

I'M THE MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF THE SALVATION ORGANIZATION

Chapter 3: Deep Blue World

Chapter 3 Deep Blue World

The back of Mu Ling's left hand was in extreme pain. Unknowingly, a black tower-shaped mark appeared on her hand. The mark was very exquisite and seemed to have a strange magical power.

Savior?

She had never heard of this great man, but she could feel the grand ideals in his words as if he wanted to become enemies with all the gods and devils in the world.

[This is your reward.]

An indescribably terrifying aura gradually enveloped Mu Ling. Her eyes widened. This aura caused her heart to convulse, and she was unable to breathe normally.

It's the power of the "King of Deep Blue."

Mu Ling reached out her hands.

The black fog appeared again and slowly wrapped around her fair and delicate arm. Following that, an intense pain came. She felt like her soul was screaming and wailing.

Mu Ling immediately broke out in a cold sweat. Her eyes gradually turned blue as information about the "reward" surfaced in her mind.

[Deep Blue World]

The pain gradually faded, and a strange feeling welled up. Mu Ling felt her brain was boiling. A large amount of knowledge that was difficult to understand in the past.

The storm kept pouring down.

Standing in the rain, Mu Ling gradually recovered.

She slowly opened her eyes and found her understanding of “reality” was completely overturned and rewritten.

“That’s it.”

Now, she possessed one of the colors of “Deep Blue World”. This was a power that countless people dreamed of.

King of the deep blue.

“He” was an indescribably great existence, an otherworldly god standing in the multiverse. “He” has nine different “colors.”

Deep blue world was one of the nine colors.

Those who possessed it could understand the forbidden knowledge of time and suspend time with their will.

Deep blue was the concept of stagnation itself.

Mu Ling raised her hands, and the rain suddenly stopped. Drops of rain floated beside her. However, her blood was still flowing. She could feel it in every part of her body. Originally, it was just a simple coexistence with her, but now, it could truly exist as an “organ” that she could control.

Mu Ling remained silent for a long time. Even though it was only two seconds, she knew she was completely different from before. Her strength had risen to a new level.

Two seconds later, the rain started to fall again.

Everything was normal.

Madness and joy surged in her heart. All of this was thanks to the “Savior” in Babel Tower.

Babel Tower, the mysterious organization she had been forced to join.

How many members are there like me?

What was its true purpose?

To save this rotten world, or destroy it completely?

What is the Savior? Mu Ling took a deep breath.

If she could obtain great power every time she completed a mission, then revenge was not impossible. Once again, the faces of her loved ones appeared in her mind again.

From today onwards, I will embark on a completely different path. The survival of the world may also be in my hand.

Mu Ling left the street slowly without leaving any traces.

It was 1:30 AM.

--

Three hours ago.

After defeating the monster, Bai Yan slowly heaved a sigh of relief.

Much infrastructure and research were still waiting for him to start, but he had to leave the library now. The library was about to close.

Bai Yan has always been very interested in horror games. Unpredictable unknowns always made people excited and fearful. And when one became an unknown himself, he would experience an even more wonderful experience.

Parts of Babel Tower's gameplay was similar to Cultist Simulator or Lobotomy Corporation.

The daily task for players was to manage the Babel Foundation, accumulate resources, develop new supernatural technologies, and dig out core employees with potential.

Simply put, they were building, auto-playing, and summoning.

After summoning, Bai Yan would assign core operators various missions. When they complete the missions, the organization will receive corresponding benefits.

In order to maintain their loyalty, he had to be clear about the rewards and punishments.

In Babel Tower, there would rarely be identical opponents.

Players would control different core operators to fight various monsters.

Furthermore, every core operator's experience, personality, ability, and weapon were all different. The gameplay was also different.

In addition, players could nurture operators to become stronger, constantly obtaining new abilities and new combat methods. The feedback from the game's achievements had always been very good.

Apart from regular battles, there would occasionally be missions to eliminate, infiltrate, assassinate, steal, disguise, investigate, and transmigrate.

According to the different missions, the game mode was also different.

Players could experience different game styles, including simulation operations, shooting, role-playing, chess, and puzzles.

In some sense, it could be considered mastery of video games.

Since there were too many missions every day, only students like Bai Yan felt it was just right.

Bai Yan was a good student. Reading books in the library was just a hobby.

He has lots of leisure time.

When infrastructure and research were developed, he would become busy.

“Time to leave.”

The rain was too heavy tonight, and there were no more people in the library.

It was already 10:30 PM. If he didn't leave now, he would be locked here.

He put away his phone, got up, and left his seat, walking away from the gradually darkening library.

In the pitch-black night, Bai Yan held an umbrella and walked through the pouring rain alone.

Babel Tower had rich idle elements. Even if players didn't open the game, the world inside would continue normally. Core operators could encounter all sorts of incidents every day.

Some operators would become stronger on their own, giving Bai Yan a huge surprise. Sometimes, he found some operators had suddenly died the moment he went online. He had no choice but to spend large amounts of resources to revive them.

He muttered, “Work hard, Nightsaber! You're my only core operator.”

At this moment, a girl in a black windbreaker rushed over.

Bai Yan subconsciously glanced at her, but he did not see her face clearly.

“So fast.” He was surprised.

Unfortunately, he couldn't see her face clearly. He shook his head gently.

To avoid the Black Star Faction's pursuit, Mu Ling ran so fast.

The two of them brushed past each other at the school gate.

The person she met just now was only a mortal. She did not even turn around to look at him.

To superhumans, the real world was just a huge amusement park. Mortals were merely bait and fake comfort.

She couldn't imagine it at all.

A few hours later, she would be “played” by this man on the phone.