

Mystical 521

Chapter 521: Ancient Ruins Expedition 1

Garen took a deep breath, Phiroth's death in the fight was beyond his expectations. According to the original timeline, the battle between Hellgate and Phiroth should have lasted a little while longer. He didn't expect it to end this quick.

Phiroth was a king stronger Cthulhu King, and was a king that was closer to exceeding his limits. One could say that aside from Hellgate, he was the strongest in the world. At least that was what shown in the original timeline.

It's not that Garen had never thought about working with him, unfortunately, the plan was to be executed after he found the Living Secret Technique, but he didn't expect Hellgate to push his actions forward by this much.

"Now everything can no longer be referenced off the original timeline, the changes are getting more drastic..." Garen made new estimates in his heart.

Coming back, there was still a dark archaeological site in front of him, after separating with the other two people, he then wandered to his right alone.

There was a faint blue light in the air within the site.

Garen stood in the middle of a narrow, cuboid tunnel. Darkness enveloped him and the front and back of the class; all around him were black walls that had a slightly rough texture.

After touching the wall on his right, an ice cold, coarse sensation travelled from his fingers.

Garen frowned slightly. His faint red iris turned black suddenly, and the fusion power in his body started circulating. He tried to accumulate some water to be spread around for reconnaissance, but once the large fusion power hit the outside world, it immediately dispersed, as though it never happened.

"Indeed, fusion power is limited here. Then, Nine-Headed Hydra ability is obviously suppressed too, not having nine lives is indeed troublesome. What about this?"

He started circulating his vital energy quickly. His skin turned blood red and diminished in an instant.

"My aura is also suppressed, looks like we can only use my normal physical power."

Garen knew his advantages. He had possessed special abilities, and his body had already reached its limits. He is much stronger and quicker than a newly advanced Form 5.

However,, Divine God Palace Master and Cthulhu King have always been slowly strengthening themselves through fusion through the years, they had also have reached their body's limits. Compared to them, this wasn't an advantage, but something to level the playing fields.

Whereas Divine God Palace Master, who was not human, would very likely to have even stronger physique. Even though he looked like someone who focused on agility, he needed to remain prepared.

In an instant, Garen had prepared for the subsequent scenarios, and he continued advancing.

He did not intend to mask his footsteps.

His crisp footfalls kept reverberating throughout the faint blue tunnel, echoing back and forth.

It was just as foggy ahead of him. Garen couldn't see anything, but he didn't have the need to. Just by the sound, he could clearly judge the rough topography ahead of him.

As he walked straight ahead, Garen detected the slight downward inclination of the tunnel. As he continued walking down, he would most likely reach underground.

A few days went by.

In the dark corridor, Garen rested by leaning against the wall, a white hand extended beneath the black robe, eating the wheat biscuits with meat bit by bit.

He ate quickly, it only took ten-odd seconds for him to gobble down a palm-sized biscuit. After three of them, Garen took out a black metal bottle, and gulped a large gulp of water, then took out a tissue to clean his mouth and sweep away the crumbs to the ground.

"It's been eight days..." Garen mumbled, he took out a red button, the dark red on top of it now had green patterns. He then carefully kept it again. He then tidied his garments and then continued walking.

His footsteps continued bouncing off the hallway, and this sound had been his only company for days.

A left cornering appeared in front of him. Garen walked along it, and the path widened after the curve.

An arched round hall appeared before him.

The hall was empty, and the walls on both sides were covered with coarse, blurred paintings. Its contents could not be determined; all that was left was a blueish-black smudge.

Directly opposite the tunnel was a giant black arched wall, on top of it was an image of a man, alongside many crescent moons, surrounded by a blood-colored frame.

The entire hall seemed simple, but Garen's face showed a hint of relaxation.

"I'm finally here."

He walked into the hall and headed for the wall ahead of him and gently touched it.

Bzzz.....

A strong vibration was transmitted from his hand onto the crescent moon on the wall, Garen's eyes turned black, and the fusion power of his Form 5 surged into the moon like tidal waves.

Time seemed to pass by slowly. After half an hour, Garen released his hands.

With a crisp tap, a small stone drawer bounced out from beneath the crescent moon, and there was a hexagonal button inside it.

Garen slapped the drawer with force.

Pap!

The drawer went into the wall again.

