

## The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 558

When he saw this, Chi Yan knew that he must kill Hanba as soon as possible.

Because his existence would be Meimei's weakness.

Moreover, the current Hanba was no longer the leader that he admired. As long as he was killed, Mei WA would truly be without any weaknesses. By then, she would be the leader of the corpse race.

Chi Yan looked into Mei Mo's cold eyes that were filled with killing intent. He gritted his teeth as he charged towards Hanba. He gathered all his strength and swung it at Hanba.

"Buzz~buzz!"

A wave appeared in the air and a purple mist emerged from the succubus's body, rushing toward the Scarlet pheasant.

Time seemed to have slowed down by half at this moment, and the Scarlet pheasant's flying speed became slower and slower.

At this moment, Mei Luan's figure flashed and picked up Hanba from the ground. She brought him to the side.

"BOOM!"

Chi Yan, who had recovered, punched the place where Hanba was standing, creating a deep pit. The mountain of corpses trembled violently like a lump of sarcoma, spewing out a large amount of black mist into the sky.

"Don't force me!" Mei Luan coldly looked at chiyan, her eyes filled with killing intent.

"He's not your brother, and he who was refined into a corpse spirit is not a member of our corpse clan!"

Mei Xi remained unmoved after hearing that. She slowly placed Hanba on the ground. The thick purple mist on the surface of her body seeped into Hanba's body and began to heal the injuries in his body.

“Succubus! Don’t you understand? he’s a corpse spirit!” Chiyan’s face was filled with pain when he saw Meimo being so stubborn.

This wasn’t the future leader of the corpse clan that he wanted to see.

It also gave Chiyan a strong desire to kill Hanba. Only when he disappeared could Mei’e turn back into the leader that he respected.

“You’re so noisy! Chiyan, do you really want me to kill you?” Mei Luan suddenly turned her head. Her cold eyes made Chiyan feel strange and cold.

At this moment, Mei Luan turned her head once again and looked at Hanba who was lying on the ground. Her eyes were filled with longing and tenderness.

How could she not know that Hanba had already turned into a corpse spirit?

In fact, when she received the news that Chiyan was about to break through, she had already arrived.

Chi Yan was one of the three Sovereigns of the corpse clan, so her status and importance were self-evident. Therefore, she had been watching him in secret, preparing to protect him when he broke through to the demigod realm.

However, when she who was hiding in the dark saw Hanba walking towards the mountain of corpses step by step, her heart was in turmoil. However, just as she was about to run towards the figure that she had missed for countless days and nights, she was suddenly stunned.

It was because she realized that Hanba seemed to have changed.

While she was observing, she was terrified to discover that Hanba had already been refined into a corpse spirit.

Anger and despair spread from the bottom of her heart. Because this wasn’t the brother she wanted, she didn’t appear and watched Chi Yan attack her. She even hoped Chi Yan would kill him.

However, when chiyen was about to kill Hanba, she panicked, as if she was about to lose the most important thing. At this moment, she pounced on chiyen without any hesitation and sent him flying.

Even though Hanba had already turned into a corpse spirit, she was still reluctant to part with him.

Looking at Hanba's empty eyes, Meilu wanted to tell him about her longing. However, she did not know why she opened her mouth slightly but eventually closed it.

"Mei Luan, give it up. He's not the leader of the corpse clan anymore. Find the one who refined the corpse and kill him. What you should do now is to kill him!" Chiyen's heart was filled with anger as he looked at the dazed Mei Luan.

It was Mei Yan who had led the corpse clan to rise up step by step. He had followed Mei Yan through countless Wars, big and small. Thus, he knew clearly that Mei Yan's future path was to become the leader of the corpse clan.

Therefore, chiyen didn't want to see the succubus's confusion and despair.

"I know what I'm doing!" Mei Yue said softly, yet her line of sight was still focused on Hanba.

Chiyen didn't say anything. He stood not far away and clenched his fists.

Mei Luan didn't pay any more attention to Chi Yan. She lowered her head and looked at Hanba. Her eyes flickered with a gentle light. Many dusty memories floated up in her mind.

It was the history of the birth of the corpse race.

A long time ago, there was a weak race in the senluo great domain called the Mirage monster race.

This race stood aloof from worldly affairs. Racial hegemony and war seemed distant to them. Their mission was to help the netherworld race, who ruled the senluo great domain, guard a spirit mine resource point in the South. They would offer regular Tributes every year, and almost all of their clansmen were miners who made a living.

Relying on their powerful bodies, although their days were tough, they weren't in any life-threatening danger. Under the protection of the netherworld race, they had existed for a long time.

And in this race, there were two siblings who were different.

One of them had red skin, while the other had fair skin but a strange purple pupil.

Their future was originally uneventful, and they might have become miners like their parents to serve the senluo netherworld race.

Until one day, a sudden war broke out.

The threat came from the “death region” in the West. This battle was extremely brutal, and even the Royal clan of the senluo region, the “netherworld race”, had to do their best to deal with it.

