

M. Leader 61

Chapter 61: Well Prepared

If this woman kept looking at him, he wouldn't be able to do anything, so Bai Yan decided to stand up and go to the bathroom.

"There is nothing concerning you at the moment."

Lin Bian finally noticed that there was a "stray cat" loafing around. He narrowed his eyes and gazed at the other person, saying, "I remember you, Bai Yan."

"If I were you, I would wait where I am. Of course, I won't stop you if you want to leave, but it's best not to enter the battlefield, lest your life be in danger."

"I'm off then."

Bai Yan waved his hand, nodded, turned around and left.

For some reason, Bai Yan always felt as though Lin Bian didn't like him, to the point where he even had an inclination that he was eager to execute him.

Lin Bian stared at Bai Yan's departing figure until it disappeared from sight.

He really disliked this person, always feeling a kind of madness that couldn't be dispelled.

Especially after examining Bai Yan's records, Lin Bian disliked this blatant lunatic even more.

At a mere age of under ten years, daring to step forward and challenge a true demon and even triumph over the demon.

And his means of winning the game were just as cruel and ruthless as those of a demon.

In fact, it was a bit surprising for Lin Bian that this person had not become a cult member or a criminal in thirteen years.

I will keep staring at you.

Lin Bian remained silent.

He had long been prepared psychologically to personally execute any colleague.

Although at the beginning of each time, Lin Bian wished he was the one who died, he always ended up being the executor.

Bai Yan arrived at the nearby department store, where the crowds had already been secretly dispersed by magic to prevent innocent casualties.

He entered the bathroom and took out his phone, commencing its operation.

The screen on the mobile phone interface still showed Alan standing in front of the villa, indicating that he had not yet commenced the infiltration operation.

Bai Yan knew that he had little time left, and he needed to provide a new instruction immediately, otherwise everything happening in reality would result in the "emergency mission" being assumed as failed.

"Next...let me think."

Bai Yan was aware of one fact, that is, Alan would never be able to defeat the powerful black wizard master no matter what.

"Therefore, what I need to do is not to compete head-on, oh my, Alan, you are too weak."

He didn't let Mysterious Magic sneak into the villa anymore, instead, he controlled Alan to come to the secret exit outside the villa, intercepting the road Wesley might escape from.

"Mysterious Magic" began to arrange "the Grandiose Stage for the Magical Ceremony" and proceeded to create one red balloon after another.

After going through so many missions, Bai Yan had already figured out where there were traps outside the villa, where there were special exits... As long as someone stepped on it, there would be a prompt, and any well-hidden secret entrance could be discovered by him.

By the way, Bai Yan suddenly thought of something.

"Speaking of which, Alan, you are actually a Core Operator without Last Words, which in some sense can also be considered a kind of personality."

Is it due to a complete lack of regret, having accepted death without complaint, or is it because there is simply too much regret? It is indescribable.

"Okay, next step."

Bai Yan took a deep breath and once again pressed his finger down, activating the "summon operator" function.

The next moment, he had arrived at the familiar yet unfamiliar Babel Tower.

Still the feeling of dizziness and vertigo persisted, as if Babel Tower was rejecting me.

But why?

It willingly offered itself for me to use...

Soon, Bai Yan once again saw the boundless white land beneath his feet and felt the gentle breeze blowing in his face.

The sense of trance was gradually fading.

The six suns in the sky were emitting a brilliant light, and the pitch-black rainy night that was just experienced seemed unreal, as if everything had passed like dust in the wind.

The black mist surged up again, and Bai Yan reached out to touch it, activating them once more.

"Upgrade the Babel Tower Temple."

"Summon Core Operators."

"Alter the appearance of the palace."

"Go elsewhere."

The familiar four characters left an indelible mark on the depths of Bai Yan's heart like a blazing scarlet brand.

Bai Yan once again donned the Disguise Mask, transforming into a mysterious figure shrouded in a billowing black cloak, indistinct and elusive, impossible to discern.

"Let's just do that then, I choose to change the appearance."

In front of him, there appeared once again nineteen three-dimensional projected images. After examining them, Bai Yan made a novel choice of his own.

"Dark Castle."

In the midst of the black mist, everything began to disintegrate and reassemble as particles, yet Bai Yan stood in the center, unmoved by the familiar transformation.

A massive black vortex of coldness stirred in the sky, accompanied by lightning.

The white snowflakes gradually descended from the sky.

The pitch-black city wall rose abruptly from the ground, adorned with countless metal puppet warriors, each in a flawless form and with a heroic stance reminiscent of mythological legends. These valiant warriors fearlessly gazed out towards the vortex clouds, their heads held high in defiance.

The walls and the ground inside the city were forged from obsidian, and more and more warrior puppets stood tall in different places, pulling out their weapons and roaring fiercely to the sky.

Within the hall of Dark Castle, there were two rows of suspended bright braziers on either side, and in the middle lay a vast hundred-meter-wide avenue adorned with the fur of colossal beasts.

At the end of the great road, stood atop the highest point, was an iron throne with a backrest made of snow-white sword blades.

Bai Yan calmly sat down before the iron throne.

"Summon..."

"Nightsaber."

He adeptly selected the Core Operator from the list, with a familiarity of the process.

On the wide avenue paved with fur, a thick black mist gradually emerged.

Soon, the familiar figure of Mu Ling had appeared below his line of sight.

The flowing white tresses, the lithe and graceful form, the ebony coat, and those pair of ruby-hued gemstone-like eyes.

Her expression was not one of surprise, but rather she quickly composed herself and knew that it was the Savior who had summoned her.

Oh, isn't Psychic Dancer here?

Mu Ling quickly discovered that this was actually a private meeting between herself and her Savior.

Why?

She placed a hand over her chest and respectfully inquired:

"May I inquire as to why the Savior has summoned me for a private audience?"

Bai Yan had prepared his lines early on.

[Proceed to Dawn District, number fifty-nine, intercept and eliminate a black wizard.]

"Black wizard?" Mu Ling blinked in surprise.

It is said that indeed there are black wizards collaborating with the Black Star Faction, so... is it once again for me to deal with the Black Star Faction?

But Mu Ling couldn't help but feel puzzled. Why didn't the savior just directly manipulate her own body?

Bai Yan had already guessed the other's intentions and quickly patched things up, conveying his own desires in a gentle manner.

[Nightsaber, during this period of time, you have demonstrated ample strength, wisdom, willpower... and loyalty.]

[I can trust you a little more.]

[I understand, you don't want to be manipulated all the time, right? Or perhaps, you enjoy that feeling?]

Enjoy? I can only say I've become quite accustomed to it and it's not exactly unpleasant either.

Mu Ling understood the meaning of the Savior after listening.

Originally, she has gained the Savior's initial trust, and no longer needed constant assistance from him.

Last time, Psychic Dancer also mentioned this point, she didn't want to be constantly manipulated.

However, Mu Ling knew that the Savior could completely ignore the two newbies, disregarding such an irrelevant proposal.

The Savior, as it turned out, was someone who had a great capacity for listening to the thoughts and ideas of his subordinates.

All this time, Mu Ling had been unable to uncover the truth about the Savior and dared not delve deeper into the investigation.

One thing that can be certain is that the Savior is kind, generous, and bears a heavy burden.

The order to allow Mu Ling full autonomy in this operation was actually a rehearsal for future circumstances.

Bai Yan will not continue to operate all of the Core Operators in the future; it would be too time-consuming and draining.

Self-discipline exists as well.

"I understand now."

Mu Ling looked at the Savior on the iron throne. She couldn't see his face clearly, but could sense his profound and great essence.

She once again placed one hand on her chest and elegantly nodded her head.

"Master, Nightsaber obeys your arrangements."

[Do not underestimate your enemy.]

[This is a trial for you.]

Bai Yan waved his hand to disable the "summon operator" function.

The next moment, Mu Ling disappeared without a trace.

He took a deep breath, didn't stay long in the majestic and solitary castle, and chose to leave Babel Tower.

"Boom!"

The thunder roared and in an instant, the magnificent castle vanished into thin air, only to be replaced by the white tiled walls of a restroom within a marketplace.

Returning once again to reality.

Bai Yan stood in the bathroom, turned on the faucet to wash his hands, and listened to the sound of rain outside.

He stood in front of the mirror, lost in thought.

Everything is ready, so there should be no chance of Weasley escaping successfully.

Scum who indulge in their own desires or pleasure and ruthlessly kill the innocent like this are not to be spared.

"So...what will I get?"

Bai Yan has come to know that in "Babel Tower", the greater the difficulty of the task, the greater the rewards tend to be.

If he were to use unconventional means to successfully accomplish an emergency mission that was deemed theoretically impossible, he would naturally reap unprecedented rewards.

Bai Yan couldn't help but feel excited.

Chapter 62: The Incompetence of the Demon Hunt Agency (1)

Inside the detached villa, there is a basement floor.

A rather tasteful dark brown study, with few furnishings but all of them exquisite. Some of the items displayed in the cabinets near the walls are even rare objects from beyond the mortal world, each of which is undoubtedly of considerable value.

Seated on a wooden chair in the depths of the study, there was a slender and tall young man donning a black suit, with black hair and grey eyes.

"Dark-Eyed" Weasley.

Not only was he extremely handsome in appearance, but he also had a noble and elegant temperament that surpassed ordinary people. He was born with an aura of aloofness that fascinated most girls.

In his fair hands was a glass goblet, containing a slightly swaying crimson liquid emitting a faint scent of tart fruit. It was a vintage grape wine brewed by the high-elven family.

It's not necessarily delicious, but the nobles of the Euro League generally seem to enjoy this stuff.

But Weasley actually had another more important identity, which is the direct heir of the prestigious Weasley family in "The Euro League", another kingdom of Noah.

The reason why it's called the Euro League is because it's comprised of many countries united under the banner of the "united alliance of diverse races".

The human nobility is rare among these different races, and the Weasley family is the oldest among the human nobility.

"Finally, I'm going home."

He muttered to himself and took a sip of wine.

In the Euro League where extraordinary powers unite, there is no need for concealment, as his own identity is highly noble, and not at all like the current situation where he must live in constant fear and obscurity, unable to see the light of day.

Weasley is getting tired of living in Tatsumi City!

"I hope that guy can give me a satisfactory answer, otherwise..."

Weasley squinted his eyes, with only one objective in mind for his long journey across the ocean to this city.

It is the search for the legendary family treasure, the 'Book of Concealment'.

Weasley spent a lot of effort controlling a large number of black wizard apprentices to search for clues to the "Book of Concealment" in this city for many years, but he was never able to find anything. Until just one month ago, Mr. "Mystery" suddenly appeared in the villa.

He took the initiative to bring clues about the 'Book of Concealment'!

"Weasley, I have come to discuss a transaction with you."

After Weasley confirmed that the other party was not lying, he realized that he could not refuse this proposal.

The two entered into a transaction where Weasley would receive the precise whereabouts of the "Book of Concealment" in exchange for aiding Mr. "Mystery" in the completion of the Deep Ones Plan.

Weasley knew that only by finding the "Book of Concealment" could he fully control his family and have the opportunity to step into the realm of the powerful, even to the level of "Monarch" or "Apocalypse".

I must obtain it myself!

He is not a subordinate of Mr. Mystery, but a collaborator, so he was not given a code by Mr. Mystery.

Speaking of which, it is quite unexpected that the "No. 1" of the Black Star Faction in Tatsumi City happens to be that haughty man. However, in a certain sense, it also appears to be quite

reasonable...Otherwise, the Black Star Faction would not have had such a constant flow of funds to support its operations.

Weasley gazed upon the wine, lost in contemplation.

A month ago, he never would have imagined that the true identity of No. 1 would be that haughty man.

"However, these matters are of no concern to me. As long as I am able to obtain the legendary Book of Concealment, I shall immediately depart from this barbaric and discourteous country."

"The Dark Beast should have collected more flesh needed by the Black Star Faction..."

Weasley was overwhelmed with excitement at the thought of bringing back the lost family heirloom and struggled to contain his emotions!

From the moment he was born, he has been extraordinarily exceptional, both in intelligence and talent, surpassing his peers, and he has never failed at anything he wanted to achieve.

Until this huge problem appeared in Weasley's destiny, it had been troubling him for several years.

Now, finally there appears a turning point and dawn!

He revealed a faint smile and once again savored the wine in the darkness.

