

M. Leader 341

Chapter 341

The High Priest extended his aged and withered hand.

The surrounding ground, stretching hundreds of meters, shattered under the control of an unseen tremendous force.

Silently, it floated up.

The High Priest slowly extended his hand.

Manipulating invisible forces.

The sky was filled with massive boulders, carrying an immense impact as they crashed towards the buildings ahead.

The momentum was incredibly grand, like a meteor shower.

However, the Brave Knight in black armor showed no fear. She simply drew her sword slowly, and in the blink of an eye, she vanished without a trace.

In just an instant, Mu Ling appeared behind the High Priest.

She sheathed her sword.

"..."

The High Priest turned around in disbelief, wanting to do something more, but at that moment, his head fell to the ground.

Instantly, he struck with deadly precision!

Just as Mu Ling skillfully evaded all the attacks, she swiftly approached through the Deep Blue World. In the end, with a single powerful strike, she instantly defeated the "Frail Skin" High Priest.

All of these actions had already been predetermined within the Babel Tower game!

A magnificent Crown-level transcendent being, even stronger than the renowned Pastor who once had a glorious reputation in Tatsumi City, was easily and swiftly defeated by Mu Ling!

It's not just a gap in power, but also a restraint based on compatibility.

Additionally, with Bai Yan's meticulously planned actions, the unexpected "instant defeat" became a reality.

The surrounding cultists stood frozen for a moment, completely unable to comprehend what had just happened.

They still wanted to resist.

But within a few seconds, without exception, the heads of all the cultists fell to the ground.

"Clean-up is finished."

Mu Ling's voice was cold and indifferent, and she had no intention of staying here. Before anyone could arrive, she immediately rushed towards another district in the city.

At the same time, in two other districts, two "shadow" Mu Lings also successfully killed the two high priests who were conducting the ceremony after an intense battle.

Their basic attributes are only half of the original body, but they possess a special physique that is almost indestructible.

To deal with ordinary crown-level extraordinary beings, they were more than capable.

And besides the three powerful "Mu Lings"... elsewhere on the battlefield, the conflict raged on in an intense and relentless manner.

In the eleventh district, above the deserted streets, a silver crescent moon appeared, as if by magic.

That was an illusion of the moon.

"Humph, is that all there is?"

Maryse, dressed in a silver lunar gown, danced gracefully in the shimmering moonlight, enchanting everyone with her captivating moves.

She still found the dress to be quite delicate, but she was slowly getting used to it.

Maryse watched as the enemies fell into enchantment by the moonlight, and she couldn't help but feel proud of her own power.

Oh, dear!

It was a beautiful, magnificent, and powerful presence!

It felt amazing!

No, it didn't feel great, actually. It was a bit, um... frustrating!

She suddenly transformed her dance moves, uncontrollably beginning to dance with even more rhythm, in a graceful and mysterious way.

It felt even more like an ancient ritual from a distant era.

Moon Dance: Blood Moon.

Suddenly, in the sky, the shining silver moon began to undergo magical transformations.

It gradually transformed into a terrifying blood-red moon.

Unbeknownst to her, the moonlit gown on Maryse also turned crimson!

Like flowing blood.

The expressions on the faces of the cultists, too, gradually shifted from fascination to horror!

The blood moon hung high in the sky.

They could no longer remain silent, and one by one, they began to shout in disbelief!

These people laughed and cheered, even the high priest who was in charge of the ceremony was no exception.

He laughed heartily.

"Oh, I see now! It was actually like this!"

"I, I understand now! Ha ha ha ha ha!"

"Why is it like this? Why? Ahhhhh!"

Maryse, who was still dancing in place, was suddenly stunned.

What did they see?

She also didn't know what these cultists had seen during the Blood Moon.

This scene was too eerie and sinister, even Maryse herself, who possessed special abilities, felt a bit frightened.

"I always feel like... that bloody moon is watching me..."

She felt a sense of uneasiness in her heart.

Meanwhile, in another district, on another battlefield.

"Charge!"

Aurora, once again, led her team of knights in a charge. They transformed into golden light, surging with impact!

Not far away, the cultists faced a mighty surge of divine power and were utterly powerless to resist.

Only a young high priest in charge here raised his hands, using a spell like a Transparent Wall, managing to barely fend off the attack.

He wanted to continue attacking.

Suddenly, Aurora forcefully threw her lance forward, accurately piercing through the body of the young high priest. He was sent flying by the immense force.

But even so, the high priest didn't completely die; he continued to struggle relentlessly.

"Don't struggle anymore, it's over."

Aurora swiftly stepped forward and pulled out her lance, without hesitation she delivered another strike, finally putting an end to him.

Exhale.

"Is it finished like this?"

Aurora, feeling rather peculiar, had an unusual sensation during this battle.

The recent battle felt as though it had been perfectly orchestrated, as if everyone was following a predetermined script.

The actions manipulated by the Savior always managed to flawlessly evade the enemy's attacks ahead of time.

It didn't feel like a battle; both sides were almost like rehearsing!

The enemy's strength was not significantly different from one's own, but "oneself" perfectly predicted every move, leaving them no chance of winning.

So Aurora and her knight squad easily emerged victorious.

"Is this the power of the Savior... It's like the ability to foresee the development of everything..."

If everything could really be pre-designed by the mysterious Him.

Babel Tower, isn't it invincible and unbeatable in battle!

As Aurora thought about this, a profound sense of awe welled up in her heart.

The mysterious and enigmatic Savior possessed incredible powers, unquestionably making them a truly great deity.

At that moment, Aurora suddenly turned around and sensed an immensely powerful presence.

Who could be approaching?

Very strong!

Aurora, to her surprise, noticed that her body had started perspiring uncontrollably.

Meanwhile, the Sacred Heart Knights, who were much weaker than her, remained completely unaware of anything unusual happening.

"Not bad, you actually noticed me."

The voice of the elderly person.

In the white mist, a white armor slowly appeared, resembling a statue. Its body, standing over two meters tall, possessed an overwhelming sense of terror akin to a towering mountain.

Once the former leader of the Knights of the Divine Blade, known as "Phantom," now standing as the top disciple under "Silence's" tutelage.

Evil Spirit.

"The Babel Tower really lived up to its reputation, being able to foresee the future... In a short amount of time, half of the core members of the organization were unexpectedly killed. It was the most devastating loss in decades... Truly, it was the Babel Tower, truly, it was the Savior."

The elderly knight in white armor walked forward slowly.

The aged voice trembled with an imposing force, causing the knights to be filled with a heightened sense of tension.

Although they had not yet clashed, all the Sacred Heart Knights were well aware of one thing.

Even if they risked their lives, they were no match for the enigmatic White Armor Knight.

The difference in strength was too great, the power of both sides existed in separate dimensions.

However, the Evil Spirit didn't make its final move.

"Unfortunately, today is not the time for the final battle yet, so I will let you go for now..."

His figure slowly disappeared into the mist.

Just as everyone was confused, the space not far in front suddenly began to tremble. In the next moment, Chris, the captain of the Knights of the Divine Blade, appeared with more than a dozen members of the Knight of the Divine Blade at the scene.

Aurora was slightly startled, the ability to teleport collectively?

"Oh, I see," Aurora realized immediately, "that's why the old man just retreated. He didn't want to be held back. Besides the Babel Tower, there are others guarding this city."

Then, her gaze met Chris's.

"Babel Tower?"

This man had sharp eyes, gleaming with vitality. He seemed like a lion strolling leisurely in a garden, as if the entire city was his territory to protect as the Lion King.

Both of them were captains of the knight's order, but there was a world of difference in their abilities.

Aurora immediately understood that the black-armored knight in front of her was equally dangerous!

Chris looked at Aurora and the others, and slowly spoke, asking, "Are you all from the Babel Tower?"

No one answered.

Just as the knights were on edge, Chris, without any hint of hostility, shook his head and simply said:

"I hope to share the known news with all of you."

Chris spoke with determination, "Protecting this city is more important to me than anything else... Even if it means openly defying the divine proclamation, I don't mind."

As soon as these words were spoken, the other Knights of the Divine Blade all showed expressions of astonishment.

Chris hesitated for a moment, then continued, "I know, you must also have the intention to cooperate... After all, this time, you voluntarily reported the possible location of the enemy."

--

In the fifteenth district, in a dark corner.

The Profligate of the Babel Tower had appeared here not long ago.

He was battling against a towering giant puppet that stood five meters tall!

"Quack, quack, quack!"

The puppet looked extremely peculiar, like a scarecrow made of black straw. It was shrieking strangely while swinging an enormous weapon in its "hands".

The weapon would sometimes transform into a sickle, sometimes into a longsword, and sometimes into a bow and arrow.

Even though each strike could cut and crush buildings, the people nearby had already been evacuated by Bai Yan in advance, and these attacks had no effect on him.

However...

The thing in front of them couldn't be killed at all.

Yes, the profligate Bai Yan had tried using various abilities, but he could never completely kill it. After each "injury".

It would instantly regain its well-being.

Even the Fire that Burns Everything, though capable of destroying everything, cannot devour at a speed faster than its ability to regenerate.

And this is the "Eve" stage, one of the two big bosses...Sophora.

"In the midst of all the excitement, you were the odd one out, a BOSS who appeared out of nowhere... But why were you participating in this Babel Tower game?"

Bai Yan smiled and continued,

"What are you exactly? Or rather, what is the force behind you, pulling the strings of your existence?"

Sophora, of course, didn't answer. It simply cackled oddly.

Bai Yan stopped speaking to the strange being and also confirmed a difficult matter.

Every time this thing gets injured, its power grows stronger after it recovers.

I don't know when it started, but I couldn't easily inflict harm upon it anymore.

Since that's the case, they couldn't easily launch an attack, otherwise it would keep stacking up the monster's strength.

Bai Yan actually knew deep down how powerful this thing would become... he had tried it in the "Babel Tower" game.

A regular "Apocalypse" wouldn't be its limit.

"But... you're actually dead."

Bai Yan's face showed a joyful smile.

Filled with confidence.

"Before this battle between you and me started, the outcome of your defeat had already been decided..."

I, the Savior...

Many hours ago, I had already "battled" with you. After numerous attempts, a certain outcome was determined through the discovery of a weak point.

And that is... she could completely destroy you.

"She arrived."

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Maryse watched as the mad cultists died one by one, and her clothes were stained with what seemed like blood.

She always felt a chilling sensation running down her spine.

"What a strange power... Why does such a frightening power exist, a gift from the Savior... How peculiar..."

After the Doomsday Crisis, Maryse never doubted the "righteousness" nature of the Babel Tower. But the bizarre sight before her left her momentarily stunned.

Why would the Savior of the Babel Tower bestow such an evil power?

She couldn't understand.

But deep inside, Maryse still believed that the Savior was not just a hypocritical deity, disguised as a benevolent god, but a truly great presence with a genuine desire to save the world.

And there was no time left for Maryse to ponder any further.

Because this time was a "fast track" level, with Bai Yan's arrangements, Maryse would soon have to rush to battle the next enemy.

She suddenly felt as if her body was merging with the crimson dance dress of the moon.

This is, what is happening?

I have turned into liquid!

Maryse was startled and then felt frightened. She was being controlled to unleash the power within her character card... "Moonlight Refraction."

Only I saw the fairy girl's body transforming into a stream of crimson moonlight, soaring to the sky in an instant!

After a few seconds, the streak of blood-red light swiftly descended onto the fifteenth district of Annotales.

In just an instant, the blood-red moonlight transformed back into human form.

Maryse crouched on the ground, panting heavily, taken aback.

"Scared to death, just thought I was about to become a drink for some evil god..."

After she looked up, she suddenly saw Mr. Profligate, whom she hadn't seen for a while.

Profligate was fighting a terrifying scarecrow monster!

The black scarecrow monster was incredibly powerful. It cackled sinisterly, and with a casual swing of its weapon, the surrounding buildings were knocked down by a fierce gust of wind!

"So strong!" he exclaimed.

Maryse was a bit startled, and also a bit afraid of being hit by the aftermath.

But the young elf girl soon discovered that this scarecrow monster was completely being toyed with by Profligate, the master of revelry.

No attack could land on this man who had a myriad of tricks up his sleeve. He would disappear and reappear in an instant, often employing teleportation!

"Yay! Mr. Moriarty, go for it!"

Maryse excitedly wanted to wave her flag and shout, her body immediately started moving with enthusiasm.

Of course, this wasn't something she wanted to do on her own.

But instead, she was supposed to dance.

"Here we go again?" Maryse sighed, already accustomed to dancing.

Just then, a familiar blood moon appeared once again in the sky.