Garen's eyes had also quickly returned its original red hue. He took out the button and tapped it a few times, a third green pattern appeared on it.

"Then, I should take the original route." he turned around and began walking as he followed the plan.

Upon leaving the hall and reentering the tunnel, Garen suddenly realized that at the original corner, there appeared an additional junction.

It was originally a cornering, but now it became a T-junction. Leading into the right tunnel was nothing but darkness, not even the faint blue light.

Garen stopped, then walked directly into it.

That tunnel was even flatter, except the environment was much dustier, making it slightly hard to breathe.

Garen touched his way down this tunnel, hence his speed was severely impacted. As he just entered, a strong feeling of purity could be felt in the atmosphere.

This feeling was very odd, it was as though the air he usually breathed in was impeccably polluted.

Comparatively; the air here was much cleaner, even though it was full of dust particles.

After walking in the dark for an unknown amount of time, and even though he couldn't see anything, the echoes off the wall allowed him to regain some speed.

Pap!

Suddenly, Garen stopped moving.

Roar... Suddenly, a deep roar similar to a canine's preemptive attack can be heard.

Fuu!

Suddenly, a strong gust was blown.

In the dark, a large shadow pounced towards Garen, this shadow nearly filled the entirety of the tunnel, standing at almost 3 meters tall and about 4 meters wide, and it had a clear roar.

Garen did not move. With his palm flexed into a knife-hand, he met the attack directly. His knife clashed with the shadow violently, and both of them fell back one step.

Bam!

A deep voice reverberated across the tunnel, then came back with an echo.

Garen was shocked and took two steps back, only regaining his balance with his hind leg stepping on a protrusion on the ground.

He looked serious, and were warily sensing the environment around him.

"Such strong force..."

The shadow disappeared, only the echo of the clash remained.

Garen only felt that as he chopped the opponent, it felt like hitting a piece of sturdy wood. It should have injured part of the opponent's body severely.

He stood in the middle of the tunnel and waited for a while, only relaxing when he felt no movement, and that the opponent seemed to have retreated.

As he squatted to check the floor, there were no signs of the beast at all. The floor still had a thick layer of dust, and it was impossible that any large sized entity had pounced forward.

There were no marks on the floor, nor were there any sigs on the walls surrounding it.

Garen remained unfazed, he stood up and continued walking forward.

He believed that so long as he kept moving, the opponent will surely reappear.

As time passed, he could no longer distinguish the night and day as the tunnel was completely pitch black at all times.

Garen did not light his torch, as this environment did not cause any difficulty to his senses. Instead, the light from the torch would have caused the dark areas to brighten.

Even if the opponent had been living in darkness for an extended period, it is very possible that it's a special sensing ability, he also didn't plan to occupy one arm to bear the torch.

As he walked forward step by step, the second layer was different from the first layer, this place was not explored by Cthulhu King and Divine God Palace Master, hence there was a high danger risk.

A place which stored the Living Secret Technique was definitely not easy to explore

As he advanced warily, Garen did not notice two slim black needles ahead of him at all, they were dangling mid-air, aimed straight at his eyes, if he kept moving, they would no doubt pierce his pupils.

The black needles got closer and closer to Garen's eyes.

Pap!

Garen suddenly stopped moving forward, and remained at his position. The black needles were no more than ten centimeters away from his eyes, but he hadn't noticed at all, as though he were blind.

Suddenly, a large hand slapped the needles away, and carried a force equivalent from before before it was hammered into Garen's face.

Bam!

Garen got hammered and hit back several meters. He was knocked onto an angled wall and hugged his head while his right hand firmly grabbed onto the two needles. The tip of the needle was moments away from stabbing him blind.

Roar!

A deafening howl similar to a wolf's can be heard, a large black silhouette pounced towards Garen once again, this time with a gust even more violent, as though a rolling boulder came crashing towards Garen.

The entire tunnel quaked alongside the howl, the floor rattled lightly, the dust in the tunnel got thicker as well. The dust gathered into a thick dust fog due to the quake.

The giant shadow was extremely agile, just as the sound came to him, it almost got within a half metre from Garen, seemingly able to pounced on Garen instantaneously.

At this time, Garen lifted his right leg and sidestepped, his other leg spun and drew out a curve, and

Accurately sailed towards the top of the shadow.

