

The Good 1861

Chapter 1861: Birth of a God (1)

For the next few days, Shen Yanxiao had been piling on more curses to Mingye. All this was so that he would cut off the link after resurrecting the dragons in the Dragon Cemetery under the gaze of countless undeads. Shen Yanxiao was deeply afraid of making the slightest mistake, so she was extra careful.

During the process of casting the curses, Shen Yanxiao discovered that after her dragon blood was completely awakened, the magic and battle aura in her body had also been greatly improved and she was already close to the realm of a Saint Professional. This discovery made Shen Yanxiao extremely happy.

“I wonder if I can directly advance to a Divine Professional after all my bloodlines awaken.” Shen Yanxiao could not help but fantasize. Even though there was still a certain gap between the peak human professions and real gods, if she could really reach that level, at least she would not have to exert too much effort when facing devils.

After the last war between gods and devils, both humans and other races had suffered huge losses. Countless peak experts had fallen, which caused many groups of powerful people to be forever lost. After that, the advancement of all races had been greatly delayed. Without the leadership and guidance of peak experts, the peak experts in all races had become very rare in the past ten thousand years.

The war with the Devil race in three years was not looking optimistic.

The powerful gods had fallen, and the number of peak experts of the various races had decreased sharply. Could they still resist the attack of the Devil race?

No one knew about this. Shen Yanxiao could only pray that those from the Broken Star Palace could train more experts. In the battle against the Devil race, experts below the second class promotion had little use in the face of high-level devils.

“There should be no problem.” Xiu stood by Shen Yanxiao’s side. These days, he often appeared in his physical form.

“Xiu, in fact, I’ve always been curious about something. Brother Siyu said that I have the blood of eight races in my body, then... the blood of the gods...” Shen Yanxiao looked at Xiu as if she wanted to say something but hesitated. Xiu was the only god in the hands of those Warlocks. It could be said that the power of the gods integrated into her body came from Xiu.

However, Xiu was not absorbed by her, so did she obtain the bloodline of the God race?

Xiu looked at Shen Yanxiao and slowly said, “My soul has been residing in your body since you were born. Even though you can’t absorb my power, a portion of my soul has been imprinted in your soul for a long time. The divine power I instilled in you will slowly activate those traces. So there is indeed the power of the God race in your body.”

Ouyang Huanyu’s experiment was almost successful, but this success must be fueled by Xiu. If Xiu did not transfer divine power to Shen Yanxiao, no matter how long he stayed in Shen Yanxiao’s body, she

would not be able to awaken those soul marks. The marks that could not be awakened would remain dormant and would not become Shen Yanxiao's power.

"In that case, I inherited your... bloodline?" Shen Yanxiao's expression was somewhat strange. Once she thought of the word bloodline, why did she feel that her relationship with Xiu had become strange?

Wasn't bloodline something that only existed between family members?

"Just strength, not blood." Xiu seemed to have guessed Shen Yanxiao's concerns and slowly shook his head.

"There is no such thing as bloodline among the gods. Gods are not conceived by a mother."

Chapter 1862: Birth of a God (2)

"Not conceived by a mother?" Shen Yanxiao was shocked. The gods were not born from a mother... nor were they born from an egg...

Then how did they come about?

"In the beginning, there was only one god. All the gods could be said to have been created by the Lord God. In the pool of life in the last temple, the Lord God used his power as the foundation to create the body of the God race. Then, with the addition of souls, they became real gods. The souls of the gods came from all the races in the world. Excellent souls would be chosen by the Lord God after death and then be reborn as a god. But after rebirth, they would forget everything in the past and become a new life. The first batch of gods were born by the Lord God himself. After that, other powerful gods gave birth to new lives together," Xiu faintly said.

Rather than saying that the God race was born, it would be better to say that the God race created a new life for the outstanding souls in the world and gave them the responsibility to protect the world.

The gods would enter the pool of life again to heal after they were injured, and during this period of time, they could not create a new divine body.