And when the blood moon appeared, even the immortal creature named "Sophora" was instantly captivated, standing still in place.

It gazed at the blood moon in the sky, no longer shrieking or making any movements.

It seemed to transform into a real scarecrow.

"Whimper..."

Suddenly, a peculiar sound emitted from within "Sophora's" body, resembling the crying of a child and the sigh of a dying old man.

It seemed as if it had witnessed something extremely terrifying.

Even monsters feel fear!

Just then, Maryse was suddenly startled and exclaimed in a panicked voice, "Don't look! Mr. Profligate, Moriarty! Please, don't look! Don't!"

Bai Yan, who was standing by the side...

He also gazed silently at the blood moon in the sky.

Even though the fairy girl shouted loudly beside him, Bai Yan remained calm, seemingly unaffected. He didn't hear a word of Maryse's voice.

Maryse was extremely anxious, trying her best to free herself from the clutches of the "Savior", but she was helpless and couldn't break free, no matter how hard she tried.

She could only silently continue dancing with a dance that possessed a mysterious beauty.

Watching from here, Profligate was beguiled by the blood moon that cursed humanity.

"No, no, please don't!"

Tears streamed down Maryse's eyes. She knew just how terrifying that thing was. Even a Profligate, might very well...

Would she end up killing him with her own hands?

At this moment, Bai Yan never took his gaze away from the blood moon.

It was so beautiful.

He had never seen something so beautiful before.

"What is that?"

Just like everyone else, he also saw something extraordinary.

Inside the crimson moon, there seemed to be something.

Bai Yan gradually saw clearly that in the crimson moon, there was a slender, silver, and immaculate seven-clawed long dragon.

And in the instant of seeing the dragon, Bai Yan felt... himself being watched by it!

He seemed to have glimpsed countless universes.

Boom!

Just as Bai Yan was about to shift his gaze, deciding not to look any longer.

[...]

Suddenly, some incomprehensible information entered Bai Yan's mind. Numerous pieces of information gradually arranged themselves, forming a message that Bai Yan could understand...

[Who are you?]

A question arose.

A mysterious and formless great being, whose appearance was unknown, seemed to question Bai Yan, as if reaching out to him through countless worlds.

But Bai Yan had no idea how to respond.

[Indeed, it was as such.]

That voice appeared once again.

[Don't look.]

As if being forcefully pushed, Bai Yan instantly snapped awake.

He closed his eyes, no longer lifting his head to look at the Celestial Dragon in the sky. Although from the very beginning, he had felt confident in facing the Outer God without any mishaps, he still wanted to thank that unfamiliar voice.

According to what was mentioned in the description of the "Moon Dancer", if he wasn't mistaken, the Lunar Dragon within the Blood Moon was very likely the "Eternal Moon" of the Outer God.

He is also an Outer God.

Symbolizing all the negative energy in the diverse universe.

And within the Outer God, the Primordial Fire is the exact opposite of Him, symbolizing all the positive energy in the diverse universe.

As for the person who had just reminded himself...

Who could it be?

Bai Yan closed his eyes and fell into deep thought. The voice he had just heard belonged to a young man, soft and calm.

It was definitely a presence that he had never encountered before.

That person, perhaps even highly likely to be from beyond this world, could interfere with the Outer God's influence on himself.

Who could it be?

He was very puzzled, but couldn't speculate.

But Bai Yan couldn't help but feel that this person who had just spoken was an unbelievably powerful being... They might even be an Outer God themselves.

Finally, the monster named Sophora died.

Under the influence of the Blood Moon, it crashed to the ground, transforming into a pile of ashes and straw, devoid of any signs of life.

A curse was cast.

Compared to the use of positive energy, the utilization of negative energy seemed slightly more mysteriously eerie, possessing various unique ways of causing harm.

Just then, Maryse also came to a halt in her dance.

She rushed over without hesitation and embraced Bai Yan, exclaiming loudly, "Just now! I was so scared... So, what did all of you see? Why were you all spellbound!"

The Moon Dance is indeed a powerful special move, though it becomes utterly useless once you close your eyes beforehand. Bai Yan smiled faintly.

"Everyone should see something different, right?" he gently touched the hair of the fairy girl. "I'm fine, you know?"

Maryse jumped back, her face slightly flushed. "So you're not dead, huh? Then you can leave."

Bai Yan smiled and remained silent.

"Why haven't I seen you around these past few days?" Maryse suddenly asked.

"Because I have things to attend to," Bai Yan pretended to answer seriously, speaking nonsense with a straight face. "There are other worlds that need me to save... Babel Tower, not just Noah."

Maryse nodded and said, "So that's how it is... then it's all the Savior's fault... I knew I couldn't blame you, after all, I can't defy the Savior either."

Um, Bai Yan instinctively touched his face.

Well, it's hard to say... even before I could come up with a proper excuse, she had already found one for me and defended me.

It seems that Maryse is quite easy to get along with.

"In fact, the Savior had no other choice..."

Bai Yan was about to explain a few words in defense of himself as the "Savior", but Maryse suddenly got angry!

"Are you taking care of Him? Is it always because He has no other choice, or is it because we all have no other choice? Ah?"

Maryse's face was filled with indignation as she continued to speak loudly, "I knew you would defend the Savior! It really makes me furious! Do you think that, like Mu Ling, the Savior is the most important person in your heart?"

No, no, no. What's the matter with you? Bai Yan was completely taken aback and couldn't anticipate what had just happened.

Such intense resentment?

From the looks of it, Maryse seemed quite difficult to get along with.

Bai Yan felt a bit of a headache. He had always known that Maryse was easily emotional, like a little donkey that would kick its hooves. He had to constantly stroke her fur in the right direction.

He had just decided to go along with what she was saying.

Maryse turned her body, facing away from Bai Yan, and fell silent.

"You are right."

Bai Yan took a deep breath and pretended to nod seriously, "Compared to the Savior, it is indeed harder for us. He sometimes forces us to do many things that can indeed be unpleasant... I'm sorry, I haven't been paying attention to your feelings all this time."

Maryse turned her body and looked at him, but she didn't say anything.

Bai Yan realized that his words were not strong enough, and his expression became more serious. He said, "If one day, the Savior forces you to do something you absolutely don't want to do, even if it means making sacrifices to save the world, I will never forgive Him!"

Maryse shook her head and quickly said, "You better not say anymore. Speaking too much might result in punishment... Although there is no clear evidence, I always feel like He might be a bit petty and seek revenge in various ways..."

Bai Yan smiled and didn't reply.

He knew that the second phase of the "eve" had come to an end.

The thunder was loud, but the raindrops were small!

What was the reason? It's very simple.

That's because of various designs made in advance and the power of the "Babel Tower" game, which ultimately resulted in the premature destruction of all the setups in Dead Silence.

Regarding the appearance of "Evil Spirits," of course, it was he who reported it.

So, that's why the Knights of the Divine Blade were able to arrive in time.

If you want to pass the level quickly, you naturally have to use all sorts of techniques that can be utilized.

Inside the Babel Tower, Bai Yan also discovered a new game hint popping up on his phone.

"The game achievement has been obtained: Purple Achievement · No one was harmed!"

"No Casualties: In large-scale events where casualties would be expected, ensuring that not a single ordinary person dies!"

"Has received an achievement reward: Mystical Power - The Foreteller!"

Unexpected delight!

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Bai Yan smiled and suddenly, he paused for a moment.

He sensed a power surging from the deepest part of his soul.

Without any warning.

Here we go again, it has happened more than once, where I suddenly become stronger...

In the past few months, there hadn't been any occurrences like this. After the Doomsday Crisis, for some unknown reason, I started experiencing sudden and unannounced moments of becoming stronger.

Originally, Bai Yan believed that every time he made a breakthrough, he would reach the pinnacle of this level. Now, he realizes that it was an illusion.

In reality, he still had a distance to go before reaching the "Potential Apocalypse."

At that moment, his own strength had truly increased and he had ascended to the pinnacle of power as a Crown!

Bai Yan closed his eyes and could feel as if he was gently touching a threshold.

But what could be the reason for becoming stronger?

Only by finding the reason behind it, could it be effectively utilized.

"Hello, hello, what are you thinking about?"

Maryse noticed that Profligate suddenly acted strangely, calling out with a furrowed brow.

But Bai Yan didn't hear anything at all.

He realized that he was just one step away from the "Apocalypse".

The current version of myself, it seemed, could integrate "game" and "connection" together to use.

You can do more with the underlying data of the "Babel Tower" game!

Not just reading, but so much more!

After discovering this, Bai Yan grew excited.

He knew that some things were about to change, a change unlike anything before.

"What's wrong with you? Why suddenly stop talking?" Maryse's voice sounded a little frightened.

Even though Red Moon had completely vanished, she still feared that Profligate had been affected.

Facing Maryse's questioning, Bai Yan simply shook his head and smiled, saying softly,

"Hmm, I'm fine, just thinking about some things from the past."

"What happened in the past?" Maryse was quite curious about this man's history.

"Traveling through the vast world, saving countless innocents," Bai Yan unleashed his ability to make up stories, continuing to fabricate nonsense.

But Maryse seemed to believe it.

Indeed, she had no reason not to believe, and there was no way or desire to seek proof, as she inherently wanted to believe.

"Tell me more," Maryse said.

"Do you want to listen?"

Bai Yan hesitated for a moment, but he hadn't come up with a story yet.

"Uh, I really want to. Go ahead and tell me."

"Really want to listen?"

"Mmmhmm."

Maryse nodded eagerly, her face lit up in anticipation.

"I will talk to you later."

Bai Yan smiled faintly and without hesitation, he turned around.

He vanished from the spot, with absolutely no intention of staying behind.

Only leaving behind the foolish Maryse standing in place, she gazed at the encroaching black mist around her and understood why Profligate had departed.

It turned out that there wasn't enough time left for themselves here. It was already too late to chat more.

"Oh no..."

Before being teleported away, Maryse murmured, "It's all because of the Savior!"

--

Another part of the city.

Aurora and Chris, the captains of two different worlds, continued to "confront each other".

"You wanted to collaborate... but I don't know what I can decide... because, I can't decide anything."

Facing the requests of a stranger, Aurora gently shook her head.

She had only recently joined the Babel Tower, and she didn't know what she could say and what she couldn't say. She also didn't know who the knights in front of her actually were.

Good person? Bad person?

Step back for a moment, regardless of the other person's identity, can Babel Tower decide with whom to cooperate?

She had become an adult, so it was only natural that she wouldn't be so ignorant.

"I'm sorry, I'm just an ordinary member of Babel Tower and I don't have the power to decide who we cooperate with," Aurora could only honestly explain her situation.

She was just an apprentice member of Babel Tower, and couldn't decide anything.

Chris fell into deep thought and nodded softly, "I understand... but I do hope that collaborations like today won't be the only ones."

Unable to hold back any longer, the Knight of the Divine Blade spoke, a brown-haired man said:

"Captain... The message from the divine oracle is very clear. The Savior of the Babel Tower is actually an evil god disguised as a benevolent deity... You must be careful not to be deceived by them!"

"Yes, Captain!" the others chimed in. "Don't be deceived by their appearances," they added.

Indeed, many cult followers would perform acts of kindness.

Only for a greater evil.

However, when his companions questioned him, Chris didn't respond.

The silent man seemed stubborn in his own opinion.

He seemed absolutely certain, willing to believe in the Babel Tower.

However, the other members of the Knights of the Divine Blade are unaware of what has bewitched the captain. He openly defies the divine oracle of the Savior of Dark Light!

In a land ruled by divine authority, such behavior was truly outrageous in the eyes of many.

"Captain, what happened to you?"

They were getting anxious, starting to worry about their captain.

Although Chris now holds a high position and prestige, second only to the Divine Executor, everything was bestowed upon him by the gods.

The Savior of Dark Light could also strip him of everything in an instant!

Right at that moment, a familiar voice, belonging to the Savior, echoed in Aurora's mind.

[United, they are able to gather everything, saving countless worlds from despair.]

Aurora paused for a moment, then quickly understood the meaning behind it.

The surrounding black mist rose as she smiled at Chris, not far away, before she left. "Actually, I think... He would be in favor of cooperation," she said.

Then, Aurora's tone turned serious.

She looked firmly at the group of black-armored Knights of the Divine Blade.

"...the Savior of the Babel Tower is not an evil god, but a rescuer!"

"I hope you will no longer disrespect Him! Our actions are meant to bring hope to everyone, to free the world from mire, without any doubt or slander!"

--

In the midst of the white mist, Mu Ling took a deep breath and retracted her two shadow clones.

