

I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY

Chapter 381 Hopeful Men

It was a fine day in Baynard!

The bright and vibrant white and baby-blue sky immediately made one feel a sense of calm and joy... as it gave them inner peace from the sun's ever generous warmth.

The people busied themselves within this newly established empire.... as they went about their day earning their salaries, going to school, going shopping, visiting the new established entertainment centers and many other things within the empire.

But of course while other people were going about their days cheerfully.... some on the other hand, were just about to loose their minds from it all.

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--Police Headquarters, Central Region, District C--

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'Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!'

"Let us out God-Dammit!!

Do you know who we are?"

"Let us out!!"

" _ "

Within one of the holding cells, 7 prisoners all looked restless... as they were truly at their wits end concerning this so-called holding cell.

Yup!.... these 7 men were the ones who tried to break into the lower region a few nights back.

They were now all wearing grey colored clothes.... as several of their own had been torn to shreds by all those Boss Dogs and their Doggy squads.

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They had never experienced the whole 'holding cell' thing, so they were utterly confused as to why they hadn't been tortured yet.

To put it simply, as the name implied.... these holding cells were only meant to keep them here until their punishment had been dished out in court.

Of course.... these holding cells had many other purposes as well, and were also very known to those who got too drunk in Baymard.

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Sometimes, some people would go for some celebratory occasions..... and well depending on their bodies, some wouldn't even be able to drink up to 2 bottles of Dom Perignon or even the 'OB lager beer, without getting drunk.

And if they ended up sleeping on the streets or getting into funny drunk situations.... the police might keep them in the cells till morning.

Then they would be free to go with a warning on mature drinking and so on.

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Of course since these holding cells were in the police headquarters and police branch offices around Baymard.... more and more citizens were now familiar with what to expect when they got there, as cases like these would pop up every now and then in Baymard.

And in addition to that, the police officers and their recruitment team..... had also done their best to explain what really went down in those holding cell to the citizens as well.

So right now, most people now had a general idea of what these holding cells were meant for in Baymard.

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But when it came to the actual Prison located within District B, which was also surrounded by the Barracks police academy and other weapon training academies... even though many people had been given a brief takeout on it, they still didn't know how different it was from the holding cell situation.

So of course now that they had heard that Baymard might put people in that maximum security prison... several people had already planned to keep an eye out on the case.

And just like that, these 7 men didn't know that they were going to make history, as the first ever prisoners to go to Baymard's maximum security prison.

'Lucky them!'

.

"Let us out!"

'Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!'

Within the holding cell, 4 of the men were lying lazily on the beds that were attached to the walls..... while the other 3 were busy banging the black prison bars as loud as they could.

In truth, all of them were really out of ideas about what these people were playing at.

For them, it would've been better for them to be tortured night and day..... than for them to have their minds messed up so much.

With every passing second, the wait, the anticipation, and their own ridiculous imaginations... have all made them come up with various versions of what was to come.

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As spies, they had been prepared to die ages ago... but when one's captive keeps them alive and doesn't even bother to torture them, then wasn't that even worse instead?

What they were scared of the most, was not dying without even knowing it.

It was better for them to see a sword coming their way, than to sleep within this cell, and one day not wake up.

So due to this, they had been sleeping with one eye open each night... which resulted in them only getting maybe 2 hours of sleep a day.

Hence they were tired, stressed out, worried and extremely worn off.

This was an utter nightmare to them.

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"Please let us out!

We are actually very rich.

Look! Look!.... we will give you ten thousand copper coins if you just let us escape!"

"Yeah! Yeah!

Our master is crazy rich... and will even give you anything you want if you let us out!"

We will leave and never come back again!"

"Hey!

I know you all can hear us..... so stop acting like we're invisible!" Tybalt yelled, while looking at the closed door some distance ahead of him.

The massive room they were in, had a massive black thick metal door and 8 more cells within the room.

And just outside the metal door, was some sort of mini office that was separate from the other offices within the building.

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The office had at least 6 police officers there on every shift, who were tasked with guarding and providing for all the prisoners within the massive room behind them.

As well as filling up paperwork on any main events that might have occurred with the prisoners.

Of course from there, they would hand over their observations to the detectives and others, who would then take it from there.

Their job was just to guard and make sure that the prisoners also had food and other basic human needs.

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Even though the officers heard the shouts and loud banging noises coming from these men, they still focused on their work as if they had heard nothing from the room behind them..... And this action alone almost made the prisoners feel like strangling them to death as every minute passed by.

What the hell?

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"Why won't they answer us?!!" Rowan bellowed out angrily, while gripping his hair tightly with both hands on his head.

"That's it!

I've had it with their stuck up attitude!

Do they think that we're beneath them?

is that why they didn't even bother listening to us?

Uahhhh!!!" Merek said while banging his hands angry on the prison wall.

"Settle down boys.... I've thought this through.

And I think that the reason why we weren't tortured, was because his majesty Alec Barn.... had probably indirectly stopped them from doing so.

So we might actually get out in a few days time." The leader said while looking at the cell ceiling with a confident smile on his face.

"Yes.... that must be it leader!

Hahahahaha..... I knew that his majesty would not abandon us so easily."

"His majesty is probably doing his best to save us even now as we speak.

What a guy!!"

" "

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The men all smiled, and those who had previously banged the cell bars... all stopped what they were doing, and sneered towards the room's thick metal door.

Hehehe.... soon, they would show these people the full might of someone under Alec Barn's power.

They couldn't help but start visualizing their release from this cell.

In their minds, they had already seen themselves walking out majestically.... while looking at those police officers outside arrogantly.

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And just as the men had started gaining their confidence back, the room's large metal was gently opened... and in came 14 police officers, who quickly handcuffed them and led them out of the cell.

In their minds, they couldn't help but wonder if Alec had finally been able to save them from this whole ordeal.

But sadly, they were destined to be disappointed from it all.

What bloody Alec?

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'Cuff! Cuff!'

"Let's go!"

'Din! Din! Din! Din! Din! Din! Din!'

The handcuffed men all left the cell with the police officers, and were each led to separate small basic rooms..... which had a table, 2 chairs, and some sort of black glass in front of it.

Each of them waited in the room with a bold smile on their faces, as they thought that this was all for their release.

They strode in arrogantly, and unhurriedly took their seats

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Tyblat sneered, as he looked around the empty room confidently.

Hmmp!... soon, he would walk out of here and give these villainess people a piece of his mind!

'Crieeekkkkk!'

Tybalt heard the door opened gently, and his smile became even broader than it was before.

Hahahah.... has his majesty Alec finally secured their freedom already?

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Tybalt looked at the door and his smile quickly dampened down in a flash.

Who the hell was this?

The door was gently opened, and in came a man who was wearing some sort of formal attire.

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"Good day Mr. TYBALT.

I am your attorney.... Mr. Allister McLaren."

" _ "

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Chapter 382 Criminal Confusion

"Good day Mr. TYBALT.

I am your attorney.... Mr. Allister McLaren

And I'm here to help you get through this."

" _ "

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Tybalt blinked in confusion, while looking at the well groomed in man before him.

Eh?.... wasn't he brought here to be released instead?

Ughhhhhh!!!!.... at the end of the day, was this man sent here by his majesty Alec or not?

And what the hell was this attorney thing?

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A few minutes later, Tybalt's face immediately became distorted and he immediately flared up from anger.

'Bang!'

He hit the table violently and tried to reach out to grab the Lawyer's neck with his handcuffed hands.

But of course, when they had previously left him alone in the room, they had connected his cuffs to some circular metal hoops on the table.

