

M. Leader 20

Chapter 20 Psychic Dancer Maryse

“No, I want the Queen!” Bai Yan shook his head gently and looked at the phone in deep thought.

“Psychic Dancer and Disguise Mask.”

Disguise Mask was a functional relic with the mysterious power of “mimicry.” the person wearing it could change their appearance. Although it caused no damage, the effect was very powerful. And the price of using it was that... the user would not be able to speak to the opposite sex for some time. Anyway, it’s no big deal.

‘I don’t want to give it to Nightsaber or Psychic Dance...’ Bai Yan really wanted to take it for himself. Besides, he thought there should be a way to do that.

He obtained a new operator, Psychic Dancer Maryse.

Her ultimate title was “Psychic Queen.” She was a cynical magi with powerful talent. Besides, she tended to go to extremes.

Bai Yan remembered that this little girl always stirred up trouble, and sometimes she would do very shocking things!

In the first round of the game, he made a wrong choice, causing the loyalty of Psychic to plummet.

“This little girl is a pain in the ass. I have to educate her properly.” After muttering to himself, Bai Yan scrolled the information about the Psychic Dancer Maryse.

He was taking Babel Tower more seriously now. he would commit all the information to memory without any actual notes.

Main Operator:

Name: Psychic Dancer Maryse

Gender: Female

Plane: Material

Level: Evolved

Race: Elven

Main Skill: Control, Assist and Lurk

Rank: High Elf

Primary Attributes:

Strength: 5

Intelligence: 68

Dexterity: 41

Secondary Attributes:

Charm: 9

Loyalty: 2

Mood: 2

Trait:

Egoism (Her mood rises when she gets extra rewards. Her loyalty drops when other operators get extra rewards.)

Extreme and Madness (Emotions fluctuate. She would make trouble during idling and auto-playing time.)

Ability:

Mind Reading (Proficiency 100%)

Mind Control (Proficiency 80%)

Item: Ring of the Guardian Spirit x1

Description: A noble descendant of an ancient elven family. She was born with an extremely powerful psychic talent. The thoughts of ordinary people can't hide from her. Her uncontrollable power also made her realize the filth of the real world.

Bai Yan pondered silently. Since the Nightsaber existed in the real world, the Psychic Dancer should also be a real person.

“So, there really are elves in this world.”

Everything from Tatsumi costs money. The price of housing here was so high that it would elevate blood pressure. But even so, there was still a large group of high-end villas in the city center. People called it the Platinum Zone.

The people living in the Platinum Zone could no longer be described as rich or noble. Instead, they were five extremely powerful noble families and were the actual controllers of Tatsumi.

There was a spectacular mansion on the west side of Platinum Zone. Hundreds of servants worked in the plant-rich courtyard. They worked in order, all of them clearly well trained.

The side dining room of the villa.

Even if it was just a side dining room, it was quite ornate. There were giant scaled steps, superb leather walls, and a solemn silver dragon gad.

A small blonde girl sat at the end of the long table in the dining room, two rows of upright servants were standing at attention on both of her sides.

“Dinner is served, my lady,” a servant said, stepping forward and bowing.

“Hmm.” She nodded gently and looked at the exquisite knives and forks, thinking about which one to use.

Maryse was like an exquisite doll. Her long hair was as smooth as golden sand, and her eyes were as beautiful as green jade. All her actions had an extraordinary aura.

The pointy elven ears were very different from the servants around her.

She had an almost perfect appearance. The only flaw was probably the flatness of some parts of her body.

After Maryse had taken the cutlery with a smile, the servant began to introduce the dishes.

“My lady, there’s your favorite Beluga caviar today.

Maryse smiled and nodded. She took a small shell spoon and filled it with caviar. She placed it on the buttered white bread and finally put it into her mouth.

“It’s delicious!” The next moment she smiled, and the servants around her brightened.

Some of the new servants thought that the young lady was so cute. She was practically an angel!

“This is the lamb chop made by Mr. Will. Please try it. The meat is of the optimal grade.”

“Okay.”

After a small round, the servant asked a question out of courtesy.

