from the drone and sent to the monitors will show the reddish heat-image of anyone, whether injured or not.

With this, a rescue team would move out as fast as they could towards that direction.

Damn. These drones were just too Godly!

But more than anything, they would be used for National Geographic scenes too.

Better still, the underwater drones had to look at the plant and animal life deep in the seas.

This will also help them estimate what regions are dangerous.

And when trying to recover sunken items, wouldn't this be great?

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No matter how they looked at it, everyone in the room agreed that drones seemed to be an essential aspect of life that they didn't know how they lived without.

From real estate and construction workers that survey and gather information at job sites to their uses in other works of life... No one could deny the strong potential these drones had.

With drones, their armed forces, be it the police, Navy, Marines, Coast Guards or soldiers, would all feel at ease when out on missions now.

And this alone made countless people giggle stupidly.

Hehehehehehe!

Now, this group of evil does look nothing like they did during the Q&A session.

The many smiles on their faces while talking about the future of drones in Baynard was enough to show how pleased they were by the whole thing.

"Hahahhahahahah! Supervisor Bailey. This time, you and your team did well. I wasn't in the least bit disappointed."

"That's for sure. They had done well for this presentation, even though they fell short in the areas."

"Hmhm... I think they have to work hard on overcoming the drone speed too. Nonetheless, it was still an outstanding show."

"Yes. Yes!... I can't wait to see what you'll show us by December's meeting. Hopefully, you would've also gotten the maximum single range improved by then."

"I agree with Minister Gonovich. 3 miles is so far from our original 4.5-mile range. But since this is still the research period, I hope your team can at least bring the range up to a 3.7 or even a 4 mark range. So by December, we want to see it up. That way, by March, you all should've already reached the 4.5 mark... No! We while you exceed and even get to 5 miles instead!"

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The moment they saw him leave, they couldn't help smiling helplessly.

His majesty was once again on the move to the next appointment. And his fighting and working spirit secretly made them like working too.

They felt like his majesty Landon would go down in history as the most workaholic Ruler ever!

Other monarchs sat on their thrones, drank wine, did other activities and were hardly seen out of their palace.

It was true. Most Monarchs only left their palace only about a handful of times a year... Even for a stroll around their Capital cities, they wouldn't necessarily do it unless they had to.

They stayed in their overly large Palaces and sent their spies and minions to do the rest while always hidden away.

The people in the city only saw their Monarchs during Royal gatherings or Hearings.

But Landon's case was different.

He was always flying around the entire Baynard from one place to another, having meetings here and there.

This also couldn't be blamed on him because he was also a great teacher in Baynard.

Who taught the doctors surgery? Who led the people and big bosses and overseers in each establishment about their jobs?

Heh... His majesty was a very, very busy man.

They only looked at him rushing out and chuckled.

Tomorrow would make it August first. And if they were correct, in 2 more weeks, his majesty would finally be married!

And even at this very moment, people from all over Pyno were flocking here to see the wedding for themselves.

The hotels were getting overly filled, with thousands rushing in.

And where was Landon headed to? Well, his goal was to get to the Coastal Port as fast as he could.

Why? His guests were finally here!