

The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 290

The United States, Third District Military Base.

Dozens of military trucks were driving into the military base in succession after they were inspected by the soldiers.

On an empty square in the military base, crowds of workers had gathered to help unload the goods from the arriving transport trucks.

At the side of the square, a fully-armed platoon of twenty men were lined up neatly. They were watching their commander as they waited for his order on the new mission.

There was a logo of a spitting cobra printed on the right arm of these soldiers. They might have been small in number, but their statuses were unusual. They were members of Cobra, one of the top special forces teams in the entire United States.

1The comprehensive qualities of the Cobra Squad members made the team extremely ferocious. They often succeeded in turning the tide in many of their special operations. They were the pride of the Third District Military Base.

“Do you know what those are?” their commander pointed at the goods that were being unloaded as he questioned the soldiers before him.

“No, sir!” the soldiers replied in unison.

“That is your new mission!”

“Sir, do we need new equipment for this mission?” the squad leader, Johnson, asked curiously.

“Yes, you won’t be able to complete this mission without this new equipment!”

The commander was smiling merrily, but the soldiers seemed to feel otherwise. To them, their current equipment was good enough to handle any special operation. A change of equipment would require time to adjust. After all, they were not a bomb squad, decapitation was their main execution. They didn’t need large weapons that had such wide lethal impacts.

After the dozens of metal boxes were unloaded, the commander waved his hand and indicated for the squad to follow him into the base.

Under their curious gazes, the workers opened the metal boxes to reveal the gaming pods inside.

The squad members looked stunned by the sight of the gaming pods. They didn’t understand what they were looking at.

“Sir, you’re not seriously asking us to use these for our new mission?” Johnson asked with a strange expression.

“Of course not, didn’t you all sign up to be part of the X-Force? I submitted all of your information and your team has passed the audit. Someone from the upper management will be arriving soon to verify your comprehensive capabilities. This upcoming mission is for your preparation, I need you to play this game so you can train and strengthen your fighting abilities through it!”

“We’re playing a game?” The entire Cobra Squad was stupefied.

“Sir, game simulations are for rookies, is this training enough to strengthen our capabilities prior to the appraisal?” Johnson voiced his squad members’ concerns.

To them, a game simulation might help with their training, but it was too easy for the battle-seasoned Cobra Squad. It would not be effective at all.

“This game is different, you won’t be disappointed. Go and give it a try!”

Hearing this, the Cobra Squad accepted the mission even though they felt perplexed. They waited for the operating staff to set up the gaming pods and fill in the nutrient solutions.

After everything was assembled, they took off their armor and entered the gaming pods curiously.

When their bodies were almost covered by the nutrient solutions, the commander’s voice rang, “Remember, don’t operate alone. Fight as a team and train well!”

Hearing this, Johnson broke into a smile and gestured okay to the commander.

As their vision went dark, their rigid bodies loosened up and they entered the game.

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Three days later, in the Blue Valley Ruins.

Members of the Cobra Squad were moving forward slowly in half-squat positions with their guns raised.

After entering the game, five of them chose to focus on close combat, another five chose auxiliary combat, while the remaining 10 focused on ranged attacks. This was a perfect combination for the entire squad as it allowed them the agility to attack and defend nimbly.

They finally understood why their commander said this game could train them.

The brutality of the game's terrain was way beyond their imagination. Within three days, every team member had died more than three times.

They were very impressed with the authenticity of the game. The physicality was so real, even the trajectory of a bullet and the possibility of it being intercepted in the game was comparable to that in the real world.

Initially, they thought that this game simulation was a hi-tech product invented by some random research center, but after meeting other players in the game, they realized this was a game for any civilian.

This really shocked them because they couldn't understand how civilian technology could be more developed than the military's.

After they realized that it was impossible to survive this world with their individual capabilities alone, they added each other as friends in the game and finally assembled together.

This had strengthened their team's overall strength greatly. After all, they had always fought as a team.

At this moment, the squad was moving forward slowly in a V formation.

Johnson raised his left fist suddenly. The squad stopped moving immediately with their guns aimed in front of them as they scanned the surroundings ahead of them, waiting for their prey to show itself.

They could hear footsteps getting closer.

Johnson gestured once more and the squad split into two teams to take cover to their left and right sides.

Then, a player with a lightsaber leaped out from a side alley and appeared before them. Trailing behind the player was a tall, rotting corpse.

Seeing that the player was rushing toward them, Johnson bent his right arm slightly and pressed his forearm to the ground. Advance! His squad members nodded at once.

As the player leaped past them, Johnson had already launched his attack. The right arm that was holding the lightsaber tightened as the player pounced from the hiding place and hacked at the walking dead's legs.

As the zombie limped forward, Johnson's left hand had retrieved a short dagger from his waist to stab the zombie's abdomen. He then landed on the ground and rolled away from the zombie.

Bang! Bang Bang!

Bullets could be heard firing intensively, riddling the zombie's body immediately with holes. It fell to the ground with a crash.

"Thanks!" shouted the player, seeing that the chasing zombie had been killed.

The Cobra Squad members stood up to greet the player back, but they did not speak anything more. They merely continued moving ahead.

To the players, this might just be a game, but to the Cobra Squad, this was a test and a training session.

For training purposes, they communicated using tactical hand gestures instead of the game's live chat channel as this convenience would not be available for them in real-life scenarios.

"Hey, you guys shouldn't continue in that direction. The Black Lily's hunting ground is just ahead, you'll be killed!" the player couldn't help but notify them as he saw the direction the team was moving toward.

"The Black Lily?" Johnson hesitated and turned to the player.

"She's at the top of the leaderboard... I suggest that you avoid her territory, she won't go easy on any of you!"

"How many people does she have?" Johnson frowned and asked.

"She's alone! But you won't be able to handle her!" the player advised kindly once more.

Johnson and his squad laughed as they heard this.

To them, no matter how great a professional gamer was, in terms of handling gunfire or fighting in close combat, they were no match for the real life Cobra Squad.

Moreover, they had fought other players previously and it was always a crushing victory for them. It would not be a problem for them to fight someone beyond their current levels.

"Thanks!" Johnson nodded in appreciation, then he waved again in command and his squad continued moving forward.

Seeing this, the player couldn't help shake his head regretfully.

He wouldn't hold out hope on their survival.