

## The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 337

With the continuous disappearance of servants, the disciples of the black prison sect had already felt that something was not right.

They had also gone to look for the missing laborers several times before, but they had not found any traces of those who had escaped.

At that time, they thought that the servants might have been eaten by the wild beasts in the Emperor tomb mountain range, so they didn't think much of it.

However, now that this situation had occurred, it became somewhat abnormal.

Although there would be handymen in the black Dungeon Village who couldn't stand such days and chose to run away every year, the frequency of such things happening was very low. Most of the handymen had long been numb to their current life. In addition, they had bloody demonstrations time and time again, so only a few of them had the idea of running away.

However, the frequency at which it happened was a little high, especially in recent times. It actually happened in succession, and this made the black prison sect disciples feel that things were not good.

Xiao Lang's eyes swept across the crowd of servants, as if he wanted to see something.

The black Tiger was hidden in the crowd of handymen, looking up at him with the same wooden expression as the other handymen around him, not revealing the slightest flaw.

After asking the servants again, Xiao lang still couldn't get an answer. He could only dismiss the servants and send his disciples out to search again.

At the same time, the black Tiger made a plan for its daily schedule.

Now that he had started cultivating, his body was getting better and better, so his work was much easier than usual. After quickly finishing a day's work, he would find a place to hide and cultivate when he was out fetching water for the last part of the task. Then, he would return to the sect.

After that, he would look for handymen to assassinate, refine, and devour them during the game time at night. He would come online to save soul coins in the last few hours.

Everything was carried out in an orderly manner. The black Tiger's spirit root grew strong and healthy, and in just half a month's time, it had reached the level of excellent spirit root (Grade 3).

It was dark every day, and the black Tiger once again went out to search for tonight's prey.

This time, he had his eyes on a female servant's room. After quietly entering the room, he used the same method to kill the servant.

However, just as he was about to refine it, the wooden door was suddenly pushed open.

“So it was you who was secretly causing trouble!” The person who entered was a disciple in charge who was holding a leather whip.

(The black prison sect disciples' levels are divided from low to high: Steward disciple, inner disciple, Pro-disciple, true disciple, head disciple, elder, sect master)

Seeing this, the black Tiger's heart suddenly shrank and it hurriedly tried to escape. However, this managing disciple had already blocked its way, and the black Tiger had no way to escape.

For the past three years, Black Tiger had always been afraid of the sect's disciples. Although he was already a cultivator, this fear was still deeply imprinted in his heart and could not be erased.

“How do you want to die? By the way, where are the other handymen you killed hiding?” The steward laughed evilly as he approached the black Tiger.

The black Tiger didn't answer, but kept retreating.

Seeing that the black Tiger did not respond to him, the managing disciple stretched out his hand and whipped the black leather whip hard on the black Tiger's body, causing it to shiver.

"I'll ask you one more time, where did the other handymen you killed go?"

In fact, the managing disciple was not surprised that the black Tiger had killed the other servants.

The reason was simple. In such an environment, it was too easy for the mental state of the servants to go wrong. There had been servants who had gone crazy and attacked other servants, but the only thing that puzzled him was why the bodies of the dead servants had disappeared.

Looking at the black Tiger that was curled up in the corner, the managing disciple's heart was filled with hostility. In his eyes, the factotum was just an animal that was kept in captivity. Disobeying him would only lead to death.

The black Tiger, who was hiding in the corner, looked very pitiful. However, as a disciple of the black prison sect, he never cared about the weak because he was a cultivator who was one level higher than others. He should have been at the top of the food chain.

Just as the black leather whip was about to come down again, a fierce light suddenly flashed in the black Tiger's eyes. Its body suddenly pounced forward. The managing disciple was caught off guard and he was heavily punched in the throat.

"Wu...Cough cough ..." The disciple quickly covered his neck, feeling that even breathing had become difficult.

Since he had made his move, the black Tiger was determined. He punched the right arm of the steward disciple again and quickly took the black leather whip from his hand. Then, he tied it around the steward disciple's neck and began to twist it.

There had never been an odd-job worker who dared to lay a hand on them. The steward disciple had not been able to react in time to the black Tiger's attack.

At this time, the black leather whip around his neck gradually tightened, and the thorns stabbed into his blood vessels. The disciple in charge was shocked and began to struggle with all his might. His hands kept hitting the black Tiger's body, leaving blood-red handprints.

However, the black Tiger did not dare to let go. He gritted his teeth and persevered. If this managing disciple did not die, then he would definitely die.

As the managing disciple continued to struggle, the black Tiger's eyes gradually became bloodshot. It could not help but spit out a mouthful of blood.

Although he was already a cultivator, there was still a big gap between his strength and the managing disciple's. The beating in his struggle had shaken the black Tiger's internal organs. If it was not for the fact that he was determined to die, he would have collapsed long ago.

As he gritted his teeth and persevered, the managing disciple's struggle became weaker and weaker, and finally, there was no more movement.

However, the black Tiger still did not let go. It held the black leather whip tightly and only let go after five minutes. Then, it lay on the ground and began to pant.

After some time, the black Tiger, who had recovered some of its strength, looked at the managing disciple with a ferocious expression.

