

## The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 508

For half a month, he went from being sneaky to being open.

The players' mentality was also gradually changing.

In order to break down the high-level parts from the smoke Dragon warship, the players had to rack their brains.

After all, the benefits were huge. To most players, this was also an opportunity.

Hence, 'ship tearing' became another channel for players to 'carry bricks'.

Although this method of carrying bricks was more dangerous than cutting trees, fishing, and killing monsters, the benefits were incomparable to the first few.

There was even a player on the forum who posted a comparison post after collecting the data.

In the post, the player used data to explain why "pirate ship" was more profitable than activities like cutting trees and fishing.

This further ignited the players' enthusiasm for pirate ships.

The consequence was that the smoke Dragon Chamber of Commerce would suffer.

On Black Reef island, Yan lang sat on the ground with a Haggard face after defeating another group of players. His eyes were bloodshot and his hair was disheveled.

The smoke Wolf looked at the calm sea surface with lingering fear. After making sure that no players were poking their heads out, he sighed and turned to his subordinate beside him.

"Get the intelligence personnel here!"

When the subordinate heard this, he revealed an embarrassed expression."

“Vice President, the president threw the intelligence team leader into the sea. He’s probably still looking for the warship wreckage left behind by the Naval battle in the sea of vanity!”

Smoke Wolf was speechless.

“Then you go. I’ll transfer a warship to you and take 30 people to the soul-devouring Sea area. Apply for combat support from the netherworld Chamber of Commerce branch!”

“Vice President, are we really going to apply for support? As for the Guild leader ...”

Before the subordinate could finish his sentence, Yan lang waved his hand and interrupted him,”

“Go, I’ll explain to the president when he wakes up!”

Although the subordinate had many doubts in his heart, he still nodded and immediately turned to leave.

After his subordinate left, Yan lang looked exhausted.

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to hold on, but he knew that if this continued, the smoke Dragon fleet wouldn’t be able to hold on until the smoke Dragon fleet woke up.

He had clearly seen the perseverance of the players these few days.

Under the crazy harassment, they didn’t even have time to rest, and they really managed to attack 24 hours a day.

From the initial anger to now, the smoke Wolf really felt that he was about to vomit from killing.

The smoke Wolf was sure that he had lived for almost ten thousand years, but the number of enemies he had killed in total was not as many as the number he had killed in the past half a month.

As a result, the smoke Wolf would feel disgusted whenever it saw the players.

Even though he had the strength of a ghost king and his body could still take it, his mind really couldn't take it.

If it was a normal sea battle, even if the fleet was damaged, he would clench his teeth and hang in there.

This was because asking for help from the netherworld Chamber of Commerce's branch meant that they couldn't complete the task given by the higher-ups.

As the war Chamber of Commerce, their job was to deal with all kinds of problems for the netherworld Chamber of Commerce. If they couldn't even do this, the netherworld Chamber of Commerce would reevaluate their qualification as the war Chamber of Commerce.

Now that the smoke Dragon was heavily damaged and the fleet had suffered heavy losses, the "assessment" at this time would be fatal. The smoke Wolf knew that under such circumstances, the chances of them passing the assessment were extremely low.

However, if they did not request for reinforcements, the smoke Dragon fleet would also be in danger when faced with the harassment from the players.

In the past half a month, seven warships had been lost, and the rest of the remaining warships had more or less suffered losses.

Every time the players arrived, they would gnaw on the battleships like locusts. They were crazy.

They were also exhausted from the killing.

If this went on, smoke Wolf even suspected that in a few months, this fleet would no longer exist under the 'gnawing' of players.

Most importantly, if he could see results from killing the players, he could still hold on.

However, the problem was that it had been more than half a month. They had killed one batch after another, but the number of invading player families had not decreased at all. In fact, it was still increasing.

This was also the reason why smoke Wolf was on the verge of a mental breakdown. If not for this, he would not have gritted his teeth and applied for support.

The player clans didn't oppress them in terms of strength, but they did devastate their spirits.

This was far more difficult for the smoke Wolf to deal with than the pressure of strength.

The smoke Wolf did not know how much longer it could hold on.

However, the smoke Dragon was still unconscious. He had no other choice but to persist!

After the warship that requested for support left the coast, smoke Wolf sighed again.

He could still clearly remember how excited he and his brother were when they received the mission to investigate the "plundering" incident at the kui long sea.

This was because every time they went on a mission, there would be huge profits to be made.

And they did. The Chamber of Commerce kept sending mystical materials and resources to them, which made them a lot of money.

However, he did not expect to fall into the hands of a player family.

After the battle at the sea of vanity, the smoke Dragon fleet had suffered a great loss.

At this moment, an alarm suddenly sounded. Then, the smoke Wolf heard a shout,"

"The players are here, prepare for battle! Prepare for battle!"

"Ugh ..."

The smoke Wolf could not help but retch.

However, he had no choice but to stand up and pick up the Warblade beside him again. He led the members of the Chamber of Commerce and charged towards the incoming player clan, the nibbling party ...

The players didn't want to force others to kill and then make them collapse.

In fact, the players felt that this could be negotiated.

For example, if the smoke Wolf gave up on intercepting them and let them destroy the ship and break down the parts, everyone could live in peace.

This was also mentioned to the smoke Wolf by some dumb players.

However, the smoke Wolf's answer was a stab to the head.

Therefore, the negotiations broke down, and the players could only continue to steal the ship in this way.

In fact, to most of the players, they were also suffering. The difficulty of the game was too high.

In order to steal a part of the smoke Dragon warship, most of the players died again and again. Three hours later, three hours later, the majority of the players had not even obtained a single warship part.