The fertility rate of the God race was low. On one hand, it was because the healing period of the God race was too long. On the other hand, it was because there were too few souls that were qualified to become a god.

It could be said that every soul of the God race was personally selected by the Lord God and the superior gods. Only the purest and most selfless souls were eligible to be promoted to a god.

However, this kind of soul would only be guided into the God Realm after death. For example, there were very few souls like the Dragon God who had been selected by the gods before they died. Such exceptions, on the other hand, proved that the lack of the number of gods had forced them to directly invite the souls who had yet to die to join them.

There was no such thing as lovers among gods. It was just that the male gods and the female gods would bring their power together to breed a new god. The power of the male gods was too masculine and would make the new gods unable to bear it. Only the gentle power of the female gods could stabilize the stability of a newly ascended god.

The Lord God was the only one who could give birth to a new life without the cooperation of other gods.

“There are very few women in the God race, so the speed of giving birth to new gods is very slow.” Xiu looked at Shen Yanxiao.

“Er...” Shen Yanxiao nodded. She felt that her conjecture about the God race had been completely overturned.

Without any real intimate contact, they could give birth to a new life. It could be said that as long as the two gods contributed a little strength, they could have children...

Shen Yanxiao had never encountered something so “advanced” in her previous life.

No matter how she looked at it, it was similar to a clone.

If she and Xiu...

Could she also get a child from that pool of life?

In any case, she also had divine power in her body. It did not seem particularly impossible for her to awaken her divine blood.

Shen Yanxiao’s mind wandered. She began to fantasize about how she could raise a few little buns without experiencing the pain of childbirth in the future.

A cold hand pinched Shen Yanxiao’s little face and woke her up from her infinite imagination.

Shen Yanxiao came back to her senses and suddenly found Xiu looking at her with a meaningful look.

“What... what’s wrong?” Shen Yanxiao was stunned and her face turned red.

How old was her body? She was already thinking about giving birth to steamed buns!!!

“I will respect the way you give birth to new lives,” Xiu whispered.

Chapter 1863: Birth of a God (3)

“Respect, the... way I give birth to new lives?” Shen Yanxiao stared at Xiu’s thoughtful eyes and felt that he was not joking... Her whole body suddenly felt uncomfortable!!!

If she understood it correctly, the way humans conceived seemed to be...

First they have to...

Then...

Afterwards...

Shen Yanxiao’s face flushed red!

Xiu was too impure!

“Yes.” Xiu did not seem to notice Shen Yanxiao’s embarrassment and answered very seriously.

Shen Yanxiao turned her head silently. She really did not want to talk about such a heavy topic with Xiu, but before she could turn her head away, Xiu's palm turned her little face back.

"The souls of gods already exist. I want our children to be born into this world." The golden eyes carried a trace of determination.

Shen Yanxiao was stunned. She looked at Xiu in surprise.

His persistence was because of the problem with the soul of a god?

"I don't need them to be so outstanding. I just hope they come from us." Xiu looked at Shen Yanxiao and his deep voice bloomed in her ears.

That's right, the souls of the gods were selected, and only after reaching a certain level would they be conceived. However... were their children really going to be born in this way?

Shen Yanxiao also rejected this idea in her heart. Although the souls of such chosen gods were excellent, there would be no kinship.

"You're right. Our child should not come into the world like that." Shen Yanxiao nodded. Xiu's concerns were correct.

Xiu's lips curled up slightly. He lowered his head and kissed Shen Yanxiao's lips as if he was praising her wisdom.

Shen Yanxiao blushed. Even though she had been in a relationship with Xiu for so long, she was still at a loss in the face of intimacy.

"Plus, our children will definitely be the best," Xiu slowly said.

"That's for sure!" Shen Yanxiao's eyes flickered with determination. With her outstanding genes and Xiu's powerful genes, it would be unreasonable if she could not give birth to a heaven-defying little pervert.

Shen Yanxiao, who had always prided herself on being smart, did not realize that she had accepted the setting of having a child under the subtle influence of a certain great master. Moreover, she had already begun to imagine how her future little bun would dominate the world.