Then, she almost lost her balance, her body swaying ever so slightly.

"I'm so tired, it turns out that the physical and mental energy expended is three times as much..."

After becoming stronger, Mu Ling rarely felt so exhausted. She had a strong desire to go to sleep immediately.

She, all alone, swiftly defeated six Grand Priests of Dead Silence in a short amount of time.

The astonishingly high efficiency was truly remarkable!

Dead Silence, the largest cult in the world of Noah, was dealt a heavy blow by a lone individual, causing immense losses that were almost unbelievable.

But Mu Ling really did it.

Or, with the help of the "Babel Tower" game, she accomplished something that seemed almost impossible.

Even on her character card, a new milestone emerged.

"The Exterminator of Evil Cults"

Mu Ling slowly sheathed her knife, took a deep breath, and muttered to herself, "So, it's finally over... at least the mission for today is over."

She silently began to wait as the black mist swirled around her.

"..."

Mu Ling turned around and looked towards a certain direction.

In the white mist, someone was gazing at her.

Although she didn't know who it was, someone was definitely gazing at her. Mu Ling's powerful intuitions were going on full alert.

He is very strong!

Even possibly...in comparison to that Chosen for Eternity, Glofield, there wouldn't be too much of a difference.

Who is it?

Mu Ling was extremely vigilant!

At that moment, a dark mist enveloped them. Mu Ling realized that she was about to be transported away.

But that threat...

They attacked!

Deep Blue World!

Mu Ling instinctively activated the Deep Blue World, causing time to come to a halt.

To her astonishment, she noticed that rows of transparent "water droplets" had appeared just a meter away from her.

They were like a rain that only existed for themselves.

Water?

She raised her eyebrows slightly, sensing through her intuition that something was about to happen.

In the plentiful liquid, resembling raindrops, there existed unimaginable special powers. They were not actually water, but a highly unique substance...

It was a type of substance that didn't exist in reality!

Mu Ling suddenly discovered that after she had entered the Deep Blue World, the dark mist had also been frozen in place.

Soon, the frozen stillness of time would come to an end.

And these "raindrops" would touch her.

Inspiration speaks, and as long as she touched them, there was a high chance of them dying!

While she was pondering, she had already retreated, and within the five frozen seconds, she had already dashed a kilometer away!

For some unknown reason, Mu Ling's spirit had issued this warning: they possessed powers that could harm the soul, and must never be touched!

Time returned to normal.

The raindrops swiftly approached!

So fast that ordinary people cannot identify it with the naked eye!

Mu Ling didn't hesitate for a moment and made her two shadow clones take the lead, choosing to let them bear the attacks.

However, these liquids managed to pass through the shadow clones and continued rushing towards Mu Ling.

How can this be?!

Mu Ling, who quickly stepped back in surprise, had already realized something.

This transparent liquid only comes into contact with beings that have a soul! Things without a soul will simply pass through it!

"Oh no, they are moving faster than me!"

The droplets zoomed through the air, and in the blink of an eye, Mu Ling was on the verge of being caught up.

And these countless "raindrops," as soon as one touches her, will bring about unpredictable consequences.

Mu Ling had no idea what specific consequences would arise from it.

But she didn't dare to take the risk at all!

What should I do?

Mu Ling kept accelerating as she stepped back, darting through countless buildings in a matter of seconds. Her speed was so fast that only a blur was visible to the naked eye.

However, those transparent droplets of liquid continued to pursue her, just like a shadow.

Finally, she was "touched".

In the next instant, they passed right through, without causing any impact at all.

Because, Mu Ling had switched places with her own shadow!

Just now, what those "raindrops" actually touched was a shadow clone.

"What a close call!"

After swapping positions, Mu Ling took a deep breath. The black mist had already surrounded her body, and the familiar transportation was about to commence.

She turned her head...

Thousands upon thousands of transparent "droplets" were now within reach!

Deep Blue World!

Automatic tracking?

Mu Ling's face was covered in cold sweat.

The closest raindrop, just a few centimeters away from her eyes.

If time hadn't stood still and been usable again, she would have been touched. How fortunate, that was really close, so close.

What kind of power is this, after all?

Who was using it in secret again?

Just at that moment, Mu Ling froze completely.

To her surprise, she had unknowingly been lured into a trap!

"Water Drop"

It increased.

Wherever she looked, there were countless "water droplets" covering the sky and saturating the area, as if they were about to gather into a terrifying downpour that would instantly demolish the entire street!

And right now, Mu Ling found herself standing right in the middle of the surrounding crowd, with nowhere to escape!

In the blink of an eye when time seemed to freeze, there was a possibility of one's own life being taken away.

And at this moment, even I didn't know who was attacking!

Mu Ling felt a sense of unwillingness deep inside her.

But she could also figure out who was attacking her in the end.

"Silence"

It could only be this terrifying presence!

Besides the mysterious High Priest of Dead Silence, Noah, the most powerful cult leader in the world, within Dead Silence, there should be no enemy left capable of putting him in such a pitiful state.

This incredibly mysterious being, with a name, gender, and abilities that remain an enigma, possessed an unquestionable and terrifying power!

Respected Savior, I apologize.

Mu Ling took a deep breath, as the black mist surrounded her.

Just a little more, and she would be able to escape from Annottales.

But she was already helpless.

Excluding

Time returned to normal.

The colorless rain came pouring down, covering everything in sight!

"Wall."

Suddenly, an elderly voice echoed throughout the entire Annottales.

Everyone heard the sound.

Countless faithful followers, who were eating, working, or strolling aimlessly, kneel down at this very moment and devoutly pray.

The black wall of light, reaching straight to the sky, rose up in an instant!

They stood before Mu Ling, precisely shielding her from the Colorless Rain that was so close by.

Chapter 344

Mu Ling's expression was filled with astonishment.

She was only a few steps away from the black barrier in front of her.

A black light was almost touching her chest.

Mu Ling instinctively tried to calm her racing heart... but she couldn't calm down at all.

"This power... immense and powerful..."

She looked up at the sky.

The towering black light wall appeared in an instant, separating herself from the "colorless, transparent raindrops" with astonishing precision.

Without a doubt, the person who unleashed this Dark Light possessed an incredible mastery of power.

Mu Ling understood in her heart that even in Annottales, a place filled with numerous saints, there were likely only a few who could accomplish such a feat.

"Could it be that person...?"

She became startled.

Suddenly, a dense black mist enveloped Babel Tower.

Before Mu Ling could have any more thoughts, she was already being taken away from the city by the black mist.

In the next moment, the towering black light wall started to shrink little by little. It forcefully squeezed together the countless and menacing "Colorless Rain" that filled the scene.

Those "Colorless Rain" couldn't fight back at all.

Next, the once upright Colorless Rain suddenly became "soft," curling up like a scroll, wrapping all of them together.

The scroll created by the black wall curled up smaller and smaller, until it vanished completely.

And so, those "Colorless Rain" were also swept away, never to exist again.

Meanwhile.

In the first district of Annotales, inside the Temple of Dark Light.

Inside the temple, there was a place called the "Dawn Shrine," which served as the retreat and prayer spot for the Divine Executors throughout the ages.

Except for the Divine Executor, no one else had the qualification to enter.

This was a dark room with no trace of light.

The old man in black quietly knelt here.

The first powerhouse under the Rainbows, the Divine Executor, the Zeroth Sequence, the Incarnation of Dark Light...

In Noah, in the Kingdom of Dark Light, this old man had many, many titles.

Many people worshiped him, and just as many feared him.

"Strongest," this word itself represented many things.

But now, he looks, in fact, not so special, on the contrary, he makes people feel ordinary when they see him.

If this old man in black clothes stood among a crowd, it's doubtful anyone would recognize him. His demeanor was too ordinary, completely contrasting with those awe-inspiring, sharp-edged powerhouses.

"You've arrived, Chris," spoke the old man in black, his voice aged and serene.

"Um."

Another voice suddenly emerged from the darkness.

That was the voice of Chris, the current captain of the Knights of the Divine Blade.

According to tradition and rules, he couldn't possibly be qualified to enter here because "The Hall of Illumination" is the place where the Divine Executors of generations past directly listen to divine oracles.

Others, they were not qualified to directly commune with the gods!

But whether it was the elderly man in black or Chris, they had no thoughts of disrespecting such a grand act.

"I once again encountered Babel Tower, spiritual leader..."

Chris fell silent for a moment before speaking, "You told me not long ago that they are absolutely trustworthy, and they are the last hope to save this world... I'm very curious to know the specific reasons."

"The reasons, you don't need to know for now," the old man in black shook his head, offering no explanation.

"..."

Chris remained silent for a long time, then let out a deep sigh and gazed firmly at the old man, "Oh wise one, I have a question... The prophecy written on the 'Black Stone Monument' has made it abundantly clear... The Babel Tower, it is our enemy."

"Why do you insist on defying the divine decree? You are... the incarnation of the Savior."

If the other knights of the Divine Blade were here, they would probably instantly realize.

No wonder Captain Chris had the confidence to openly defy the divine decree.

So, the person who led the defiance against the divine decree was actually someone unexpected!

It was none other than the spiritual leader of the Dark Light Church, the earthly representative of God, and the legendary saint among saints... the Incarnation of Dark Light!

How absurd and unbelievable this is!

Anyone would find this incomprehensible.

"Why on earth?" Chris asked once again, his voice filled with determination. Today, he simply had to find an answer!

"Why...?" Chris asked, his voice full of curiosity and wonder. He longed to unravel the mystery behind it all.

The dark-clothed old man's tone was calm, yet tinged with self-mockery.

"For the infinite universe, the knowledge of mortals is meaningless. It is like seeing through a tiny hole, there are many things that, even I, cannot understand..."

"For me, everything I am currently doing is merely carrying out a divine prophecy," said the dark-clothed old man with a serious tone.

"What?"

Chris was completely stunned, unable to comprehend the meaning of the words that were just said.

Carry out the divine decree?

Wait a minute, wasn't he disobeying the divine decree?

"On one day, the great Savior gave me three divine messages... They were the prophecies that only I knew."

The old man in black clothes continued to kneel on the ground without getting up, and quietly said, "The first one is to protect His vessel... so I adopted that girl."

"As for the second rule, it is..."

When Chris heard the old man's second divine command, this usually calm and composed man was immediately stunned. He couldn't find any words to say, his face filled with disbelief, and a chill ran down his spine!

"Killed Him."

--

Inside the Babel Tower.

Bai Yan stood atop the massive circular platform of the temple, surrounded by swirling white clouds, with the sun dominating half of the sky behind him.

He could feel it clearly, he had become stronger once again.

He just couldn't understand the principle behind it.

"It's not after the entire event that they become stronger, but it's during the first half of the event that they become stronger... It seems like it's not because of 'Babel Tower'."

Bai Yan fell into deep thought, contemplating and summarizing the recent instances of his sudden growth.

He suddenly discovered a peculiar fact.

At least for the first two instances of sudden growth, upon closer reflection, it was evident that there were clues. Prior to that, he had actually been doing the same thing...

Indeed, he successfully resolved the challenges that "Ji" had left for him to solve!

And on the third occasion, the peculiar scarecrow, a Boss named Sophora, appeared suddenly. It didn't at all resemble a summoned creature of Dead Silence.

Just thinking about it for a moment, it is clear that this kind of continually screaming scarecrow that cannot be killed goes completely against the life philosophy of those who belong to Dead Silence.

Perhaps, Sophora could also be an enemy "created" by someone else.

"Taking into account the recent events, this 'creator' shared with me the information about Dead Silence..."

"He knew that someone from the Tulip Manor was a member of the Babel Tower, but he didn't share this information with Dead Silence..."

Bai Yan thought in his heart that he might not be his own enemy.

"Could it be that this 'Ji' is actually here to provide one's own experiences?"

Even though what he deduced seemed far-fetched, the more Bai Yan thought about it, the more he felt the possibility of it.

The meaning of "Ji" was...

Inheritance.

"Did he really try to 'save the day' in a roundabout way?"

Thinking about this, Bai Yan was stunned.

Although he didn't know how the other person achieved it, they certainly objectively helped him become stronger.

And after becoming stronger, it seemed that his "game" and "connection" abilities could be better combined and used together.

Now he could do more with the Babel Tower!

"Give it a try... Test and see if it's possible to use cheats in 'Babel Tower'."

If it could be done, saving the world would be so easy, wouldn't it?

Bai Yan took a deep breath, nervously placing his hand on top of the phone, switching to Power Possession - Queen of the Scarlet Moon.

"Infinite!"

His inner strength immediately became endless, without any hesitation, he began once again to "unravel" the Babel Tower.

