

The Good 1781

Chapter 1781 Can You Act Like A Dragon A Bit (7)

As Shen Yanxiao advanced towards the central region of the Hidden Dragon Continent, a bloodbath ensued.

Along the way, Vermilion Bird and Taotie who had transformed into dragons had become the targets of the undeads here. Wave after wave of undeads surged forth.

From the first thousand man army to the last five thousand, countless undeads had used their lives to confirm a fact.

These two mutant dragons were simply their nightmare!

After encountering the mutant earth dragon and the mutant red dragon, all the undeads were over the moon. All of them roared and wanted to capture them, but the result was tragic.

Their attacks were merely tickles for that earth dragon. After their diligent efforts, all they could do was merely to leave a few scratches on its tough scales...

In order to leave a scratch on the mutant earth dragon, they had sent countless undeads into its stomach.

Not to mention capturing them, it was already considered lucky to have escaped alive.

To try to steal a chicken only to end up losing the rice used to lure it was a true example of what was happening here.

Even so, the undeads were getting more and more interested in the two mutant dragons.

Disregarding the level of the earth dragon and the red dragon, either one of them was comparable to a six-winged silver dragon!

This powerful force was undoubtedly a huge temptation for the undeads. Ultimately, they organized nearly ten thousand undeads and began to encircle and suppress the two mutant dragons.

However, what made them vomit blood was that every time they encountered these two dragons, they would be beaten up.

Just as they sacrificed countless comrades and finally surrounded the enemy, the two mutant dragons would suddenly disappear without a trace.

Disappearing out of nowhere right under the noses of ten thousand undeads was simply driving them crazy!

What made them want to vomit blood was that not long after they lost sight of the two mutant dragons, they would suddenly appear somewhere and attack the scattered undeads everywhere, causing them to complain incessantly.

And once they chased after them again, the two mutant dragons would disappear into thin air just like before.

For a moment, the undeads began to chase after the two mutant dragons. But every time they found them, they would disappear.

The undeads were furious!

Do you dare to come out and fight! Can you be more like a man! Can you be more like a dragon!

What's with you two playing guerrilla warfare with us all day long?

Can't you just give us a quick death?

While the undeads wept without tears, someone was having a good time.

Every time she brought the two cute guys to cause trouble for the undeads, she would immediately summon Taotie and Vermilion Bird back into her body once they were in any sort of danger. She would not leave any opportunities for the undeads.

At that moment, Shen Yanxiao's evil heart was pushed to the extreme.

On the way, she also destroyed several groups of undeads transporting dragons and released all the captured dragons.

Shen Yanxiao was having a great time, but the undead side was in chaos.

In the central region of the Hidden Dragon Continent, a tall undead in silver-gray armor was glaring at the group of high-level undeads kneeling before him with an ashen expression.

"Tell me, what exactly is going on!" The tall undead roared in anger and a strong aura of death engulfed every single one of them.

These high-level undeads who were usually regarded as high and mighty in the eyes of the low-level undead were like frightened quails in front of this tall undead as they trembled incessantly.

Chapter 1782 Can You Act Like A Dragon A Bit (8)

Someone that could make all these high-level undeads so fearful must be the highest-level expert sent to the Hidden Dragon Continent to cooperate with Long Yan, the commander-in-chief of the undead army, General Sal.

Among the undeads, there was a strict division of ranks.

High-level undeads were naturally born in the world of the undead. They possessed the strongest death aura and could resurrect the dead and turn them into undead creatures.

Majority of low-level undeads were resurrected by these high-level undeads using resurrection curses. Their death aura was not strong, and as they were resurrected after their death, low-level undeads were quite slow-witted.

For undeads, high-level undead were the only purebred undeads.

As for the low and intermediate-level undead, they were merely appendages that they had extended.

The true core of the undead race was the high-level undeads.