This group of players also had a huge resentment in their hearts.

They felt that their luck wasn't bad, and they were killed every time. They had had enough of this.

However, every time he saw a player post the stolen parts of the smoke Dragon battleship on the forum, which were then bought by the big guilds at a high price and exchanged for a set of high-level equipment for himself.

How could they not be envious?

Obviously, they were jealous and even cursed takeaspearhit!

However, they were unwilling to give up just like that. What if they succeeded the next time? wouldn't it be a huge loss if they gave up halfway? As such, they could only constantly convince themselves that they would definitely succeed next time, and then grit their teeth and continue to attack.

All of this was to be 'lucky' once during the ship-breaking process, and then rise up a little.

The majority of the players who had never succeeded held on to this thought and continued to struggle, believing that perseverance was victory.

Now that they saw smoke Wolf, the players also had a headache. They felt that this guy was a "tumor". He kept increasing the difficulty of moving bricks and they could not stand him at all.

However, he could not beat them. He could only use his life to chisel a few times. This process was like a card game. If he did not succeed, there was a high chance that he would be killed. The next card draw would be in three hours ...

In fact, the players were also in pain, but the smoke Wolf was in more pain.

The two sides continued to torture each other.

One side was for profit, the other side was to protect their own interests, both gritted their teeth and persevered in pain.

According to a certain player, if \* cking died at least five times a day for 24 hours a day, with one wave every three hours. Do you think I'm feeling good?!

Fortunately, while the players were suffering, there were rewards that motivated them. At the very least, they had something to look forward to, which was also the source of their motivation.

In comparison, the smoke Wolf's suffering was more than a hundred times worse than the players'. It was really unbearable.

There were no benefits to be gained, and the damage to the battleships could be seen every day. What was even more unbearable was that the players could not be killed at all ...

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Just like that, he persisted for another three days. The smoke Wolf felt that his entire being was in a trance.

He was still in a better state, as some of the crew members had already gone crazy from the torture.

After killing a wave of players, he continued to wave his weapon and shout “kill, kill, kill.” He had fallen into a demonic state and completely collapsed.

Faced with such a situation, the smoke Wolf had no countermeasures.

He had also thought of trying to encourage the members of the Chamber of Commerce to persevere.

But in reality, he couldn't say any words of encouragement at all, because even he himself was on the verge of collapse. He couldn't squeeze anything out of his mind at all, as if it was a ball of paste.

Even if they closed their eyes and wanted to rest for a while, the scene of the players attacking would suddenly appear in their minds. They would then wake up and grab their swords to fight.

It had completely become a conditioned reflex, so skilled that even the smoke Wolf felt heartache for himself.

For the past few days, smoke Wolf had been looking forward to the arrival of reinforcements every day so that they could have a good rest. Even if it was half a day, or even an hour, it would be fine.

He really couldn't stand the days of being on edge.

“President!”

At this moment, a shout was heard, and the smoke Dragon jumped up in shock.

“Guild leader, someone committed suicide!”

“Pa da!”

The sword fell on the deck. Smoke Wolf’s bloodshot face showed a blank expression. He turned to his subordinate and said,”

“In the future, don’t report such things to me!”

After saying that, he fell to the ground again and looked up at the blue sky with a pair of dull eyes, cherishing the short rest time.

“President!”

At this moment, another shout was heard, causing the smoke Wolf to grab the sword beside it and jump up.

“President, there’s a ship in the distance. It’s a warship that was sent out to request for reinforcements. Reinforcements are coming, reinforcements are coming!”

This shout was like a cardiac stimulant, making all the members of the smoke Dragon Chamber of Commerce, who were on the verge of collapse, cry tears of joy.

The dull and oppressive atmosphere was broken at this moment, and all the members of the smoke Dragon Chamber of Commerce couldn’t help but cheer.

Many people shed tears on the spot. Even Yan Lang’s eyes were wet.

They had been waiting for this moment for far too long, and the support was also the motivation for them to hold on until now.

Although the process was extremely difficult and torturous, they still managed to hold on until this moment!

He was finally free!



" The smoke Wolf's long hair fluttered in the wind. It raised its sword and looked at the sea, letting out a long howl.

After so many years of fighting in the sea, none of the members of the smoke Dragon Chamber of Commerce had expected them to be so excited about the arrival of reinforcements.

Thinking back to the most dangerous period in the past, when they defeated enemies several times their number, they were not as excited as they were now.

The clouds and fog parted, and the dark and torturous days were finally over.

However, the smile on Yan Lang's face suddenly froze as the fleet approached.

Behind the warships they had sent out to request for reinforcements, the large word "mutt" could be clearly seen hanging high on the mast of the main ship, followed by a group of blue warships with metallic luster on their engines.

Yan lang, the war Chamber of Commerce in the nearby sea, knew all of them and had come into contact with them.

However, the mutt Chamber of Commerce wasn't one of these war Chambers of Commerce. The only mutt they knew was the country of the mutt sea, which was the force that the Sea King was in.

As the fleet of warships approached, a figure suddenly leaped from the Mainship. A black full moon appeared between the man's brows and quickly brought him to the main ship of the smoke Dragon fleet.

"Vice guild leader, should we activate the protective shield?" A subordinate at the side quickly asked.

"No, wait for him!" Yan lang said with a gloomy face.

The Sea King's figure approached at this time and then landed on the front deck.

"The Sea King! What are you doing here?" Yan lang asked in a deep voice.

Looking at the disheveled and disheveled smoke Wolf, the Sea King smiled and took out a scroll from the light wheel.”

“Why do you think I’m here?”