Bai Yan immediately saw a large number of entries.

Behind the countless entries lay the representation of how the Babel Tower game operates.

"Sure enough, the head no longer hurt, and one could concentrate better..."

Bai Yan, in a moment of daze, discovered that the "operator list" began to visualize itself right before his eyes.

Bai Yan suddenly saw that it was no longer just words and numbers, but they transformed into vivid images right in front of him.

He caught sight of the projection of Mu Ling, who had just returned to Tatsumi City. He saw the projection of the relic bestowed upon Maryse, and glimpsed the Fire that Burns Everything deep within Aaron's soul...

So that's how it was.

The multitude of images were so vivid that Bai Yan immediately grasped many things about the operating principles of the Babel Tower.

And amidst the numerous data files of Core Operators, he also spotted the images of thousands of vacant "slots".

They... were all vacant slots reserved for "Core Operators"!

In theory, the number of Core Operators in "Babel Tower" could be excessively large!

Outside the vast sea of "empty slots," Bai Yan found that the selected "Core Operator profiles" were connected by a faint black mist.

Bai Yan was already very familiar with this dense black mist.

They might be the power of what is called "Connectors."

And according to the known information, the "Connectors" and the "God of Games" shouldn't be the same "person."

Not one to be found.

And he had a great connection with both of them.

"Maybe 'I' am actually a combination of the two of them?"

Bai Yan fell into deep thought. Even without substantial evidence, he felt that this speculation was somewhat plausible.

In fact, he had the ability to gather information regarding the mysterious existence of the "Connector," which appeared multiple times, using the "Library of Ruina" and the "Cybertyrant."

The known information was...

"The Connector" was not a person from the world of Noah.

But rather, a special entity that left behind many legends in the multiverse.

Extraordinarily special.

Some believed he was a notorious slave owner, while others believed he was the Savior of the world.

According to records, the "Connector" was the only mortal who successfully slew a deity.

It was an unbelievable thing!

The same words were spoken again.

The difference between demigods and gods is even greater than the difference between ordinary deities and Outer Gods!

It is a difference in essence.

Gods, by nature, should be immortal.

So far, Bai Yan didn't have enough information about the "Connector," and there was even more information about the "God of Games."

"The God of Games" was the most terrifying calamity in the multiverse.

Compared to the Outer God, it may be more like a true evil deity that is worshipped as the object of the "Tower".

By means of "games," It plundered and destroyed one civilization, deity, demonic lord, and cosmic will after another.

Once it was able to win over everything, for the gods in the multiverse, that would be a more dreadful outcome than death.

"Food" would provide free labor for the Babel Tower, probably for this very reason.

Bai Yan mumbled to himself, "In short, both of them have a terrible reputation... but why is it that when it comes to me, they suddenly become the Saviors?"

There are actually quite a few examples of gods becoming mortals through reincarnation and other means.

Bai Yan, using the power of the Cyber Tyrant, browsed through the Rock Morgan group's internal database. Inside, it mentioned that even the Outer Gods had examples of reincarnating as mortals.

"But...these acts of reincarnation were not spontaneous. Most of them were part of a ritual or disguise, each with a clear purpose, almost always paving the way for a dreadful plan and conspiracy." This is what the database mentioned.

Bai Yan paused and pondered, attempting to create a custom "character card" in the empty slot.

After Bai Yan finally arrived at the Potential Apocalypse, he was able to start making changes to the game "Babel Tower" from the ground-level data.

Even though he couldn't alter the fundamental rules of the "Babel Tower" game, he could follow the rules to add or remove certain things.

"Unfortunately, I really wanted to use a cheat device on 'Babel Tower,' but I can't do it yet..."

But at least, he could accomplish this task.

Bai Yan began to try "customizing" new "Core Operator character cards." In front of him, a multitude of character card images immediately appeared.

Thousands and thousands.

Bai Yan caught sight of Sylve's figure, as well as the numerous values that appeared all around.

These "character cards" were all individuals Bai Yan had encountered throughout his life, both ordinary and extraordinary... And only those with the note "Contact Person" could be filled by Bai Yan into the empty slots of the Core Operators.

But he still had a little uncertainty.

"I see... Only those who have sufficient connection with me are qualified to become Core Operators... But I have no connection with Aurora, Ganis, and the others..."

However, Bai Yan soon discovered something.

Even as a "contact person," he couldn't add Sylve and others as new Core Operators for Babel Tower.

When the character card was placed into the empty slot, it remained gray and couldn't be activated.

"Oh, so that's how it is..."

Bai Yan had a sudden realization and smiled slightly with a touch of resignation.

They were not chosen by themselves and thus could not save the world.

But they possessed the inherent ability to save the world, and later they would be chosen by themselves!

Just like the way Hunter Eyes, often referred to as the "Emperor's eyes," saw it.

Even if they weren't chosen themselves, the Core Operators of Babel Tower still possessed immeasurable potential!

"I am the one who found the hidden treasure... The Babel Tower itself was simply a way to ensure and speed up their development."

Sylve couldn't become a Core Operator for a very simple reason.

In her, there was a lack of "the possibility to save the world."

They were their "bonded companions" and possessed the "potential to save the world"... To enter the summoning pool and become a Core Operator of Babel Tower, both were indispensable!

Chapter 345

"In this way, it seems impossible to simply create new Core Operators... It's possible to find the 'person of contact,' but finding someone with the potential to 'save the world' is actually quite challenging."

Bai Yan let out a sigh.

He had dreams too. If only he could forcefully recruit one thousand, ten thousand Core Operators of Babel Tower, he would see how the cultists would fight back!

But now, upon seeing it, it could only be a wishful thinking.

But even if he couldn't turn "The Connected Ones" into "Core Operators" of Babel Tower, Bai Yan could still directly transform his "Connected Ones" into "Non-core Operators".

Bai Yan took a closer look and realized that he didn't have many "people of contact" or, perhaps, he simply couldn't see many of them.

There were many "Connected Ones" character cards, each displaying a question mark.

And there were very few "people of contact" who could display specific information, only a few, including Sylve, and most of them were even Tatsumi City middle school classmates.

"These guys are useless..."

Bai Yan, feeling a little sad, looked at this.

If Holly and the others hadn't died... perhaps they would also qualify as 'people of contact', but they were already Non-core Operators anyway, there was no difference.

Reviving Holly and the others was certain.

Not only Holly, but also Lin Bian, Mo, and...

Bai Yan knew of many ways to bring someone back to life. Even if extraordinary beings died, they would roam in the dimension of the deceased instead of being reborn, eventually, they would be able to come back to life.

But performing the miracle of bringing someone back to life always comes at a great cost, especially when it comes to reviving extraordinary beings. It is not an easy task at all.

The current fragile foundation of the Babel Tower, of course, cannot withstand the astronomical expense of a collective resurrection.

And, logically speaking, there is really no practical use in bringing them back to life now.

Inside the Babel Tower, there were several Crown-level fighters. The Demon Hunt Agency in Tatsumi City only had a few small cats, and they couldn't even compare to a single hand of Mu Ling at the moment.

"So let's wait a little longer..."

He shook his head gently, and then decided to add both Sylve and Lady Helen's character cards to the Babel Tower, making them Non-core Operators.

The possibility of saving the world...

Bai Yan knew of several people who had saved the world, such as Chris, the captain of the Knights of the Divine Blade. He was a well-known example that had been praised countless times.

Thinking about it, if I become his closest friend, could I also bring him into the Babel Tower?

In theory, of course, it is possible.

However, Bai Yan couldn't think of how to become good friends with Chris for the time being. The two of them had only been aware of each other so far and hadn't even met in person yet.

"But Chris hoped to collaborate with the Babel Tower. Maybe there could be a discussion... Let's find an opportunity to try later."

As long as he could bring people "up to Liangshan", Bai Yan didn't mind actively disguising himself to make friends.

By the time the other party got on the pirate ship, it was too late to escape.

Chris, the captain of the Knights of the Divine Blade, was incredibly strong. He was one of the most powerful middle-ranked Apocalypses. Bai Yan was truly amazed by his strength...

He had a special idea.

Could he create a character card of his own "Core Operator" for his clone, first?

In theory, it seemed feasible.

However, in practice, we can only give it a try and see how it goes.

Without any hesitation, Bai Yan chose to place the "Profligate" and "Keeper of Secrets" character cards in the "empty slots," attempting to add the identities of two Core Operators.

But he soon discovered that the action was ineffective, yet it didn't mean he couldn't set up his own character card.

However, being his current self, he could only add a maximum of one "Core Operator."

Maybe the reason... is simply because he wasn't strong enough yet.

Actually, Bai Yan's current manipulation of the "Babel Tower" is entirely derived from his own abilities.

He couldn't actually transform the "Babel Tower" into game data.

The transformation of game data, the additions and modifications, were all just representations that he could comprehend in his mind... These data, images, simply didn't exist in the real world.

The true situation is that he was using his special powers to intervene in the "Babel Tower" game.

The reason why his interference level was not enough has only one answer... he wasn't powerful enough yet!

Since it's like this, he couldn't create two character cards, so in reality, he could only create a clone. Trying to make two character cards was actually unnecessary.

Since I can only add one character card, should I add the "Profligate" or the "Keeper of Secrets"?

Bai Yan remained silent for a long time, then suddenly reminisced about his past self from a long time ago.

In the beginning, he simply played the game "Babel Tower" just for fun, without any complicated thoughts.

Even when he just realized that Mu Ling was a real person, he actually had a very indifferent attitude, with no real sense of urgency about saving the world.

For him, the most fundamental identity was not the mysterious and unpredictable Savior, nor the envious and pleasure-seeking profligate, nor even the calm and composed Keeper of Secrets.

Instead, he was a carefree game player who was eager to perfect his gameplay in "Babel Tower".

So, Bai Yan created a character card for his own avatar.

The name is neither "Profligate" nor "Keeper of Secrets," yet he is both "Profligate" and "Keeper of Secrets" at the same time.

Perhaps, it is himself.

"World Savior."

When Bai Yan had finished creating his new character card, he suddenly felt a deeper connection between himself and Babel Tower.

"It's very strange..."

It was only at this moment that Bai Yan felt, for the first time, as if the real Babel Tower had become close to him.

His former self felt like a complete stranger, but he somehow managed to make Babel Tower obey him.

He still remembers when he first entered Babel Tower, he could sense something... It seemed reluctant to obey his commands.

What is Babel Tower, after all?

For Bai Yan, this has always been an unsolved mystery.

Why did it appear in his hands?

"The information is too limited to speculate... all we can say is that it should be related to the God of Games, otherwise the people in 'the Tower' wouldn't be thinking about seizing Babel Tower."

The people had only partial knowledge about the God of Games and the Connector.

As for Babel Tower...

Whether it is the Library of Ruina or the Rock Morgan group's database, they were completely unaware of this mysterious presence.

Babel Tower was truly filled with astonishing wonders!

Beyond comprehension!

Is it the embodiment of the God of Games' abilities?

No, it is impossible, absolutely impossible!

No matter how powerful the God of Games was, at most, they were just a strong and prominent deity, still far from reaching the level of an Outer God.

And Babel Tower can even attain the power of the top-tier Outer Gods, such as 'Origin' and 'Rituals,' reaching a limit that is unbelievably exaggerated!

Bai Yan couldn't figure out, no matter how hard he tried, what kind of existence Babel Tower really was, and why it had ended up in his possession.

The rank of the twenty-seven Outer Gods was unimaginably high. They had witnessed countless cycles of creation and destruction in infinite parallel universes. Only they could survive each time, emerging from the ruins of the previous universe and being reborn in the next parallel universe.

Except for the Outer Gods, who are detached from the infinite world, even the mysterious higher civilizations and self-proclaimed immortal gods would eventually perish with the destruction of the parallel universes.

Suddenly, Bai Yan was overwhelmed with excruciating pain!

He immediately realized the reason. Setting up the character card for a Core Operator in Babel Tower had exhausted too much of his own mental energy.

"Hmm..."

Just as Bai Yan was about to faint, "Infinity" began to take effect!

A never-ending stream of spiritual energy flowed forth like water from a spring, gradually restoring Bai Yan's strength.

After several tens of seconds, he no longer felt any discomfort.

At this moment, Bai Yan's strength was already very formidable, and the upper limit of his spiritual power was extremely high. Even while using Power Possession·Psychic Dancer, he could effortlessly control thousands of people with a mere shift of his thoughts.

Only a power as boundless as "Infinity" could enable him to swiftly recover.

"Huff."

Bai Yan let out a breath and looked at the character card of "World Savior".

"Let me have a look."