A certain great master didn't always shoot, but once he did, he would hit his target.

Just as Shen Yanxiao began to wonder whether it was better to give birth to a male bun or a female bun, the little golden dragon was being ruthlessly trained by the energetic Dragon God.

"Can you use some more strength? You're a golden dragon! Not a silver dragon or a red dragon. With this little strength, do you think you're embroidering or something?" The Dragon God stood ferociously on a boulder and looked down at the little golden dragon who was sweating profusely. He had a fierce appearance and was just short of waving a whip in his hand.

Qian Yuan, who was hiding at the side and silently watching his Little Highness train, bit his sleeve gloomily.

The Dragon God was too cruel. Didn't he see that His Little Highness was already so tired that his face turned pale? It had been two days and two nights, and he hadn't even rested for a minute!

If it were not for the fact that the other party was the Dragon God, Qian Yuan would not have been able to restrain himself from rushing out and bringing his Little Highness back to rest.

But now, he could only silently watch the little golden dragon get up from the ground again and again under the roar of the Dragon God, barely supporting his trembling body to launch one attack after another at the Dragon God.

Chapter 1864: Return of Mingye (1)

The curses on Mingye had been strengthened. Then, Shen Yanxiao used an appearance-changing potion to disguise herself as Ye Dou. This time, Vermilion Bird returned to Shen Yanxiao's body and left with her.

On the other side, Sal was about to go crazy. He mobilized all the undeads and conducted a carpet search of the entire Hidden Dragon Continent, but he still could not find the whereabouts of Mingye. Even Long Yan sent out dragons to conduct a search, but they found nothing.

Sal sat in the hall. His originally gray complexion was even uglier at this moment.

"We've searched everywhere, but we still haven't found any traces of Prince Mingye. Right now, there's only one possibility. Prince Mingye has been captured by the dragons in the North." Long Yan sat on one side and looked at the gloomy Sal.

The current situation was the result he was most satisfied with. Although he did not know if Mingye had been captured by the dragons in the North, Sal had no choice but to go to war with the North.

"With our current strength, it will be difficult to fight against the North. Since we can't find the whereabouts of Prince Mingye, the operation against the Dragon Cemetery should be carried out as soon as possible. Only by resurrecting those bone dragons can we have the strength to attack the North and rescue Prince Mingye." The attack on the North had been delayed by the disappearance of Mingye, and Long Yan was already somewhat impatient.

Sal frowned, but the group of royal relatives jumped out at this time.

"My Lord has given instructions beforehand that the dragons in the Dragon Cemetery must be personally resurrected by His Highness! Now that His Highness is not here, how can we act on our own accord!" The ones who were more anxious than Sal were the members of the royal family. Their only support in the Hidden Dragon Continent was Mingye. Once Mingye disappeared, their identities seemed awkward and Sal would not accept their opinions at all.

If the dragons in the Dragon Cemetery were resurrected now, the ultimate beneficiary would be Sal. They were naturally unwilling to see this happen.

"Why are you still so stubborn at a time like this? Are you really not worried about the safety of your Highness? Let me tell you, the dragons in the North have a deep hatred for the undead. If you continue to let Mingye stay in their hands, it is hard to say if you can safely rescue him at that time." Long Yan sneered.

With Mingye missing, the supreme commander of the undead was Sal. He only needed to persuade Sal and everything would fall into place.

“How dare you curse His Highness!” The group of royal relatives were furious.

“Enough!” Sal shouted, and the room immediately quieted down.

“I know your concerns, but the most important thing now is to save Prince Mingye. I can promise that every high-level undead present has the right to resurrect two to three high-level dragons. In this way, you will also have an explanation to our Lord.” Sal narrowed his eyes and looked at the group of royal relatives. He knew better than anyone what they were thinking.

Sure enough, after Sal made this promise, the objections of the royal relatives immediately disappeared without a trace.

