

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1006

Everyone quickly turned around, their expressions changing. A large mountain had suddenly appeared in front of them. On it, there was a long staircase that led to a huge gate.

The gate was a mile high, and its roof continued into the clouds. That grand and sacred majesty caused all of them to feel reverence.

On the gate was a huge immortal character, Xuan. It was written gracefully and almost seemed to move. It was full of Dao-charm.

“We’ve passed! We got into the Xuantian Dao Sect!”

Seeing this gate, quite a few people began to weep tears of joy. They were sure this was the gate to the Xuantian Dao Sect.

Seeing this scene, Long Chen’s mouth curled, but he didn’t say anything. According to his experience, things probably wouldn’t be as simple as they thought. If they really had passed, they would be standing right in front of the gate, not at the bottom of this huge staircase.

At this moment, a beautiful figure appeared at the top of the stairs. It was Mu Qingxuan.

Looking at all of them, she smiled, and in their current state, the disciples felt like they were being bathed by spring wind.

“Senior apprentice-sister Qingxuan, you’ve come to receive us!”

“Qingxuan, you’re beautiful! I love you!”

“Senior apprentice-sister Qingxuan, I’ll work hard to be your Dao-companion!”

Qingxuan’s arrival caused a burst of passion, making them go a bit out of control. The excited disciples began to spout some brazen words.

“Haha, thank you all for looking favorably upon me. Now I don’t know how to say what I have to say.” Mu Qingxuan’s expression grew a bit bitter.

Guo Ran and the others looked at each other. As expected, it definitely wouldn’t be so simple. Even now, people hadn’t recovered from their excitement. But some people did hear the clue in her words.

“Everyone, shut up. The Xuantian Dao Sect is somewhere only elites amongst elites can join. Not just any trash can muddle their way in,” shouted a rank four Celestial, his words like ice water.

Long Chen looked over. Although that person was a rank four Celestial, his aura was extremely condensed. His strength was not bad.

The atmosphere immediately sank. Quite a few people were angry and about to curse him when Mu Qingxuan’s voice rang out. “Everyone, please calm down and listen.”

An unwilling expression appeared in her eyes, but she took a deep breath and said, "Cultivation is cruel and merciless. Ten years ago, I stood here just like you and saw many of my companions cheering, and some even cried. But when we heard the next bit of news, our excitement vanished. Before truly entering the Xuantian Dao Sect and becoming one of its disciples, you still have to go through another cruel trial. To tell the truth, your generation's talent is much greater than mine, but your actual strength is much weaker. This next test is merciless, and it's likely over half of you will wash out here. In fact, this number will very likely be even greater."

Mu Qingxuan's voice was heavy. It was like a hammer striking their hearts.

"Half? Over half will wash out?!"

Those excited people's smiles instantly vanished to be replaced with disbelief.

Looking at those expressions, Mu Qingxuan was a bit unwilling, but she had no choice. "Cultivation is just that cruel. There are no emotions to speak of. The strong want to get stronger, so all your resources have to be fought for by yourselves. That's why you see the strong get stronger, because the resources that should have been split to the weak were taken by them. Don't grumble about it being unfair, because there was never anything known as fairness in this world. If you want to become strong, you have to go all-out to fight.

"I've said everything that is it to be said. Let the final trial begin. This trial is very simple. All you have to do is climb the 999 stairs to reach my position."

BOOM!

Suddenly, the void shook. Two huge figures appeared at the top of the staircase, and everyone's hair stood on end, a sudden chill pervading to their bones.

"Tenth rank Xuan Beasts."

Long Chen was shocked, because he had experienced this terrifying pressure twice before. He knew what kind of existence it was from.

These were two three-thousand-mile serpents. Their entire bodies were covered in golden scales with ancient runes flickering on them. Their powerful pressure made it seem like heaven and earth would be compressed.

On their heads were golden horns with runes revolving around them that caused space to quiver.

"They aren't serpents, nor are they pythons. They should be the legendary drakes." Long Chen's heart pounded.

Serpents, pythons, drakes, and dragons. Legend said that this was how serpents evolved to become dragons. But everyone thought that this was just nonsense. A serpent was a serpent. Even if it cultivated for a lifetime, in the end, it would just be a bigger serpent. It didn't have the slightest relation to a dragon.

