

The Good 2011

Chapter 2011: Selection Competition (2)

Shen Yanxiao glanced at the teenagers whose fighting spirit was ignited and said lightly, "You can fight, but you can't lose. If you lose, wash your neck clean and wait for me to cut it."

Shen Yanxiao's words made the members of the Flaming Red Squad laugh.

"Boss, you have no confidence in us!"

"We are no longer what we were yesterday. Watch carefully. We will not embarrass you in this competition!"

The group of teenagers spoke with laughter and confidence.

The undeads passing by looked at the energetic teenagers in surprise. Such a vigorous team was almost rarely seen among undeads.

Undeads were mostly silent and depressed. Such a happy atmosphere was a rare occurrence.

"Talk less and do more. If you can't even enter the preselection, just wait for your death," Shen Yanxiao said with a smile. In the Forest of Death, the members of the Flaming Red Squad had gradually changed their way of getting along with her, which made her miss her companions in the Brilliance Continent.

Magic Wolf and the rest probably treated Du Lang the same way.

"We will never disappoint you, Boss!" The group of teenagers said with a smile.

Not long after, the members of the Flaming Red Squad returned to their rooms to rest. The competition would begin in two days, leaving them some time to readjust themselves.

Shen Yanxiao returned to her room. But before she could sit down, Taotie rushed out of her body.

Shen Yanxiao told the members of the Flaming Red Squad that Taotie was not suitable to appear in Hidden Dream City during the competition, so she left him in Deathfire Academy, but in fact, she had already summoned Taotie back into her body when she left Deathfire Academy.

"What's wrong?" Shen Yanxiao looked at Taotie's anxious appearance. There had been something wrong with Taotie for the past few days.

Taotie blinked his big eyes and looked at Shen Yanxiao anxiously. "Master, I received Vermilion Bird's spiritual message."

Shen Yanxiao's eyes flashed with surprise. Previously, Taotie said that he had sensed Vermilion Bird. She had thought it was a mistake, but these days, Taotie's perception of Vermilion Bird seemed to be getting stronger and stronger.

"Vermilion Bird said... he and Lord Xiu have already arrived at the Howling Abyss. I told them we were in Hidden Dream City, and they said they would be here soon," Taotie excitedly said.

Shen Yanxiao opened her mouth, but her mind was blank.

How long had she been in the Howling Abyss? Shen Yanxiao might not even know herself. During this period of time, all she thought about every night was to undo the seal as soon as possible, leave the Howling Abyss, and return to the Hidden Dragon Continent.

For this reason, she had trained hard and tried to increase the death energy in her body in the shortest time possible.

She never thought that Vermilion Bird and Xiu would come here.

Would they meet again soon?

“Master?” Taotie’s voice carried a trace of nervousness.

Shen Yanxiao suddenly came back to her senses. There was a trace of coolness on her cheeks. She raised her hand in surprise and brushed it across her face. Her fingertips were wet.

“Master, Vermilion Bird and Lord Xiu will come and find us soon. Master, don’t worry.” Taotie carefully reached out and grabbed Shen Yanxiao’s clothes. His timid eyes were filled with worry.

Master was crying...

Was it because she missed Lord Xiu and Vermilion Bird?

Shen Yanxiao took a deep breath and wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes. She reached out and held Taotie in her arms tightly, as if she was hugging that tall soul.

Xiu, are you here to pick me up?

Chapter 2012: Selection Competition (3)

Taotie carefully reached out and tried his best to hug Shen Yanxiao.

During this period, he was the only one by Shen Yanxiao’s side.

And by her side, he saw Shen Yanxiao training every single day without fail. Every moment of perseverance and every minute of effort was imprinted in his eyes. Although Shen Yanxiao never said anything, Taotie could feel that in Shen Yanxiao’s heart, her yearning had never been erased. This yearning had become the driving force for Shen Yanxiao’s growth. She constantly absorbed new knowledge, constantly enriched herself, and constantly broke through layer after layer of seals.

Only she could bear all this.

Whether she missed him or not, only she knew.