Sal was a high-level undead and his death aura was very strong among his level. Undead creatures that he resurrected would often be more powerful than other high-level undead.

He was directly under the jurisdiction of the Lord of the Undead and controlled an army of millions of undeads.

This time, the undeads cooperated with Long Yan and dispatched a million undead army. All the undeads in the Hidden Dragon Continent listened to Sal's orders.

In the face of Sal's fury, the high-level undeads broke out in cold sweat.

"We don't know where those two mutant dragons came from..." One of the high-level undead spoke in a trembling voice.

"You don't know?" Sal snorted.

Zela knelt on one side and felt chills all over his body. He was the first high-level undead to encounter the two mutant dragons and the news about them had also spread out from his mouth. At first, he only wanted to snatch credit, but he did not expect the two mutant dragons to bring them so much trouble.

A large number of undeads had already died, and many of the teams transporting carriages of dragons had been attacked, causing them to lose more than a hundred dragons.

What was even more depressing was that they were still unable to determine the whereabouts of those two mutant dragons and the number of undeads under their command was continuously decreasing.

This situation had directly alerted Sal, the commander-in-chief of the undead army in the Hidden Dragon Continent. Sal gathered all the high-level undead and fiercely lectured them.

"Then... those two mutant dragons seem to be deliberately opposing us. They would always attack at the right time and run away after the fight. We... We really can't capture them." Zela secretly wiped his cold sweat and carefully explained.

Sal narrowed his eyes. Even in terms of human aesthetic standards, Sal was considered very handsome. However, there was a trace of creepiness in his handsomeness. His grayish-white skin made people feel very terrified. "Oppose us? Tell me, other than those dragons under Long Yan, which dragon in the Hidden Dragon Continent would not oppose us?" Sal sneered.

Zela swallowed his saliva and kept silent.

"This incident is simply a farce. We have lost nearly twenty thousand soldiers, but we have yet to capture those two dragons. You are a group of good-for-nothings! Now, listen up You don't have to interfere with those two mutant dragons any longer." Sal frowned. They had wasted too much energy on those two dragons. Not only was it consuming their strength, but it was also delaying their plans.

"General Sal, Lord Long Yan requests an audience!" An undead guard suddenly came to report.

Chapter 1783 Hypocrite Cooperation (1)

Just as he finished speaking, a tall man in golden robes walked in. He had an extremely handsome appearance and his pair of light golden eyes carried a sinister glint that made people uncomfortable.

The appearance of eight-winged golden dragons had always been extremely outstanding. Coupled with a tall and strong physique, he was just like a god of war. However, the sinister glint between his brows ruined his resolute image, which would indirectly cause people to be on guard against him.

“Long Yan.” Sal stood up. The relationship between the undeads and Long Yan had always been close, and the corresponding etiquette could not be lacking.

Long Yan slightly nodded and with a superior posture, he swept a glance at the high-level undeads kneeling before him and a trace of disdain flashed past his eyes.

Even though he colluded with undeads, he was still a proud dragon deep down. For his plans, he had no choice but to cooperate with them, but that did not mean he would see them in a new light.

“I heard that you have encountered some trouble.” Long Yan arrogantly sat on a chair and raised his eyebrows as he looked at Sal who had a taut expression.

Sal said, “It’s not much trouble. It’s just two mutant dragons. But I’m curious. There are still dragons among you that can fight above their level? I thought only Long Shi was capable of doing this in the entire Dragon race. It seems like we have underestimated the Dragon race.” Long Shi was a six-winged silver dragon, but he could contend against an eight-winged golden dragon. He had always been a legend in the Hidden Dragon Continent.

Long Yan sneered and said, “So what if he is Long Shi? Even if he has the strength to contend against an eight-winged golden dragon, he is merely a silver dragon in the end. A silver dragon is a silver dragon and he will never become a real golden dragon. He can only crawl under the feet of the golden dragon.”