So he couldn't really do much to Mr. Allister there.

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He continued to reach out to Allister with all this might.... and had even injured himself in the process, as the handcuffs continued to dig deep into his flesh the more he struggled to get closer to Allister.

His eyes were restless, and his very fingernails kept scratching the table.... as he leaned forward towards Allister.

"Dammit! Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!

You prick!!

What the hell do you mean by I might have to spend many years behind bars in Baymard?

Hmmp!... just you wait!

When my boss sends someone to come and get me.... then we'll see who will have the last laugh!!" Tybalt said fiercely.

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Allister looked at the raging Tybalt, and did his best to maintain a calm facade. He had been teaching law in Baymard, ever since the first hatch of law student's came in during March.

But even before that... his majesty had started teaching him several subjects partaking to law ever since October last year.

And one of the most important courses of all was psychology and Criminology.

So while talking to Tybalt, he had seen taking note of every little thing that Tybalt had been doing or saying while they spoke.

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Of course he was scared of Tybalt's outburst!!

Who wouldn't when faced with a skilled spy or assassin?

But due to his training, and all the knowledge he had acquired so far... he knew that keeping a calm facade was the best way to go.

Plus... some of his 'specially selected' students were watching him from behind the black screen, while taking notes.

So how could he dare to look uncool in front of them?

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"Mr. Tybalt..... you need not be alarmed.

Like I said.... I'm your legal attorney, and I'm here to help you get through this." Allister said in a calm tone, with a slight smile on his face.

His students at the back of the screen who had almost peed themselves from Tybalt's outburst.... all had eyes of admiration, while looking at their professors back profile.

'So cool!!', they thought.

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"Mr. Tybalt.... do you really think that your boss will come and save you all at the end of the day?

Look around you and wake up!..... because if you don't cooperate with me from now on, then this will be your new home for the next few years.

That I can assure you." Allister said calmly.

"Hmmp!... do you really think that I'm that easy to deceive?

If what you say is true... then why is it that you all haven't even tortured us ever since we got here?

Tsk!... do you think that I'm a child?

If my boss didn't threaten you all, then why would you let us be without torturing us?" Tybalt said arrogantly.

"Mr. Tybalt, I'm sorry to say this... but you have it all wrong.

You see.... here in Baymard, we don't torture prisoners like what you're used to

Here, prisoners have rights..... Human rights to be precise."

" "
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Tybalt opened his eyes wide in disbelief.

What a load of crap!!!

But just to be sure, he still felt like asking this 'lawyer' of his what he meant by having human rights.

And after listening to it all, as well as seeing the folder of papers in the lawyers hands..... he couldn't help but smile bitterly.

Why the hell did he have hope in the first place?

Normally, people wouldn't risk their lives to save spies or assassins, so what made him have hope initially?

Dammit!

It was only because of the no torturing thing, that really made him and his colleagues restless.

No one in the entire Pyno continent.....No! the entire Hertfilia, would capture men and not torture them.

That is.... unless, the backers or organizations behind these spies or assassins were not to be touched.

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For example, one had to know that the Crimson Organization led by Mr. Death... which was one of the largest Assassin organization in Arcadina, had a law that anyone who killed any of their members, would end up dead within a month's time max.

It simply meant that they could kill you, bully you, and even trample on you..... but if one dared to touch any of their members, then for sure, he or she would definitely die no matter what!

So when people caught assassins from that organization, they were usually hesitant to kill them off.... unless they were absolutely sure of their strength.

Who asked them to be so weak?

This was still a strength based world after all..... and power was still everything to most men.

So what else was he supposed to think... except for the fact that maybe his boss had come to their rescue?

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"Mr. Tybalt.... to be honest, it really doesn't have to be this way you know....." Allister said with a faint smile on his face.

"What do you mean....?" Tybalt asked curiously.

"To put it simply, If you can give us what we want.... then we can reduce your sentence substantially in the end."

"And what do you want?" Tybalt asked while looking at the calm and collected Allister.

"A name Mr. Tybalt..... We want your employer's name.

Of course no one will ever know that you were the one who gave out the name eventually.

Don't worry... we have our ways to reduce your sentence without others being suspicious of it all.

So give us that, and the rest is history.

Ahhh... it looks like my time is up!

Well..... Mr. Tybalt, I'll be coming again tomorrow to see you and your friends again.

So goodbye Mr. Tybalt..... sleep well, and do think about it again alright?"

" _ "

Tybalt sat there lost in thought, while watching Allister leave the room leisurely

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What should he do now?

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While Tybalt and the rest were subconsciously questioning their next moves.....somewhere within District G in the Central region, several people were hurriedly moving towards one of the lower rated hotels just by the national park.

'Din! Din! Din! Din! Din! Din! Din!'

The sounds of synchronized steady footsteps could be heard uniformly as they walked through the hotel's lobby.

"Good day guests... how may I be of any assistance to you all?"

"I'm Detective Maurice from the B.P.D (Baymard Police Department).... and these are my associates.

We're here with a search warrant for room 229 and room 230."

" _ "

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Chapter 383 Clue Finding

"I'm Detective Maurice from the B.P.D (Baymard Police Department).... and these are my associates.

We're here with a search warrant for room 229 and room 230."

" _ "

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Knowing who they were, one of the receptionists quickly dashed towards the manager's office as fast as he could.

In cases like these, he had to let his manager or supervisor handle these sticky situations at all times.

As they waited for the manager to arrive, several people within the lobby poked their heads towards the officers in attempts to decipher why they were here.

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"Eh?.... why are the receptionists running about like that?

Are those some sort of important people?"

"Why would important people choose to come down to this hotel?

From my understanding, most rich people liked to live in the luxurious hotels in District D.... as for us ordinary visitors from Carona, of course would still choose this Hotel in District G over and over again since this place is so darn cheap and also classy.

So since they also like this place, then maybe they're just regular people as well?"

" _ "

As the onlookers spoke, several people who had been walking past the reception area when the detectives and his team had arrived, quickly went over to gossip about what they had heard with their friends and families.

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"What?..... you're saying that they are actually police officers on duty?

Then why didn't they wear their uniforms insteady?

Hmmp!..... you're lying again right old Wang?

How many times have I told you that lying will only kill you slowly?"

"You...you!.... I'm telling the truth I tell yah!

And besides..... aren't you my wife?

Aren't you supposed to believe in me no matter what?"

"It's precisely because I'm your wife, that I know all about your exaggerated tales."

"Hoehoehh.... look!... even you yourself have just admitted that my tales are true."

"Eh?.... When did I ever admit to them being true?"

"Wife!

You clearly said 'exaggerated tales', and not 'False tales' didn't you?

So you see, even you....."

"Aiiiiiiye!!... can you both stop making us single people feel bad, and get on with the story instead?"

"Yeah! Yeah!"

"Ehermmm!

Like I was saying I heard it with my own 2 ears!

They said that they're here to search someone's room.

When I walked by, the manager had even checked something called a 'search warrant!'"

"Ehh?.... search warrant?"

What's that?"

" _ "

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"Officers.... this is the first room."

'Chingiling!!!'

'Crieeeekkkkk!'

The key was turned, and room 229's door was cautiously opened up slowly.

The room had a simple hotel setting, with just one massive bedroom/living room space and a bathroom to it.

Within the mainroom, there were 2 queen sized beds in the room, with side tables on each side of each bed.

Of course in front of these beds, was a long table, with drawers, 2 chairs, several disposable cups, a mirror attached to the wall above the table..... as well as a mini fridge at its bottom.

