

M. Leader 101

Chapter 101: Phantom Chip

Bai Yan maneuvered the pixelated character, constantly running and evading attacks from ghoulish creatures in the maze. Finally, he ate all the "dots".

He breezed through the level with ease.

For the current Bai Yan, playing games is truly a skill that he is quite proficient in, after all, he is blessed with the extraordinary power of "gaming".

Even professional players cannot match his level, especially in terms of gaming skills. Bai Yan is undoubtedly the strongest player among all humans!

Of course, this is not a big deal and not worth being proud of.

That person's extraordinary power is the ability to pause time, and this person's is Psychic Domination... and my extraordinary power is gaming!

Damn it!

If it weren't for the existence of the "Babel Tower," this extraordinary power would be utterly insignificant, to the point of being a disgrace.

After completing the first level, Bai Yan waited for the game prompt indicating task completion, but it never came.

Because, there are actually more than just one game.

The second level surprisingly turned out to be Minesweeper.

"Minesweeper? Haven't played it in a long time, childhood memories," Bai Yan murmured to himself.

The densely packed bricks appeared on the large map, and the pixelated character "Cybertyrant" floating in mid-air was a semi-virtual figure. She had to step on the parts without mines or mark the mines with the black flag of Babel Tower under control.

"Hmm... I remember now, during the first playthrough I played Cybertyrant, and completed most of the missions with various mini games."

"Only a portion of tasks are exceptions in their manifestation..."

Bai Yan started playing Minesweeper calmly, his finger easily navigating through the simple and straightforward traditional game, which of course posed no challenge to his intelligence.

"I suppose, with my level of ability, it would even be possible to clear the board on the first try."

Then, he hit a mine on his very first move...

"Ah, this?"

Bang!

The whole screen shook, the intense explosion effect passed, and the pixelated character was instantly smashed, leaving a death message belonging to "Cybertyrant".

"I'm fine... don't be sad for me..."

Bai Yan's face turned dark as he fell into contemplation, truly at a loss for words.

Of course, there's really nothing to be done about this kind of thing, um...there's truly no way to put it.

"Let's start over!"

"Save the game!"

The familiar game options reappeared.

Without hesitation, Bai Yan chose to restart. He took a deep breath before clicking his finger again.

Fortunately, the second time around, luck didn't fail him as he didn't hit a mine on his first try.

"Hey, I told you luck can't stop true strength." Bai Yan muttered to himself.

With a steady progress, Bai Yan quickly succeeded in passing the level.

The third mini-game didn't appear, after completing two mini-games, the pixel character of "Cybertyrant" had already reached a straight virtual channel in cyberspace.

At the end of the channel was a floating light blue block, evidently this was the final objective of this mission.

"Is this it?"

Bai Yan fell into contemplation, but his hands never stopped moving and he quickly manipulated "Cybertyrant" to acquire the target object at the end of the passage.

"Mission accomplished, Babel Tower Legendary Point +100."

"Successfully obtained the 'Phantom REC Chip Core' technical data."

"Reward received: Mystical Power - Deep Red: Divine Punishment."

Hmm, Phantom REC...

Bai Yan pondered over the term "Phantom REC chip" and recalled encountering it during the first playthrough.

Back then, the storyline of the "Cybertyrant" import mission was different. In fact, every time he played Babel Tower, there were many unique missions that appeared, which was why Bai Yan enjoyed playing it.

He pointed his finger at the "Phantom REC chip" and carefully examined the specific information.

"Phantom REC chipset: On the surface, it appears to be the latest entertainment software that allows users to enjoy a life of infinite freedom in virtual reality. In reality, it can subliminally hypnotize users through 'virtual reality' and gradually trap their minds in an inescapable illusion."

The labeling of this thing clearly reveals the core of a conspiracy... Ah, I remember this task series, it seems to directly touch the heart of the Rock Morgan group.

Bai Yan shook his head, this task series was obviously a new task line and it was very long; he would have to wait for further developments.

For now, it's more important to conquer Tatsumi City.

The recently acquired "Deep Red - Divine Punishment" is certainly a noteworthy possession.

Deep Red - Divine Punishment.

It and the similarly named "Deep Blue World" are both connected to the power of the King of Deep Blue, an Outer God.

It is one of the nine "colors".

Among all kinds of "Mystical Power" that may drop, any "Mystical Power" that belongs to the Outer God, although it is not labeled, can be regarded as SSR quality in a certain sense.

The corresponding Civilization-level Relics are also equivalent to SSR, such as the Enchanted Pistol. This type of SR quality belongs to the "advanced" category even in normal Relics.

Truly inferior Relics are unlikely to drop upon the completion of a mission or to be drawn from the gacha, but are instead mass-produced by Babel Tower during the latter stages of the game.

Deep blue represents congealing, while deep red represents a completely contrasting power.

Move.

Just as "world" means, "Divine Punishment" represents the specific way this power is used.

Bai Yan pondered for a moment and decided to give it to "Psychic Dancer".

She missed the last round of reinforcement, luckily the little one hasn't noticed it yet, otherwise it might affect her mood.

Moreover, the previous battle made Bai Yan realize something: that "Psychic Dancer" relies too much on mind control in her fighting style, so much so that if mind control is not available, she will directly fall into a situation where she can be at the mercy of others.

Therefore, we need to give her some other fighting methods... Otherwise, it's easy to imagine that "Psychic Dancer" will continue to embarrass herself in every boss battle in the future.

Especially in the main quest "Doomsday Crisis," based on Bai Yan's experience from the first playthrough, it seems that there is not a single big boss who can be directly affected by mind control.

"Save the game."

By the way, Amy's temporary mood and loyalty are a bit low.

Obviously, she was very upset after suddenly being controlled, and needed a rational reward.

"And there are a few rewards that are suitable for her."

—

Amy's consciousness roamed in cyberspace.

Countless pale blue virtual data streams floated by her, neither real nor unreal, and time seemed to have no meaning in cyberspace.

Who exactly is controlling me? Besides myself, no one else knows about my power, but this person can find me and manipulate my body and power.

Indeed, it's unimaginable what the true identity of this person is.

All along, I have not provoked any powerful beings, even if I wanted to seek revenge, I couldn't think of any...

Amy, who lives a peaceful life, is extremely worried as she has no clues and is unsure of who the mysterious person behind the scenes is.

The duration is unknown.

Amy felt that she had already "arrived" at her destination.

In fact, the more accurate situation is that she discovered the network hub of the Rock Morgan building.

Amy issued her own command to the cyberspace.

[Extract all the key confidential files of the 'Phantom REC' chip.]

Instantly, the download began.

Meanwhile.

In the cyberspace, a large number of "gates" fell down and continuously squeezed towards Amy's virtual consciousness.

This was just a manifestation of the firewall. Amy was very clear and familiar with it, without any fear.

In addition to the numerous "gates", many "guards" and "spiders" also surrounded her from all sides.

A large number of top-level hackers have launched a fierce attack, on the one hand, to destroy and prevent Amy's consciousness, on the other hand, to find her real identity in the real world.

However, the defense and search on the Internet are meaningless to Amy.

She reached out her hand.

All doors, guards, and spiders have completely frozen in place and cannot move.

With ease, Amy was able to stop all the hackers' attacks and if she wished, she could even reverse the chips in their brains and kill them.

However, Amy didn't want that to happen.

She realized that she no longer had control over herself.

Fortunately, after waiting for a while, she discovered that the mysterious person controlling her didn't kill anyone without reason.

Amy breathed a sigh of relief. The worst-case scenario didn't happen, thankfully.

Amy quickly finished downloading all the confidential information about 'Phantom REC', and took the opportunity to read some related content. She immediately realized two important things!

Firstly, the conspiracy of the Rock Morgan group was obvious, and if this plan were to come to fruition, it would undoubtedly have horrifying consequences.

And then, I got myself into big trouble!

Yes, the Rock Morgan group will absolutely not let the hacker who stole their secrets get away, they will go to great lengths to find her!

If it was only herself, Amy wouldn't be afraid of death, but living with her brother... she's very afraid of bringing trouble to her own family.

Who are you exactly? Why are you manipulating me? Why are you collecting Rock Morgan's confidential files? What is the purpose of all this?

Amy wanted to communicate with the mysterious person in her heart, but she received no response.

Then she logged out of cyberspace.

"Mission accomplished."

After muttering to herself, Amy realized she could move, and twisted her neck a little.

Even if I could move, my body is just like this...

"What exactly happened?"

Afterwards, she heard that cold and merciless, young male's voice again, instantly trembling all over.

[I am the Savior.]

[All is for the salvation of the past and future, for this world that is about to collapse and be destroyed.]

[Cybertyrant.]

[From this day forward, you are a member of the Babel Tower.]

Chapter 102: Deep Red - Divine Punishment (1)

Inside the office.

Bai Yan appears to be playing with his phone, but in reality, he is manipulating some poor girl miles away.

Black Vulture was still sleeping, while Holly suddenly walked over.

"That!"

Bai Yan, with a calm expression, cut out "Babel Tower" from his phone and looked at ease. No one could have guessed that this person, who indulged in playing games during work, was actually the mysterious leader of the Salvation Organization.

"Bai Yan Bai, I need your help with something."

Holly walked over, with her hands behind her back and a slightly embarrassed smile on her face.

"Bai Yan Bai? What kind of call is this..." Bai Yan was a little speechless after listening.

"Speak, what can I help you with?"

Recalling his poverty and hardship over the past decade, Bai Yan said seriously, "First of all, let me make it clear that I don't have the habit of borrowing money from others."

"Actually, I believe you will definitely help me."

Holly came to Bai Yan's ear and whispered for a while.

After listening, Bai Yan was slightly stunned. There was indeed no reason to object to such a thing.

Since Holly had already spoken, should he, a grown man, refuse?

"So that's how it is. I am capable and fully supportive."

"Holly, you are quite thoughtful."

Bai Yan said with a smile, "I think the captain will be happy too."

After the conversation, Holly left with a lively jump and a smile, resembling a rabbit.

Bai Yan couldn't help but ponder, how much physiological connection exists between half-animal rabbit-folk and real rabbits?

Then he took out his phone and opened "Babel Tower" which he had just minimized.

Bai Yan did actually consider giving "Deep Red - Divine Punishment" to Mu Ling...but each Core Operator has a limit to the amount of Mystical Power they can possess.

"Deep Red - Divine Punishment" is a type of Mystical Power that doesn't require basic physical strength to activate.

In the future, there will be more suitable Mystical Powers for Mu Ling.

Retrieve the "operator list", and allocate "Deep Red - Divine Punishment" to "Psychic Dancer", followed by "Blood of Darkness" and "Sacred Rune · Frigga" to "Cybertyrant".

"I believe this is the most suitable gift for you."

—

Pop.

Maryse walked out of the safe house and closed the door behind her.

She was wearing a white mask, a pink hooded sweater, sunglasses, black pants, and almost no facial features were visible on her body.

Maryse walked down the stairs with her hands in her pockets.

Constant voices kept appearing in her mind, and they were getting more and more unusual than usual.

[Alas, what can I do about the homework tonight?]