In the past, be it her human side, her elf side, or her dragon side, the awakening of every bloodline and the unlocking of every layer of the seal were all assisted by Xiu. Under Xiu’s powerful strength, Shen Yanxiao’s seal was undone faster and faster. But this time, Shen Yanxiao, who had become an undead, temporarily lost Xiu’s help.

She could only rely on herself to undo the seal.

Even so, her speed did not slow down. If Shen Yanxiao's training for the Flaming Red Squad was considered hard, then her demand of herself left her no time to rest.

In addition to sleeping and training the Flaming Red Squad, Shen Yanxiao had spent all her time training. If it were not for the special physique of an undead, she would have collapsed many times over.

Every time Shen Yanxiao's body was overdrawn and collapsed to the ground, only Taotie accompanied her.

She worked so hard to return to the Hidden Dragon Continent as soon as possible, to Xiu and Vermilion Bird's side.

"Master, wait a little longer. Just wait a little longer." For the first time, Taotie realized that his nearly omnipotent master also had such a soft side. Her care for Xiu and Vermilion Bird made her reveal a moment of vulnerability that had never been exposed to others. However, it was this persistence that made her stronger than anyone else.

"Vermilion Bird and the others... where are they?" Shen Yanxiao's voice was a little hoarse. She did not even dare to easily say Xiu's name, fearing that her suppressed yearning would completely collapse by saying his name.

"They have entered the border of the Howling Abyss and are rushing towards Hidden Dream City. They will arrive in five days at most. The Dragon God is very fast, faster than us." Taotie pretended to be calm as he spoke. His pair of small hands had actually begun to tremble. He did not know how to appease Shen Yanxiao's mood and could only hold her clumsily.

"Five days?" Shen Yanxiao repeated in a low voice.

"Yes, it will only take five days at most."

"Taotie."

"Master, I'm here."

"Tell Vermilion Bird."

"What?"

"I'll wait for them in Hidden Dream City." Shen Yanxiao raised her head. Her clear eyes had recovered their calmness and a smile blossomed on her lips.

"Yes!" Taotie smiled. He felt the joy in Shen Yanxiao's heart.

Somewhere in the sky of the Howling Abyss, on the back of the dragon shrouded in huge light, Vermilion Bird tried hard to restrain his excitement. After calming down, he conveyed Shen Yanxiao's words to the tall figure standing above the Dragon God.

A faint smile blossomed on his thin lips. It was just a faint smile, but it made the world lose its color.

"Xiaoxiao, wait for me for a few more days."

Chapter 2013: Selection Competition (4)

More and more academy teams entered Hidden Dream City, and the entire city became extremely lively in the past few days.

The most popular team in this selection competition was the Royal Academy team. This super team, trained by the elite mentors of the Royal Academy and guided by Master Nock, attracted the attention of all parties.

After the Royal Academy team settled down, a piece of news quickly spread throughout Hidden Dream City.

On this evening, the Undead Prince, Mingye, would personally visit the inn where the Royal Academy lived and meet with Master Nock.

After assisting the Undead Lord to stabilize the Howling Abyss, Nock retired successfully and became an honorary mentor in the Royal Academy. Right now, the only student he really guided was the Undead Prince, Mingye.

A few months ago, Prince Mingye left the Howling Abyss and went to the Hidden Dragon Continent to expand the power of the Undead race. However, not long ago, Prince Mingye and an army of undead that went to the Hidden Dragon Continent more than a thousand years ago were severely injured and all returned to the Howling Abyss.

It was said that Prince Mingye suffered serious injuries in the accident and had only recovered recently under the care of the Undead Lord.

Mingye, who had not appeared for a long time, had unsurprisingly attracted the curiosity of all the undeads. Outside the inn where the Royal Academy students were staying, the street was swamped with undeads.

The members of the Flaming Red Squad were sized up by those busybodies several times when they came and went from the inn.

“Do you have to be so exaggerated? The entrance is about to be blocked.” Zhanye had just returned from outside and squeezed in from the entrance of the inn with great difficulty. Fortunately, he was tall and strong. If it were someone else with a weaker physique, they might not have been able to squeeze in.