And from the looks of it, 4 out of those 7 men had slept in this room during their stay here.

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As soon as Detective Maurice walked in, he quickly looked around diligently..... and immediately gave out orders to the rest.

"Alright!.... the legal team needs all clues and evidence that could help us pinpoint who these men are... as well as their main boss.

We need to get this done and turned in before 6 P.M tonight!

Harrison!... Bowman!... you two.... check the bathroom thoroughly.

I want any weapons, hairs, glass, blood samples and so to be noted down immediately."

"On it sir!" They both answered.

"Matilda! Drawson!.... Gerald!..... and Winnie...

I need you 4 to start questioning some of the staff members on what they had observed with their guests who had been staying here.

Specifically, I need you to talk to those who came in to clean up.... as well as the security team around the building.

And if any of those who had personally interacted with those men isn't around..... then find their address, and drive over to them immediately."

"On it!"

"Kathy!.... Brock!... Dean!...

You 3 stay behind and start searching the main bedroom area for clues as well."

"Yes sir!"

"Now, all those whose names have been called out... wear your gloves and get suited up before you begin clue finding.

As for the rest of you, follow me to room 230 immediately."

" _ "

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With that, detective Maurice and the rest quickly left the room in a flash.

Even though Baymard hadn't gotten to the stage of DNA analysis..... that didn't mean that they had to Slack off on doing these things.

Firstly, it was good for practice..... for when the medical and forensic departments became even more advanced.

Doing this would get habitual for them, and soon.... they would be able to do their jobs without making a lot of mistakes.

And secondly, noting down and collecting all these data..... also gave them a way to come up with several criminal mind theories, so it was definitely a must for them to do so.

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For example... If they saw a trail of blood leading somewhere, and maybe one spot of the carpet seemed to be sunken..... maybe they could even conclude that someone was stabbed on his left side and fell at that very spot with his face sideways.

And even the hairs that they collected from the pillows.... allowed them to know who was sleeping on which side of each bed as well.

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Everyone had a unique hair curl, or pattern to their hair..... so they would also know whether some people were lying when they say that they didn't sleep in this room or not.

Even the way these criminals placed their toothbrushes and so on, was duly noted down to the tee.

And if they found any torn shreds of paper, or any clues in the trash can... then all the better.

Bottom line, Landon had them do everything that needed to be done.

Like the old wise saying went: Practice makes Perfect'.

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Luckily for them, these men would place the 'Do Not Disturb' sign on their doors when they would go out.

And because of that, the place hadn't been cleaned for the past few days.

So they were lucky that most of the evidence was still around while they searched.

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One should know that it wasn't easy for them to pinpoint where these men actually stayed.

But due to Baymard's information system, they easily pinpointed the exact location real fast.

Firstly... several front and side portraits of these men were drawn, printed and sent out to all hotels, and the Real estate offices within Baymard.

From there, the staff or employees who had seen or attended to these men, quickly told their bosses.... and the rest was history.

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Maurice and the rest got down to business and first placed several police tapes around the room, and took out several see through ziploc bags and other essential tools to get the job done quickly.

"Sir... we find their passports in each of their side table drawers."

"Sir... we found another strand of hair that is a different spring texture and color from the other 7."

"Sir..... there's a dirty footprint here that doesn't seem to match any of the suspects' shoes or foot sizes here."

"Sir.... we found a note in one of their pockets!"

"Ahhh!!..... Sir...it's big.

This..... this..... sir.... we found something big!!!"

" "

.

Over the next few days, everyone spent their time trying to get into the minds of these criminals.

And just like that, the day for the trial had finally arrived.

The prisoners woke up on this very morning, with different thoughts racing through their minds.

Did anyone give in?..... or did they all decide to stay strong and face the storm together.

And more importantly, did their boss really not care about them at all?

Today... they would finally know the answers to their questions.

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Chapter 384 Court Trials

9:45 A.M

Maggie quickly made towards District C, as she made her way towards the courtroom.

Today, she would be watching a real court case for the very first time.

One should know that within the law academy, her professor had just randomly asked questions one day in class.... And the 5 people who had answered his questions time and time again, were chosen to attend today's court session under his wing.

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No one in class had any idea that their professor was going to be representing these suspects.

So imagine her shock when she was told in front of everyone that she would be attending the court trial for those suspects?

And today..... she would see the entire legal process from start to end.

How exciting!!

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She quickly made her way into the massive Court building... which was as large and wide, 2 university buildings together.

It was huge, and had 4 high ceiling floors within it.

The first/ground floor, was strictly reserved for the workers within the building.... as it had several offices that processed a lot of legal documents and so on.

This was also the place where one could book or make court arrangements... as well as conference rooms for meetings, A massive food court, and so on.

And in addition to all those, there were also 2 massive courtrooms on the floor as well.

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As for the 3 floors above ground level, they primarily focused on court trails alone... with each floor having at least 6 massive courtrooms within it, hence making a total of 18 courtrooms from all 3 floors.

And coupled with those other 2 on ground level, the entire building now had a total of 20 courtrooms to be used whenever necessary... ne it for divorce, settling down smaller disputes, theft, murder and so on.

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Maggie hastily rushed towards the second floor, while trying to make her way through the crowd of people who were also in a hurry to go there as well.

The court trial was supposed to take place in one of the largest Courtrooms within the entire building..... 'COURTROOM 2-A'

"Excuse me please.... excuse me please... excuse me..."

" "

She hurriedly maneuvered her way through the crowd, got into the courtroom.... and soon spotted one of her classmates waving at her from way ahead.

'Good seat!' She thought.

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"Morning everyone!"

"Morning Maggie!"

"Morning"

"Morning...."

The rowdy courtroom quickly dimmed the excited voices of Maggie and her crew.

People could be seen making their way in, while excitedly talking about what to expect from today's trial.

The entire room was filled with people wearing their best corporate attires, while taking in the excited atmosphere that oozed out from all angles within the room.

For most people, this was their first court trial.... so they didn't exactly know what these lawyers or judges would do here.

Sure... they had heard of the job titles, but seeing was different from someone telling one what to expect.

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As Maggie continued to observe the busy people, her blood seemed to wake up her entire body, as glee soon overtook her whole being.

For some unknown reason, she felt pumped, excited and even more alive than ever before.

It was the kind of feeling one got when walking into an airport, or even Disney world for the first time.

For her, even though she had been studying for over 5 months now... this was her first court trial experience.

So for her, the excitement came from knowing what her future job would really entail.

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Soon, several celebrity guests quickly came into the building.... and everyone soon found themselves taking quick glances at them.

"Ehh?... isn't that news reporter Kelly from BBC Channel 3?"

I saw a 'flyer' of her once.... so I'm sure that that's her!"

"Look! Look!.... its overseer Lyore from the food industry."

"Ahh... isn't that the famous Doctor Garson?"

" _ "

Everyone murmured while observing the incoming guest.

Of course Alec and his own crew came in as well.... but who the hell knew them?

Time seems to pass by quickly, and soon... Landon and the rest of the royals finally came in through a special door instead..... which placed them at high platform seats just above the jury.

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'Pap!'

'Din! Din! Din! Din! Din! Din! Din!'

The noisy room immediately quieted down.... when they saw several police officers bring in the suspects, who were all handcuffed and wore bright orange jumpers.

The culprits all wore serious expressions on their faces, as they had been hit real hard with the fact that indeed..... no one was try going to save them from this whole ordeal.

The entire massive courtroom, made them feel like they were already locked up for good.... as they soon realized that they might not be able to walk about freely the next few years.