To be honest, Bai Yan was very happy at this moment... The reason was quite simple: becoming a Core Operator of the Babel Tower meant that he could directly experience many things related to the tower!

For example, Tactical Cards, Entertainment Cards, Bai Yan could also directly use them on himself in the future.

This was indeed a wonderful thing!

And also, from then on, he would have the chance to go to worlds beyond Noah, not just limited to the inside of Noah.

So how could he not be happy?

The character card for 'World Savior' provides detailed information as follows:

Core Operator:

Title: World Savior (Bai Yan)

Gender: Male

Plane: Divinity Realm

Level: Crown (Potential Apocalypse)

Race: Human Race

Operator Identification: Support/Investigation/Team

Milestone: The rising star of the Demon Hunt Agency, the king of Tatsumi City, the bane of evil gods, the sworn enemy of the cult, the Lord of the Tower

Primary Attributes:

Physical Strength: 175 (This power is even stronger than that of a dragon).

Inspiration: 423 (Words that come to mind in a moment of inspiration, perhaps a warning from destiny).

Skill: 262 (The difficulty of controlling the power of dual talents is even more arduous than imagined).

Secondary Attributes:

Charm: 9/9/9/10 (With every gesture and movement, no longer an ordinary being, exuding an extraordinary aura, as if a god has descended to Earth).

Loyalty: 10 (Being faithful to one's emotions, desires, and thoughts)

Mood: 7 (My recent mood has been quite good, because I've been having good luck with summoning!)

Trait:

Fortune: Unimaginable good luck that extends to both material benefits and emotions, effortlessly within reach (The outcome of a coin toss largely depends on your thoughts, but when it comes to saving the world, such luck is of little consequence).

Nonchalant: When faced with "games," "challenges," or "tasks," easily gets captivated in an instant (be it life, emotions, or responsibilities, perhaps ultimately undone by the allure of "fun").

Savior: (???)

Unfazed: Even when faced with death, you couldn't lose your composure (despite this, you still had more emotions and humanity than before).

Ability:

Connection: Through ethereal bonds, they were able to create tangible "objects of connection" and "people of connection."

Getting Information: Upon coming into contact, activate the power to receive the answers needed.

Insightful Linking: Searching for relevant information, seeing through the weaknesses, flaws, and strengths of things.

The Incarnation: Creating an exact replica of oneself, a parasitic incarnation devoid of independent thoughts.

Arrival: Sharing one's thoughts and senses with the "Connected Individual".

Game: Controlling the ultimate outcome of the gamble.

Digital World: It transformed everything seen by the eyes into pure data.

Game reality: It replaced the underlying logic of the real world.

Real Digital World: Peeking into, and altering the essence of all things.

Additional information:

Physical measurements: 182cm tall, 101kg in weight, waist circumference of 80cm, and chest circumference of 100cm.

Favorites: enjoying oneself, overcoming challenges, savory dishes, unagi rice bowls, and beverages.

Dislikes: tomato sauce, commands, and failure.

Belongings: ...

"Who are you?," asked Bai Yan, the carefree player. He was a mysterious Savior, a profligate who delighted in slaughtering evildoers, and an elegant, composed keeper of secrets.

Bai Yan took a deep breath.

After reading the information, he discovered an overwhelming amount of valuable insights.

First and foremost is the position of the Divinity Realm!

This was an incredibly grand stature, essentially representing his near-immortality, allowing him to negotiate with the "world consciousness" of each universe.

To be honest, Bai Yan wasn't particularly surprised.

After all, being able to directly face an Outer God, having the power in his blood to awaken divinity... It seemed perfectly reasonable to possess a unique, extraordinary soul as well.

Generally speaking, only the gods possess souls with the stature of the Divinity Realm.

"Now, it seems, myself, could it be that I am truly the merging of the God of Games and the Connector?"

More and more evidence was emerging, and Bai Yan could only think this way, even though he had a faint feeling that something was not quite right.

And Bai Yan always felt that he was very lucky, and now he has proof.

Although his awakened talents are not primarily focused on combat, Bai Yan finds them to be quite useful in various ways.

You see, one's luck directly affects the summoning of cards in the game "Babel Tower."

The profit from this is really huge!

As for the other contents inside the character card...

He touched his face and murmured to himself, "Well, well, my narcissistic personality has been completely exposed... even the slightest preferences have been seen through."

Bai Yan had always wondered who was the one writing the words inside those brackets.

Could it be, the Babel Tower itself?

So what did the final "Who are you?" mean?

Like a Babel Tower that records character cards, this extraordinary and vast special artifact, in reality, is uncertain about its true identity.

Bai Yan fell into deep thought, there were too many mysteries that he and the Babel Tower possessed.

He gently shook his head, knowing that there were no more clues to ponder for the time being, so he could only let it pass for now.

"This is great! From today on, I am officially a Core Operator of Babel Tower!"

After becoming an official Core Operator of Babel Tower, Bai Yan's first task was to try to include himself in the "training" section of the daily missions!

In the next moment, Bai Yan, who had been staying inside Babel Tower, vanished into thin air.

He stepped into a special pure white space, where countless words and endless information floated around him.

"Is this... meant for practicing 'connection' ability?"

Bai Yan's incarnation quickly saw a line of words on the ground.

"Please, within the given time, find all the information about 'Belan World'."

How interesting!

Bai Yan wasn't really thrown in, of course.

He had entered the inside of Babel Tower, happily controlling the incarnation, and started preparing to complete the daily mission as if playing a game.

For him, the present "challenges" and the various "challenges" that might arise in the future were undoubtedly exciting and interesting things.

Chapter 346

"Hmm, it's almost done."

Bai Yan quickly completed the task and, using the power of connection, discovered numerous pieces of information about "Belan World."

Belan World, once a world jointly ruled by the Cat-human and Human tribes.

The Cat-humans are a physically powerful humanoid species, often ten ordinary humans can't defeat a single Cat-human.

In Belan World, a long time ago, the Human tribe was actually just the Cat-human tribe's pets. However, many unexpected events occurred, and the situation for the Human tribe suddenly changed. They then turned the Cat-humans into slaves.

Until a few hundred years ago, the Cat-humans, with the power of technology, rebelled and regained the upper hand. However, they chose not to enslave humans again, leading to a seemingly equal and delicate situation.

Then, Noah arrived.

The saints of the Kingdom of Dark Light suppressed with thunderous force, directly annexing most of the territory of Belan World as colonies.

But they soon discovered that it wasn't just them who had set eyes on this world, but also the Noy Military, one of the three giants of the night.

However, the Noy Military had no interest at all in the civilization of Belan World. They had no desire to interact with the native cat people and were solely focused on searching for remnants of advanced civilizations.

In the legendary Belan World, there once existed the origin civilization of the advanced civilizations.

The Original People have left behind relics and traces about themselves here.

The Original People were the most prominent and exclusive beings known among the advanced civilizations, including the Noah people. They appeared frequently and possessed the highest status, being the only ones who truly knew and understood history.

They called themselves the "Spawn" of the Outer Gods, claiming to be the origin.

Countless eons ago, the Original People once rampaged through the vast universe using their 'portal' technology, conquering numerous worlds abundant in resources.

As the level of civilization progressed, the entire system of civilization underwent significant changes, and the previous nation-state system completely collapsed and disintegrated. The Original People abandoned the conquest of worthless worlds and fragmented into seemingly individual entities, yet connected through consciousness and information across the universe, forming a "super-special collective."

One by one, the Original People ventured into numerous universes, aiding indigenous races in creating new civilizations and leaving behind countless mythical legends.

Completely redeemed, they transformed into a powerful race spoken of by people as full of kindness and innocence.

Legend has it that the Original People were nearly immortal and possessed everlasting souls.

Eternal souls are a very important concept.

Actually, the path to immortality is extremely difficult. Not only does the physical body age, but even wise beings, after experiencing the vicissitudes of life, will also gradually experience the aging and decay of their souls.

If they don't possess the eternal trait of the soul, many extraordinary beings who have lived for thousands or even millions of years will lose interest in the outside world, and some may even choose to commit suicide.

The spirit is far more difficult to maintain lasting youth than the physical body.

The Original People scattered across one universe after another, even though they were once numerous. However, since they no longer multiplied, it became very difficult for them to meet anyone in the infinitely vast universe.

As for the remnants they left behind, they were truly marvelous.

"The remnants of the Original People, huh..."

Bai Yan fell into deep thought. The things from a higher civilization are truly of immense benefits. After all, isn't the Nine Trees System in the Tree City derived from such a higher civilization?

"Regular people, if they receive even a small blessing from the Original People, might be able to rise up and achieve great success. But if they were to obtain the remnants left behind by the Original People, it would be truly extraordinary..."

"Unfortunately, it was not a good thing for me."

Just now, he had learned from the information related to Belan World that something absolutely bad had happened.

It was said that in order to contend with Noy Military for the relics of the advanced civilization, about half of the Dark Night Saints had heeded the divine oracle and set off for Belan World a few days ago...

That means, Annotales is now in its most vulnerable defense.

"Not a good thing, it's so coincidental when you think about it..."

Bai Yan fell into deep thought. He was about to enter the "final battle" phase of the upcoming event, and every bit of help he could gather would make a difference.

He attempted to give various commands that are typically used on Core Operators to the "World Savior" and, to his amazement, each command proved effective, to the point that he could even summon duplicates of himself.

"Very well, but the three Crown members to be sent during the 'final battle' phase cannot include the 'World Savior'... because even if he is not on the battlefield, he can still directly intervene."

Bai Yan remained the only variable not included in the calculations of the Babel Tower.

He pondered for a moment, and he already had candidates for the three Crowns to be sent.

The first one, of course, was the Queen of the Scarlet Moon.

There's not much to say about this. Setting aside Bai Yan himself, she is undoubtedly the strongest Core Operator at Babel Tower, the true face of its power.

After attaining divinity, the Scarlet Moon's strength and potential greatly increased. It remains uncertain what achievements she will have in the future, but at least for now, her power is comparable to that of the top-ranked lower-ranked Apocalypse.

Of course, Babel Tower's greatest reliance is Bai Yan himself.

He possessed the divine power, ah, no, the power of Power Possession, allowing him to easily harness the strength of all the Core Operators. Coupled with his numerous extraordinary abilities, he could easily defeat even two lower-ranked Apocalypses in a one-on-one battle.

This was already an incredible display of power.

Apocalypse.

It represented stepping into the realm of demigods.

At this level, the top extraordinary beings like Noah had the ability to find a way to leave the world of Noah and venture into other realms to survive. Moreover, their lifespan could extend for several thousand, or even tens of thousands, of years.

Except for the schemers at the Babel Tower, ordinary extraordinary beings sought to enhance their abilities through various means, such as completing special rituals, mastering their innate powers, using potions, seeking the assistance of demons, and tapping into the power of dark gods and other external forces...

Becoming an extraordinary being at the Apocalypse level was extremely challenging. One needed to receive a "revelation" in order to have a chance to break through.

The "revelation" is often elusive and varied, unlike the predictable Crown Ceremony.

It could be a flower, or it could be a sentence, or even a world-shaking war.

A delightful surprise that cannot be sought after.

Often, only the most extraordinary of geniuses have the slightest chance, but if luck and resources are lacking, it is impossible to reach the "Potential Apocalypse" before the Apocalypse itself.

In theory, it was so.

Apart from the multitude of people who cheat to become stronger in the Babel Tower, there are also individuals like "Silver Sword" who, at such a young age, can reach the level of Potential Apocalypse. Their monster-level talent is more than enough to leave a mark in history.

Actually, this is the reason why "Silver Sword" Christine couldn't find someone to marry.

The entire Annotales was filled with people her age who could match her, but in reality, there wasn't a single one... The ones who were on par with her abilities were mostly saints, the ancestors of prominent clans...

She was simply too powerful!

If she were in any other country, even if she had great strength, perhaps she could have married an ordinary person.

However, in the Kingdom of Dark Light, societal hierarchy was deeply ingrained, and there were strict expectations of social status... Men of extraordinary abilities below the Crown were discouraged from interacting with Christine.

So, Christine, who longed for love and marriage, might have to remain a spinster for many years.

Looking at the symbol of the final level of the new game on his phone, Bai Yan took a deep breath and was filled with excitement.

Let's begin.

At this point, she finally had the chance to discover the true purpose of "Dead Silence".

Because of the prompt from the mission reward, Bai Yan realized that the Ritual of Tranquility was not the reason for Dead Silence's arrival.

As for the true reason for their arrival...

Deep inside, Bai Yan actually had a vague guess in his mind.

Because, in Annotales, there was nothing of greater value than this city... except for one thing...