Weasley, who was in a state of heightened emotions, couldn't possibly have anticipated what was about to happen.

A fellow named Bai Yan, whom he doesn't even recognize, let alone have ever met, has already meticulously calculated his destiny in all aspects.

In fact, no matter how clever he was, he could not have thought of such a thing. This is beyond the realm of what can be prevented by intelligence.

"Uh?"

Weasley's countenance suddenly changed as he realized that someone had trespassed onto the premises.

—

Boom!

The tremendous force rampaged in, shattering the grand entrance of the mansion instantaneously with the explosive impact of a single bullet. A middle-aged man, in his intoxicated fury, had already made his way to the doorstep, standing alone with his weapon.

He picked up the silver jug and gulped down a lethal dose of the specially brewed liquor, spilling it on the ground. Yet, no alarm was triggered.

The Dark Sorcerer's Apprentice can be found everywhere inside and outside the courtyard. Some are still alive, but most have died thoroughly.

It's difficult to hold back, as they have all been commanded by Weasley, to 'protect this place', and unless they are severely injured, they will try their best to fight to the death.

Although it is certain death to confront the aggressive and insane Night Watchers head-on, disobeying the orders of the Lord will result in an immediate explosion of the head, leading to an even more tragic demise.

Oh, by the way, Night Watchers don't usually like to hold back.

They are an organization that kills people, not saves them.

Lin Bian stepped into the first-floor hall of the villa holding a large caliber silver pistol and laughed maniacally.

"Weasley, your alarm method has become outdated and useless. It has not gone off even once until now. I advise you to surrender and give up immediately."

"Not surrendering is of course better. It gives me a reason to blow up your head!"

Although he said otherwise, Lin Bian knew that the other party must have already noticed them.

Upon the first demise of the Dark Sorcerer's Apprentice, Weasley had already discerned all that had transpired.

But he definitely hasn't escaped from this area yet, because a ritual has been placed around it to prevent the use of magic to escape, which cannot be broken in a short period of time.

Thirty minutes, the Night Watchers probably have about thirty minutes left to deal with him!

There was no response or sound for the whole time.

Lin Bian closed his eyes, knowing in his heart that one thing was certain...the other person had already spotted him.

The black wizard lurked in the shadows, attempting to shift away.

A calm and steady voice resonated lingeringly.

"Black Magic: Phantom Shadows."

The shadows around the villa began to move as if they were alive, rising from every wall and floor in a pervasive, overwhelming manner, accompanied by a deep sense of sorrow.

"Black Magic: Hunting Dog."

The living shadow kept undulating, as if they had substance and facial features, gradually transforming into countless hideous and terrifying dogs that surrounded in the hundreds and thousands.

Faced with this scene akin to a black tidal wave, Lin Bian found himself unable to contain his laughter.

The man was filled with great joy and contentment.

"Your rebellion is meaningful and admirable, allowing me to openly and confidently remove your head."

He fired the gun.

Chapter 62: The Incompetence of the Demon Hunt Agency (2)

Lines of pale silver bullets flew out from the silver gun muzzle, and as soon as they touched the ground, they transformed into enormous golden screens of light; the shadow dogs vanished in an instant upon touching them. In a flash, the bullets became galloping skeletal knights, brandishing their massive swords and cleaving the incoming hounds. With a deafening burst, the bullets shattered various dormant magical traps within the villa, causing prolonged tremors.

Lin Bian's gifted power is called "Death Ammo".

A simple yet practical power can compress untriggered spells into bullets in advance, and when released, it can immediately take effect without any preparation.

Most of the enemies will be torn apart in the overwhelming "tidal wave" of spells!

After Lin Bian had fired multiple shots, without even glancing at the Black Wizard's trickery, he loaded a bullet engraved with golden patterns into his hand.

This is one of his reserves that he kept hidden away.

In the city of Tatsumi, no one except for the extraordinary individuals known as "Pastor" and "Queen of the Scarlet Moon" could possibly survive this bullet.

"Has he already escaped?"

Lin Bian didn't feel the subsequent attacks, he calmly closed his eyes and became aware of his surroundings in the hall.

The breath disappeared.

He knew that the cunning black wizard was only using shadows to delay the time, while his true body had already fled outside of the villa.

This was not beyond expectation.

He just didn't know which direction the black wizard chose to run.

The elite teams of Night Watchers are ambushing from all directions, and Wesley is unable to leave directly through magic.

If any Night Watcher team discovers the fleeing trace of the enemy, they will inform him and what waits for the Black Wizard Lord is the ambush team.

"Are there no new clues in the prophecy book? Then it appears that this 'hunting operation' should be successful."

At this moment, Lin Bian could not help but recall something that Alan had mentioned a few days prior.

The prophecy book has recently been failing...

"I hope this won't happen again," he muttered to himself.

Wesley tidied his black suit with a simple gesture, donned a black felt hat, took a heavy black cane in his right hand, placed his left hand behind his back, and strode through the walls of the study.

Behind the wall lies a dark and lightless underground tunnel, unknown to any, ancient and antiquated.

He walked in the tunnel with an exceptionally calm demeanor, without even the slightest hint of panic.

This is not Weasley's first encounter with the Demon Hunt Agency's pursuit, he has long had ample experience and preparation.

This secret passage was not excavated by him, but has existed for many years.

The reason for choosing this location as the base is precisely due to the existence of this highly confidential tunnel.

Weasley investigated and discovered that the builders of it were likely an ancient elf clan, possibly even the ancestors of the Augustus family. They worshiped a higher civilization known as the "Original People" during ancient times, and also established a flourishing magical civilization.

"Worshipping civilizations from other worlds as deities is quite ridiculous."

The black wizard worships no deity but seeks only the truth of the world, while Weasley dismisses all forms of religious behavior with contempt from the depths of his heart.

Certainly, he would never dare to be disrespectful to the "Savior of Dark Light," at least not outwardly.

Most modern forms of magic would probably fail to detect the existence of this hidden passage, which allowed Weasley to feel fully confident in his ability to escape through it.

After a while, Weasley finally arrived at the end of the secret passage.

This is a nearly uniformly black wall, but engraved above it is a special golden "All-Knowing Eye".

He walked through the wall covered in a painting of the "All-Knowing Eye" and arrived on a street far away from the villa.

The pouring rain was beating down, while Weasley's countenance remained tranquil in the darkness of night.

"Is this the Demon Hunt Agency's hunt? I don't see anything special from it."

The raindrops were automatically repelled by the spell, leaving the clothes on the body as dry and refreshing as usual, just like the mood of Weasley at this moment.

Weasley's handsome face revealed a faint smile.

He laughed at the Demon Hunt Agency's incompetence for not setting up any Night Watchers here and let himself go completely.

However, it is indeed too far away from his own base. It is normal to not be able to arrange manpower to handle it.

The Night Watchers are all elite members, and there are not many people who can join. Ordinary people would become mere cannon fodder in front of him.

"If it were me, I would urge all the ordinary police officers in the city to surround the nearby area for several kilometers, just to delay my footsteps... even if it means many people would die."

However, they cannot bring themselves to commit such an act that is destined to cause immense harm and casualties.

Although Night Watcher is already strong enough, the weakness called "justice" is still Night Watcher's weakness, which Weasley deeply understands.

And he had been using it all along.

Suddenly, a strange voice echoed from the downpour.

"Cry out! Beg for mercy! Struggle! And then die!"

Weasley's gaze faltered for a moment, then he turned to look towards the source of the sound.

A man in a purple evening gown, wearing a white smiling mask, emerged from the rain nearby, the constant dripping of rainwater resembling tears running across his mask.

Weasley furrowed his brow, first with a degree of trepidation, but subsequently eased into a state of relaxation.

"Is it just one person?"

He can detect through his INT that this person's strength is at the level of "Mutation," but not the kind that is very difficult to deal with.

Does he really think he can stop me alone? Who else in the Demon Hunt Agency besides Lin Bian could do it?

Alan approached slowly and upon seeing the man standing not far in front of him, his heart skipped a beat.

He felt that his time was running out.

It's done, it's done. I was unexpectedly manipulated by the 'Savior' of Babel Tower at such a time, and came here alone to intercept 'Dark-Eyed'.

Savior, do you have a serious illness?

This guy is guilty of many crimes, with a notorious reputation as the master of the black wizardry, I simply cannot defeat him!

Alan is very self-aware, knowing his own strengths and weaknesses. He can handle warriors like Mu Ling, but he would be completely overpowered in the presence of a black wizard leader.

Brother Lin, please quickly save me!

Think of a solution using your invincible spells!

Alan was originally unable to move, and there was an indescribable bitterness in his heart. But in the next moment, he suddenly discovered that his body could move!

Should I escape?

He immediately had a very practical idea.

"It seems like you're the only one here. Hmm, I heard everything you just said...Do you want me to cry, plead, struggle and then go die?"

Alan opened his mouth slightly, partially wanting to indicate that he was just passing by, all of this was simply a conspiracy orchestrated by the Babel Tower!

Weasley's gaze narrowed slightly and he once again revealed a confident smile. He chuckled at his enemies' carelessness and cockiness, as they had only sent a weakling to try and stop him from escaping.

"You are very courageous."

Chapter 63: Deadly Chain (1)

The only reason why Alan is able to move is that Bai Yan's game progress has only reached this point.

He has temporarily gained his freedom.

Next, Alan's only concern was how to delay the time or escape directly.

As a swindler and a magician, Alan was never reckless; instead, he cherished his life greatly.

Perhaps one day, he too may make a sacrifice, but he doesn't want to die in vain.

Alan understood that his opponent was a formidable enemy whom he couldn't confront, and he began to prepare in his mind a series of escape plans.

"I will quickly kill you, so when that guy Lin Bian arrives, all he will see is a lifeless body."

Weasley understood that he could not stay for long. Once he was entangled with Lin Bian and the other Night Watchers, even he would not have the possibility of escaping again.

The pitiable Night Watcher named Lin Bian is a detestable and bona fide lunatic, extremely challenging.

"Let me use my mighty power to make you pay the price for standing in my way."

Black Magic: Dance of Death Shadows.

Weasley gently extended his pale fingers, and the surrounding shadows transformed into heavy black swords and spears. Fierce ghostly warriors with terrifying faces roared and howled, performing a dance of death in the storm, and viciously attacked Alan with extreme malice!

They are death, they are war!

"Transparent Wall!"

Alan brandished his magic wand and quickly cast defensive spells with great effort to resist the opponent's attack.

The swords, guns and warriors collided against an invisible wall.

The invisible walls...had visible cracks appear!

The Night Watchers have imposed a "ban" on this place, making it impossible to escape using the Passwall spell. Alan feels like he has been hit on the back of his head.

He rapidly performed a new magic trick.

The walls broke, and the dance of death shadows advanced once again!

"Transposition."

Alan was drenched in sweat as he exchanged places with a small frog under a nearby eave at the critical moment, narrowly evading the death and conflict comprised of many shadows.

The ground which had been engulfed in despair turned into an entirely black hue, devoid of any vitality.

The instigator of all things, the black wizard leader Weasley, stood in place with a gaze filled with nothing but murderous intent and callousness.

He was undoubtedly a true master of black magic, with years of experience and enough raw power to rival that of the renowned Marquis Scarlet.

Alan took a deep breath and maneuvered numerous scarlet balloons drifting in from all around.

These were traps that Bai Yan had set up in advance, but Weasley didn't even notice them.

"This kind of trickery..."

Hmm?

At that moment, Weasley sensed it before Alan, that there were others lying in wait nearby!

It was a surprise attack, but there was still some distance to cover.

Weasley tried to lift his finger, but his body gradually stiffened, and his cold expression froze in that moment.

Not just his body, but everything around him - raindrops, the air, stagnant water, including Alan himself - came to a complete standstill.

The entire world was frozen, and the concept of sound had completely disappeared.

Silence.

The moment is eternal.

It was a person with long white hair, eyes of purple hue, and the cross in her hand began to transform, growing larger and larger, until it transformed into a jet-black light that fell from the sky!

At first glance, Mu Ling was certain of the power dynamic and that she was the challenger.

This formidable enemy is quite difficult to handle!

Hunters are not knights, and ambushing is a necessary means of hunting.

"Boom!"

The heavy black sword struck Weasley's body, and his tall and thin frame exploded into a myriad of black shadows, yet no blood was left behind.

The surprise attack was unsuccessful.