However, at that time, all the races in the senluo great domain thought that this war would die down very quickly. They firmly believed that the powerful netherworld race was enough to deal with any foreign enemy and that their lives would not change.

But in reality, the intensity of the battle for the large regions was beyond their imagination.

The tribe leader who had reached the demigod realm and the tribe elder who was at the peak of the ghost emperor realm had died in this battle. The power of the netherworld race had been completely damaged.

Even so, the war was not over.

Under such circumstances, the higher-ups of the netherworld race made a decision to recruit soldiers from all the races in the senluo great region. No matter what race it was, as long as they had the ability to fight, they would be recruited into the war against the death great region. All races who disobeyed would be killed!

His parents left amidst the cries of Hanba and Mephistopheles. Moreover, he had gone and never returned. He had participated in the brutal battle of the large domain and had been lying down in an inconspicuous corner of the battlefield forever ...

When the battle for the major domain ended, the netherworld race repelled the enemy, but they also suffered great losses. The experts within their race suffered heavy casualties.

However, they were still the Kings of the senluo great domain, and no other force could replace them. All they needed was time to heal.

It seemed that everything had returned to peace, but in fact, there was no peace. Many things had changed after the war.

After the battle, the Mirage monsters were only left with some children who had not yet grown up and the elders who were about to be buried. It could be said that the rest of the Mirage monsters were people who needed to be taken care of. Their lives had been completely changed.

The Mirage monsters' desperate moment had come.

They could no longer rely on mining to exchange for living supplies with the netherworld race. Even if these young Mirage monsters wielded their tools and wanted to mine spirit ores to exchange for supplies, their output could not meet the requirements set by the netherworld race at all.

Their lives were getting more and more difficult, and the Mirage monsters were left with only despair.

Even at this time, they still didn't think of resisting. Being enslaved for a long time made them feel that submitting to the netherworld race was normal and not forced.

The older generation of the Mirage monsters were the first to give up. They chose to give the precious food to their young clansmen and give up on themselves. During this period, there was no vitality in the Mirage monsters, and death was so close to everyone.

Right when the Mirage monsters couldn't hold on any longer, something else happened. The Mirage monsters' children, who supported the entire clan for a living, dug out a very precious resource, the colored glass mine, and discovered a vein of colored glass in the mine.

Life would quietly open a window full of vitality when you were in despair. At least, that was what the children of the Mirage monsters thought at that time.

The netherworld race was overjoyed by this discovery and rewarded the Mirage clan with a lot of resources.

There was hope for the Mirage monsters again, and they would never be hungry again.

However, what they had thought was not true. At this moment, many races had their eyes on the Mirage monster.

Like the Mirage monsters, they had all experienced the pain of the battle for the major domain. After that, they had to live a difficult life. They had even given up hope and waited for death. At this moment, they were envious of the spirit mine guarded by the Mirage monsters, and they were even more envious of their lives where they no longer had to worry about food.

Therefore, the few small races around the Mirage monsters United and decided to plunder the things that they were jealous of to fight for a chance of survival.

On a peaceful night, they launched an attack. The Mirage monster suffered a heavy blow, and a large number of its clansmen were killed.

At that time, Hanba was not the leader of the corpse race yet. When he faced the battle, there was only fear in his heart. He and his sister hid in the house and listened to the noise and screams outside. They didn't dare to go out at all.

When the door was broken, Hanba did not even know how to fight back.

However, when he saw his younger sister was knocked to the ground by a stick and fell into a coma with blood flowing out of her forehead, Hanba did not know where he got the courage from, he pounced on the foreign Clansman who was closest to him.

Hanba, who had no combat experience at all, used his teeth to bite the foreign clansmen.

It was Hanba's first time tasting the sweet taste of fresh blood. The blood injected a powerful force into his body. He relied on this force to bite the three foreign clansmen who entered the house to death and sucked all the blood in their bodies dry.

After that, there was a constant retching and nausea. It didn't come from his body, but from the conflict in the depths of his heart.

Hanba, who was filled with fear, carried his sister and walked out of the house. He knew that he would only die if he stayed.

It was chaos outside the house. The children of the foreign races were fighting with the children of their own race.

However, it was a one-sided battle. The foreigners outnumbered the Mirage monsters, and the Mirage monsters were no match for them at all.

Hanba, who was carrying his sister, chose to run away instead of resisting.

Like Hanba, some of the Mirage monsters fled from their clan land in the chaos, while those who could not leave stayed there forever.

By the time the morning light broke out, the Mirage monsters were in a mess. Many young children were lying in pools of blood, never to breathe again.

On the other hand, Hanba, his sister and the rest of the clansmen who had fled from the clan's land walked towards the path towards the netherworld race.

They were helpless and didn't know where their future path was. The only sense of security in their hearts was given by the netherworld race. Other than the netherworld race, they didn't know where else they could go.

