

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 733

Technically, the chance of obtaining a high grade treasure was the same as obtaining trash. Long Chen had obtained trash twice. His luck was heaven-defying.

As for Meng Qi, she had obtained a high grade treasure twice. Her luck was also heaven-defying. It was truly a stark contrast.

As for Tang Wan-er, her luck had been average last time, but this time, she had obtained a high grade treasure which was an extremely rare soul item. How could there be such a difference?

Looking at that figure that was rushing higher, everyone had a bewildered expression. Was this simply the difference between people?

That Soul Fixing Pearl was an Enchanted item used to assist cultivation. It was a treasure that would make soul cultivators go crazy.

It was an extremely rare treasure that could increase a person's soul energy. But it was a one-use item. Once the energy inside it was used up, it would shatter.

However, the soul energy inside it was enough to turn someone with an incredibly weak soul into an expert.

"Sister, you should take this," said Meng Qi.

Tang Wan-er shook her head. "My Spiritual Strength might not be as strong as yours, but it's still very strong. It would be better to leave it for Gu Yang. His Spiritual Strength is too weak, and just a defensive soul item isn't a guarantee of protection."

Meng Qi nodded. Although Tang Wan-er's Spiritual Strength wasn't as great as hers, it was still far and above average. This Soul Fixing Pearl would only increase her soul energy by a maximum of ten percent.

But if it was given to Gu Yang... then his soul would become above average amongst these elite disciples. Although he wouldn't be able to fight others with his soul since he had no experience or talent in that regard, at least he wouldn't be instantly killed by soul experts.

Meng Qi looked behind her at Gu Yang and the others. They were already covered in sweat.

"Gu Yang, work hard! I'll leave this reward with you!" Meng Qi tossed the Soul Fixing Pearl directly to him.

Gu Yang gratefully caught it. He had heard all their previous words. "Don't worry sister-in-laws, I will definitely meet your expectations!"

The laughing Meng Qi and Tang Wan-er immediately turned red. How could this fellow say such coarse words? They hastily continued on their way.

“Guo Ran, hold on. You’ll be able to get a reward soon.” Guo Ran was doing his absolute best to persevere, but he had reached his limit. His burst of energy had been completely used up. It took four Dragonblood warriors to drag him along.

Gu Yang and the others also reached the 666th stair and received their rewards. Some of those rewards were high grade, some were low grade. They couldn’t compare to Meng Qi and Tang Wan-er, but they were still extremely excited.

After obtaining their rewards, they felt even more drive to climb higher. The rewards this time were a whole level higher than last time. A high grade reward at this level was better than a high grade reward at the lower level. Then the next reward had to be beyond their imaginations.

Other than Long Chen’s group of five, there was no longer any sense of order on the Netherworld Heaven Staircase. The disciples were scattered all around.

Over twenty Celestials were led by Gu Yang, then Yue Zifeng, and then Li Qi and Song Mingyuan. When it came to perseverance, they were on a much higher level considering they had undergone the pain of their bones shattering nine times. They were over fifty stairs ahead of the other Celestials.

Behind the Celestials were the Dragonblood warriors and Guo Ran. They also began to collect their rewards.

“Guo Ran, wake up. Take out your treasure!” One of them slapped Guo Ran in the face a few times and shouted in his ear.

Guo Ran barely had the energy to reach out with his arm. Regretfully, he didn’t have Meng Qi or Tang Wan-er’s luck this time. He pulled out a sword, one that was merely a low grade Enchanted item. That was useless to him, as he would be able to forge it himself, and its power might even be greater.

He collapsed on the ground, and no matter what, he wouldn’t get up. He began to snore just like that.

“What should we do?”

“Just leave him here. Pull him to the side so no one steps on him. Boss only said that he had to get to the 333rd stair. This is already beyond expectations.” One of the squad leaders pulled him to a corner and then continued forward.

Three hundred and sixty Dragonblood warriors had all reached the 666th stair. Quite a few of them had obtained weapons that they wanted, or even cultivation techniques and secret tomes. There were also medicinal pills and protective items, etc. They were incomparably excited.

Seeing them so excited, the monastery heads couldn’t help sighing.

The Dragonblood warriors really were easily satisfied. That was a good thing, as it raised their morale and expelled their negative emotions.