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Alec looked at the men and sneered.

To him, they were a bunch of good-for-nothings, who couldn't even jump over a fence properly.

Then why had he been spending his money on them previously?

How could he trust a spy or an assassin who didn't even know how to jump over a fence?

Common!.... that was probably taught in spy class 101 or something.

It was like trusting a thief who didn't know how to skillfully open a closed door.

What a waste !

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Moments later, several other guards opened a door by the front side of the court.... and in came a tall well-bodied man who was wearing a long black robe.

"All rise for the honorable judge Bowman."

Immediately, even one stood up and only sat down after the judge had taken his own seat on the high table before them.

'Bang!'

"Court is in session.... now ease be seated" judge Bowman said, while hitting the 'gravel'(wooden hammer-like stick) on another wooden square on the table.

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"At this time, the court calls the people of the empire of Baymard Vs. Mr. Ceres Flinter, Mr....(listed down all names)... and Mr. Tybalt Ovry.... Case number 01EB015.

"Will both parties please state their appearances for the record." Judge Bowman said, while reading one of the documents before him.

"Good morning your honor!

I'm Vincent Kilmer, from the Baymardian Law Firm.... representing the people of the empire of Baymard as its lead counsel.

And assisting me today is Zena Ploti also from the Baymardian law firm."

"Good morning your honor.... I'm Allister McLaren from the Baymardian Law Firm representing all the accused.

And assisting me today is Benedict Mohegan as well."

"Alright...

Prosecutor Vincent, you may begin!"

" "

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As the trial proceeded, several people felt like they should've secretly snuck in popcorn or something to watch the whole show.

Damn!.... it was like watching a T.V series live!

"Mr. Ceres... a couple of days back, you had put out a statement that said that you all hadn't met anyone else while staying in here correct?"

"Yes" Ceres answered confidently.

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For Ceres, what he looked at, was the overall situation..... and for him, outing Alec was definitely a No-No.

And when he compared Arcadina's strength with Baymard's.... he quickly came up with the conclusion that even if he outed Alec and had his years reduced, Alec would still send people to kill him or hunt him the moment he left Baymard upon his release.

So why would he do that?

Plus, since there was no way that these people would know that Alec had visited them previously... he was even more confident about his answer.

But of course... this decision was something that he would soon regret sometime in the future.

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"Yes.... we had communicated with no one about our plans since we got here.

And no one had also cpaid us any visits while we stayed in our hotel rooms." Ceres assured confidently.

Alec who was looking at Ceres, subconsciously puffed out his chest and smirked.

It still felt good to know that he still had the power of intimidating people... because ever since he had gotten here, that power seemed to have magically disappeared, as these stupid Baymarfoam guards and workers didn't even do his bidding when he commanded them to.

'Smart boy!', he thought.

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Lawyer Vincent who was representing Baymard, gently raised his eyebrows and smiled slightly as well.

"Alright... your honor, I would like to submit exhibit A, B and C to this honorary court!"

With that, Vincent moved forward and gave Judge Bowman 3 large see-through bags.

"Your honor..... the first bag contains a cut out piece of carpet, from Mr. CERES' room.

You see.... on that carpet piece, one could easily find 2 main distinctive footprints there.

One of them is a Baymard men's size 10.5..... and the other is a Baymard men's size 12.

Now... the issue here your honor.... is that when we cross checked the last shoe size with that of all 7 suspects..... we realized that it didn't belong to any of them.

And while others might think that it might have been the cleaners, these men had placed a 'Do not disturb' sign on their doors for a while now.... preventing any of the staff from going into their rooms.

And from the pressure exerted from the unknown visitor's shoes onto the carpet floor..... it was also assumed that the unknown visitor should be

weighing about 197 pounds (slightly above the guy who acted superman back on earth.. Henry Cavill).

So judging from that weight and the evenly spread exerted on the carpet.... we suspect that our unknown visitor could be somewhere between 6 to 6.4 feet tall your honor.

So Mr. Ceres... didn't you say that no one had visited you all there?!

Wasn't it your partner who came up there and visited you all late at night when there was almost no one around the lobby?

Who was it? Who was your backer?

Answer this honorary court Mr. Ceres!!!!!"

" "

.

Ceres felt like he was sweating buckets on the stand.

His heart was racing violent, as his mind became completely swept in disarray.

His hands began to tremble slightly from nervousness, the more lawyer Vincent spoke with pressure towards him.

.

As for the crowd, they were in complete awe at the show before them.

From guessing the height, to bringing out hair strands to even showing tiny pieces of ripped clothing items, and so on..... everything was just jaw-dropping to them all.

So one could actually 'catch a thief' like this?

Even Alec was astounded by how much they had gotten right about his appearance.

This place was really a dangerous place with too many intelligent people within it.

One needed to be extremely careful when dealing with them.

.

Eli, Connor and even William.... all looked at the scene in awe as well.

This.... this was a court trial?

They had so many questions in their minds.... as they truly wanted to know how these men had successfully given several correct assumptions about the matter.

Try unbelievable!!!

At least now, they all knew that even without seeing one's face.... these Baymardians could still find the culprit to any crime, if they were given enough time for the job.

Subconsciously, they had already made up their minds to send their own men to attend this so-called law Academy in the future.

.

The show continued, with everyone soon seating at the edge of their seats.

One by one, all the suspects were being called to the stand.

And the more Vincent spoke and brought out the evidence... the more the audience gasped out loud, when they remembered how these men had just lied previously.

Of course, they were also in awe of Allkster as well... as his effortless tactics in defending these suspects had also caught their eyes as well.

In short... both lawyers spoke and 'owned' the courtroom, immediately holding everyone's rapt attention.

It was really impossible not to admire them, as their every angle and attention to detail.... was well presented for the judge, the jury and even the audience to take note of.⁵

.

For the audience, this was one of the most intense shows ever.... as sometimes, the suspects would rage out, burst out in anger, yell, scream and even bang their tables angrily.

Even the reporters who had sent their crewmen to write down the main highlights of the whole thing, even felt chills run down their spines the more the case proceeded.

.

Soon... everything ended with each of the men being sentenced 2 years in the maximum security prison, since they actually didn't kill anyone or manage to get into the lower region.

At this point, everything was just 'attempted'.

But for sure... these 2 years would definitely feel like 30 years for these men, with what Landon had arranged for them.

And from the looks of it, none of them had outed Alec for fear of his wrath too.

The court ended with everyone feeling pumped and very emotional over the whole thing.

What a show!!

.

Alec looked at his men being taken away without any trace of pity on his face.

With this, he was done staying in Baymard for now.

It was time for him to go back home and plan his attack on this unfilial son of his.

"Let's go!" He said, to his sons and his men.

.

With the court session over, Landon and his family immediately left the room as well.

And as Landon moved... he soon got an alert from his own 'boss'.

'Ding!'

'Host.... the system has a new mission for the host!'

, ,
—

I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY

Chapter 386 More Heavenly Jobs

'Ding!'

'Host.... the system has a few new missions for the host!'

, ,
—

.

Landon Let out a long sigh... and quickly checked out this mission from his boss.

At this point, what was the point of continuously grumbling about it?

If he did so, then wouldn't he die out of anger, or have a heart attack sooner or later?

He quickly looked at his mission tab and sighed again.

Dammit!... there were 3 new missions waiting for him there.

.

[Side-Mission 8: Within the empire of Terique, the current ruler..... King Michael Parcely is being held captive and poisoned continuously by one of his Concubines.

Her name is Queen Kamara..... and she is also the little sister of Nopline.