During this period, Hanba's younger sister had been unconscious. The clansmen who were travelling with him tried to persuade him to give up on his younger sister, otherwise, both of them would die.

However, how could Hanba be willing to give up on his own sister? he had already lost his parents, his sister was his only comfort.

He still remembered his parents saying that as an older brother, he had to use his life to protect his younger sister.

That was what Hanba did at that time.

On the way to the netherworld race, hunger, thirst, and fatigue accompanied each other, but Hanba gritted his teeth and persevered.

Hanba had used his own blood as food to feed his sister who was getting more and more Haggard along the way. He had managed to hang on to her last breath.

Perhaps it was the blood of the three foreign clansmen that gave him strength that day, but he still managed to hold on until the day he arrived at the netherworld race.

However, when Hanba and his clansmen entered the netherworld city and met the manager who was once in charge of receiving the ores, they were once again met with despair.

The netherworld race's Material Manager had told him that plundering resources was the norm in a large region. The netherworld race was in charge of External Affairs, but they had never cared about internal racial conflicts.

At that moment, Hanba and his clansmen's hearts were filled with confusion and despair.

They had been chased out. The manager of the supplies had told them that the netherworld race did not accept idlers.

The clan's land was gone, and the caretaker who had once provided them with living supplies was unwilling to take them in. They had completely become Wanderers.

After that, the remaining Mirage monsters started a tough life of wandering on tree bark and grass roots as food. During this time, people fell one after another ...

However, the worst was approaching. The cold winter that belonged to the senluo region had arrived.

The world changed drastically. A huge Ice Mountain gradually formed in the direction of Beiqi. The first cold current seeped in from the direction of Beiqi.

Cold, hunger, and fatigue ... Under such conditions, the Mirage monsters' destruction seemed to be inevitable.

Hanba's heart ached as he looked at his sister who was becoming more and more Haggard. He did not wish to see his sister leave him just like that. He had to think of a way to save his sister.



At this moment, Hanba recalled the energy that emerged in his body when he was sucking the blood of the foreign clansmen. Could his sister also absorb the blood of outsiders to recover and wake up from her deep sleep?

Therefore, Hanba turned his gaze to the foreign clansmen who occupied their clan's land.

When the clansmen were waiting for death in despair, Hanba tried to persuade the clansmen that they must resist, they must take back their lost clan land.

However, no one paid any attention to him, because no one felt that Hanba's proposal was something that they could do.

At this moment, Hanba spoke about the matter of sucking blood that day. He also expressed that we belong to the same clan. I can do it, so can you!

For this reason, Hanba let his confused clansmen try to drink a little of his blood.

At this moment, the remaining Mirage monsters also discovered their racial talent.

Therefore, they obeyed Hanba and made a long journey to the former clan land.

The Mirage monsters 'revenge began.

They searched for lone targets, hunted them down, and divided their food. They were like dormant wild beasts, nibbling away at the foreigners who occupied their territory.

Their strength grew rapidly during this period until one day, the Mirage monsters realized that they could be so powerful too.

The blood actually contained the great power they needed, and it was so wonderful.

The powerful Mirage monsters later took back their former territory and killed the foreigners without mercy.

During this period of time, Hanba grew from a kid that his clansmen did not care about to become the leader of these ten people.

Compared to the clansmen, Hanba's innate talent was extremely terrifying. Hanba's growth was more than ten times that of the clansmen even after absorbing the same amount of blood. His skin was just like red, which made him look extremely different and special compared to the clansmen.

However, Hanba did not feel happy because his younger sister was still in a deep sleep. Moreover, she was getting more and more Haggard.

The blood of a foreign Clansman had a miraculous effect on them, but it was next to nothing to his sister.

How could Hanba accept this? he knew that he needed more power. Only then could he obtain more precious healing treasures to heal his slumbering sister.

Therefore, Hanba cast his bloodthirsty gaze towards the foreign clansmen.

Just like the foreign tribes that invaded their territory, Hanba did the same.

The Mirage monsters needed slaughter and blood to grow!

Therefore, Hanba led his clansmen to launch an attack on the foreign clans, not for resources, but only to drink fresh blood to become stronger.

By right, the netherworld race should have been alarmed when Hanba led his clansmen to wantonly slaughter the foreign clansmen.

Even though the netherworld race would not care about the racial disputes within the large domain, Hanba's actions had obviously affected the supply of the netherworld race's spirit ores and other resources. It had caused a certain degree of impact on the netherworld race's development.

However, this wasn't the case because the netherworld race had also encountered an incomparably troublesome problem.

The cold current coming from the direction of Northern Qi had aroused their vigilance and attention. They were currently discussing countermeasures for this, and had sent the twenty-third elder of the clan to personally go to Northern Qi to check on the situation. At this moment, he did not have the energy to pay attention to the small-scale racial disputes in the South of the region.

Under such special conditions, Hanba led the Mirage monsters to grow rapidly.