Mu Ling serenely accepted the reality in her heart, while also realizing that the enemy was no longer within her detection range.

She lacked investigative tools such as a surveillance screen and thus, for a moment, was left feeling bewildered while standing in place.

Time resumed its movement.

Alan was momentarily taken aback, as he suddenly caught sight of the enemy disappearing, only to be replaced by a figure appearing in the original location...it was Mu Ling, the hound of Babel Tower.

How could it be her? She suddenly appeared!

Alan was perplexed and even had a momentary absurd illusion that Weasley had transformed into Mu Ling.

Um, this is simply not possible.

But he soon figured out the reason, the girl in the video had demonstrated what appeared to be the power of 'time stopping'.

Babel Tower!

"Hunter? So it was you all along, the hunting hound of Babel Tower."

Weasley was hiding in the shadows of nearby buildings, his hands dancing up and down, his gaze resembling that of a serious conductor.

"The power from earlier was very tricky, time stopping... It seems I need to give it my all."

The previous sudden sword attack has temporarily rendered the Relic he was relying on for survival ineffective.

Weasley sensed a lethal danger emanating from Mu Ling.

"The darkness hidden within the darkness, the true mediator of shadows, the actual ruler of the Gray Area. I am willing to offer ten years of my life, please allow me to manipulate the darker side of things."

Upon confirming "Nightsaber", Weasley made the decision to sacrifice.

If he doesn't pay the price and end the fight quickly, by the time the Night Watchers arrive, he will have lost all hope of escape.

Sacrifice, this is the most beautiful part of black magic.

By paying a certain cost, Weasley, who was originally inferior, would be able to temporarily possess a powerful force close to that of a Monarch!

"Unfortunately, I didn't have any living sacrifice on hand. After successfully escaping, I needed to capture some people to make up for the lacking."

Making others pay at his expense is the more delightful part of the Black Wizard!

Weasley's once gray eyes are now jet black!

This is it, Dark-Eyed.

Chapter 63: Deadly Chain (2)

His pale fingers waved downwards.

The shadows of various buildings on the street swayed and gradually became abstract as if they were creepy and eerie for a moment.

Since the changes in things can cause shadows to change, then...

The transformation of a shadow can also naturally induce a change in material form.

The shadows of the towering buildings leaned over and, under manipulation, crashed down towards Mu Ling and Alan on the ground.

Without any effect, both of them didn't understand what this meant.

The next moment, the actual buildings followed in the footsteps of the shadows, whipping down to the ground in swathes as if with a whip.

Mighty enough to move mountains and seas!

"Crap! This is way too exaggerated!"

Alan was so stunned by this breathtaking scene that he couldn't help but stand there dumbfounded. Quickly, he resorted to using his ultimate Relic, the "Escape Door," to take cover inside.

"Escape Door" appears to be an ordinary black rope, but pulling it reveals a door that appears out of nowhere. The user can hide inside temporarily.

This Relic is not very advanced, and came at the cost of being able to only consume meat for a period of time.

This ability can only allow him to hide for a moment, and eventually returns to his original location. Therefore, Bai Yan never really used it while playing the game.

Mu Ling looked up in astonishment and immediately leaped into the air.

She swung the Anathemas Star Chains, using them as a grappling hook, soaring up and down amidst the collapsing and toppling buildings.

Like a nimble black bird, she continuously stepped on the pebbles and debris, rushing towards a safe place.

Mu Ling didn't find any survivors amidst the collapsed building; she surmised that they had all been evacuated through a spell cast by the Night Watchers, and therefore breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, her expression became serious.

Where did the black wizard ultimately go into hiding?

[He is here.]

Hmm?

Mu Ling was momentarily taken aback, when suddenly a familiar voice echoed in her mind.

That's him!

The heavy buildings relentlessly whipped the ground, raising an enormous dust cloud that could engulf the entire street.

Weasley had not a single iota of desire to engage in this battle, and thus turned on his heel and strode away.

[I command you to stop in your tracks.]

"Hmm?"

Weasley was slightly taken aback and vaguely realized that someone was using psychic powers. He immediately launched a resistance by means of meditation.

"Only this level of spiritual power, as long as it doesn't directly touch me..."

However, he was still manipulated for a brief two seconds.

Momentarily dazed.

"Puff."

The black cross sword has already pierced through his chest.

The highly maneuverable Mu Ling has once again unleashed "Deep Blue World" and in the next frame arrived behind Weasley.

"How is this possible?" Weasley was incredulous, his body trembling with searing pain.

"I cannot die yet..."

Weasley, with a ferocious expression, attempted to heal his wounds using shadows. However, as soon as he lifted his arm to perform dark magic, he was mercilessly silenced by the hunter behind him, who swiftly broke his arm with a wave of her hand.

"Ah ah ah ah ah ah!"

He couldn't understand! Why did Babel Tower know about the secret passage? Why did Babel Tower suddenly appear in Tatsumi City? Why did this hunter possess the power of an Outer God?

The intense pain and despair drove Weasley into utter madness, his eyes grew darker and he attempted a final desperate struggle!

"I want to sacrifice half of my soul, the lord of Gray Area... What is this? What's going on? No!"

The dark mist gradually enveloped him with its somber whispers, swirling around his body from all sides.

Weasley let out a horrified scream as he was gradually engulfed by the black mist, which contained an enigmatic force that nobody could discern.

"The Babel Tower" has already determined the winner and Weasley no longer has a chance.

Mu Ling gazed upon this spectacle calmly and with the knowledge that this was the power of the Savior, increasing her reverence all the more.

Speaking of which, was the person just now a member of the Babel Tower?

Is that attire... a clown?

Mu Ling had never been to a circus during her childhood, nor did she have any understanding of the existence of a magician, regarding Alan's attire merely as a clown's.

Then, the black mist began to engulf her.

"Don't go!"

Finally, she heard the voice of a middle-aged man.

As well as a raised silver pistol.

However, the next moment, Mu Ling had already returned home and everything that had just happened seemed unreal.

"Damn it!"

Lin Bian, who was powerless to stop the wanted criminals from disappearing before his very eyes, uttered a curse. This Ace Night Watcher, who arrived a step late, lowered his gun.

"Damn it!"

The gray suit was already soaked, and his face, which looked dejected, became even more solemn. He just couldn't fathom one thing.

"Why... does the Prophecy Book not react to the people of the Babel Tower?"

Bai Yan, who left quietly, breathed a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, Lin Bian didn't detect... Alan's magic "Concealment of Aura", which proved to be quite effective.

The only problem with this guy is that he can't fight very well.

Just now, a message was secretly conveyed, and the one who disturbed Weasley was of course Bai Yan, who had been hiding nearby all along.

Because he was hiding far away, and coupled with Bai Yan's use of 'Concealment of Aura,' Weasley, who was completely focused on the enemies, didn't notice him.

Fortunately, Bai Yan chose the right time to launch his surprise attack and combined it with Nightsaber's high mobility and high lethality to defeat the enemy in one blow.

Walking into a nearby alleyway, he took out his phone and discovered...

The emergency mission that he had undertaken has already been completed, and he has gained a considerable amount of profit from it!

"The actual actions, in turn, successfully reversed the game."

Chapter 64: Tremendous Profit

"Damn that Babel Tower!"

After two hours, many Night Watchers still hadn't returned to the Demon Hunt Agency, but instead remained at the scene to clean up the aftermath.

Including but not limited to searching for villas and interrogating the just-captured Dark Sorcerer's Apprentices, as well as accommodating the previously dispersed population.

Most Dark Sorcerer's Apprentices are not executed, but instead receive punishment through imprisonment or exile.

Of course, this doesn't mean that Demon Hunt Agency is kind, gentle or magnanimous; it simply implies that the Air Alliance has gained many more test subjects and cannon fodders.

Alan and Lin Bian have already returned to the Demon Hunt Agency, and they are well aware that they won't be able to catch anyone tonight; however, it is still necessary to continue searching.

Weasley will undoubtedly leave behind a plethora of valuable items to be managed, some of which may be traps or hazardous materials requiring attention. Additionally, there may be innocent captives within the dungeon that require resettlement.

The two of them hurriedly walked together down the hallway, en route to report to the director.

Lin Bian suddenly stopped on the road and said, "The failure this time was entirely because of my refusal to mobilize auxiliary combat personnel. I was too arrogant."

Weasley has actually mistaken about one thing; the Night Watchers of the Demon Hunt Agency were not their entire combat personnel.

In fact, the Demon Hunt Agency has several hundred combat personnel who have received extensive training, but don't possess any extraordinary powers to aid them in battle. Most of them are elite soldiers selected from professional military backgrounds.

They can proficiently use various extraordinary items and technological devices, are disciplined, act quickly, and in addition, are proficient in skills such as firearms, postures, computers, etc. Hunting ordinary extraordinaries in teams is a piece of cake.

Of course, facing a strong opponent like Weasley would inevitably result in heavy casualties.

This is also the reason why Lin Bian didn't let them participate in this mission.

"Are you carrying all the blame on yourself again?" Alan sighed and shook his head, it was always like this.

Lin Bian remained silent and let out a deep sigh before taking a swig from his silver flask.

He was obviously very unhappy and said:

"Your friend named Bai Yan has already awakened extraordinary powers... This speed is too fast, could it be that he is really a super genius?"

"Did you use some kind of medicine to help him? That would be too dangerous."

Tonight, all of the Night Watchers remembered a name.

Bai Yan!

In just one day, awakening extraordinary powers, this is an extremely rare situation that has only occurred three times in history!

Although there is no evidence to suggest that a faster awakening speed implies greater potential, people often believe that such individuals should stand out and receive more attention and expectation.

Of course, Lin Bian had already memorized Bai Yan's name, tonight was just a way to further etch it into his memory.

After hesitating for a moment, he said, "According to the rules, this little guy should not be limited to a regular clerical position in the future."

Alan nodded and immediately said, "Anyone who wishes to become a field agent must receive personal approval from the director. Furthermore, I am uncertain whether Bai Yan is willing to accept a transfer, as his skills are better suited for covert operations."

Lin Bian chuckled and continued, "But his intellectual ability is very strong, isn't it? Many times it's more important than combat ability. In fact, are you expecting an untrained Original Level extraordinary person to provide any combat power? Its better to give him a submachine gun and some grenades, flash bombs."

Alan nodded again in agreement.

Indeed, it is so. Most of the extraordinary individuals at the Original Level are unable to defend themselves against the sudden assault of an armed squad of support combat personnel.

Lin Bian's expression became grave, and the veins on his clenched fists stood out prominently.

"We were fooled by the Babel Tower once again. What exactly is that black mist?"

Lin Bian drank the lethal amount of alcohol sip by sip, as if it were free, gulping it down forcefully.

"Alan, you actually possess remarkable talents, and you will eventually become a master of sorcery, potentially surpassing me in every aspect...which is also why I chose to mentor you in the first place."

His tone suddenly became serious, and his gaze towards Alan was full of favor.

"You have even greater potential than I do, you are younger and intelligent as well. Sooner or later, you will become the new guardian of Tatsumi City."

"So you must remember..."

"Whether it be Pastor or Queen of the Scarlet Moon, they are both hazards that must be eliminated... And, of course, Babel Tower too. Our city can no longer tolerate such reckless and lawless entities."

Alan paused for a moment, recalling the incident where "Nightsaber" had attacked Wesley and the chilling voice that still lingered in his mind.

Savior... What exactly do you want to do?

Although Babel Tower is an illicit organization, it is not necessarily a criminal group or a cult. In fact, many Night Watchers have such thoughts privately, but they cannot be spoken out loud.

"Always remember to eradicate evil deeds, Alan. Do not spare those arrogant wrongdoers who enjoy abusing their power and causing innocent children to weep."

Lin Bian narrowed his eyes and fell silent for a moment with the jug in his hand, his profound murderous intent leaked out beneath the cover of alcohol.

"What we need to do is eliminate them."

Alan hesitated for a moment, then slightly opened his mouth and finally nodded, saying, "Of course, I understand."

He knew Lin Bian's past and also understood the source of his hatred, so he wouldn't shamelessly advise this man who had lost hope and future to let go.

"The emergency mission has been accomplished!"

"Babel Tower Legendary Point+200!"

"The body of the black wizard has been collected and can be submitted to the Soul Origin Nucleus Research Institute for the extraction of relevant knowledge."

"You have obtained the reward 'Mystical Power: Substitute Puppet' (SR)."