Shile sat on the chair and tilted his head to look at the sea of undeads outside the window.

“Aren’t we all waiting for His Highness to come? If we can get lucky and obtain His Highness’ favor, our meteoric rise will be imminent...”

Zhanye was speechless.

“Even if His Highness comes, there will be guards to clear the way. At that time, won’t they still be chased out?”

Shile shrugged his shoulders.

“Anyone would have the idea of getting lucky. Did you see that group of boys from the Royal Academy? Don’t be too arrogant today. All of them wish they could have their noses in the air. Those who don’t know better would think that Prince Mingye is here to see them. It seems like they think that Master Nock is one with them and that meeting Master Nock is equivalent to meeting them?”

Zhanye said, “They have always been so arrogant, haven’t they?”

It was already the second day since they came here, and there was still one day before the selection competition began. On this day, the members of the Flaming Red Squad had inevitably met the students of the Royal Academy in the inn, but the other party’s arrogant attitude made people want to push them to the ground and beat them up; it was as if everyone owed them millions.

“If it weren’t for Boss, I would have already started a fight with them.” Shile rolled up his sleeves and put his hands on the handle. In Shen Yanxiao’s mind, this was the standard posture of a local hooligan.

Perhaps something had gone wrong with Shen Yanxiao’s brainwashing process. Even though the Flaming Red Squad maintained a kind attitude towards other races, the style of the whole team had completely changed.

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The originally upright and pure teenagers were now more shameless than the other. Their black-bellied and crafty personalities had really been inherited from Shen Yanxiao.

Chapter 2014: Selection Competition (5)

Shen Yanxiao had unknowingly led a group of pure and simple teenagers onto a dark and crafty road of no return...

“Calm down, there will be plenty of opportunities in the future.” Zhanye comforted him.

Shile looked at Zhanye strangely and asked, “Have you noticed?”

“What?”

“Your tone of voice is getting more and more like that of Boss.”

“...”

“But...”

“But what?”

“Boss is more shameless than you think.” Shile could not help but imagine that if it were Shen Yanxiao, she would probably say, “What’s there to fight with a group of disabled people?”

Being brainless was also considered disabled.

Zhanye’s mouth twitched slightly.

Just as Zhanye and Shile lamented their increasingly dark selves, a noise came from outside the inn.

On the spacious road, eight skeleton horses in dark golden armor opened the way. On each skeleton horse sat an undead soldier wearing dark golden light armor and holding a black iron sword. Behind the skeleton horses, eighteen strong intermediate-level undeads slowly came with a luxurious sedan chair. Two groups of undead soldiers walked on both sides, surrounding the sedan chair layer by layer.

The undeads on the street consciously retreated to the side in an instant, making way for the procession to pass.

At the front of the sedan chair, the black skull flag fluttered in the wind, and the dark golden edge made all the undeads feel awe.

The mighty procession arrived at the inn where the Royal Academy team was staying. Eight undead guards nimbly dismounted from their horses and uniformly came to the front of the sedan chair.

At the entrance of the inn, the students of the Royal Academy had already stood in two rows, one on each side of the entrance. In the middle, Nock, dressed in luxurious clothes, stood there with a calm temperament.

A figure suddenly walked out from the sedan chair and a handsome young man in dark golden brocade robes appeared, attracting cries of surprise.

The teenager raised his head, and the undead around him knelt on the ground at this moment.

They shouted in unison, "Your Highness Mingye!"

There was no superfluous expression on Mingye's handsome face. He was even stingy to give these people a glance from the corner of his eyes. Under the protection of the undead guards, he walked towards Nock.

"Your Highness." Nock bowed slightly.

"Mentor Nock, there is no need to bow to me," Mingye lightly said.

"Your Highness, please come in," Nock said.

Mingye nodded. As Nock entered the inn, the undeads kneeling on one side stood up. They looked at the backs of the students of the Royal Academy team with envy.

Being so close to His Highness, their future would certainly be good.