Long Shi had always been a thorn in Long Yan’s heart. As Long Huang’s younger brother, he had been in contact with Long Shi before he left the territory.

It had to be said that Long Shi’s strength was enough to intimidate many eight-winged golden dragons. Long Yan and Long Shi had sparred many times which all ended up in a draw.

However, for an eight-winged golden dragon, a draw against a six-winged silver dragon represented his loss.

How could Sal not know Long Yan’s thoughts? He merely wanted to find out some secrets about the Dragon race from Long Yan. Even though they were in a cooperative relationship, they did not share many important secrets.

It was just like how Long Yan obtained the map of the Dragon King’s Decree after he occupied the territory of the Dragon Emperor. However, no dragon or undead had seen what the map looked like other than him. Long Yan did not trust anyone, and he would never mention the Dragon King’s Decree in front of any undead.

Sal naturally would not ask for a rebuff. Long Yan wanted to use the Dragon King’s Decree to dominate the entire Hidden Dragon Continent, and that had nothing to do with them. What they wanted was the corpses of the dead dragons to build their own bone dragon army.

Both of them benefited from each other’s needs. It could be considered as a harmonious relationship.

“However, I’ve never heard of the two dragons you encountered. No matter how powerful they are, they are only at the level of an earth dragon and a red dragon. Even Long Shi cannot compete with a powerful golden dragon. Those two dragons are nothing.” Long Yan said rather arrogantly. The undeads had suffered losses in the hands of those two dragons. In his opinion, it was because the undeads were too weak that they were defeated by a mere earth dragon and a worthless red dragon.

Chapter 1784 Hypocrite Cooperation (2)

The dragons believed in strength. In the eyes of the dragons, with the exception of the God race and the Devil race, all other races were weak. After the fall of the God race and the retreat of the Devil race, the Dragon race had become the most powerful race in the world.

Even Long Yan was convinced of that.

Cooperating with the undeads was merely to help him reclaim everything that should have belonged to him. These weaker races could never defeat the powerful dragons.

Long Yan’s arrogance and complacency were not concealed in the slightest. His sense of superiority made this group of high-level undead in the room feel disdain.

Did he honestly think he was invincible?

If not for the fact that this idiot was the only dragon that accepted cooperation with undeads, why would they choose him as their ally?

It had to be said that since Long Yan started cooperating with undeads, they had been bullied by him.

This eight-winged golden dragon had an arrogant appearance all day long and looked down on undeads. Even their commander, Sal, could not obtain Long Yan’s respect, which made the undeads hate him.

However, they still had to make use of Long Yan and could not fall out with him for the time being.

Sal’s eyes turned cold as he secretly suppressed his displeasure. “You’re right. I’ve ordered them not to care about those two clowns for the time being. I believe those two dragons will not ignore your reputation and rashly intrude into your territory,” Sal said with a fake smile. Sal’s words caused Long Yan’s expression to slightly change. Who did not know that the two dragons were currently active in the central region of the Hidden Dragon Continent? This was Long Yan’s territory. It was not that the two dragons would not ignore Long Yan, but they had completely disregarded him. They had already openly caused trouble in Long Yan’s territory, and that was tantamount to slapping Long Yan’s face.

The undeads were prepared to capture the two dragons, so they naturally would not tell Long Yan about this. Long Yan had an attitude of ‘I am the best in the world’, and he did not realize that the other party had already started to cause trouble on his territory.

But right now, Sal had inadvertently exposed that layer of paper and bluntly threw the disrespect of those two dragons in front of Long Yan’s face.

Look, you think you have control over half of the Hidden Dragon Continent, but aren’t there still dragons that dare to come to your territory and bombard it? They are clearly not treating you like a dish!

Long Yan's expression became uglier and uglier. As the highest-level eight-winged golden dragon of the Dragon race, he wanted to make a joke out of this group of lowly undeads!

"I will naturally resolve this matter. Since they dared to cause trouble in my territory, I will not let them off easily," Long Yan coldly said.