Right now, even though Kamara doesn't plan on killing Micheal..... unbeknownst to her, the toxic drug that she keeps giving him will take his life in 2 month's time if he isn't rescued immediately.

And that's where the host comes in.

For this mission, the host has 3 main jobs:

- Rescue and hide King Micheal away from Kamara and her minions.
- \u0026 Treat King Micheal within Baymard.

Mission Deadline: October 7th, 1026... (1 \u0026 half month from now).

Punishment for Failure: 3% of the host soul pool will be devoured by the system.

P.S...Host needs to rescue and begin treatment on him immediately.

Because if Micheal dies, then the future plans that the heavens had projected out for Terique.... will be all for naught.

And if that happens.... then the host will get some of his Soul Pool sucked out him instead.

So the host should take note.]

.

Landon looked at the first mission and nodded while reading.

Ever since he had transmigrated here, he had realized that in planets or universes that didn't have any sort of magic mystical beings, or heavenly powers to them.... the heavens couldn't directly affect the humans of these regions.

Humans had the right to turn good or turn bad..... and that was the freedom that was given to them by the heavens.

.

So how do the Gods punish, humble or bless the humans in these non-magical worlds?

Simple!

By sending or directing someone to do so.... it could be subconsciously, or unconsciously.

But either way, the job would get done just like how the heavens wanted it to be.

If one wanted a million dollars, it wasn't going to drop down from the sky just like that....

Rather, someone would probably offer a job or position that could allow one to make that sort of money..... or one could get it through donations.

.

Again even at that, it was the individual's choice to use that chance and make money.... or mishandle the opportunity given to him/her.

The heavens generally always sent helping hands and even punishments to several humans in different intervals in their lives.

If one had a penny for how many chances one had to get better, but chose to go with the wrong option.... then most people would be living somewhat comfortably by now.

.

And sometimes, one's karma from the bad things he or she had done in their previous lives.... also played a role in some of the bad things that were happening to them as well.

In this case, only by doing good and accumulating good karma, would they be able to fix these issues.

.

As for things like the weather, floods and so on..... of course the heavens could control these ones to a certain degree as well.

But in general, living things on these planets were left alone to their own choices... and the Gods were the ones who usually sent them with several opportunities for change.

So whether they took the chance or not, was not the faults of the Gods.... but the choices of these humans.

.

For example, the Gods had allowed Landon to make alarm clocks here.... that was a blessing to them.

If an alarm clock rang out and someone chose to sleep in, and later on give a bad impression of themselves at work.... that was their choice.

Again.... if one decided to take in something toxic and harmful after they had been told about the consequences countless times..... then that was their choice as well.

And when they reflect on their sick beds, they would also realize how many times people had come to them with helping hands at that time.

Humans were blessed with that freedom of choice from the heavens.... and the opportunities were given to them more than 10 times on a daily basis.

.

But in cases where one's bad decision could affect the lives of thousands and even millions..... the Gods usually sent someone like Landon to specifically do these tasks.

This time, they were done giving options to these people.

It was either their way, or the highway.

.

'King Michael Parcely...'

Reading through everything, he was shocked that Kamara was Nopline's sister.

The apple really didn't fall far away from the tree.

And to make matters more interesting, Kamara's only son, Lecter Parcely.... was actually the son of king Michael's younger brother, Raul Parcely.

And from what he had just read, Raul had been planning Michael's downfall for more than 15 years now.

'What a patient man!', Landom thought, while also making plans on his next moves.

Sigh..... It looks like very soon, he would be leaving Baymard again.

.

Looking at his punishment for not failing to complete this mission..... Landon was still utterly confused by it all.

'System..... what exactly is my 'Soul Pool'?'

'Answering to host.... it's a pool filled up entirely with the host's soul, that can be strengthened and expanded infinitely.

Host should know that with every passing mission, the host soul pool will get stronger and stronger.

So the host can only advance to the next world if his soul pool gets stronger while staying here.

And only when the soul pool reaches a certain level, will the host also be able to see the Gods.

Because if the host sees the Gods now, the light and heavenly spiritual strength from them.... would instantly kill the host from a Galaxy away, talk less of seeing them face to face.

Of course in addition to that, the host should note that while staying in this world... if the host's soul force doesn't increase due to countless punishments or deductions from the system... then the host will be obliterated on the spot, since he won't be able to advance into the next world.

So host should take note'.

.

Landon listened to the system and didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Sure enough, even though he wouldn't get destroyed for not completing this mission..... the system would still obliterate him after sucking out a certain amount of from his soul pool.

"System.... so why didn't you explain it to me previously?"

'This system had assumed that the host was smart enough to guess what it was.

But.... it looks like this system had overestimated the host's intelligence.

Sorry for my negligence host'

, ,
—

I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY

Chapter 387 To The East, Our Savior Lies

Landon helplessly shook his head and decided not to bother with the system anymore.

He had previously guessed it out.... but he just wanted to be sure that he was right.

Buy who knew that asking a simple harmless question would make hom look stupid to the system?

Bruh...

Didn't they say that teachers or those above, loved students who asked a lot of questions?

Wasn't it better for him to ask, than for him to assume?

He truly could wait for the day when he could meet these Gods face to face.... more still he just wanted to see the system's creator, as he felt that it would've probably been some sassy God.

He shook his head wryly and continued looking at the other new missions.

.

[Side-Mission 9: A while back, some of Nopline's men had already gone out into the different empires to capture more slaves for him.

And very soon, they would be passing through several routes by water towards Terique.

The host is to hijack these slaves and rescue them by ship.

Deadline: 3 months from now.

Punishment for failure: 2% of the host's Soul Pool will be devoured by the system.

.

Side-Mission 10: The host needs to find Tristan Parcely..... the rightful heir to Teriques throne, and aid him in taking over Terique from Nopline's grasps.

Deadline: 2.5 years time at most.

Punishment for failure: instant Death and soul destruction.]

.

Landon massaged his temples in annoyance.

How many people did he have to aid to become king?

He still hadn't put William on the throne yet... and now, there was also some who needed his help as well?

That would mean that he would have to dedicate his attention to both of them, while running Baymard, creating new things and completing his main missions.

.

And speaking of his main mission, 90% of it was already done..... as he had already created new snacks like pringles, as well as taught the medical team and walked them through countless operations in the hospital.

Truthfully, all that was left were for 2 more drugs to be created.... which were scheduled for production within the next 2 months.

And after that.... he could finally have his Cathode T.V God-Dammit!

.

Landon felt like he needed to hurry up in uniting the entire Pyno Continent, as he still needed to venture out to other continents and aid those whom the system would tell him to.

It wasn't going to be easy, as some of these places had people like those from the Temple of Adonis, who would fight him to the last drop of their blood.

.

And one shouldn't forget that he still needed to get this place up to par with earth's standard before his death.

He was now 17 years old, soon going on 18.... and if he didn't hurry it up..... hehehehe... he would be a goner for sure.

Of course to be fair, he too wanted to go above earth's technological level as well.

.

Previously, the system had even told him about technology that allowed dogs and humans to communicate with each other... which was way above earth's level.

But so what?

Wouldn't it be cool to actually know what those boss dogs were truly thinking of?

Sometimes.... they acted more too intelligent, from ordinary dogs, and this alone had really piqued his interest even more.

Bottom line, he had to hurry things up and unite this place as fast as possible. But first, he had to get rid of all the bad seeds within the Pyno continent before he could venture out anytime soon.

.

Through it all..... he only had pity for Lucy, who would be marrying a busy man who was all over the place.

