

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1007

Long Chen was the first to walk onto the staircase. Tang Wan-er and the others maintained a set distance from him as they followed.

This caused everyone's attention to fall on Long Chen. He became the focal point for hundreds of thousands of people.

"Hmph, what a show-off. Who does he think he is? How could the final trial be so simple? He's just embarrassing himself," sneered someone, feeling like Long Chen would definitely suffer for trying to take the spotlight.

"Idiot, do you think a rank four Celestial like you could comprehend senior apprentice-brother Long Chen's capabilities? Before criticizing others, consider whether you have the qualifications or not!" retorted someone else.

The person who was speaking for Long Chen was one of the disciples who had passed because of him. He had personally seen how domineering Long Chen was. Eighth rank eight Magical Beasts had been blown back by a single punch of his.

Furthermore, Long Chen never put on airs with him or the others. Only later had he understood a certain principle: truly badass people never had to be posers, because there was no need.

Those people who liked to be posers were normally just people who felt inferior and were afraid that others would think they were insignificant if they weren't posers.

To put it bluntly, those show-offs only showed off to find meaning for their own existence. People with real skills didn't need to do that, or perhaps they were already tired of being everyone else's focus point. That kind of mannerism was something possessed by people who felt lonely at the top. That was truly badass.

"You're also from the Northern Source, so why speak for the Eastern Wasteland? What did he bribe you with to make you submit to him?!" raged that person.

"Fuck off, I look down on you useless people, who only like to criticize others to feel like you exist, the most. If you have any ability, why don't you go up there as well? Why shout from here? And why are you hiding in such a dark spot?" The other person also wasn't a kindhearted person and cursed back.

"Don't cause a ruckus or you'll lose your qualifications to participate in the trial," ordered Mu Qingxuan coldly.

At this time, Long Chen had stepped onto the first stair. Her complete attention was on him.

But there was no reaction at all when he stepped onto it. It was like he had just stepped onto an ordinary stair. He didn't even bat an eye.

"How is that possible?" Mu Qingxuan was stunned.

She was from the previous generation of disciples, and she was well aware of how terrifying the Xuantian Staircase was. The first 333 stairs tested how well a person could handle terror.

This formation plus the pressure of two tenth rank Xuan Beasts would make a person scared out of their wits. But Long Chen didn't have the slightest reaction to it.

It wasn't just Mu Qingxuan who was shocked. All the Elders in the Elder's Hall were shocked. "Does Long Chen not have the slightest fear in his heart? Impossible!"

The two tenth rank Xuan Beasts looked at Long Chen. One of them said, "The aura of the ancestors."

"Yes. For a human to receive the care of the ancestors, he must be extraordinary," said the other.

The two of them were communicating with a secret art; others were unable to hear them. From the surface, it didn't even seem like they were communicating.

In truth, when Long Chen stepped onto the first stair, he truly did feel a strange fluctuation. However, he didn't do anything to resist and allowed it to wash over him instead.

He had no fear in his heart. He was immune to this energy, because this terror was nothing more than child's play to him, someone who had experienced countless life and death battles.

It wasn't just Long Chen. Even the Dragonblood warriors were barely affected. They only frowned slightly, recognizing that this was a trial that amplified their feeling of terror before continuing onwards.

"What? So it was fake?"

Seeing that the Dragonblood warriors had reached the hundredth step without any reaction, a disciple sighed and walked over to the staircase.

But when he stepped onto the first stair, he immediately turned pale, endless terror in his eyes as his body involuntarily trembled.

"I actually thought there was a problem with the Xuantian Staircase. Now I'm relieved," sighed Mu Qingxuan.

That disciple seemed to be struggling with a nightmare. He let out a furious roar, and the terror in his eyes was forced back slightly. Clenching his teeth, he continued onwards.

But when he reached the tenth step, he knelt on it, his whole body quivering, unable to move any further. A ray of light eventually sent him off.

"You've failed the trial," said Mu Qingxuan.

That disciple was ashen. Her words meant he had no destiny with the Xuantian Dao Sect.

"Brother, what happened?" Someone helped this person up, curious about his experience.

“Ten thousand middle grade spirit stones.” That person was still quivering, but he managed to spit out his price.