"I don't think that's a good idea... The opponents are just two little dragons, so why do you have to do it yourself?" Sal's expression was solemn, but a malicious smile flickered in his eyes.

Did he really think those two dragons were easy to deal with?

If that was the case, his subordinates would not have suffered such a huge loss.

Didn't Long Yan always think of himself as strong? Then let him have a good time.

In any case, whether they won or lost, there was no loss for them.

If Long Yan could kill those two dragons, they could naturally take over their corpses. After they resurrected, they would strengthen their army of bone dragons.

Even though the undeads had suffered a lot in the hands of those two dragons, Sal also had strong thoughts about them.

Chapter 1785: Hypocrite Collaboration (3)

The powerful Dragon race would cause him a headache if they were his opponent. However, if they were to become his slaves, it would be a nightmare for his opponent.

Sal would naturally be happy if Long Yan could subdue those two dragons.

"Don't tell me you're here today for those two dragons?" Sal looked at Long Yan. He had not been in frequent contact with Long Yan, and it was impossible that Long Yan had come here just for the two mutant dragons.

Long Yan calmed himself down and took a deep breath. "I want you to send more undeads to attack the North."

"What?" Sal was stunned. The northern region was occupied by the other dragons of the continent. Their continuous expansion of their territory had forced those dragons into the northern region. Even though the northern region was only one-fifth of the territory of the Hidden Dragon Continent, the dragons there were densely populated. It could be said that eighty percent of the dragons in the continent were hiding there.

Long Yan suddenly wanted them to attack the North? That was too much.

"I have already sent people to search everywhere, but they are still unable to locate that little bastard. I believe he must have escaped to the North. I want you to attack the North not for those dragons, but to capture that little bastard." A trace of ruthlessness flashed past Long Yan's eyes.

The little golden dragon was his brother's only bloodline.

After he occupied Long Huang's territory and forced Long Miao to her death, he had never stopped his pursuit of the little golden dragon.

However, not long ago, he suddenly lost track of the little golden dragon and that made him feel uneasy.

Sal frowned. The undeads had resurrected many bone dragons in the Hidden Dragon Continent, but the number of dragons in the north was still very large. If they were to fight, the bone dragons in his hands would be reduced greatly.

"Didn't my lord give you the magical weapon? Why can't we find the little golden dragon?" Sal was not willing to attack the north at this moment.

The magical weapon could lock onto devil energy, and Long Yan had been using this method to locate the little golden dragon.

Long Yan shook his head.

"I've said it before, the magical weapon can no longer locate that little bastard. I have to find him as soon as possible and kill him. Only then can I feel at ease." Long Yan was deeply fearful of his brother's only bloodline.

Long Yan could only look up to Long Huang's strength. If he had not received the news that the Dragon Emperor had died in the Brilliance Continent, he would not have dared to join hands with the undeads to rebel.

"Why are you so persistent? That little golden dragon is congenitally deficient and he has suffered from a large amount of devil energy from his mother's body. Even if you don't kill him, it is impossible for him to grow into an eight-winged golden dragon. Why do you have to mobilize everyone for that piece of trash? Even though the dragons in the North are fearful of us, if we force them into a dead end, we might end up in a fight to the death." Sal tried his best to persuade Long Yan.

However, Long Yan's attitude was very firm.

"No! I will not be at ease until I see that bastard's corpse. Sal, I know your concerns. I promise you that as long as we can successfully take down the northern region, I will send all the eight-winged golden dragons in the Hidden Dragon Continent with the exception of me to you. I will let you form a powerful eight-winged bone dragon team, and I will offer them to you with both hands, including Long Shi." In order to eliminate the little golden dragon, Long Yan resorted to every means possible.

Chapter 1786: Hypocrite Cooperation (4)

Sal looked at Long Yan in surprise.