Both his legs connected.

The entire shadow was clamped by Garen's legs, and with that Garen pulled them back with force, through his waist, hips, palm, and then his palms, it then hit onto the rock walls on the tunnel.

Bam!

The rock walls then got imprinted with two palms.

Garen used both hands as a leverage, both his legs clamped the shadow that felt like an ice cold wire gauze. He scoffed, and then unleashed his full power, the limit on the body's power then exploded, and smashed the shadow down violently.

Bam! Bam! Bam Bam!

With four continuous smashing, the shadow let out a painful moan. It then disappeared, turning into a cold breeze of air and dispersed.

Chapter 522: Ancient Ruins Expedition 2

After he somersaulted and landed, Garen stood steadily, he then felt like he just came out of a brawl.

"At least 15 points of power, that was terrifying.." he mumbled, the first clash with the shadow was actually a minor scuff, whereas the second time was its full power. Luckily Garen had familiarized himself with Secret Techniques and other martial arts, so that even if he could not use his unique abilities, as a Master-level Secret Technique user comparable to the King of the Century, all the high leveled power leveraging techniques came gushing, and were still similarly strong.

Five times the power for one unit of strength, under the use of strong combat Secret Techniques, it was as though multiplying your own power by five against an opponent which is all brawn. This is the peak efficiency of the King of the Century. Let alone the fact that Garen actually surpassed that realm, he has completely understood the Secret Techniques and himself, and has almost reached a level of complete transparency.

The reason it was "almost", was because there was one final point which he had not completely understood yet, which was the talent pane in his brain.

After defeating the shadow, Garen took out a match and torch from a bag in his robe. He lit up the match, and its tangerine-yellow spark fell on the torch, kindling the cotton cloth doused in oil.

This torch was specially made, with its handle hollow, within it was a large amount of fuel. It bore a similar concept to an alcohol lamp, which could burn for an extended period, until the oil in the torch completely ran out.

The bright light then illuminated a radius of four to five meters, and a faint smoke similar to that of a kitchen gas stove had since traveled further.

Garen checked the surrounding stone walls while holding the torch; there were no signs of combat either, even the black needles in his hands had suddenly disappeared.

"Since Cthulhu King has invited me in here, there should be a high possibility of meeting up at the end, walking further in should bear some results." Even though he didn't find any remains of the shadow, he had a rough estimation in his thoughts.

This shadow was very strong, in this environment which suppressed unnatural powers, only with the body of form 5 which endured many years of fusion power was he strong enough to handle it.

If it were any other regular totem user, they would probably be shredded into pieces with the initial "greeting". However, Garen had his doubts, even if he could not use his unnatural powers, he might be able to tame some mutant creature, or use Obscuro's derivator to forcefully control the larger mutants, and bring those in to fight the shadow.

As to why Cthulhu King and Divine God Palace Master were not doing this, perhaps there were other reasons.

Torch in hand, he continued advancing.

The tunnel ahead of him gradually became wider, and the atmosphere was once again filled with the faint blue mist. His surroundings cleared up again.

Garen extinguished the torch. With his eyesight, the blue light sufficed to provide a clear field of vision.

After an unknown period of time, Garen stopped twice midway and ate three times before the tunnel's topography finally had some change.

The blue mist turned pitch black once again, the tunnel was thrown into darkness.

Bam!

A large shadow pounced again, this time from behind Garen. Like a large pile of black mud, it didn't make any sound, much like an inanimate material being splashed onto Garen.

Without hesitation, Garen did a back spin kick. This time he did not reserve any power, all the raging power in his body was leveraged. With a ferocious spin, the tip of his leg conjured deafening howl, similar to lightning.

Bam!

The speed of the shadow was obviously of no match for Garen. Even its ambush was instinctively countered by Garen with a kick. In that split second, it was smashed against the wall on the right like a cannonball, smashing the abnormally sturdy walls into smithereens.

The shadow gradually disappeared, the tunnel returned to its previous calm. Only the rumbling of the debris from the wall was present.

Garen gasped for a while. Obviously the regenerative properties of the Nine-Headed Hydra had been suppressed. This one explosive display of power had left the usually strong Garen fatigued.

"Looks like my body's endurance is mainly dependant on Nine-Headed Hydra's vitality.... Without the unique powers, these immensely explosive moves seem to be unsuitable..."