Since he had already killed this steward disciple, he naturally would not waste it. The quality of these cultivators' spiritual roots must be extremely high, which would be of great help to him.

This was the truth. In this era where spiritual energy was lacking, those who could cultivate were undoubtedly geniuses with high-quality spiritual roots.

However, the refining process took about five hours. The black Tiger then turned the managing disciple into a blood pill and swallowed it. After that, it spent another two hours refining the other handyman before returning to its wooden house.

After logging into the game, Black Tiger opened the attribute panel as usual.

Black Tiger (player)

[Level: 45]

[Spiritual root (special): superior-grade spiritual root (6/100)]

(Has comprehended the foundation stealing technique, able to steal other people's spirit roots to feed on one's own spirit root)

[Cultivation method progress: Foundation stealing stage level 1 5.9%]

Because refining it had wasted a lot of time, the black Tiger knew that it would definitely be beaten up tomorrow. However, after seeing its spirit root being improved, the black Tiger felt that it was all worth it.

This was because he knew that he was one step closer to breaking free from the black prison sect's control.

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Recently, Lu Wu noticed something strange.

The cause was an abnormal notification from the divine artifact. The players in a small area had been dying abnormally every day, and it had been going on for more than half a month.

In fact, it was normal for players to die. After all, there were a lot of players in punitive expedition online, and it was normal for players to die in real life.

The souls of the dead players would also be pulled into the space by the divine weapon.

For these dead players, Lu Wu would not directly throw them back into the game.



After all, players were more or less connected to each other, and many of them were friends in real life. If they died in real life but still continued to play the game, it would definitely cause a huge sensation.

For this group of dead players, Lu Wu adopted four solutions.

Ordinary players were basically transformed into NPCs, washed away their past memories, and then continued playing the game with different identities.

By doing so, the other players would not be able to discover the problem, which was very safe.

What they didn't know was that the NPC they were talking to might be their friend who had passed away in real life.

However, Lu Wu wouldn't do this for the more talented players.

Lu Wu would store the souls of these players in the artifact space, ready to show a new face at the right time and continue to appear in the game as players.

Because this group of players was very valuable, they could also create benefits for Lu Wu that ordinary players couldn't compare to. It was suitable for him to continue to exist as a player.

Of course, the memories of these players would also be modified. Although they knew that they were players and knew everything in the real world, under the supervision of the artifact, they could not reveal the secrets of the game and existed as another kind of player.

This type of player was not connected to the real world and only existed in the game. However, there were not many such players, less than a hundred of them.

There was also a special type of player with super talents.

Lu Wu would not turn this group of players into NPCs or players. Instead, he would exile their souls to the most mysterious “wandering sea” in the yellow spring sea. He would let them wander in that sea and explore the secrets of the sea.

The wandering Sea area was different from the other sea areas in the yellow spring sea. It was the location of the yellow spring sea god, the central Holy Land of the entire yellow spring Sea area, and also the place where the souls of most dead creatures in the real world returned to.

That place was close to the six paths of reincarnation, and it was also a place where souls reincarnated.

And what Lu Wu needed these super talented players to do was very simple, that was to find other talent souls for him and use them for his own use (for details, please see the “special chapter” at the end of chapter 195)

As for the players who were registered by Lu Wu and were affectionately called “cheater” by other players, Lu Wu basically guaranteed that they would not die in real life and marked them with safety marks with the artifact to ensure their safety.

Because they would be the most important force in the scourge Army that Lu Wu was going to build in the future, Lu Wu would naturally not let anything happen to them.

However, Lu Wu was still quite concerned about the deaths of the players, so he asked Bei Li to set up a death monitoring system in the artifact. The artifact would monitor the deaths 24 hours a day and divide the deaths into three standards: normal deaths, accidental deaths, and abnormal accidental deaths.

So this time, the continuous abnormal deaths in a small area naturally attracted Lu Wu’s attention.

According to the feedback from the divine weapon, there were only 3000 players in that small area. However, there were players dying of unnatural accidents every day, which was a little unusual.

In order to find out the reason, Lu Wu directly used the artifact to search for the soul information of all the players in the area.

Then, he found out that out of the 3000 players, more than 100 of them were cultivators. Although most of the cultivators 'strength could only be considered to have just entered the threshold of cultivators, it still surprised Lu Wu.

After all, it was not easy to have a gathering point for cultivators in this Dharma ending age.

When he was checking the soul information of these players, Lu Wu also found something that surprised him.

Because one of the players was the potential-level player "Black Tiger", who he had been paying close attention to recently and had begun to practice the "Foundation stealing technique" created by the evil god. He was expected to be recorded in Lu Wu's small notebook.

In an in-depth investigation, Lu Wu also found the demonic sect's stronghold, the "black prison sect," which had an outrageous style of doing things. He also found out the bad acts that Black Tiger had done in order to survive.

Lu Wu, who had a good outlook on life, was about to use his authority three times, but he was stopped by Bei Li.

The reason was very simple. Bei Li had discovered something interesting, and this matter had a lot to do with Lu Wu. As long as they waited for the incident to ferment, they might have unexpected gains.