While everyone was envious, on the second floor of the inn, Shen Yanxiao, who had just calmed down from the upcoming reunion, slowly pushed open the door, only to be met by Nock and Mingye.

Shen Yanxiao was stunned. Ever since she came to the Howling Abyss, she had not had any contact with this "spring roll prince". She did not expect to meet him here today.

Mingye, who was originally talking to Nock, seemed to sense a gaze. He raised his eyes slightly and looked at the petite figure standing not far away.

A touch of familiarity suddenly poured into Mingye's soul. A small crack appeared on his indifferent face, and an eagerness that even he himself did not notice emerged in his gray eyes.

Nock found that Mingye suddenly stopped and looked up. He found that Mingye was staring at the undead girl named Yan Di in a daze.

"Your Highness?" Nock called in a low voice.

Chapter 2015: Selection Competition (6)

Mingye hesitated for a moment, "Who is she?"

"Your Highness, she is a mentor from Deathfire Academy, Yan Di." Mingye's actions were very odd, which made Nock somewhat confused.

"Yan Di?" Mingye repeated, feeling that the name was so unfamiliar. The same was also true with the girl's appearance. There was no similar face in his memory, but somehow, Mingye felt that Shen Yanxiao gave him a very familiar feeling.

It was deep into his bones, like a sense of familiarity coming from his soul.

Mingye suddenly walked toward Shen Yanxiao. He grabbed her wrist and stared at her doubtfully.

"Have we met somewhere before?"

"..." Shen Yanxiao was speechless. Why did the way the prince questioned her sound so strange?

No matter how she looked at it, it sounded like an old-fashioned pick-up line.

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"I don't think so," Shen Yanxiao calmly said. The curse she had cast on Mingye before was a short-term control curse. After Mingye completed the task Shen Yanxiao gave him, this curse would completely disappear from his body. Even the Undead Lord would never notice the slightest abnormality.

When she was in the Dragon Cemetery, Shen Yanxiao remembered that Mingye had already carried out the resurrection technique. After he returned to the Howling Abyss, the curse technique hidden in his body should have disappeared.

Mingye should not remember her.

What was more, her appearance as an undead was quite different from her appearance as a human.

"No?" Mingye frowned slightly, looking somewhat distressed.

"Your Highness." Nock stared so hard that his eyeballs were about to fall out. He couldn't understand why Mingye suddenly became interested in an undead girl.

It must be known that after Nock determined that Shen Yanxiao belonged to Kehr's party, he had made up his mind to let the students of the Royal Academy start with Shen Yanxiao's Flaming Red Squad in this selection competition, ruthlessly stomping down on Kehr's ambition.

Mingye being so close to Shen Yanxiao at this time... This was not what Nock liked to see.

Mingye stared at Shen Yanxiao. After ensuring that there was no trace of deception in her eyes, he released his hand in disappointment.

“Sorry.” Mingye dropped an apology and turned to Nock.

“Mentor Nock, let’s go inside and talk.”

“All right.” Nock nodded. On the surface, he pretended to be casual, but he was secretly paying attention to Shen Yanxiao’s every move.

To avoid Mingye having too much contact with Shen Yanxiao, Nock directly took Mingye to his room and closed the door for a private talk.

Shen Yanxiao stood in the corridor and did not seem to have any abnormalities because she was suddenly hit on by the prince.

Instead, the Royal Academy students who followed Nock up looked at Shen Yanxiao with increasingly ambiguous eyes.

By the standards of undeads, Shen Yanxiao’s appearance was considered superior. Among undeads, even female undeads rarely had a fresh sense of vitality, but Shen Yanxiao exuded an aura that did not belong to normal undeads, which had a fatal attraction for them.

Even without looking at Shen Yanxiao’s identity, many teenagers in the Royal Academy had to admit that this undead girl, who looked younger than them, was really easy on the eyes.

Therefore...

Did Prince Mingye take a fancy to her?

The Royal Academy students looked more and more tangled. After all, Master Nock wanted them to teach the Flaming Red Squad a good lesson in the competition!

