

## The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 335

The main peak of the monarch tomb mountain range.

Xuan Tianji, who was dressed in a luxurious black Daoist robe, stood at the peak of the main peak. He looked down at the clouds that were rolling in the wind. At this moment, his Daoist robe fluttered in the wind, and he exuded an otherworldly temperament, but his face was full of smiles.

In this Dharma ending age where spiritual Qi was scarce, although the path of cultivation was feasible, it had become extremely difficult and had long lost its former glory. However, even in such an era, there were still cultivators, and he, Xuan Tianji, was one of them. His identity was even more extraordinary as he was the sect master of the black prison sect.

The reason why the black prison sect could survive in the Dharma ending age was not because of their Foundation, but because they were ruthless enough. They were ruthless enough to do anything for their own benefits.

In order to continue living in the Dharma ending age, Xuan Tianji had set two rules in the black prison sect.

One of the reasons was that they brought their disciples away from the secular world, because they could not compete with a powerful country, and what they were doing was not allowed by the country.

The second reason was because in Xuan Tianji's eyes, these servants were not just livestock. At times, they were also food for the disciples of the sect.

The 'blood food' did not mean that these odd-job workers were treated as food. Instead, they were refined together with spiritual herbs into a blood pill that could improve cultivation.

In Xuan Tianji's eyes, human blood was much better than that of wild beasts. Hence, this was his main purpose in rearing these servants.

However, he naturally would not let the handymen know about this. Every time he needed blood food, he would ask the disciples of the sect to beat the handymen to death for various reasons, and then take their bodies away to be used as materials for refining blood pills.

It was not wrong for the black prison sect to be called a demonic sect, and Xuan Tianji had never avoided this.

In Xuan Tianji's eyes, he should be proud of himself for being able to continue cultivating in this Dharma ending age. The life and death of mortals were not important at all.

Xuan Tianji had always thought that he was the top cultivator in this Dharma ending age. He could not even be one of the top cultivators, but the strongest!

This thought continued for decades.

However, a few months ago, because he was unable to break through, Xuan Tianji chose to leave the mountains and train. He came to a big city in the outside world.

Even though he was living in seclusion, Xuan Tianji was no stranger to the technology of the outside world. He easily integrated into city life.

During his training in the world of mortals, Xuan Tianji coincidentally met a cultivator one day when he was strolling in the park.

Xuan Tianji, who had once prided himself as the strongest cultivator, had suffered the greatest setback of his life from that cultivator.

At that time, when Xuan Tianji sensed the fluctuation of spiritual energy in that cultivator's body, he had the intention to kill him. He wanted to capture him and bring him back to the black prison sect to be refined into blood food to help him break through.

After all, the blood of cultivators was naturally not something that ordinary handymen could compare to.

However, it was clear that Xuan Tianji had overestimated himself. The friendly-looking cultivator who claimed to be “seven” was not on the same level as him at all.

At that time, Xuan Tianji had launched a sneak attack. However, just as his attack was about to hit the seven of them, a huge evil spirit suddenly appeared in his mind. The shrill roar of the evil spirit scared Xuan Tianji to the point where he stood rooted to the ground.

Although Xuan Tianji was shocked, he gritted his teeth and attacked again.

This time, the seven of them did not Dodge. They continued to smile affably as they took this palm strike head-on. Not only did they not move at all, the black light that suddenly appeared on the surface of their bodies sent Xuan Tianji flying.

The rebound of this strike caused Xuan Tianji’s internal organs to convulse, and he could not help but spit out a mouthful of blood.

At that time, Xuan Tianji already knew that he had met someone he could not afford to offend. Without any hesitation, he chose to kneel and beg for mercy.

However, the seven of them did not have any killing intent towards him, only curiously asking him why he had attacked them.

Xuan Tianji naturally didn't dare to speak the truth. He hurriedly said that he had made a mistake and mistook him for the enemy who had killed his wife.

Seeing that the seven of them did not want to pursue the matter, Xuan Tianji continued to kneel and kowtow, hoping that he could learn from the seven of them and find his enemies to avenge his wife.

Towards the crying Xuan Tianji, the seven of them still chose to reject him. However, they pointed out a clear path for Xuan Tianji, and that was the <war online>.

After understanding that this profound cultivator's skills came from a game called war online, Xuan Tianji didn't hesitate at all and started to try out the game.

Only after coming into contact with Xuan Tianji did he realize how promising the path of the seven fingers was.

The trajectory of skills in the game could be simulated in reality. Leveling up in the game allowed one to experience the feeling of advancing in strength in advance. In the game, there was also the knowledge of elixir blueprints and weapon refining.