This was a great temptation for them. According to the idea of the Lord of the Undead, all the dragons in the Dragon Cemetery would be resurrected by Mingye, leaving none for them. Along the way, they tried their best to please Mingye, just to let him give them a few high-level dragons. Now that Sal was so generous, how could they continue to argue?

“General Sal is right. Saving His Highness Mingye now is the key.” The group of royal relatives immediately changed their tone. Anyway, if the Lord of the Undead pursued this matter, they could push the blame to Sal.

Chapter 1865: Return of Mingye (2)

“Then I’d like to ask Long Yan to make arrangements for our visit to the Dragon Cemetery as soon as possible,” Sal said.

Long Yan smiled and said, “I’ve already asked my subordinates to make the arrangements. We can set off at any time.”

“There’s no time to lose. We’ll leave this afternoon,” Sal said decisively.

Just as Sal and Long Yan finalized the matter concerning the resurrection of the Dragon Cemetery, an undead guard rushed in with an unusual expression.

“Reporting to the general!”

“What’s the matter?” Sal frowned at the intruding guard.

“Your Highness Mingye... Your Highness Mingye has returned...”

“What!” Sal was instantly stunned.

Mingye had returned? How was that possible?

No one expected Mingye to come back at this time.

Sal immediately got up to take a look, but before he could go out, two figures appeared at the entrance of the hall.

Mingye, dressed in military attire, walked into the hall accompanied by Ye Dou. His arrogant eyes coldly swept across everyone present.

“Your Highness!” The group of royal relatives immediately came back to their senses and knelt down in unison.

A trace of stiffness appeared on Sal’s face. He never thought that Mingye would come back. Moreover, looking at Mingye’s appearance, there were no scars or injuries on his whole body..

“General Sal, why are you not saluting me when you see me?” Mingye frowned slightly and looked at Sal, who was frozen in place, with a trace of dissatisfaction in his eyes.

Sal trembled and immediately knelt on one knee.

“Greetings, Your Highness Mingye.”

Mingye snorted and walked to the main seat of the hall, sitting down peacefully under the worship of the many undeads present.

Long Yan, who had been watching the show, was dumbfounded. What was going on?

Mingye, who had been missing for several days, actually came back on his own??

“Your Highness, where... have you been during this period of time? We were worried when we couldn’t find you.” Sal asked.

Mingye slightly raised his eyebrows and sneered, “What? General Sal has already started to question my whereabouts?”

Sal immediately said, “This subordinate dares not. This subordinate is just worried that the rebellious dragons of the Hidden Dragon Continent will harm Your Highness.”

Mingye said, “How could a mere dragon hurt me? I just found something interesting and went to take a look.”

“Yes.” Sal secretly wiped his cold sweat, but his heart was full of doubts. He felt that the Prince Mingye in front of him was different from how he had acted before, but he did not know what was different.

Mingye’s disappearance and return were too strange. Sal vaguely felt that something was wrong.

“What interesting things has Your Highness discovered? Why don’t you tell us so that we can broaden our horizons?” Sal tentatively asked.

Mingye narrowed his eyes and did not respond.

Ye Dou, who stood on one side with his head lowered, smiled when no one was looking.

Sure enough, Sal was not easy to deal with. He must have already suspected Mingye.

However...

Shen Yanxiao, who was disguised as Ye Dou, laughed in her heart. The one sitting here was the actual prince, not an impostor.

Under Shen Yanxiao's hint, Mingye instantly released his death energy.

The strong air of death exceeded that of all the high-level undeads in the room.

The strength of an undead prince could already be seen.

The moment he felt the powerful death energy, Sal was shocked. This was definitely Prince Mingye. In this wave of death energy, he clearly felt an aura very similar to the Lord of the Undead.

Chapter 1866: Return of Mingye (3)

"What did I find? If you are going to ask me this question, you might as well ask Long Yan." Mingye said with a fake smile.

Long Yan, who was suddenly called out, was a little stunned.

"Your Highness, what do you mean?" Long Yan was confused.

Mingye chuckled and said, "Long Yan's men seem to be very busy these days?"

Long Yan said, "Prince Mingye was missing. As allies, we naturally have to contribute."