Chapter 2016: Selection Competition (7)

If they were to beat up the students of Prince Mingye’s sweetheart, their future...

The Royal Academy students were depressed.

After Zhanye and Shile finished complaining, they walked out of the room. And as soon as they came out, they saw a group of Royal Academy students staring at their boss with an almost constipated expression, which instantly made the two teenagers explode.

“What do you want?” Zhanye rushed to Shen Yanxiao in the first instant and protected her with his tall body.

Fengling, standing at the front, looked at the protective Zhanye with a tangled expression. His original arrogance was replaced by a sense of loss and depression.

Why was this simple-minded guy so nervous? Did he know that their mentor had just rejected His Highness' attempt to strike up a conversation?

"Let's go back." Fengling hesitated for a moment before taking all his companions away without any further explanation.

Zhanye and Shile looked at Fengling and others who suddenly "retreated", and for a moment they were confused.

"Boss, are they making things difficult for you?" Shile asked angrily.

Shen Yanxiao glanced at him and patted his shoulder.

"You're thinking too much. Go back, wash up and sleep."

With that said, Shen Yanxiao swaggered away.

Zhanye and Shile's minds were immediately filled by a row of question marks.

Shen Yanxiao strolled around the shops in Hidden Dream City. After knowing that Vermilion Bird and Xiu would arrive soon, she wanted to improve her strength even more.

Only by undoing the seal of her undead bloodline as soon as possible could she get rid of her current awkward situation.

As the central city of the Howling Abyss, dark nuclei were not a scarce resource. Shen Yanxiao, with her ability to steal, successfully bought a full ring of dark nuclei after gathering a large sum of bone coins.

However, there was one thing that bothered her.

Mingye's behavior when he saw her just now was really strange; it was as if he really remembered her.

Logically speaking, there should not be such a problem with her curses.

Could it be...

Was it the aftereffects of the accident in the Dragon Cemetery?

In the inn, Nock and Mingye sat in the room.

Mingye's expression was obviously absent-minded. His thoughts were still on Shen Yanxiao. He could not forget that familiar feeling.

"How is His Highness Mingye's health?" Nock, who had been waiting for Mingye to speak, could only take the lead to break the silent atmosphere.

Mingye withdrew his thoughts and looked at Nock, "Thank you, Mentor Nock, for your concern. I am much better now."

"Your Highness should also be careful. After all, the divine power left in your body is too strange. If it hadn't been for my Lord's suppression, I'm afraid it would have caused harm to your body again." Nock was still a little worried.

The self-healing ability of an undead was extremely strong, but there was only one power that would hinder their self-healing abilities.

That was the divine power of the God race!

Several months ago, Mingye was sent to the Hidden Dragon Continent to resurrect the high-level dragon corpses in the Dragon Cemetery. However, an accident happened when he tried to resurrect the dragon corpses. At the last moment of the resurrection process, a powerful divine power suddenly rushed into the array, causing it to intertwine with the death energy of the resurrection technique, which led to a huge explosion. The explosion mixed with divine power directly injured all the undeads present. If it were not for the power released by the Undead Lord in Mingye's body that transported all the undeads back to the Howling Abyss at the last moment, it wouldn't have just ended with some injuries.

Chapter 2017: Selection Competition (8)

Even so, a large number of undeads who were transported back to the Howling Abyss soon died. Mingye, who was in the center of the explosion at that time, was the most affected. The divine power had already invaded his body. If it were not for his father, the Undead Lord, personally suppressing it, Mingye would not have lived until now.

"Father... has already told me. I will be careful," Mingye said.

"The reason I came here is because my father asked me to consult Mentor Nock about the effects of a half-completed resurrection." Mingye frowned slightly. What happened in the Dragon Cemetery was a nightmare for him. Perhaps it was because of the explosion, but he was still a little confused about what happened that day.

"How far did His Highness' resurrection attempt in the Dragon Cemetery go?" Nock asked.

"The last step." Mingye vaguely remembered that at the end of the resurrection, he had seen the bones of dragons pouring out from the ground. If the process had just lasted a few seconds longer, those dragon corpses would have been completely resurrected.

