

The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 320

In the last five minutes of the blacksmith's trial, just when ou Tian thought that no one could shake his first place, a game notification suddenly appeared, shocking all the players, including him.

All the players subconsciously looked at the leaderboard.

[Blacksmith profession change leaderboard (remaining time: 4 minutes 23 seconds)]:

[1st place: Lin Tie (31872 points, completed three rounds of the mission)]

[2nd place: ou Tian (10864 points, completed three rounds of the mission)]

[3rd place: Hu Long (2542 points, completed three rounds of the mission)]

[4th place: mu ye (2088 points, completed three rounds of the mission)]

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All the players were shocked when they saw the points of the first place.

Taking first place with a score three times higher than second place, this kind of surpassing could be described as crushing.

Even Tong Hang, who was fighting the landlord with Boulder and Hydra in the smithing room, widened his eyes in disbelief when he saw the ranking.

At this moment, the game prompt appeared again.

“Server-wide announcement: the blacksmith’s trial has officially ended. The first player in the trial, Lin Tie, will receive a purple quality forging hammer, The Glass Hammer, and a purple quality crafting furnace, the flying Star cauldron.”

After the announcement, the “flow of time” style that Lin Tie had created appeared before all the players.

[Suika Tairo: it’s so exquisite. I want to ... Um, I mean, can you make one for me too?]

Roasting Chang ‘e while holding a Jade Rabbit: “this weapon looks more like a work of art. I like it very much (love~).”

[The strongest Xue Li: amazing! 30000 points! That means it's twice as good as the "heavenly moon blade" with two skills. So this is what it means to be a strong Esper (admiring gaze)]

Crayon Shin-chan said,"although I admire this Lin Tie for being able to create such an exquisite weapon, allow me to ask, other than being a wife ... Cough cough ... What other use does this" flow of time "have?" How could he use it? it wasn't like he was a robot that couldn't fight on his own!

A big wolfdog replied Crayon Shinchan: This is art, art, do you understand? art is for appreciation (instant bird 's-eye view).

Lin family's heir: "father, you're awesome. I knew you'd be first."(Happy)

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The moment the final result was revealed, Lin Tie's "flow of time" instantly became the focus of discussion among the players. It was even more popular than the "Moonsky blade" forged by ou Tian.

Even ou Tian himself was stunned on the spot. He looked at the delicate puppet in the form of a petite woman with a complicated expression. However, he had to admit that he had lost, and he had lost completely.

“Lin Tie, I will surpass you!” At this moment, ou Tian’s heart was filled with unwillingness, but his fighting spirit had also been ignited.

Although this was a game, ou Tian had sworn in his heart that he would become the best blacksmith because he was the descendant of Ou Yezi!

Ou Tian had already declared war on Lin Tie in his heart.

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At this time, on a cliff on the colored glass Coast, there was a white-haired old man sitting. He held a fishing rod in his hand and seemed to be fishing, but his eyes were staring at the other side of the sea, as if he had something on his mind.

A gust of sea wind blew, and his body could not help but sway like a candle in the wind. There was only the air of old age on his body, without the slightest vitality of a living person. He sat there like a statue.

At this moment, the trial rankings appeared.

Out of habit, the old man stretched out his hand to close the notification, but when he saw the appearance of the human-shaped puppet, he was suddenly stunned.

His turbid eyes suddenly lit up, and his lips trembled slightly.

“Year ... Moon ... Flow!”

“Year ... Moon ... Flow!”

As the old man stared at the puppet on the display panel, his emotions gradually became agitated.

“Time flow, hahaha!”

At this moment, Tang MU’s tears flowed down uncontrollably. He reached out to touch the “time flow” on the panel, but his hands went through it.

His memory also returned to that Day 57 years ago.

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In November of that year, it was snowing heavily.

According to the local customs, Tang mu, led by his parents, went to the temple on the nearby mountain to burn incense.

As there was a large flow of people on the mountain that day, the path up the mountain was filled with people. The path up the mountain was like a queue, and it took a while before they could go up a few steps.

At that time, Tang mu was only 13 years old. He really couldn't stand this kind of environment and wanted to go back.

However, his parents were more devout and were not affected by Tang mu. They only comforted him but did not leave.

It was already evening when Tang mu and his parents reached the top of the mountain.

While his parents went to the temple Hall to burn incense, the curious Tang mu walked out of the temple through the side door and began to stroll around the mountain.

As a result, he lost his way as he walked. The noise of the tourists around him also faded. At this time, Tang mu was already frightened.

At that time, he panicked and began to run around the back mountain like a headless fly.

It was getting late at night, and heavy snow was still falling from the sky. Tang MU's face was blue from the cold.

Tang mu, who thought he was going to die, was so scared that he cried and ran forward, stumbling.

At this moment, he discovered a small, dilapidated temple. There was a faint flickering flame inside.

At that time, Tang mu had been frozen to death. After standing outside the dilapidated temple for a moment, he boldly walked in.

This step was fate.

Tang mu saw an old man in ragged clothes in the dilapidated temple.

The old man's body was curled up into a ball, sitting in front of a bonfire made of wood. He was holding a woman in his arms, or more accurately, a doll.

The puppet had the appearance of a beautiful woman, so vivid that it seemed to have just been painted. Its expression was lifelike, and its eyes and eyelashes seemed to be hanging with tears, making people feel tender and loving. If one did not look carefully, one would not realize that it was just a puppet.

