

## **M. Leader 361**

Chapter 361

"Ding."

The door opened.

Maryse watched as a familiar yet unfamiliar woman walked in through the door.

That was also a half-elf.

She had eyes as green as emeralds, beautiful long hair as golden sand, and a soft pink flowing gown.

They look very alike!

Rather, it could be said that this woman was completely like a mirror image of oneself!

Maryse was utterly astonished!

The half-elf woman appeared to be half a head taller than Maryse, and both her body and demeanor were much more mature than hers.

"Could it be... could it be... perhaps..."

Was this half-elf woman before her really a version of herself from another world?

Maryse remained silent for a moment, then suddenly fixed her gaze on a certain part of the other person, using her "eagle eyes" to measure its size.

There it was!

But Mu Ling was simply incomparable!

And the difference was vast!

Humph!

"Drat!" she exclaimed.

It's alright, it's alright, Maryse my dear, hasn't it already proven that you still have a chance, and you have potential, don't you?

It must be because she didn't eat well, hmm, in different worlds, there should also be different futures!

Maryse gritted her teeth, her face turning red with anger.

She didn't release her emptiness because she was afraid that her psychic powers would be of no use to the girl. She even suspected that the girl's psychic powers might be stronger than her own.

At that time, it would be extremely embarrassing if she were to be reversed and controlled by the power of the heart.

"Phew, finally home."

The half-elf girl searched for something in the room for a while. After finding it, she didn't leave immediately. Instead, she turned around and went to the bathroom to take a bath.

Before long, the sound of splashing water echoed through the room.

"Oh no."

Maryse nervously bit her finger. She hesitated for a moment, but eventually stealthily dispelled the illusion.

Once she felt the intrusion of the power within her soul, she would immediately dissolve into nothingness again.

Maryse started rummaging through the other person's bag. Before long, she found a bunch of miscellaneous female items and even discovered a frameless cellphone.

Hmm, thankfully, she wasn't discovered.

"But my power of the soul doesn't seem to sense the other person, it's a bit strange."

Maryse played with the cellphone, trying to open it.

Fingerprint unlock.

With a "snap," it opened.

Hmm, let me have a look at what's inside, is this not considered 'peeking' at someone else? Hehe.

Maryse squinted her eyes and flipped through her phone for quite a while, without a single thought of respecting the other person's privacy.

"How can you buy the best children's things? Something that's perfect for a half-elf..."

"Does eating too many fruits affect breast milk?"

"How do you treat premature ejaculation in women? Do women need treatment for premature ejaculation?"

"What is a good gift for the wedding anniversary of the wife?"

Ah, what a mess!

After reading through these search records, Maryse was immediately stunned. The amount of information was simply overwhelming.

She couldn't accept it at that moment.

"Has this person already gotten married?"

And, is it even possible that they have children?

Maryse's heart shook dramatically, and she immediately went to look at the photos on her phone. Soon, she came across a picture of an adorable little baby.

It's a girl!

So adorable!

Maryse looked at it for a long time, firmly remembering the baby's face, and then she began to flip through other photos.

She found it, there were indeed photos of a man!

"..."

Maryse held her phone in silence for a long time, without saying a word.

Why...

Surprisingly, it wasn't him?

Is it because of the different worlds?

Her mind was a bit scattered.

"Who?"

Just at that moment, the door of the bathroom opened, and a half-elf woman wrapped in a yukata cautiously stepped out.

"Who are you?"

She saw Maryse and shouted in fear.

"I am your eldest uncle!"

Maryse wasted no time and directly took the upper hand, her eyes sparkling silver.

Psychic Domination.

The gaze of the half-elf woman gradually became confused, her psychic abilities much weaker than Maryse's, but inclined more towards "self-shielding", which is why she remained unprobed just now.

But Maryse's wholehearted mental assault managed to succeed.

"Remember, read."

Maryse's expression became very complex as she was reading memories.

This woman's entire life was completely different from her own.

This was a very harmonious and peaceful life.

Her family members, though ordinary people, didn't have the constraints and conflicts of a big family because of this. They all maintained very good relationships with each other.

Maryse saw friendly siblings and loving parents in her memory, and without realizing it, her eyes welled up with tears.

Finally, Maryse saw... that man in her memory.

Every little detail, every frame of the picture, Maryse didn't dare to miss or overlook.

It's him!

It was him!

Could the difference in appearance be the result of... the changes caused by different worlds? Hmm, there is a possibility.

However, when it came down to it...

Did she really like him?

Maryse couldn't quite put it into words, but she knew that after not having any contact with someone of the opposite sex her age for twenty years, she was actually very vulnerable to being taken advantage of at the first moment of freedom.

The first kind stranger she encountered certainly left a deep impression on her... But as time went on, and she met more people, she might come to realize that he was just like any other person...

Perhaps, it was because she truly was the kind of person who easily gets emotional.

The people who treated her kindly were hard for her to forget.

However... there was actually something that Maryse cared about very much!

Maryse had always disliked and loathed the power of the mind, but at this moment, it was troubling her immensely.

That man was the only person by her side who couldn't be read by others' minds.

She didn't understand at all what he was thinking.

Could everything he showed be false? Could it be for some purpose or even a plot?

Because of the sincere emotions within her, Maryse could never embrace such vague impulses.

However, in this moment, Maryse obtained the answer from another world.

It was not false.

In another chapter of my life, the answer had already been given.

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Inside the Babel Tower.

All the rewards had been used up and distributed.

On the throne, Bai Yan also knew that it was time to embark on a new Core Operator recruitment mission.

Introducing the new operator, "The Final Gun"!

He was a top-notch assassin residing in the Ring City, a legendary figure in the dark underworld. He used to be the unrivaled ace of aces over a decade ago, but in recent years, he willingly concealed his identity and retired in a nursing home.

In the Ring City, the lifespan of the city dwellers greatly depended on the floor they resided on.

"The Final Gun" lived on the comparatively comfortable 167th floor.

The quality of life in this neighborhood is very good. People live happily here, with an average lifespan exceeding one hundred and twenty years. Only those who are older than eighty-five years can go to the retirement home.

In Bai Yan's impression, The Final Gun wasn't someone easy to get along with.

The old man is used to being alone, and he is very proud and arrogant. His innate characteristic of being a lone wolf makes him very uncomfortable with the idea of being forced to join Babel Tower.

But, how should I put it...

As the chosen one, his mission was to unite everyone, to gather the strength of all, and ultimately save the world.

Bai Yan clicked on the new operator in the operator list.

"The Final Gun"

"Game tip: Would you like to proceed with the import task?"

"Yes."

In the next moment, the game screen loaded on the phone.

The pixel art of "The Final Gun" featured an old man with graying temples, dressed in a dark suit, holding a small white gun in his hand.

His battle line was...

"I never wanted to kill anyone, they just kept determinedly walking the path of self-destruction."

After thinking it over, Bai Yan immediately made the change for him.

"Arrogance is what the gods possess when they judge right from wrong, and my job is to send them to hell."

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The Ring City.

167th floor.

This floor is located in the upper region of the Ring City, where the residents are either wealthy or privileged. They breathe freshest air and the sky outside the window is forever bright and sunny.

The whole city area always maintains a constant temperature, but there are also a few small areas that have been intentionally separated and transformed into scenic spots, allowing people to enter and experience scenes of winter, autumn, and other seasons.

The 167th floor had no industrial facilities, and more than thirty percent of it was covered with green plants.

In the center of this city area, there stood a renowned high-tech fully automated nursing home called "Greenery". It was surrounded by numerous plants.

Entering the "Greenery" nursing home was no easy task.

The annual fee required here is higher than the lifetime earnings in credit points for many lower-class people, not to mention the additional services that cost hundreds or thousands of credits... The latter is actually where most of the expenses lie.

Inside a peaceful room filled with green plants, there were even artificial fountains and rockeries.

"Beep."

"Scanned. Welcome, Mr. Mike Reno!"

"Remaining credit points: 7,398,589. You, as a valued platinum member of 'Greenery', are currently embarking on your 1,153rd session of 'Sunshine Therapy'..."

The elderly man, with silver hair on his temples, was dressed in loose white clothing. He lay on a comfortable chair, peacefully closing his eyes. On his determined face, he wore a pair of black sunglasses.

Because he was a platinum member, the advertising stage in the voice-over was skipped.

The "Sunshine Therapy" service was initiated.

Warm sunlight shone upon the determined old man's face.

"Hmm..."

Mike is very happy with his life right now.

In the morning, he would enjoy a beer on his own, only taking small sips. During the morning, he would read the news by himself and watch an old movie at random. At noon, he would bask in the sunlight alone. In the afternoon, he would play various random ball sports with a robot companion.

At night, before ten o'clock, he always went to bed, making sure not to carry any worries into the next day.

Even the platinum-level electronic doctor made a prediction... If nothing unexpected happened, he would live to be one hundred and thirty years old.

A peaceful life with no one to disturb.

It couldn't get any better.

No matter what happens, even if the world is destroyed, Mike has no plans to go out and kill again.

He had earned enough money, and all his familiar companions had perished. For that dark world, the old man no longer had any attachment.

Mike, a man who had retired, made a perfect exit and came here to enjoy his golden years. For Mike, of course, it was the most fitting choice.

"Beep, 'Greenery' user 772282 invites you to have an electronic billiards competition. Do you agree?"

"Denied."

He shook his head gently, wanting to add his persistent neighbor to the blacklist.

But Old Mike carefully thought about it and decided to give up in the end.

This old fellow, who is already over a hundred years old, is actually quite pitiful. He's even starting to show signs of senility. Every day, he tirelessly comes to play with me. If I were to blacklist him, I'm afraid he wouldn't be able to handle it emotionally.

If one day I also become senile...

Mike's platinum package agreement would allow him to receive the latest advancements in treatment.

If the results are not good, then it's better to just give up and end it. Losing oneself is not what he desires in life.

After soaking in the sun for about half an hour, Old Mike heard a new female voice in his ear... The volume of the system voice could be adjusted, as long as you had money.

So, Old Mike had always heard the sound of his granddaughter as the system voice.

The door of the Sunshine Recovery Room opened, and a wheeled, automated dining table slowly entered.

"Ding, your lunch reservation has arrived. Today's special lunch is a mix of the seventh and ninth options from the thirteen lunches you chose. It includes a delicious sirloin steak, perfect runny eggs, fresh vegetable salad, special mashed potatoes from District 177, and a small glass of sparkling wine that you requested. As a platinum member, you will receive a 20% discount on the selected meal."

Old Mike took off his sunglasses, slowly stood up, and the sunlight on his head began to fade away.

Old Mike sat on the chair, savoring a delightful lunch. Every day, his lunch would be a random combination of food from the thirteen favorite set meals he loved, ensuring that he never got tired of eating the same thing.

Gentle classical music played in the background as Old Mike remained calm and composed.

Unmatched tranquility.

This is a life that he struggled for decades in a dark world, earning it by killing countless important figures. No one could take it away, nothing could take it away!

He picked up the tiny glass of sparkling wine and took a gentle sip.

Just at that moment, a completely emotionless, young unfamiliar voice suddenly appeared in Old Mike's mind.

[The Final Gun]

[You have been chosen by destiny]

Old Mike instantly pushed aside the automated dining table in front of him, his body as swift as lightning. He immediately took cover behind the room's artificial rockery, observing his surroundings with indifference.

There was nobody around, he could be certain.

"Who is it?"

With a watchful eye, Old Mike's hand began to transform, gradually turning into a graceful silver firearm. It appeared to be a massive handgun, though its power remained unknown.

However, Old Mike couldn't find anyone.

Oh no!

Old Mike's face remained calm, but deep inside, he was extremely furious.

His peaceful life was disrupted, oh no, oh no, oh no!

In an instant, Old Mike calmed down.

He wanted to leave the room quickly, but suddenly he realized that his body couldn't move at all.

How could this happen?

Hacker?

Old Mike furrowed his brow.

Something was amiss. His personal network interface was a military-grade model, one of the top-of-the-line products among military-grade models, and it would never be easily controlled by anyone.

But no matter what, Old Mike's body simply couldn't move at this moment.

After struggling for a while, he stopped struggling and allowed the mysterious person to control him.

"Who are you? What do you want? We can negotiate."

In an empty room with no one else around, Old Mike called out in a not-so-loud voice.

"If you want money, I can give it to you, or is there something you need me to do for you? I can do anything. Or perhaps, you want to know information about certain people and forces?"

"Go ahead, let's talk about your terms."

For decades, in his career as a killer, Old Mike relied not only on his skills of killing, but also on his understanding of human nature.

If the other party is able to control themselves and doesn't immediately kill me, it means... this unknown entity doesn't want to take my life.

However, there was no answer.