"Well, I believe Your Highness' resurrection should have been successful." Nock said with a smile.

But Mingye was not at ease.

"But I don't sense the aura of those bone dragons."

After a purebred undead resurrected the dead, they would have a certain spiritual connection with the resurrected undead so that they could control them, but Mingye did not feel the spirit of those bone dragons at all.

"Well..." Nock was also a little confused.

It was reasonable to say that after the resurrection process had reached the last step, those bone dragons had been completely resurrected, but why did Mingye not feel anything?

“Could it be that the explosion destroyed them again?” Mingye hesitated for a long time before he revealed his speculation.

The explosion affected all the undeads in the Hidden Dragon Continent. Although there were many bone dragons in the Dragon Cemetery, it was hard to resist such a powerful explosion. What was more, divine power was the nemesis of undead creatures. It was that power that forced the Undead Lord to use the Death Transfer technique to teleport Mingye and the others back to the Howling Abyss in an instant. One could imagine how powerful the destructive force of the power was.

“Maybe.” Nock could only be settled with the guess. If those bone dragons were still alive, it was impossible for Mingye not to sense them. Only when they were dead would Mingye feel nothing.

Mingye’s mood was somewhat depressed. This task was given to him by his father, but he had screwed it up, which made him blame himself.

Seeing that Mingye’s expression was very bad, Nock said:

“My Lord intends to send troops to the Hidden Dragon Continent again to take a look. Once that is done, it will finally be clear. Your Highness, you don’t have to worry too much.”

The undeads had spent too much time in the Hidden Dragon Continent to give up just like that. The Undead Lord was ready to send out another contingent of undead soldiers to the Hidden Dragon Continent to settle a few things out. First, they had to contact Long Yan again to continue their cooperation. Second, the bone dragons in the Dragon Cemetery were extremely tempting to the undeads. The Undead Lord would not give up until he saw them with his own eyes.

Mingye nodded his head.

“The soldiers selected by Father have boarded the ship to the Hidden Dragon Continent. I believe there will be news soon.”

Mingye and Nock did not know that the skeleton ship carrying the soldiers they were just talking about had already collided with some great masters who went to the Howling Abyss to find people. Now, the whole ship of undeads had already sunk to the bottom of the sea and were feeding the fish...

Chapter 2018: Meeting (1)

The selection competition finally began. All the teams from all the academies in the Howling Abyss began the first day of the competition.

Shen Yanxiao did not spectate the match.

In the evening, the members of the Flaming Red Squad returned with the news of victory.

There were no surprises in this victory. The returning teenagers chatted for a while before they went to rest.

The entire preselection would take about a week. After seven days, eight teams would be selected for the final round.

Kehr took the time to check on the teenagers of the Flaming Red Squad, asked them some questions, and then left. The whole Flaming Red Squad was in a very good state. Kehr was confident that he could see them in the final round.

News of victory continuously spread between the two teams in the inn. The students of the Flaming Red Squad and the Royal Academy were already secretly competing with each other. No one was willing to lose here.

The waves under the calm sea surged like the tide, making all the contestants full of energy.

As the leader of the Flaming Red Squad, Shen Yanxiao became more and more nervous.

One day, two days, three days. Shen Yanxiao stayed in her room and constantly trained, constantly calculating the passage of time.

When the first ray of sunlight shone on the ground on the fifth morning, Shen Yanxiao suddenly jumped out of bed.

She could not sleep all night.

“Taotie.” Shen Yanxiao stood by the window and looked at the scenery outside before summoning Taotie.

Taotie appeared and looked up at Shen Yanxiao.

“Are they... here?” Shen Yanxiao’s voice was a little dry.

Taotie opened his mouth and whispered, “Yes.”

Shen Yanxiao’s breathing froze. Her entire body was stiff as if struck by an electric current, and her mind was blank.

Shen Yanxiao opened the window and felt the cool breeze in the morning.

Her breathing became more and more difficult. She stared at everything outside the window, trying to find something.