[It's warm behind the television, this little rascal has sneaked to watch TV again!]

[During the meeting at work tomorrow, I won't announce this matter first. I will wait until the boss finishes speaking.]

While going downstairs, she maximized the reception of the residents' emotions and tried to integrate them.

Self-training.

Despite trying different methods to become stronger, she still lacked the power to fight.

It seemed like the distance between her and "Nightsaber" was growing bigger and bigger... Could it be that the "Savior" had rewarded her but not me?

Maryse harbored doubt in her heart, but lacked concrete evidence.

The Savior wouldn't be so biased, right? I just arrived a little later than "Nightsaber".

She fell into contemplation and as she walked down to the first floor, she suddenly saw familiar black mist surging from all around.

"Wait a minute, this is...!"

[This is the reward bestowed upon you.]

An indescribable and terrifying vortex-like aura gradually enveloped Maryse's delicate body.

She immediately widened her eyes, and the aura almost caused her heart to spasm, making it impossible to breathe normally.

It is the power of the "King of Deep Blue"!

Trembling, Maryse reached out her hand, her eyes full of astonishment.

The black mist reappeared, slowly enveloping her fair and delicate arm, followed by a wave of intense pain.

Ouch!

Maryse had never experienced such intense, cellular-level agony before, her soul screaming and howling.

The sweating elven girl's eyes gradually turned crimson, with information about the "reward" appearing in her mind.

[Deep Red - Divine Punishment]

The pain gradually faded away, replaced by an unprecedented sensory experience.

Maryse could feel her brain boiling with activity.

A surge of knowledge rushed in, a considerable amount of knowledge that had previously been difficult to comprehend.

Maryse was kneeling on one knee at the entrance of the first floor hallway.

"Ugh, I feel like vomiting."

She slowly opened her eyes and the way she perceived the world became different. In that moment, her understanding of "reality" was completely overturned and rewritten.

"So that's how it is."

Maryse now possesses a color called "Divine Punishment", which is a deep red hue.

This is a power that countless people dream of but cannot attain.

"Is this the power of the King of Deep Blue? How many great entities are connected to the Babel Tower...I am becoming somewhat numb from the shock."

"Even if you, the Savior, claimed to be the biological father of 'Rainbows', I would believe it... Well, in that case, calling you 'Dad' wouldn't be unjustified."

Maryse muttered to herself and joked as she pulled out a coin from her pocket.

Chapter 102: Deep Red - Divine Punishment (2)

She walked out of the apartment building and basked in the long-awaited sunlight.

She longed to live under the sunshine.

This was the true freedom she pursued, but for now, it was not enough.

Maryse looked up at the golden sun without feeling any glare, and then she raised her hand and aimed the coin at the sun.

Deep Red - Divine Punishment.

The coin suddenly moved.

"Bang!"

It moved at an extremely high speed, shooting towards the sky like a high-speed bullet, and disappeared in a flash.

"It's truly an extraordinary power..."

Maryse smiled and didn't lower her raised hand.

After a while, the coin actually flew back from the sky, its speed remaining unchanged but gradually slowing down, and landed securely in the palm of the elf girl.

—

In the faraway Night Union.

Inside a hive-style apartment in Ring City.

After hearing those words in her mind, Amy suddenly felt a very distinct pain in her back.

"Savior? Babel Tower? What are these? A secretive cult of Night Union or a hacker organization?"

She felt immensely perplexed as her artificial eye emitted a red light, controlling various household appliances.

One of the mechanical limbs on the bed rose automatically and floated behind Amy, gently pulling open her shirt.

The camera on the ceiling began to rotate and aimed at Amy's smooth and fair back, capturing the cause of the pain... The artificial eye kept emitting a red glow, and Amy naturally saw everything.

It turned out that on her own back, there was an extra black tower-shaped mark!

"....."

Amy fell into contemplation, evidently forced to join an extremely dreadful mysterious organization.

They could easily manipulate her mind and body, while herself, knowing absolutely nothing about it!

However, she didn't fall into fear like that.

"Calm down, Amy, now we need to figure out how to get Ryan out of here first..."

Rock Morgan would certainly do everything possible to hunt me down, even though hackers cannot track me, extraordinary abilities can.

Thinking about this, Amy's blood ran a little cold, as Rock Morgan was the master of this city.

How could I resist on my own?

However, leaving this city is easier said than done... and outside is not exactly safe; the Noah world beyond the three great nations is considered the "overseas" hell where crimes thrive.

At that moment, she froze.

Suddenly, a terrible thick black mist appeared in her line of sight, as if hiding a deep whisper.

The terrifying atmosphere alone almost caused Amy's sweat to drip down her face.

The dense black mist suddenly attacked the unprepared Amy!

"What is this thing... what is it?" She was shocked as she was enveloped by the black mist.

[This is your reward.]

In the next moment, she was completely surrounded by black mist. The intense, unforgettable pain erupted and sweat instantly flowed over her broken body.

Amy gritted her teeth and didn't scream in pain. She just sat silently in her wheelchair, praying for the suffering to end quickly.

Since it was a reward given to me by the "Savior," it shouldn't be something that can kill me. Whether it is a slave mark or something similar, it's all possible.

However, in any case, it wouldn't take my life.

I am still very useful.

She still maintains a considerable degree of rationality and firmly believes that she can make it through.

Drops of sweat flowed down from her body, completely soaking the wheelchair.

"Huh..."

Finally, Amy made it through.

Quickly, she learned from the sudden "knowledge" that appeared in her mind that she had acquired two brand-new powers, one of which came from her own blood.

"Test the blood."

Amy's artificial eye emitted a red light once again, and a needle popped out of the wheelchair, piercing into her fair skin to draw blood.

After a few minutes, Amy received a detailed blood report.

"My liver and kidney functions have actually been restored?"

Amy was stunned for a moment, frowned, and began to read the blood report carefully.

Well, other living creatures' blood has been injected into her bloodstream, fundamentally altering her genes. She is no longer purely human in the biological sense.

This extraordinary mutation can significantly enhance the body's recovery ability, even beyond the limit of ordinary animals.

Amy fell silent.

Then came the next force.

"What is this thing?"

Amy lowered her head in incomprehension and gazed at the smooth lines on her belly, while sweat from her hair dripped continuously onto her chest.

These white lines, rich in regularity and beauty, seemed like art, and suddenly fitted and embedded themselves naturally onto her fair belly, much like a tattoo or totem.

Although unable to comprehend its existence, Amy found she could use this power, much like using the authority of the "Tyrant".

"Is it a ceremony or a spell? Unfortunately, I don't have much knowledge about supernatural powers."

Then, she took a deep breath and tried to move her mind.

The white lines on her stomach began to glow!

Immediately after, a piercing pain shot through the connections of the girl's limbs.

Chapter 103: The Tyrant's Determination

The flesh was rapidly growing, and the mechanical device at the joints was immediately compressed, causing intense pain to spread instantly.

Even her eyes and brain began to ache, and Amy, who couldn't bear the unbearable pain, immediately stopped her "rapid regeneration" behavior.

The thin and pale body once again sweated profusely, and she breathed heavily, feeling that she was almost dehydrated.

"Ha...so this is the reward..."

Amy's emotions were incredibly complex, yet she couldn't suppress her sense of shock and excitement!

This extraordinary power is truly enchanting.

It should be able to completely heal this broken body, as the self-proclaimed "Savior," the mysterious existence undoubtedly gave her something incredibly powerful!

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Whatever his true motive may be, Amy is well aware that she owes him a great debt of gratitude.

"In this light, the power of the Savior is beyond my ability to contend with."

However, she has no immediate plans to restore her physical form.

Actually, if Amy was eager enough, she could have already replaced her current body with the latest bio-mechanical technology, which is said to be almost indistinguishable from a living body.

It is effortless to earn a fortune as long as she harnesses that particular power frequently.

"Rather than simply restoring the natural body, why not consider substituting for some advanced devices? At this stage, it is impossible to conceal my abilities, so they must be used in moderation, under the least conspicuous circumstances."

She calmly analyzed her current situation, realizing that natural bodily functions were not her most pressing need, as tempting as the recovery process was.

Whether it be advanced electronic eyes, neural network storage chips in the brain, or robotic limbs, they all possess insurmountable advantages over the human body.

Once she becomes a legal resident, even accessing the internet requires manual effort, which is, in a way, a different form of disability.

Rather than restoring the physical body, it is better to find ways to acquire sufficiently advanced new plug-ins.

"At least for now, I need enough power to protect Ryan and myself."

Abandoning the natural body in the Night Union is not a trivial matter.

In their mindset, even "electronic eye replacement" is more acceptable than "plastic surgery". Although it varies, there is indeed a considerable number of people who would choose to have it done.

In a world where the strong prey on the weak, acquiring more powerful abilities is often the most important thing.

A newly emerged cult named "W" has been promoting and encouraging everyone to undergo full-body cyberization, heavily advocating their doctrine called "Ascension to Machine".

The key members of the W Society are mainly scholars and philosophers who profess to worship the long-standing "God of Cyber" revered by the public.

"By the way, could this Savior be the legendary 'God of Cyber'?"

Amy suddenly thought of this possibility, then shook her head and smiled.

How could that be?

The so-called 'God of Cyber' is just a legend, a fairytale.

On her black mechanical wheelchair, the automatic needle popped out and inserted into her delicate body, beginning to input liquid to replenish the missing moisture caused by constant perspiration.

Amy caught a glimpse of the needle and knew that she already possessed powerful self-healing abilities and no longer needed to supplement her hydration like this.

With a single thought, she altered the program of the black mechanical wheelchair, and the needle popped out.

After a while, a straw popped out by the shoulder, inserted into the mouth, continually inputting yogurt.

"By the way, about my brother's matter..."

While drinking yogurt, Amy suddenly remembered something... The money-making method that Ryan just mentioned didn't seem quite right upon further reflection.

She furrowed her brows.

In fact, at Night Union, there are many ways for poor people to earn a lot of money, but they almost always involve risks and luck.

"It would be better to take a look."

Amy once again entered the network, accessing the large number of cameras in New Street to search for her brother's current location.

Her current self no longer needs to have too many concerns when using this power. Even if she wanted to hide, she couldn't completely conceal herself... After all, with the "Savior" having such a good "tool", he would never give up easily.

Amy's thinking was very clear.

If the "Savior" uses her up and leaves without a word, it means that she was only "borrowed" once.

However, since she was told to be a member of Babel Tower and was given an important reward, it means that today's events will continue to happen repeatedly.

Meanwhile.

In a dark alley outside New Street, there is a brightly lit bar called "Quinn".

Beneath the "Quinn" bar, there was a vast and bright large basement, where the fervent audience was cheering and the exposed dancers were moving their bodies in a water tank.

In the center of the basement lies a boxing ring, where Ryan, wearing boxing gloves and with blood stains on the corners of his mouth, is injured.

He is dressed in a light silver "boxing armor" and raises his hands high.

"Aaaaaaaah!!!" Ryan roared excitedly.

The emcee was a little floating robot in mid-air, resembling a tattered cardboard box but with a voice as sweet as a little girl's.

