

The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 530

He was free-falling from a height of more than two thousand meters.

It was exciting, but all the players were in despair.

What rubbish game! It was so realistic!

To let them experience a short and long period of despair before they died, the mentality of the non-server players was once again broken by the Warriors of the beast-eating tribe.

After this incident, the Furious non-server players swore on the forum that they would destroy the beast-eating tribe cruelly and avenge themselves for being killed many times.

Thus, the non-server players began to consult the other server's forum players, hoping to get their help on how to solve this dilemma.

Some high-level players did provide a few methods to deal with the requests of the non-server players.

For example, they could create a diversion and form two groups. One group would lure the beast-devouring tribe to chase them, while the other group would be prepared to escape at any time.

Another example was to look for other mountain roads. After all, there was no absolute dead end in the game. Perhaps the officials had set up a secret passage down the mountain, and he could sneak out.

The non-server players tried the methods suggested by the experts from the other servers, but without exception, they all failed.

What terrified the non-server players even more was that the actions of the beast-devouring tribe became more and more excessive.

It seemed to have sensed that the players could be resurrected.

Therefore, every time the non-server players tried to break through the tight defense, the orc tribe's Warriors would change their ways of killing the players.

From the initial massacre to the free fall, to being buried alive ...

The non-server players felt like they were going crazy. The orc tribe's Warriors were simply having a bad taste.

They were killed in such a straightforward manner. Although the non-server players complained about this, they endured it. This F * cking killing was full of tricks. Did he think that he was playing a game?

However, it turned out that the Warriors of the beast-devouring tribe seemed to be treating them as death experiments.

Their identities seemed to have reversed. Were they supposed to be the ones playing the game? Why the F * ck did he suddenly become an orc-lover who was playing with players?

For this reason, the non-server players were so worried that they were separated from each other.

The encounter of the non-server players and the evil interest of the orc tribe warriors in killing players made the audience of other servers burst into laughter.

This was the first time in the history of the war that players had been played by the local powers and their mentality had collapsed.

In the game, it had always been the players who made the local forces in the game collapse mentally. This was the first time they had encountered a situation like this in the non-server.

This show was getting more and more interesting. Every day, a large number of players entered the non-server forum to watch the show.

The resistance of the players from the other servers continued, but each time they resisted, they felt exhausted.

Because if they were caught, they didn't know how they would die. There were all kinds of ways to die. Some died with dignity, and some died miserably. It was simply a fancy death.

For this reason, Crayon Shin-chan had specially created a set of " 1000 Ways to Die for non-server players" and posted it on the forum for all non-server players to watch, causing a second round of mental damage to them.

Currently, this "records of death against non-servers" had already recorded 47 ways to die. As the non-server players continued to fight, Crayon Shin-chan continued to add new ways to die.

As for Crayon Shinchan's act of sprinkling salt on his wound, the non-server players gritted their teeth.

They were already in such a difficult situation, yet you still compiled a book about " 1000 Ways to Die for non-server players" to attack our mental state. Are you still human?

Crayon Shinchan remained calm in the face of the non-server players' insults.

He was already used to being ridiculed by the players on the forum, so he still mocked them and recorded them. In just a few days, all the non-server players hated Crayon Shinchan.

As the saying goes, when there are too many lice, there is no fear of being bitten, and when there are too many debts, there is no fear of worry.

He had already offended players from four servers, so what was wrong with adding a non-server? was there a problem?

From Crayon Shinchan's point of view, as long as he was happy, everything would be over. He would argue when he needed to and argue when he wanted to. He had completely entered a place where a dead pig was not afraid of boiling water.

He would die if he was discovered anyway, so he didn't care at all.

Maybe one day, his own mother would put righteousness before family, so now it was the right thing to do to seize the time and be happy!

As a result, Crayon Shin-chan successfully pulled a large wave of aggro in the feinan server and once again consolidated his position as the Forum's Bar God.

The eyes of the non-server players turned red.

If Crayon Shinchan's real body was exposed, the non-server players felt that they could eat him alive.

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In the past few days, Zara had noticed that Jack seemed to be in a bad mental state.

After asking, he found out that the players who were still in vast peak had suffered such a huge mental torture. They were almost played to death by the Warriors of the beast devouring tribe.

After a brief moment of surprise, Zara suddenly realized how much of a blow his actions had dealt to the non-server players.

At this moment, Zara was also dumbfounded.

He had only taken a few snow spirit worms, but he did not expect the beast-devouring tribe to hate the entire player family.

Moreover, according to Jack, the Warriors of the beast addiction tribe seemed to be studying how to completely kill the players.

He tried all kinds of methods one by one, full of the spirit of scientific research.

They had actually used the chemical weapons that their tribe had developed.

The scariest thing was that a player had been caught and drowned in the cesspit ...

It was said that if they still could not kill him, the priests of the beast-devouring tribe were ready to personally make a move and try to use the sacrificial array. If they still could not kill him, they were ready to change ...

The beast-devouring tribe's spirit of scientific research made the non-server players tremble in fear.

Zara was terrified just thinking about how he treated the players like a game. No wonder Jack had been in low spirits recently. He was probably being played by the Warriors of the beast-eating tribe ...

After understanding that he was the cause of all this, Zara began to think about how to break out of this situation.

Since the mistakes were all his own, he had to find a way to save the non-server players from their predicament.

Zara knew very well that he was a non-server player, but the other non-server players were a whole.

Perhaps there was competition between the non-server players now, but in the future, when they faced cross-server competition between the five major servers, they were a team and an Army!

The African server had opened its server late, so its strength was already behind. If they could not break out of this situation, the impact on the African server would be huge.

Thus, Zara began to think hard.

At the current stage, it was unrealistic for him to directly confront The Beastmaster Warriors stationed at the foot of the boundless mountain. He did not have the strength to do so.

Thinking of this, Zara suddenly thought of the beast pen.

This place was obviously very important to the beast devouring tribe. After all, a large number of precious spiritual beasts were bred inside. If something happened to the beast pen, the beast devouring Warriors Regiment would definitely choose to return to defend it.

However, what worried Zara was how to enter this tightly guarded beast pen.

For this reason, Zara began to camp.

They hid in the bushes near the beast pen every day and observed the division and movements of the troops in the beast pen.

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While Zara was working hard for this, the non-server players were still living a hot life.

But at the same time, his rage was also accumulating bit by bit.

As players, how could they not be angry at being toyed with like this?

All the non-server players swore to themselves that they would take revenge for everything.