Bai Yan sat in his office, gazing at his phone for a long time, his heart bursting with joy.

Legendary Points can directly increase the Source Energy Points by two hundred points!

"I remember the last time I added 200 Source Energy Points was during Nightsaber's first public battle, when the world became aware of the existence of hidden beings."

He felt intense emotions and believed that all the effort he had put into this was worthwhile.

And this time the profit was enough to compare with that previous one, which proves that killing the black wizard Weasley is definitely not an easy task, and cannot even be resolved by normal gameplay.

"If I hadn't taken care of the Dark Beast ahead of time, the subsequent high-difficulty mission of 'Dark-Eyed' Weasley wouldn't have been triggered... Interfering with the game from outside requires even more caution."

After his calm mood settled, Bai Yan fell into silent contemplation.

His own actions almost brought Alan into a deadly situation, perhaps this is the butterfly effect caused by external interference.

Even if he had to do it again, he would not let that Dark Beast get away.

Bai Yan regards himself as far from being a saintly figure, and when he occasionally comes across news reports detailing the grievous loss of life resulting from disasters in far-flung places, he remains unfeeling towards the passing of unknown persons.

But he would never applaud the death of a commoner, nor would he treat an old acquaintance with cold-bloodedness.

The newly acquired Mystical Power is called "Substitute Puppet", which is actually a powerful ancient spell with high practicality and very suitable for "survival".

Currently, the only one who excels at spells within the Core Operators is "Mysterious Magic" Alan.

"It seems like there is no other choice but to entrust it to him, as he can bring out its maximum value... As long as he possesses the power of this 'Substitute Puppet', even when facing Weasley again, he can still find a way to escape calmly."

"Hmm, he should also be endowed with a lethal ability, he's still too weak now."

Bai Yan was pondering when suddenly he realized that he had not yet looked up the operator data of "Mysterious Magic".

He immediately flipped through it.

In fact, his current mood was rather peculiar.

After all, Alan was actually Mysterious Magic himself, and his actions were actually an invasion of his friend's privacy.

This feeling is... quite interesting!

Core Operator:

Title: Mysterious Magic.

Gender: Male.

Plane: Material Realm.

Level: Mutation.

Race: Human Race

Operator Identification: Reconnaissance/Assistance/Control.

Milestone: Night Watcher.

Primary Attributes:

STR: 25

INT: 56

DEX: 59

Secondary Attributes:

Charm: 8

Loyalty: 1

Emotion: 3

Trait:

Cunning Man (The probability of successfully completing negotiation-type tasks is higher for cunning individuals)

A person of strong emotion and loyalty (Loyalty and emotions are deeply intertwined and subject to change based on the circumstances of his family and friends)

Abilities:

Transparent Wall, Phantom Beast, Unlikely Friendship, Magic Wand, Sensing Curtain, Blade Poker, Passwall, Explosive Balloon, Concealment of Aura, Enchanted Costume, Concealing Hat, Teleportation.

Fictitious Lover (Ritual)

The Grandiose Stage for the Magical Ceremony.

Items: Escape Door *1, Lie Detection Glove *1.

Description: Night Watcher, who has been with the Demon Hunt Agency for thirteen years, has received formal training since childhood, has rich combat experience and excellent adaptability, is proficient in deception, and holds a righteous heart.

"Wait a moment, what is the deal with this Fictitious Lover's ritual?"

Bai Yan paused slightly, then pulled open the entry and carefully read the explanation...

"By fabricating the existence of a fictitious lover to others, you can obtain the ability to maintain a heightened state of sensory perception, and the more people you deceived, the greater the effect."

Wait, so when I'm in Power Possession: Mysterious Magic, my five senses become extremely sensitive. Is this because of the ritual?

Bai Yan found it difficult to accept! He felt he had been subjected to a tremendous deception!

"Is this the reason why none of his girlfriends showed up at the birthday party? Wait, this is outrageous. Come to think of it, I have never seen his girlfriends before. Alan has always been describing their names, appearances, and hobbies... Other classmates also seem to have never actually seen his girlfriends. No wonder he never shows any interest in his classmates."

However, everyone believed that he was a scumbag, each and every single one of them.

Originally, Bai Yan thought that Alan's nickname might be a bit off the mark, but now he realizes that he, along with those around him, has been fooled by this guy for two years!

No wonder he said "this is the effect I want." Bai Yan's memories kept flooding back, increasingly realizing how outrageous Alan's deception was.

At this very moment, there was a sudden knocking at the door.

He immediately calmly put away his phone without any hesitation.

"Bai Yan, I need to speak with you about something, it's me... Alan." A familiar voice sounded.

Chapter 65: The Savior Betrayed Babel Tower

"I am here, always waiting for the end of overtime."

Bai Yan just checked his phone and realized it was already 1 am. He felt a desire to return home.

But with so many things happening today, clearly it's a night suitable for staying up late and working overtime.

Many colleagues are still searching on the scene. If he weren't an office worker, he was afraid he wouldn't be able to come back now. After all, his ability of "Connection" is very suitable for intelligence gathering.

Of course, there is more than one person who possesses the ability to collect intelligence, so the Night Watchers don't necessarily have to keep him at the scene.

Ah, what if they forcibly call me back to work overtime later? Please don't, I have already been rained on and I'm about to catch a cold and fever. My constitution is just that of an ordinary person.

When Bai Yan was lost in thought, Alan pushed the door open and explained his reason for coming with a smile on his face.

"Congratulations, talented Bai Yan. You are about to be promoted."

"What are you saying?"

Bai Yan widened his eyes, pretending to be confused.

"I am saying that you have the opportunity to become a true Night Watcher, and to become an operative like me. If you don't wish to decline, then come with me now to meet the director."

"Anyone can be a clerical worker, but it's different for field work."

Alan smiled, his face adorned with expressions of congratulations and pride.

He sincerely regarded Bai Yan as his own brother, naturally feeling happy for him to be qualified as a true Night Watcher.

Bai Yan was not just a friend and benefactor to him, but a true brother.

"We can fight side by side now," Alan murmured, recalling the past when he only knew fear, but now things were different.

Fighting together, but not necessarily shoulder to shoulder.

Bai Yan fell silent for a moment, then he too smiled and said, "Indeed, but there is something I wish to ask you first."

"Um, go ahead."

Alan nodded gently and waited for Bai Yan to ask his question. Did he want to inquire about the treatment of the Night Watcher on duty? Alan had a feeling that this fellow might be interested in this matter.

"Does someone in the agency... have any connection with that Babel Tower?"

Bai Yan spoke slowly, with a slightly solemn tone.

In an instant, Alan felt as if he had been struck by lightning, causing a tingling sensation throughout his entire body.

What? How did he know... Could it be that he found me? But this is simply impossible.

"Why do you think that? Did you discover some clue? Who do you think it is?"

Alan hesitated for a moment, unsure if Bai Yan had noticed the image of him and Mu Ling fighting together, as Bai Yan possessed a strong ability to extract information.

"Do not mind, I just casually ask, only feel that every time they can escape before Demon Hunt Agency arrives, perhaps because there is an insider in the agency."

Bai Yan displayed a relaxed countenance and a smile.

When he played Werewolves of Miller's Hollow, he also enjoyed stirring up trouble, despite occasionally self-exposing; it was very exciting.

Moreover, Alan's reaction greatly satisfied Bai Yan. This scoundrel had actually deceived him for so long. Of course, he had to revenge!

And for some reason...Bai Yan actually hoped that Alan could be open with him.

But he soon regretted it.

I am a fraud, a deceiver, the biggest liar of all, and yet I wish my friends would always speak the truth to me.

And then Bai Yan quickly changed the subject.

"That seems like me overthinking, let's go."

Alan let out a sigh of relief. Damn it, he thought, "I certainly didn't volunteer to join Babel Tower!"

But inexplicably, he became a member of the Babel Tower!

Savior... this enigmatic and dreadful entity, mayhaps lies beyond the purview of the Demon Hunt Agency's effective combat.

Alan vaguely realized that the other person would be a much more powerful and formidable figure than "Pastor" and "Queen of the Scarlet Moon."

Perhaps it is not a wise choice to oppose the Babel Tower, and it may even lead to self-destruction. It could be more advantageous to facilitate a collaboration between the Babel Tower and the Demon Hunt Agency.

But then he remembered Lin Bian's words and a vague sense of guilt welled up in his heart.

Is my own thought considered betrayal? The mainstream viewpoint of the Demon Hunt Agency still considers Babel Tower an illegal organization.

However, Babel Tower has always maintained an excellent reputation, they save the ordinary people, eliminate the masterminds, and have a high reputation among the common people.

"Let's go," he said.

At this moment, Bai Yan stood up, smiled, and left the room with Alan.

The two of them proceeded towards the director's office, and on the way, Alan was continuously contemplating his own thoughts.

He suddenly spoke without stopping, "Bai Yan, do you know the story of Mr. Lin Bian?"

"I don't know," Bai Yan shook his head and added, "What's wrong? I only know that person loves to drink and always looks at me with an ill-intentioned gaze."

Bai Yan is not blind, and he can tell that Lin Bian is targeting him.

"He is very sensitive, alcohol is only a sedative, of course, all of this has a reason." Alan shook his head.

Bai Yan's tone was calm, "Oh, everyone has a reason when making a decision, but adults always have to take responsibility for the consequences."

"You are right."

Bai Yan didn't have time to intervene, and Alan began to speak for himself.

"The original Lin Bian was undoubtedly the ace of the Night Watchers, and the pride of each member. Everyone believed that under his leadership, the Tatsumi City's Demon Hunt Agency would fear nothing."

"Until one mission, we solved several black wizards like this time, captured a lot of Dark Sorcerer's Apprentices, but we still didn't find the highest rank leader among them."

"Among The Dark Sorcerer's Apprentices, there is an underage girl without both of her arms and blind in her right eye. Although her face is attractive, her clear, blue sapphire-like left eye stands out. She confesses that she became the Dark Sorcerer's apprentice in hopes of healing her body. Despite suffering greatly, she has never taken a life and has successfully passed the spell's test of lies."

"The punishment set by the Air Alliance has always been severe. She would be imprisoned for many years or even for life, and only be released after ensuring that she poses no threat to the citizens. Lin Bian couldn't bear to see it, so he secretly released the girl..."

Bai Yan interjected, "So she's actually the true mastermind behind that group of black wizards and apprentices?"

The plot of this kind of story is very predictable. Bai Yan saw Alan reluctantly nod with a faint smile.

"You guessed it right, the story is that simple. A few days later, Lin Bian returned home only to find that his daughter, who had just started her summer vacation, had been affected by black magic, tearing her body apart bit by bit."

"Shortly afterwards, his wife could not bear the blow and committed suicide."

Alan fell silent at this point, it was a story from eight years ago. At that time, he would frequently visit Lin Bian's house to play games with the girl.

If he had been unlucky enough to go to the scene at that time, he would also be killed.

"I understand now. In the future, I will consciously keep my distance from this ticking time bomb and try not to provoke him. If I come across his enemies, I will help with his revenge and tear off the pretty face of that handicapped scum. But if he does something against me, I won't have any extra tolerance for him."

Bai Yan gazed into his friend's eyes and made a promise.

"I thought he would express a few words of sympathy like ordinary people!" Alan was slightly stunned, knowing that he had overthought.

He immediately nodded and said with a smile, "That will do, thank you."

At that moment, Alan also fully comprehended.

His teacher's fate is tragic, with a rough and extreme path, and everything is irretrievable.

But one must choose their own path.

You must not lose your judgment and decisiveness due to sympathy, gratitude, and pity. Demon Hunt Agency needs to do what is necessary to maintain the order of this city, without pushing away all potential allies.

Alan shook his head slightly and sighed, saying to himself, "I cannot let myself sympathize with one person's misery to the point where I end up sympathizing with everyone's misery."

"Stop talking to yourself, we have arrived."

Bai Yan chuckled as the two of them arrived at the director's office door.

He extended his hand and pushed open the door to enter.

Mr. Trap sat in his chair, silent and seemingly waiting for a considerable duration.

The old man nodded gently and turned to Bai Yan and Alan saying, 'You have worked hard tonight.'

"Bai Yan, as far as I know, Tatsumi City has never had anyone awaken as quickly to become a super being like you, and as far as history goes, there have only been two other cases of awakening within a day."

"However, both of these individuals lived their lives unremarkably and passed away without stirring any noteworthy historical impact."