"Our warrior! 'Hero' Ryan has once again defeated his opponent, this is his sixth consecutive win! Six in a row!"

"And who will his next challenger be? Oh my goodness! It's the 'Killer' Helm, also with two consecutive wins! The new showdown with needlepoint precision is about to begin!"

"Please don't leave yet! In just twenty minutes, the new battle will commence!"

Ryan, drenched in sweat, arrived at the arena and found his old friend Gill in the basement. With a frown, he said, "Gill, are we going to fight three rounds in a row today? I feel a bit dizzy, it's different from what we agreed upon."

Gill was a man with small mustache, wearing black suit and sunglasses, and had a sly smile at the corner of his mouth.

"It's okay. Your opponent has also fought three rounds in a row, and it's all scripted anyway. In the first round, you two need to test each other out, then find a chance to knock each other out. Don't worry, your opponent will cooperate with you."

Ryan hesitated for a moment before nodding and saying, "I understand."

"But how much money am I going to get now?"

Gill's smile became more playful as he said, "Well, it's enough for you and your sister to leave this dump, but if you want to live a good life in a place above 'the hundredth floor' and pay exorbitant medical fees, you need to continue..."

"Ryan, there are no better opportunities, you know, there aren't many choices to make big money."

Ryan fell into a long silence.

Gill continued, "Do you want to see Amy, like a girl on TV, bathing in the warm sunshine at the beach, wearing a white dress running and waving, then turning around to smile at you?"

Ryan remained silent for a while.

"I understand, go on, I can still bear it."

After a dozen minutes or so, the boxing match officially began, Gill watched the "performance" of the first round from the sidelines when suddenly a deep male voice rang in his ear.

"Gill."

"Boss? Do you need anything?" Gill immediately lowered his head and spoke with deference.

A deep voice spoke up.

"After checking the odds of this game, I decided to call it quits and let the 'Killer' win immediately."

At this point, you want to quit? Gill was stunned for a moment, and then quickly said, "But I have already told both sides the script just now, so there's nothing I can do now..."

"Of course there is a way. Don't you have a remote control to forcibly stop the 'boxing armor'?... Why don't you speak? Do you want to defy me?"

Gill remained silent for a while and finally said, "I... understand."

Suddenly, a camera pointed towards the boxing ring without any warning signs.

The tiny robot floating in the boxing ring was shouting at the top of its voice, exhausted.

"Oh! 'Killer' suddenly lands a heavy punch, and even the 'Hero' is stunned, unable to dodge! Oh my god! A direct hit to the back of the head! KO in one hit! 'Killer' wins!"

Ryan gradually woke up and saw the familiar ceiling, vaguely realizing that he seemed to be back home.

I don't feel any pain in my body. What happened to me during the boxing just now?

In the darkness, the wheelchair moved forward automatically, revealing a gentle and tender expression on the face of the girl sitting on it.

"It's all right now, brother."

Ryan said slowly, "I feel like I just had a nightmare."

Amy nodded gently and said, "Hmm, you have woken up from the nightmare and won't suffer anymore. Don't worry, brother, with me, everything will be all right."

Ryan was stunned, as if he saw his mother's shadow from his sister.

She was more mature than him. Since growing up, he had never seen this poor girl cry again. No matter how much pain she suffered, she was always strong and gentle.

Tears had already flowed from Ryan's eyes unintentionally.

Amy's emotions were also very complex.

Thank you, Savior.

It's because of your strength that I was able to save my brother.

As long as you don't harm the innocent, it is acceptable even if you use me.

Moreover, from this day on, I will no longer blindly hide... but rather utilize this force to arm and protect myself and the innocent.

Amy contemplated.

First and foremost, she had to establish a power of her own.

With only one person, acting alone would be inconvenient and her ability to withstand risks would be poor.

I need more plans...

"Amy, Amy, what are you thinking about?"

Amy was slightly startled, snapped out of her contemplation, and her gentle face was as if bathed in moonlight.

"Brother, I will take you away from this level, away from here."

Tatsumi City.

Upon returning home, Bai Yan attempted to peer into the "Self Dimension" once again.

He sat on the bed, once again entering the world made up of possibilities of the "past" and "future" through the mirror.

This time, Bai Yan returned to the "past" of several years ago.

He saw himself in the classroom, the Bai Yan who was still in junior high school at that time, with a completely different expression from his current self.

There was a feeling of disdain for everything.

Bai Yan quickly realized that it was not just enough to describe him as disdainful of everything, it seemed that there was more to it...

He was looking at the people around him with a gaze that was not at all the same as looking at one's own kind, as if he was scrutinizing cats and dogs.

Was this "myself" really still human? Bai Yan suddenly felt that his memories of the past were somewhat blurry, the difference between his former and current selves was too huge.

He slowly approached "himself", the more they looked at each other, the more he could feel a terrible implication.

Bai Yan left the place and continued to move on, constantly shuttling to new scenes.

He finally came to a stop in front of a scene.

Somehow, this is the end of the memory.

The space ahead is filled with countless twisted black cubes, seemingly fragmented and impossible to restore.

Bai Yan can feel that the "new self" he wants to find is inside.

Yes, he found it.

But he hasn't found it completely.

"So it turned out that in order to truly meet the 'new self,' I had to recover the memories that were missing from the past."

Chapter 104: The Evolution of "Babel Tower"

Early morning.

Bai Yan once again wakes up from his slumber and calmly makes his way to the bathroom to brush his teeth, wash his face, and tidy up his appearance.

The man reflected in the mirror is slender and handsome with black hair, and "Bai Yan" gazes at his reflection intently.

This is me.

"Hoo..."

After taking a deep breath, Bai Yan starts talking to himself.

"No matter when you are, you are always yourself, don't overthink it."

The events of last night truly caused Bai Yan's inner conflict.

He felt certain that there was a hidden secret within himself.

However, Bai Yan quickly subdued his emotions and focused on carrying out his present plans before attending to his future plans.

His future plans involve finding a way to restore the twisted memories of his past.

Bai Yan pondered whether his twisted memories from thirteen years ago were related to the Demon Hunt Agency, perhaps they had done something to him.

He couldn't approach the captain or director directly to inquire about this matter, perhaps they didn't want him to recover his memories.

But he could seize the opportunity to ask Alan about it.

Hmm, that's how it's decided then.

Bai Yan desired to reach the level of "awakening" faster, having his own real power. The current "connection" and "game" were useless in the battle aspect.

And then, it was the task at hand.

"Firstly, I need to assign daily training to these Operators. Oh, and let's watch the new video first."

Bai Yan squinted and took out his phone for a look. He found that the new video from Babel Tower had been released on schedule.

The imagery of "Cybertyrant" had not been exposed in the slightest. The visuals in the video appeared directly within the cyberspace as she effortlessly seized the core files, leaving her numerous hacker opponents entirely powerless against her absolute prowess.

The comment section below was flooded with comments.

People were thoroughly astonished, completely unable to imagine... why would the mysterious organization known as Babel Tower be involved with the Night Union, located thousands of miles away!

"Soul Cultivation Order: My goodness! Is that Night Union? I've only seen occasional reports on TV, and there's rarely anything on the internet about other countries."

"Repairman: Babel Tower has actually joined Night Union. This organization seems to be becoming more and more frightening. Will they suddenly rule Tatsumi City one day?"

"Demon Leader: I even feel that this organization will control the whole world....."

"I'm Lustful: Hehe, actually Babel Tower is not that great, just a little stronger than ordinary superhuman organizations... but those who can join them are all geniuses. I think the one who can control the heart is the most beautiful."

"Autumncamesoon: Babel Tower is a very great organization."

Bai Yan glanced at the post and comments of "I'm Lustful", and had a lingering suspicion that the user behind it might possibly be Maryse.

"I cannot believe she chose such a name..."

After thoroughly browsing the comments section, Bai Yan closed the video.

While Bai Yan set the timer on the rice cooker, he watched the steam rising from the rice and simultaneously opened the interface of the game "Babel Tower".

"Let's just stir-fry some melon slices and eggs to make do."

Having lived alone for over a decade, he had already mastered cooking skills. While stir-frying with one hand, he opened the operator list of "Babel Tower" and allocated today's training to one operator after another.

"Go for it."

"The time for the gathering of Babel Tower has come again, and there are new members this time."

Bai Yan sighed to himself, as if he had been living alone for too long and was increasingly fond of talking to himself.

But under his current circumstances, it doesn't seem appropriate to look for a girlfriend...

If all else fails, perhaps he should try raising a cat on his own.

It would be best if the cat could help with sweeping the floor, cooking, and shopping. As the dignified leader of the salvation organization, he ended up having to do all of those things himself, which is unreasonable! Unreasonable!

After complaining, Bai Yan assigned the Core Operators their training for the day and also cooked fragrant scrambled eggs with preserved vegetables.

"Oh."

He paused for a moment.

Wait, what's going on here?

"What is this..."

Bai Yan suddenly noticed that on the Core Operators' avatars, there were small red boxes, resembling the record button in video recording.

"Never before...it's something new again."

Whether it was the second playthrough or the earlier first playthrough, during months of gameplay, Bai Yan had never seen such "red boxes."

However, the second playthrough of "Babel Tower" had too many differences compared to the first playthrough, and since this game is not a normal game, Bai Yan was not too surprised.

He calmly reached out and clicked on the red box of "Nightsaber".

"Snap."

The video started playing.

Bai Yan stared at the girl on the phone screen, without a doubt, this was Mu Ling.

She was holding a black greatsword and repeatedly fighting with "Raven Reaper", getting killed again and again, but rising up every time.

"So this is... training? It seems operators undergo this kind of training... gaining rich combat experience through repeated deaths."

This "Raven Reaper" evidently lacks the absolute strength of the original Raven Reaper, as indicated by the "75%" tag above its head.

The true "Raven Reaper" is one of the top three of the Demon Hunt Agency, possessing the strength of a Potential Crown. He once joined forces with the "ace" Lin Bian to push Pastor into a desperate situation.

For now, he is not yet someone that Mu Ling, who has just reached the upper level of the awakening stage, can defeat.

Mu Ling in the picture had a solemn expression, with an incredibly calm demeanor, as if she had become accustomed to the pain brought by death.

She has launched an attack!

After a few brief clashes, the battle had ended with the defeat of Mu Ling.

Time and time again, death was always one step ahead of her.

However, finally there came a time.

Mu Ling succeeded!

Her sword sliced through Raven Reaper's body.

And this time, before "Raven Reaper" could liquefy his body using "Flow of the Heart," red fresh blood immediately splattered out.

Without liquefying, he was merely a mortal being, not a monster. He collapsed to the ground under the powerful blow and gradually vanished.

Mu Ling, who successfully defeated the enemy, took a deep breath and leaned on her black greatsword, panting.

The video ended here.

Bai Yan mumbled to himself, "Babel Tower has changed again, completely different from the previous version of 'Babel Tower'. It seems that the first playthrough version I played before was just an EA test version, which doesn't count."

"Psychic Dancer" was also training, her eyes turning silver-white, waving her arms.