"What does The Final Gun mean? It seems to be a name that the mysterious entity calls itself," Old Mike wondered. He quickly started searching for clues about this enigmatic presence.

Just as Old Mike maintained silence, his body suddenly began to move on its own.

Just like a puppet being controlled by someone's strings.

But he felt no fear at all, just observing everything with indifference, lost in thought.

Whoever it was...

Old Mike had made a solemn vow in his heart, that whoever dared to disrupt his peaceful life would surely pay the price, as long as he managed to survive!

Before long, Old Mike found himself being guided by an unknown force, leading him outside the house.

As he walked through the clean corridor, the security system of "Greenery" didn't detect anything unusual.

Old Mike soon arrived at the "entertainment hall," filled with elderly people.

The dark environment resembled a movie theater, with numerous elderly people wearing therapeutic clothing seated on comfortable leather seats, all of them wearing helmets and sporting smiles, as they indulged in a blissful dream state.



In an instant, Old Mike had noticed something was amiss.

Here, some people had already mixed in... some people who didn't belong in the nursing home at all...

Are they other assassins?

Old Mike took a deep breath, and deep within his heart, he already knew something.

The calm and comfortable retirement life came to an end.

A few seconds later, in the old man's eyes, there was only determination and coldness.

Next, there was only one choice left for oneself. That was to take care of all those troublesome jerks, eliminating every single one of them without mercy. Only by doing so, there would be a chance to return to a peaceful life again!

Chapter 362

Suddenly, a sentence popped into Old Mike's mind.

[Getting rid of all the assassins here]

The next moment, he became able to move.

Yes, Bai Yan gave him the power of "self-discipline"... Indeed, Bai Yan was too lazy to do the guide mission himself.

"..."

Old Mike furrowed his brow, still unsure of the identity of the enigmatic presence controlling him. What did they want?

But one thing he was certain of.

It is absolutely impossible to resist the commands of this mysterious presence before knowing the other person's true identity and understanding the type of power they possess.

Being able to control one's existence unnoticed, within the entire Ring City, no, within the entire Night Union, is a rare few.

Since that's the case, he decided to first complete the "task" that had been assigned to him.

Old Mike decided not to resist for now, but rather to go along with the other person's intentions and do as they wished. After all, those assassins were clearly there to kill him, he chuckled.

The task of killing... he chuckled.

For decades, he had completed hundreds of assassination missions, staining his hands with thousands of lives.

He had thought that he could retire smoothly, walk away, and enjoy decades of peaceful and comfortable later years... It was truly a luxury to hope for.

Unfortunately, until now, he still could not escape from this unfortunate job.

Old Mike calmly sneaked into the dimly lit entertainment hall. First, he took out a wire from his collar and connected it to the "Green Plant" nursing home's internal LAN through the Dream-Catcher device.

A few seconds later, he had gained control of the network in this place.

Old Mike, using the camera, pinpointed the locations of all the targets inside the entertainment hall. At the same time, he created fake scenes in the live recording to prevent exposing himself.

"..."

After remembering everything, Old Mike unplugged the wires from his neck and disappeared emotionlessly into the darkness.

Before long, some people started disappearing one by one in the darkness, while others remained completely unaware of it.

The elderly folks continued to use their imagination while indulging in a dreamy world, completely lost in their fantasies.

In that world, some people become unparalleled heroes, while others turn into lawless monsters. There are even those who use forbidden imagination to dominate the world, playing with servants like Heart of Radiance, Fate's Strings Master, and Crimson Sovereign.

Almost without exception, each elderly person in their imagination chose a youthful body.

Reality feels so powerless and terrifying, while the world in dreams is truly perfect.

Old Mike, disguised as a staff member, used visual gaps and diversionary tactics to take care of one hidden assassin after another.

Unnoticed by anyone, all of this was happening.

When there was only one assassin left in the entertainment hall, his right hand transformed into a small silent gun.

He aimed carefully.

"Biu"

The last person also fell down with a sound.

All the elderly people in the entertainment hall were still enjoying the show, their faces filled with ecstatic, uncontrollable smiles.

Old Mike swiftly tidied up the entertainment hall and left from there, making his way into the corridor.

He never used Super Dream Entertainment.

In the next moment, Old Mike's eyes were filled with the footage from the camera, while at the same time, other assassins saw false images on the monitors.

"One, two, three..."

Inside the whole "Greenery," surprisingly, twenty-seven assassins sneaked in.

Just dealt with eight on my own, and now there are still nineteen alive... After finishing off this group of trash, there's a high probability that I won't receive any reward. Damn, I'm really unlucky!

Old Mike's face turned serious, knowing that someone was already lying in ambush in his room.

So, instead of going back directly, he went to the next door and opened the door lock of the adjacent room.

The elderly neighbor who was slightly forgetful was playing ball, and there was no one else here.

Old Mike skillfully retrieved a hidden pile of things from the neighbor's room's toilet. He began to put on makeup, and before long, he transformed himself into a young man.

Old Mike approached his room calmly.

"Open the door."

After the voice recognition, the door opened immediately. He tossed a smoke bomb inside without any expression on his face, then stood to the side.

The smoke bomb quickly made a mess of the room.

"Cough, cough, cough!"

"Oh no! He's right outside!"

"Be careful!"

Old Mike, standing at the door, fired five silenced shots, one shot for each person trying to rush out, and killed them all.

Just as he turned to leave, suddenly a guy who had been shot in the head stood up again.

The originally frail body started to expand, and in the blink of an eye, it transformed into a werewolf standing over two meters tall.

It opened its big mouth, wanting to let out a howl!

"Boom!"

But soon, the werewolf was hit by a powerful plasma cannon, causing most of its body to be blown away, leaving behind a puddle of blood and half a body.

"I hope no one nearby heard the sound of the gun."

Grumbling to himself, Old Mike noticed that his right arm had turned into a plasma cannon.

Just an extraordinary being.

In the many decades that Old Mike had been killing numerous targets, half of them were extraordinary beings, including several at the Crown level.

He had long grown accustomed to battling various extraordinary powers.

In his room, Old Mike gathered his belongings and quickly prepared to finish off his targets and make his escape. Then, he set off to deal with the remaining trouble.

"Another name change is in order, and the current account might not be safe..."

Luckily, he had ten active accounts, and each of them had a lot of credit points.

For a legendary assassin who never got their hands dirty, money was the last thing they needed to worry about.

The biggest question was always how to spend these funds wisely.

In the following days, one by one, the assassins in the nursing home disappeared without a trace, making the remaining individuals immediately become alert.

They kept actively reaching out to each other, attempting to unite and even resorting to hostage-taking, but none of them could escape death.

From beginning to end, surprisingly, no one managed to clarify where the target was located or how the target killed people.

Finally, the last surviving assassin broke down.

The excessive fear made him run away from "Greenery", without even looking back.

Old Mike stood outside the nursing home, his eyes sparkling with light, watching as this lucky child, who seemed crazy, left.

He has already placed a tracker on this guy.

Otherwise, this guy would definitely not be able to escape alive.

"Go on, go help me find the mastermind," Old Mike muttered.

He knew one thing: that mysterious person who controlled him and these assassins...they probably weren't a group of people.

The unfathomable mysterious person seemed even more terrifying.

Just as Old Mike was about to run away, he suddenly realized that he couldn't move again.

Darn it! Darn it! Darn it! Ahhhhhh!

Old Mike finally realized that he would have a hard time escaping this mysterious presence, and the anger in his heart grew stronger and stronger.

This meant that a peaceful retirement life was slipping further and further away from him.

[I am the Savior]

[All is done to save the past and the future, for this world that is on the brink of collapse and destruction.]

[The Final Gun]

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

Go away, you silly Savior! Go away, you silly Final Gun! Go away, you silly Babel Tower!

"I understand now, so that's how it is."

On the surface, Old Mike nodded calmly and softly replied to the incredibly mysterious voice.

Go away!

After venting his emotions, Old Mike realized that he could move again.

"Babel Tower, is it a new organization that has emerged in recent years? Why have I never heard of it before?"

During the years he had escaped from the dark world, Old Mike had never actively inquired about those things, and he knew nothing about the newly emerged mysterious organization.

He soon left the "Greenery" nursing home, and at the same time, he had already erased all traces of his existence within the "Greenery".

The "Greenery" is a fully automated high-tech nursing home, where only robots provide service, without any human staff... This is also one of its major selling points.

Furthermore, since Old Mike always kept to himself, as long as the information was erased, no one would remember his existence.

In this part of the city, Old Mike had a safe house located on the outskirts, which had been prepared twenty years ago.

He quickly entered the small room and discovered hidden within the wall a weapon capable of destroying several streets. Then, he took out a unique model of computer.

"Alright, let me see what you are exactly."

Old Mike connected to a dark world platform called "Deep Sea."

"I want to purchase all the information about 'Babel Tower' and 'Savior'."

Old Mike's account in "Deep Sea" was the highest level account. Once he asked a question, he quickly received numerous answers!

He was completely stunned.

"What's going on? Why is this new organization so famous?"

Chapter 363

In fact, many information dealers have information about the show-off Babel Tower.

These pieces of information are rare in the Night Union because, so far, the Babel Tower has been less active in the Night Union.

However, in the other two countries, there is simply an abundance of information about the Babel Tower.

It was the most famous "mysterious" organization in the world.

In the Air Alliance, there was still official information control, which meant that only the extraordinary individuals knew about the Babel Tower.

And in the Kingdom of Dark Light, the renowned name of the Babel Tower had reached a point where it was known to all, who didn't know about it, after all?

Old Mike patiently read through numerous pieces of information, furrowing his brows in deep thought.

Something was not right.

Something was very wrong!

This Babel Tower, and this Savior, their descriptions were simply unbelievable, too extraordinary and bizarre.

Not long ago, he saved the world? They were the ones who stopped it? Not the Rainbow?

Could it be that the information peddlers were colluding to spread false news?

Could it be that they had unknowingly boarded a fake "deep sea" platform?

This thought popped into his mind.

"Huh?"

Old Mike couldn't understand. The members of the Babel Tower introduced in this intelligence report were all very strange.

For example, let's take the "Hound of Babel Tower."

How could anyone possibly transform from a rookie crime-hunter into a fearsome top-tier warrior in just a few short months?

It was truly unbelievable!

Old Mike couldn't believe it.

"This improvement speed is not normal at all... but the information should be true. Several information sellers have the same information, and especially, the credibility of these guys has always been high."

In the end, he could only accept the reality, and in his heart, he became a little more fearful of the Babel Tower.

[The Final Gun, this is the gift bestowed upon you.]

At that moment, Old Mike's face turned dark.

The voice inside his heart came again!

A gift?

Old Mike thought about it and realized that those so-called "gifts" from those cult groups were not good things at all.

"Can I refuse?" he struggled one last time.

In the next moment, a feeling he had never experienced before arose within Old Mike's body.

His eyes widened.

"How is this possible? This force..."

A fierce power was awakening inside the old man, flowing continuously like a cascading waterfall.

He could clearly feel himself growing stronger.

Remarkably stronger!

Although Old Mike didn't possess the power of a Crown from the moment he was born, he was gradually getting stronger. However, he had only experienced the feeling of "getting a little stronger" in the past.

Old Mike couldn't even dare to imagine the feeling of instantly becoming significantly stronger!

No ordinary individual would dare to dream of such a thing!

"That's too exaggerated, isn't it? It's simply impossible!"

He even had suspicions that he might have been drugged or that someone had hacked his internet warehouse. Could all of this experience be an illusion?

"..."

The power that kept surging in his soul improved Old Mike's appearance greatly. Although there was no visible change on the surface, his physical body actually became much younger.

Knowing that he had become long-lived, Old Mike felt like laughing, but soon his forehead furrowed.

The Savior of the Babel Tower was indeed just like the one shown in the intelligence report!

It was an unimaginable and mysterious existence... perhaps even a deity from another world!

Of course, it wasn't just gods who could do these things, if we dare to think worst, maybe He is some disguised king of hell, or even an Outer God!

But no matter what the Savior is... it indicates two absolute truths.

Firstly, I was unable to resist against the opponent.

The reason was self-evident.

Secondly, it seems that I won't be able to retire anytime soon, to the point where even the idea of "anytime soon" is overly optimistic; in fact, it's possible that I may never, never, never, ever be able to comfortably retire!

"Go away!"

After gaining enhancement, many members of the Babel Tower felt excited because of the newfound power, regardless of their previous attitudes.

Only a few individuals would feel bad.

And the one who showed the most intense reflection was undoubtedly Mike, the wielder of "The Final Gun"!

And then, his enhancement was not yet complete.

A surge of unfamiliar knowledge erupted in his mind, and Old Mike suddenly grasped the understanding of two dreadful powers.

The immense power of these two forces caused him to tremble slightly.