"In this regard, having talent is both meaningful and meaningless. You must understand that even the strongest transcendent beings can die or go insane at any moment."

"The question thereafter lies in whether you aspire to rush to the front lines and become an operative for the Demon Hunt Agency... For that, you must undergo substantial training, extensively learn new knowledge, and also be willing to risk your life for the people living in this city."

Mr. Trap paused for a moment and finally said in a profound and somber tone, "Become... a true Night Watcher."

This is honor, but it's also a responsibility. It will turn you into a true warrior that upholds city order and, at the same time, the most powerless and crazy person who is pitiful.

Mr. Trap's expression had become extremely serious, and his previous laziness had long since disappeared.

Even Alan was infected by the atmosphere and remembered when he had sworn to live for the people of the city...

Such was the Night Watcher's original aspiration, and I have not violated it in any way. How could I then be considered a traitor to the Demon Hunt Agency?

Bai Yan hesitated but for a moment, recalling his small room where he must retire for the evening and the instant noodles yet to be fully digested in his stomach, hence he inquired with a modest and unassuming query.

"How about the treatment?"

Alan, who was standing on the side, blinked his eyes.

He wanted to complain but restrained himself!

Mr. Trap nodded nonchalantly and began to narrate in a tranquil manner.

"The probation period will be assigned to single-person housing, with a car, a starting monthly salary of 25,000 yuan, which will double after the conversion. Various tasks will receive additional incentives based on completion and difficulty. There is also adjustable paid annual leave, priority for children and descendants' enrollment, lifetime exemption of personal and immediate family medical expenses, and compensation..."

"Alright, I'll do it."

Bai Yan interrupted him with a firm tone and a loyal gaze.

Chapter 66: Miracle

Bai Yan returned to the apartment and took a hot shower before drying himself off and promptly getting under the covers with a small blanket.

He nestled in the blankets, smiling as he flipped through his phone.

Indeed, the new video has been uploaded!

However, in the video, Bai Yan himself was not present, only "Mysterious Magic" and "Nightsaber" were seen, whose coordination was not seamless, yet splendid nonetheless.

"So that's how it is. It appears that I am not recognized as a Babel Tower Operator. Very well then," murmured Bai Yan as he shook his head.

In the video, Weasley's spell directly pulled down a tall building, causing a stunning visual effect. Many people in the comments section were shocked to see this scene.

"evemoer" said, "Oh my god, this is too scary, the super beings... they are becoming more and more frightening to me."

"Yushinto Murasaki" said, "There are still many people like this in the world. The mere thought of it fills me with despair."

"Iron Core Cocoon" said, "Why haven't the authorities released all the secrets yet? Where can let us feel secure now?"

"Autumncamesoon" said, "Belief in Babel Tower, only by believing in them can we make it."

"The Decompression Password is 9" said, "Stop talking, anyway, from now on, I will be the dog of this beautiful woman in black stockings. She is too charming! Mua mua mua!"

"Crimson" said, "To be honest, yes, she's really handsome. I want to buy a figurine of her!"

In just half a month, the popularity of 'Nightsaber' has risen considerably online, even to the extent that many fan-made videos about her have appeared on some video-sharing websites.

A character that is both beautiful and cool, and possesses great strength, always garners a significant level of popularity!

Bai Yan looked around the video comment section and discovered the presence of the user "Autumncamesoon".

He posted a link about the Babel Tower Aid Group during his previous communication.

Bai Yan applied last time, hoping to join, but failed to pass the review, which made Bai Yan quite speechless.

Bai Yan pondered for a moment before initiating a private conversation with "Autumncamesoon".

"Iamseekingexcitement": "I want to join your group, the one that is providing assistance to Babel Tower."

"Autumncamesoon", "The group has already been sealed off."

"Iamseekingexcitement", "Why?"

"Autumncamesoon", "Perhaps someone doesn't like our behavior, but there is really nothing to be said. The people at Babel Tower ultimately live in a different world from us, and this matter ends here."

Hey, does this guy's speech mean that he has already given up?

Bai Yan pondered for a moment before continuing to input.

"Iamseekingexcitement", "I don't think so. Babel Tower is the true guardian of this city, but they are also human and need support from others. I want to learn more about Babel Tower and offer any help I can provide."

"Autumncamesoon", "Do you really think so?"

"Iamseekingexcitement", "Yes, but you don't feel that way anymore. I am disappointed. I will find my own way."

"Autumncamesoon", "Okay, next week at the same time, come to the number two server of this game and register an account with your current name. Someone will private message you then... Hmm, about the Babel Tower matter."

Soon, "Autumncamesoon" sent over a link to an unpopular game.

After Bai Yan read it, he fell into contemplation.

Indeed, they have turned to operate on a more secretive level. Speaking of which, are these people truly fans of the Babel Tower?

"Or shall we say, they are simply doing other things in the name of Babel Tower?"

Bai Yan decided to personally go and see the actual situation.

"Moreover, even with this approach, it is not secretive enough, and you are very likely to be targeted by the Demon Hunt Agency."

—

A few days later.

Morning.

Tatsumi City maintained its facade of tranquility, as people rushed through its streets amidst the incessant hum of passing cars.

In the center of the city square, there stands a bronze sculpture dedicated to the urban pioneers who built the city.

A dozen or so white doves sat bored on the sculpture, their gray-white feathers interspersed with fine dust.

The red light changed to green, and the crowd surged outside the square, while the fearless white pigeons gazed upon the unchanging scene that had endured for years.

The dust on its wings trembled ever so slightly.

The tremor quickly intensified, causing the white doves to startle and take flight, while those near the city center square were aware of the ground beneath their feet shaking.

"Earthquake!"

Someone shouted loudly, followed by screams and chaos. Cracks appeared on the ground in the center of the square and people ran in a hurry towards the outside.

After a strong vibration lasting several minutes, the bronze sculpture of the city's builders collapsed with a deafening roar.

A massive white obelisk jutted out of the ground, reaching skyward with its pointed apex.

Thousands of onlookers witnessed this scene!

Half a minute later, the vibration stopped and countless people looked up at the same position.

A white obelisk, towering over fifty meters high, stood in the center of the city square. It emitted a soft and peculiar radiance, reminiscent of the gentle glow of the sun.

The citizens couldn't help but stop and gaze, experiencing the rays of the sun scattering around their bodies. Each person could feel a warmth emanating from within themselves and spreading to the outside.

After a while, someone suddenly began to wonder and said, "I feel so comfortable..."

"I feel very relaxed, as if my body has become light and agile."

"My eyes no longer ache, what is the reason for this?"

"Oh, my waist feels much more comfortable now."

After staying for a while, many people experienced a reduction in physical ailments and fatigue, and the closer they got to the white obelisk, the more pronounced the effect became.

This is a miracle!

The citizens realized this and almost every unhealthy person at the scene was delighted. Many middle-aged and elderly people tried to get closer to the white obelisk.

"Do not move forward! Stop! All of you, step back!"

A blonde woman in a white suit suddenly appeared out of thin air and stood in front of the white obelisk, coldly blocking everyone.

She was around 27 or 28 years old, with a tall and slender figure nearly reaching 1.8 meters, and long blonde hair cascading down to her waist. Her icy blue eyes and noble facial features gave her a beauty akin to an iceberg.

She is Adelaide, who has a quarter Ice Demon ancestry, and is the captain of the 12th squad of the Demon Hunt Agency in Tatsumi City. Lin Bian, on the other hand, holds the position of captain in the 1st squad and they are of equal rank.

She wore a white down jacket that was inappropriate for the season, had a lady cigarette dangling from her mouth, and held a sharp, white, and blue spear in her hand.

"Get back!"

The woman, who perfectly embodied the characteristics of a "goddess", swept her ice-blue spear and created a thunderous barrier around her, causing anyone who came near to be pushed back several meters by the faint electrical currents.

"This is for your own good. Don't casually approach this inexplicable thing. It's no different from committing suicide!"

People gaped at the woman in astonishment, whispering and murmuring amongst themselves in hushed tones.

"Is that the extraordinary one?"

"It seems so."

"She is quite pretty, but just a little old."

"Ah, this is just to my taste!"

These little brats actually said I'm a bit old! They really don't understand the charm of women. She put on sunglasses, turned around, and squinted up at the towering white obelisk.

In Adelaide's eyes, there was a faint hint of surprise and fear.

What the hell is this thing?

"Get off the car, get off the car, evacuate the crowd!"

A fleet of armored vehicles swiftly arrived at the scene, with Night Watchers and combat support personnel appearing one by one, quickly surrounding the white obelisk.

The onlookers were quickly dispersed and a police cordon was set up, with no citizens allowed to stay within several kilometers.

After a while, the helicopter hovered above the white obelisk, and more and more Night Watchers appeared.

Lin Bian, Alan, and Bai Yan arrived at the scene by means of the same helicopter.

Today is actually the day when Bai Yan officially reports to the field team, but after going to the office, he heard that the team leader went to the city center, so he followed Alan here.

He gazed at the towering Adelaide, lost in thought. This captain was about the same height as himself, yet she still wore high heels...did she really enjoy looking down on people like that?

Adelaide gazed at the white obelisk that emitted continuous sunlight, her eyes brimming with vigilance and apprehension.

She turned and walked over, looked at Lin Bian who was drinking and said, "This damn thing gives me a strong feeling related to the ancient gods, and we absolutely cannot act recklessly."

"Well, I feel the same way, the taste of the ancient god...it's just too mysterious, why did this kind of thing suddenly appear."

Lin Bian frowned, his heart filled with shock at the moment. The strong and rich smell of the ancient gods on the white obelisk was not concealed, even making him gasp for breath.

The stronger the person's INT, the more they feel oppressed!

If a mythical ancient god were to descend upon this world...

Then regardless of Demon Hunt Agency, Black Star Faction, or "Pastor" and "Queen of the Scarlet Moon", everything in Tatsumi City will be as laughable as insects and easily crushed into powder by the ancient god!

Alan hesitated to speak, and then he wanted to speak again, but then hesitated again.

He covered the black tower-shaped mark on his right arm for a moment, holding his mobile phone, and walked up with sweat all over his head.

"Well... Babel Tower, Babel Tower posted a video."

Lin Bian and Adelaide immediately turned to look at Alan, and then Adelaide also saw Bai Yan standing next to Alan.

She squinted her eyes and said, "Another troublesome child has arrived? Our team has truly become a shelter. Anyway, let's not talk about your matters for now. Show us the video."

"What do you mean? How could I be a troublesome child? Even the professors at university knew how motivated I was!" Bai Yan muttered to himself.

A new Babel Tower video has indeed appeared on the mobile phone.

And the content of the video was... a fragment of the emergence of a white obelisk from the earth.

The crowd looked at each other in confusion, and in their hearts, filled with fear, they already understood one thing.

The clandestine entity behind Babel Tower's creation was none other than the mythical ancient god long submerged within the annals of history!

So, this is already beyond the scope that the Demon Hunt Agency can confront.

Adelaide took a deep breath and gazed at Bai Yan's face, as if she wanted to say something to her new subordinate. However, she turned to Lin Bian and said, "My current suggestion is to have Eyes of the Empire send someone over."

Her tone was solemn as she said, "The people of Babel Tower may already be beyond the reach of the Demon Hunt Agency."

Lin Bian remained silent for a long period of time.

"Ah, I understand."

Bai Yan, as a novice field worker, said nothing.

He stood silently behind Alan, listening to the speeches of the seasoned Night Watchers.

Then, Bai Yan calmly raised his head and looked at the towering white obelisk that kept emitting sunlight, feeling the soft warmth seeping into his limbs, with a faint smile on his lips.

Chapter 67: The Problem Squad

The director's office.

As usual, Mr. Trap remained seated in his place, his demeanor kind and benevolent, without any discernible change in his expression.

He didn't move at all, as if completely frozen.

In the director's office, there was no one present besides him, yet Mr. Trap kept staring straight ahead, with pupils in his eyes that didn't move in the least.

The door moved.

At that moment, Mr. Trap's eyes finally underwent a transformation, as if he had regained a new lease on life.

He smiled amiably and kindly, looking at the woman who had come into the office.

The woman walking towards us from outside was none other than Merete Chambers, the special consultant of the Tatsumi City's Demon Hunt Agency... with her long white hair, black formal gown and an ever-present hint of amusement in her eyes.