"Oh?" Mingye's smile deepened.

"I'm afraid you're not busy looking for me, but something else. What's going on in the southeastern corner of the Hidden Dragon Continent?"

As soon as Mingye's voice fell to the ground, a trace of astonishment appeared on Long Yan's face.

The southeastern corner of the Hidden Dragon Continent was where the Dragon Palace Hall was located. The reason why Long Yan had actively cooperated with Sal in searching for the whereabouts of Mingye was because he was afraid that the undeads would break into the Dragon Palace Hall while searching everywhere. Therefore, he stopped the search in the southeastern direction.

However, Mingye suddenly mentioned the southeast corner. Did he find something?

"Long Yan, you should know that some things are useless to us undeads, but why are you so secretive?" Mingye laughed.

Long Yan's face turned pale instantly. Mingye had already said so much. If he still did not know what Mingye was talking about, he would have lived in vain for so many years.

The more Sal listened, the stranger he felt. Could it be that Mingye's disappearance was really because he had discovered Long Yan's unspeakable secret?

Long Yan gritted his teeth and said, "It's just the Dragon King's Decree. I didn't want to trouble the undeads here, so I did it myself. I didn't expect Prince Mingye to see it. I'm so embarrassed."

The Dragon King's Decree!

Sal widened his eyes. Naturally, he had heard of the divine weapon of the Dragon race. He also knew that Long Yan had obtained the map of the Dragon King's Decree more than a thousand years ago. However, for so many years, Long Yan had been saying that he could not find the exact location of the

Dragon King's Decree, so Sal did not ask much. After all, the Dragon King's Decree had never been found. It was only natural that Long Yan could not find it.

However, Long Yan had been lying to him!

Long Yan had clearly found the whereabouts of the Dragon King's Decree.

Sal narrowed his eyes and looked at his ally with a trace of ruthlessness.

If His Highness had not discovered Long Yan's actions, they would have been kept in the dark.

All his doubts about Mingye were shifted to Long Yan at this moment.

"Long Yan, what is this about?" Sal stared at Long Yan.

Long Yan's expression was very bad. He thought he could keep it from Sal, but unexpectedly...

Who would have expected that the missing prince would run to the Dragon Palace Hall? What were those people there doing? How could they not notice that they had been discovered?

Long Yan pretended to be calm and said, "Although I found the location of the Dragon King's Decree, I have not been able to open the entrance to the Dragon Palace Hall after so many years. It's ridiculous. I didn't want Sal and the rest to know about this joke, but I was too incompetent." As he spoke, Long Yan sighed.

Sal frowned slightly. He also believed that what Long Yan said was true. If Long Yan had obtained the Dragon King's Decree, he would not be as easy to talk to as he was now.

"Long Yan, don't be too humble. You're already quite amazing to be able to find the location of the Dragon King's Decree. In any case, it's the lair of the Dragon God. It's not so easy for ordinary dragons to open it," Mingye said with a fake smile, thinking that Long Yan was incapable enough to not be able to open a door after so many years.

Chapter 1867: Return of Mingye (4)

Long Yan smiled in agreement and cursed the arrogant prince in his heart.

"During this period of time when I was not here, did anything happen?" Seeing that the suspicion had been eliminated, Shen Yanxiao immediately asked Mingye to inquire about the situation.

"Reporting to Your Highness, we haven't seen Your Highness for a long time and thought that Your Highness had been captured by the dragons in the North. We were just discussing whether to go to the Dragon Cemetery to resurrect the bone dragons and kill our way to the North." Sal spoke in full detail. He no longer had any doubts about Mingye, and his heart was filled with hatred for Long Yan's deliberate deception.

"Oh? The Dragon Cemetery... It seems to have been delayed for a long time. Well, the task my father asked me to do must be completed. I think we can set off tomorrow." It was rare that Mingye did not find trouble and readily agreed.

Mingye's straightforwardness stunned Sal for a moment.

Didn't Prince Mingye always like to make things difficult? Why was he so easy to talk to today? We were going to the Dragon Cemetery just like that?