"Unexpectedly, there was still such power..."

Old Mike murmured to himself, feeling somewhat incredulous.

"They are, simply put, the tailor-made power for me, the Savior of the Babel Tower... Do you understand me so well, or is it that you can grant whatever you desire?"

At that moment, he suddenly received an email signed by Mr. X.

Old Mike's face changed.

His own email was undoubtedly hidden and encrypted!

He would only receive emails from "middlemen", and those people were all familiar acquaintances he had known for many years.

How could it be? Suddenly, he received an email from a stranger!

He took a deep breath.

"Kill the virus... then click open, the email, and read."

After reading the email, Old Mike's eyes filled with deep alertness, fear, and anger.

And even a trace of confusion remained.

"Can you believe it...?"

In the email, a mysterious person calling himself "Mr. X" told him that he, too, was a member of the Babel Tower.

And thanks to the arrangement of the Savior, Mr. X had already helped his granddaughter survive the attack.

"Mr. X" also discovered that the organization seeking revenge against Old Mike and his family was called the "Siskin" in the Ring City.

The Siskin is a recently notorious criminal organization, and the former leader of this criminal organization, the Silver Bird, was killed by Mike with his own hands.

Revenge seemed quite reasonable.

Mike still remembered that the leader of the Silver Bird organization was a much stronger super being than himself, and he had actually been lucky to be able to kill him back then.

He muttered to himself, "That person wasn't the strongest super being I've ever encountered, but definitely the strongest and most difficult to deal with among the super beings I've killed."

Siskin?

I have never heard of it, but since it is the successor organization of Silver Bird, it should not be underestimated.

Hmm...

They actually had the audacity to target my granddaughter! They shall all perish! Everyone shall perish!

Die!

Old Mike became furious, picking up the computer and smashing it, venting his anger wildly.

"Oh, Babel Tower, Savior, you seem to understand me so well, as if you think you have complete control over me, hehe."

After his emotions had calmed down, there was something profound in Old Mike's eyes.

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Meanwhile.

Inside Babel Tower, Bai Yan was watching Old Mike's every move through a live stream on her phone.

"Hehe..."

He gently shook his head, feeling that this old man was quite amusing.

If she had drawn him early on, he would have been much more useful than Mu Ling.

However, if she had only drawn "The Final Gun" now, she could only use him as a specialized type of operator.

However, being a specialized type of operator doesn't mean they have no use.

The abilities of the Psychic Dancer were also of a specialized type, and they were very useful in many places.

The powers that Bai Yan had just been granted were "Infinite Bullets" and the "Killing Star," both of which were perfectly suited to him.

He smiled and said, "No matter what the future brings, no matter what you think, welcome to join the Babel Tower."

The Final Gun!

Bai Yan glanced at the character card of the old man.

Core Operator:

Title: The Final Gun (Unnamed)

Gender: Male

Plane: Formation Realm

Level: Crown (Intermediate)

Race: (Special Variant)

Operator Identification: Assassin/Sneak/Destroy (Optimal Assassin)

Milestone: Ace Assassin

Primary Attributes:

Physical Strength: 118 (A very strong body is the foundation for an assassin's abilities)

Inspiration: 185 (Especially when it comes to inspiration, it's more accurate to say it is an extremely terrifying intuition.)

Skill: 265 (Far beyond the skill level that any human should possess)

Secondary Attributes:

Charm: 5 (For a killer, being average is an important foundational quality)

Loyalty: 3 (To hell with the Babel Tower! To hell with the Savior!)

Mood: 2 (To heck with the Babel Tower! To heck with the Siskin! To heck with it all!)

Trait:

Lone Wolf: A Core Operator who enjoys solitude and acting alone. (Mood may decrease during team activities)

Cunning Fox: I bet there are no bullets in your gun. (Often able to set up everything in a short amount of time.)

Master Assassin: Proficient in almost all techniques related to covert killings. (Skills increase during assassinations)

Elderly: It's not just physical aging, but the spirit has also begun to resist battles. (Skills decrease, mood decreases when encountering frequent battles)

Super Perception: She could easily see through many obstacles, sensing the location and surface thoughts of her targets.

Ability:

The Enchantress of Firearms (she can transform her arms into various firearms, with a total of seven modes: silenced, automatic, sniper, tranquilizer, plasma, gravity, and annihilator)

Death Mode (a special power, skill, physical prowess, and speed that is unleashed in dire situations; the firepower of firearms greatly increases; able to sense the presence of all individuals within a ten-kilometer radius; with each extraordinary being killed, the next attack's damage increases by 5%, reaching a maximum of 200%; lasts for the duration of a battle.)

Gunfight Technique (This person's bullets can really curve!)

Infinite Bullets (possessing an endless supply of bullets)

Killing Star (by aiming, one can perceive the 'life stars' on the target's body. As long as the 'life stars' can be shattered, the target can be instantly destroyed)

Secondary Information:

Physical Attributes: Height: 177cm, Bust: 88cm, Waist: 80cm, Hips: 89cm

Favorites: Comfort, petite steak, sparkling wine

Dislike: Siskin, fool, trouble

Items: Military-grade electronic devices, firearms, explosives, essential tools for assassins.

Description: Once a renowned and celebrated ace assassin, after retiring and believing to have found safety, he enjoyed a brief period of comfort... only to be inevitably drawn back into the world of bloodshed!

"The crownless king of the assassin world, the lone wolf driven by a mad lust for hunting lives!"

Bai Yan nodded gently, "Hmm, loyalty is not 1, nor is it 0, but rather 3."

He explained how he had saved the granddaughter of "The Final Gun" and received ample rewards.

"Very good," he thought, "this first move is crucial."

Bai Yan knew that The Final Gun was not an emotional person, but someone who valued relationships deeply. In his heart, there was no doubt that his granddaughter was the most important person to him.

He smiled faintly.

"Maybe, 'I' should personally have a conversation with him."

Chapter 364

The Ring City.

The city stretched across 167 layers.

On the outskirts of the city, there was a silver café that was fully automated and didn't have any staff.

This silver café played classical music, made delightful coffee, but because the road leading to it was in poor condition, very few people came on ordinary days.

Hmm, this café was originally built for "charity," with all the profits going to children and the elderly, so no one really cared about making money.

As for why those who were involved in "charity" insisted on building it, it was of course to avoid paying taxes.

An almost deserted café.

Indeed, it was a perfect place for certain people to meet.

Sitting calmly on the seat by the window, the disguised Old Mike settled down.

According to the email sent later by Mr. X

There would be people from the Babel Tower coming here to meet themselves.

"Hehe."

Listening to his favorite classical music, Old Mike mumbled to himself.

The people from the Babel Tower, they really managed to guess each other's thoughts. They actually purposely chose a café with few people, and not even the staff were living beings.

Yes, she simply didn't like people.

In the span of over eighty years, Old Mike had already encountered countless people. In his heart, he believed that humans were truly more "beastly" than animals.

On the contrary, many animals are actually more like "humans."

Human nature? Animal nature?

He didn't understand philosophy, but he knew that after experiencing countless darkness and betrayal, he was growing to dislike people more and more.

After a while, Old Mike still hadn't seen anyone coming to the café.

"The mysterious person from Babel Tower said they wanted to meet, but they disappeared without a trace, and nobody knew where they went..."

He glanced at the time indicated by the system prompt and furrowed his brow.

Just a few seconds remained until the agreed upon time of one-thirty in the afternoon. The moment had arrived.

"Not coming? Or just running late?"

Although he appeared to have just arrived not long ago.

But in reality, several hours earlier, he had already set up numerous mini cameras in the coffee shop and all around the streets outside.

At this moment, Old Mike would immediately become aware of any movement or the presence of any heat energy within a few hundred meters and react accordingly.

Even the magical spells used to detect extraordinary powers were installed to protect him.

Since everything was set up so perfectly, but in the final few seconds, he still couldn't see the other person, it could only mean one thing.

Old Mike understood in his heart.

The other person was running late, or perhaps they wouldn't show up.

He disliked those silly people who couldn't keep time.

Just as Old Mike was about to get up and leave, precisely at that very moment when it was 1:30 in the afternoon, a man with a calm expression and a gentle smile was already sitting in front of him.

Without any warning, it happened suddenly and unexpectedly.

Old Mike immediately noticed the sudden appearance of the man. He had brown hair, a gentle smile, and was wearing a black cloak...

By the way, this was a Profligate!

Inside the Babel Tower, there was a powerful figure, one of the strongest. There were many rumors about him, but they were all vague and unclear. Only one thing could be certain.

This man was very powerful, and he was definitely not someone I could confront head-on.

Old Mike remained vigilant in his heart, saying nothing.

Bai Yan still held a cup of piping hot coffee in his hand and smiled, saying, "The coffee in this shop is pretty good. Would you like some?"

Old Mike calmly pondered for a moment, nodding his head.

"Okay, I'll drink."

In his eyes, a subtle glimmer appeared as he glanced at the electronic menu in the coffee shop. He ordered a cup of unsweetened black coffee.

"For super beings like us, one great advantage is that we can enjoy a wide variety of different delicious foods."

Bai Yan drank down a coffee that was almost scalding hot, smiling as he said, "Ordinary people definitely couldn't handle this. Their lips, tongues, and throats are too delicate to handle anything too intense."

"But supers are different, we can do more things."

Old Mike said grumpily, "Yes, super beings have many advantages. They can even be more adventurous in love... Some super beings have become quite twisted in their pursuit of thrills. They yearn to experience the joy of being a hero in their fantasies of saving the world."

Bai Yan shook his head and smiled, saying, "You should also know about the major world upheaval that happened over a dozen days ago. As a result, the Heart of Radiance within the 'Rainbow' has also fallen."

"Um, I know."

Old Mike didn't argue.

Bai Yan said earnestly, "This is the First Doomsday Crisis in the past century, but it won't be the last. In just over sixty days, an even more intense Doomsday Crisis will erupt."

Old Mike spread his hands and exclaimed loudly:

"Mmm, it's terrible that things turned out this way! Luckily, I have enough money to immigrate to another world with my family! So, what does this have to do with me? Do you want me to fight against the Outer God in the Babel Tower? Or are you asking me to assassinate the Outer God? That's insane!"

Old Mike, being quite aggressive, actually calculated that Babel Tower had invested a lot in him and seemed to value him greatly.

The Savior would never kill himself just because he casually said a few words.

Bai Yan smiled and said, "Killing the Outer God is indeed challenging, and we cannot afford the reward... Of course, you don't need to do anything beyond your abilities. You just need to eliminate those cultists who can summon the Outer God before its arrival."

"As for what you said about having enough money to save the entire family from Noah, that would be quite a big expense, but you could actually afford it... at least you could before."

Old Mike's face turned pale, and he immediately started checking the balance in his numerous accounts.

The numbers on top hardly changed, but there was an additional symbol... They all turned into negative numbers!

Old Mike's expression was filled with a mix of emotions - confusion, disbelief, and despair.

In a flash, he found himself burdened with millions of debts!

In the Ring City, having money meant you could have almost everything.

The poor soul without money would undoubtedly lead a life akin to hell.

Old Mike himself was certainly not afraid, but he had family members who were once hidden but were now discovered.

"How is it possible... You, how did you manage to do it..."

Old Mike took a deep breath, his eyes filled with mixed emotions.

"Money is just a number for the magnificent Babel Tower."

Bai Yan smiled, and then Old Mike heard a notification on his account. He discovered that all the money in his various accounts had miraculously returned in that very instant!

Old Mike took a deep breath and said, "The Babel Tower does have unimaginable power, but I still suggest that you seek stronger individuals or forces to save the world, like the Rock Morgan group or the Noy Military... In the end, I am just an assassin."

At that moment, weariness etched deep lines on the old man's face.

Just like it was described on the character card.

His soul had grown old.

The old man no longer wanted to fight, nor did he want to desperately struggle for some exaggerated responsibility.

"You have the potential to save the world, it has to be you. In some time, you will understand."

Bai Yan unleashed his well-honed "riddle person" abilities.

"The Babel Tower saved your granddaughter, which is like having already paid a reward. As a professional assassin, completing missions to repay this debt would be considered natural, isn't it?"

Then, Bai Yan unleashed his most powerful move.

"And, your family has been exposed, they need the protection of the Babel Tower."

Old Mike remained silent, not uttering a word, simply nodding gently.

He had never broken a promise, nor had he ever owed anyone a favor.

Since his granddaughter might have been saved by the Babel Tower, he felt the need to do something in return... Of course, Old Mike would find a way to verify if this thing was true.

However, no matter how many times it was said, he dared not gamble with the lives of his family.

Black coffee arrived.

The two of them took a few sips of coffee and Old Mike stood up.