He felt like this damn system was the type to even bother him during his 'Busy' session with Lucy.

Sigh..... well, it looked like it was time for him to move out again.

.

And while Landon was thinking about his own plans... far away from the entire Pyno continent, a young girl was excessively sweating while being gently held down by the people around her.

The people in the room were all different from those within the Pyno continent.

For one, their complexions were all brown.... ranging from the darkest shade of brown to the lightest.

And what made them look even more unique, was that none of them there had black hair at all.

In short, from where they were from..... .black or colored hair was very rare to find as everyone here was born with white or silvery hair.

They looked very similar to 'Storm' in the X-men.

But unlike Storm, their eyes were all green in color.... with a few people with purple and yellowish eyes.

But none had black, brown or even blue eyes here.

.

Presently, these people were all living within a hidden city, whose entrance was just below that of a waterfall.

They had fled their massive exquisite city... and gone into hiding in this hidden one that was built by their ancestors ages ago.

And why had they fled?

It was all because on one wintery day, several ships had suddenly landed here, with some people who call themselves the Children of Adonis.

Sadly, they had killed, raped, imprisoned and enslaved more than 60% of the City's population ever since then.

And the other 40% who managed to escape, had immediately fled into this hidden city below the waterfall.

.

Right now.... within the biggest building within the city, almost everyone had gathered around the youngest princess of 15 years old.

She was a SEER!

Right from their ancestors time.... one person within the royal family would be gifted with the gift to have visions from the heavens.

.

These visions came whenever and wherever.... so they truly had no control over it.

It was just that 2 weeks before the attack occurred, the system had been in a deep trance for that entire time.

And when she had finally woken up, it was too late... the enemy had already arrived.

That was the longest she had ever taken to digest a vision.

For her, it happens in a second, but when she got back to reality, she woke up being carried by her people while fleeing.

Instantly, she knew that it was too late... and she truly blamed herself for her slowness.

.

As for what God they worshipped.... they chose to give tribute to the heavens in general, for fear of pushing off any other Gods there.

As one of their ancestors had once said that in one of his visions, he had seen a room filled with more than 300 overly glowing lights... which he believed to be Gods.

So he really couldn't tell or pinpoint who it was exactly... that had been giving them these gifts.

Hence, they chose to play it safe and praise the heavens altogether..... lest they piss off any Gods there.

And just like how some people back on earth had the power to protect, tell fortunes and sometimes see spirits..... some of the people in this world, were also blessed with that as well.

.

Right now, the young girl was trembling as if she had been hit with a severe fever..... and her green vibrant eyes, had turned completely white instead.

"She's ready..... She's ready..

Quickly, quickly..... bring the blood!" Yelled 38 year old man who looked very similar to her.

"Yes your majesty!" The people responded.

'Splash!'

The fresh blood from a goat had been poured on the Princess's right side.

And immediately... the people guided the princess' hand and dipped it in the blood.

With that... everyone stood up and took several inches back.

Now... it was time for the princess to work her magic.

.

'Scrashhh!.... Scrashhh!....Scrashhh!!'

The princess began to paint a portrait of a man with the blood..... and after the portrait... she moved a little but to the side and drew out a map that led to the man.

Then something which had never happened before occurred.

The princess calmed down on her own, while still in a trance..... and immediately stood up and pointed towards the east.

.

"His..... His name... his name is Landon Barn.

And he is our saviour."

I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY

Chapter 388 The Journey To The East

Lucia woke up with a splitting headache and quickly tried to open her heavy eyes.

"Ahhh!

The princess is awake!

The princess is awake!"

Immediately, her loyal maids around quickly split themselves into 2 like the wind.

Some went to inform his majesty, while others hurried along with food and water.

It had been 2 days since she had that vision.... And now, she had fully digested what had been sent to her by the heavens.

She was just happy that this time, she didn't wake up several months later..... Or even more.

A few minutes after she had woken up, the door to her room was immediately burst open, and in came her family... As well as a few prominent advisors within the city.

.

"My little baby!... It's good that you're awake!

Are you feeling pains anywhere?

Is your body alright?

Do you need me to send for healer Vegul over here?"

" "

Sitting by the corner of her bed.... was a curvy voluptuous woman, who looked very similar to her appearance-wise.

This woman was her mother, Queen Beverly.

"My little baby... Do you need me to do anything for you?" The woman said tenderly, while hugging and squeezing the little girl with all her might.

"Calm down Beverly..... The girl just woke up; and will need some breathing space first". Said a man who also looked somewhat similar to her as well.

This man was her Father..... The official ruler of the prosperous Empire of Zalipnia.

Unlike most continents within the Hertfilian world, the Continent that they were currently on... Had more than 30 empires within it!

It wasn't that their landmass was ridiculously big, but that all these empires within this particular continent... only consisted of 4 or 5 cities, towns or villages within them.

So for the empire of Zalipnia, it only comprised of; 1 major city, 3 town and 4 villages all in close proximity to each other.

.

The man who had just spoken out previously was Lucia's father, King Uther Wynterborne... Who ruled over the entire Zalipnia.

"Little Lucia, do you have enough strength and energy to talk about your vision?

Or would you prefer for us to come in after you rest up a bit more."

"Thank you, Father..... But there's no need for that.

It's best that we discuss this now, rather than later.

After all..... This concerns the state of our empire and its people.

As such... It would be truly callous of me to not tell you all about the message from the heavens." Lucia answered, with a weak and fragile tone.

Her voice echoed within the room.... And soon, the advisors all sighed from relief.

Even though their princess was obviously exhausted, Luckily.... She was willing to talk about it now, lest they die of anxiety from the wait.

.

"Princess.... We had some people sketch out what you drew on the ground during your trance.

Just before you fainted, you had mentioned that this man was our saviour.

But when will this saviour of ours be arriving exactly?"

"Princess.... Will he really accept to invest so much just to help us?"

"What will we do if he then rejects us?"

" _ "

The advisors began by bombarding her with numerous questions... As they truly wanted to know whether this saviour of theirs would truly risk his life for them.

.

One had to know that the vision only said that the man in the sketch was their saviour..... Which for them translated to the fact that if they wanted to get their empire back, as well as free up their people..... then they would only be successful with the help of this saviour of theirs.

And this vision also didn't state it clearly, if they had to go look for him or wait for him to come here instead.

.

Again..... If they truly decided to look for him instead, would he be that willing as to his own place and follow them back here.

Right now, their gold and many of their rare treasures that they could offer this saviour of theirs... we're all kept within a secret vault in the royal palace back in the city.

Hence if they were going to leave, it would definitely be empty-handed.

So will this saviour of theirs get offended and think that they weren't sincere enough with their requests?

.

One should know that even though they trusted the judgement from the heavens..... To ere was human.

So what if by the time that they had gotten to this saviour of his..... He had become a totally corrupt individual just from the influences around him?

Even the Bible on earth had kings like king David... Who had betrayed God's will just for lust.

.

He had seen the beautiful Bathsheba, and had immediately decided to kill her husband just so that he could place her in his harem.

Even though he had always followed God's will, he was still human... And once or twice, people fell for human sins like lust, greed and so on.

So in their own situation.... what if this saviour of theirs didn't seem like someone that the heavens should recommend?

These thoughts had all bothered these advisors these past few days.

But what they didn't know.... Was that it was because of all these temptations, that the Gods had created the 'systems'... That would keep these 'saviours' in check.

.

Lucia listened to everyone's questions and couldn't help but sigh helplessly.

From her vision..... The heavens had revealed that this saviour if theirs would definitely do what was needed to be done.