Mr. Trap calmly revealed a smile, picked up the tepid tea from the table, and took a sip.

"The Eyes of the Empire have already given a response, stating that they will send the most senior qualified guardsman 'Emperor' to conduct an investigation in Tatsumi City regarding the matter of Babel Tower and the Monolith."

Merete Chambers narrowed her eyes, so it seemed that the person who came from "Eyes of the Empire" could be the "Emperor"...

She smiled and said, "That man is quite popular in Night Watcher, but his way of doing things is quite unorthodox. In fact, I think there are already many people in the agency who behave in that manner."

Eyes of the Empire, the King's Imperial Guards.

The highest iron wall of the Air Alliance.

For a long time, it was because of their presence that this country remained impervious to external aggression and stood strong.

"Even the Eyes of the Empire are not worth mentioning in front of the Babel Tower," Merete Chambers said with a faint smile.

"That 'Emperor' was cruel in his methods, but ultimately very kind to his own people, and that is enough," Mr. Trap finished and then asked, "Advisor Merete, how do you view the white obelisk?"

Merete Chambers nodded gently and smiled, saying, "First of all, I also believe that it was Babel Tower that summoned this thing. And, in fact, I think that this so-called Babel Tower may have a great deal to do with the 'Tower' of old."

"Do you think it is related to the 'tower'?"

Mr. Trap fell into contemplation and remained silent for a long time. The faith of the "Tower" members is an exceedingly unique entity, albeit lacking any evidence of its association with Babel Tower.

Merete Chambers abruptly changed the subject, stating, "By the way, Mr. Trap, what is your opinion on Bai Yan, the novice Night Watcher?"

Mr. Trap, unexpectedly mentioning this person, calmly stated, "Hmm, he could be considered a talented individual with a decent temperament, but that is all."

Merete Chambers said, "This man has a strong connection to the tower. I have looked into his file and found out that, at the age of only eight, he courageously confronted the powerful super being 'Arrogance' and engaged in a 'Death Game' ritual battle."

"Moreover, he hesitated not to persuade innocent children...to wager their lives as a stake."

"To my knowledge, all parties involved lost significant things due to early defeats in the gaming competition, including... Alan losing his left eye, and Bai Yan himself losing a third of his physical form."

Mr. Trap suddenly exclaimed, "However, he ultimately won the death game by relying on the total score, and the Night Watchers arrived in time to heal the injuries and memories of the children and him. I can tell that you are very interested in him."

Merete Chambers narrowed her eyes and beamed a radiant smile.

She looked even more beautiful, to the point where it was difficult to look directly at her.

"Indeed, it is incredible that an eight-year-old possesses the courage and maturity to do so."

Mr. Trap furrowed his brow, as he felt Merete Chambers was alluding to something - perhaps there was still some sort of distinctiveness to this man called "Bai Yan".

Bai Yan followed the lead of Alan as they made their way towards the elevator, with great haste they descended to the first level underground.

In the elevator, Bai Yan appeared tranquil, while contemplating the matter of Babel Tower in his mind.

Alan sighed and grumpily exclaimed:

"In a moment, you will arrive at the office of the twelfth team. Hmm, I don't know why they assigned you there. Normally, only 'problematic children' are sent to that place."

Alan looked helpless, wishing deeply that Bai Yan also belonged to his first team.

However, there is no way to influence the changes in personnel himself.

Bai Yan simply smiled and indifferently said, "Problematic children? I have seen Captain Lin's gaze, and I feel that my position here at the Demon Hunt Agency is not much different from that of a problem child."

"Anyway, be cautious. The 12th team is the smallest Night Watcher team within the Demon Hunt Agency, with only four members aside from you."

Alan slowly listed the composition of the 12th team, and Bai Yan listened in silence.

"Adelaide, your captain, a tall and proud woman like an iceberg, was once Lin Bian's apprentice. She had killed a local nobleman due to a personal feud and was subsequently banished to the 12th team."

"In addition, the three members of the twelfth team consist of a former cult member, a notorious slacker, and a violent woman who has injured many colleagues."

"That sounds rather ominous..."

Yesterday when Bai Yan went to the office, he didn't see anyone, now he can't help but be amazed, is it still possible to resign now?

Alan spoke earnestly and pat Bai Yan's shoulder, saying, "You... just work diligently, and I will do everything in my power to have you transferred to our team. We are a truly elite group here, completely distinct!"

Bai Yan replied with a smile, "Alright then, I'll be waiting eagerly for your good tidings."

After parting with Alan, Bai Yan turned and walked through the corridor, entering the office of the twelfth team.

He found that the office area of the twelfth team was not small, and there were even dozens of unused desks. Most of the spaces were idle.

However, for some unknown reason, the metallic walls here are tattered and torn, seemingly subjected to frequent acts of deliberate destruction.

Soon, Bai Yan saw a black-haired woman lying face-down on a desk in front of a computer, with her entire face on the table and the back of her head facing the ceiling.

Hmmm?

The black haired woman collapsed in front of the computer monitor, almost motionless, as if dead.

Bai Yan blinked his eyes and finally realized that she was actually alive.

She was just sleeping.

He stepped forward and saw on the disorderly table of the black-haired woman a large pile of snacks and novels, as well as a large standing sign.

Above, there was neatly written and graceful calligraphy.

"Black Vulture, the cyber technician of the 12th team, works for fifty minutes at random times each day and should not be disturbed during the remainder of her time."

She is really the King of Slacking! Bai Yan immediately recognized this person as his colleague and silently criticized her in his heart.

He lifted his foot and walked towards a nearby empty desk. Alas, when he worked as a civil servant, he had his own independent office. But now, it has come to this.

But when the treatment was actually improved, it made his hearts surge with excitement.

"Oh! So, you're the new person, that means I'm the senior, right?"

Suddenly, a lively girl's voice came from the doorway. Bai Yan instinctively looked up and saw a slightly short girl with long rabbit ears on her head gazing at him happily.

The girl had big eyes, delicate facial features, a small chest, and was wearing a white shirt and black suit that resembled children's clothing. She looked soft and cute, but the most striking feature about her was her deep brown rabbit ears!

Surprisingly, she was a half-orc. Bai Yan gazed at the striking pair of rabbit ears for a moment, nodded and replied, "Yes, I am Bai Yan, a new member of the 12th team. May I ask who you are?"

"My name is Holly, your senior!"

Holly, the girl with rabbit ears, was overjoyed and ran over gleefully.

"Captain Adelaide is still chasing the cultists outside, and the bulky guy took another day off to work as a caregiver at the orphanage. Therefore, only I and the God of Sleep are here now."

God of Sleep?

The nickname is quite fitting indeed. Bai Yan glanced at the office desk in front of him, but still could not see the face of the black-haired woman.

Holly's bunny ears excitedly bobbed as she stood before Bai Yan with a smile.

"Miss God of Sleep used to work as a programmer on a certain novel website. She often said that it was the perfect place for her to nap. However, due to her excellent technical skills and the need for money, she eventually joined the Demon Hunt Agency. Nevertheless, her lazy attitude caused her to be disliked by other teams, and she ended up here in the end."

Bai Yan listened silently, and suddenly Holly emphasized, "By the way, someone might have said bad things about the twelfth team, but you shouldn't believe them!"

"I understand, seeing is believing."

"Hehe, our team is very harmonious and loving, but there are too few people, which sometimes makes it boring. It's really great that you can come over!"

Holly appeared to be a chatterbox, prattling on incessantly.

"I hope to have more and more colleagues in the future."

She suddenly took a step back and assumed a boxing stance, striking the air.

"My hobby is practicing boxing! Hoo hoo, hoo hoo hoo! You can call me senior in the future!" She obviously cares about the term "senior" as a title.

Ah, this one is much cuter than that little guy Psychic Dancer. This is what true innocence looks like! Hehe, it's not comparable to those who secretly curse others in their hearts.

Bai Yan smiled and reached out his hand to catch Holly's cute little fist, but to his surprise, the girl was frightened and immediately tilted her body backwards, causing him to miss the catch.

"Ah!"

She instinctively grabbed the desk next to her and ended up tearing off the corner with her hand, causing herself to fall onto the seat.

Holly looked at Bai Yan in terror and earnestly warned him, "Please, please don't touch me casually. I really cannot control my power. Please understand my situation, as the medical expenses are very high."

Bai Yan gazed at the metallic desk and the dilapidated walls of the office in silence, fully aware of the situation.

"Okay, I understand."

He suddenly took out his cellphone and smiled, saying, "By the way, Senior Holly, do you mind if I play with my cellphone for a while?"

Holly furrowed her brows and stood up, shaking her head.

"Oh dear, it seems that you also like to slack off. Never mind, I really can't do anything about you. As a senior, I'll turn a blind eye and pretend I didn't see anything."

"This is a small gift for my senior colleagues." Before coming, Bai Yan had brought some gifts for his new colleagues.

"Ah, this is so great!"

Bai Yan took some time to arrange his desk the way he wanted, and then sat down.

Holly continued to bounce and practice boxing at the door, while Black Vulture was still sleeping.

He took out his mobile phone and calmly opened "Babel Tower" to check the placement logs of the three Core Operators.

In a little while, it will be the agreed upon summons day... Huh, Bai Yan was slightly taken aback, as it seemed that something extraordinary had been triggered in Psychic Dancer's log.

Chapter 68: The Persecution Towards the New Operator Begins!

"Log intelligence of Core Operator Nightsaber."

"Checking the living conditions of the children saved from the cult members, leaving money, increases the mood by 1."

"After returning to the lodging, she took a hot bath, studied how to deal with black magic, and felt a boost in mood."

"Looking through the battle video, reflecting on areas where she can do better, DEX+1."

"Nightsaber" is still, in every sense of the word, an impeccable operator that one cannot find any fault in, as always.

Bai Yan shook his head gently and slid his finger lightly below the screen.

The following is the latest intelligence report from the operator "Mysterious Magic" Alan.

"Core Operator Mysterious Magic's log intelligence."

"I finished writing the task report and the monthly summary report at the last minute, and my mood was negative."

"Fully armed, we went to the cat cafe, only to be rejected and suffered from cat allergy, feeling miserable."

"Arriving at the tomb of Teacher Lin's daughter, I laid fresh flowers and, soliloquizing, made a firm resolution. Mood improving by two points."

Alan has a fondness for cats, but he had never been to a cat caf before because he's allergic to cat fur.

"He would actually secretly go to that place. Is it because he's a super being? Even if he's allergic, he's not very afraid."

Bai Yan sighed, Alan's loyalty at present was only rated at 1 compared to the other two Core Operators.

In short, he had absolutely no sense of belonging towards the "Babel Tower".

This is also normal, originally "Nightsaber" and "Psychic Dancer" had no grievances with Babel Tower, but after discovering the benefits of Babel Tower, their loyalty will increase.

The temporary relationship between the Demon Hunt Agency of Tatsumi City and Babel Tower is hostile, hence Alan's forced involvement could lead to his confusion and even irritation.

"I still need to find a way to make him change his attitude," Bai Yan muttered to himself, contemplating a strategy.

Finally, it is the situation of "Psychic Dancer".

"Core Operator Psychic Dancer's log intelligence."

"Taking a bath with the personal maid and discussing intimate topics, laughing to death. Mood +1."

"Secretly having barbecue with the personal maid without being discovered, mood +1."

"Studying the application methods of spiritual power, DEX+1."

"Preparing the necessary supplies and funds to leave the family, and conducting terrain surveys."

Bai Yan squinted and discovered something very interesting.

Indeed, it is as they say "to pick up where the previous left off". Psychic Dancer can no longer bear to stay in her family!

She was planning to escape from her own family and had almost finished the preparations. Obviously, she was going to carry out the actual plan soon.

Psychic Dancer, based on what I know about you, it can't be as simple as just escaping from the family. After all, how could the things that disgust you be easily overlooked by you?

Yes, in Bai Yan's memory, "Psychic Dancer" had an extremely strong sense of revenge, and anyone or anything that offended her would not be easily let go!

This little guy is someone who can't let go of things and can't forgive others easily either.

This kind of extremist personality often leads her into immense danger.

"It seems that I need to intervene to prevent anything from happening... After all, the current 'you' is the property of Babel Tower and cannot perish without permission."

Bai Yan's finger slipped suddenly, switching the screen of his phone, and Holly walked over with a smile.