Xuan Tianji was completely immersed in the game, fantasizing about his own cultivation opportunity one day.

But before that, there was a big problem, and that was the lack of soul coins.

In the game, Xuan Tianji was just an ordinary player. The channels to obtain soul coins were too rare, and there was simply not enough for his own use. This became his greatest distress.

At this moment, Xuan Tianji thought of the 3000 odd-job workers he had reared.

In Xuan Tianji's opinion, these odd-job workers could help him earn soul coins and become the stepping stones on his path to obtaining opportunities.

Although he was training in the world of mortals, Xuan Tianji did not have that much money to buy virtual reality equipment. He spent a month swindling, robbing, and using all sorts of underhanded methods to save enough money to buy a virtual reality helmet.

After that, Xuan Tianji didn't stop. He sent the virtual helmets back to the black Dungeon Village in the Emperor tomb mountain range.

From now on, with three thousand domestic servants to earn soul coins for him, Xuan Tianji felt that he might never have to worry about not having enough soul coins.

It had been more than half a month, and he was able to receive a large amount of soul coins from the handymen every day. He was no longer short of money in the game, and he had the ability to buy many high-level items in the mall.

However, there was a problem during this period. It was unknown which handyman had called for help from the outside world through the internet.

At that time, several patrol planes entered the Emperor tomb mountain range to search.

Fortunately, Xuan Tianji reacted quickly and activated the black prison sect's cloud array, completely hiding the sect and the village, thus avoiding the crisis.

This incident had truly infuriated him. Although he did not know which handyman did it, Xuan Tianji still killed 50 handymen on the spot, using cruel means to establish his authority. He also told all the handymen that if there was a next time, no matter who did it, he would kill 500 people randomly. If there were more, he would kill 1000 people.

The bloody suppression was very effective. After that, these handymen became very obedient and no longer made any secret moves.

However, to be on the safe side, the disciples of the mysterious heavenly fate sect recorded the IDs of all the handymen on the official forum of the conquests. In the future, if they found any problems on the forum, they could directly find the handyman who dared to play tricks in the dark.

With these three thousand odd-job workers providing him with a steady stream of soul coins, Xuan Tianji felt that he could finally rest easy on his cultivation journey.

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At this moment, in the wooden house next to the fourth spiritual field in the black Dungeon Village, the black Tiger lay on the bed, exhausted after a day's work.

After resting for a while, he took out the virtual helmet device from under his bed.

Compared to their previous lives, ever since they had the virtual helmet and war online, their lives as servants had become much more enriching.

Even so, not being able to obtain the required amount of soul coins every day would result in an extremely miserable outcome.

There were already a few odd-job workers who were beaten to death by the black prison sect disciples as a warning to others because they couldn't complete the amount of soul coins they had to hand over every day.

Therefore, Black Tiger didn't dare to delay. He put on the virtual reality helmet, lay on the bed, and entered the game, preparing to earn the soul coins he had to pay for the next day.

In the game, Black Tiger chose to be a mage because compared to Berserkers, a mage who was a Summoner in the early stages would undoubtedly make it easier for him.

The black Tiger was currently in the ghost Mountain range.

For the past half a month, Black Tiger had been training here every day to earn soul coins. He kept going deeper and deeper, and unknowingly, he had reached the end of the ghost Mountain range.

After continuing to walk for a while, a stone tablet appeared in front of him.

[Domain suppression monument]:

[Item information: boundary of the great domain, dividing the blue Void great domain and the Beiqi great domain.]

The black Tiger was stunned when he saw the information on the stele. He didn't expect that he would be so close to the blue Void domain.

Black Tiger was no stranger to the blue Void region after playing it for half a month. He knew that it was an area where players from the European server were active.

After thinking for a while, the black Tiger continued to move forward while searching for prey. It wanted to see if there were more monsters there. If it couldn't find them, it would immediately return.

After walking forward for another half an hour or so, the black Tiger was about to return in disappointment after not finding any monsters. However, it suddenly saw a figure jumping out of the bushes not far away.

"Roar!" A gust of foul wind blew over, and the figure quickly approached.

[Fanged Tiger (level 59 elite)]

After seeing the monster's information, the black Tiger's pupils suddenly shrank. Without any hesitation, it turned around and ran.

Currently, the black Tiger was only level 31. It had no chance against a level 59 elite monster.

The price of death was a three-hour cooldown for resurrection. To other players, it was just a three-hour wait, but to Black Tiger, it could cost him his life because time was too precious.

As they ran, the fanged Tiger got closer and closer. Black Tiger waved his staff and summoned several skeleton soldiers to block it, while he continued to run with a red face.