The most difficult prince in history had suddenly become so easy to talk to. For a moment, the group of undeads could not digest it.

However, having just been beaten by Mingye, Long Yan did not dare to hit the target at this time. He immediately agreed and hastily found an excuse to slip away. He did not dare to stay in the room for a moment longer.

Only a group of confused undeads remained in the room.

"I'm tired. I'm going to rest first. Ye Dou, come with me." Mingye yawned and left Sal's line of sight with Ye Dou.

Returning to his room, Mingye immediately lost his high and mighty posture. He stood obediently by Shen Yanxiao's side, waiting for her instructions.

"It's better to do it early than late. We came back just in time." Shen Yanxiao leaned against the chair and fiddled with a crystal ornament.

If they had not arrived in time, Sal would have probably brought people to the Dragon Cemetery this afternoon.

Once the undeads other than Mingye resurrected the bone dragon, things would get difficult.

"You know what to do when we get to the Dragon Cemetery, right?" Shen Yanxiao looked at Mingye and once again determined whether he was controlled by the curse.

"Yes." Mingye nodded.

Shen Yanxiao smiled with satisfaction.

After a while, there was a knock on Mingye's door. Shen Yanxiao immediately stood up, put on the silly expression of Ye Dou, and went to the door to open it.

Outside the door, the group of royal relatives stood in line with eager gazes.

As soon as Shen Yanxiao opened the door, they rushed in impatiently and rushed to Mingye's side, surrounding him.

"Your Highness, you're finally back. We were so worried when you weren't here."

"Your Highness is wise and mighty. I knew that nothing would happen to Your Highness. Your Highness must have discovered that Long Yan was being dishonest and exposed his true colors."

"Hmph, that Long Yan actually dared to deceive us. When we eliminate the dragons in the North, we will make him suffer."

The group of royal relatives talked at once. While despising Long Yan's shamelessness, they sang praises for Mingye's wit.

As a spectator, Shen Yanxiao was calm and unruffled as she leaned against the door, watching the group of royal relatives who were very skilled in boot-licking as they besieged Mingye.

Mingye was obviously accustomed to the flattery of these guys. In the face of such flattery, he was more at ease than when Shen Yanxiao was disguised as him. He felt that he was simply amazing.

Chapter 1868: Dragon Cemetery (1)

Mingye agreed to go to the Dragon Cemetery, and Long Yan also sped up his preparations due to guilt.

The next morning, Long Yan brought a group of dragons to the gate of the city of the undeads. The undeads led by Mingye were also ready to go.

In order to take care of the “delicate” prince, Sal specially prepared a luxurious dragon carriage for Mingye. At the front end, eight bone dragons resurrected from the bones of earth dragons pulled the luxurious carriage forward.

The group of royal relatives wanted to get in the carriage for a ride, but Mingye chased them out with a taut face, leaving only Ye Dou to take care of him in the carriage.

God knew that the group of royal relatives had already cursed the low-level undead who stole the prince’s “favor” in their hearts.

In the carriage, Ye Dou, who was supposed to be responsible for serving His Highness, was sitting on the soft couch with his legs crossed, looking at the undead army outside the window. Mingye, who was originally enjoying himself, was kneeling on one side and pouring water for a certain someone.

A handsome figure silently appeared by Shen Yanxiao’s side. Shen Yanxiao was slightly stunned as she looked at a certain great master who had appeared again to take a breather. Her eyes were filled with doubts.

What was wrong with this person recently? Why was he jumping out every few days needlessly?

Luckily, with the power of Xiu’s boundary, neither the undeads nor the dragons outside could detect his aura.

“Xiu, where exactly is the Dragon Cemetery? When I mentioned it before, Long Shi’s expression was a little strange, and he also did not explain anything about it.” Shen Yanxiao propped her chin and took in the passing scenery as they came. She leaned her petite body against Xiu’s embrace.

A natural air conditioning was really worth having!

“You should ask the Dragon God about this.” Xiu allowed a certain unscrupulous thief to use him as a cushion.

