

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 731

Yue Qianshan pulled his hand out of the ball of light. He pulled out a nine-ring pill.

“A Barrier Breaking Pill!”

There was a nine-ring Barrier Breaking Pill that was extremely precious, and could allow a Xiantian expert to advance a minor realm.

Regretfully, it was useless to Yue Qianshan, who had reached the ninth Heavenstage. The next level for him was Sea Expansion, and that was not a minor realm increase.

However, this pill was still extremely valuable. Even if Yue Qianshan couldn't use it, he could give it to others.

“Let's take a look at mine!”

Zhao Wuji also took action. He pulled out a set of mirror armor that looked not bad.

“Trash.” Zhao Wuji cursed. This armor might be useful to others, but it was useless to him.

Shui Guanzhi pulled out a yellow talisman. The talisman released an extremely dense water energy fluctuation.

Shui Guanzhi was delighted, and before the others could examine it carefully, he put it away.

Everyone's hearts shook. Perhaps Shui Guanzhi had truly gained a treasure. Zhong Wuyan also pulled something out, but her luck was rather lacking. She gained a weapon, but it was an extremely specialized weapon: a hook. Few people ever used such a thing.

Although it was an Enchanted item, it was the lowest possible level. Its value wasn't very high.

Enchanted items were used by Sea Expansion experts. The runes on them could be activated to release massive power.

They were categorized into low, middle, and high grade by the material they were made of and the runes carved onto them. A low grade Enchanted item disappointed Zhong Wuyan.

Now the only one left was Long Chen. He also reached in and pulled something out.

“Damnit.”

Looking at what he had obtained, he couldn't help but curse. He had obtained a pair of boots, and they were actually shabby. They had clearly been worn.

Everyone was stunned for a moment. Even the vice sect master and the others couldn't believe their eyes.

“Long Chen's luck really is heaven-defying,” sighed the vice sect master.

The vice sect master knew that the Netherworld Heaven Staircase's rewards were divided into different levels. On the 333rd stair, the treasures were split into three grades, high, medium, and low. But there was also a fourth possible reward: trash.

The probabilities for the 333rd stair were: five percent high grade, thirty percent medium grade, sixty-three percent low grade, and two percent trash.

Other than the medium grade treasure Shui Guanzhi had gotten, the others had all obtained low grade treasures. But Long Chen had obtained a pair of shabby boots. That was just trash.

"It truly is heaven-defying. But doesn't it seem like all their luck isn't very good?" sighed someone.

Their luck truly was lacking. It was just that when compared to Long Chen, the others' luck could count as not bad.

"Haha, shabby boots really are a perfect match for a bumpkin," sneered Shui Guanzhi.

Long Chen furiously threw the boots at Shui Guanzhi's face. Shui Guanzhi dodged, smiling coldly. He was just about to say something when his expression changed.

He hadn't expected Long Chen to have put so much thought into this attack. He had thrown the boots with one in front and one behind, the back one aimed for the spot he would dodge. It almost struck him.

Although he just narrowly managed to dodge it, the boot flew right past his nose. He even smelled the disgusting scent from it.

"Bastard!"

Shui Guanzhi was about to attack in fury when the lights beside them disappeared and Zhong Wuyan took the initiative to charge forward. The rest of them were startled and hastily followed.

Shui Guanzhi had no choice but to suppress his fury. This was more important. This would decide who was number one.

Not long after the five of them had rushed off, Meng Qi and Tang Wan-er arrived. Balls of light appeared beside them.

Meng Qi reached in and pulled out a jade tablet. Three large words were written on it: Soul Drawing Art!

"This girl's luck truly is good. That Soul Drawing Art is an extremely high-level soul art. It's practically a priceless treasure!" praised the vice sect master.

Meng Qi was absolutely delighted. Inserting her divine sense into the jade tablet, she found there was an extremely profound magical art recorded inside it. That was precisely what she needed.

Within the Xuantian Dao Sect, there were very few high-level soul arts, and many of them hadn't been suitable for her to train in. This Soul Drawing Art was actually a combined cultivation technique and an offensive magical art. She had an urge to immediately start studying it.

Compared to Meng Qi, Tang Wan-er's luck wasn't so good. She obtained a soft armor, but from the shape, it was made for a man. She could only put it away and see if anyone else needed it.