She was controlling twenty rats to form a military formation to fight against several attacking orange cats... She was obviously training very hard, and her silver-white eyes had turned red.

Next was "Mysterious Magic" Alan, who was fighting against two of his own projections, being killed over and over again.

Bai Yan shook his head, no longer able to bear the sight.

Both projections were labeled with "65%", but the two-on-one situation was wearing Alan out.

Next.

"Cybertyrant" who just joined Babel Tower... her training spot is a white platform.

The girl has to repeatedly manipulate the constantly refreshed and incoming robots, any relaxation or lack of focus will result in being shot and killed by the robots.

"It turns out that the training is so cruel... but it's better than dying in actual combat."

Bai Yan pondered for a moment, then suddenly thought of something.

He immediately went to check the intelligence log and discovered a remarkable situation.

Bai Yan clicked on one after another and found that all the information recorded in the intelligence log had video marks that could be played.

"Red box".

With subtle emotions, Bai Yan clicked on the entry in Nightsaber's information log which read "ate barbecue for supper, Mood +1".

In the video taken from a bird's eye view, Mu Ling was lounging on her dark-colored couch in a white bathrobe, with a considerable amount of barbecue takeout piled on the coffee table in front of her.

Enough to feed five people until they are full.

At that time, she had just been forcibly recruited into Babel Tower, feeling dazed and not in good spirits, continuously stuffing her mouth with food.

"This video... the quality is quite good, the viewing is so clear, and it can be zoomed in with three fingers."

Bai Yan thought for a moment, flipped to the video titled "Nightsaber's figure shook me again, Mood -1," and opened it.

In the video, Maryse looked serious and stared at her phone. Her mouth gradually puckered up. After touching her chest, she angrily threw the phone away.

Haha, Bai Yan was already amused.

"Wow, Babel Tower is truly a game of super-evolution, completely beyond the level of ordinary games."

Bai Yan understood it and was greatly impressed!

He patiently watched video versions of the logs of several Core Operators from beginning to end, and gained a more specific understanding of them.

This feeling is quite interesting, after Bai Yan finished watching the video version of their log intelligence, he felt it was more interesting than watching anime or movies.

Apparently, before Mu Ling went to sleep, she would wear an eye mask and drink a cup of warm milk.

Maryse is actually afraid of the dark. She insists that the lights cannot be turned off before she falls asleep and the servant only comes to turn them off after she's asleep.

Alan sleeps without clothes.

Although Bai Yan considered several Core Operators of Babel Tower as "peers" before, his actual sense of intimacy was not as strong as Alan's. But now, he gradually made up for it.

At that moment, Bai Yan realized that the scrambled eggs with squash had cooled down slightly.

"Uh..."

Bai Yan sighed and reheated the scrambled eggs with melon strips, but instead of serving them on the table, he stood in front of the stove and ate his bowl of rice... It was nice to avoid washing one more dish.

He continued to browse through the various functions of "Babel Tower", curious if there were any other changes.

Bai Yan soon discovered that the evolution of "Babel Tower" was not limited to just these.

Chapter 105: Are You Deliberately Finding Fault With Me?

Bai Yan has already discovered the latest feature of the evolved "Babel Tower".

After each "operator" is selected, a brand new option - "observe" - appears below.

Observe?

"Speaking of it, it is indeed related to my ability 'game'. Since I acquired extraordinary power, the content of 'Babel Tower' has been constantly changing."

Bai Yan pondered while he scrubbed the pots.

"If I could reach 'Awakening', 'Crown', or even 'Apocalypse', I wonder what earth-shattering changes would occur in 'Babel Tower'."

Apparently, the improvement of gaming skills is only a part of the extraordinary power of "game". Its true purpose is in developing "Babel Tower".

After tidying up the kitchen, Bai Yan took off his apron and went to the living room with his phone, sitting on the sofa.

He first selected the first Core Operator "Nightsaber" from the "operator list", and then clicked on the new option "observe".

Soon, the new function began to show its effects.

The video screen popped up, revealing a girl with silver-white hair, an exquisite appearance, purple-red eyes, and an almost perfect figure.

There is no mistake, it is a live broadcast... The timestamp in the top left corner of the screen indicates the time - 7:20 AM according to the Air Alliance time.

Bai Yan knew without a doubt that it was currently 7:20 AM.

"Nightsaber," who is actually Mu Ling, had already woken up and calmly walked into the grand bathhouse, resembling that of ancient Rome, in the video, most likely preparing for a bath.

She had no idea that she was being watched by the "Savior."

The live streaming picture not only has a very clear quality, it is essentially the same as the original picture quality, and can be zoomed in and rotated at the touch of Bai Yan's three fingers, just like the previous videos.

The camera followed Mu Ling's movements, and Bai Yan tried to drag the live streaming picture to the side. It was possible to drag, but not too far, it appeared that Mu Ling herself had to be present in the picture.

The live stream cannot be rewind, paused, or fast-forwarded. He can only silently watch Mu Ling's progress.

"It's a pity there's no recording, only live streaming..."

Bai Yan suddenly realized that the evolution of "Babel Tower" might not only be due to the "game," but also to the possible influence of "connection."

Because the two new functions of Babel Tower evidently tighten its connection with Core Operators.

Mu Ling in the scene looks very relaxed. Bai Yan has been watching the video all morning, knowing the other side of this girl in her daily life.

She is not a bloodthirsty maniac, nor is she a merciless hunter. In everyday life, she also has confusion and joy that belong to ordinary girls.

Among all the logs, the scene that had the greatest impact on Bai Yan was actually the part where Mu Ling went to the coffee shop to have coffee.

It gave him a strong sense of "reality" in his perception of Mu Ling's existence as a woman.

"Mu Ling, I hope we can continue to work together happily."

Bai Yan recalled the scene he had thought of in "Self Dimension".

Angry and hateful Mu Ling swung the sword, piercing through his chest... this is also a kind of the possible future.

"This kind of future will never happen."

He said to himself calmly.

As soon as Bai Yan arrived at the office, he encountered a familiar face in a somewhat significant way.

Merete Chambers.

Her fair skin was noticeably different from the ordinary, displaying delicate collarbones above her chest, pristine white eyelashes, and long hair flowing down her backside. A pale silver butterfly hairpin adorned her ears, gleaming above her black, purplish irises.

Merete Chambers's slight smile on her face is as usual, giving people a magical sense of closeness.

Except for Bai Yan, it seems that everyone has a basic liking for her.

She was standing in the office of Team Twelve, smiling and chatting with Holly, who seemed very happy to have someone "visit" the 12th team.

After all, their team has a very poor reputation, and generally speaking, not many people would come over.

"How could Miss Witch come to our team?"

Bai Yan became instinctively wary and felt something was amiss upon seeing the "Moon Witch," sensing that she may have some covert plan.

Holly, however, was extremely thrilled and walked over.

"This is great news! Absolutely fantastic news! Miss Merete is going to transfer to our team! Wonderful! Our team will finally have someone with a good reputation!"

Bai Yan was slightly stunned, and his conspiracy theory grew stronger in his heart. He became alert and immediately smiled.

"It's amazing that there's still good news like this."

Holly nodded and realized that standing between the two would make her seem short, so she took a step back.

Merete Chambers smiled at Bai Yan and said in a good mood, "Hello, Bai Yan. From now on, the two of us will be on the same team. How do you feel? With a beauty like me suddenly joining, aren't you excited?"

Bai Yan shook his head and said, "No, I can only say that I am very welcoming. It's completely unexpected that a popular person like you would join us."

He remained silent for a moment, then smiled and said, "Could you tell me the reason for joining the 12th team? After all, our team's reputation is not very good, and I'm quite curious."

Merete Chambers didn't answer directly, but said, "Maybe I joined you because I'm interested in someone here."

Holly was shocked and whispered, "Could Miss Witch and the captain be in a romantic relationship? No way!"

Black Vulture was still sleeping.

After chatting for a while, Merete Chambers found a spot in a corner, tidied up the table, and began to stare out the window lost in thought.

Bai Yan gazed at her profile for a moment, "Hmm, quite beautiful."

"She's probably onto me..." Bai Yan recalled his actions, realizing all the flaws that attracted the sensitive senses of the witch.

Regretting now would be pointless, he could only be more careful in the future.

Firstly, it is no longer permissible to play "Babel Tower" in the office. Now there is a troublemaker who is even more troublesome than surveillance.

In the afternoon, Bai Yan went to the restroom on this floor.

The decoration level of the Demon Hunt Agency's restroom is quite impressive. As the saying goes, the quality of a place can be seen by the state of its restroom.

Just coming out of the restroom, Bai Yan saw Miss Witch waiting outside.

Merete Chambers looked at him with a smile on her face, seeming to hold something unusual in her smile.

She approached and pushed Bai Yan back into the restroom.

The door immediately slammed shut.

"What do you want to do?"

Bai Yan slightly furrowed his eyebrows, what is going on with this guy, are you deliberately looking for trouble?

Merete Chambers smiled and said, "Thirteen years ago, someone played a game with a member of the 'Tower' and achieved a great victory, but he seems to have forgotten everything."

Bai Yan furrowed his eyebrows, realizing that the other party's "riddle" was referring to the lost memory of himself.

Merete Chambers stood in front of the mirror, as if talking to herself:

"This year, after the appearance of Babel Tower, we have confirmed the first member of their group to be Mu Ling, a member of a declined hunter family."

"I have had private conversations with some students in her class, and many have pointed out that Mu Ling seemed to have had private communication with you before her identity was exposed."

Bai Yan nodded calmly and said, "Oh, what does this imply? Alan has known this for a while."

Merete Chambers shook her head with a smile and didn't answer.

She continued talking to herself, saying, "Later, you reported the location of Black Wizard Weasley to the Demon Hunt Agency, leading to their clearance."

"Coincidentally, the people from Babel Tower followed and took the poor Weasley away."

Bai Yan shook his head and said, "What a pity that we couldn't catch the people from Babel Tower along with Weasley. All I can say is, don't be too suspicious of enthusiastic citizens."

"Yesterday when I was exchanging information about Babel Tower with Adelaide, she said that the 'Savior' mentioned by the Babel Tower rescue team was a fake. I asked her how she was so sure, and after pausing for a moment, Adelaide said, 'Because Bai Yan said so, and he sounded very certain at the time.'"

Is it really such a minor detail problem that exposed me?

Bai Yan was slightly stunned.

Merete Chambers turned around, squinted and smiled, then suddenly came closer again.

Bai Yan stood still, indifferent.

Merete Chambers narrowed her eyes, her delicate nose sniffed the air before Bai Yan's chest, then spoke, "As you thought, these are not really evidence, just some small traces, and also my own groundless speculation... but your scent really concerns me, I cannot let go of it."

"So, I hope to be in this team and get to know you better."

Merete Chambers stepped back two steps, smilingly reached out her excessively fair hand, seeming friendly, and said, "Please teach me more in the future."

Bai Yan also smiled, but the meaning behind his smile was completely different from Merete Chambers's, because Bai Yan knew Miss Witch's purpose and could guess what she was thinking at the moment.

He was not at all flustered and extended his hand as well.