“Is there anything else you want, my lady?” the servant asked with courtesy after Maryse had a taste.

Hearing this, Maryse put down her knife and fork. She looked sulky.

“I want to eat with my parents.”

[A really thin shell. She lived such a good life. What if her family doesn’t like her?]

Maryse looked up at the new servant for a moment and smiled widely. The man paused.

“I’m full. I’ll go back,” she said abruptly.

[This little girl is really wasteful. So much food is left. Hehe, actually, only this face...]

[This monster must be eavesdropping again. I don’t want to work around her.]

[Think nothing, think nothing, think nothing...]

Maryse kept smiling as if she hadn’t heard anything. She returned to her bedroom in the corner of the villa.

The light red color room was more than two hundred square feet, with a big pink bed in the center. Maryse’s personal maid, Irena, had been waiting for some time.

Irena was a delicate girl with black hair. She looked at Maryse and said, “You’re finally back, my lady. I’m sorry, I wasn’t able to accompany you to dinner today. I had something to do.”

A smile disappeared from Maryse’s face. She soon recovered as if nothing had happened. “Ah, Irena, you’re back. I’m so annoyed!”

She sat on her big pink bed and sighed. “Those guys are all disgusting. They act one way in the open and another way in secret. I can’t stand it!”

Irena sat on the bed and stroked her hair reassuringly.

“You’ve been saying things like that for years. Haven’t you gotten used to it?”

Maryse grumbled, “How can I get used to it? Everyone I meet is disgusting. Only you, Irena, you are different.”

“I’ll always support you, my lady.” Irena nodded.

[Your feet are so adorable, my lady. Can I have a pinch?]

“Oh, stop it!”

Maryse turned over and pinned Irena to the bed, tickling her personal maid’s midsection with her tender hands.

“Ahhhhhh, you win! Please!” Irene laughed.

[Really a little girl. So gentle.]

Maryse pouted and said, “I’ll never speak to you! Get out! Get out!”

Irena stood up and smiled at Maryse with a hint of pity in her eyes. She bowed. “I will leave now.”

When Irena left, Maryse’s smile disappeared again. She put on a lifeless, empty look as if she was a soulless shell. Clearly, she had no hope for her life.

For hundreds of years, five “managers” actually controlled the city’s economy, security, medical care, education, transportation, and so on...

The Augustus family was the oldest and only Elven family in Tatsumi. All the previous heads of the family could become the managers of Tatsumi... This had always been a tradition.

The current patriarch of the Augustus family was known as the plotter. His methods were the most unpredictable and effective of all the previous patriarchs. His true thoughts were never known.

Maryse was astonishingly beautiful when she was a child. She was the patriarch’s youngest and most favored daughter and had always been the apple of her father’s eye.

Even though she only saw her “Father” for a short time each year, Maryse wanted to be an excellent noblewoman and make her father proud.

It was not until her eighth birthday that Maryse told her father happily and uneasily that she could actually hear the thoughts of others!

“Dad, are you proud of me?”

Later on... she was still the daughter of the family and enjoyed a perfect material life. However, “father” never walked within twenty feet of her again. Never celebrated her birthday again.

And she knew a great deal of malice and filth.

It turned out that the butler had been harassing the cook. The servant who served her had spat into the dishes. Her “kind” uncle had disgusting thoughts toward her. The reliable guards had taken the order to get rid of her if necessary...

In the beginning, Maryse would weep and question until she was thoroughly disgusted and distanced from her growing number of loved ones.

She had finally learned to hide her true feelings.

In such an environment, Maryse grew up day by day. However, being a pure-blooded elf, she had slow growth and still looked like a little girl.

Maryse extended her small white hand toward the ceiling and muttered. “Ah, it’s so annoying. I want to destroy everything.”

She could see no hope for her future. The pain of listening to the truth would stay with her for the rest of her life until she died. ‘Nobody but me hears the truth. So I’m the one at fault, right?’

The world never needed anything real.

So, should I go to hell?’

[You have been chosen, Psychic Dancer.]

Maryse froze.

‘Who was talking?’