Long Yan was willing to give them all corpses of the eight-winged golden dragons?

God knew how powerful an eight-winged golden dragon was. Sal had been in the Hidden Dragon Continent for more than a thousand years, but the number of resurrected eight-winged golden dragons could be counted on one hand. However, every single one of those resurrected eight-winged bone dragons was shockingly powerful.

There were at least dozens of eight-winged golden dragons in the North. If he could turn all of them into bone dragons...

Sal was tempted. How could he possibly sit still in the face of such enticing benefits?

This would be a huge step to expand the army of bone dragons.

Long Yan was ruthless. In order to occupy the entire Hidden Dragon Continent, he did not hesitate to destroy all the eight-winged golden dragons with the exception of himself.

Even the most crafty human might not be capable of such a massacre.

“Alright, I promise you.” In the end, Sal could not resist the temptation and agreed to Long Yan’s suggestion.

“However, the consumption this time will be huge and the number of bone dragons we have is limited...” Sal pointed out.

Long Yan gritted his teeth. “I will take you to the Dragon Cemetery.”

It was rumored that every high-level dragon would quietly leave before they died and head towards a place that no one else knew about while quietly waiting for their death.

That place was called the Dragon Cemetery, and it was the burial ground of high-level dragons throughout history.

Other than high-level dragons, no one knew where the Dragon Cemetery was.

Sal had always wanted to get the location of the Dragon Cemetery from Long Yan, but he was exceptionally stubborn and refused to tell him.

That had always been Sal’s regret.

There were countless high-level dragon corpses in the Dragon Cemetery. Even though the skeletons of the dragons that had been dead for tens of thousands of years had deteriorated over time, the skeletons of the dragons that had died in the past ten thousand years could still be resurrected!

It would be the holy land for the undead!

Sal smiled. His sinister eyes sparkled with greed.

Long Yan’s actions were tantamount to seeking his own death. They had cooperated with Long Yan merely to increase their strength, but right now, Long Yan had delivered all his cards to them.

Once the northern region was breached, all the eight-winged golden dragons except Long Yan would become their slaves and their most loyal followers.

When that time comes...

Sal’s chilly gaze swept across Long Yan without a trace and a cruel smile blossomed on his lips.

At that time, Long Yan would be useless.

As long as all the eight-winged golden dragons in the Hidden Dragon Continent died and the undeads controlled the eight-winged bone dragons, then the destruction of the dragons would be imminent.

Long Yan did not think of that, and Sal would not remind him.

“If that’s the case, then that would be great. After we reorganize, we will slaughter the dragons in the North, kill those dragons that have designs on you, and then kill that little golden dragon.” Sal’s smile was exceptionally brilliant.

Long Yan had no idea that he had sold out the entire Dragon race. He only wanted to occupy the entire Hidden Dragon Continent and become the king of all the dragons in the world.

So what if the eight-winged golden dragon was dead? As long as he could find the Dragon King’s Decree and obtain the power of the Dragon God, he could still rule the entire Hidden Dragon Continent even without the assistance of the eight-winged golden dragons!

Even if you beat Long Yan to death, he would never expect that the lowly undeads who were not worth mentioning in his eyes had started to conspire to destroy the entire Dragon race.

Chapter 1787: Daring Skills (1)

Long Yan’s scheme of seeking his own death and the scheme of the undead were carried out in secret.

As for Shen Yanxiao, she had been causing trouble everywhere with Vermilion Bird and Taotie during this period of time. She had eliminated countless undeads and rescued hundreds of dragons.

Fortunately, Shen Yanxiao had prepared a large number of potions for this trip to the Hidden Dragon Continent. Otherwise, just distributing the potions to these dragons would be a huge waste.

Other than potions, Shen Yanxiao also prepared many medicinal ingredients for emergencies.

She had concocted as many potions as she could at a hidden location. During this period of time, she had been wreaking havoc as she traveled, so the number of potions in her interspatial ring had been increasing instead of decreasing.