But some people also thought that this theory was correct. The process of a serpent evolving into a dragon was the same as humans reaching the peak of their cultivation, becoming a god or immortal.

Today, Long Chen was excited and shocked to see these true drakes. One reason was because he could now confirm their existence, while the other reason was the fact that the Xuantian Dao Sect had the power to possess such terrifying Xuan Beasts.

Long Chen had it good since this wasn't the first time he was facing this kind of terrifying existence. As for the Dragonblood warriors, their expressions changed slightly. Although they had once faced the pressure of a tenth rank sea demon, it hadn't been at such close-range. Their hair stood on end.

As for the other disciples, they were pale, barely able to breathe. Some were even on the verge of collapse. Two tenth rank Xuan Beasts' pressure scared them out of their wits.

"Thank you for your trouble, seniors." Mu Qingxuan respectfully bowed toward the two of them.

"It's fine. Let the trial begin. We're waiting to return to cultivate," said one of the drakes, shocking quite a few people. They immediately collapsed on the ground.

Beasts could speak human words? This was unimaginable in the eyes of countless cultivators.

"Yes." Mu Qingxuan waved her hand, and the staircase's runes lit up before once more fading as if nothing had happened. But Long Chen could sense some kind of energy present within them now.

"Alright, the final trial begins here. As long as you can reach the 999th stair, you'll pass," said Mu Qingxuan.

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Just as Mu Qingxuan activated the trial, within the Elder Hall, all the Elders were watching this scene as well.

Their expressions were complicated. There was pity, expectation, and unwillingness. One of the Elders sighed, "It's the strongest generation but also the weakest."

Everyone else was silent, understanding what he meant. In terms of talent, this generation was outstanding, but their actual strength was the weakest in all of history. It was ironic.

As the Elders watched them reach this point, they had all cursed the people who had raised them. What bastards had raised such talented disciples into sheep?

All they did was raise their talent and cultivation base, but they didn't raise their mental realm or will. That was basically raising wolves into sheep. Their fangs were about to completely recede. No matter how strong they were, what was the point? Were they supposed to feed their enemies until they died?

This had infuriated the Elders to the extreme. Such good disciples had been ruined, a waste of natural treasures.

"Originally, I wanted to bet on what percentage of them would pass. But now..." sighed an Elder.

“Don’t be angry. We shouldn’t judge them with the Central Plains’ standard. After all, the situation in those desolate places isn’t good. The fact that they could raise this many talented disciples is already quite amazing. My guess is that there was a sudden influx of geniuses, and in their delight, they didn’t want to lose any. But at least the Eastern Wasteland’s disciples are good. Those Dragonblood Legion fellows are all amazing,” said the hall master.

“It truly is rare. Their talent is just ordinary, but their combat power and experience are shocking. Especially that Long Chen, he’s practically a monster. He defeated Han Yunshan and Wei Changhai like they were children, and even used Han Yunshan as a boat to make money...”

The Elders had all been paying attention to Long Chen. When they had seen him turn Han Yunshan into a tool to cross the lake and make money, they had all been speechless. As expected, Long Chen’s head was different from an ordinary person. Would an ordinary person ever think of such a crazy thing?

“Hall Master, with your vision, how many people do you think will pass?” asked an Elder.

“This question of yours is quite evil. First you praise me, and then if I’m wrong, it’ll be like a slap in my face,” laughed the Hall Master.

That Elder immediately turned red, while the others laughed.

The Hall Master thought about it for a while. Looking at the scene before him, he said, “Under the pressure of the two drake race seniors, there is no way for them to hide the weakness in their hearts. The first 333 stairs test their ability to face terror, the middle 333 stairs test their will, and the last 333 stairs are the most difficult; they attack their negative emotions. Most of these disciples have been pampered and never experienced any life and death trials. And unfortunately, this Xuantian Staircase is a test of their heart, not their talent. I won’t make a guess, but I think you should pray for them.”

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While the Elders were worrying about them, all the disciples in front of the Xuantian Staircase didn’t dare to move. No one was making a sound.

“I’ll go first. The rest of you, keep up,” said Long Chen. In front of the hundreds of thousands of gazes, he directly walked over to the staircase.