Meng Qi and Tang Wan-er continued on. The other Celestials also arrived. But most of them didn't obtain anything extraordinary.

After them were the Dragonblood warriors. They possessed the strongest wills, and they arrived without the slightest hesitation. That had only one thought, and that was to follow Long Chen's footsteps.

As for the great genius who had been waving his banner and cheering for everyone, he was now all cheered out. People had had to drag him here.

"Stop pulling me! Just continue onward. I'll rest here for a bit and catch up to you later," said Guo Ran weakly.

Guo Ran felt like lead had been poured into his body. Each step was tiring. He was exhausted as if he had just experienced an immense life and death battle. All he wanted to do was to collapse and sleep.

"I can't. Boss said that you had to at least reach the 333rd stair, or it would be too embarrassing," said one Dragonblood warrior. He was practically dragging a limp Guo Ran.

This made the monastery heads speechless. He truly was history's weakest rank two Celestial.

It was with great difficulty that Guo Ran allowed himself to be dragged up to the 333rd stair. He wearily stretched his hand into the ball of light beside him. But when he saw the tome he had pulled out, his eyes popped wide open. In fact, his eyes almost popped all the way out.

"Weapon Forging Diagram!"

The seemingly half-dead Guo Ran instantly revived. Those negative emotions were flung aside by him.

This was a secret tome regarding forging arts, and there were detailed explanations about forging. There were both foundational principles as well as designs for high-level weapons. This was what Guo Ran had always longed for.

Although he had obtained the Ethereal Crafting Secret Record, a practically divine text that had been written in immortal characters about forging, the principles recorded in it were too advanced. He was only able to comprehend less than one percent of it.

Although he had obtained as many secret tomes as possible about forging arts, those things were too rare. Even the thirty-sixth supermonastery hadn't possessed very many.

Furthermore, those secret tomes were too low-grade. They hadn't been of much assistance to him at all. Now, this Weapon Forging Diagram made up for his deficit.

"What are you all doing? How can you act so lazy! You can't even overcome this little hardship?!" Guo Ran seemed like a completely different person. He said, "I was only testing you just now. Did you really think I couldn't continue any longer? I was giving you a display about what not to do! What are you just standing there for? Hurry up! Don't you see boss has already climbed so high that we can't even see

him? Look, Gu Yang's so far that his butt is growing smaller and smaller! We've already been thrown into the distance. But brothers, don't worry, charge with me! No obstacles will block us from following boss! We'll let this world see our hot blood and youth..."

Whether it was the disciples on the Netherworld Heaven Staircase or the experts spectating, they were all speechless. Looking at the revived Guo Ran, some of them even believed his nonsense...

Crash. Another disciple collapsed on the ground. Currently, hundreds of disciples had collapsed on the Netherworld Heaven Staircase.

They felt too tired. They didn't even have the energy to lift a finger. All they wanted to do was sleep.

"How regretful. If only they had reached the 333rd stair, they would have obtained even more benefits," sighed a monastery head.

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This final trial's benefits were hard to imagine. Even if you were just sleeping, the Netherworld Heaven Staircase would allow them to enter a special state that would be extremely helpful to their future advancements.

Each extra step would increase the benefits. And the 333rd stair was a dividing line. After passing it, the benefits would be dozens of times greater.

It was regretful that despite knowing that, they were unable to help their disciples. This was something related to their will. They had also climbed this staircase before, so they knew just how difficult it was. It was practically impossible to block the silent invasion of your negative emotions.

Only the Celestials had it slightly better. That was because they were the favorites of the heavens. They were assisted by the Heavenly Daos, which helped to suppress their negative emotions.

But the ordinary disciples didn't have that advantage. They had to rely on their own will to defeat their negative emotions. It was truly too difficult.

After six hours, only half of the one hundred thousand disciples managed to reach the 333rd stair. The rest had all collapsed, sleeping on the lower steps.

Furthermore, after the 333rd step, the pressure would increase. Some people had only taken one or two steps after obtaining their reward when they were unable to continue any longer.

More and more people collapsed. With each passing breath, several disciples lay down. And once they lay down, they wouldn't get up until the trial was over.

Boom! The Netherworld Heaven Staircase trembled. Everyone looked up to see five figures had already reached the 666th stair.

"They really are monsters!" A powerless roar rang out in those disciples' hearts.

