

I'M THE MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF THE SALVATION ORGANIZATION

Chapter 12: A Night Watchman

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Bai Yan sighed after watching the video a few more times. 'If only she were real,' he thought. However, she was just a graphic character summoned by him, a fictional "her" in the game. She was completely under his control and would disappear after every fight.

When Bai Yan was pondering, Alan walked into the library carrying a finely wrapped box of dessert, probably a gift from one of his girlfriends.

"Hey," Alan said and waved at Bai Yan. He was in a low voice as he was aware that he was in the library. Bai Yan just took a glance but did not greet him.

Alan didn't mind it. He approached and seated himself opposite him and took out his phone to watch videos.

"It's so boring today. Do you have some funny videos to share, Bai Yan?" asked he. But the next moment, he cried out in a hushed voice, "Wait! Oh, holy shit!" His face changed. He was stressed, murmuring, "This video should have been deleted in a minute after it was uploaded. Is it Central Avenue? Wow, thousands of people's memories about it will be erased."

As one with the superpower, he knew the video wasn't virtual and something must be wrong if it wasn't deleted for its spreading would cause a lot of trouble.

"What did you say?" Bai Yan was attracted by his unusual words.

"Nothing. I'm preparing for the exams," Alan lied, hiding his thoughts with a smile.

He couldn't let Bai Yan, a mortal, know anything about the superpower because exposing oneself to mortals was strictly forbidden by the organization and it might bring hazards to Bai Yan.

In the Otherworlds, Alan, known as the Magician, was a senior member of Tatsumi City Demon Hunt Agency, a very powerful level-I night watchman.

“The Magician may not be the most powerful one in Tatsumi, but he must be the one the most difficult to deal with.

The Magician always has a plan B.”

This was how people from the Otherworlds talked about Alan.

Most people would avoid being on his bad side. Therefore, those who dared go up against him were usually those among the top.

Alan glanced at Bai Yan in front of him, who was watching his phone. ‘We go a long way to the library to play around with our phones, he thought. This is the life of the students nowadays.’

Whatever life they were having, Alan didn’t want ordinary people like Bai Yan to know anything about the Otherworlds. This video that exposed the superpower and the Otherworlds must be deleted, even though the existence of superpower had been known to people in some regions outside Tatsumi.

Unpoliced people with the superpower were monitored. They would be controlled or arrested if they had criminal tendencies.

‘Judging from the video, she saved a lot of people’s lives, thought Alan. Hope that there was no vicious motive behind her action.’ Whatever her motive was, Alan thought he should visit Demon Hunt Agency.

Bai Yan who was playing with his phone didn’t know what Alan was thinking, of course.

“Bai Yan, I’ve got to go,” said Alan. “My sow is having a difficult labor.”

Bai Yan looked at Alan’s receding figure, confused with his excuse.

Alan went into a building next to the government buildings of Tatsumi. It was Demon Hunt Agency, a place where the Alliance had been confronting evil since ancient times.

Demon Hunt Agency had its branch in every city. Its night watchmen were protecting the people of the Air Alliance from evil.

When Alan entered the Agency, he saw people in black-and-white suits were very busy. That made Alan know how serious this matter was.

“Hi, Alan,” greeted one of them as they usually did when he came back. “Do you know we’re having a big trouble?”

“Shouldn’t you be hitting on some girl at school?” ridiculed another.

“Hey, asshole!”

Alan just nodded smilingly. People here were quite friendly to him.

Soon, Alan walked to the end of the corridor and went into a spacious office to meet his direct supervisor who was pouring alcohol from a stainless-steel hip wine bottle into his mouth at this moment.

“Alan, can you distinguish gin, whisky, absinth, and vodka?” asked his head with disheveled grey hair and in a disheveled grey suit, smiling at Alan cynically.

He was nicknamed the Trump Card, the Nemesis of Vampires, Nightmare, and Never-die. Despite his downfall, this man who had once been serious and rigid was still respected by people here, because he had once saved Tatsumi in a real sense. He was called Lin Bian.

“Answer me! Can you distinguish them?” asked Lin Bian again.

“I don’t know,” said Alan. “I don’t drink.” He wanted to say alcohol was bad for his health, but he didn’t do it eventually as he realized that alcohol could never kill this man.

Lin Bian laughed and shook his head, then he took another gulp.

“I’ve been trying to quit drinking,” said Lin. “I used to drink twenty bottles a day, but now the number has come down to ten.”

Alan wanted to talk back but just said, “Well, let’s hit the thing.”

Lin Bian awkwardly took out a laptop and played the video recorded on Central Avenue. “We just can’t delete it,” said Lin Bian. “Some kind of force is protecting it.”

“Why?” asked Alan inconceivably. “Are you serious about it?”

Lin became serious and nodded. He then took out a bottle of vodka and a bottle of whisky from under the desk. “It’s mystical and powerful,” he continued while mixing two kinds of wine in his hip wine bottle. “Babel Tower, a new organization with a powerful backer. However, we don’t get the details. I guess we should investigate this girl first.”

This girl in black with a big sword on the screen looked a bit familiar to Alan, but he could not recall where he had seen her. “Oh, right!” he suddenly said. “Except for the background of Babel Tower, here’s another thing we don’t know. Why did Spawn with the power of an Outer God launch an attack? Does the attack have anything to do with those two?”

Lin Bian’s eyes narrowed. After a moment’s silence, he said, “You mean the Pastor and the Queen of the Scarlet Moon?”

“Yes,” said Alan after he took a deep breath. Hearing their names would be enough to make people who knew them feel nervous. Alan hoped that he would never get entangled with these two big names.

“I don’t know about the Pastor,” said Lin Bian, “but I received a letter from the Queen ten minutes before. I haven’t read it yet, but I guess she wanted to explain her stand.”

Alan swallowed. “Is she going to start a fight with us? Could she have something to do with the attack by the Spawn?” asked he. “If so, things will become trickier. The Blood under her command can turn this city upside down.”

Lin Bian put on a meaningful smile and said, “The Blood is not a big deal, Alan. All these so-called noble races have already rotted by the pleasure of the present world. The one and only threat can only be her, the Queen of the Scarlet Moon.”

Alan nodded and said, “You’re right. I’ve been hearing her big name since I was a kid. If I come across her, I would run away immediately.”

“No, you shouldn’t run,” said Lin Bian, looking Alan in the eye. “You should kneel and beg for her pardon.”

Alan did not answer but gave him hollow laughter.

Lin Bian gave him the letter. Alan opened the envelope and took out the letter. After he swallowed, he started to read it. It was a letter written with blood. The handwriting was very neat and beautiful.

“Great!” Alan let out a breath. “I don’t need to confront the Queen.” She had nothing to do with the video, according to the letter. And Alan believed that the noble Queen should have never lied.

Lin Bian carrying his hip bottle murmured, “Babel Tower ... Who built it? Who’s behind it? For what?”

Alan didn’t answer as he didn’t know either. But it was very important to know the answers as this organization might threaten the future of Tatsumi.

The leader of mystical Babel Tower, Bai Yan, had just gotten back to his place. He was now lying next to a box of chocolate cakes on his bed, swiping his phone.

Nightsaber had suffered a lot and she was going to be worn out. Bai Yan immediately put her in the Recovery Spring.

“Enjoy your time, my paper soldier,” said Bai Yan.

“Notice: Nightsaber enters the Recovery Spring to regain her Mood” read the phone.

Though he still had to spend 10 points of energy, spending them late made Bai Yan feel like he spent less.

Now, Bai Yan had made up his mind to play this game seriously. ‘I will test the limit of Miss Nightsaber.’