"Great, let's work hard together and build a beautiful new society."

After leaving the restroom, Merete Chambers's body gradually disappeared in the hallway, completely out of sight.

A moment later, she had appeared on a cloud-covered mountaintop.

White clouds encompassed everything around, and Merete Chambers stood atop the world, transcending all beings, with a black book floating before her.

The black book, upon opening, revealed a size close to half a meter in length and width, steadily hovering in midair, emitting faint yet perceptible vibrations.

If Black Wizard Weasley clan were to lay eyes upon it, he would undoubtedly be overwhelmed with emotion.

For it is his ancestral heirloom that was inadvertently lost many years ago, the most valuable treasure of all!

This is the ultimate item above the "Civilization-level Relic".

Merete Chambers calmly extended her fair fingers, gently flipping through the Book of Concealment, showing that she was quite familiar with it.

Book of Concealment.

She smiled pleasantly.

"For many years, I have been searching for an opportunity to enter Babel Tower... and I finally waited for it."

"Bai Yan."

"Would you be the associate of Babel Tower?"

"Does that great 'Savior' pay attention to you?"

She seemed to be questioning, yet also answering.

The Book of Concealment contains a multitude of secrets, represented in a unified classical font of black letters. Every sentence, every word, belongs to countless important mysteries of various

worlds, and it continues to grow with each passing moment. All of these secrets are held in Merete Chambers's hands.

And one of these passages reads...

"So, Babel Tower descended upon Tatsumi City."

"Thus, the world fell into chaos."

"So, it became the ruler of the world."

Chapter 106: Let's Begin, the New Meeting

"In short, a troublesome woman."

Bai Yan could sense Moon Witch's pursuit and knew that she enjoyed fun, but he didn't feel afraid as she was not a psychotic villain.

Throughout the first playthrough, she always wanted to join the legendary Babel Tower.

After becoming a member of Babel Tower, the "Moon Witch" expressed great joy, claiming to have fulfilled a millennium-old wish of reincarnation throughout generations.

Though not entirely clear, this fellow seemed quite willing to emerge from the "pool".

However, with this fellow watching him constantly, Bai Yan knew life wouldn't be easy for him in the future, and thus he sighed heavily.

Even at home...in fact, it was not necessarily safe.

Yes, now that she has made it clear that she is paying attention to him, it is possible for her to set up observational spells in his home. Therefore, it is even possible for him to expose his identity while playing "Babel Tower" at his house.

"....."

The consequences would be unimaginable once his true identity is exposed, causing Bai Yan to frown involuntarily.

In the worst-case scenario, she would forcefully confine him before delving into what "Babel Tower" really is.

"It's better not to have this kind of thing happen."

Bai Yan realized he was not her match.

The current "Moon Witch" is very powerful, even though not as strong as the earlier "Queen of the Scarlet Moon", she cannot be challenged by the likes of "Nightsaber", "Psychic Dancer", or "Mysterious Magic" at the beginning.

With half of the "Ruin" level Relic, Book of Concealment, in her hands, ordinary superhumans who are not at the Crown level have no chance of winning.

"Ruin-level" is the highest level of Relic, and in "Babel Tower" only the single-digit level "Ruin-level Relics" is mentioned.

Within the world of Noah, there are actually not many people who know about the "Ruin" level Relic, and at least Mu Ling and Maryse have never even heard of it.

If we were to classify the levels of Relic more carefully, they could probably be divided into four categories, "ordinary Relic", "advanced Relic", "Civilization-level Relic," and "Ruin-level Relic."

The Book of Concealment is, in fact, a part of the "Ruin" level Relic.

As for the whereabouts of the other part, in fact, even Bai Yan is not quite clear, because every time he drew the Moon Witch in his past life, she had already gathered the other part by herself.

He only remembered that the effects of the "Ruin" level Relics were extraordinary, and it was not just a matter of unleashing combat power beyond level.

It could change the world.

One of the effects of the "Ruin" level Relics is to forcefully establish new rules throughout the entire world, and once a person violates the rules, they will be punished accordingly, even the gods must obey.

Bai Yan couldn't help but sink into contemplation, whether he was at home or playing on his phone in the office, he was likely being monitored by the witch.

So, where is the absolutely safe secret place?

Does such a "safe house" really exist for himself?

Hmm...

By the way, he has it all the time, he just doesn't pay attention to it temporarily.

Bai Yan was well aware that in fact, that place full of secrets was worth further exploration.

"Hmm, let's go there."

There is a place that is absolutely safe, even the witch cannot pry into it.

Babel Tower.

—

Bai Yan once again entered the interior of the Babel Tower.

He sat on a lofty throne, behind which gleamed a colossal golden sun. The wind incessantly blew against him.

Bai Yan could feel the warmth brought by the sunlight.

This is undeniably a real world.

He retrieved his phone, and "Babel Tower" could run smoothly here. Meanwhile, the inner part of Babel Tower is an absolutely secure place.

"The leader of Babel Tower plays 'Babel Tower' in Babel Tower...to prevent the members of Babel Tower from discovering that the leader of Babel Tower has 'Babel Tower'."

The basic situation is like this.

Bai Yan looked at his phone and realized that Alan's mood had dropped again recently, and the new member's mood wasn't high enough either, so he dragged them both into "Recovery Spring".

After he finished the operation, he thought of something.

Recovery Spring is divided into "male", "female" and "asexual". This means that where they soak in "spring water" is not the same place.

Bai Yan remembered the so-called "Recovery Spring", which was, in fact, an ocean.

"If I go there now, will I run into them straight away?"

Everything in the house was collapsing, vanishing, and disintegrating into the most basic particles.

The world shattered and then reassembled in the next moment.

Alan took a deep breath and looked at everything before him, until he confirmed that he had entered a new world that was different from reality.

White mist surrounded everything, and he walked on white sandy beaches, while three suns in the sky radiated a soft golden light.

This was Alan's first time visiting the Recovery Spring.

"Is this the inside of Babel Tower? What is the purpose of this spring water..."

Should I touch it or not?

Whatever, let's just go with the flow.

Alan attempted to bend down, his fingers lightly touching the soft seawater. In an instant, his mind went blank, as if he had become a part of the ocean.

This feeling...

It's as if he once again experienced the taste of that exquisite cuisine...

So joyful...

It's as if he returned to the very beginning of his origin...

Alan lay down on the white sand beach with a satisfied smile on his lips, obviously having reached the pinnacle of happiness.

Draped in a black robe, Bai Yan approached from the side, his face completely obscured from the outside world. He kicked the fallen man with his foot.

"I've never seen this 'Spring' power firsthand before. It's amazing how great the reaction is after touching the seawater here."

Bai Yan gazed calmly at the boundless sea, and this "Recovery Spring" seemed to possess some kind of magical power, attracting people to merge with it.

"Temptation?"

But he refused.

Bai Yan dislikes anything that could make him lose his senses, whether it was in his past life or present life. He hasn't even gotten truly drunk before, pretending to be drunk at reunions and graduation dinners.

To Bai Yan, getting drunk and revealing his true nature in front of others was no different from doing a handstand with his pants down.

Therefore, he wasn't particularly eager to try the magical powers of the "Recovery Spring".

"I see, so there is more than one 'Spring'... The sand over there is golden, while this side is white."

Bai Yan smiled ever so slightly, and the next moment, he had already arrived at the other beach of Babel Tower.

Now, the "Cybertyrant" is also inside Babel Tower.

This was her first encounter with the Babel Tower.

"Why didn't she heal her own body..."

Bai Yan squinted his eyes, slightly curious.

On the golden beach, the totally black mechanical wheelchair was conspicuous and anachronistic.

The disabled girl, sitting on it, contemplated quietly and watched the scene before her.

Three golden suns, a golden beach, an endless ocean - everything was subverting her previous understanding.

Had she been transported to another world?

"Recovery Spring?"

She pondered for a long time and didn't rashly enter the seawater, but rather emitted a dazzling red light from her artificial eye.

Soon, a mechanical tentacle popped out of her wheelchair and entered the sea to start extracting.

[In the process of analyzing the components...]

[Unable to resolve...]

[Unable to resolve...]

[Unable to resolve...]

"Strange, but one thing is certain, this is definitely not ordinary seawater. The interior of Babel Tower is indeed very mysterious... completely incomprehensible."

After pondering for a moment, Amy's frail and feeble body remained unmoved and the mechanical tentacles bounced back from the seawater and began absorbing the sand and pebbles on the golden beach.

[Analyzing ingredients...]

[Natural round-grained memory sand. It is composed of a large number of fragmented memories and exists only in a few records as a mysterious substance.]

Amy was stunned.

Are these endless golden sand beaches, around her, all fragments of shattered memories?

Interesting!

She gazed upon the three suns in the sky, which seemed to be rising with increasing curiosity, her face slightly flushed.

Unfortunately, there is currently no way to detect the composition of those three suns. Perhaps they are not even real suns?

Exploring novel and unknown things fills Amy with an irresistible urge. She didn't have many hobbies since childhood, but this certainly counts as one.

"Since it's called Recovery Spring, it shouldn't be something harmful. Moreover, if the 'Savior' wants to harm me, I won't be able to resist it anyway."

After logically sound analyses, Amy calmly maneuvered the mechanical wheelchair forward.

The black wheelchair gradually sank into the water as the sea approached continuously, making Amy a bit nervous.

At last, the unknown "sea water" touched her thin and weak lower body that had no legs.

After that, she knew nothing.

Such a feeling of happiness.

For how long had it been since she had felt this kind of happiness? Amy didn't know why, but suddenly she wanted to cry... but she couldn't.

Amy is the only one who retains a modicum of sanity in such a state.

Recovery Spring didn't restore her physical disability; evidently, the long-lost parts of a grown body are not considered part of the "injury".

Bai Yan silently watched from afar without any inclination to approach.

The so-called 'Cybertyrant' is merely a pitiful young girl.

She didn't choose to recover her body, there must be an important reason, no need for further persuasion.

Respect her thoughts.

Then Bai Yan left Babel Tower. In the real world, he was hiding in a public restroom of a ubiquitous department store.

—

The next day.

Bai Yan initiated Babel Tower's internal meeting for the third time.

He sat atop a tall crystal throne, while the ceiling of the crystal palace was completely transparent, revealing the vast, dark universe overhead, adorned with numerous dazzling stars that shone with utmost brilliance.

Amidst thick and vibrant clouds of black mist, the silhouettes of four Core Operators gradually take shape.

Chapter 107: Amy's Proposal

"My lord, it's an honor to see you again. "

Mu Ling placed a hand over her chest, bowed slightly and leaned forward, showing extreme loyalty. She was completely at ease, as if returning to another home, upon arriving at Babel Tower.

Alan and Maryse's attention converged on the new member.

She was a girl, about fifteen or sixteen years old, sitting in a black mechanical wheelchair. She was very thin and wore a gentle and calm white deer mask on her face.

"Ah, the new member," Maryse narrowed her eyes.

She had already watched the latest video and had evaluated the new member with apparent strong hacking skills long ago.

Thus this fellow is a new member from Night Union, looking even more emaciated than me and without limbs... Why not find a way to restore a normal physique?