“I haven’t seen any undead for several days in a row. It’s so lonely these days.” Shen Yanxiao laid on a tree branch and leisurely swayed her slender legs.

Vermilion Bird and Taotie sat at the end of the tree branch and speechlessly looked at their master who liked to cause trouble.

They had just recovered from the effects of the disguise potion and regained their original appearance. Taotie even held on to his hands and looked at them for a long time.

Shen Yanxiao and the rest had already entered the central region. Undeads and dragons could be seen everywhere, but Shen Yanxiao did not ask Vermilion Bird and Taotie to cause trouble again.

If they were to fall into a bitter fight here, it would probably attract a large number of undeads and dragons.

Her goal was to steal the map of the Dragon King’s Decree, not to fight to the death with the undeads. Another problem was that...

There were not many grandmaster disguise potions left in her interspatial ring...

The potion required to disguise a mythical beast and a holy beast was too much. Shen Yanxiao was only a Great Herbalist and all the potions she had were concocted by her teacher, Ye Qing.

The effect of a Great Herbalist's disguise potion on Vermilion Bird and Taotie was very short. Shen Yanxiao had tried several times and dozens of bottles of Great Herbalist's potion could only allow the two idiots to maintain their disguise for about ten minutes. The difference between that and the effect of a Grandmaster Herbalist potion was too huge.

If she wanted Vermilion Bird and the rest to maintain their disguise for a long time, she would have to consume hundreds of bottles of Great Herbalist's disguise potion. No matter how relaxed Shen Yanxiao was, she did not have the time to prepare so many potions.

Since she had reached her destination, she would not let the undeads cry for their parents.

Shen Yanxiao did not know that while she asked Vermilion Bird and Taotie not to cause trouble because she did not have many grandmaster disguise potions left, Long Yan had dispatched a large number of dragons to search for the two mutant dragons in the central region.

Unfortunately, even if they turned the entire central region upside down, they could not find their target.

"There are many undeads here. Taotie and I can't go any closer. Have you made up your mind?" Vermilion Bird shot a glance at Shen Yanxiao, who looked so relaxed that it made him want to vomit blood. She did not look like she was on a mission at all. Looking at her cocky appearance, she looked like she was on a vacation.

"I will take care of the rest. You and Taotie, stay in my body for now." Shen Yanxiao shrugged her shoulders. After they arrived at their destination, it would be time for her to perform.

Everything along the way was merely an impromptu performance.

"You're honestly not worried at all..." Vermilion Bird was speechless. Shen Yanxiao had always been bold and this time, she snuck into the gathering place of Long Yan and the undeads by herself. This was honestly not something ordinary people could handle.

"There's nothing to worry about. There's nothing in this world that I can't steal." Shen Yanxiao smiled.

Chapter 1788: Daring Skills (2)

Summoning Vermilion Bird and Taotie back into her body, Shen Yanxiao put on her cloak and soundlessly slipped under the tree.

In front of her was a dense area like a city, with an endless stream of undead coming and going. From time to time, she would see a few dragons in human form walking around.

Clearly, this was a city where undeads resided in the Hidden Dragon Continent. In order to express his sincerity, Long Yan ordered his dragons to build a good city for the undeads.

The central territory of Long Yan was right beside the city of the undeads. Thus, it was very convenient for them to communicate with each other.

Shen Yanxiao wore the cloak of an undead and checked the Moonlight Necklace on her neck. After ensuring that nothing was wrong, she lowered her head and walked towards the city with her face under the wide brim of her hat.

Shen Yanxiao's figure was very petite and was very similar to many low-level undeads. When a few low-level undeads that came out from the city brushed past Shen Yanxiao, they did not notice any abnormalities and directly walked past her.