And since they had even given her a map, she had also concluded that they had given them the option of waiting or going out to meet their saviour.

.

After explaining everything to everyone, their eyes soon lit up... And their faces were immediately filled with smiles.

If they could find this saviour of theirs, then their people would finally be freed from the hands of these people from the temple of Adonis.

But now, the question was that who will go?

.

"Father..... I'm going for this mission, since I have the map imprinted in my mind.

This way, if the sketched maps ever got lost..... Then I could help navigate everyone to safety easily." Lucia said confidently.

"Father..... If Licia's going, then it's only natural for her to have extra protection.

So I think that I should go on this mission too." Said Lucia's second brother, Javis.

"No father.... Let me go instead." Added Lucia's oldest brother, Andrew.

" _ "

They all continued to give multiple ole reasons why they had to go out there.

And the more they spoke, the more excited they became.

Their hearts pounded, as they thought of the fact that they finally had a chance to help their people.

.

Mother Beverly on the other hand, felt like someone was ripping her heart apart.....the more she listened to her children.

"No none of you will go!.... It's too dangerous!

What if you all get spotted by hoodlums and end up getting chased or killed instead?" Mother Beverly said, while shaking her head multiple times.

She was Uther's only wife.

And out of the fruits of their blissful marriage, came their beloved children... 2 boys and a daughter.

And with all these troubles going on, she couldn't bear to loose any of them anytime soon.

.

"Beverly..... It's time for the boys to grow up.

Our people need this saviour, and it's their duty as princes to go out there and look for him.

Do you understand?" Uther said in a coaxing tone.

"But...But..... But....." As mother Beverly tried to speak, tears immediately welled up in her eyes.... And the soon, the waterworks began to flow on out.

'Woo!... Woo!... Woo!'

As mother Beverly cried, everyone sighed and also tried to coax her as well.

Indeed.... It was time for the princess and princes to leave their 'nest'.

And all they could do right now, was pray that they made it back safe and sound.

.

Uther looked outside the window while hugging his wife.... And immediately began to think of what was needed for such a journey.u

Judging from the map, from his rough estimations.... this journey would take them at least 8 months before they would arrive at their saviour's exact location.

So they would need enough food, enough fishing rods, guards, as well as some money just in case of emergencies.

.

And so just like that, Lucia and her brothers.... They had all begun making plans for their journey to the East.

As for that saviour of theirs..... He was currently within the lower region, talking to Overseer Tim about a new project.

He too had no time on his hands, as he also needed to get work done A.S.A.P.

.

"Your majesty..... So you want us to begin work on a project before you leave for your mission?"

"Yup!" Landon answered playfully.

"Your majesty.... What is this project about?" Tim asked curiously.

But rather than answering him, Landon immediately passed along some notes to him.

Tim looked at the title of the project in confusion.

.

Landlines?

What was that?

I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY

Chapter 389 LandLines

Tim looked through the notes and continued to read through them in amazement.

This.... this would for sure improve communication and information intelligence in Baymard.

Just thinking about it made him smile stupidly.

And when he thought about how sometimes..... he would run from one corner to the other, or send people to someone else's office just to inquire about something.

This alone sometimes delayed his schedule, as at times, the reply could come back within an hour or even more.

Not to talk of the fact that if the person wasn't where he had thought that they would be in, then wouldn't he have to start searching for them all over the place again?

But now.... he didn't have to worry too much about this anymore.

With this Landline technology... in a matter of seconds or minutes, he might even be talking to someone in a different industry from himself..... and it also extended to the hospitals, schools and every other place in Baymard.

How marvellous!!

.

Landon smiled broadly, while looking at Tim's animated face amusingly.

Walkie Talkies, police radio communicators and so on.... were all good and necessary for Baymard's main security forces.

But what about the people?

A lot of issues would've been better solved if they had just gotten a better means to pass along information.

Holding the book tightly, Tim's hands trembled slightly, and his mouth also quivered from excitement.

"Your majesty..... this is groundbreaking!

Even though it is somewhat similar to the walkie talkies..... it has its own differences to that one as well.

And this phone number thing, is it like each landline's personal identity?.... erm, like the personal identity numbers found on each identity card?

No!.... no!... no!....

More importantly your majesty, when do we start?!!" Tim asked while literally holding Landon's clothes tightly, just like a little kid who had just gotten his Christmas gift for the first time.

His ageing eyes were immediately opened widely, and seemed to glisten and shine like that of the moon on a starry night.

It was vibrant, youthful and full of life!

The current Tim had already forgotten that Landon was the king, as he subconsciously held onto him as if Landon some sort of peerless treasure that he didn't dare to let go of.

.

Landon looked wryly at his overexcited Overseer, who seemed to be hell-bent on almost ripping his shirt to shreds.

Thinking of all the overseers from every industry within Baymard, Landon couldn't help but question why they were all so similar to each other.

Or was it just a strange coincidence?

'Mwuack! Mwuack! Mwuack!'

As Tim spoke about everything that interested him with this new project, he would unconsciously lean forward and kiss Landon on the cheek happily from over excitement.

"Your majesty... have I ever told you that I love you?"

" _ "

[Landon: 'Overseer Tim... I'm straight alright?']

.

A few minutes later, after Landon had successfully calmed Tim down to an extent..... they swiftly began their road of manufacturing Landlines.

"Your majesty.... how many people do you need to construct the industry site for this project?"

"Tim... as the Construction industry overseer, I'll let you handle the construction part of it all.

Here!..... this is a Contract brought to you by myself and the Government of Baymard.

So you will need to access how much it'll take the site to be fully constructed as well as how much time you'll need to complete this project.

All in all, we want the site to be finished before November 1st.

So after you've written and budgeted down everything... including salaries, please send it to the Ministry of Communications immediately.

Specifically..... please address it to myself and the head minister Dave Glover.

Oh... and don't forget that since the engineers-in-training are still registered under your industry..... you still need to budget their pay as well." Landon said, while passing along the contract to Tim.

This in itself was to let Tim and the rest of the overseers grow on their own ... afterall, he couldn't always carry everything on his shoulder all the time.

And with the way the system was going, he would soon be in and out of Baymard frequently in the future..... so why not see how his overseers would handle these matters?

.

Tim froze for a bit, while looking at Landon in shock!

'Your majesty..... do you now hate me?', he thought, while looking at Landon with teary eyes.

How could he not feel anxious and nervous from what Landon had just said?

As he looked at the map for the site location, so many questions immediately raced through his mind in a heartbeat.

Cursed!!!

What if he screwed everything up?

What if he couldn't complete the project on time?

One should know that every time.... it was his majesty, that had planned at least 70% of every project within all the Baymardian industries on a regular basis.

So everyone was somewhat reliant on him.

He was like the boss who said and gave precise estimates on what was needed.... while they on the other hand, focused on doing everything to his exact needs.

And so far, each and every one of his majesty's estimations were always right.

So everyone always consulted him on everything every step of the way.

But this was the first time that Tim had been given a project and told to just go with the wind.

What the hell?

What happened to telling him about how many workers were needed for construction, estimating how many bags of cement that they needed, budgeting the pay, estimating how much work could be done while taking into account weather changes and so on?

What if what he requested for the ministry to pay them wasn't enough.... and they ended up needing more materials for its completion instead?

In that case, what if they had to cut down the workers' salaries from their errors?

And even if they took out the money from their industry savings to make it up, then wasn't that still a loss to them?

No!... his majesty had entrusted him with this task if making his own decisions.... so even if he truly made any grave estimation errors, it would definitely serve as a learning experience to him and nothing more.