This kind of thing is very easy, right? Unless, does she have some special fetish?

Maryse doesn't understand various advanced prosthetic technologies, so she finds it very strange.

Hmm... I heard that Night Union's high society is dominated by the so-called "corporate executives", who don't value "blood" and "honor", and even the existence of nobility is nonexistent.

However, Maryse couldn't fathom what distinguished those of power, influence and nobility. Apart from lacking honor, being more barbaric and devoid of tradition... Oh yes, they seemed to possess even more wealth.

Although she had temporarily severed ties with her original family, Maryse was a girl of ancient aristocracy and inherently looked down on the nouveau riche who flaunted their wealth.

Alan gazed at the new member, then turned to observe the surroundings, deeply shaken in his heart.

Where exactly is the Babel Tower? Alan pondered, his heart unable to calm down for a long time due to the environment being completely different from the last time.

Exquisite musical instruments lay unplayed, vivacious crystal maidens, and towering walls intricately crafted from shimmering crystal.

This truly magnificent Crystal Palace, unlike the Heavenly Temple, possesses a peculiar beauty that leaves one awestruck by its grandeur and splendor!

Meanwhile, Amy was also surveying the interior of the Babel Tower, including those unfamiliar faces.

Is this where the gathering in Babel Tower takes place?

Before coming, Amy had already heard a voice in her mind, and understood that she was "summoned", only she didn't expect that it was not just the "Savior" who summoned her alone, but there were so many colleagues.

She couldn't help but look towards the mysterious figure on the crystal throne.

The Savior?

This is the person who manipulates her, a completely unimaginably powerful existence! Amy's heart trembled, instinctively feeling afraid.

She quickly composed herself and said,

"Great Savior, I have a few questions for you... Why did you make me a member of the Babel Tower and why is this organization at odds with the Rock Morgan Group?"

"I have many doubts that I wish for you to answer. Please forgive my rudeness."

Suddenly, Mu Ling spoke with a serious expression and declared, "Even as a super conglomerate, the Rock Morgan Group is insignificant in the face of Babel Tower. Our goal is not to defeat a particular force or enemy, but to vanquish all potential threats to save the world from annihilation."

Upon seeing someone speaking for him, Bai Yan immediately stopped responding.

Well, speaking less is in line with both style and mystery.

"Being quiet to appear skilled" may sound humorous, but in truth, it is the key to ensuring mystery.

"Saving the world from annihilation?"

Amy was slightly stunned. She didn't expect that the ambitions of Babel Tower were so great. But is that their true objective? What kind of existence is the Savior after all?

["There is no doubt that saving the world is the only purpose of Babel Tower, and you are all selected because you have the potential to save the world," said the cold and unfeeling voice.]

The ruthless voice once again echoed in her mind, causing Amy's expression to change and her skin to immediately stand on end.

He could actually hear my innermost voice!

The sudden voice in her mind startled Amy greatly!

She gained a new understanding of the frightening Savior again!

After some effort, Amy regained her composure and asked with a furrowed brow, "I want to know specifically how to achieve this goal of saving the world?"

Before Bai Yan could speak, Mu Ling interrupted again!

"We will accomplish various tasks, thwart the continuous influx of evil, quell potential crises, and our generous Savior will bestow appropriate rewards...continuously making our power become stronger."

"Outside of Noah's world, there are many 'warriors' belonging to the Babel Tower. We few are just new recruits of the Babel Tower."

Amy rotated her mechanical wheelchair and looked at the girl wearing a white dog mask, "Your accent...doesn't sound like someone from the Night Union."

"Yes, I am indeed affiliated with the Air Alliance."

Mu Ling nodded gently and naturally admitted without concealing anything.

Amy thought for a moment and continued, "Apart from that, Savior, do we as members of Babel Tower have more responsibilities or rights?"

[Just as you have already experienced.]

[Training, healing, rewards... there are still many things that I will give you to encourage your growth. Though you are still immature now, eventually you will stand on your own.]

[Before I assign any tasks, it is best if you all become proficient at mastering your abilities and preventing all visible evil. If there is any obligation for Babel Tower members, it is this.]

"I see, I understand now."

Amy nodded again, displaying a respectful attitude.

Then, she looked at Mu Ling and the other three members of the Air Alliance and asked, "I assume you were also selected gradually, so what is your usual way of operation during non-mission periods? How do you communicate?"

Maryse slightly hesitated and asked with some confusion, "Actually not... Are you suggesting that we have private communication outside of the meeting, bypassing the presence of the Savior?"

"No communication?"

Amy nodded gently, then looked towards the position of the Savior, respectfully expressing her thoughts.

"I'd like to establish a private forum, invite them in, and allow us to communicate on a daily basis during non-mission periods. Do you agree with me?"

[You can decide on such a trivial matter yourselves.]

So that's how it is.

Amy probably understood that the Savior is a great existence that transcends human understanding. His, or rather, Babel Tower's ultimate goal is to save all worlds, at least superficially.

And we are all "pawns" that he has chosen.

Apart from the tasks that must be carried out, the Savior doesn't interfere too much with the pawns.

I possess such power, that's why I was chosen. I suppose these few people also have something special.

By the way, why does the Savior have to interfere with the mortal world through us? Could it be that he...

[As you have suspected, at present, it is inconvenient for me to act directly in the mortal world.]

Amy remained silent, her fear growing.

Her inner voice was constantly being listened to uncontrollably...this feeling made Amy feel like she was naked before the Savior.

Alan suddenly asked, "Do you want to create a private forum that spans two different countries and only we can enter?"

"This accent, it turns out all three of them are from the Air Alliance," Amy nodded calmly.

"Yes, I can do it."

She continued, "If other members of Babel Tower want to join, I am naturally very happy to welcome them."

[Perhaps in the future, members from other worlds may also wish to make contact with you.]

The sudden voice from Bai Yan made them understand that for the time being, they would not be able to make contact with other members of Babel Tower too early.

Alan asked again, "How can you ensure that this forum will not be invaded by other hackers? Is the internet really safe? As far as I know, many terrible hackers can break into various defenses on the internet."

"Others cannot guarantee absolute safety, but I can," Amy paused for a moment and continued, "I have an innate power to command the network, so the private forum I created is absolutely secure."

The power to command the network?

Alan, Mu Ling, and Maryse all paused for a moment.

Maryse nodded, indeed the newly added members had peculiarities. Although they were still weak, being chosen by the great Savior naturally had enough reasons.

Amy continued, "As newcomers, the four of us can complement each other's strengths and weaknesses through communication and trade, so that each person can become stronger. If one person is in trouble, others can quickly support... The Savior won't help us in everything, right?"

She undoubtedly made a very reasonable point. The three of them currently had no communication with each other at all, and except for meeting once every ten days through the power of the Savior within Babel Tower, there was no communication whatsoever.

However, any adult knows that the power of communication and trade can make the team better.

"I agreed."

Alan nodded.

Mu Ling followed closely, saying, "If the Savior has no objections, I have no objections either."

"Hmm, I also agree." Maryse finally nodded.

Mu Ling gazed at the new member; although she appeared as a frail and disabled schoolgirl, her conduct was remarkably mature with a strong opinion.

Mu Ling couldn't help but feel that... this girl managed to climb up to the middle management position in a short time since joining here.

Amy nodded and said, "Alright, I'll soon establish a secret forum. You'll need to give me your respective social media accounts in the Air Alliance, and then I'll add you to the forum... The title given to me by the Savior is 'Cybertyrant', but I don't really like it. You can address me as 'X'."

Maryse suddenly exclaimed, "Wait, can't you trace all of our privacy through your powers?"

"Yes, I can."

Amy admitted generously, smiling, "But the great Savior can guarantee that I won't do it. Otherwise, let him punish me."

With that said, no one had any objections.

Bai Yan, who was silently listening, gradually fell into deep contemplation.

Wait a minute, this way, wouldn't I be excluded?

You can't just give "Cybertyrant" Bai Yan's social media account and say, "This is the Savior's social media account. Please add him to it. Thank you."

Well, I have to figure out a way to get in there.

Chapter 108: "Profligate"

"By the way, what is the 'name' you have been given?" Amy suddenly asked.

Maryse thought about it and truthfully replied, "I am Psychic Dancer, well, my ability is more focused on psychic power."

"The power of the soul... I am not very familiar with extraordinary power, but I have been studying relevant books intensively."

"Nightsaber," Mu Ling answered promptly.

Amy calmly looked at Alan, silently applying pressure.

Alan wanted to sigh deeply. These two fellows, he didn't really want to reveal too much information, but now he couldn't just not reply since he was the only one left.

"The name given to me is... Mysterious Magic."

Smiling, Amy nodded and asked, "Hmm, I see. So, what is the current situation for everyone in the real world?"

Alan suddenly spoke with an unpleasant tone, "I don't think we have familiarized ourselves with that yet."

"Hmm, I apologize."

Amy nodded again, not at all angry.

"It seems I have overstepped my bounds. I used to think members of the Babel Tower were all close comrades... Apparently, that's not the case."

Looking around at the crowd, Mu Ling said, "I am a hunter."

A hunter?

Alan chuckled; of course he knew that "Nightsaber" was actually Mu Ling, but he had no intention of revealing her true identity.

The hunter, a special mutant caused by the Outer Gods, a monster that hunts other monsters. Maryse muttered silently, "You are the only one who will honestly speak out your true identity."

Mu Ling continued speaking to Amy, "I don't trust you, but I believe in the Savior. With him present, even if my identity is exposed, nothing will happen."

Amy nodded and brought up the next topic, "Speaking of which, the Rock Morgan Group may already be pursuing me... Do you have any way to help me evade them?"

Mu Ling immediately responded, "Well, do you need a Relic that can help you hide? I can get it for you and give it to you at the meeting in ten days."

Is it a type of Relic with the ability of hiding? Amy remembers that the so-called "Relic" is something with extraordinary power.

Indeed, she needed it.

"Thank you. What price do I need to pay?" Amy immediately agreed.

"Although I really want to say there is no need for any price, the hunter's rule is to never act for free...otherwise, hunters will become worthless."

After thinking for a moment, Mu Ling turned to the other person and said, "Could you give me something belonging to Night Union? Ideally, something with reconnaissance capabilities so I can search for my enemies."

Amy replied, "Alright, I can get you a new type of reconnaissance military robot from Noy Military that cannot be purchased through normal channels. It will help you search for your target over a wide range in the city."

Alan interjected, "Doesn't that thing require authentication and unlocking to be used?"

Amy calmly replied, "I can directly command it to remove the restrictions."

"Alright," Alan fell into contemplation. "The power of my 'teammates' seems exaggerated one after another. Why was I chosen in the first place?"

[Let's stop here for today.]

At that moment, Bai Yan suddenly spoke up.

He then sent the Core Operators away and remained alone on the Crystal Throne, lost in thought.

Hmm.

Although they created a chatting forum, and he can spy on one of them by "live streaming" his phone screen, that's all it is - spying only.

This procedure is extremely troublesome.

Moreover, it seems like he is increasingly being left out.