“I would like to, but looking at how he tortured Doudou these past few days, I wish I could bite him to death.” Shen Yanxiao curled her lips. Even though the little golden dragon had become a handsome young man, in Shen Yanxiao’s mind, he was still that shy little boy.

Looking at the Dragon God torturing the little golden dragon to death, she felt very stifled. Emotionally, she wanted to beat up the Dragon God, but rationally, she knew that this was for the sake of the little golden dragon. Thus, she could only keep him out of sight.

“Too dirty,” Xiu suddenly said.

Shen Yanxiao blinked her eyes.

Too dirty...

Did Xiu mean that... the Dragon God was too dirty?

Shen Yanxiao was speechless. How much did Xiu dislike his exclusive sandbag?

“Cough, I don’t have the habit of biting people. I was just saying that casually.” Wasn’t a certain great god too serious?

“I know.”

“...” So you just want to say that the Dragon God is dirty! Whether I bite him or not, you will insult him, right?

Is it really okay for you to love and hate each other so much?

“Although I don’t know the exact location of the Dragon Cemetery, I know that in fact, the Dragon Cemetery was built with the bones of the first Dragon God.” Xiu lightly said.

“What?” Shen Yanxiao widened her eyes. “The entire Dragon Cemetery was... built with... the bones of the first Dragon God?”

This fact was too shocking!

She did not know how big the Dragon Cemetery was, but a place that could pile up countless dragon skeletons must not be small. On that basis...

How huge was the first Dragon God to build such a savage place?

Chapter 1869: Dragon Cemetery (2)

After twelve days of travel, they finally arrived at the Dragon Cemetery. It was a huge groove surrounded by mountains, and it was sunk deep into the bottom of the mountain. It was practically impossible to find it without someone leading the way.

The Dragon Cemetery formed a natural groove in the mountains. The dense mountain forest around it almost covered the entire cemetery. Even sunlight could not penetrate the dense branches and leaves. Darkness shrouded the entire Dragon Cemetery. Even if you looked down from the sky, you would not notice its existence.

“Your Highness.” Sal called from outside the carriage.

Shen Yanxiao, who was disguised herself as Ye Dou, followed Mingye out of the carriage.

“Your Highness, please feel free to look around. We will prepare the resurrection array.” Sal said.

The goal of the undeads this time was to resurrect all the dragons in the entire Dragon Cemetery. Over the years, the bones of those dragons had been covered by thick dust. Countless fallen leaves had accumulated on top of the bones, making this place extremely desolate. Not even the bones of a single dragon could be seen. But in fact, those bones were buried deep under the dust and leaves. It was impossible to dig up all the bones of all the dragons here one by one.

Therefore, the undead had a special method for such a large-scale resurrection.

That was the resurrection array.

The high-level undeads would personally draw the array at the edge of the entire area until the array was completed, covering the entire Dragon Cemetery. Mingye only needed to stand on the edge of the array and cast the resurrection spell to complete the array.

Sal took the high-level undeads to various parts of the Dragon Cemetery and seized the time to complete the array.

The group of royal relatives wanted to get some benefits by pleasing Mingye, but under Shen Yanxiao's hint, Mingye was ready to control the entire Dragon Cemetery.

The Dragon Cemetery was so huge that the undeads could not complete the construction of the whole array in a short time. The intermediate and low-level undeads set up tents in the open space of the Dragon Cemetery, where they would wait for the completion of the array.

The mixture that the undeads used to draw the resurrection array was very evil. It consisted of bone powder and blood. The blood was extracted from ten captured earth dragons. The earth dragons that had been drained of blood were then resurrected into bone dragons. After that, they were forcefully destroyed and their bones were crushed into powder.

The whole Dragon Cemetery was filled with a disgusting rotten smell, which was intertwined with the smell of blood.

Shen Yanxiao sat in Mingye's tent and looked through the window at the high-level undeads who were immersed in drawing the array.