The old man was very surprised to see Tang mu. When he found that Tang mu was still trembling, he waved his hand and motioned for Tang mu to sit over.

In the beginning, Tang mu seemed very scared. He would only answer when the old man asked him a question.

Seeing Tang MU's fear, the old man smiled and said,"

"Have you seen the strings puppet show?"

Tang mu shook his head in confusion.

When the old man heard this, he picked up the puppet and stood up.

Then, he carried the puppet and started performing in front of the bonfire. The puppet danced under his control. Although it was painted with sad makeup, it was beautiful beyond compare. It was as if there was really such a woman beside the old man, dancing with him, as light as a feather, like a fairy.

The old man's opera was filled with joy, sorrow, tears, and laughter. Tang mu, who was staying with the old man, seemed to have become a bystander. He watched as the puppet followed the rhythm of the old man's hand. Sometimes, it was as if it was flying, sometimes, it was advancing and retreating. It was like he was in the scene. The illusions around the old man seemed to be cheering for the old man's dance.

What made Tang mu feel even more incredulous was that every time the beautiful puppet's eyes glanced at the old man, it seemed to reveal deep affection and love.

It was Tang MU's first time seeing strings puppet play. He couldn't help but be mesmerized.

That night, Tang mu had a dream. He dreamed that he was also dancing in the snow with a beautiful puppet. Everything was so beautiful.

The next day, at the crack of dawn, the old man woke Tang mu up from his deep sleep and told him how to get to the temple in front of the mountain.

After last night's dream, Tang mu had blurted out that he wanted to learn the strings puppet play.

The old man looked very surprised. He stared at Tang mu for a moment and seemed to see the determination in Tang MU's eyes. The old man sighed, turned around, and went to the foot of the wall. He picked up a big wooden box and handed it to Tang mu.

Tang mu took it and curiously opened the wooden box. He found a lifelike puppet lying inside.

Then, the old man stuffed a book into Tang MU's hands and told him that he was a dying man and could not teach him. If he had the talent, he could just teach him by himself.

Before he left, Tang mu asked the old man what the name of the puppet was.

"The flow of time!" The old man replied with a smile.

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After that, Tang mu seemed to have become a different person. He was completely immersed in the strings puppet play.

Tang MU's change made his parents furious. His teacher even tried to talk to him several times, but Tang mu didn't listen to his advice at all.

They had already beaten him, scolded him, and exhausted all their means. In everyone's eyes, Tang mu had become a hopeless person.

When she became an adult, she was even chased out of the house by her parents.

At that time, Tang mu only had a puppet to accompany him.

Even in the future, it would still be the same. He relied on performing strings puppet shows for others for a living, sometimes full and sometimes hungry, living like a homeless man.

This string puppet show would last for a lifetime.

When he was 53 years old, he received news that his father had passed away.

Although he had been driven out of the house, Tang mu still rushed home.

Seeing the arrival of Tang mu in ragged clothes, his relatives all treated him as a beggar and drove him out.

Tang mu ran in again, shouting his name and telling his relatives his identity.

However, the touched feeling she had imagined did not appear. Everyone still looked at him as if he was a stranger, even her mother.

Tang MU's heart ached. He endured the gazes of his relatives and kowtowed in front of his father before he turned and ran out.

The dejected Tang mu thought of the old man at this moment. Then, he went up the mountain with the flow of time and found the broken temple.

At this moment, the ruined temple was filled with cobwebs, and the old man had long disappeared.

That night, it snowed again, just like that night 40 years ago.

The snow was very heavy and Tang mu shivered from the cold. He then found some dry wood and started a fire to keep warm.

In the dancing bonfire, Tang mu looked at the “flow of time” in his arms.

A moment later, he suddenly became angry.””I’ve been down and out for decades, and it’s all because of you. It’s so cold that I can’t even afford to buy clothes, and now I don’t even want to acknowledge my family. Tonight, it’s snowing heavily, and I’m freezing and starving. It’s better to burn it, it can warm up your body!”

How many 40 years could a person have? he had been obsessed for 40 years, and had also been down and out for 40 years. At this time, Tang mu felt that his entire life had been destroyed in the hands of this puppet.

Thinking of this, Tang mu suddenly pushed the “flow of time” into the bonfire.

The fire swept past the puppet’s gorgeous dance sleeve song robe and set the delicate bones carved out of lindelions on fire, making a sizzling sound.

At that moment, the puppet slowly stood up on its own and bowed to Tang mu sorrowfully, as if thanking Tang mu for his 40 years of company. Two lines of tears could be seen falling from the puppet's eyes. At this moment, it kowtowed to bid farewell.

Looking at the blazing bonfire, Tang mu suddenly burst into tears.

"I have nothing without you ..."

That night, the bonfire did not go out for a long time. It warmed the entire temple and protected Tang mu until the moment when the snow stopped at dawn.

Tang mu also sat in a daze for the whole night. His mind was filled with the images of him dancing with the puppets for the past 40 years. However, at this time, the "flow of time" had long turned into ashes under the burning of the flame.

Her orchid fingers twirled the dust like water, and ten thousand songs blew on the three-foot red platform.

After a long time of sadness, the red part turned to ash.

(Actually, when writing about Lin Tie, Tang MU's appearance had already been set. This part of Tang MU's plot was adapted from the plot of "strings play." Everyone can go and listen to it. It's a very good ancient song. I strongly recommend it~)