Undeads did not have a high perception of aura, especially low-level ones that were similar to ordinary humans. If it was a powerful dragon's might, they might be able to detect it. However, how could they possibly sense if an 'undead' that had no aura and dressed up similar to them passed by them?

The death aura of the low-level undead was very thin. In the gathering place of undeads, the air was suffused with a strong death aura. Surrounded by this death aura, Shen Yanxiao did not have any aura and naturally, the other undeads would regard her as one of their kind that was radiating death aura.

For example, in a place with a strong smell, it was the same whether you could emit this scent or not. In any case, this scent was everywhere and as long as no other scent appeared, no one would notice it.

The concealment of her aura was almost perfect. Shen Yanxiao curled her lips into a smile. She tried to raise her head and expose her appearance to the undeads.

The eyes of a few undeads swept across Shen Yanxiao's face with a trace of disdain. They did not conceal their discrimination against the weak.

Shen Yanxiao touched her nose. She had undergone some changes to her appearance. Other than turning her skin into the color of an undead, her facial features had also undergone huge changes.

Her devastatingly beautiful facial features had been replaced by an unassuming appearance. The unique thinness of the undead made Shen Yanxiao's originally petite face appear even thinner. Coupled with her physique, she looked like an ordinary low-level undead.

A low-level undead like her would not attract anyone's attention no matter where she was placed.

At most, it would attract some disdain from undeads.

After ensuring that she would not be detected, Shen Yanxiao relaxed. Her target was Long Yan, but she could not disguise herself as a dragon.

Moreover, a dragon that could transform into their human form had to be at least a high-level dragon like a four-winged red dragon.

There were only a few high-level dragons under Long Yan. If she were to rashly disguise herself, she would immediately be discovered by other dragons.

On the contrary, due to the large number of undeads, no one would know there was a female human among them

Under the perfect disguise, Shen Yanxiao began to carefully examine the city.

Chapter 1789: Daring Skills (3)

The architecture here was very similar to human cities. Shen Yanxiao even saw shops similar to human shops.

Shen Yanxiao strolled around the city of the undead with the mindset of looking at something new.

She had to admit that she was shocked by what she saw!

The way undeads lived was exactly the same as humans.

There was no lack of clothing, food, shelter, and transportation. However, all the shops selling clothes sold black and gray long robes, as well as the iconic big black cloak.

Shen Yanxiao was curious. Why was there an inn in the city of the undead?

Undeads did not trade in the gold coins of human society, but bone coins.

As the name implies, it was money made from bones.

On it was an extremely hideous skull.

While Shen Yanxiao was observing the lives of the undead, a commotion broke out among a group of undeads.

Shen Yanxiao dashed over like a cat and squeezed into the crowd of low-level undeads. Among the undeads, three high-level undead were entangled together.

Two of them seemed to have an irreconcilable grudge as they fought to the death while the other high-level undead tried hard to pull his two companions away.

“Uther, enough is enough!” One of the high-level undead barely managed to dodge the opponent’s fist, and the scratches on his pale face were obvious.

Shen Yanxiao was delighted when she saw it.

Enemies were bound to meet on a narrow road. Wasn’t this the high-level undead she brought Vermilion Bird and Taotie to cause trouble for the first time?

The high-level undead named Uther was clearly taller than Zela by a head. He had a strong physique and looked just like a stone wall. He angrily glared at Zela who was beaten up miserably. If it were not for the other high-level undead behind him hugging his waist, he would have pounced on him.

“Zela! You bastard! If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have lost so many subordinates. You bitch! I knew it. You’re not that kind-hearted!” Uther waved his fist, wishing he could swallow Zela alive.

Even though Zela was a high-level undead, he was not that strong among them. At the very least, when facing the strong Uther, he could only passively take a beating.

“Uther, it’s not like what you said. When I told you that there were two mutant dragons, who was the one who led troops with boiling blood to capture them? I was kind enough to tell you their location, but

you were incapable of capturing them. Instead, you're blaming me now." Zela was furious from the beating, but he did not dare to fight Uther. He could only take a step back and shout.