He wanted to leave, but Bai Yan reminded him, "I know you enjoy being alone and don't like being in a team, but the members of Babel Tower in this world are having a gathering today. You can't miss it, and even more so, you shouldn't miss it."

"I..."

Old Mike turned around, about to say something, when he suddenly realized that the man had vanished without a trace.

The numerous cameras, sensors, and magical props he had set up showed no signs of any trace!

After a moment of silence, he finally managed to utter a single word.

"Oh no!"

Deep Blue World is indeed very useful.

"Not only is it useful in battles, but it is also useful in many other aspects, especially when it comes to "disguise", it is extremely handy!"

Old Mike had a more vivid sense of the immense power of Babel Tower, both in terms of his own ability to come and go without a trace and the money in his "shadowy" account.

What Bai Yan said was not wrong.

Today was the time for a new gathering at Babel Tower.

The gathering that happened once every ten days continued as usual.

There were sixty-three days remaining until the occurrence of the next Doomsday Crisis.

In the following two months, the people of Babel Tower would need to become incredibly powerful, frighteningly powerful, in order to have a chance to save everything in the end.

The Babel Tower meeting began.

--

In the wilds outside of Tatsumi City.

A humble tribe had been established, and the sinners who had regained their freedom were filled with joy.

"Leader."

The burly Steel Fist walked up to the rock, where Ganis was pondering.

"Can we still go back to rescue other people?"

Ganis, upon hearing his friend Steel Fist's inquiry, turned his head and nodded with unwavering determination.

"Yes, but we have to wait a bit longer. We need to settle down here first."

Chloe also walked over.

Her blinded eyes had already been healed by Mu Ling's power. Now, Chloe has a profound trust in the Babel Tower, and she also has evident affection towards Ganis, who saved everyone and brought Mu Ling.

"Ganis... Will we ever have a chance to live in a place without disasters, without dangers, just like the people in the city?"

Chloe's question left Ganis speechless.

He gazed at Tatsumi City in the distance.

Ganis knew that Nightsaber, Psychic Dancer, and Mysterious Magic all lived in that city.

Those people were all townsfolk.

"I..."

Ganis instinctively thought, "I don't know."

But suddenly, he recalled all that had happened before, took a deep breath.

"Will do."

"The Savior will lead us, and then all the Persecuted will enter into a glorious and safe city. They will no longer need to fear, they will not suffer anymore, but instead, they will have their own happiness."

If there was no Babel Tower, no Savior, and none of the things that have happened during this time.

He was afraid that he wouldn't even believe the words he was saying.

But since the Savior of the Babel Tower, this Savior really appeared! Even, He could make the approaching Outer God retreat... It's not impossible for the prophecy to ultimately come true!

"Mmm, we believe in you."

"We also believe in the Savior."

Steel Fist and Chloe, Ganis's closest companions, had always placed unconditional trust in him.

Regardless of what Ganis does, they will support him. They would willingly go through any challenges, even sacrificing themselves.

"Are you a person of the Babel Tower?"

Who?

Ganis paused for a moment, then suddenly turned around.

He saw a man who was beyond description with the word "beautiful".

At the moment when Ganis saw this man, he was almost mesmerized, feeling a willingness to do anything for him...

"Ah!"

Ganis suddenly bit his tongue and let out a loud scream.

He looked at the suddenly appearing man in terror, who stood about two meters tall and was dressed in black.

Indescribable appearance!

Behind this man in black stood a one-eyed girl, without both arms, her eyes shining as clear as sapphires.

"Who are you?"

Ganis quickly turned his head, not looking at the other person, afraid of being enchanted by them once again.

Suddenly, Ganis froze in his tracks.

He noticed that everyone in the tribe had frozen in place.

Every person remained frozen in their previous state, as if someone had pressed the pause button. Steel Fist and Chloe were just within reach, yet completely motionless.

The atmosphere became extremely eerie.



"Let me introduce myself, my name is Amicio, a wandering wizard."

Amicio smiled and said, "Hmm, actually, I have always been very interested in the Babel Tower. Could you please give me some insights?"

Ganis had no knowledge of the great name of the Son of God.

Without hesitation, he refused.

"Even if you threaten my life, or even threaten everyone here, I will not betray even the tiniest bit of information about the Babel Tower."

"No, I'm not threatening, I just want to talk... I only stopped them so they wouldn't interrupt our conversation."

Amicio's words didn't shake Ganis at all.

He wasn't a three-year-old anymore, not so easily fooled.

Just as Amicio was about to say something, Ganis was suddenly enveloped in a thick black mist and vanished into thin air.

"Master, he has disappeared."

With no arms, Nuo gently spoke.

Amicio nodded and clapped his hands with a smile. "Hmm, it's confirmed. That black mist is the power of the 'Connector'... I'm becoming more and more curious about the truth of the Babel Tower."

--

Inside the Babel Tower.

In the grand hall that resembled a castle from the Middle Ages, members of the Babel Tower gathered together.

Everyone looked at me, and I looked at them.

In secret, the members of the Babel Tower had actually been moving around more and more frequently, and gatherings were becoming less important than before.

Mu Ling soon discovered someone she didn't recognize, an old man wearing a black wolf mask. He was quietly stepping back, trying to distance himself from everyone.

This time, the Babel Tower had new members.

She nodded gently, then looked towards the Scarlet Moon.

The Scarlet Moon stood still with her arms crossed, contemplating.

Her aura had completely changed, now completely different from before.

Once they arrived at the Potential Apocalypse, Mu Ling initially felt that she and her abilities were close, with not much difference from the Scarlet Moon. But now, she couldn't help but feel that she had been left far behind by the Scarlet Moon.

Upon realizing this, Mu Ling immediately felt relieved that the Scarlet Moon was becoming stronger. She silently congratulated her in her heart, and at the same time, felt glad to contribute even more to the Savior's aid.

The Savior still sat upon the throne, lofty and unyielding, with an air of mystery and unshakable presence.

Mu Ling took a step forward and gracefully knelt down on one knee.

"Dear Respected Savior..."

"Being summoned by you once again, is an honor for us."

Chapter 365

The dozen people of Babel Tower gathered together once more.

As a mysterious organization, Babel Tower was undoubtedly a massive entity.

There were more than a dozen members at the core, each on the level of a Crown, with two members even at the Apocalypse level. And the number of non-core and peripheral members was even more abundant.

Even as far as the entire world of Noah could be seen, the Babel Tower was on the verge of entering the ranks of the most powerful factions.

In this Babel Tower gathering, three new Core Operators joined. The operators in the hall couldn't help but notice this.

At some point, the "World Savior" Profligate also joined the crowd.

He also acquired a mask.

A white round mask without a face.

And the first ones to notice him were undoubtedly the Scarlet Moon and Maryse.

Maryse hesitated for a moment, unsure if she should walk over.

In fact, her previous journey in another world had made her realize many things completely.

She had a great fondness for Mr. Profligate, but to say that she completely fell in love with him was not quite accurate... It was just that twenty years of loneliness and solitude had caused her to develop an uncontrollable affection for exceptional and kind individuals of the opposite sex.

But if she chose to love him, there wouldn't be any problems in the future either.

This was the answer that the alternate timeline had already provided... Therefore, even if she couldn't hear his innermost thoughts, it didn't really matter.

Maryse had a tremendous fondness for Profligate, which was the most natural thing in the world.

If the genders were swapped, it would be the story of a lonely young gentleman who was confined to his home for twenty years. After finally escaping, he joined a mysterious organization and was constantly guided and cared for by a beautiful and strong-willed elder sister figure within the organization. It was simply impossible for him not to develop affection in his heart.

But when it comes to a love that etches into the bones, it's not really that common... But in this world, there aren't so many life-and-death love stories. Most people are just making do with what they have.

So should I be more proactive?

Maryse hesitated.

If she were only eighteen years old, she definitely wouldn't be thinking about being proactive.

However, the 28-year-old woman, who had been lonely for many years, was completely different... She was fierce like a wolf and powerful like a tiger!

Maryse was astonished when she suddenly noticed that the Queen of the Scarlet Moon had actually walked past her before she could make a move!

"Hmm?"

Maryse blinked in surprise.

What's going on?

She quickly saw the Scarlet Moon approach Mr. Profligate, and right in front of everyone, she reached out her hand, attempting to embrace him.

But Mr. Profligate coldly pushed her away.

"..."

Hmm?

Maryse rubbed her unbelieving eyes.

Hmm?

She rubbed her eyes once more.

Suddenly, Maryse felt a bit confused in her heart.

"What's going on? What's happening?" wondered the people. "The queen of the Tatsumi City bloodline, the legendary Lady Scarlet Moon, what is she doing? What was she just about to do?"

What else could she do? The greedy Scarlet Moon naturally only wanted to feed on blood.

Bai Yan calmly reminded,

"There are still many people here, so you shouldn't be too impulsive. Besides, you sucked so much yesterday, so you probably won't need it for a while. Why can't you resist so quickly?"

"It's not that I couldn't bear it anymore, but rather that I decided to no longer endure it."

The Scarlet Moon gently shook her head and said calmly, "Now I can do as I please, even if they see it, it doesn't matter... In fact, whether you and I admit it or not, our relationship can only be so 'intimate'."

She looked into Bai Yan's eyes with a sense of familiarity and playfully said:

"I just wanted to suck your blood, what does it have to do with you?"

Bai Yan smiled and whispered, giving a meaningful command:

"However, I still cannot allow you to drink. Please bear with it for a while."

The Scarlet Moon rolled her eyes, carefree and unwilling to pay attention to the other person's thoughts.

In this world, no one could suppress her true self and instincts anymore!

However, she had no idea why, in that moment, a feeling of obedience arose within Scarlet Moon's heart, as if it were an instinct born with her.

It felt like an imprint engraved deep within her soul.

What is happening?

Why do I feel the desire to obey this man before me?

On a spiritual level, an irresistible force... not wanting to resist at all, but hoping to obey his commands... because deep within, I desired to do so, it didn't go against the path of Apocalypse.

Scarlet Moon was stunned.

In her impression, most of her own people also had this kind of feeling towards her...

What is happening?

Something's not right! Is this the side effect of sucking blood?

Bai Yan, seeing Scarlet Moon standing still and lost in thought, knew that his command had taken effect.

The Spawn are unable to defy the divine being that shelters them.

Children may betray their parents, but spawns cannot betray their master.

In fact, as Bai Yan looked at the Scarlet Moon, he also felt a familiar warmth in his heart.

Even now, he would feel a basic fondness towards all members of the Scarlet Blood Clan.

This affection will continue to pass down through bloodlines, unchanged for thousands of years.

The descendants of the Scarlet Blood Clan would begin to admire Bai Yan, and in the years to come, Bai Yan would instinctively wish to protect them.

It is said that the legendary advanced civilization, the original civilization... Those Original People have always been the powerful Spawn of Outer Gods.

Maryse stood nearby, her eyes wide open, taking in everything completely.

They were whispering in each other's ears!

And they were standing so close all this time!

Just like a couple in love!

Don't! Please don't get near that inappropriate person!

Maryse thought about it and glanced at the Scarlet Moon... It was absolutely outrageous, the way it appeared!

Right away, she felt deflated, a strong sense of inferiority washed over her.

She lowered her head, like a frost-bitten eggplant, not wanting to speak at all.

"Dead mosquito... can you please stay away..."

Maryse grumbled in frustration, but she didn't dare approach them like that, afraid of "disturbing" them.

Imagine if she shamelessly approached, at that moment, the Scarlet Moon would furrow her brows gently and say, "Moriarty, let's go stand over there."

Then, the Scarlet Moon pulled Mr. Profligate along, who didn't even glance at himself.

Maryse felt that she was so embarrassed that she could just jump off the building right where she stood.

She imagined all sorts of possible and impossible scenarios, while Bai Yan, the person with the ability to possess powers, could actually hear every thought in her mind.

"..."

Even someone as shameless as him couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed at this moment.

A little, no more.

Maryse walked over stubbornly.

She was very nervous, but the Scarlet Moon didn't even glance at her. She just calmly looked ahead, furrowing her brow in thought.

At the same time, the other people at the Babel Tower had also started to chat.

"The Chosen of the Sacred Heart", Aurora, spotted her acquaintances Mu Ling and Maryse. She noticed the latter approaching a certain man, so she kindly walked over to Mu Ling with a smile on her face.

"We meet again, Nightsaber! It has been an honor fighting by your side during these days... Will we have the chance to fight side by side again in the future?"

Mu Ling heard the energetic and friendly words, and she smiled lightly, nodding as she said, "With utmost pleasure."

"Great!"

Aurora smiled and grabbed her shoulder, filled with enthusiasm:

"You must trust the Savior a lot, I can tell..."

Mu Ling answered without hesitation, "The Savior is the master I trust and admire. So far, almost all my strength, glory, and life have been bestowed upon me by him."