--

The Temple of Dark Light.

Inside the room, Evie sat on the bed, her brows furrowed in worry.

These days, she always felt a bit restless.

"What on earth happened..."

Her many servants inside the house remained silent, with a respectful and orderly relationship between the master and the servants, which was completely different from Maryse's situation.

Everyone knew that the "princess" had a fiery temper. In the past, they served her attentively, fearing her anger.

In fact, ever since Kaluoer left the Mercury Ball, Evie had not been tormented every day, and her temper had improved significantly.

"Oh no."

One maid accidentally dropped the teacup from her hands, leaving a noticeable stain of red tea on the expensive tablecloth.

Evie became furious!

The maid kept apologizing, kneeling on the ground, wanting to clean up, but suddenly she shouted out:

"Go away! All of you, go away and come back later to clean up!"

Once everyone had left, Evie lay down on the bed, with a frown on her face.

Why does she always feel so restless... her temper flares up again...

"What in the world, something is about to happen?"

Chapter 347

Today was an extraordinary day for Annottales.

The thick white fog had been appearing for three consecutive days.

In the past, there would always be saints who stepped forward to display great miracles, dispersing adverse weather like fog, rain, and clouds in front of people.

But the townsfolk waited for several days in a row, yet the fog didn't disperse, and there was no sign of any saints appearing.

The Dark Light Church had established a very strict hierarchical order, where most ordinary people had to live their whole lives within this order, without any possibility of change in their daily routines.

Although for Slave Serpentis and even lower-ranked sinners, this was undoubtedly a painful enslavement and exploitation.

But for people of slightly higher rank, it may not be a bad order.

In the world of this story, even though common people of Rank 7, such as humans and other races, are not allowed to enter high-class places and have to report their departure, they will never starve.

Even when they were extremely poor, they would still be assigned work by the church.

As long as they could reach Rank Six, all medical expenses, whether for major or minor illnesses, would be fully reimbursed. Education and housing expenses would also be greatly reduced, ensuring a lifetime of worry-free livelihood.

As for where Ranks come from, in fact, there are very clear and detailed records in the scriptures of the Dark Light Church.

In a time long ago, around ten thousand years ago, Noah's ancestors from various races and the sinners who worshipped the Outer God became enemies, leading to a never-ending war that spanned across multiple worlds.

The Savior of Dark Light took the lead in establishing an alliance, making a pre-war oath with the top leaders of each race. They promised to establish a new world order based on "Ranks" after the war.

All devoted followers who believe in Him are destined to have high Ranks. Additionally, the races that contribute to the war will also be ranked according to the level of their contributions.

And the races who had made no contributions or even rebelled against the enemy, their descendants were all enslaved.

The duration of the covenant was ten thousand years.

After ten thousand years, He also promised to reestablish the "Ranks."

Actually, long ago in the early days of civilization, Noah's world was mostly a semi-primitive society characterized by slavery.

The extraordinary ones were all masters of their own domain, while ordinary people were undeniably slaves, and the concept of commoners simply didn't exist.

Like the situation of "extraordinary individuals protecting ordinary people" in modern society, it is completely unbelievable and a far-fetched tale!

The abolition of the slave society where the power of extraordinary individuals reigns and the transformation of a large population into citizens who neither have masters nor slaves, this action was pioneered by the Savior of Dark Light.

And so, people felt grateful for his kindness and started calling him "the Savior."

The Heart of Radiance suggested that ordinary people should be protected by extraordinary individuals, and thus the Dark Light Church was established. The Savior of Dark Light chose a group of saints, who were then tasked with protecting the mortal beings through divine messages.

The scriptures record that the Savior of Dark Light has a fiery temperament and initially had no intention of allowing sinners to continue existing. However, after being persuaded by the divine beings, the Heart of Radiance and the Steel Throne, for three days and three nights, he finally relented.

He decided to let their descendants become the lowest class of people, serving their sentence for thousands of years.

In the blink of an eye, over nine thousand years had passed.

In the Kingdom of Dark Light, under the protection of the Savior, despite facing many challenges, the people who lived here always had a better life compared to the sinners living in the wilderness.

In the Kingdom of Dark Light, the cities were not isolated but connected as one, and there were even countryside areas.

For example, the Scarlet Moon was just a simple village girl.

Because, the Savior of Dark Light's divine power can ward off natural disasters.

However, even so, there were still many people who left the Kingdom of Dark Light for various reasons.

They willingly left the order and protection of the Savior, crossing the Fantasy Sea to the wilderness on both sides, where they built a new kingdom.

Among the hundreds of immigrants, only two groups managed to settle down in foreign lands. To the east, it was the Air Alliance, and without a doubt, to the west, it was the Night Union.

The city of Annotales was built by the Savior of Dark Light himself. Although it had been attacked a few times, overall, the people living here spent most of their time in peaceful days.

Compared to external threats, it was the inevitable corruption, exploitation, and wealth disparity within that made the people in this city gradually unable to carry on.

However, it seemed that the Savior of Dark Light was completely unaware of these matters.

Or perhaps, for the Rainbows, solving these problems was not their responsibility... They couldn't possibly handle every little thing that happened on their own.

The people of Annottaes continued to walk along the streets, just as they always did.

Even in the vast mist and narrow vision, the people who have to go to work still need to toil.

"Snap."

Suddenly, everyone in the city heard a strange sound.

As if someone was clapping.

It was strange, yet faint. Many people thought they had simply misheard.

At first, people didn't think much of it, unsure of what the sound represented. But soon... something unusual happened!

"Hmm, strange, why am I walking here? I should be going to another street."

"Where am I? How did I get lost? I've been walking along this road for decades!"

"Just now, my carriage was clearly in the third district! How is this the seventh district? How is this possible!"

"Across from my house... How could it suddenly turn into a place where poor people live?"

"The Temple of Dark Light! Oh, my Savior! How did I end up at the entrance of the Temple of Dark Light!"

A peculiar ritual quietly began.

In just a moment, the entire Annottaes transformed into a peculiar Lost City.

And the white fog that lasted for several hours was undoubtedly the prelude to this ritual.

While people remained in awe, they suddenly noticed that the scenery before them changed once again, and they found themselves transported to a different place once more.

Annottaes was like a Rubik's Cube in the hands of a mischievous child, constantly being twisted and turned. The geographical locations of every street would change almost every minute.

Perhaps in the place before your eyes, it was a slum in the Fifteenth District just a second ago, but in the next second, it had already transformed into the towering and majestic Temple of Dark Light.

Just at that moment, an unstoppable white light burst forth on a street in the slums with a tremendous force!

A beam of white light that reached the sky, resembling a pillar of light connecting heaven and earth.

The power was incredibly astonishing!

Those extraordinary beings above the Crown level in Annottaes immediately sensed a terrifying "aura".

That was a winter as cold and harsh as ice, capable of causing all things to wither away.

The person who unleashed the white light undoubtedly was the leader of Dead Silence, Silence.

And at this moment, she was preparing for the Ritual of Tranquility!

The Dark Light Church had long known that Dead Silence intended to sacrifice the entire city to an Outer God... the Peaceful Songstress!

"Broken."

Suddenly, an old voice appeared in the ears of everyone in the city. All people immediately realized that the old man in black clothes was now standing beside the white beam of light.

Incarnation of Dark Light! Divine Executor! The holiest of saints among saints!

He spoke just one word, and the white beam of light that connected heaven and earth immediately dispersed. The upper-ranked Apocalypse's silence overwhelmed her; her power was completely unable to contend with this old man!

Everyone felt relieved!

Yes, how could there possibly be a 'person' who could defeat him?

Under the Rainbow, Noah was the mightiest being in the world of extraordinary powers!

Once, with his own strength, he repelled the invasion from other worlds, reaching the pinnacle of power by successfully eliminating ten Apocalypse beings in a single battle!

Emerging God!

Just then, a white-clad girl appeared in the sky, her face obscured and unreadable to anyone.

The girl in white clothes was not just anyone.

She is the leader of the Dead Silence, the most notorious cult leader in Noah's world, and the host of the Ritual of Tranquility.

Silence.

Many people would be astonished to see that this infamous being of terror, in appearance, was merely a young girl.

However, it is not unreasonable for beings at this level to possess eternal youth and beauty.

She tossed something very peculiar from her hand, which even the black-robed old man known as the Divine Executor couldn't help but be moved by.

"You used to possess a Ruin-level Relic..."

The old man in black clothes immediately understood.

Perhaps this is the reason why the white mist could never be dispelled.

Silence, who never spoke, remained silent.

He never answered.

She threw out an object, a white scroll, which was a Ruin-level Relic corresponding to the intangible dimensional traveler from the Outer God.

Noah's world is like the lowest level in a universe with many layers. All the relics, in theory, will eventually "sink" to this place.

And lo, in a world, not one, not two, but three Ruin-level Relics appeared!

The blank scroll suddenly unraveled.

In the next moment, the old man in black clothes and the girl in white vanished without a trace.

They seemed as if they had never appeared before.

However, just as the shattered pillar of white light disappeared, it reappeared once again, piercing through the sky!

The Ritual of Tranquility continues!

Chapter 348

The entire shrouded city of white mist underwent astonishing transformations, with numerous streets not only shifting but transforming into a true Lost City.

Soon, Annotales became filled with chaos.

Everywhere, there were wicked cultists of Dead Silence causing trouble. They coldly slaughtered, taking the lives of the innocent.

And many mutants were suddenly released... This was obviously the doing of the remnants of the Order of the Moon Witch.

Even during this time, both the Babel Tower and the Dark Light Church were cleansing and healing the cultists and mutants. However, there were still a significant number of them hiding away.

It was such a grand event, almost like a war, that the people of the Dark Light Church spared no effort to quell the turmoil in Annotales with utmost haste.

They had been notified and prepared since yesterday. All the nearly ten thousand Dark Light followers of Annotales immediately poured out.

Even though they were all believers and not priests, they were actually divided into twelve different ranks. In such a large national organization, it was only natural that there would be more than just a few positions of each rank.

These people were the forceful individuals among the Dark Light followers, belonging to the ranks of the Dark Light Church above the fifth level. Without exception, all of them were extraordinary individuals.

Although half of the Dark Night Saints followed the divine oracle to Belan World, the remaining saints also immediately took action.

Among them, the weakest one ascended to the position of the Crown, possessing formidable strength.

The Knights of the Divine Blade, who were responsible for protecting Annotales, naturally had a duty to fulfill. They immediately mobilized, intending to destroy the Ritual of Tranquility as soon as possible.

However, even though they were numerous and powerful, they soon found themselves overwhelmed by the peculiar environment of the Lost City.

Because the people of the Dark Light Church couldn't possibly arrive at the scene in such a short time.

Every street in Annottales was constantly changing, and the speed of change was continually getting faster. What used to change every minute soon accelerated to every thirty seconds.

A staggering number of nearly ten thousand extraordinary individuals, including at least fifty to sixty crowned experts, found themselves completely disoriented like headless flies for a moment.

Of course, this situation didn't last long.

The Lost City was ultimately a delaying tactic.

Within half an hour, they would certainly reach the location of the Ritual of Tranquility. Within two hours, they would eliminate all the heretics within the city and capture all the mutants.

But when the time came...

Perhaps, Dead Silence had already achieved its purpose.

--

In front of the Temple of Dark Light.

"Bang!"

With the sound of iron boots hitting the ground, amidst the thick white mist, a towering knight in gleaming white armor emerged.

It was evident that he was completely unaffected by the Lost City, able to navigate precisely to wherever he desired to go.

And the Temple of Dark Light was the very destination of the knight in shining armor.

Before him stood the grand and imposing Black Temple. Elia stood silently in place for a long time, seemingly lost in deep contemplation, recalling many past events.

He had once believed in the Savior of Dark Light and had been the protector of this city.

But now, everything has changed.

"At this point, there was no turning back... and I didn't want to turn back."

Elia continued to take steps forward and saw two figures emerging from the Temple of Dark Light.

The first person was the young man whom Elia had once saved, the one who had changed his life and destiny, the current leader of the Knights of the Divine Blade... "the divine-crafted monster" Chris.

When Chris looked at him, his expression was devoid of sadness or joy, showing no mercy whatsoever.

The other person, on the other hand, was an elderly man with snowy white hair, a face full of wrinkles, and a frail appearance.

He looked incredibly aged, with wrinkles filling his thin face. His eyes were completely sightless.

But Elia's wariness towards him grew even stronger.

Head of Dark Night!

This is the oldest living saint of the present time, and in fact, the most mysterious among the saints. Only a few people know... he is actually a tremendously powerful being who has already reached the middle-ranked Apocalypse.