A slight sound came from behind her.

Shen Yanxiao’s body immediately stiffened.

“Xiaoxiao.”

A familiar voice sounded behind her. Shen Yanxiao suddenly turned around and the face that had appeared several times in her dreams finally appeared before her eyes.

“Xiu...” Shen Yanxiao’s voice trembled. She had always thought of herself as a calm person, but at that moment, she could no longer remain calm.

Xiu stood at the door. His handsome face had not changed in the slightest, but his golden eyes were no longer cold.

Xiu walked towards Shen Yanxiao step by step. He opened his arms, wanting to embrace the person he missed dearly.

However, just as Xiu was about to touch Shen Yanxiao, a trace of light flickered between the two of them. Immediately after, Shen Yanxiao's body seemed to have been electrocuted as she felt waves of pain.

Xiu's hands froze in mid-air.

The Dragon God, who had been standing at the door, immediately stepped forward and pulled Xiu's arm.

"She's an undead now. Your power... She can't bear it." The Dragon God frowned. It was impossible for Xiu not to know this. His eagerness to hug Shen Yanxiao was clearly because his yearning for her had been suppressed for too long, and his actions were no longer under the control of reason.

Xiu's eyebrows wrinkled slightly. Looking at Shen Yanxiao, who was only one step away, and looking at her face that was slightly wrinkled due to pain, his heart seemed to be broken.

He was so close, but he could not embrace her.

His approach was harmful to her.

"Xiu?" After the pain faded, Shen Yanxiao raised her head hesitantly.

Chapter 2019: Meeting (2)

"Don't be afraid, I'm here." Xiu's voice was very soft, as if he was afraid of scaring Shen Yanxiao.

Shen Yanxiao bit her lips. The pain just now came so suddenly. She had heard the words of the Dragon God, so she knew that right now she could not get close to Xiu.

The divine power of the God race was the nemesis of the Undead race. Even though Xiu had tried his best to suppress his power, just the mere existence of a god was enough to injure an undead. What was more, Xiu was the War God, second only to the Lord God. How powerful was he? Even an undead could not approach him.

"Master..." Vermilion Bird slowly walked out from behind Xiu. He wanted to pounce into Shen Yanxiao's arms, but what happened just now made him afraid to move forward.

Would his power also bring pain to Shen Yanxiao?

"Vermilion Bird," Xiu suddenly said.

"Yes."

"Go ahead, you can."

Vermilion Bird was stunned. He hesitated for a moment before he slowly walked towards Shen Yanxiao. Shen Yanxiao looked at the cautious Vermilion Bird and felt sad.

Vermilion Bird stood by Shen Yanxiao's side and hesitated for a long time before he slowly stretched out his small hand and hesitantly grabbed Shen Yanxiao's pinkie. At the same time, he raised his head and observed Shen Yanxiao's expression. As long as Shen Yanxiao felt any pain, he would immediately leave her side.

Vermilion Bird's eyes reflected Shen Yanxiao's smiling face. At that moment, Vermilion Bird finally let go and woke up. He fell into Shen Yanxiao's arms and burst into tears.

"How could you do this? How could you do this? Why did you abandon me again? You're a big liar." A sobbing voice echoed in the room. Shen Yanxiao could only hug Vermilion Bird tightly to express her apology.

If she had a choice, she never wanted to leave their side.

After several months of separation, she had suffered greatly.

Taotie stood on one side, his eyes slightly red. Compared with Vermilion Bird, he was lucky. Because of the dark elements, he had been staying by Shen Yanxiao's side.

"Lord Xiu, the undeads, they..." Taotie wiped his nose and tried to look calm.

Would such a big movement alarm the undeads in the inn?

Xiu shook his head.

"Boundary."

The moment they entered the room, Xiu had already wrapped the entire room with a barrier.

Vermilion Bird cried for a long time until his throat was completely hoarse before he fell asleep in Shen Yanxiao's arms.

Shen Yanxiao sat on the bed with Vermilion Bird in her arms, her gaze never leaving Xiu.