"I see...", Mary replied.

Aurora glanced at the Savior seated on the distant throne, her gaze filled with a myriad of emotions.

In one's own heart, there is also a great entity that is always admired.

But He had already...

With these thoughts, Aurora's heart felt as if it were shattering, trying to contain the overwhelming sorrow.

Meanwhile, on the other side.

"Although I want to say 'long time no see,' but actually we just met not too long ago... 'Psychic Dancer,' I saw your performance in Annottales, you did very well."

Bai Yan took the initiative to speak, his tone gentle.

Maryse hesitated for a moment, and a smile appeared on her face beneath the mask.

"I heard Mu Ling say it yesterday, Mr. Profligate. In the final showdown with Annottales, it was actually your decisive strike that defeated the enemy."

She thought for a moment and praised with a hint of exaggeration, "You are so amazing, Mr. Profligate! If it weren't for you, Annottales might have been completely destroyed!"

Never mind!

Maryse decided to let go of her dignity!

Good things, you have to learn to fight for them yourself!

Since we can't compete on the hardware side, let's surpass them on the software side!

Scarlet... This big mosquito always has a grumpy face, as if someone owes her money. Although she is big, not many people can tolerate this kind of woman, hmph.

Bai Yan couldn't help but burst into laughter and reached out to gently pat Maryse's head.

He was about to burst with laughter.

Chapter 366

Maryse's praise didn't really matter, it was her thoughts that truly fascinated Bai Yan!

Maryse wanted to instinctively dodge the head pat, but she forced herself to endure it.

Allowing the warm palm to stroke her silky golden hair.

Meanwhile, she looked towards the nearby Scarlet... big mosquito, feeling a tiny bit proud inside.

But the Scarlet Moon only glanced at them and said nothing.

She paid no attention.

You actually care a lot, don't you? I can tell!

Maryse's heart was shouting.

Bai Yan withdrew his hand, unable to contain the smile hidden behind his mask.

From the very beginning, he had been listening to the inner dramas of the people at the Babel Tower, and he continued to listen until now, especially Maryse's inner drama. It was both exciting and full of conflicts.

Plus, there was someone else that deserved a lot of attention - Ganis.

In his heart, Ganis thought about that guy named "Amicio," without a doubt, he was the "Son of God," there could be no mistake.

Bai Yan furrowed his brow when he thought of this peculiar joyous creature.

That guy came knocking on the door.

Indeed, the members of Babel Tower frequently appeared in both Tatsumi City and Annottales.

Amicio would come to Tatsumi City, driven by his admiration, and it was only natural.

Bai Yan pondered how he could deal with this person.

"Maybe a direct confrontation wouldn't be the best choice," Bai Yan thought to himself.

Amicio's strength probably wouldn't be inferior to Silence. Even if all the members of Babel Tower were to mobilize and had a chance of taking him down, it was more likely that he would simply run away.

As Amicio pondered, what did he truly desire?

Was he intending harm towards Babel Tower?

Bai Yan thought for a while, and finally came to a conclusion, which was... the two sides might not necessarily be enemies for now.

In the previous adventure in Annottales, Amicio's reason for obstructing the two members of the Dark Light Church and being an enemy to Babel Tower was because he was working for hire at that time.

Now that the employment period has ended, according to Amicio's carefree nature, he may not necessarily choose to continue being enemies with Babel Tower.

The evidence is that in the first playthrough of the "Babel Tower" game, Amicio's choice to help or oppose Babel Tower had a fifty percent chance each time.

In that split second before tossing the coin, perhaps even the man himself was unsure of what choice he would make.

"For this person, watching the Babel Tower affecting the entire world is definitely much more interesting than destroying the Babel Tower."

"But, this super timed detonator really makes people unhappy..."

Bai Yan shook his head softly.

Since Amicio didn't immediately attack Ganis, there was a chance for negotiation. He decided to observe the situation a little longer.

The Savior's alter ego, Bai Yan, who was seated on the throne, spoke some words that were often mentioned in past meetings. He also explained that there was still two months until the next Domsday Crisis.

Time was running out, and many people's faces changed.

Meanwhile, Bai Yan was also listening to the thoughts of others.

--

After arriving at the Babel Tower Temple, Old Mike was momentarily stunned, and then he immediately became alert.

He was naturally suspicious, and didn't even believe at first that this group of people were his "teammates" and so-called "companions" of the Babel Tower.

Old Mike, who was a thoughtful person, had many thoughts. He thought that perhaps all of this was fake, or maybe it was the result of a hacker's implanted dream... He even prepared an escape plan, anticipating that these people might suddenly launch an attack and wondering how he could survive.

It seems that only by pleading for mercy on the spot would there be a slight chance...

Of course, he soon realized that he seemed to be overthinking things.

This is indeed the legendary Babel Tower!

The scenery he saw with his own eyes was simply from another world, it was so incredible!

His personal online storage should not have been invaded by anyone, and seeing all this was not a hacker's implanted fantasy, but a real existence.

In front of them, there were these young people wearing masks, who were members of the legendary Babel Tower.

And now, he would also become one of them.

Old Mike watched the chatting crowd, and Oak noticed that in addition to people, there was a gigantic slime creature present, seemingly also a member of Babel Tower.

This time, the member who was collectively ignored by the new operators was the Sword of Demons.

It was regarded by Old Mike as someone's equipment or prop, and the three newcomers were unaware that this floating sword blade was actually a Core Operator.

"..."

As Old Mike looked at the young men and women, suddenly, a sense of detachment and distance emerged from deep within his heart.

Do I really belong here?

Just as he had this thought, the will of the mighty "Savior" reached into the hearts of every person.

[Hidden Azure, a new member, came from the Kingdom of Dark Light named Annottaes.]

[Sacred Heart's Chosen, a new member, came from the distant continent of Zeuo in another world.]

[The Final Gun, a new member, comes from the Ring City in the Night Union.]

The last meeting had been ten days ago.

And in just a mere ten days, the Babel Tower unexpectedly gained three new Core Operators, which astonished everyone.

This increase in speed was something that nobody had expected.



In an instant, the attention of everyone gathered upon Aurora, Old Mike, and Kaluoer.

Among them, two of the new members were assassins, intentionally keeping a low profile. However, the words of the Savior deep within everyone's hearts made even the old man hiding in the corner become a focal point.

He furrowed his brow deeply.

"I could tell that he, just like me, was forced to join the Babel Tower."

The Scarlet Moon spoke first.

With just one glance, she could see Old Mike's situation and felt a little sympathy for him in her heart.

Not far away, Aurora had already noticed the Scarlet Moon and was even surprised to discover that she was a vampire!

She furrowed her brow, puzzled as she asked, "Forced? Really? Joining the Babel Tower is undoubtedly a good thing, right? I am happy to be a part of the Babel Tower and happy to meet all of you... I had believed that the members of the Babel Tower were a group of like-minded and powerful warriors. Could it be that I was mistaken?"

Aurora, the Sacred Heart's Chosen, had a natural prejudice against the bloodline.

In her world, the bloodline was not regarded as an intelligent race, but rather as evil creatures of the wilderness.

The righteous ones should slay them upon encountering.

The Scarlet Blood Clan, created by the Scarlet Moon, only feeds on blood but rarely takes lives in the process. Their "blood bags" are a fixed group of mortal individuals who willingly exchange blood for monetary compensation, making it a fair transaction.

However, in Aurora's world, once humans or elves are captured by savage and primitive vampires, they generally meet a gruesome fate - being sucked dry, torn apart, or devoured.

Therefore, even though she wouldn't lay a hand on the Scarlet Moon, Aurora felt instantly uncomfortable when she suddenly spotted a monstrous creature standing boldly among the crowd.

[To think that he was also a member of the Babel Tower... Just how many innocent lives will this mighty vampire king slaughter?]

Aurora dared not ponder on such questions.

Apart from her, everyone else had different thoughts in their hearts.

[How can I kill these people? Vampires require specific weapons, the bloodline of a high elf, maybe a potent poison to subdue them... Strange, I haven't seen the master.]

At the same time, Hidden Azure was instinctively pondering the assassin's plan.

[The people in Babel Tower were increasing in number... Am I the only persecuted one? Perhaps, I should interact and unite more with those from otherworldly realms and non-human members.]

This was the contemplation deep within Ganis' heart.

[Rumble, rumble, rumble, rumble! Rumble, rumble!]

This was... the thoughts of a slime... Oh, it doesn't matter at all.

Bai Yan, a man, listened carefully and furrowed his brow, sensing the inner thoughts of the crowd.

As of now, the core members of the Babel Tower have already grown in number.

And these dozen or so "people" came from various regions, different worlds, with different backgrounds and perspectives, diverse races and customs.

If they don't have even a hint of conflicts during their interactions, that would be considered strange.

In fact, during the first playthrough of Babel Tower, there was once a conflict that erupted and proved difficult to reconcile.

At that time, the Scarlet Moon went berserk due to her blood-sucking nature. As a result, the battle took place at the Augustus family's residence. In her madness, she ended up killing several people present, including Maryse's loyal maid, Irena.

Then, Maryse relentlessly sought to eliminate the Scarlet Moon, paying no heed to anything else.

With this as the spark, the underlying conflicts hidden within the Babel Tower intensified, causing it to crumble and fall apart.

During the placement phase of the Babel Tower at that time, even situations where teammates betrayed each other occurred.

In the second playthrough, the protagonist had already gained a wealth of experience and knew the personalities and thoughts of most of the key members.

As the Lord of Tower, Bai Yan knew how to bring everyone together and unite them as one tightly-knit group.

Chapter 367

Bai Yan also knew something deep inside his heart.

The people of Babel Tower, unless they touch upon fundamental issues with one another, would not easily escalate conflicts.

He didn't need to worry too much himself.

Is the fundamental reason for maintaining the unity of the people one's own charm and management abilities? Of course not possible.

It's because of two things, first, Babel Tower can grant everyone enormous, almost irresistible benefits.

Originally, even though they were not considered remarkable, they had never imagined that they, too, could become legends.

But with the granting of Babel Tower, it seemed that each person could easily become a true legendary figure.

Secondly, it was the terrifying pressure brought about by the Doomsday Crisis.

Other than Kaluoer and a few other individuals, the Core Operators of Babel Tower, even though they themselves were not afraid of death, never wished for their loved ones to perish...

So, each person had a natural motivation to save the world.

Huge rewards and threats of death, in history, have often been the foundation of loyalty and unity.

If Babel Tower no longer granted blessings, and the Domsday Crisis ceased to exist, then this group of temporary "companions" might truly fall apart.

In this Babel Tower gathering, the main purpose was to introduce three new Core Operators.

Among the three new Core Operators, Kaluoer had no extra thoughts whatsoever. No one paid her any attention, as if she were a motionless doll standing there.

She considered herself as if she had joined a mysterious organization, a new Mercury Ball.

There was nothing different.

Whatever the "Savior" told oneself to do, one would do it without hesitation, regardless of who it involved killing.

And so, they continued to live as a "tool".

For themselves, it was just fine.

She didn't want to change, and didn't even consider the other Core Operators as her companions. Instead, she carefully studied each person's weaknesses... At the Mercury Ball, the assassins sometimes took on the task of purging the ranks and executing traitors.

This was all very normal.

Therefore, Kaluoer didn't see these people as her companions at all.

For her current self, the world consisted of "tools," "masters," "missions," and "goals".

It was very simple.

If she thought too much, she would instead feel tired.

Emotions were something that made people weary, preventing them from finding peace.

Old Mike was like a startled old cat, with his arms crossed in the corner, giving a suspicious look to anyone who approached.

The air was filled with an aura of caution, warning strangers to stay away.

He was not targeting the people of Babel Tower.

But Old Mike, as he is now, felt quite gloomy. He had opinions about everyone in the world.

As for "Sacred Heart's Chosen," Aurora, she was completely different.

Her natural affinity and personal charm quickly made her acquainted with most of the Core Operators.

After all, as a long-standing team leader who had commanded troops, Aurora's social skills were naturally exceptional.

Her weapon was a friendly smile and cheerful conversation.

Even though Aurora felt a bit strange about befriending creatures like slimes and vampires.

But these thoughts were concealed deep in her heart, for she was emotionally intelligent.

Ganis took the initiative to talk about Amicio, but was told not to worry for now, so he could only nod.

Finally, the Babel Tower meeting came to an end.

The members departed, each with their own thoughts in mind.

Only Amy, sitting in her wheelchair, remained.

She secretly applied deep within her heart, hoping to stay alone for a while.

Amy had long guessed that the thoughts of waiting people would surely be read by the Savior.

On the wheelchair, the frail girl smiled slightly. "My 'sisters' have been increasing, and they too have started to become dissatisfied with our current situation. It's happening so quickly, faster than I expected... There are already people hoping to leave the intermediary base in the two districts, wanting to go and see the colorful world in the city."

