

The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 338

Recently, strange things had been happening in the black prison sect.

Every day, there would be odd-job workers disappearing mysteriously. At that time, the sect disciples all thought that it was the workers who had escaped. However, as the number of missing workers continued to increase, they realized that things were not as simple as they thought.

The situation had become more and more serious over the past few days.

It wasn't just the handymen who had gone missing, even the sect disciples were unable to escape this calamity.

In just a few days, five managing disciples and two inner disciples had disappeared just like the handymen. They were nowhere to be found, Dead or Alive.

Whether it was the servants or the disciples of the black prison sect, everyone was in a state of panic.

This morning, all the servants gathered in front of the mountain Gate.

Due to the frequent disappearances, the disciples of the various sects were the first to count the number of servants.

Indeed, just as they had guessed, another five people were missing.

All of this was too strange. More and more people went missing every day, and all of them disappeared without a trace, as if they had evaporated from the world. It was truly strange.

After dismissing the odd-job workers, the worried black prison sect disciples gathered together and began to discuss how to deal with this strange situation.

During this period, the disciples all raised their own speculations.

Some said that a spiritual beast had entered the village at night and devoured the servants, leaving at dawn. There were also people who speculated that the resentment accumulated by the village's handymen for many years had given birth to bloodthirsty vengeful spirits, which led to such a bizarre incident.

In short, the disciples of the sect had different opinions, but their guesses could not stand up to scrutiny.

First of all, wild beasts would definitely leave traces if they entered the village to eat people. This kind of disappearance was obviously not done by wild beasts.

The term vengeful spirit was even more exaggerated because newly born vengeful spirits did not have consciousness. If they were really vengeful spirits, they would not stop until all the servants were killed. Moreover, the creatures killed by vengeful spirits all died in a miserable way. It was impossible for not even a corpse to be left.

Many speculations were overturned one by one during the discussion. In the end, the disciples still had no clue.

At this moment, the eldest disciple Xiao lang spoke,”

“How about this? I’ll go get master. You guys continue to investigate. From now on, we’ll split into groups of three and search the servant village in secret. See if we can find any clues!”

Since Xiao lang had spoken, the disciples naturally did not dare to disobey.

In fact, in their eyes, odd-job workers were no different from livestock in captivity. They were even worse than livestock. Although they could not find out the reason for their disappearance, they did not care. Therefore, they were naturally unwilling to patrol the night for odd-job workers.

However, things were different now, because the disappearance had involved a sect disciple, which made them feel a sense of crisis. In addition to that, since the head disciple Xiao lang had spoken, they could only agree. After all, this matter might also involve them.

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Emperor tomb mountain range, beside the forest by the inner Lake.

The black Tiger sat cross-legged on the ground, constantly breathing in and out the thin spiritual energy in the forest.

The spirit Qi seeped into his body bit by bit, strengthening his physical qualities. His dark skin was covered with a thin layer of mist under the nourishment of the spirit Qi, shining with a Black Luster.

The black Tiger was no longer the same as before. It sat there like a bloodthirsty Tiger crouching on the ground, as if it would burst out and devour people at any time.

In more than a month's time, the black Tiger had already taken more than a hundred lives. These people were all refined into blood pills by him without exception, becoming nutrients for his spirit root.

As the quality of his spirit root continued to improve, his cultivation progress became faster and faster. His strength also became stronger and he was one step closer to his goal.

Now, the black Tiger's hunting targets were no longer limited to handymen. Those sect disciples were also its hunting targets.

However, the black prison sect had recently started to pay attention to the bizarre disappearance cases. Every night, there would be a large number of sect disciples patrolling the village. It had become very difficult for the black Tiger to find the targets it wanted to devour.

However, this didn't stop the black Tiger.

Since he could not kill anyone within the village, he chose to kill someone outside the black Dungeon Village.