If the plan of the undeads succeeded, God knew how many bone dragons would be resurrected in the Dragon Cemetery. Dragons that could rest in the Dragon Cemetery were at least a four-winged red dragon. In the past ten thousand years, how many high-level dragons had fallen and ended their time here? Their numbers had probably exceeded the total number of high-level dragons in the Hidden Dragon Continent.

"Just work harder." Shen Yanxiao curled her lips and sneered. No matter how much effort the undeads put in to resurrect the dragons here, she would eventually let Mingye destroy their fantasies.

The construction of the entire resurrection array took seven whole days. During these seven days, all the high-level undeads in the Hidden Dragon Continent were busy day and night. Finally, on the morning of the seventh day, the huge array covering the entire Dragon Cemetery was completed.

Shen Yanxiao looked at the strange dark red array from afar. It was huge and gloomy. She seemed to be able to hear the roars of the undead dragons under the array.

Chapter 1870: Dragon Cemetery (3)

Shen Yanxiao could not help but shiver. The Undead race was not only an evil race, but the resurrection technique that reversed life and death seemed to be mocking the concept of life. It was horrifying.

The reason why the Undead race was hated by all races was firstly because of their bad nature and secondly, their blasphemy against life.

Even the gods and devils would die one day, but the undead could rely on their strength to resurrect the dead in their undead form.

Life was precious because you could only go through it once. Being born and dying were in accordance with the natural laws. However, the undeads violated the laws of nature and even distorted the will of the deceased, turning countless lonely souls into their slaves.

Sal personally invited Mingye to come forward, and Mingye brought Shen Yanxiao to the edge of the array.

As they approached the array, the smell of blood assaulted their noses.

Shen Yanxiao frowned.

“Please cast the spell, Your Highness.” Sal knelt on one knee.

“Your Highness, please cast the spell!” All the undeads in the Dragon Cemetery knelt down in unison and roared.

Mingye slightly nodded and stepped forward.

This was the first time Shen Yanxiao had seen an undead attempting resurrection. She narrowed her eyes and watched what was happening in front of her.

Mingye slightly opened his mouth, then a string of obscure incantations overflowed from his mouth. His speech was slow, and a strong wind mixed with black mist condensed from under his feet. The black mist spread to the array, like a cluster of black flames, spreading in all directions from one point.

Everything was like a nightmare. Black mist enveloped the entire Dragon Cemetery as wisps of black smoke slowly rose.

Shen Yanxiao seemed to have heard a roar from hell. The wisps of black smoke looked like twisted hideous faces that struggled in the strong wind, revealing expressions of despair.

The entire Dragon Cemetery was covered by a powerful death energy, and all the dragons retreated.

Shen Yanxiao had to stand by Mingye’s side to prevent any abnormalities from happening to the curse. She was basically standing in the center of the vortex of death energy. The aura of death surging from all directions almost made her unable to breathe. Every breath was like inhaling countless gravel into her lungs, making her break out in cold sweat.

However, Shen Yanxiao dared not let Xiu take action. Under the gaze of so many undeads, the appearance of the slightest trace of divine aura would arouse the vigilance of the undeads.

Shen Yanxiao could only hold her breath and use the flow of blood to obtain the thin oxygen in the air.

Suddenly, Mingye spoke faster, and the black smoke increased wildly, almost forming a huge black hole in the sunken cemetery.

Even though Shen Yanxiao's vision was extraordinary, she could barely see Mingye's blurry figure in such a situation.

Accompanied by Mingye's incantation, the ground of the Dragon Cemetery suddenly trembled violently, and the sound of the earth cracking was intertwined with the rustling sound of leaves being torn by the wind.

Suddenly, something strange happened to Shen Yanxiao's body. Something invisible seemed to be pouring into her body with the wind.

In an instant, a huge pain covered her entire body, as if all her bones had been crushed in an instant. The huge pain caused Shen Yanxiao's mind to collapse in an instant!

Shen Yanxiao's strength seemed to have been drained, but there seemed to be two forces intertwined in her body. The repulsion between the two forces almost tore her body into two.