"I can currently control them for the time being, but they, with their strong intelligence, also have their own emotions. They feel lonely, frustrated, and greedy... It's possible that sooner or later, a 'sister' will defy my wishes and escape from the hidden base."

Amy fell silent. Granting "emotions" also meant granting "desires"... She was uncertain about the consequences of creating a powerful race with desires.

Noah continued, "I'm not sure if 'free will' truly exists, just like I don't know if creating a new race that is more powerful than most intelligent species in Noah's world would truly be a good thing in the long run."

[Seizing the present is even more important.]

[You have done very well...]

The will of the Savior suddenly came to Amy. She paused for a moment and smiled, saying, "Hmm, you're right... Since the Doomsday Crisis is so urgent, we must even take risks to find a solution."

"I really don't know who else to talk to about this, but you are the only one who can judge such behavior. For me and others, creating a race and determining its fate is too 'proud'... because, none of us are gods."

[Even gods cannot decide everything.]

[But, before the final moment arrives, someone has to bear the responsibility of making all the decisions.]

When Amy fell into contemplation, Bai Yan used his power to send her back to the Ring City in Noah's world.

Bai Yan sensed that Amy's personality had changed.

Originally being a "tyrant," Amy would never have thought of herself as "Prideful" in guiding a race, but now she was actually reflecting on this.

"Well, maybe it's a good thing for her that she's not so stubborn and opinionated."

--

Annottales.

In the study of the Tulip Manor.

Dai knelt before Viscount Edmond, crying and sobbing uncontrollably.

"Sir! During the days you were away, Cola, Cola! She ran away from home!"

"It's okay."

Bai Yan smiled gently and began to console her.

"Oh no, how can it be okay? It's all my fault. I didn't take good care of her. Master, it's because I didn't look after her, otherwise she wouldn't have run away."

Dai was still crying.

She had no idea about anything at all.

Just a few days ago, Bai Yan had saved his own family.

That day, Dai thought she had just been dreaming while on her way.

Later, the occurrence of the Dead Silence attack on Annottales truly frightened Dai.

However, she felt that such a big event surely had nothing to do with the small characters of the Tulip Manor.

"You have been taking care of her very well."

Bai Yan sighed and said, "I know everything you have done, Cola doesn't want to eat while lying on the ground. She insists on sitting and letting you feed her. You have done that, and also, you are the one who always helps her bury the cat litter... I know all of these."

It seemed like she remembered the time spent with Cola, and Dai cried even harder, saying, "That doesn't matter, sob, sob, sob. Cola is so adorable, I do these things because I want to!"

She then lifted her head and earnestly pleaded with teary eyes, "Sir, you are so capable, is there a way to find Cola and bring her back?"

Bai Yan thought to himself, finding Cola again would be very difficult. That guy probably hates himself so much that it makes him itch all over.

He asked with a hint of puzzlement, "She used to scratch you so wildly before, and yet you don't hold grudges?"

Dai shook her head and said, "It's normal for newly taken in stray cats to scratch people, and after being hit by Sir once, Cola didn't dare to harm anyone anymore."

"Compared to truly wild and untamed cats and dogs, Cola is actually quite polite!"

Dai argued persistently, saying that after being taught a lesson once, Cola became obedient, making her a graceful and noble cat among strays.

"Hmm, upon careful reflection, Cola seems quite 'elegant.' It even requires me to sit and be fed while drinking and eating, refusing to drink water like other cats who simply lick it off the ground."

Why is this girl still speaking up for that guy...

However, Bai Yan thought it made quite a lot of sense after listening.

Of course, the prerequisite being that Cola is truly a stray cat.

But that guy wasn't.

"Cola might come back, so don't be too sad. Don't worry," Bai Yan comforted Dai gently.

Dai stood up and wiped away her tears, "Hmm, I believe she will definitely come back, sniffle."

After finishing speaking, she turned around and left.

Bai Yan had already made up his mind.

"Cola," that guy, she probably won't come back.

Maybe she had to find a well-behaved monster again, and then make it look like "Cola" to give to Dai, disguising it as the original "Cola".

"Um, this idea is actually pretty good!"

Once this small problem was resolved, Bai Yan had other things to do.

Inside the Babel Tower, he pulled out "Thousands of Ruins, Everything Is Used", and then took out a set of white, broken armor.

This is a Civilization-level Relic that was once possessed by an Evil Spirit.

It possesses a powerful effect, granting immunity to negative emotions and enforcing a force of inner peace upon people.

Now, it also embodied the characteristics of "ruins".

"Extracted."

Bai Yan had a plan, unsure if it would succeed.

Only a constantly flickering, undulating phantom shadow orb could be seen, successfully extracted by "Thousands of Ruins, Everything Is Used". It gently floated out from the shattered white armor.

"Game Tip: Element·Tranquility of the Soul (Rare) extracted successfully."

Then, Bai Yan "infused" it into a silver ring, revealing a smile.

"I believe I can."

Enchantment successful.

From the description of the Babel Tower, it was evident that this silver ring had indeed acquired the ability to "protect the mind from negativity."

Very well.

As long as Bai Yan obtains the separated power of the Savior, he plans to remove the "Infinity" from the Scarlet Moon, then give it to Alan, and finally give her this ring.

The special trait that keeps the Scarlet Moon from going mad is only a small fraction of the influence of "Infinity".

For the Scarlet Moon, who didn't need to use mental powers, keeping "Infinity" on her was really wasting her strength in battles.

And Alan has always had a problem with not having enough blue energy, so putting "Infinity" on him can be considered making the most of it.

After the Scarlet Moon, when she drank blood, felt negative emotions that led to her going mad, the solution to this, apart from "Infinity," was something that only now, Bai Yan, has finally found as a good substitute.

After completing all of this, Bai Yan once again utilized his new "wonder."

"Shadow Kingdom".

You can only choose one Core Operator to dispatch each day.

He pondered for a moment and spent Source Energy Points to first send Mu Ling over.

"Go learn, go ponder, go become stronger..."

--

Tatsumi City.

Mu Ling, now didn't stay at her own home, but wearing a black mask, went outside and entered a cafe to take a rest, a long time since she last did so.

Most of the time, she either went on missions or focused on her training.

In terms of having true moments of rest, Mu Ling had very few of them.

She ordered a cup of cappuccino and sat in the corner of the café.

After taking a sip, Mu Ling gently shook her head.

Feeling that her heart couldn't truly rest, her heart couldn't calm down completely.

Even in a place like a café, it was still the same...

After all, Mu Ling had just been informed by the Savior that another Doomsday Crisis would occur in two months, and she simply couldn't calm her heart.

Since it was so, she decided to diligently practice the power bestowed upon her.

She suddenly raised her eyebrows slightly, sensing the arrival of someone from a hundred meters away.

There were two extraordinary individuals with impressive abilities, slowly approaching her.

But without sensing any hostility or malice, Mu Ling sat there, unmoving.

Before long, two people pushed open the door and entered.

"Hello."

"You are a member of Babel Tower, right? We are people from the Demon Hunt General Agency."

"Let me introduce ourselves, I am 'Accordion' and she is 'Flute'."

Accordion is a middle-aged person wearing sunglasses. He looks like the kind of experienced detective, dressed in a white suit, with black hair, and a gentle smile on his face.

Flute, on the other hand, is a slender and fragile woman, around twenty years old. She has a blank expression, with both eyes covered by a white cloth. She wears a black suit and has neat blue short hair.

The two of them sat across from Mu Ling.

"I am the target of the Air Alliance's pursuit. What do you intend to do by coming here?" Mu Ling asked calmly, showing no signs of fear.

Accordion spoke up, saying, "Please don't be nervous. The instructions above are not actually against you... but rather, they want us to better understand the Babel Tower. After all, your achievement in saving the world is truly remarkable."

Mu Ling immediately voiced her confusion, "Then why can't we withdraw the wanted order?"

Accordion let out a sigh and said, "The reason is quite simple, actually. The higher beings above always perceive the Babel Tower as harmful... So, openly, we cannot lift the wanted order, otherwise it would displease beings of that level."

"Who is it?"

Mu Ling and other members of Babel Tower had long suspected that Rainbow harbored a hostile attitude towards Babel Tower.

"The one in white."

Mu Ling furrowed her brow.

"So, what they were referring to must be the 'Steel Throne'," they thought.

He was an ancient god, whose existence only came second to the Heart of Radiance. He was the "White" within the Rainbow.

From what she knew, the Savior of Dark Light also harbored animosity towards the Babel Tower, issuing prophecies of destruction.

Among the remaining five Rainbows, two had been confirmed to be hostile towards the Babel Tower, while the attitudes of the other three remained unclear.

The situation was not optimistic.

Accordion continued to inquire, "Do you know why Steel Throne and Savior of Dark Light are really targeting the Babel Tower? Could it be true, as they claim, that the Babel Tower is obstructing the arrival of the Outer God in order to rule this world for itself? Are all its past good deeds just devilish disguises?"

Mu Ling didn't know how to refute it. The story of the Demon Lord disguising as a good person for decades, only to betray at a crucial moment, was actually quite well-known among the crime-hunters.

And it seemed as if it was created by her ancestors...



She could only answer earnestly, "The ultimate mission of the Babel Tower is only one, to save the world."

"We believe in you," the silent Flute suddenly spoke.

"In fact, both of us are members of the Sword-wielding Troop. We came to find you because it was a secret order from our captain."

Accordion smiled and said, "Whether the Babel Tower is good or bad, there is a great discord within us. You should be able to understand the impact of the prophecy on us."

Of course, Mu Ling could understand. After all, in the world of Noah, the ultimate ruler was actually "Rainbow".

Those divine decrees would undoubtedly have a significant impact on ordinary people.

She was actually quite puzzled at the moment.

Why did the Savior of Dark Light and the Steel Throne oppose the Babel Tower?

Unable to understand.

Did they truly believe that the great Savior was pretending to be kind-hearted evil?

Could it be that preserving Noah's world was something these gods didn't wish to see?

What could be the reason, after all?

[Corruption, madness]

Just then, a magnificent voice suddenly appeared in Mu Ling's mind.

She was momentarily startled, and then plunged into an immense state of astonishment, even feeling a chill running down her spine.

The Savior of Dark Light and the Steel Throne, could it be that they have both been corrupted and controlled by the Outer God, and have fallen into madness!

The Savior would never tell a lie!

In other words, at that time, one of the six Rainbows had fallen, three were of unclear stance, and the remaining two had turned into evil gods!

Mu Ling felt a chill run down her spine, for she knew that any one of them possessed the power to obliterate the civilization of Noah's world in just one day.

Even so, when the deities intervened in the physical world without permission, they would surely face consequences due to the limitations of the world's consciousness.

But would they really still care about the consequences now?

That was a god that had gone mad!

Chapter 368

Mu Ling's expression was filled with uncertainty and surprise.

Accordion observed the scene, giving his nose a gentle push to adjust his sunglasses, and whispered, "Did the Savior just inform you about something?"

Mu Ling paused for a moment, furrowing her brows. "How did you know?" she asked.

Accordion smiled and pushed his sunglasses again, proclaiming a bit proudly, "Well, it's pretty normal. Yours truly happens to be the 'psychologist,' 'interrogator,' 'number one poker player,' and 'pet caretaker' of the Sword-wielding Troop... I have some understanding of human psychology, just a little!"

What?

Mu Ling froze, feeling a bit dizzy from the series of titles bestowed upon her by this middle-aged man wearing sunglasses.

This man seemed a bit peculiar.

The short-haired girl with a white cloth tied around her eyes sat beside Accordion, holding a Flute. She tilted her head slightly.

We both wore expressions of unfamiliarity towards each other.

Mu Ling didn't answer the other person's question. Instead, she earnestly said again, "The Babel Tower is not evil. We have no ill intentions. Truly, everything we've done so far has been to save the world."

Accordion nodded and said, "You don't have to repeat it again, I've already said it. We believe in you... It's just that some people don't believe, and some people actually know that you are good, but because of the thoughts at the top, knowing whether they believe or not doesn't matter."

He suddenly exclaimed with emotion:

"Regardless, humans cannot defy the gods."

"The Eruo League, the Air Alliance, the Night Union... No matter how great the development of our mortal civilizations, as long as we don't establish clear boundaries with the deities, we will ultimately be unable to disobey their commands."

Accordion asked again, speaking:

"I really want to know, the Savior of the Babel Tower, this new god who has just come to Noah, what kind of divine message has he just conveyed to Miss Mu?"

"This is very important for us, and may even be the foundation for the Swordbearer and Babel Tower to work together."

Mu Ling gazed at the other person, but she didn't say anything.

Without the command of the Respected Savior, she naturally wouldn't speak.