After all, there were many odd-job workers who had to go out to chop firewood and fetch water every day, so the black Tiger still had a lot of hunting opportunities.

It could be said that even though the black prison sect was heavily guarded, the growth of the black Tiger's strength had never slowed down. Instead, it grew faster and faster.

Moreover, Black Tiger had hidden himself very well. He was still that dull-looking young man in the sect and had never been suspected. Even the disciples of the black prison sect had never thought that the person who could kill servants and sect disciples would be an errand boy who could be beaten and scolded at will.

During this period of time, the black Tiger realized that it was becoming more and more cold-blooded.

Just a few days ago, he had killed an errand boy who had helped him before. That errand boy was one of the few friends he had in the black Dungeon Village.

However, the black Tiger still did not hesitate. No matter how much he begged, the black Tiger still did not let him go.

At this moment, Black Tiger suddenly remembered a sentence that the sect disciples had said.

“We are cultivators, which means we are one level higher than you. You handymen are animals, and you deserve to die!”

This sentence sounded so crazy to Black Tiger at that time. He didn't treat people as humans, but he still spoke so righteously.

However, in the eyes of the black Tiger, this sentence was very true. The strong preying on the weak was human nature. The so-called kindness could only exist in a peaceful world. However, this was the black prison sect, a land of a demon sect that ate people without spitting out their bones. Only the fiercer and more cunning one was, the better one could survive.

Unconsciously, Black Tiger realized that his thoughts were no different from those of the black prison sect disciples. He had lived the life that he hated the most.

However, Black Tiger did not regret it, because he just wanted to live without fear.

All his changes were due to the black prison sect, so he wanted to become stronger, stronger than the black prison sect disciples by a food chain level, and then eat them all up. He wanted to repay them in the craziest way possible and thank them for letting him understand the principle of the law of the jungle.

At this time, the black Tiger had completely darkened. He knew that his actions were extremely cruel, but he did not feel that he had done anything wrong.

As the sky gradually darkened, the black Tiger stopped cultivating.

After standing up, the fierce aura on his body dissipated, and his face returned to its wooden and slightly fearful expression. He picked up the wooden bucket of water and began to run into the village.

On the way back, the black Tiger met several groups of patrolling disciples, but they did not notice the difference in the black Tiger. They did not even look at him and passed by him.

They would never have thought that the handyman they had just passed by was the killer they had been looking for.

A few more days passed, and the black Tiger's devouring and growth continued. Even the elder who came out to investigate in person still did not find any clues.

The black Tiger was also accumulating power under their eyes, waiting for the moment to transform into a beast.

On this day, Black Tiger finished his chores as usual and was ready to go out of the village to fetch water.

Along the way, he began to observe the sect disciples around him, looking for targets to hunt.

As they neared the inner Lake, the black Tiger suddenly noticed a sect disciple who was alone.

However, the black Tiger didn't make a move. Instead, it ran straight into the inner Lake. At the same time, it kept observing its surroundings to prevent any ambushes.

Since he had decided to be a Hunter, he had to be vigilant.

The black prison sect was a demonic sect. After three years of contact, he knew how cunning these disciples were. If he wasn't careful, he would fall into their trap.

Moreover, the sect's disciples were now traveling in groups of three to five. It was very suspicious to go out alone, so the black Tiger did not dare to act rashly.

The black prison sect disciple seemed to have noticed the black Tiger as well. After staring at it for a while, he stopped paying attention to it and continued to walk forward.

When they arrived at the lakeside, the black Tiger began to fetch water, but its eyes continued to look around and check the situation.

Originally, he was prepared to cultivate here, but now was obviously not a good time. There was a sect disciple outside the inner Lake, and if he dawdled here for too long, it might arouse suspicion.

So, after the water was filled, the black Tiger got up and prepared to return with the wooden bucket.

When it saw the sect disciple again, the black Tiger shrank its head in fear and continued to run forward. At the same time, it continued to scan the surroundings to ensure that there was no ambush.

