

# I'M THE MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF THE SALVATION ORGANIZATION

## Chapter 9: Eight-grade-disease

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Bai Yan was confused. Actually, he had never met this school beauty before. She went to him and said something really weird. Any normal person would be stunned at this moment.

'She called me "Master." Did she know me?'

Bai Yan was lost in thought, but he quickly confirmed that he didn't know Mu Ling. Today was definitely the first time they had met.

He looked at Mu Ling for a while and nodded in confusion. "I came for the class."

Mu Ling listened in silence. His voice was calm as if he was really here for the class.

She thought she was actually barking up the wrong tree for a moment. However, she wouldn't be mistaken. The voice had left a deep impression on her in just three days. As long as she heard it, she would definitely not be mistaken.

"Hmm, what else?" Bai Yan stared at Mu Ling's hair.

Although people in Noah have various colorful hair and pupils, white hair and purple-red eyes were actually quite rare. He wanted to feel her hair.

Feeling that Bai Yan didn't want to talk to her anymore, Mu Ling suddenly understood what he meant. 'Do not disturb me.' That was what he had just conveyed.

'I was imagining. The Savior didn't come to look for me.' If he has orders, he could control her directly. There was no need for such an inefficient way of direct communication.

"I see." Mu Ling decided to leave. She didn't want to stay with this terrifying, powerful man for another minute. But she didn't go.

After hesitating for a moment, she took a deep breath and bowed to Bai Yan to express her respect.

“Master, I know I’m not powerful. I was just like an insect on the bottom of your shoes. But... thanks for giving me the chance to become stronger. And I’ll treasure the opportunity to regain my family glory.” After saying that, Mu Ling left.

Bai Yan was stunned on the spot for a long time. It was completely baffling.

Alan came over a few minutes later, looking bewildered. “What were you talking about? Why did she bow to you?”

Bai Yan was slightly taken aback. “You saw it?”

Alan nodded. “Yeah. I was waiting for you to have dinner outside. What the hell is going on?”

Bai Yan pondered for a moment and sighed deeply. “She is beautiful. But, she got a disease.”

Alan froze. “What disease?”

“Eight-grade-disease.”

Mu Ling left the classroom in a hurry. Then she went to the bathroom and turned on the tap.

Her fair hands passed through the water and splashed water on her beautiful face, cooling her fluctuating emotions.

That young man looked like an ordinary person, but he was actually a great power who had lived for thousands of years.

Mu Ling felt stressed out. “He was pretending to live like an ordinary person.”

The more she thought about it, the more likely it seemed. Deep in thought, she knew she’d better not disturb him.

The same had been true of the servants when she was a child. If she didn’t make an order, the servant wouldn’t appear. Otherwise, it would be disrespectful.

Mu Ling found her position unwillingly. She was nothing to the Savior and Babel Tower.

In order to take revenge and regain family glory, she had to obtain greater power. And becoming a subordinate of the Babel Tower was a necessary price. She has no option.

At that moment, the familiar feeling came again.

Mu Ling found herself unable to move again, but she didn't panic this time. On the contrary, she had adapted well.

'Another new mission?' she calmly left the bathroom and walked out of the school building.

"Mu Ling, be my GF!"

A handsome senior in fashionable clothes was arranging flowers on the ground outside the building.

Several gossip students cheered when they saw Mu Ling coming out.

"Say yes! Say yes!"

The handsome senior smiled gently and went down on one knee before Mu Ling, who was walking over expressionlessly.

"Mu Ling, will you please be my girlfriend? I like you." The handsome senior had indeed been paying attention to Mu Ling for a while. After much thought, he broke up with his girlfriend and then arranged this confession.

Many girls were bashful and would agree to the confession facing so many people. Even if he was repulsed, the girl would attract him.

As a playboy, the handsome senior knew much about picking up girls.

However, he couldn't determine whether he could go for Mu Ling. Deep down, he also felt that he had little chance.

She was too beautiful and elegant. He had to try! Otherwise, he would definitely regret it!

"Say yes! Say yes! Say yes!"

Students around them were still cheering loudly, but Mu Ling was unable to make a response. Instead, she could only watch her body move forward automatically.

'What would 'I' do?' she was curious.

Even if she had her own consciousness now, she wouldn't agree to his confession. 'Who do you think you are?' Mu Ling rejected a confession without any emotional foundation. She even felt that confession in public was a little despicable.

If it were a less determined girl, with so many people cheering her on, it would be difficult to reject completely.

Mu Ling moved around the crowd expressionlessly and walked towards the school gate, ignoring the handsome senior kneeling down.

The senior was also stunned. He stood up and stooped Mu Ling. "I..."

However, Mu Ling stepped on his stomach before he had finished his sentence. The huge force made the senior fall to the ground. Then, she stepped on his handsome face.

"Arghhh!"

Mu Ling walked over his body expressionlessly.

'Sorry!!! I couldn't control myself.' She apologized in her heart. Actually, it was pretty satisfying.

There was complete silence.

"Holy shit! She stepped on his face!"

"OMG. Slay!"

"I love her! Queen Ling!"

Mu Ling did not know that she would soon have a new nickname in school.

She just left the school and arrived at the central avenue.

The central avenue was a rather bustling place. There were all kinds of supermarkets and cinemas.

Mu Ling was shocked.

'Wait! Should I battle here?'

A white mask appeared on her face in the next moment, covering her face. The familiar voice sounded again in her head.

[Stand by, Nightsaber.]

Mu Ling's lips parted slightly. "Yes, my master."

She knelt on one knee in the crowd and lowered her head. She quickly attracted the attention of everyone present. Passers-by stopped and discussed.

"Look! What's she doing? She's so pretty."

"Go take a look. Is she a cosplayer?"

"Could there be a promotional event? Maybe she will dance later."

More and more people gathered around, but Mu Ling gradually calmed down.

She knew her enemies on every mission were either monsters or cultists. Today would be no exception. It was fatal crises that ordinary people could not resist.

'Will many people die today?'