"Why did you suddenly come here? Won't the undeads here find you?" Shen Yanxiao asked.

Xiu shook his head.

The Dragon God looked at Xiu and took a breath before he said, "He couldn't wait to see you so he made me fly day and night." The mighty Dragon God was being used as a means of transportation by a certain someone. The Dragon God even wanted to die. What was more tragic was that he could not beat him and could only be enslaved all the time without any chance to resist.

Xiu lightly said, "The matter of the Hidden Dragon Continent has been resolved. I estimate that the seal on your body should be completely undone soon."

Therefore...

He came to pick her up.

Shen Yanxiao pursed her lips and pretended to be relaxed. "Have the dragons stabilized? What happened after I left?"

Xiu looked at the Dragon God, who sighed in resignation.

Did he have to be so reserved? Would it kill him to tell her personally?

He was still a superior god, after all. Could you not use him as your attendant?

Chapter 2020: Meeting (3)

“Long Yan has been killed by the War God. His subordinates are now leaderless, and we have all subdued them. Right now, the Hidden Dragon Continent is peaceful.” The Dragon God wanted to cry. He was the boss of the Dragon race, but now there was Xiu, so he could only be reduced to a follower.

“What exactly happened that day?” Shen Yanxiao was relieved to know that the dragons were fine.

The Dragon God asked, “You don’t know?”

Shen Yanxiao shook her head.

The way the Dragon God looked at Shen Yanxiao became more and more strange.

“That day, the resurrection of those bone dragons had reached the final stage. It can be said that their resurrection was successful. Hundreds of thousands of high-level dragons in the Dragon Cemetery were all resurrected.” The Dragon God’s eyes could not help but show some sadness. In the battle between gods and devils, he was the first to die in battle. He did not know how tragic the subsequent battles were. It was not until he saw the resurrected dragons in the Dragon Cemetery that he realized what he had missed.

It was an extremely tragic battle. Countless high-level dragons of the Dragon race were killed or injured. Countless dragons were crushed in the war. Countless skeletons piled up and were buried everywhere in the world. After the battle ended, the few lucky dragons carried some of their comrades’ skeletons back to the Hidden Dragon Continent and buried them in the Dragon Cemetery. Most of them would stay in the battlefield forever.

Even so, there were still an astonishing number of skeletons in the Dragon Cemetery. Hundreds of thousands of high-level dragon skeletons had been resurrected, filling the entire cemetery.

The appearance of hundreds of thousands of high-level bone dragons was a terrifying number that Shen Yanxiao could not imagine.

“Has the plan of the undeads succeeded?” Shen Yanxiao was somewhat disappointed.

She had worked hard to stop their plan for so long, but all her efforts were in vain at the last moment. If she had held on until the end, if the blood of the undead in her body had not awakened at that time, she could still control Mingye and ruin their resurrection plan.

But now...

Shen Yanxiao did not know how to express her disappointment.

The Dragon God hesitated for a moment before he said, "In a sense, it was a success, but it was not complete."

"What do you mean?" Shen Yanxiao was surprised.

"Do you know what happened when your undead bloodline awakened?"

Shen Yanxiao shook her head. At that time, she fell into a coma and did not know what happened after that.

The Dragon God sighed.

"The dragons in the Dragon Cemetery have all become bone dragons, but... they retain their consciousness from when they were alive. They have been truly resurrected, resurrected with the soul of a dragon, not as puppets of the Undead race!"

"How could this be?" Shen Yanxiao looked at the Dragon God in surprise. The reason why she had always wanted to destroy the resurrection plan of the Undead race was because she was worried that the bone dragons would become puppets of the Undead race. But now, the Dragon God told her that although those dragons had been resurrected, they... were resurrected with their original soul.

This was equivalent to rebirth!

They had their own souls, but they had lost their flesh and blood. They were no longer vulnerable to anything.

This was a rebirth! A real rebirth!

But...

The resurrection spell of the Undead race would never recover the original soul of a dragon.

The Dragon God stared at Shen Yanxiao, took a deep breath and said, "Because it's not the undead who resurrected them, but you."