“Hey, stop!” At this moment, the sect disciple suddenly spoke.

The black Tiger stood on the spot without any hesitation. Then, it lowered its head and turned to the sect disciple. There was only humility in its expression.

“How many years have you been in the black prison sect?” The sect disciple approached step by step and stopped a meter away.

“Three ... Three years.” The black Tiger said with uncertainty.

The black Tiger’s tone was exactly the same as the other handymen. It was as if his numb life had made him forget the days. It could be said that there was no flaw in his speech.

The disciple nodded, then waved his hand impatiently. “Get lost,”

When the black Tiger heard this, it quickly turned around and left.

The sect disciple turned around and continued to look at the inner Lake.

However, at this time, the black Tiger, who was about to leave, suddenly turned around with a fierce look in his eyes. He punched the disciple's back and pressed the back of his neck after the disciple fell to the ground. He punched the back of his head again and again, turning his head into a bloody mess.

After killing the disciple, the black Tiger did not hesitate. It dragged the disciple's body into the inner Lake and followed the inner Lake to the place where it often hid and cultivated.

After the black Tiger left, the figure of an old man wearing a black elder's robe appeared.

He looked in the direction of the black Tiger and smiled,"

"He's indeed cunning. He actually took such a long time to Scout before making a move!"

Ever since the incidents of missing people had occurred frequently, the black prison sect had stipulated that three to five disciples were not allowed to travel alone unless it was necessary.

However, the murderer in the dark was very cunning and never appeared. This gave the elder “cold blood”, who was investigating the matter, a headache.

After a few days of fruitless investigation, Han Blood thought of a way to lure the murderer out.

For this reason, he had used the disciple who had just died as bait. In the past few days, he had changed several places where the handyman often appeared. He said that he wanted him to investigate the handyman alone, but in fact, Xue Han had long used him as bait and an abandoned pawn to lure the murderer in the dark.

The so-called bait was just the abandoned objects that would be eaten up the moment the wild beasts took the bait. The death of that disciple did not make Cold Blood feel the least bit moved.

However, what Han Xue did not expect was that the murderer in the dark was actually an errand boy. This was really beyond his expectations.

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At this moment, in a grass cave by the lakeside of the inner Lake, the black Tiger’s hands were pressed on the chest of the dead sect disciple, and he was constantly refining his flesh and blood with spirit Qi.

After the investigation was over and it was certain that there were no sect disciples hiding in the dark, the black Tiger chose to attack without hesitation.

In the eyes of the black Tiger, the value of sect disciples was far higher than that of handymen. It could be said that he had gained a lot this time.

However, at this moment, a black shadow appeared at the side, and then a palm hit the black Tiger's chest, sending him flying. He fell hard into the mud at the end of the grass hole.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk, I didn't expect you to be an errand boy. This is really unexpected!" Looking at the black Tiger on the ground, cold blood smiled.

As he spoke, Han Xue glanced at the blood-colored spider web that covered the chest of the dead disciple, and the smile on his face grew even wider."

"A technique to devour flesh and blood to nourish oneself? How about we make a deal?"

The black Tiger quickly got up and stared at elder Xue Han, who was standing at the entrance of the grass cave. His heart sank.

He was very familiar with the path leading to the inner Lake. Before killing the disciple, he had carefully checked the surrounding places where people could hide and made sure that there was no ambush before he made his move. However, he did not expect that he would still be caught, and the one who made his move was actually an elder of the black prison sect.

Even though his strength was improving at a godly speed, he was still not the elder's match. The black Tiger groaned in his heart.

As for the so-called deal that the elder had proposed, the black Tiger did not believe it at all.

This was because this wasn't the exchange Hall. If one were to trade with someone of unequal strength, one would only be devoured until not even one's bones were left.

"If you tell me the devouring technique and tell me how I got it, I'll let you go. How about it?" Elder Xue Han continued to guide him patiently.