"It appears that a 'senior member' must join the new staff of Babel Tower, who will guide the newcomers... and also report to the boss... no, in fact, the truth is revealed, the 'senior member' is actually the boss himself."

Bai Yan has fully understood that his "Savior" identity is too high, making it impossible for him to say many things.

Creating a non-existent person would obviously be more advantageous.

Wearing a disguise is clearly better, but how should this disguise be fashioned?

Firstly, it is fundamental to adhere to a principle... which is to separate the identity of this alias as much as possible from "Bai Yan" and the "Savior."

The "veteran members" must never appear to be associated with "Bai Yan" and the "Savior."

"Hmm, what kind of personality would look completely different from 'me'?"

Bai Yan continued to contemplate, gradually conjuring up a fresh image in his mind.

—

All things crumble and are rebuilt anew.

The sky in New Street was always night-colored, never once did sunlight appear. Upon returning home once again, Amy realized that not much time had passed.

The flow of time is one-to-one.

"Ah, the Babel Tower, the Savior, and other members, there's really a lot of information."

Amy shook her head and looked towards her brother lying on the bed.

The situation was hundreds of times better than the worst-case scenario she had imagined. Amy had even considered being trapped in a jar for the rest of her life and being controlled as a mere tool.

But now, the situation was that she had been forcibly recruited into a powerful organization with clear rewards and punishments.

As usual, she curated the information she learned today and recorded all the aspects of her three Babel Tower "comrades," including a profile on their personalities in her mental chip.

"Nightsaber, female, self-proclaimed hunter, an honest and straightforward girl, currently trustworthy as she appears to heavily rely on our Savior and Babel Tower."

"Mysterious Magic, male, unknown in the real world, doesn't seem to trust me and is very cautious. His level of trust for our Savior and Babel Tower is also low; he must have been forced to join recently."

"Psychic Dancer, a woman whose identity in the real world seems to be that of a noble lady. However, she lacks sufficient trust in people other than Nightsaber and always lurks at the back of the trio, observing others. Her inner thoughts are likely abundant and perhaps she has an unknown side."

Finally, there is a record about the "Savior."

"The Savior... can read thoughts, manipulate operators, and is a mysterious entity claiming to have the goal of 'saving the entire world,' suspected of possessing various inexplicable powers."

She fell silent for a moment and made the final summary in the record.

"Incapable of resistance, speculation, or refusal."

After finishing the recording report, Amy began to construct the ideal secret forum.

To an ordinary programmer, this might be a time-consuming task, but Amy only needs to give orders and the network will "work" for her automatically.

It is a faithful follower of "Cybertyrant".

Outside Noah's world, natural disasters are rampant, the three major countries are not adjacent to each other, and the overseas territories are extremely barbaric with very few civilized areas.

Why can the networks of three countries still connect to each other?

The answer is that someone has been using unimaginable power to open "part of the otherworld realm" for a long time, as a necessary signal tower, to significantly shorten the distance between several countries through the designated exit positions, and finally establish an interconnected network.

This is only the behavior of a very small group of people, which happened to be discovered by Amy, so she borrowed it.

These people seem to be the members of the cult that worship the God of Cyber, and this is the conclusion she came to after observation.

After setting up the private forum, Amy effortlessly entered the Air Alliance network from thousands of miles away, much like Napoleon strolling into Paris.

She soon discovered that the country's network was incredibly outdated, yet still obedient to her commands.

"So, bring them in."

After a while.

In the minimalist design of a pure white secret forum, several Core Operators of Babel Tower came online one after another.

"X: Hello everyone."

"Nightsaber: Is this the forum that you created? It's very well done, you are really talented, X."

"Psychic Dancer: I've been feeling quite lonely these past few days, but now I finally have someone to chat with..."

Amy glanced briefly and saw that "Mysterious Magic" was also online, but he didn't speak and remained silent.

Cautious type.

At that moment, she suddenly realized that something was wrong!

There was a member whom she had never seen and completely unknown to her, surprisingly also in this secret forum!

"What's happening?"

Amy was immensely surprised, as even with the power she possessed, her self-designed network defense had been breached for the first time.

Soon, the unexpected member also sent two messages.

"I am also a member of the Babel Tower. Sorry X, I didn't inform you. I just used the power of the 'Savior' to break in."

"You may call me 'Profligate'."

Chapter 109: Seniority

This is a new persona that Bai Yan has concocted for himself.

Through the power of Power Possession: Replication, he effortlessly enters the forum and fabricates a non-existent character.

Even "Cybertyrant" cannot uncover his specific information and origins, because he doesn't actually exist.

Brand new identity.

"Profligate."

Bai Yan has already thought about the image of "Profligate" in real life and doesn't want him to remain just a character on the forum.

By using the Disguise Mask, which can alter one's appearance, Bai Yan could effortlessly create a new, alternate visage.

He wore a rather classical black robe, with black hair and brown eyes that resembled those of a Western man more than Bai Yan did. His slightly curled hair framed a handsome face with deeper contours than Bai Yan's, giving him an air of a noble scholar. His actions and manners were more elegant and exaggerated.

"Bai Yan" was a stereotypical Eastern face in Alan's perception, a college student who loved to play games and had nothing to do with noble, elegant, or scholarly temperaments.

These were all deliberate choices made by Bai Yan to differentiate himself.

He even contemplated acquiring a monocle...

This is "Profligate".

An elder with a more talkative, proactive personality, who enjoys happiness and excitement more.

In the forum, someone quickly responded to the unexpected "uninvited guest."

"Nightsaber: Are you also a member of Babel Tower?"

"Profligate: Yes, but I joined much earlier than you, I have been following Mr. Savior for many years. The number of worlds he wants to save is countless, whereas I have been active in different worlds for many years."

He actually referred to the Savior as "Mr"!

It seems that this senior is indeed very familiar with the Savior and they have a close relationship.

Offline, Mu Ling sat on the white bed with her phone in her hand, lost in thought.

"Perhaps one day, I too can gain the recognition of the Savior..."

She didn't doubt the authenticity of the other's identity. After all, the great Savior watches over everything happening with Babel Tower members. If the other was a fake, the Savior would definitely expose him immediately.

In other words, everything that "Profligate" says is true.

"X: You were not newly recruited by Babel Tower. Why the decision to join us?"

"Profligate: Because you may encounter some difficult things to refuse, Mr. Savior, He has decided to provide a guide for you."

"He"?

These words stirred up a wave in everyone's heart and finally confirmed it!

It turned out that the Savior was indeed an ancient and powerful god, just as they had imagined.

Although it was expected, it still stirred up some emotions among the few people!

"Psychic Dancer: Guide? Welcome, welcome! Hello, senior! I am the most well-behaved and adorable!"

My goodness, the true nature has been exposed directly on the forum. Bai Yan silently watched without responding to "Psychic Dancer's" statement.

"Mysterious Magic: So, when we are in danger and difficulty, can you come to help us?"

Bai Yan pondered for a moment before giving an immediate response.

"Profligate: I am currently involved in a very dreadful war in another world, and it is hard for me to spare much energy to interfere in your... 'trivial matters'. I will only dispatch my clone when it is necessary to intervene and offer assistance in your world...but my clone possesses only a fraction of my true strength. Do not expect too much."

Ah, how delightful!

Finally, I can talk more!

Playing the role of "Savior" was suffocating me! Now, I can say whatever I want!

Well, not everything can be said.

Bai Yan's words and actions left room for himself, no matter when "Profligate" appears, when he exits, or how much strength he shows, he can always come back smoothly.

"X: I have always had doubts and want to ask here, why is the Savior so great but cannot solve the problem personally?"

Bai Yan had memorized the answer to this question in his mind for a score or more already.

"Profligate: The Outer Gods possess unmatched power, why don't they simply descend upon the world?"

"Profligate: The fragile multiverse has already done its utmost to restrict the arrival of great beings across various worlds with rules, even the Savior is not exempt. If He wants to descend upon the world, it is not impossible, but every time it will come at a cost, and you are not yet worthy of His doing so."

"Profligate: He wants to combat the threat brought by many great beings, so trivial matters are not worth the effort and cost."

The crowd completely comprehends and accepts this statement.

When this magnificent being comes in its real form, the "Rainbows" will probably have a stress response, and the whole world may be turned upside down... Their petty actions are totally unworthy of the Savior's own intervention.

"Profligate: By the way, Mysterious Magic, Mr. Savior asked me to give you a message... Beware of the witch."

Beware of the witch?

Alan, who was offline, froze in the bathroom. He nibbled his fingers while holding his phone, immediately becoming nervous.

Why should I be careful of the witch? This so-called "witch," could it be referring to Merete Chambers?

What's going on?

"Profligate: Her essence is a thirst for control, a true witch, hiding in the Demon Hunt Agency is just a temporary measure, and she will eventually betray the Demon Hunt Agency... This so-called 'Demon Hunt Agency,' seems to be a force or organization in your world?"

"Mysterious Magic: Hmm, Demon Hunt Agency. Everyone here has heard of this force that protects order, but I don't know the specifics."

Hehe, you're still pretending with me, aren't you? Your essence is a liar, right? Sigh, the world has fallen into moral decay. Although I don't seem to have scammed people less than you have.

Bai Yan couldn't help but grin, knowing that Alan was trying to distance himself from any association with the Demon Hunt Agency.

"Profligate: Oh, I see."

"Profligate: That witch should have a 'terrible Relic', although it appears to be a civilization-level Relic, it is actually a higher level existence, a part of a 'Ruin' level Relic."

Bai Yan deliberately revealed the Moon Witch's secret to Alan, partly to avenge the things she secretly investigated, to vent his anger.

On the other hand, he also wanted Alan and Lin Bian and other Night Watchers to keep a close eye on Merete Chambers, making sure that this fellow would not cause any trouble for him recklessly.

Once he was exposed, he always felt that there was a great probability of being imprisoned by the witch.

It's better to avoid that kind of development.

"Nightsaber: What is a Ruin-level Relic?"

"Psychic Dancer: I've only heard of Civilization-level Relic ... Is it a more powerful and formidable level?"

"Profligate: The so-called 'Civilization-level Relics' are the remnants that naturally occur after the destruction of a civilization in the multiverse. They are indeed very powerful, but there are many relics of this level throughout the entire multiverse."

"Profligate: However, there are only 27 'Ruin-level' relics that correspond to 27 Outer Gods."

"Nightsaber: No, there are only 24 Outer Gods in total."

"Mysterious Magic: Perhaps he didn't make a mistake, and there are three Outer Gods that we don't know about?"

"Profligate: That's exactly right."

As the venerable predecessor of Babel Tower, he knew so much about the secrets of the multiverse! When the "Ruin-level Relic" and 27 Outer Gods were mentioned for the first time, everyone was surprised and had a special feeling.

They seemed to join the "high-end" gang and participate in the most central part of the multiverse.

Intelligence and information itself are valuable, and the senior disclosed so many secrets for free. Both Mu Ling and Maryse have a good impression of him.

They are just newcomers to Babel Tower, while "Profligate" is undoubtedly a strong fighter who has fought in various worlds for many years and defeated countless enemies beyond their imagination.