But as for the previous Celestials? The items they had pulled out had been quite a bit better than theirs, but many of them had shaken their heads and sighed, feeling like their luck was bad. Without even knowing it, that increased the pressure on them.

The Dragonblood warriors continued forward. Behind them, there were less than ten thousand disciples still fighting to go forward. The others had collapsed.

Unable to see hope, they were invaded by their negative emotions. It was truly too difficult to endure. That was especially true since many of these elite disciples didn't even know their own reason for cultivating.

Their parents had simply told them that they had to properly cultivate. That they had to excel, to bring honor to their ancestors, to conduct themselves properly.

And so, they had begun cultivating. But many of them didn't even know why they had to excel and why they had to bring honor to their ancestors. They had simply been forced to walk forward on this path.

Now, these geniuses had become weaklings. The better their families' circumstances, the greater their origins and status, the easier they collapsed.

It was those who came from comparatively poorer origins who had stronger wills. This situation occurred every time the Netherworld Heaven Staircase was activated, so it was no longer a novel sight.

The Xuantian Dao Sect's only responsibility was to give them a cultivation environment. They didn't have the manpower or resources to properly educate each disciple in how to properly live their lives. Furthermore, their teachings would be the same: cultivate, excel amongst your peers, bring honor to your ancestors, and conduct yourself properly.

Close to half of the disciples hadn't reached the 333rd stair. As for those that had passed, ninety percent of them didn't reach the 666th stair.

And in the end, of the five thousand people that reached the 666th stair, a fifth of them directly collapsed after taking out their reward.

One reason was perhaps because the treasure they had obtained hadn't given them any motivation to continue, and so they had lost that drive.

Despite knowing each extra stair they climbed meant greater benefits, they were just too exhausted.

The other more important reason was that even Guo Ran, a rank two Celestial, had collapsed there, while they were only ordinary disciples. They had already done their best, so there was no need for them to try anymore.

Therefore, following the collapse of Guo Ran, another thousand people fell. Following good examples was hard, but following bad examples was easy.

The collapse of that many disciples caused even more negative emotions to surge out of the others. People collapsed left and right.

Furthermore, the Dragonblood warriors were getting further and further away. They felt that they were so far that they couldn't possibly catch up. They no longer had the confidence to catch up to them.

As a result of these factors, a chain reaction started. In the end, the disciple who walked the furthest only managed to take sixteen steps before giving up.

Now, the only ones still climbing were the Dragonblood Legion and the Celestials.

Ten thousand people had been turned into less than four hundred.

“The more talented they are, the more lacking their character is,” said the vice sect master expressionlessly.

Other than Shui Wuhen, all the monastery heads’ expressions became a bit unnatural. They had already claimed that this was their strongest generation of disciples in all of their history.

They had all been extremely confident in them, and they had said that they would definitely surpass the previous generations’ records for the trials, including the Netherworld Heaven Staircase.

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And they weren’t necessarily wrong. They truly had surpassed the previous record in two ways. First, the number of people attending was double the previous trials. That was a number worthy of pride.

As for the other way they had surpassed the record... In the last trial, there had been five thousand disciples who had reached the 666th stair. That was essentially the same as this time.

However, last time, over two thousand disciples had also reached the 700th stair. But this time, only four hundred did. That disproportionate dropout rate was also a record. That made the monastery heads blush with shame. The vice sect master was clearly dissatisfied with their teachings. All they had raised was a bunch of greenhouse flowers.

“But at least the disciples who reached the 700th stair are all extremely powerful. That’s something gratifying,” said one monastery head in hopes of lifting the awkward atmosphere.

“Yes, they really are powerful. But does their strength have the slightest thing to do with how you raised them?” asked the vice sect master.

That monastery head really was stupid. If the vice sect master had criticisms, he should have just listened and let it be. Instead, he disgraced himself even more.

The Dragonblood warriors were the thirty-sixth supermonastery’s disciples. They had nothing to do with him, but he had tried to act like he had contributed.

Shui Wuhen couldn’t help sighing upon seeing how those children were still persevering despite the pain. Just how much had they suffered to gain this power?

“They’ve reached the 900th stair!”

The Netherworld Heaven Staircase once more trembled. Long Chen’s group had already reached the 900th stair, and everyone’s gazes focused on them.