"Good! I'm telling you, let me go!" The black Tiger said vigilantly.

"Then come over here!" Elder Xue Han was still smiling.

As it approached the elder step by step, the black Tiger's body suddenly burst forth, its five fingers forming a claw as it clawed at the elder's throat.

However, elder Xue Han seemed to have anticipated that Black Tiger would attack. His expression did not change. He smiled and gently slapped forward, flipping Black Tiger over. Then he stepped forward, grabbed Black Tiger's hair, and picked him up from the ground.

"I admire your personality and you're suitable to be a disciple of my black prison sect. How about this, tell me what I want and I'll take you in as my true disciple." Elder Xue Han's smile hid a dagger as he looked at Black Tiger.

"It's a pity that I, a ferocious beast, can't grow up. Otherwise, I'll definitely devour you all!" The black Tiger glared at elder Xue Han fiercely.

At this moment, the black Tiger knew that he was no match for elder Xue Han. He would die if he handed over the cultivation method, and he would die if he didn't.

"You're a beast? Hahaha!" Elder cold blood couldn't help but laugh when he heard Black Tiger's words.

Thinking back to how Black Tiger had killed the servants and sect disciples, elder Xue Han felt that Black Tiger was ruthless, ruthless, and dark enough. He was a good seedling and was very suitable to become a black prison sect disciple.

Looking at the black Tiger, cold blood suddenly felt that it was a pity.

It was a pity that he had a treasure that he desired. In order to let as few people know about it as possible, it was better to kill him after obtaining it.

“Have you heard of the black prison sect ‘s’ insect devouring torture ‘? I’ll make a cut on your head and let the bloodworms enter through your scalp, eating your flesh bit by bit until you’re only a piece of skin. The process is extremely painful, but I won’t let you die before you become a piece of skin.” Han Xue said threateningly while smiling.

“Sure, I want to try!” The black Tiger laughed maniacally and remained unmoved.

The smile on Han Xue’s face froze. Obviously, the black Tiger’s reaction was not what he wanted.

“I’ll give you one last chance. Tell me your cultivation technique, or I’ll make you wish you were dead!” Han Xue finally lost his patience.

“If I had more time, you would be nothing but food in my eyes. What a pity!” The black Tiger’s eyes were filled with madness.

At this time, Han Blood had already realized that it was impossible for the Black Tiger to tell him the cultivation method, and his face immediately showed anger.

The Furious Cold Blood reached out and slapped the Black Tiger's head.

Blood spurted out, but the Black Tiger was still laughing hysterically. His expression was filled with madness, and then he punched Han Blood's chest.

"You're looking for death!" Han Xue increased the strength of his hand. This palm cracked the top of Black Tiger's head, and white brain matter burst out. Black Tiger's fist before his death also smashed into his chest, forcing him to take a few steps back.

Feeling the burning pain in his chest, he lifted his clothes and a fist mark was clearly visible.

Looking at the Black Tiger on the ground, Xue Han snorted. He was really angry. He didn't think that the Black Tiger would be so stubborn.

However, just as Han Blood bent down to check if the Black Tiger was dead, a cloud of black mist suddenly floated out of the Black Tiger's head and turned into a black palm in the air. It grabbed Han Blood's neck.

“Ka BA!”

The sudden attack caught cold blood off guard, and his neck was instantly broken by the arm formed by the black mist.

“Hahaha, I, the demonic god, have finally returned! Beili, the game is not over yet. Let’s continue!” The evil God’s crazy laughter came from the black mist.

He had planned for millions of years. Although he had lost to Bei Li, he had already thought of a way to resurrect himself. Everything he had done was for today’s return so that he could continue fighting with the North divergent God Bei Li.

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At this time, Lu Wu and Bei Li, who were staring at the screen and munching on melon seeds, suddenly stood up at the same time and started clapping. Then, they also laughed along with the laughter in the black fog.