“Kacha!”

The skeleton soldiers only managed to stop the fanged Tiger for a moment before they were torn apart. The fanged Tiger once again turned its eyes to him.

“Roar!”

A wave of heat accompanied by a foul wind hit the black Tiger, causing it to shiver and almost fall to the ground.

From the black Tiger’s point of view, if the fanged Tiger caught up to him, he would really die, and not just a simple 3-hour resurrection cooldown. How could he not panic?

The distance between the two sides was getting closer and closer. Just as it was about to be caught, the black Tiger stepped on air and its body suddenly fell into the black cave covered by withered yellow leaves.

“Roar!”

Seeing the black Tiger Fall into the pit, the fanged Tiger did not give up. Instead, it wanted to jump in as well. However, because its body was too large, it could not get in.

The black Tiger in the pit curled up and looked at the fanged Tiger with a pale face. He was crying bitterly in his heart.

After more than ten minutes of stalemate, the fanged Tiger, who was unable to open up the hole, roared again and turned to leave.

This made the black Tiger heave a sigh of relief. He felt that he was saved.

However, he was afraid that the fanged Tiger was still waiting for him up there, so he did not plan to leave immediately. Instead, he decided to stay for a while.

Thus, he began to scan the pothole.

The hole was not big, only about three meters deep, and it was filled with yellow leaves. Through the light from the outside, the black Tiger found a black stone tablet stuck in the ground at the corner of the hole.

The curious Black Tiger took two steps forward and began to check the stone tablet.

The black monument was made of an unknown material, and it was covered with blood stains. After a careful look, the black Tiger's face suddenly turned pale because he felt as if there were countless voices roaring in his ears.

Kill, kill, kill!

"Since this monument is my tombstone, I will kill more people until I kill the Emperor!"

These voices were roaring hysterically. The black Tiger couldn't help but cover its head and step back.

After they were far away, the hysterical roars suddenly disappeared, and the black Tiger finally heaved a sigh of relief.

When it looked at the stone tablet again, the black Tiger became more alert.

At this moment, the words on the stone tablet began to distort under the analysis ability, turning into words that the black Tiger could read.

[Heaven and earth are the chess pieces, and all living beings are the children. I, the evil god, have lost this chess game. I will keep my promise. This cultivation method is my life's work. Today, I lost to the God of Beiqi, Bei Li!]

At the bottom of the stone tablet, there was a line of text that was clearly written by different people.

[I, Beili, have read it, but I despise this cultivation technique. I'll abandon it!]

Looking at the translated words, the black Tiger was stunned, because he found that he could not understand them at all.

At this moment, a game notification appeared.

[Game prompt: you have obtained an opportunity. Do you want to start comprehending the cultivation technique recorded on the stone tablet?]

The sudden game notification stunned Black Tiger for a few seconds. How could Black Tiger not know what an opportunity meant? then, he clicked 'confirm' with a face of ecstasy.

[Game prompt: comprehending the cultivation technique "Foundation stealing technique (Volume 1)"...]

[Foundation stealing technique (God-level cultivation technique Volume 1)]:

[Cultivation technique information: this cultivation technique was created by the ancient evil demon God in the blue Void big domain. It contains the essence of the evil demon God's lifetime cultivation. It can seize other people's cultivation Foundation and turn it into its own use.]

[Effect of the cultivation method: it can be used on the cultivators in the game. There is a chance of snatching the target's cultivation spiritual root (Foundation) and transforming it into the cultivator's own body. The higher the level of the spiritual root, the faster the cultivation.]

[Cultivation method progress: Level 1 0%(cultivation increases. The higher the cultivation method's level, the stronger the ability given)]

[Attribute blessing: 1 layer 0%, 20 points to all attributes]

[Game prompt: as you have obtained a special cultivation method, cultivation growth mode has been activated.]

[Introduction to cultivation Foundation: a cultivator's innate talent is divided into nine grades, from low to high:

Inferior spiritual roots, basic spiritual roots, excellent spiritual roots, superior spiritual roots, Supreme-grade spiritual roots, Supreme-grade spiritual roots, Supreme-grade spiritual roots, destiny spiritual roots, law spiritual roots

Black Tiger (player)

[Level: 31]

[Spiritual root (special): poor quality (23/100)]

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

Looking at his stats window, Black Tiger was ecstatic. He did not expect to obtain an opportunity.

This was something he didn't even dare to think about.

Then, the black Tiger sat down and pressed the 'cultivate' button next to the technique.

At this moment, the black Tiger was surprised to find that Starlight, which could be seen by the naked eye, appeared in the surroundings. It drew a wonderful trajectory in the air and slowly seeped into its body.