“What the fuck? Why don’t you go and try robbing people directly instead?!” raged the other person.

“If you don’t give me the money, don’t even think about getting my secret. I’ve failed the trial, and I want to use some money to make up for the pain of failure. So what?”

Everyone thought about it. This person was truly pitiful; giving him some money could count as consolation.

“Fine, I’ll give you ten thousand. Here,” said a rich fellow, tossing him ten thousand middle grade spirit stones.

“I’ll only tell whoever pays me. You can’t share it with anyone else.” That person’s eyes brightened.

“Courting death! Do you believe me when I say I’ll crush you right here?!” roared everyone.

That person’s heart shook. Afraid of being beaten, he said, “The staircase has some kind of formation. It’s very frightening.”

“Fuck, are you asking to be beaten?!” That explanation didn’t appease them at all. What kind of answer was this? It wasn’t worth a damn, let alone ten thousand middle grade spirit stones. A few of them were just about to teach him a lesson.

“Don’t hit me, don’t hit me! It’s the truth, it’s very frightening!” cried that person.

“Don’t make things hard on him. It should be a kind of formation that causes terror to the soul. Everyone’s concept of terror is different, so there’s no way for him to explain it clearly,” said Zhao Ziyuan.

Since Zhao Ziyuan had spoken, they released him. One of them said, “But Long Chen and the others…”

“Perhaps they don’t have any fear.” Zhao Ziyuan looked at those free and easygoing figures on the staircase and sighed, a complicated expression in her eyes.

“Previously, when I was with senior apprentice-brother Long Chen, he said that the reason experts are experts is because they have the determination to get stronger. They have to know why they want to get stronger and find their own motivation. That becomes their conviction, and once they find their conviction, they can completely stabilize their Dao-heart and become fearless,” said someone.

“What useless words. It’s just a problem of big or small guts. Those afraid of death shouldn’t come,” said one person icily.

Infuriated, the other person was just about to curse that person when he saw that the person talking was the Western Desert’s Yan Mochen. He swallowed his words.

“It’s just a stupid staircase, but you brought up such useless principles? Warriors from the Western Desert, let’s go. Let them see that everything else is nonsense in front of true power.”

Yan Mochen sneered and led the Western Desert's people onto the staircase. But when he stepped onto the first one, his body clearly shuddered. He hid it well, but everyone saw his expression change for a moment.

However, Yan Mochen was truly powerful. He quickly got used to the feeling and continued onwards. But the people behind him were clearly unable to keep up with him.

Although they had been prepared, they were pale and clearly felt climbing the staircase to be extremely taxing. But after getting used to it for a while, they continued onwards.

Following the Western Desert's movements, Zhao Ziyang also went up the stairs, followed by Wei Changhai. Zhao Ziyang frowned irritably and quickened her steps. Han Yunshan had no choice but to follow with all the experts starting to move. But many people found the climbing to be extremely difficult. Some people only lasted for a couple dozen steps before becoming unable to move and being sent out.

Only once they truly stepped onto the staircase did they understand its terror. It was like each step up was another step closer to death.

Illusions appeared in their minds. It was like they were seeing a mountain of blades and a sea of fire in front of them, as though if they kept going forward, the Grim Reaper's sickle would fall on their necks.

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Although they could clearly tell themselves it was fake, that they were just illusions, that it was just a trial, this was a terror that came from the depths of their soul. They were unable to resist.

Quite a few disciples were constantly being sent off the staircase. Once they failed, they couldn't try again.

But no one laughed at them. All the disciples on the staircase had no idea how much longer they would be able to endure either. As they advanced, the feeling of terror grew even stronger.

Many of them were starting to buckle, their legs not listening to their orders. But looking at the Dragonblood warriors at the front, they clenched their teeth and persevered.

"How unexpected. Perhaps a few more disciples can pass like this." Mu Qingxuan smiled.

Seeing other people succeeding would promote more confidence, which allowed new people to succeed as well.

"The 300th stair."

All the Elders were focused on Long Chen. The Dragonblood warriors behind him were exactly ten steps behind him just like they had been from the start. They hadn't fallen even one step behind.

"The 334th stair!"

When Long Chen stepped onto the 334th stair, the entire Elder Hall's palace became silent.