It was like a mixture of steel and cement, together they could sustain huge loads, but the steel within was removed, the remaining cement would be much more brittle.

Likewise, the Nine-Headed Hydra's unique power was the steel of the cement in its genes.

As the capacity of the body had been drastically reduced, coupled with the consistent use of such explosive moves, there would naturally be a large load on the body.

As Garen thought about this, he couldn't help but to think about the other two people. Divine God Palace Master may still be fine, he already possessed strong and balanced build, but it may be tough for Cthulhu King.

With such extreme suppression of unnatural power, that's obviously his strongest handicap.

Under this environment,, his abilities will be drastically lowered, making it extremely though for him, perhaps even worse. Of course, one cannot assume he didn't have a workaround.

Following the shadow's destruction, the tunnel quickly returned to its light blue state. By the looks of it, the tunnel will only turn dark when the shadow was attacking.

As usual, Garen checked the surrounding for traces, but there weren't any.

He tidied himself and continued the journey.

As he passed through two arched halls that he had seen before, the tunnel became more and more inclined. Now it was obvious enough to feel that he was descending.

Soon, the darkness engulfed the tunnel again, the tunnel was absent of light.

Garen focused, waiting for the possible ambush

Fuu!

Suddenly, a flame was lit head of him. A tangerine-yellow flame, bright and scorching.

Garen suddenly realized he was facing a man in front of him. A man who had his head on flames.

He donned a black shirt, and only his head were exposed. It was clear that this was a young man. His eyes were unfocused, but he was gazing directly at Garen. His head had black curly hair, and his skin was visibly pale from the lack of exposure to sunlight.

Oddly enough, the man's facial skin was burning along with the flame, and it quickly turned burnt yellow, and then black. Drops of human fatty oil started dripping from the burn, hitting the ground after gliding along the face.

The man shouted, and quickly flew towards Garen.

Bam!!

A ball of blinding flame burst and formed a crimson red fireball, and flying through the air.

Garen was thrown backwards due to the explosion. Both his legs tried hard to anchor him to the ground, his boots were instantaneously torn apart from the tremendous impact, and the soles even started smoking.

Garen's hands shot up to protect his chest. His senses told him something was off at that moment, and he instinctively covered his head and torso.

The explosion dissipated in an instant, leaving only an incessant ringing in his ears.

Garen put down his smoking arms and examined his injuries; the outer layer of his arms were completely roasted, his skin was burnt to a hard crisp, and there were even some hints of plasma fluid oozing.

Guu....

"Compared to before, this one's got faster speed..." Garen took a long sigh, the man's suicide bombing charge was unavoidable for Garen. He could only hold up his hands to defend himself, and it ended after the explosion.

The explosion was very strong, but compared to the surrounding rock walls, Garen's body was stronger. The surrounding walls lost an entire layer, but only Garen's arms were hurt. This place suppresses unnatural powers, and the Nine-Headed Hydra lost its monstrous regenerative abilities, but the basic biological regenerative abilities of his genes was also a league above normal creatures.

This kind of injuries only needed a few days before it fully recovered.

As he felt the intense pain on his arms, Garen carefully observed his surroundings, the light blue mist came back, obviously the ambush this time had ended.

He sat down with his legs crossed. The surrounding stone walls were made from an unknown material, and extremely hardy, such a strong explosion only resulted in the destruction of about a knuckle's depth of material.

He dared not advance further; he didn't know how many suicide bombers lay ahead. If there were a lot of them, this journey would then require a better plan, and would have to redo his preparations.

In this situation without unnatural powers, it was very cumbersome to face this kind of adversary.

Jiii..... Jii

There was a hopeful ringing sound in his pocket.

He quickly took out the dark red button, and gently tapped both sides of the button's protrusion.

"Something happened over at your side?" Cthulhu King's voice crackled across.

"You felt that?" Garen was surprised.

"A large explosion right? It was faint on my side." Cthulhu King replied coldly.

"I faced three of them before you."

"So what's the situation now?"

"Really bad, most of my abilities were suppressed. Or perhaps not, they felt more like they were completely wiped away, disappeared completely. This situation is troublesome." Cthulhu King sounded anxious, his situation over there was much worse than he had estimated.