Uther and Zela were both high-level undeads, and they had led teams to the Hidden Dragon Continent to search for dragons. After Zela encountered two mutant dragons and escaped, the first one he encountered was Uther.

The relationship between the two sides was not good. Uther was powerful and was favored by Sal, which made Zela jealous. Therefore, when he met Uther, Zela exaggerated the fact that he had encountered two mutant dragons and encouraged Uther to lead his troops to chase after him. Uther went with joy, but he was beaten up badly. Half of his undead subordinates were killed, and even the dragons he captured were lost.

Uther hated Zela who harbored evil intentions to death. So, the moment he came out from Sal's room, Uther gave Zela a beating.

Chapter 1790: You Can Call Me Master (1)

"How dare you say that! What did you tell me at that time? Did you tell me that the mutant earth dragon would eat undeads? Did you tell me that the red dragon would rain fire on us? How dare you quibble? I'll tear your bones apart today!" Uther was so furious that he wished he could tear Zela into pieces.

The encirclement and suppression of the two mutant dragons had caused him to suffer heavy losses, and Sal had even criticized him.

Uther was not an idiot. If Zela had explained the situation of those two mutant dragons from the start, he would not have run to his death so rashly.

Wasn't Zela concealing the truth to pull him into the water?

"General Sal has already decided not to pursue this matter, so why are you still trying to argue with me?" Zela became bolder when he saw Uther being pulled by another high-level undead.

Shen Yanxiao hid among the undeads and looked at the dog-eat-dog drama with a smile.

She had seen Zela and Uther before, and she had also appreciated the scene of them getting chased by Vermilion Bird and Taotie until they crawled all over the ground. Now that she saw those two idiots fighting in the city of the undead, she was in a good mood.

"General Sal has to deal with the matter of the Dragon Cemetery. How can he have the time to care about a piece of garbage like you!" Uther shouted.

Shen Yanxiao was shocked.

She had heard of the Dragon Cemetery from Qian Yuan. Countless high-level dragons were buried there.

Did the undeads intend to use the dragon corpses in the Dragon Cemetery to resurrect undead bone dragons?

Shen Yanxiao's good mood had disappeared without a trace at this very moment. If the undeads succeeded, it would be a devastating disaster for the dragons in the North.

She did not know how many high-level dragon corpses there were in the Dragon Cemetery.

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However, as long as three to four eight-winged golden dragons were resurrected by the undead, it would absolutely be a nightmare!

Shen Yanxiao would never stand by and watch this happen. Even if the dragons in the North were idiots, she had to care about the safety of the little golden dragon and her parents.

Shen Yanxiao narrowed her eyes and the teasing intent in her eyes disappeared without a trace. She stared at Zela who was being scolded by Uther and a plan surfaced from the bottom of her heart.

Amid Uther's curses, Zela craftily slipped away.

The recoverability of a high-level advanced undead was extremely strong and his injuries healed very soon. All the low-level undead that passed by him showed absolute respect and reverence towards him.

Enjoying the reverent gaze of low-level undeads, Zela put his hands behind his back and returned to his residence.

Even though Zela's status among the high-level undead was not high, he was still a purebred undead. His residence was very spacious and the decorations in his room were extremely luxurious.

Looking at the dust all over his body, Zela frowned and went to the bedroom to change into a clean set of clothes.

However, the next second after he entered the room, he suddenly saw a black shadow appearing before him.

The next second, an unprepossessing undead face appeared before his eyes.

"Who are you?! How dare you trespass into my room?!" Zela was furious when he saw that the trespasser was a low-level undead.

Not only did this low-level undead not reveal a trace of fear, but a nasty smile curled on her lips instead. A teasing glint flashed past her exceptionally clear eyes and a voice laced with a strong smile sounded in Zela's ears.

"If you like, you can call me master."