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Tim immediately calmed his thumping heart, and hurriedly sent for some of the main decision-makers within the industry.

Even though he was overseer, he couldn't make some contract decisions without some of his partners on the board.... which involved the head Accountant, Head Auditor, Landon, a few others and even a few representatives from the Ministry of Works and Construction.

But in this case, he only needed 3 more people present apart from himself.

With Landon already present, he immediately sent for the Chief Auditor and Head accountant to make their way here.

It was best that they all came, so that they could all look at how much they should request or charge for their services.

Of course, the contract had come with what their employer thought was a reasonable payout.

But only they themselves could verify if they needed more money for more materials or not.

So if that was the case, then they would have to charge more than what was offered to them instead.

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With everyone present, they began to read the agreement carefully.

Salaries.... yes..... contract completion date..... yes..... work conditions..... yes... benefits before and after contract.... Yesss... hmmm.

As they worked, they would subconsciously raise their voices, so as to get a reaction from Landon.

They wanted to see if they were right or wrong.

But who would've known that after all their antics, sighing and pitiful expressions that they had thrown on him... his majesty only smiled at them mysteriously, while silently waiting for them to finish.

'Dammit, your majesty!

Can't you at least help your brothers out a bit?'

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3 hours had gone by just like that, with everyone sweating buckets...and now, they had finally come up with what they believed to be an alright budget.

And seeing that Landon wasn't going to give his two cents on the matter, they all sighed helplessly.... and immediately sent for their budget, alongside the contract and a letter, to be delivered to the Ministry of Communications A.S.A.P.

Hopefully, they had made the right estimations.

And once the other 2 left the room, Tim and Landon immediately began to focus on training these engineers that they were about to recruit.

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While waiting for the new production site to be constructed, it was best for these men to know the basics of it all.

And since they were also planning to hire new graduates as well..... then they definitely needed to organize more training classes as well.

Of course with Landon's missions, he had only planned to teach for just one week.... and after that, Tim and several others would take over from where he stopped.

But no matter what, Project Landline had to commence as soon as possible.

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And so the next day, the radio stations were talking about Baynard's new project... and the newspapers also highlighted the need for 100 new graduates and Baynardians for a new job opportunity.

With the need to begin lessons fast... of course, Landon and Tim had paid the radio stations, as well as the newspapers for advertisement.

And their plan had worked extremely well..... because now, they had 200 people rushing towards their interview rooms like crazy.

Some had just finished schooling, while others had been in the hospital for whatever reasons.

And there were also others who had previously wanted to be an engineer.... but because they hadn't made it through other job interviews, they had settled for their current jobs.

And now with this engineering opportunity before them... how could they dare to miss it?

It was like a jungle outside the interview room during the next few days... and soon, those chosen were immediately sent letters and told when to report to work.

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In a massive auditorium, everyone was attentively looking at the 4 men before them.

Finally, they were now engineers-in-training.

Landon looked at the new team before him and smiled.

"Let's start from the basics shall we?"

I'M THE KING OF TECHNOLOGY

Chapter 390 The Baymardian DMC Phone Company

Within the large auditorium, Landon, Tim, and 2 other supervisors..... were all facing 350 engineers for this new project.

They had hired 200 new graduates, and had also contracted another 150 from within the construction company itself.

The 2 supervisors with them would be teaching the 200 new graduates from scratch.... while Landon and Tim would focus on teaching the contracted engineers-in-training.

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One should know that compared to the new undergraduates who hadn't been taught much about electricity, wave frequencies and so on... some of these contracted engineers had worked in producing the light bulbs, creating fridges, Walkie Talkies, Photocopier, and almost every electric powered device in Baymard.

So it was pretty safe to say that with them, they had gotten a pretty good handle on the basics.

Hence it was easier for Landon and Tim to just teach and show them what to do.

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It was going to take 3 months and a few days before their production site got constructed.

So Landon and Tim had come up with the perfect plan for every employee.

So for the first month of training, the new hires and the contracted ones would study separately..... since some had to start from the basics, while others did not.

And in the second month, he would assign each contracted engineer to at least 1 new recruit..... since the ratio was just 150:200.

Within this second training month, the new trainees would start practicals..... under the guidance of each contracted engineer, as well as Tim and the other 2 supervisors.

They connect the wires and try to come up with different connections with basic tools.

Essentially, he wanted them to be able to make signals using ordinary wires and even a coin just like how one would do if he was stranded in the wild with no phone.

And of course, with the help of these contracted engineers who had also worked on the Walkie Talkies for close to a year now..... since at least 1 contracted engineer would be guiding 1 new recruit, then wouldn't they be getting personal teachers each?

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Bottom line.... within the second month, they would be putting their knowledge into theory.

And on the 3rd month, they were to build their own telephone system..... as well as understand how dialling in numbers would send different electrical signals that needed to be converted, sent a 'Switch' and so on.

And when their new site got completed, then they would officially start production.

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As for the production site that was to be constructed... to put it simply, it would have 3 main sectors to it: Sector A, Sector B and Sector C.

Starting off with the last Sector (sector C), this region would be extremely large.... and would focus on manufacturing landlines, and in future cell phones and so on.

Sector B on the other hand, would be the main control region for fixed phones..... as well as cell phones.

This region would make sure that all calls could stay connected, and would also be in charge of ensuring signal connectivity and so on.

And finally, Sector A would just be for customer service, troubleshooting, and so on.

Of course... there would be small booths in the mall that would take customer Bill's, complaints and so on.

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So if a customer has a complaint, they could call these people, and their request would be noted down.

And with no computers available right now, it would take at most 14 business days for their matter to be properly handled.

For example, if one said that their landline didn't seem to be working..... after he or she had gone to the phone booths in the mall, or the branch office in District D.... they would put in their request for a phone technician to come over and take a look.

And from there, their names, time of complaint, availability for meeting a technician, and so on... would be put on a list and sent to the company within the lower region.

At this point, the company would take at most 3 days to send them a letter.... telling the customer when the technician would arrive to look at it.

3 days were needed because each branch outside the company would have it's own customer sheets as well.

So they had to organize, and make sure that they solved everyone's issues on a 'first come first serve' basis.

And even at that, they had to also check all their technicians' schedules..... and pick out the right dates without overlapping or accidentally scheduling 1 technician for 2 customers at the same time.

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Anyway, after 3 days..... a letter would be sent out to the customer.

From there, the technician could come anywhere from the 4th day since they put in their request.... up till the 14th day.

For now, that was all they could do since they didn't have computers.

Of course the customer service representatives within the company's Sector A, also did online troubleshooting as well... for those who would be using the landlines and phones for the very first time.

Maybe some people didn't know how to dial properly, or what the different sounds that the phones produced were for.

Or maybe they just wanted to have their bill resent to their address again.

But whatever their reasons were, these customer service representatives would do their very best to handle all them as swiftly as possible.

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And as for the installation of the phone wires all across Baymard..... of course, some of the engineers-in-training would do that alongside contracted construction workers as well.

And that was how Landon wanted to construct the 'Baymardian DMC Phone Company'... where DMC stood for 'Development, Manufacturing \u0026amp; Customer care.'

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After giving a short briefing on the project and safety, as well as had everyone sign confidentiality agreements... Landon, Tim and the supervisors immediately divided the group as planned.

Both supervisors led the new recruits away to learn the basics..... while Tim and Landon led the contracted recruits to another work region as well.

With these contracted recruits, they had decided to just dive right into practical..... since these engineers had basic knowledge for the task.

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Now... it was time to make landlines.