"Can we use gunpowder here?"

"Yes, so long as you're not using unnatural powers, or anything involving totem's power or mutated bronze's pollution. All of those will be completely suppressed. Buy normal items are not being limited here." Cthulhu King immediately understood Garen's plan. "You mean you want to use gunpowder? Guns?"

"We could try." Garen came from Earth, so he understood the tremendous power of gunpowder in its later stages, he emphasized a lot more on gunpowder compared to the people of this world.

"Let's plan it outside." Cthulhu King fell silent for a while and then said.

"Self-destructing men? I have already passed that stage." a calm man's voice suddenly came in, it was Divine God Palace Master. "After the fire man, there will be a type of shadow bearing a blade. It's humanoid, with a black blade on his arm. He is strong, I am being blocked here."

Garen and Cthulhu King's heart sank, Divine God Palace Master Actually passed the self-destructing men and reached a deeper level, Single Bladed shadow? There was actually something even more troublesome.

"Let's meet up and plan it out at first floor, I will get my subordinates to send over something" Cthulhu King muttered.

"Okay."

After Garen left a marking on the walls, he immediately left.

He had to be careful when he came in, observing every detail, so his progress was slow, but it was much faster when he returned, under his full speed, he was leaps and bounds faster than his advancement previously.

Chapter 523: Ancient Ruins Expedition 3

In the previous floor with the goddess, the two were already waiting as Garen walked out of the tunnel.

On Divine God Palace Master was a green silk robe that looked as good as new, as though he hadn't just walked out from a battle. He laid back onto the left side of the statue and had a shuteye.

Cthulhu King looked much worse; burn wounds of different sizes could be seen, his red robe was torn and it showed the red metal armor beneath it. He stood in front of the god's statue, as though he were observing something.

As they saw Garen coming out, both of them diverted their gaze towards him.

Garen wasn't in much better shape than Cthulhu King. Even though he wasn't really hurt elsewhere, his arms were completely charred, it was apparent that the injuries were concentrated.

"We are more familiar with the topography than you, so we'd arrive first." Cthulhu King nodded, "I have already ordered my subordinates for some gunpowder, anything else you need would need to be requested now, on the third floor after the second, the Living Secret Technique should have the stronger guardian, we would need to cooperate to get it."

"Gunpowder may not work." Garen said softly, "After the fire men and single blade shadows, who knows what other troublesome characters are there. We need to prepare the best defensive equipment."

"I got them to bring some fire extinguishers, perhaps that would work." Cthulhu King had obviously given it some thought. Unlike Divine God Palace Master, they were obviously in different leagues. If he couldn't even go against the firemen, then single blade shadows were out of the question.

"Perhaps we can head out together." Garen suggested,

"We don't know which tunnel would the Living Secret Technique will be in. The Three tunnels were split into three different directions, plus, there's more than just Living Secret Techniques in this ancient ruin..." Cthulhu King snickered.

"Let's wait for a while." Divine God Palace Master decided, and then the three no longer said a word.

Garen walked up to the right side of the statue, and rested by leaning against it.

At the same time, his vision went from the hall into the lower parts of his Attribute Pane.

"Strength 14, Agility 10, Vitality 11, Intelligence 10, Potential 54521%"

"545 Points? That many?" Garen's eyes had a hint of surprise.

After absorbing the Cthulhu's Origin to increase his attributes' limits, he had always stayed in the kingdom without going anywhere. He actually hadn't managed to try out his new abilities obtained from the Cthulhu's Origin.

One attribute point would require 100 points. This amount was just staggering, even he couldn't increase it that much in a short time.

After he left the kingdom for the ruins here, he had not killed mutated creatures on any large scale to increase his potential points, as he needed to avoid detection.

"I didn't even have 100 points originally, but now it actually reached over 500 points, it's obvious that I gained these in the tunnel." Garen was thinking, "Just in time to see how much of a limit extension Cthulhu's Origin gave me."

He fixed his gaze upon 'Vitality', but his body walked over to a shadowy part of the hall behind the goddess' statue, blocking himself from the other two person's field of vision.

As his gaze fixed in place for three seconds, the vitality pane had a sudden jump, and then blurred for a moment. When it reappeared, the number changed from 11 to 12, whereas the potential points dropped to 400-odd points. One hundred points only provided one point of attribute.