Under the Incarnation of Dark Light, the two strongest forces undoubtedly belonged to them.

Elia, on the other hand, was not surprised at all. He calmly said, "As I expected, you have actually been prepared for this for a long time."

The voice of the Head of Dark Night was hoarse as he spoke slowly,

"The Temple of Dark Light is always of great importance. How could it not be guarded? You have successfully used a strategy to lure away the Divine Executor, making it temporarily unable to return here... Excellent."

"But that was the end of it."

Indeed, Elia was strong, but he was only at the middle-ranked level of the Apocalypse.

He thought that it was basically impossible to win against two opponents at once.

You should know that Chris, the "God-made monster," is regarded as the strongest transcendent being among the middle-ranked Apocalypses.

In the whole world, only a few people were capable of challenging him one-on-one.

Chris remained silent, his gaze fixed on the great benefactor who saved his life and passed down his legacy, his emotions incredibly complex.

A few days ago, he had doubts, but ultimately couldn't completely believe...

At this moment, the most revered image in his mind finally shattered completely.

"Come on."

Chris had already calmed down, taking a steady step forward. The space around began to distort, with inexplicable fluctuations appearing.

"Not going to make a move?" Elia suddenly shouted.

Chris and the Head of Dark Night both felt an incredibly terrifying pressure, even stronger than themselves.

Although not as powerful as the Divine Executor, the sudden appearance of a formidable enemy undoubtedly made both "Silence" and the upper-ranked Apocalypse super-strong beings.

Soon, they spotted a towering figure, a man dressed in a long black robe with a diamond-shaped mark on his forehead, stepping out of thin air. Standing behind him was a one-eyed young girl.

The man's appearance was so beautiful that it took one's breath away.

Not an exaggeration, but as a mythical creature, he indeed possessed an extraordinary charm that could captivate hearts and souls with every move he made.

"the Son of God" Amicio.

Noah was the most powerful black wizard in recorded history.

"A relic of a great civilization, it held them off for three minutes. Keep moving forward."

Amicio had a wide smile on his face, and his eyes were filled with joy.

A coin... no.

Fate had already revealed the enemies and allies he would face.

Elia continued forward without hesitation, not even glancing at Chris and the Head of Dark Night. He had complete trust in the power of the Son of God, Amicio.

The Head of Dark Night let out a sigh and said to Amicio, "Back when we tried to stop the Ultimate Witch, the Savior should have killed you directly, shattering your soul. Unfortunately, it was blocked by the Heart of Radiance... and He always listens to what that person has to say."

Amicio nodded, fully agreeing with the old man's words and even thinking that it would have been best if the Savior of Dark Light had killed him back then.

He smiled, "Some people criticize her for being hypocritical and it's not without reason. After all, in her eyes, everyone has the potential for redemption, but fails to see that some are born villains."

--

Inside the Temple of Dark Light.

Evie's heart was in turmoil, as if something big was happening outside, causing her great worry about her sister's well-being.

Worried about the chaos, Evie wanted to leave the temple, but she was quickly stopped by the Crown's lower-ranked personal maid.

"We can't leave now, the situation outside is very chaotic..."

The maid's voice was firm, her gaze serious and earnest.

"Go away!"

Evie immediately became furious, determined to find her sister, with no one able to stop her!

The maid wanted to say something, but then her ears twitched, as if receiving a sudden command, and she immediately spoke, "Let's go! Someone has invaded the temple!"

Evie was slightly taken aback at first, but then nodded in agreement.

"We should escape to the Tulip Manor in the third district, where powerful beings like Apocalypse reside!" She was simply speaking without thinking, but accidentally, she was actually right.

Now, wanting to go to the third district was not easy at all. The maid hesitated for a moment, having no time to explain the situation of the Lost City.

She grabbed Evie's hand and they ran outside.

As a result, as soon as they had just run outside, they were intercepted.

A tall, white-armored knight appeared in front of the two women.

Elia spotted Evie and spoke in a deep voice, saying, "It's you."

His goal was not someone else, nor any object, but the future Babel Tower, "Innocent Singer," and the princess of the Dark Light Church, Evie!

Evie was initially startled, and then instantly became afraid... If she were to be killed, wouldn't that make her sister experience the pain of death?

Elia reached out his large hand, and the iron gauntlet seemed to infinitely grow in size, as if it could grab both of them within its grasp.

Just at that moment, a fiery red light descended from the sky and landed on the ground!

The sky was ablaze with crimson flames, and the Scarlet Moon, like a fiery meteor that brings destruction upon all, forcefully sent Elia flying.

The latter suddenly crashed into the Temple of Dark Light, shattering into several pieces.

The Scarlet Moon stood in mid-air, her robes transformed into a glowing crimson flame, appearing like an endless source of fire with astonishing power.

"Once the leader of the Knights of the Divine Blade, now reduced to this?"

Chapter 349

Bai Yan sat on the throne of the Babel Tower, calmly watching the spectacle through the perspective of the Scarlet Moon, as "arrival" unfolded.

What is the true objective of Dead Silence's heart?

What could be more important than dedicating this city to the Peaceful Songstress?

In Annottales, in fact, besides this city, there were only two things that Bai Yan could think of as being more important.

Or rather... one and a pair.

The former is the key to the Ultimate Ritual of becoming a god.

The latter, then, was the Vessel of God carefully prepared by the Savior of Dark Light.

And that's Evie and Kaluoer, the two sisters.

The god who had just been reborn inside the vessel was actually very weak, without any divine power at all.

The Dead Silence merely needed to find a way to allow the Savior of Dark Light to be reborn from the vessel, in order to offer a truly divine soul to the great Outer God. How could a mere city compare to that?

This was their true purpose, which they had spent a tremendous amount of time and effort designing!

--

The Scarlet Moon was proud, domineering, and looked down upon all living beings.

Ever since she became the Queen of the Crimson Blood Clan, she had always been like this. No matter who her opponent was, no matter how powerful they were, she never abandoned her proud heart.

Of course, although she said "that's it" aloud, she was also very clear about one thing.

But she was also very clear about one thing: the Evil Spirit before her was incredibly strong, and it would not be easily defeated by her.

According to the information from that annoying person, the "Evil Spirit" was the former Captain of the Knights of the Divine Blade, a past hero of salvation, and the most powerful being under the command of Silence.

It seemed like his strength reached the middle-ranked level of the Apocalypse.

Even though her strength grew stronger each day after obtaining the blood of that annoying person, combined with the power of the Scourge of War, it was beyond comparison.

But defeating a top-tier powerhouse who could easily annihilate even a middle-ranked Apocalypse seemed like an impossible feat, no matter how one thought about it.

"Babel Tower is... you all have indeed come. No wonder they both saw me entering the Temple of Dark Light and were stopped by the 'Son of God', but they weren't even panicking."

The old man's voice was calm and devoid of any emotion.

"Because you were causing trouble here."

The sound was not made by anyone else, not even a person, but by a pile of armor that had fallen to the ground.

Though they were shattered into pieces, it was still possible to faintly see wisps of blue souls connecting various parts of the armor, gradually piecing themselves back together.

And that is the reason why the "Evil Spirit" never reveals its true form.

He had long forsaken his physical body, his soul permanently entering into this suit of armor.

The white suit of armor, in fact, was a Civilization-level Relic. While it couldn't remove the dreadful curse from the Outer God, it possessed the ability to help the wearer continuously overcome negative emotions.

Yes, the curse on the Evil Spirit has never been lifted. For many years, those tormented souls have always clung to him, causing him great pain.

"Evil Spirit" Elia simply no longer feels pain and sadness.

In his forced calmness, the Evil Spirit actually felt more comfortable than before when fighting and killing as a member of the Knights of the Divine Blade.

He also gradually came to understand a brand new idea.

Peace of mind is far more important than happiness.

"Help! Help!"

"Please save us quickly!"

In the midair, the Scarlet Moon suddenly heard two tiny voices. She paused for a moment and carefully looked, only to discover that there were two little beings, each the size of a palm, on the ground.

Without a doubt, it was Evie and her loyal maid.

The two of them had just been hit, instantly shrinking under the sinister influence of the Evil Spirit's magical power.

"Hehe, it seems like you want to protect them?" the voice from within the white armor chuckled.

However, the Scarlet Moon's response was completely unexpected to him.

"I don't know you... If you prefer fried or grilled, it's up to you... but because of a jerk's demand, I have to kill you here."

The Scarlet Moon shook her head, showing no interest in paying any attention to the two of them.

For insignificant outsiders, she had always been extremely indifferent, treating them as if they were nothing.

"Is it really like this?"

In the next moment, the Evil Spirit unleashed its innate power once again.

He reduced the distance in front of him, taking one step and arriving in front of the two little people. He reached out his hand, wanting to grasp them.

"Come on!"

Evie screamed in fright!

Suddenly, the Evil Spirit realized that it had grasped empty air.

"Hmm..."

The Evil Spirit turned its head and looked in a certain direction.

A few hundred meters away, stood an extraordinary individual wearing a round-faced mask and a purple suit.

He had just used "The Reanimation Spell" to swap the positions of two people and the deck of cards in his pocket.

Without a doubt, this extraordinary individual is the "Mysterious Magic" of Babel Tower, namely Alan.

"Another one has come," he said quietly.

However, both of them were merely extraordinary individuals at the level of the Crown.

The "Evil Spirit" showed no signs of panic or fear, but instead unleashed its innate powers once again.

This time, he unexpectedly threw out a whole bunch of magical symbols. And in an instant, these symbols grew hundreds of times larger, with each one causing a tremendous explosion in the next moment.

"Oh no! Be careful!"

The Scarlet Moon let out a cry, instinctively trying to shield Azurin. However, she realized he had vanished without a trace.

Alan had long ago cast the forbidden spell "Foresee the Future" upon himself, allowing him to anticipate the opponent's attack patterns. Foreseeing the enemy's actions, he preemptively used "Short-range Teleportation" to escape to a location several kilometers away at the edge of the region.

"Boom!"

A massive explosion erupted, reaching for the sky, covering a distance of several kilometers, with an incredibly powerful destructive force.

With an awe-inspiring might, a small mushroom-shaped cloud formed, shaking the earth and sky.

However, the Temple of Dark Light stood unyielding amidst it all, completely unaffected. Not even the ordinary people living inside the temple suffered the slightest harm.

After a fierce explosion, the Scarlet Moon, suspended in the air, was already reduced to a bloodied mess. However, her body was recovering at a visible pace, steadily regenerating.

The Scarlet Moon pondered, realizing that her previous thoughts... it seemed that she had considered the people of the Babel Tower as her companions. Despite the injuries on her body, she was completely unconcerned.

She decided to harness the power bestowed upon her by the Babel Tower, the Scourge of War.

With a single hand extended, a weapon was pulled out from the void.

This time, the Scarlet Moon didn't utilize the Bad Inflammation, a power specifically designed to deal with spirits.

The imagined Civilization-level Relic turned out to be a whip made of dark red flames, named "Incinerator," with the ability to "banish" and "purify" extraordinary powers.

"I will kill you first."

With a cold and indifferent voice that sounded aged, the Evil Spirit once again appeared before her. It casually swung a fist, unremarkable in nature.

Without hesitation, the Scarlet Moon drew out her whip.

The power of this thing could expel the soul of the Evil Spirit directly from its armor.

But the Evil Spirit had already amplified the "power" on its fist and, at the same time, reduced the "distance" between its fist and the Scarlet Moon.

So, with the power of a mountain, the fist struck first, ominously aiming for the Scarlet Moon's head.

The full-force strike of a middle-ranked Apocalypse, unleashed with extraordinary power, would undoubtedly take away at least half of the Scarlet Moon's life.

But at that moment, to everyone's astonishment, the Scarlet Moon suddenly switched places with a nearby stone, completely evading the devastating power of the Evil Spirit!

The Evil Spirit frowned.

"The power of trouble..."

Alan returned to the battlefield at an unknown time, without hesitation, using his abilities to assist the Scarlet Moon.

In the next moment, the Scarlet Moon's fiery red whip sliced through the sky.

The body clad in armor, which was about to be struck by the Evil Spirit, suddenly became tiny and invisible in an instant, narrowly avoiding the attack.

"He disappeared!"

Alan still wanted to use his detection magic to assist the Scarlet Moon, but suddenly he was pushed away by the shrunken Evil Spirit.

The "distance" between them instantly grew, and Alan was directly "pushed" out of the first district's boundaries.

After standing in surprise, Alan wanted to hurry back, but as soon as he turned around, he realized that the streets around him had actually changed their positions... Alan found himself in the midst of a slum.