She said happily, "Oh, Bai Yan, the 'big guy' in the team has also returned! He was originally working as a caregiver in an orphanage, but today he came back early because of you!"

Bai Yan looked up and saw a tall, dark-skinned muscular man walking in from the door.

Too high!

The strong man's face bore a gentle and benevolent smile, but his muscles were as sturdy as an iron tower and his towering stature left Bai Yan a bit taken aback.

"Hello, I am 'Big Guy', Rien. You can also call me Big Guy like them."

The big guy was really huge, at least 2.3 meters tall. Bai Yan had to stand up and look up at him.

However, how should he put it, there was not even the slightest oppressive feeling emanating from this man's person, but rather, his facial expressions and gaze were so gentle that they were almost overflowing.

"Hello, I am Bai Yan. You are really tall," said Bai Yan confidently, tilting his head back.

In his large frame, Rien shyly scratched his head and nodded gently with a warm smile, "Because I have a bit of giant blood in me, actually other than you and Miss Black Vulture, no one here is pure-blooded human."

"When we venture outside, we always need to disguise ourselves by means of a 'Disguise Ceremony', which can be quite exhausting."

"Giant blood?" Bai Yan couldn't help but sink into contemplation, suddenly thinking of something.

The first generation of giant race hybridized with humans... how did they really manage to do it? He didn't even dare to imagine it!

"This is the gift I brought for you."

Bai Yan, who had a high emotional intelligence, immediately produced a present, his face beaming with joy.

The big guy was slightly taken aback, but his smile grew even wider when he took the gift and then he pulled out a beautifully crafted cake from his own bag on the table... and gave it to Bai Yan.

"Thank you very much. This, here, is a gift prepared by me for you. Everything was personally made by me, so please don't be too polite."

"Did you actually make this by hand? It's made very beautifully and the level of craftsmanship is quite high," Bai Yan couldn't help feeling a bit amazed.

Clearly, this big guy doesn't look like someone who can make exquisite cakes.

The contrast is a bit too great.

"I hope you will like it, but if it doesn't suit your taste, you can throw it away." In response, Rien nodded gently, and his broad lips opened and said, "If you need any help in life or work, you can always ask me for assistance. I'm happy to help."

Holly interjected, "I'm happy to do it too, after all, I am your senior here!"

Bai Yan smiled and responded to their words before the two of them quickly went their separate ways.

He had been in the office for a while and still had not seen the awakening of Black Vulture.

She was actually sleeping all the time, no matter what was happening.

The little rabbit Holly was chatty, occasionally saying trivial things to herself. Whenever she was addressed as "senior", she felt quite pleased.

Still a child, huh...

The person named Rien is tall, but very enthusiastic, also very careful and patient. From time to time, he pours water for himself and Holly, and even adds clothes to the sleeping Black Vulture, and takes the initiative to sweep the floor.

Hmm, Rien gives Bai Yan a feeling that his behavior and mannerisms are somewhat more akin to that of... a motherly figure?

Was such a person actually once a cultist?

Although it was only Bai Yan's first day on the team, he was truly puzzled. The Twelfth Team claimed it was normal, and yet, something about the situation seemed decidedly abnormal.

And then, he casually arranged Alan's first Training Simulation.

"Mysterious Magic" was given three rewards.

The first one is 'Mystical Power: Substitute Puppet,' the other is 'Blood of Darkness,' and the final one is 'Mystical Power: The Sun Anthem'...

The reason behind bestowing the "Substitute Puppet" had long been stated, while "Blood of Darkness" would be the standard configuration for all Babel Tower Core Operators in the future.

As for the bestowal of 'The Sun Anthem', it was Bai Yan's hope to make up for Alan's lack of killing power.

"Do not let me down."

Alan sat calmly in his office, flipping through the new videos posted by Babel Tower, with tiny beads of sweat on his forehead.

Outrageous!

The people above were completely identical to himself, only a blind person wouldn't be able to tell, but with so many people in the department, amazingly not a single one could recognize that it was him.

Perhaps it is because the members of the Demon Hunt Agency are not strong enough, even Lin Bian is unable to break through the mental filter!

But what if it's the "Emperor" from Eyes of the Empire? Would he not be able to perceive his own situation?

"Legend has it that the 'Emperor' is ruthless towards enemies like a razor, and loves his own people like a child," Alan said to himself, lost in thought.

Just think about it, the most detestable thing for a man like this is a traitor!

Alan's heart grew increasingly tense.

[You have entered the Imaginary Space, and now you will undergo adjusted training, which is designed to enhance your cognitive abilities.]

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, Alan realized that all his colleagues in the office had disappeared.

What is going on?

"Is this... Imaginary Space?"

He rose slowly, furrowing his brow, and took quite a while to accept reality.

The voice that just echoed in my mind was undoubtedly a simulation of Bai Yan, in other words, the voice of the "Savior," who controls Babel Tower.

And then, he took his spirit away from reality!

"What do you want me to do?"

Alan shouted, but received no response, and his growing unease became even stronger.

I am actually part of the Demon Hunt Agency, but I have been affected once again. Perhaps the owner of Babel Tower could destroy the Demon Hunt Agency as easily as flipping his hand.

This is the most fearful thing for him! He dare not even contemplate it any further.

Suddenly, the door of the office opened.

Alan instinctively turned his head and noticed a masked person in a purple tailcoat walking in from outside.

Its height and body shape were so familiar to Alan that he could not be more familiar with it.

His pupils contracted slightly, without a doubt, this masked person was himself!

What exactly is going on?

Alan stood facing his "self," ready to launch an attack at any moment, having already activated his Enchanted Costume.

[Within the prescribed time frame, you must overcome your own projection. After each failure, the projection will reset.]

Is this what they call a training simulation?

Before Alan had a chance to react, the "projection" in front of him immediately attacked!

Several flying knives appeared out of nowhere and flew directly toward him!

"Damn it!"

Alan instinctively used Transparent Wall, gritting his teeth, and employed all his skills to battle against "Projection".

However, it was astonishing that both sides possessed the same level of ability and approach in action.

Alan only occasionally did something surprising to create subtle changes in the situation.

Two minutes later, just as Alan felt he was about to resolve the "projection", the "projection" suddenly disappeared.

"Has it ended?"

Alan gasped, his expression full of vigilance. Suddenly, he noticed that the office door was once again opened, and a harmless "projection" walked in from outside.

[Within the prescribed time frame, you must overcome your own projection. After each failure, the projection will reset.]

The familiar voice in his mind left Alan stunned, realizing that this matter would not end easily.

"No!"

Chapter 69: Bestowing and Powerlessness

Alan couldn't comprehend why he had to perform such actions here.

He has fought with his "self" many times.

At least twenty times already!

Every time, he was unable to solve "himself" within the stipulated time, until now, Alan finally realized something very clearly.

Ah, it turns out my power is so annoying! I can only survive by being so weak!

His survival ability is too strong but the killing end is too weak, so it is truly a great challenge for Alan to try to kill "himself" in just two short minutes.

During this battle, Alan gradually realized the flaws in his role as a supernatural being.

Perhaps, we really should thank the owner of the Babel Tower for this.

If this were not a simulated trial, but the real world, he wouldn't have so many chances to start over.

Another failure!

[Within the prescribed time frame, you must overcome your own projection. After each failure, the projection will reset.]

"I must become stronger, of course this is not something that can be accomplished overnight, but at the very least I must try harder."

He saw the office door being opened once again and the cycle starting anew.

His "self" walked back inside.

Alan smiled as more and more red balloons appeared around him.

More and more red balloons.

"Since this is Imaginary Space, not the real world, then I won't die either, right?"

He continued to make more and more red balloons, his expression unwavering.

"Bang!"

The balloons have burst.

[Congratulations, "Mysterious Magic," you have surpassed your limitations.]

"Ah, finally out!"

Alan was sweating profusely and gasping for breath. To his surprise, he realized that he was seated in his original place surrounded by familiar colleagues.

The situation just now...

Was it all just imagined? It seemed as though nothing had ever happened.

He had a feeling akin to a long-past memory, and soon realized that Lin Bian in the distance had turned towards him.

"What's wrong with you? Why do you look so flustered?"

Lin Bian is simply too sensitive!

He easily noticed that something was wrong with Alan, nothing in the office seemed to escape his eyes... except for the Mystical Power of the godly Babel Tower.

Alan smiled reluctantly, covered his stomach while sweating and said, "No, it's nothing. I just have a bit of upset stomach. Sorry, I'll take a step ahead."

"Considering your physical constitution, is it still possible that you may suffer from indigestion?" Lin Bian inquired with a raised eyebrow.

Alan nodded repeatedly and anxiously said, "Well, after all, my body is still within the range of normal human beings, although it has become stronger... This morning, I ate Whataburger, insane spicy crayfish, and super spicy hotpot..."

He exclaimed "ouch", stopped explaining, quickly left the office, and ran to the bathroom.

Alan was in the bathroom, lost in thought, his expression turning somber.

Nevertheless, he didn't want Lin Bian to know the truth. If this man found out that he himself had become part of the Babel Tower, he would probably understand that he was being coerced by the Babel Tower.

But Lin Bian will definitely feel very uncomfortable.

Once again, he failed to protect the important people around him.

Alan no longer wanted the man to feel sadness and despair again.

At that moment, a dense black mist surged from all sides, causing Alan to immediately feel an uneasy shock.

"Is it the dark mist of the Babel Tower?"

He subconsciously wanted to use magic to escape, but found himself unable to move once again, completely immobilized.

Damn it!

[This is the reward given to you.]

Alan watched in horror as his arm extended automatically forward. Soon, a sharp and piercing pain reverberated throughout his body, signaling that the Blood of Darkness had been forcefully injected into him.

So painful!

What is this thing after all... the power to heal the body? Why do I know this information?

The reward from the Babel Tower?

The amount of information was overwhelming, and he was a bit slow to react. He only knew that Babel Tower had no malicious intent towards him, which put him slightly more at ease, but he was still in a state of incredible shock.

Not yet finished, the next moment, a large amount of information appeared in his mind in an orderly arrangement, revealing some secrets of the universe. Alan felt dizzy and unable to absorb it all.

"Substitute Puppet Technique... what a powerful magic spell."

Why would this level of knowledge be stuffed into my mind?

Finally, Alan's hands began to grow warm, and a pile of golden, sun-shaped patterns slowly formed.

What exactly is this thing? Why is its strength so powerful?

The Sun Anthem?

Confronted with the gradually appearing golden patterns on his hands, Alan was greatly shaken, for the aura emanating was overwhelmingly surging and remarkably similar to that of the white obelisk!

Could it be the power of an ancient god?

Pain came over him once again, and he was already drenched in sweat from head to toe, as if he had been soaked through.

"Ah!"

The continuous and excruciating pain almost made Alan faint, but ultimately, with a resolute perseverance, he persevered and gritted his teeth.

Alan could sense himself becoming more and more powerful!

In just a few short seconds, it was as if a transformation had taken place, and he had become completely different from himself just moments ago!

"The Savior of the Babel Tower, huh, hahaha, is this the means by which you're trying to win me over?"

Alan's face was full of sweat, gasping incessantly, but his eyes held a meaning of contemptuous laughter.

How could one's loyalty to the Demon Hunt Agency and to the people of Tatsumi City be swayed by mere temptation to become stronger?

Lin Bian, Mr. Trap, Bai Yan... I could not possibly betray them and pledge my allegiance to some inexplicable Babel Tower!

"Don't try to control me anymore!" Alan almost roared, punching the wall of the bathroom.

After a long time, he emerged from the bathroom with a strangely calm expression.

On that day, Alan took a day off in advance and returned to his own home.

At nightfall.

He arrived at the deserted rooftop and lifted his arms to both sides.

The resplendent and dazzling sunlight burst forth in an instant, leaving nothing but a golden radiance in its surroundings, eradicating all evil and impurities!

The Sun Anthem!

The terrifying energy shockwave swept over the rooftop, yet it didn't result in any substantial damage.

This is a powerful attack aimed at the soul level, almost ineffective against non-living beings, only equivalent to a warm current.

Alan stared at the golden patterns on his hands and exclaimed in disbelief to himself:

"The power of this force is indeed strong, equivalent to the impact of ten Explosive Balloons exploding at close range on a living organism... If the target is evil or filthy, the lethality will increase by several times."

Preparing ten Explosive Balloons takes time, but "The Sun Anthem" only requires one movement.