[Game prompt: cultivation in progress (due to inferior spiritual roots, only 2% of the spiritual energy absorbed can be absorbed)]

Half an hour later, seeing that the progress of the first level was still 0%, the black Tiger gave up on cultivating in frustration.

He had never thought that his inferior spiritual roots would be so wasteful during cultivation. He had lost 98% of the spiritual energy he had absorbed. It was the same as when he had cultivated [iron cloak] in reality, without any talent.

However, Black Tiger immediately thought of the special effect of his God-level technique: “Foundation snatching!”

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The next day, at dawn.

All the odd-job workers were gathered in front of the mountain Gate. A few sect disciples began to count the odd-job workers who had not handed in enough soul coins last night with ferocious expressions. Soon after, they began to whip them with their black leather whips.

Naturally, among them was the black Tiger who had been excited for a night after obtaining a God-grade cultivation technique.

It could be said that the black Tiger had been studying the “great Foundation-stealing technique” the entire night and had completely forgotten to cultivate. By the time dawn broke, the black Tiger already knew that it would not be able to escape this physical pain.

He only hoped that he could live. As long as he was alive, that was all that mattered.

“Pa! Pa!” The sound of the whip was accompanied by a shrill scream, which made the handymen below shiver. The black Tiger suppressed its anger in its heart and also screamed in pain.

The beating lasted for more than 10 minutes. Every handyman who was punished was beaten until his skin was torn and his flesh was torn. He lay on the ground, dying.

As for the sect disciples, they laughed and left, not caring about their lives at all.

The servants also left, leaving Black Tiger and the others lying on the ground.

At this moment, the black Tiger’s eyes were tightly shut. He had had enough of this kind of life. How he wished that he had the strength to fight back.

However, the reality was cruel. He was just an ordinary person. How could he fight against a cultivator?

It would be great if I could cultivate!

The black Tiger gritted its teeth and roared in its heart.

At this time, Black Tiger suddenly thought of the God-level cultivation method he learned last night, but then he sighed in his heart. After all, this was just a game, and even if it was a God-level cultivation method, it was fake and did not exist.

Wait a minute!

Black Tiger suddenly remembered why the black prison sect placed so much importance on this game. This was completely different from the black prison sect's style of doing things, unless there was something strange about this game.

Thinking of this, the black Tiger was excited and began to relax.

The black Tiger clearly remembered the trajectory of the first level of the foundation stealing technique. He began to fantasize about the process of the spiritual energy entering his body.

Half an hour later, the black Tiger opened its eyes again. It was disappointed to find that the scene of the spiritual energy of heaven and earth drifting in the surroundings did not appear.

It was all fake!

The disappointed Black Tiger was about to get up, but it suddenly realized that there seemed to be a tiny spiritual energy dot that was almost invisible to the naked eye at the corner of its eye, floating randomly in the air.

“Hiss!”

Could it really be cultivated? The black Tiger’s eyes widened.

At this moment, Black Tiger was extremely excited. What did it mean to be able to cultivate? it meant that he had the chance to resist the black prison sect.

However, what surprised the black Tiger was that there were only such tiny points of spiritual energy in the air, unlike the game, which was full of spiritual energy everywhere.

Thinking of this, Black Tiger frowned slightly, because the abundant Reiki in the game couldn’t improve his cultivation method. In reality, with such a small amount of Reiki, he felt that he might not be able to reach 100% of the first level even if he practiced for a lifetime.

Black Tiger couldn’t help but clench his fists. The feeling of losing an opportunity made him very unwilling.

That's right! The great art of seizing one's Foundation, seizing the foundation of others!

The black Tiger suddenly remembered that it wasn't that he didn't have a chance. What he learned was the foundation stealing technique, which could steal the foundation of others to improve his own spiritual root level and speed up his cultivation progress. As long as the quality of his spiritual root went up, there was still hope.

But whose Foundation should I seize?

After figuring out how to grow, the black Tiger fell into deep thought again.

Snatching the foundation of the black prison sect's disciples would definitely greatly improve the quality of his spirit root. However, it was too dangerous. This kind of action was undoubtedly like a snake trying to swallow an elephant. He would only be killed in return.

Thinking of this, Black Tiger's eyes flashed with hostility, then he looked at the other servants who were also lying on the ground.

He didn't know how long he could last like this. Perhaps one day, he would be beaten to death like the other handymen. He would die without value, like grass. He was not willing to die like this.

Although killing other servants to help him was cruel and was no different from killing the disciples of the black prison sect, he was willing to be an evil person, or even a great devil, as long as he could live.

He only wanted to live!