[Told them.]

The voice in her mind remained icy and merciless, like an ancient god from a distant, forsaken world.

Mu Ling gently nodded, looking at the coffee in her hand, before slowly recounting the terrifying truth, "They have all been corrupted, driven into madness. This is the answer that the Respected Savior has given me."

"Corruption!"

Her words immediately shocked the two people in front of her.

Even with sunglasses and a cloth covering, the astonishment on Accordion and Flute was impossible to hide.

"I won't say nonsense like 'How is this possible?' or 'This is absolutely impossible'."

Accordion let out a sigh, remained silent for a while, and then said, "But your news is still too astonishing for us. In my mind, I've asked countless times, 'How is this possible...'"

"In short, we will convey your ideas and information to the captain of the Sword-wielding Troop."

Mu Ling nodded without stopping. Accordion continued,

"Believe in us, for in this world there are certainly more noble-hearted individuals than just you... The goal of the Sword-wielding Troop has always been and will always be the same."

As Accordion spoke, his face suddenly took on a serious expression.

"We will maintain order in the world, allowing the innocent to find peace during the night."

In that very moment.

Inside the Babel Tower.

Bai Yan, seated on the throne, was watching everything through his phone.

Nowadays, there is one more explicit force expressing support for Babel Tower.

The Annotales Knights of the Divine Blade, some saints, the Sword-wielding Troop of the Air Alliance, these are all powerful forces and organizations.

Bai Yan believed that they would be of great use in the future.

As for the land beyond the night's veil, it was a nation where Babel Tower had the least involvement, and the major forces' stances were also very unclear.

"In a little while, Amy will be hosting the Crown Ceremony. Perhaps she can establish a connection with the power of the night."

In the world of Night Union, there are three major cities: the Ring City, controlled by the Rock Morgan group; the Tree City, controlled by the Nine Trees System; and Noy City, controlled by the Noy Military.

Bai Yan knew that there was a Core Operator of the Babel Tower, right in Noy City.

"Girl Psychic·Elene"

--

Mu Ling had just left the coffee shop when she suddenly noticed that the scenery in front of her changed in an instant, with everything around her collapsing and crumbling.

Suddenly!

I found myself stepping into a completely different place!

This is a world filled with greenery, stretching as far as the eye can see, where little animals can be found everywhere.

As if stepping into the picturesque outskirts only found in fairy tales.

"Where am I? How did I end up here?"

Mu Ling was full of confusion, feeling lost and unsure. But soon, a voice appeared in her mind, providing answers to her questions.

[This is the Shadow Kingdom.]

[Train here, become stronger, and emerge as a more skilled warrior.]

That was the voice of the Respected Savior, Mu Ling could be certain of that.

She had never heard of the Shadow Kingdom before.

But since the Respected Savior had spoken these words, Mu Ling's heart was no longer filled with confusion. Instead, she walked forward with unwavering determination.

Just then, she suddenly felt an enormous pressure!

[Who are you?]

A slightly perplexed female voice suddenly appeared in Mu Ling's mind.

This woman was incredibly powerful!

The overwhelming pressure, released almost instantaneously, shook Mu Ling's mind, almost causing her to kneel down!

Luckily, the owner of the voice voluntarily restrained the pressure.

Mu Ling took a deep breath and replied,

"Are you... the owner of the Shadow Kingdom? You are the Respected Savior of Babel Tower, and he sent me here to become a better warrior."

Upon hearing "Respected Savior of Babel Tower," the mysterious voice immediately fell into a profound silence.

Not long after, the voice of the owner of the Shadow Kingdom became suddenly intrigued.

[The Respected Savior of Babel Tower... so that's how it is... they have finally succeeded... I thought they would fail, but it seems I was mistaken]

Mu Ling was slightly taken aback. This mysterious presence seemed to be very familiar with the Savior, even knowledgeable about the secrets of Babel Tower.

But who were the "they" mentioned by the other person?

The female voice began to explain slowly:

["I am not the owner of the Shadow Kingdom," she explained, "but rather an entity that has resided here throughout countless passing times."]

["According to the contract, as the defeated one, I shall subject you to a trial... Do not perish here," she warned.]

[Although from my standpoint, I should not be so happy, I still sincerely hope that the purpose of the Babel Tower will ultimately succeed... Oh, and you should take this item back with you, consider it a gift from me to the 'Savior'.]

Mu Ling blinked in surprise.

Unbeknownst to her, a faint gray bracelet had mysteriously appeared on her wrist, radiating a spirited glow.

At that moment, she also discovered the source of the sound.

It was her own shadow!

That was a shadow belonging to someone else, completely different in shape from her own!

[Hehe, do you feel scared when you see a person like me?]

[In the vast and endless universe, there are countless forms of life, and you are not the only one.]

[According to legend, within the twenty-seven Outer Gods, there is a 'Wild Wave' that exists in the fleeting moment of each wave. Its form is so difficult to perceive, it surpasses the imagination of even lower beings like you...]

Mu Ling remained silent for a while and respectfully asked, "Are you a divine being?"

[Yes]

The other person didn't hesitate at all but instead directly gave an answer.

[I am an ancient god, and according to their classification method, I belong to the 'high-ranking' divine beings, which is a rare existence even among the gods.]

Mu Ling didn't understand what a high-ranking god was, but she knew that apart from the Outer Gods who were detached from the world, the many divine beings were divided into three categories, "Ancient Gods," "Gods of Belief," and "Conceptual Gods."

The so-called Ancient Gods, they became divine beings because of their own greatness, not relying on the belief of mortals, nor getting mixed up with various concepts within the souls of the ancient gods.

The Ancient Gods have always been the most free, they don't need to be responsible for mortals, nor do they need to abide by any concepts and rules.

[Then, I shall bestow upon you a trial]

The voice became serious.

[Overcome it, overcome yourself, and become even stronger!]

[If you successfully complete the trial, you will receive the "legendary martial art technique!"]

Lost in thought, Mu Ling suddenly noticed that the scenery around her was changing as she found herself in a completely different place.

This was a world that resembled a fiery furnace! Flames and molten lava erupted all around Mu Ling, and solid ground was scarce, with every step posing great danger.

In the fiery red sky, there were even Flame Demons roaring, standing thousands of meters tall. They extended volcano-like arms, stirring the burning heavens to a searing glow.

Countless crimson serpents slithered through the sea of fire, their red scales glistening with bursts of flame, stretching several yards long.

She could sense that in the darkness, there was an endless amount of evil watching her, greedy, hungry, and with ill intentions!

[Trial: Journey through the Flames]

Mu Ling immediately understood where she had arrived.

Here, this is somewhere in the legendary realm of Hell!

Chapter 369

In the boundless and diverse multiverse, the flow of time varies in different worlds.

Although in the world of Noah, the "Shadow Kingdom Trial" lasted only for a day.

However, Mu Ling, who was trapped in the Fire Prison, had been battling for a whole month.

The flames were boiling.

The sky was howling.

Mu Ling was panting lightly, her black clothes were tattered, and her shoes were completely gone.

She tirelessly searched for footholds in the sea of flames, unable to rest for even a moment.

Those footholds made of stones and remains would vanish in a matter of seconds, and Mu Ling had to immediately search for the next foothold in the sea of flames.

Every moment, merciless demons would launch ruthless attacks against her.

Even someone as powerful as Mu Ling, after enduring the tormenting battles for just a month, started feeling completely exhausted, both physically and mentally, and was on the verge of losing her strength.

Suddenly, she sensed a surge of tremendous determination.

It was worth Mu Ling preparing herself for battle!

In the fiery sea before her, a towering fire dragon rose up, reaching hundreds of meters high. Its eyes blazed like the sun, and a scorching breath erupted from its mouth, piercing through the sky.

She dashed towards the sword-wielding young girl!

At this moment, Mu Ling's strength was almost depleted, so she decided not to unleash the mighty power of Deep Blue World.

She leapt into the sky with a sudden jump, swinging her chain and effortlessly hooking onto the dragon's head.

In mid-air, Mu Ling swiftly circled and evaded the dragon's expansive breath.

In the next moment, she found herself atop the dragon's head.

"Roarr!"

The fire dragon angrily roared.

Her fair feet were immediately subjected to intense pain from the molten lava hidden within the scales.

She remained emotionless, completely ignoring the pain in her feet as she angrily shouted and swung her sword down!

Imperial Light Execution!

"Boom!"

A mighty golden light pierced through the dragon's head. In the next moment, the colossal fire dragon, resembling a small mountain, could only let out a mournful cry before collapsing with a resounding crash.

Mu Ling deeply inhaled a breath of warmth.

She could no longer hold on.

There was no resting place in sight.

Soon, she would be engulfed in the endless sea of fire, as the corpse of the fire dragon collapsed.

Mu Ling looked up at the fiery red sky in the final moment, her eyes filled with remorse.

"I'm sorry, Savior... I couldn't complete the trial..."

Just then, Mu Ling felt a moment of dizziness, as a vast amount of golden radiance overflowed from the fire dragon, like shimmering beams of colorful light. It swiftly merged into her body.

The trial was successfully completed.

"Is it over?"

Startled, Mu Ling turned around suddenly, finding herself back in the vibrant Shadow Kingdom with her body fully restored.

"I did it... I really succeeded..."

She took a deep breath, and in her mind, she already possessed fresh memories and newfound strength.

The flames flickered and rose on the gleaming sword.

Mu Ling suddenly leapt up, wielding the blade in her hand. Like a whirlwind, a tidal wave of fire swept through the surrounding area in an instant.

The legendary martial art technique, Waves of Fire!

In the heart of the flames, Mu Ling, remained unharmed, as the fire gradually spread to the surroundings.

"If we use more mental power... we can make this fire tornado even bigger..."

Mu Ling swung her sword once again, making the storm of flames grow even stronger.

The towering fire tornado, reaching a height of a hundred meters, was incredibly magnificent. It possessed an awe-inspiring presence, like a natural disaster about to engulf everything in its surroundings.

Until now, Mu Ling had already figured it out. She could use her own mental power to greatly consume it by "charging up," making the power and range of the "Waves of Fire" even greater.

The unleashed Waves of Fire, with all her might, could possibly unleash a fiery storm that would engulf and cover several city blocks.

[Let's stop here, said the Sword Maiden, having acquired a new toy]

The voice of the Shadow Kingdom's master suddenly echoed once again.

In the blink of an eye, the endless flames vanished into thin air.

The flowers and grass of the Shadow Kingdom, which had been burned, immediately returned to their original state.

It wasn't until this moment that Mu Ling realized she had just destroyed the surroundings.

Mu Ling quickly apologized, saying:

"It's my fault, I've been feeling really down lately, and when I finally got out, I couldn't help but get carried away and forget myself..."

[No harm done, for beings of this kind, it was perfectly normal.]

[The arrangement has ended, now it's time for you to leave.]

The female voice didn't pursue further and simply wanted to send Mu Ling away like this.

Mu Ling didn't want to leave just like that. She wanted to inquire more about the Savior. She immediately shouted, "Please wait for a moment!"

[What's the matter?]

Mu Ling's request was effective. She immediately asked:

"Respected Savior, why has He come to Noah, chosen us...?"

[I don't know where He is located, nor do I know why the "Respected Savior" has chosen you all, and I am completely unaware of the specific details of the crucial "Savior's Plan".]

[However, in the ever-changing multiverse, with countless cycles of eternal endings and new beginnings, there is always an ultimate conclusion. And if this time the multiverse completely embraces its "end", there will no longer be the existence of a "new" multiverse.]

[Everything will return to 'nothingness']

[The Savior, of whom you speak, was born to prevent all of this from happening.]

The Savior, who was born to save the multiverse...

It turned out, no, indeed He was such a great being.

Mu Ling took a deep breath and nodded gently.

"Thank you very much for letting us know. May I ask, how should we address you?"



[What is your name?]

[It has been many years since anyone asked me...]

[I am the 'Key of a Thousand Demons,' the 'Shadow of Many Spirits,' the 'Silent Demon God'... Owl]

[The other party finally made a response.]

In the next moment, Mu Ling returned to Noah's world.

When she regained consciousness, she found herself still standing at the entrance of the coffee shop.

The people nearby were completely unaware of anything unusual.

It felt as if ages had passed.

After a month-long journey through the fiery abyss, the mighty demons of the Shadow Kingdom, everything began to feel somewhat unreal.

Mu Ling gently shook her head, the spiritual wristband on her wrist still intact. Her understanding of the power of flames remained vivid in her mind.

Everything was not a mere illusion.

"Great Savior, I have something to present to you."

She looked up at the sky and spoke, like this.

In the next moment, the pale gray spiritual bracelet on Mu Ling's wrist disappeared without a trace.