The most crucial point is that this power surprisingly belongs to an ancient god!

Although it was just an extremely weak divine power, it made Alan's heart unsettled. In fact, only the legendary "chosen ones" in Noah's history possessed power from the gods!

The most widely renowned chosen one in the entire world happens to be the "Divine Executor" of this current Savior of Dark Light.

People fearfully refer to him as the "Incarnation of Dark Light". He stands alone at rank "Zero" in the hierarchical state of the Euro League, and is in fact, the highest ruler in the secular world of the Euro League.

"I'm clearly not the chosen one... why do I possess the power of the ancient gods?"

The secrets of the Babel Tower are numerous, and its mystical wonders are endless. Alan gazes at his hands, overwhelmed by a tremendous sense of unreality and helplessness.

It seems as if the owner of the Babel Tower is using the universe as a chessboard and all living beings as chess pieces, and no matter how much they struggle, they are nothing more than helpless ants trapped in a game.

"What should I do in the end?"

Perplexed, confused, frightened... Even though his power grew stronger, or rather, precisely because his power had suddenly increased, Alan felt even more powerless before the mysterious existence of Babel Tower.

The idea of wanting Demon Hunt Agency and Babel Tower to collaborate is perhaps too arrogant.

Both parties are not at the same level.

.

In the following days, he never slept well, his eating and sleeping were disturbed, and he was in a very poor state.

Alan underwent a new Training Simulation after two days, and this time his "projection" was even more formidable than before.

After fighting desperately again, Alan became more and more confused and realized acutely that no matter how hard he struggled, he had become a "prey" in the hands of Babel Tower.

He couldn't even lay eyes on the "Savior" at all!

How he thinks of himself is actually completely unimportant!

"Damn it!"

Just as Alan was suffering from his lack of strength, a very familiar and cold voice suddenly echoed in his mind.

[Mysterious Magic, you will soon be summoned.]

What?

Alan was stunned for quite a while, realizing... the mysterious Savior actually wanted to see him!

"The Savior?"

The dense black mist had already rushed up, Alan had not even had time to react, and everything in front of him disintegrated and collapsed.

When Alan fully regained consciousness, he realized that he was no longer in Tatsumi City.

He has arrived at a magnificent place!

A gentle breeze blew around him, Alan opened his eyes and was met with a circular temple standing tall amidst the clouds. Towering ancient Roman columns stretched up into the sky on all sides. In front of him, there was a grand and noble white staircase, leading up to a pure white throne crafted of marble.

"That person is..." Alan's pupils contracted.

The mysterious figure sitting on the throne was dressed in a black robe, exuding an extremely eerie and enigmatic aura, emanating a strong oppressive atmosphere that even made Alan struggle to catch his breath.

Behind the mysterious person is a golden sun that occupies half the sky!

In the dense black mist not far away, two women wearing white masks resembling a dog and a cat respectively appeared, one tall and one short. There is no doubt that they are members of Babel Tower, who have appeared in the video!

"Nightsaber" approached slowly, placing a hand on her chest and respectfully stating, "The owner of the Babel Tower, I, Nightsaber, have come in response to your summons."

"Psychic Dancer" glanced at Alan in silence.

Alan, facing the golden sun, was uncertain and swallowed hard. He gazed, slightly trembling, at the mysterious figure seated on the pure white throne.

"He is..."

The Savior of the Babel Tower?

Chapter 70: Thoughts in Every Heart

Bai Yan gazed calmly down at the three figures on the large, white circular platform, pondering over two important matters in his mind.

First of all, Alan is meeting himself here for the first time and his loyalty to the Babel Tower is currently only at 1, even though he has received various gifts, his loyalty has not been brought up.

Hmm, we need to find a way to make him even more loyal, otherwise he will definitely be a time bomb!

Bai Yan naturally wished for no internal disharmony within the Babel Tower, even if that discordant element was Alan.

Let's just say that I am ruthless. We cannot treat them differently, after all, those who are responsible for Babel Tower are not just one or two, but quite possibly the entire fate of the world.

And, I really want to achieve a perfect playthrough of "Babel Babel" on this second round myself.

And the second thing he thought about was the upcoming event that Psychic Dancer was about to trigger.

I must have a good talk with her, preferably to thoroughly understand the reasons behind it, and then figure out a way to provide assistance.

This is an opportunity.

If done correctly, it will increase "Psychic Dancer's" loyalty, but if done poorly, "Psychic Dancer" may be in danger of death.

Okay, let's try to solve these two things.

Bai Yan once again borrowed the power of "Psychic Dancer" through Power Possession, and the thoughts of the Core Operators were completely revealed.

The three individuals beneath the pure white marble throne each harbor their own thoughts, with Alan understandably gripped by fear, uncertain as to the reason behind his summons here.

Alan fell into a reverie.

[That person should be the Savior, and this should be the headquarters of the Babel Tower. Indeed, it is magnificent enough.]

He couldn't help but turn his head and look out at the boundless blue sky and white clouds, and for a long time, he couldn't say anything.

[It looks completely like another world.]

Alan becomes increasingly able to confirm his conjecture that the "Savior" is a god-like entity, quite possibly a resurrected ancient god; an immense being that neither he nor the Demon Hunt Agency could possibly confront directly.

Confronting a god... How is that possible?

[What should I do? Okay, I can't do anything about it. Screw this, but at least I have to figure out a way to try not to make him an enemy of the Demon Hunt Agency.]

"There is a newcomer again."

Mu Ling averted her gaze from Alan and spoke, "Psychic Dancer, the gathering occurs only once every ten days, and it certainly feels lengthy, but at last we have met again."

She nodded towards "Psychic Dancer," then turned to smile at the Savior on the pure white throne.

Mu Ling felt elated that the new gathering was being held as planned.

She doesn't know why, but now whenever she thinks about Savior-related things, she feels happy.

[Last time, I successfully killed the black wizard myself, it would be nice if he could give me a little compliment...]

For the first time in her life, she experienced a strong desire to be praised.

[I want to show more of myself in front of that person!]

Mu Ling is not certain as to why she holds such sentiments, but perhaps this could be viewed as a manifestation of loyalty.

[He gave me everything, for everything he did for me... except for the eternal loyalty, I could not repay him.]

She would even die for the Savior, with the only requirement being to leave descendants before her death to ensure the continuation of the family bloodline.

[By the way, leave descendants.]

Mu Ling is lost in thought, this kind of thing cannot be done alone...

She had never considered the issue of inheritance before, her mind was only filled with thoughts of revenge and glory. Now, she is completely empty-headed and doesn't know where to begin from.

[First of all, I need to find someone who I like, but such a person doesn't really exist, and besides, how do we define 'like'?]

[And then... according to what I saw in the video, if I wanted to leave descendants, I had to...]

[That kind of thing, it should be...]

Bai Yan, who had been reading Mu Ling's mind all along, was stunned.

Why did this girl suddenly begin to ponder such matters?

"Nightsaber" calmly recollected in her heart the process of giving birth, while Bai Yan listened solemnly and silently, wanting to burst out laughing.

But he resisted!

Maryse remained silent and realized that her spiritual power had failed once again, but this time she was no longer surprised, believing it to be a result of the internal rules of the Babel Tower.

She gazed calmly at the newcomer... a somewhat flustered man in a purple tailcoat and white comedy mask, who must have been the new clown in the video.

"It's the clown..."

The "clown" in the video doesn't seem to have a very aggressive fighting style, but he is likely someone who relies on a lot of tricks, and may not be easy to deal with.

Maryse fell into contemplation.

[It seems that all three of us are from Tatsumi City... I really want to know where the other members of Babel Tower are and when will I be able to meet them?]

[I must leave the family as soon as possible, but I cannot simply leave, I must do something...]

[Only when a major event befalls the family would they not have the leisure to dispatch someone to locate my whereabouts.]

[However, accomplishing the objective solely by myself is likely to be arduous.]

She had a bold idea in her mind, and wanted to implore the owner of Babel Tower for help!

[If the Savior could agree to help me, it wouldn't hurt to call him 'dad' a few times, but he may not be willing to do it, after all, what I want to do is just a personal matter.]

Bai Yan could clearly tell that when this little guy was asking for something, she could even call someone "dad," but when she was angry, she would call someone "mutherfu*ker".

Truly lacking in morals, excessively realistic.

My thoughts coincided perfectly with Psychic Dancer's; we both wanted to help her through this, but I couldn't bring up the matter myself.

The reason is simple. If Bai Yan were to offer help on his own, although it would appear friendly, given Psychic Dancer's personality, she would probably only feel like she had been taken advantage of.

However, if "Psychic Dancer" proactively indicates that she needs help, and then he nods in agreement, she would be owing Babel Tower a favor.

The two situations are completely different.

"Dear Savior, may I ask why you have chosen to welcome me as a member of the Babel Tower?"

Alan approached slowly, bent down as much as possible to show respect, and began to ask.

Under the eaves, one must lower their head. This supposed resurrected ancient god is not one to be trifled with; Alan feels very uneasy.

[Because all of you possess the potential to save the world, and Babel Tower is precisely the organization that aims to do so.]

The possibility to save the world?

Alan was slightly stunned and instinctively lifted his head, feeling that the other party was trying to deceive him.

I know who I am. Although Lin Bian often says I have the potential to become a "Monarch", saving the world seems a bit much.

However, since this mysterious Savior has spoken thus, there must be some reason behind it.

Do I truly possess some sort of special quality?

Alan pondered for a moment and suddenly asked, "Lord Savior, may I inquire as to why Babel Tower is carrying out these actions in Tatsumi City? Why are we killing cult members and why are we showing these things to the world?"

"What if the exposure of the extraordinary world causes chaos? Why does the world face the threat of destruction? And what method does Babel Tower intend to use to save the world?"

His questions come like a burst of artillery, all puzzling and yet compelling, asking for what he cannot understand.

Maryse remained indifferent to all of this, with her head bowed. Mu Ling was slightly taken aback and stopped thinking about the process of giving birth, instead she too wanted to hear the response of the Savior.

[You have many questions.]

Bai Yan had actually anticipated these questions all along, and it was apparent that Alan was truly the most concerned operator regarding the matter of saving the world.

He responded calmly one by one.

[The power of Babel Tower is scattered across different worlds, and in this world, in order to gather new power, it is necessary for you to act as the frontline warriors.]

[The cultists hope to establish communication with the Outer Gods, endangering the security of the world. You already understand this point.]

[People need to know the truth, and there lies the reason for Babel Tower.]

[The world may face destruction for various reasons, and the corresponding countermeasures will naturally vary.]

"I understood."

Alan fell into silence, feeling that the "Savior" had seemingly answered every question, yet at the same time had not provided any genuine answers to all of his inquiries.

[It seems that I cannot fully know the truth yet, perhaps due to insufficient trust.]

He nodded gently and said seriously, "Thank you for patiently answering my questions, but I have one final inquiry: What is the relationship between the Babel Tower and the ancient gods that disappeared into the river of history?"

[The relationship... exceeds your imagination.]

Bai Yan smiled without lying and instead played a trick in his words.

Alan sighed and continued, saying:

"I understand now, in fact, I am well aware that it is impossible to leave Babel Tower. Nevertheless, I will strive for a harmonious coexistence between Babel Tower and the Demon Hunt Agency."

Bai Yan quickly made a promise.

[Babel Tower bears no hostility towards any organization that upholds the world.]

Of course, if the Demon Hunt Agency were to willingly become corrupted, then it may not be clear who the enemy truly is.

Alan stepped back and his heart settled a little.

[Babel Tower truly had no ill intention, at least that's how it appeared on the surface... it was really quite fortunate.]

[I have already infiltrated into this organization, perhaps I need to perform more actively to earn trust and learn more.]

Bai Yan listened calmly to the other's heartfelt confessions, while Alan remained oblivious to the subtle shifts in Bai Yan's innermost thoughts, as his sense of loyalty surged to 3.

At that moment, Maryse took the initiative to step forward.

She learned to mimic Mu Ling's bearing, placing one hand over her chest and pretending to be respectful.

"Respected master, I have something to report to you."

The way of addressing each other gradually upgraded unconsciously.

Maryse felt anxious, knowing she could not wait any longer. In a while, that ruthless man would sell her to someone else!

Since that's the case...

Today, we can already go up!

She spoke in a calm tone and without any hesitation, saying, "The Augustus family in the Platinum Zone may have significant connections to the people of the Black Star Faction."