Annottales has become a "Lost City".

Meanwhile, near the Temple of Dark Light in the first district, the battle didn't cease.

"Now it's just you remaining! Let's see how long you can hold on!"

The Evil Spirit's voice grew heavy as it tried to launch another attack, only to find that the enemy's position had changed again.

He blinked in surprise, and immediately, he saw once again the masked member of the Babel Tower, whom he had just thrown away. Although he had sent them flying, they now stood, a few hundred meters away, in front of him once more.

"How is that possible?"

The Evil Spirit felt incredibly astonished in its heart.

What on earth is going on... Clearly, after leaving this street, there was no way this guy could immediately find his way back in this chaotic Lost City.

The Evil Spirit, of course, was unaware that there had always been a very shameless audience observing everything from the sidelines.

And this white-named "spectator", just moments ago, summoned Alan back again by using the power of the Savior's summoning ability.

Chapter 350

Bai Yan silently sat inside the Babel Tower, sipping his cola as he watched everything unfolding inside the Temple of Dark Light.

Just the two members of the Babel Tower, the Scarlet Moon and Alan, joining forces are still unable to defeat the powerful "Evil Spirit."

However, stalling for a while felt quite effortless.

Of course, the time was on the side of the Babel Tower, for the "Son of God," Amicio, had acquired a Civilization-level Relic, deciding to assist the Dead Silence in withstanding the onslaught for merely three minutes.

And the third operator who participated in the "Decisive Battle" phase had already been sent by Bai Yan to deal with the Ritual of Tranquility.

That member's strength is relatively weak, so sending them here wouldn't be of much use. On the other hand, sending them over there could lead to greater prospects...

Or, one could say, it had its chance there.

"Is she supposed to be coming?"

Bai Yan, having already completed the game, was well aware of the subsequent development of the "game storyline."

So, even though they saw two Babel Tower members plummeting down to the absolute bottom, they remained calm and unruffled.

Soon, a silver-haired knight dressed in a full suit of black armor appeared on the battlefield, becoming a tremendous game-changer.

"How can it be you..."

Her face displayed a complex mix of emotions—a blend of disbelief, sorrow, and anger.

The silver-haired knight was none other than Christine, the most talented Knight of the Divine Blade known as the "Silver Sword," Dark Light's prodigious warrior.

She was also the granddaughter of the Evil Spirit, Elia.

"Elia!"

Christine shouted angrily, but instead of calling him grandpa, she directly called him by his name, showing just how furious she was.

"Why did you betray us?"

Christine's emotions were incredibly intense. She held a silver-glowing sword in her hand, and her heart was filled with anger and fury.

"Whether it's me, Chris the teacher, or my parents... we have always looked up to you as a role model!"

"If it weren't for your influence, both Chris and I wouldn't have reached this point! Even my parents wouldn't have..."

My parents would have also disappeared.

We are all proud to have taken this path because of your influence.

And you, who once tried to thwart the plot of the Outer God.

Without hesitation, even if it meant sacrificing themselves.

Now, what could it possibly be?

"That's exactly why I need to correct my mistakes in time!" the old man suddenly interrupted his granddaughter, while still engaged in a fierce battle with Babel Tower. Surprisingly, he seemed to have the upper hand, effortlessly maneuvering.

"Mistake?"

Christine stood there in bewilderment, unable to comprehend the old man's words.

The Evil Spirit, Elia, fell silent for a moment, finally revealing the long-held secrets in his heart. This was also the true reason why he chose to sacrifice himself to protect Chris all those years ago.

"Your parents, actually, didn't choose to become Knights of the Divine Blade willingly. They didn't want to battle the most dangerous enemies every day, but rather wanted to enjoy a wealthy life as extraordinary beings... They both became Knights of the Divine Blade under my coercion."

Christine froze, recalling her strict and rigid grandfather from her childhood, realizing that such a thing was entirely possible.

It turns out, upon careful consideration, that my parents were never really happy every time they went on a mission.

Back then, I was still little and didn't understand the reason why.

The Evil Spirit started to howl more and more suddenly, becoming increasingly hysterical!

"They were actually not just missing! They have all died! They have become playthings of the Demon Lord, never to be found again. Their souls will suffer for countless years, forever in pain!"

The voice of the Evil Spirit was filled with pain, sadness, and helplessness.

"I can no longer act so stubbornly! I absolutely cannot let you go down the same path, Christine!"

Christine, who had been clueless about her parents' whereabouts all along, still held a glimmer of hope deep within her heart. But in this moment, as she heard her grandfather's angry roar, her heart sank.

So that's how it was.

It seemed as if the white-armored relic of civilization had an effect. Suddenly, the emotions of the evil spirit Elia became calm.

"The stage of being alive is just a short phase for the soul."

"In life, we often encounter suffering and hardships, even if we have moments of happiness, they only last for a short time... The biggest thing in life is to solve the problem after death... And having a peaceful and eternal soul is the best state after death, the fleeting happiness in life is nothing compared to it."

His beliefs were perfectly aligned with the doctrine of Dead Silence!

"Christine! Help me! This is the path that people should walk on!"

Christine didn't hesitate as she swung her sword, cutting through the sky.

She gazed at her grandfather, her emotions complex yet resolutely determined.

"You have never changed... whether in the past or in the present, you always have been so stubborn... You controlled my parents' lives, and now you want to control mine."

Many people couldn't understand the mysteries of life and death. The Evil Spirit, Elia, no longer defended himself, but quietly said, "After your death, you will surely understand me."

Even when three of them joined forces, they could barely fight the "Evil Spirit" Elia to a draw.

"You and I are fighting, yet you dare to be distracted!"

The Scarlet Moon, full of anger, was now adorned in a brand new attire. She wore a magnificent evening gown, adorned with a combination of black and red, accompanied by exquisite black diamond earrings. An unending torrent of magical flames surged forth!

Fairy Tale Demon King!

The strength of the Scarlet Moon, the Fairy Tale Demon King, immediately reached a new level, unleashing overwhelming demonic power as she attacked the Evil Spirit. Each strike had the power to change the color of the sky.

And this magical power was inexplicably continuing to expand, growing stronger and stronger!

Adding to that, the old man had to also be distracted dealing with the "Mysterious Magic" and the "Silver Sword". Finally, even the mighty "Evil Spirit" couldn't hold on any longer and began to show signs of defeat.

He kept increasing the "distance" between himself and the Scarlet Moon, the Fairy Tale Demon King, with each attack, but this distance was steadily shrinking.

Finally, the "Evil Spirit" was sent flying by a powerful strike from granddaughter Christine.

The power of this strike was immense, as the hundreds of feet tall silver sword directly sent the "Evil Spirit" flying out of the first city district.

Christine said, "Let him escape... We can't catch up. Outside, it has already become a constantly shifting Lost City. Once we leave this city district, we will be caught in chaos and lose our way."

The Scarlet Moon glanced at the female knight, sensing that she might have intentionally let the other party off the hook, but it wasn't appropriate to say it out loud. She just let out a cold snort.

Alan, however, shook his head and said, "There's no need to chase after him. He will come back to us. We are the ones on the defensive side."

The time left for the "Evil Spirit" was actually running out.

The Son of God, Amicio, only agreed to stall for three minutes. Little did he know, he used a wicked spell of a black wizard to transport both enemies to a battle in the otherworld.

Now, more than two minutes have passed. There is less than a minute left, and he will no longer help and will leave the battlefield.

As for "Silence," the battle with the Ruin-level Relic and the Incarnation of Dark Light is still uncertain in terms of its outcome.

No matter which side had a problem.

The plans of the Dead Silence will be completely shattered.

The three of them waited here for over half a minute, but they didn't wait for anything.

The Evil Spirit seemed to have left.

"Is it over?"

Christine watched as her grandfather was knocked away, lost in thought. Deep down, she truly hoped that the stubborn old man would give up.

If there were choices... she didn't want to let her only remaining loved one die in this world.

But perhaps, in the world, there weren't so many choices after all...

Only fifteen seconds left!

Chris breathed a sigh of relief.

It seemed that grandpa had given up, which was good...

Suddenly, everyone felt an unprecedented sense of oppression!

Christine's face turned pale.

In an instant, the tall white-armored knight had returned to the three of them, his entire body glowing with a faint blue light.

Burning souls!

After an extraordinary being dies, their soul would descend into a special dimension for the deceased. They couldn't be reborn nor would they disappear, instead, they would linger in the dimension of the deceased for a long time, becoming lost and confused.

Even though it was very intense, it still existed in the infinite universe.

But if the soul is completely burned away, then nothing will remain, and it will vanish into nothingness.

Even a small amount of soul burning would greatly impair the power of innate abilities, causing a noticeable decline in strength.

And the excruciating pain to endure while burning the soul, even surpassing the physical agony's limits, can drive one to lose their sanity and descend into madness, which is even more terrifying than death itself!

So, even though the advanced spell that burns the soul is not particularly difficult, most extraordinary beings, except for the merciless and fanatical disciples, would not choose to burn their souls even if they were to die.

In fact, besides those with unwavering resolve, ordinary superhumans, even if they were to burn their souls, would lose all rationality due to this terrifying pain. They would become completely powerless in battle, making it a loss not worth bearing.

"Evil Spirit," the elderly man who had been alive for I don't know how many years, was once the captain of the Knights of the Divine Blade.

He stood before the three individuals, resembling a towering mountain, silently burning his own soul.

Everyone has something they believe in, and those with unwavering resolve will burn away everything to achieve their goals.

"No! Why on earth is this happening..."

Christine was perplexed, lost, and anxious when she saw her grandfather burning his soul without hesitation, determined to pursue that elusive goal.

"The Evil Spirit no longer spoke," in fact, at this point, saying anything became utterly meaningless.

Good and evil are indistinguishable! Right and wrong have no contention!

He took a step forward, and all three of them felt an immensely tremendous pressure rushing towards them, momentarily suffocating.

This is how the Evil Spirit suddenly increased the intensity of its presence!

Although it was a middle-ranked Apocalypse, under the amplification of burning souls and innate powers, this momentum was surprisingly not inferior to the Incarnation of Dark Light!

With a thunderous roar, as if it could destroy everything in its path!

Except for the Scarlet Moon, who stood her ground, Alan and Christine instinctively took a step back.

The Scarlet Moon's eyes blazed like fire, not only refusing to back down, but instead taking a step forward.

To everyone's surprise, the sky was filled with a brilliant red glow, which also moved forward alongside them.

However, taking this step forward came at a great cost for her, as her eyes immediately began to shed burning blood.

The Evil Spirit calmly reached out its hand, and the white armguard trembled slightly as if it were straining to hold onto something incredibly heavy and important.

However, in the palm of the Evil Spirit, they only saw a peculiar little stone.

Perhaps it was only the size of a peanut.

What could be so weighty about this?

In the next moment, the Evil Spirit hurled the little stone forward.

Even the Evil Spirit, a middle-ranked Apocalypse who was burning with soul-fire, struggled greatly to throw the little stone.

We need to give it our all!

However, just as he had recently made his move, the so-called "stone" suddenly grew in size.

It kept getting bigger and bigger!

However, in just a few seconds, the once "little stone" had already come crashing down, covering the sky and casting a shadow over everything.

Just after being knocked away, the Evil Spirit, who had burned with soul-fire, astonishingly exerted all its strength and brought back an entire "shrunken" district!

Came crashing down suddenly!

How could he ever catch it?

Alan and Christine's faces turned pale, and they instinctively wanted to run away.

In Annottales, the people also witnessed this scene. Countless individuals fell to their knees in fear, begging for mercy from the Savior. They felt that the heavens and the earth were about to merge, and that everything was on the verge of destruction!

"Great!"

The Scarlet Moon let out a furious roar, even though the heavens and the earth were about to merge, she refused to take even a single step back. Astonishingly, she was willing to sacrifice her soul and risk everything, gambling her life against her opponent!

However, her destiny was never truly within her control. Soon, Bai Yan took complete control of her body, not to mention burning her soul, she couldn't even take a single step.

The Evil Spirit, who had just exerted all its strength, had already regained its breath.

Before the object from the sky could fall, he took a step to "shorten the distance" and instantly appeared half a meter in front of the Scarlet Moon.

The Evil Spirit immediately reached out its hand, attempting to shrink the Scarlet Moon right then and there, wanting to crush her on the spot.

Deep Blue World.

The entire world turned into a deep blue color, and everything froze in place, unable to move. Even the city in the sky, about to descend, had to come to a halt.

There was only one man with dark hair who suddenly appeared, wearing a black robe, moving through the moments of deep blue.

"Let's finish here."