Bai Yan, who had been observing her all along, understood without words. He directly removed Mu Ling's equipment in the "Babel Tower" game.

It had arrived inside the Babel Tower, appearing in the palm of Bai Yan's hand.

He smiled gently, a silver light shining in one eye, as he used the power of the "Digital World" to decipher it.

"Hmm, it's a good thing... Thank you for the gift from the Shadow Kingdom's sorcerer. Even though I don't know anything about you... I welcome you as a visitor."

This was a magical Genie Weapon.

In the limitless world, there were extraordinary items, not just relics, but also magical tools and genie weapons.

The extraordinary power that dwelled within objects had various forms of existence.

"Genie Weapon: requires the payment of 'intense emotions' as a sacrifice to activate. The user can designate a specific area within their line of sight, where 'spiritual meteors' continuously fall from the sky and strike down upon it."

The Genie Weapon is different from the "relics" and "divine artifacts" that require a cost, and it is also different from the "magical tools" that only require the expenditure of mental energy.

To utilize them, what needs to be paid as a sacrifice... is the energy of emotions... the energy of ambiance.

"Emotional energy... is it the feeling of excitement?"

Bai Yan pondered for a moment. How could one generate such exhilarating emotions, he wondered.

"Hmm, excited, in simple terms, is it like being 'on fire'?"

The feeling of excitement, I simply didn't possess it at all...

"I feel like I just can't get fired up at all!"

Bai Yan fell into deep thought, and then he could only choose to keep it for now, until someone in the future would need it and be able to use it, and then he would give it to that Core Operator.

In theory, among the Core Operators of the Babel Tower now, there are actually quite a few people who can have the emotion of "excitement."

Apart from myself, the ones who couldn't get fired up at all are probably the two assassins and one magic sword.

Although he couldn't use this thing himself, Bai Yan knew how powerful it was.

According to the data analyzed from the "Digital World," the range of the spiritual meteor impact was enormous. Its attacks reached a very long distance, and it could directly harm souls.

The person who uses it can directly attack from a distance of over ten kilometers... From the sky, they pull down spiritual meteors one by one, smashing them down. Just imagining it, one can tell how spectacular it would be.

He didn't want the Shadow Kingdom building to remain empty, so he immediately arranged for new operators to enter and undergo trials.

In the end, Bai Yan had originally intended for Maryse to go up, but the Babel Tower game quickly provided a hint... Maryse's success rate in the trial was only seventeen percent.

If he fails, he will die. He needs to spend Source Energy Points to revive, but Bai Yan doesn't want to spend money. He just wants to get a free ride!

He thought for a moment and decided to replace it with someone else.

Bai Yan realized that the closer he was to a melee-type transcender, the higher his success rate would be.

"Yes, after all, it is the land where legendary martial arts skills are obtained."

In the end, Bai Yan chose to let Ganis go to the Shadow Kingdom to participate in the trial.

His success rate in the trial was seventy-nine percent, slightly higher than the Scarlet Moon's. Perhaps, the difficulty of the trial in the Shadow Kingdom had nothing to do with his own strength.

"Great, let's use this one next, I've been looking forward to it."

Bai Yan didn't finish his work and quickly took out the new Entertainment Card he had recently drawn.

Dionysian Tour.

This is an Entertainment Card intended for collective use, and Bai Yan needs to choose five Core Operators to join.

"The first playthrough doesn't exist for Entertainment Card, I'm very interested, what kind of effects will it have? Most likely, it will take me to otherworld, right?"

Bai Yan had always been curious about the existence of the otherworld.

But in the past, as the Savior of Babel Tower, he was not a Core Operator of Babel Tower, so he couldn't use the Entertainment Card on himself.

In that moment, Bai Yan could only watch with longing as the other Core Operators went to the otherworld. As for himself, he remained trapped inside Noah.

"Come along this time, I'll also go on missions and play dungeons."

Bai Yan showed a joyful smile.

Then, among the five Core Operators to choose from, he selected the "World Savior" as the first one.

As for the other four Core Operators, Bai Yan pondered over who to choose.

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Bai Yan thought for a moment, and in the end, he chose the Core Operators: the "Psychic Dancer," the "Queen of the Scarlet Moon," the "Hidden Azure," and the "Sword of Demons."

Originally, he wanted to bring Mu Ling along, but after careful consideration, he felt that she had just gone through a grueling trial and needed time to rest and recuperate.

"For now, let Mu Ling rest for a while," Bai Yan pondered.

The Dionysian Tour began.

In the next moment.

Bai Yan discovered his duplicate within the Babel Tower, unaffected by anything, entirely immune to the influence of the Entertainment Card.

Meanwhile, in the world of Noah, the real Bai Yan...

Inside the Tulip Manor, where Bai Yan, lost in quiet reading, felt a gentle, compelling force.

[This was a journey of the Dionysian Tour.]

Bai Yan heard his own voice and couldn't help but feel a little peculiar.

"Oh, I see, it's this kind of feeling..."

Bai Yan felt no confusion, but rather saw everything tearing apart, and after the tearing, everything came together again.

Finally, he found himself in a completely different world.

This is an open-air theater in ancient Greece.

A giant red curtain, hundreds of golden seats, the moon shining brightly in the night sky, faintly hearing the melodies of a harp and joyful laughter.

The air was filled with a joyful atmosphere.

Bai Yan stood on the stage.

As for Maryse, the Scarlet Moon, Kaluoer, and the mushroom floating in the sky... Ah, yes, it was the Sword of Demons.

Bai Yan could see them and it, all of these people were nearby.

Without exception, the three girls and the mushroom were all observing the surrounding environment and were very curious.

Maryse in her pajamas stretched and yawned lazily, as if she had just woken up not too long ago. Rubbing her eyes, she was the first to ask, "Where are we? What does this Dionysian Tour mean?"

However, no one answered her.

The Scarlet Moon, not in the mood to speak, simply gazed at Bai Yan in the distance.

Kaluoer, on the other hand, completely ignored others, silently waiting for instructions.

The Sword of Demons was floating in mid-air. It didn't wait any longer but instead wandered around in circles. Then, it discovered a line of golden text in the corner of the stage.

"To please the Spirit of Dionysus, complete the ritual."

"What is that?"

Maryse walked over and squatted down, gazing at the line of text on the ground with great confusion.

"What does the Spirit of Dionysus mean? Is it a ritual? Are we supposed to offer a sacrifice to a certain deity? Can the Respected Savior come and say hello directly? Will he explain what we need to do?"

"I have heard of the meaning behind the Spirit of Dionysus."

It was Bai Yan who spoke, not someone else.

Everyone, both human and non-human, turned to look at him. Bai Yan calmly began to explain the meaning of the Spirit of Dionysus.

"Women who participate in the Dionysus festival parade usually wear a crown of ivy on their heads, a deer skin draped over their bodies, and in their hands, they hold Dionysus Staff, which is wrapped in ivy and decorated with pinecone balls on the top. They play the tambourine and cymbals, pretending to be Dionysian madwomen."

"To bring joy to the Spirit of Dionysus."

"Dionysian madwoman?"

The Scarlet Moon, Bai Yan, was taken aback for a moment. When it came to wine, she couldn't help but continue to gaze at him.

Wasn't her own 'wine' right here?

It was difficult to give up, oh!

Bai Yan paid no attention to her intrusive gaze and continued to speak, "The Dionysus Festival is a kind of celebration, where the wild women of Dionysus abandon their families and work,

wandering in groups through the mountains and forests, wielding Dionysus Staff and torches, dancing wildly, and shouting excitedly."

"In the end, they would destroy everything they encounter, including wild beasts and even children, tearing them into pieces and consuming them immediately. They believe that this raw meat is a holy sacrament, and by consuming it, they can become one with the gods."

"Barbaric behavior," Maryse frowned, unable to help shaking her head. "They wouldn't ask us to do that, would they?"

Bai Yan, originally, actually didn't have any knowledge about this obscure topic.

The reason he was able to directly explain what to do was because he had previously analyzed the Entertainment Card in the Real Digital World, unlocking this cheating ability and bypassing the decryption process.

"You three can dress up as the 'Dionysian madwomen' and perform on stage, hopefully summoning the Spirit of Dionysus."

The Scarlet Moon furrowed her brow and said, "Why is it us, and not you and that sword?"

"Hehe, because I don't have a gender... I think that's how it is..." The Sword of Demons once again spoke with a girl's voice, yet insisted on not having a gender.

Kaluoer remained silent throughout, maintaining an indifferent attitude.

However, Kaluoer thought for a moment and decided to dissolve her body into nothingness to investigate the surroundings.

She would carry out the orders, but she would not participate in decision-making, much less offer any objections.

Maryse's eyes sparkled, and she clapped her hands immediately, exclaiming, "Great! I think Mr. Profligate is absolutely right! Since the Savior has assigned us a mission, we should complete it with all our hearts! Let's go together!"

The Scarlet Moon fell silent, furrowing her brow.

A chilly voice was heard.

"I found it."

A few people looked over and discovered that Kaluoer was standing among many seats, already having found five sets of outfits belonging to the "Dionysian madwoman."

With a crown of ivy, a fawn skin, a Dionysus Staff adorned with ivy and pinecone decorations at the top, a tambourine, and cymbals.

The Sword of Demons flew around in the air, smiling and saying, "Hehe! I can't use it! You take it!"

The Scarlet Moon let out a sigh. Things had come to this point, and she wouldn't speak up and argue anymore.

She wasn't someone who naturally enjoyed causing trouble, but she could still cooperate with her companions when needed.

There was no space behind the stage. The Greek-style theater unexpectedly turned out to be a small space, with no way to exit from here.

Therefore, they can only change clothes here.

So, Qiqi looked towards Profligate.

Bai Yan nodded gently, without saying anything, and turned around, closing his eyes.

After a while, his back was poked gently.

It seems like he had finished changing.

Bai Yan turned around and looked back at the three people again.

Their clothes had indeed been refreshed, transformed into the cool attire of "Dionysian madwomen," and astonishingly, they all fit perfectly.

"Here you go."

Kaluoer suddenly handed Bai Yan a set of "Dionysian madwoman" attire.

"Um, I am a boy."

Hmm.

""What I mean is, I don't need to wear clothes.""

"But there are five sets here."

Kaluoer pointed at the Sword of Demons suspended in the air.

Bai Yan stood still, astonished to find that the Sword of Demons was adorned with ivy and deer skin.

"Among the five sets, four of them are in the right size, so this set must be suitable for you."

Kaluoer, with an expressionless face, spoke a string of convincing arguments supported by evidence.

"Yeah, you should change too."

After changing her clothes, the Scarlet Moon, with a sour face, suddenly smiled and exuded a charming and captivating presence.

Clearly, he was very happy.

Seeing Mr. Profligate hesitate, she immediately continued, "What's wrong, Mr. Profligate? Both of us can endure a little hardship, so why don't you, for the sake of the Savior's great mission, endure a little bit as well?"

Bai Yan remained silent.

Maryse glanced at the Scarlet Moon, and then at Profligate. Both of them also looked at her.

"Um, well, uh..."

She hesitated for a moment, but eventually softened under Bai Yan's increasingly passionate gaze. She muttered, "Never mind, it doesn't matter, the three of us are enough."

Bai Yan fully understood that this guy actually wanted to see her in "female clothing."

Otherwise, with her feelings towards him and her disdain for the Scarlet Moon, she would never have hesitated for so long.

Are you out of your minds?

Bai Yan couldn't understand and shook his head. Suddenly, he put on a senior's demeanor and refused, saying, "Let's just start the ritual."

The Scarlet Moon raised her eyebrows, wanting to continue speaking, but she suddenly found herself unable to move her body.

Maryse and Kaluoer were in the same situation as well.

However, they had long since adapted.

"The Scarlet Moon scowled in frustration," she muttered.

Yes, Bai Yan, without any sportsmanship, used a clone from inside the Babel Tower to directly control them in the 'Babel Tower' game.

Next, they began to "celebrate" on the stage.

And Bai Yan and the Sword of Demons spoke some words, then they both vanished without a trace.

Watching her body holding the Dionysus Staff and automatically starting to dance wildly, Kaluoer felt nothing, but Maryse and the Scarlet Moon were both inwardly exclaiming in madness.

Especially the Scarlet Moon, whose face had turned as solemn as water.

Because this dance move was too wild, chaotic, almost like that of an animal, it was very unsightly.

Oh, to be precise...

It was as if they were going crazy with joy!

Suddenly, a strong gust of wind arose.

They gradually felt a terrifying and wild pressure.

Unlike any ordinary being, it possessed the aura of a divine entity!

A gigantic sphere, colored wine red and composed of numerous heads and a dozen arms, gradually emerged in the air, transitioning from a mere illusion into a solid entity.

Everyone understood, this was indeed the Spirit of Dionysus!