And such powerful predecessors can indeed easily become their guides.

"X: The intelligence provided by our predecessors is very valuable. I feel that it cannot be provided to everyone 'free of charge'."

"Mysterious Magic: Do you have any ideas?"

"X: Well, fair trade can promote everyone's enthusiasm. Therefore, it would be better for us to establish a trading system in the forum. Just now, I conducted a trade with 'Nightsaber', and the Savior didn't stop me. Obviously, this approach would not violate the rules of the Babel Tower."

Her execution ability is extremely strong. Just after speaking, a new trading system popped up on everyone's phone.

This also leaves no room for opposition from others.

In the trading system, everyone has their own "selling" and "buying" options. In contrast to the original bartering system, "Cybertyrant" thoughtfully designed a "credit" mechanism to make transactions more convenient.

Everyone's starting credits are the same, except for "Profligate" who has 400 more, obviously as the reward for those secrets just now.

"Profligate: Hmm, your idea is not bad. Let me evaluate the value of the items for the trade. To ensure fairness, I will not participate in the transaction between you two and will only provide information free of charge."

The next moment, all of his points were reset. This was something Bai Yan had done using the power of "Cybertyrant."

"X: Alright."

"Psychic Dancer: I agree as well."

"Mysterious Magic: Agreed."

"Nightsaber: I have no objection."

"Sigh."

Offline, the incomplete girl who lived in a cramped room let out a slight sigh. She had originally intended to formulate the rules of the forum herself and evaluate the worth of the deals and information on her own.

However, "Profligate" had already spoken in that way and even mentioned "fairness", making it impossible for himself to say "no".

Otherwise, her idea would be too obvious and cause a decrease in everyone's favorable impression.

In fact, Bai Yan, who was playing the role of "Profligate", had already seen through the girl's thoughts.

"Cybertyrant" is often praised by many as a gentle, strong, and rational figure, akin to a mother or a good teacher. However, she always shows some degree of controlling tendencies, which can be considered a personal flaw.

"It seems there are only wrongly chosen names, but no wrongly chosen nicknames," Bai Yan muttered to himself.

"Mysterious Magic: I have some important information to offer about 'Mr. Mystery' and 'Black Star', who wants to know?"

Bai Yan was slightly taken aback, knowing that "Mysterious Magic" was offering bait, but someone was bound to bite it.

"Nightsaber: I want to know."

Chapter 110: Transaction

Mu Ling sitting on the bed held her breath, and gradually tightened her hand holding the phone.

Puzzle.

The man's movements...

Other things can be ignored, other villains can be temporarily abandoned, but only the information about this man is something that she absolutely cannot miss and cannot let go of!

He took away everything from the family and took away everything from herself.

Mu Ling closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and then opened them again.

Soon there was a new message on the mobile phone.

"Mysterious Magic: Hmm, but I'm not sure what the price for this information should be in terms of points."

Everyone's initial points are five hundred, and they haven't yet traded with points, so they don't know the specific value of the information and traded goods.

And pricing, as "Profligate" mentioned, is his responsibility.

"Profligate: Let's start with a basic universal price, a common Relic is around one hundred points, while higher quality and powerful Relics start at three hundred points, and Civilization-level Relics are over two thousand points."

Bai Yan based his pricing on the market value of the Otherworlds of the Air Alliance.

He has recently read many books about the supernatural and has a good grasp of common knowledge about The Otherworlds.

Any Civilization-level Relic possesses powerful abilities, which allow supernaturals to fight beyond their level, and its price is at least equivalent to twenty times that of an ordinary Relic.

Just like the "Invisible Cloak of Hermes", once Maryse possesses it, even when facing "Apocalypse" level top-tier experts, she can watch their attacks helplessly while sweating profusely and remain unaffected.

The slightly more advanced "High-level Relics", such as the "Disguise Mask" and the "Enchanted Pistol", undoubtedly the former possess powerful functionality and have a remarkable effect when utilized, with an extremely high upper limit.

Although the latter's name sounds ordinary, it can easily injure shadow-like "Aliens" and attack many beings with physical immunity.

The lowest-tier common Relics are even considered "trash" in the Babel Tower's lottery, mostly having simple spell effects such as "fireball launch", "lie detection", and "protection shield".

The black greatsword Mu Ling often used and the Ring of Protection Maryse has never used, both of which belong to this level, providing limited assistance in battle and costing very little.

For example, the use of Mu Ling's "Night Blade" only results in a slight decrease in her vision during the day, which is basically negligible for her "superhuman" body.

Since Profligate's set price ratio is similar to the market price ratio of Relic, no one objected after hearing it.

"Although Civilization-level Relic, as a strategic material, has a price, it is generally rare for extraordinary individuals to sell it. Only the top-notch individuals among them would trade in such items."

Offline, Alan was pondering in the bathroom and felt a bit crazy, or perhaps insanely so.

It appears that new members of their organization can trade "Civilization-level Relics" internally!

It is usually only between major powers that "Civilization-level Relics" are traded, but it seems that the "Savior" has given many to them.

"Profligate: Once we have a specific benchmark price, we can even price other things, such as information that doesn't even have a substantiality."

"Nightsaber: Mr. Mysterious Magic, is your information of great significance? I intend to kill 'Mr. Mystery', and if it is merely some insignificant gossip, I shall not pay a steep price."

"Mysterious Magic: This information is enough to determine the life and death of 'Mr. Mystery' and the survival of the Black Star Faction in Tatsumi City."

"Nightsaber: Very well, in that case, I am willing to offer 150 points to purchase your information."

This means that Mu Ling is willing to trade one and a half ordinary Relics in exchange for this information.

"Mysterious Magic: Agreed."

Amy quickly got to work, and "Nightsaber's" forum points instantly dropped from 500 to 350, while "Mysterious Magic's" points increased to 650.

"Mysterious Magic" privately messaged "Nightsaber."

Bai Yan brazenly eavesdropped on the two's transaction information under the guise of "Profligate."

Amy immediately noticed that "Profligate" was listening in on their trade secrets, but she didn't dare to do so herself.

After all, Amy was also a member of the trading market, not the regulator. Once the situation is exposed, her reputation will be ruined.

However, "Profligate's" status is completely different. As the appointed guide of the Savior, he is transcendental and privileged. And most importantly, he is not involved in people's transactions.

"Mysterious Magic: The Demon Hunt Agency has found the hiding place of 'Mr. Mystery.'"

"Mysterious Magic: They will soon take action and completely wipe out the Black Star Faction's influence in Tatsumi City within a few days."

"Nightsaber: So, where exactly is the location that 'Mr. Mystery' is hiding?"

"Mysterious Magic: I don't know the exact location, but I do know that the 'Emperor' will personally intervene. So, one thing is certain, 'Mr. Mystery's' days are numbered."

Of course Alan couldn't reveal the location, after all, he was a member of the Demon Hunt Agency. But informing Nightsaber that Mr. Mystery's end was imminent wasn't considered a big deal.

However, if he were to leak the specific time and location of their actions, it would be considered a form of betrayal.

The "Emperor" will personally act... Mu Ling couldn't help but ponder, that man was a top-notch member of the imperial guards even in the Eyes of the Empire.

"Nightsaber: Okay, I understand, thank you."

"Mysterious Magic: You don't have to thank me, it's just a trade."

After Bai Yan became aware of all this, he fell into deep thought.

As expected, during the time of their disappearance, "Mr. Mystery" and the Black Star Faction were definitely preparing to do something... the villains couldn't possibly be idle.

Although the pharmaceutical company's plan was disrupted and their ambush on the werewolves failed, "Mr. Mystery" surely wouldn't just stand still and keep taking blows.

Something was being prepared as a backup plan.

"X: By the way, if you want to buy any Night Union specialties, feel free to contact me anytime, I can find a way to get them for you."

"X: This is a rough checklist, please take a look."

Afterwards, each person's phone displayed an additional series of checklists, which included hundreds of Night Union "specialties," such as various technological products, special medications, and local snacks, among others.

Bai Yan had already understood that "Cybertyrant" was trying to find ways to sell Night Union's various goods to Babel Tower's operators, earning their points and buying enough powerful Relics from them.

And she didn't need to pay any cost to obtain these things.

Because, in a certain sense, the "Cybertyrant" who can manipulate the network is the "god" of the electronic payment era.

This guy is a wolf in sheep's clothing, Bai Yan fully understood the intentions of "Cybertyrant".

"Psychic Dancer: I want that kind of legendary spell chip, the one that records 'fighting skills', and I also want a potion to strengthen my physique..."

"X: Sure, let Mr. Profligate give you the price for the 'spell chip'. It's a military-controlled item, so it may take some time for me to get it, but the potion for strengthening your physique is not a problem. I recommend Nine Trees Foundation's 'Deep Sea K550'. I can bring it to you directly at the next meeting."

The Nine Trees Foundation is recognized as the world's leading biotechnological entity.

Legend has it that they even possess terrifying technology to bring the dead back to life.

Hmm, the Deep Sea K550 drug is a great substance that strengthens the body without any side effects, albeit quite expensive.

"However, the high price is not its flaw, but rather a flaw of the buyers."

Bai Yan roughly estimated the price of "Deep Sea K550" in the black market, just as a reference, not necessarily precise but shouldn't be absurd.

"Profligate: Its value is approximately 300 points."

"X: I can sell it to you for 240 points, let's be friends. But if you have something good in the future, don't forget to show me."

"Psychic Dancer: Really? Thank you! I won't forget you if I have something good."

"X: Does anyone else want anything?"

No one responded for the time being, and today's exchange came to an end.

As the members logged off one after another, Bai Yan used the power of "Cybertyrant" to erase all records about "Profligate".

He then returned home and prepared dinner for himself.

Bai Yan took a sip of water, donned the kitchen apron, while thoughts of today's occurrences lingered in his mind.

In theory, the "Cybertyrant" has almost unlimited wealth, but if she frequently misappropriates funds, or directly controls e-commerce to "procure" goods for herself... she will increasingly face the risk of being arrested.

Even if she cannot be traced entirely online, dealing with unreasonable superhuman abilities can be quite thorny.

"Hopefully she won't get out of hand."

Bai Yan's dinner tonight was homemade seaweed wrapped rice, but it was vastly different from the normal version because he added many peculiar ingredients, such as large prawns, crabmeat, five nuts, and peanuts...

When he was bored and alone, he even made chocolate ice cream rolls by himself.

Bai Yan was eating seaweed-wrapped rice, one mouthful at a time, when he suddenly realized that he had received a text message on his mobile phone.

It was from the captain.

"It's already 7 o'clock in the evening, what's going on?" Bai Yan furrowed his brows.

"Gather at Block 31 in the East Industrial Zone in 20 minutes, for an emergency mission."

Hmm?

Emergency mission?

Bai Yan was briefly stunned and immediately thought of the information that Alan had revealed on the forum. Could it be... Mr. Mystery was about to be caught?

"Has this BOSS finally appeared?"

Afterwards, "Babel Tower" also popped up, his phone vibrated, and the distinct font made it very clear for him to read.

"Emergency mission!"