Just after his Vitality was upgraded, Garen felt a cold breeze around his body. The burn wounds on his arm were recovering visibly quickly; the charred skin outside fell off like a hard-boiled eggs' shell, without a sound, and was caught by Garen as it gently fell to the ground.

The previous injuries from the impact with the black shadow had also completely recovered; his body was beyond perfect at this point.

Upgrading vitality actually had the function of regeneration, Garen actually almost forgot about it. However, as he was feeling it, the vitality pane had actually reached its limit, and could no longer be upgraded. He felt that it was a waste. If he played his cards right, this kind of regeneration could perhaps even allow leeway for another life during critical moments.

After adding onto Vitality on top of the one point from before, he deduced out that the Cthulhu's Origin gave around 2 points. As he looked at the remainder of the points, the feeling similar to his vitality increasing occurring again. It was very likely that the two points of his attribute limit were distributed equally.

All this increased his limits by two points.

This should be the function of Cthulhu Origin.

Garen looked at the remaining three hundred odd points, he could add three more attribute points, and this would need careful consideration.

Garen stole a glance at the other two. Cthulhu King fished out a green colored ointment bottle and carefully applied it on himself. He seemed like he was tending to his wounds.

He did not leave the ruins for somewhere more convenient to recover. Garen then looked at Divine God Palace Master, his face had a calm, unfazed expression to it.

"Don't be surprised, even if you headed beyond this place, you still couldn't use unnatural powers to heal these wounds.." Cthulu King noticed Garen's gaze and explained promptly. He then suddenly glanced at Garen's arms. "Your arms?"

Garen shook his arms.

"The injuries weren't deep to begin with, it was just the surface that's charred black." The lie was as natural as it could be.

"Let's prepare, the gunpowder is here, as well as three reinforced shields.." Cthulhu King nodded and announced.

Soon, a buzzing sound could be heard from the entrance of the forest, as though it were the howl of a tornado. Suddenly, a ray of white light descended upon the tunnel entrance for a few seconds. The white light slowly dispersed. Many bags of gunpowder appeared on the floor, as well as dark red inverted-triangle shields. The shields were unusually thick, and were actually ten shields stacked and reinforced into one. Its thickness was about the size of an open palm. The shields looked like three dense, heavy metal beams..

"They're here" Cthulhu King led the way and walked over, he lifted it with one hand and lightly tossed it towards Garen, "Try one for size?"

Garen extended his hands to catch it

Bam!

A shield over a meter in height handed in his arms with a loud thump.

"Forged using the premium metals with anti-fire properties. Sayer Iron has good fire retardancy, as well as extreme defensive powers, albeit being slightly heavier." Cthulhu King said, "They weigh about two tonnes each."

"Two tonnes plus?" Garen meticulously gauged its weight, it's already considerably light for him, but it was obvious that Cthulhu King made this based on his own specifications and body, a long-range totem user will never be nearly as strong as a close quarter combatant, let alone being in a place that negated all unnatural powers. Without unnatural powers the three of them can only rely on their sheer physical strength to use this shield. They were considerably weaker inside compared to when they were outside.

Without unnatural powers, Garen was also left with his body and Secret Techniques, as well as combat skills. Even those Secret Techniques like the Red Jade Hand, Myriad Water Jasper Technique or Black

Water True Technique have devolved into nothing but the worst of the lower class combat skills without unnatural powers.

Without the support of unnatural powers, some techniques and abilities were for nothing but showmanship in the ruins, and were without purpose.

As they carried the shield and distributed the gunpowder, the trio convened closely in minute details about their experiences and the time taken during their journey, and then separated once again into the second floor of the ruins.

Compared to the first time, Garen's footsteps were much louder and heavier with a two-tonne shield on his hand, he took each step slowly.

He could make up what the tiles were made of. It was actually sturdy enough for it to not leave any footprints even with such a load.

Garen was much faster during his second descent. He was almost running; with the additional point on vitality, there were visible improvements, especially in terms of endurance

With just two days, he had already advanced into the second floor met with the first wave of shadows.

Bam! The giant wolf shadow rammed hard against the shield, and a large portion of the tiny spikes were broken off. The shadow had also been hurt from the spikes, with a painful groan, it seemed to be even more agitated.

It expanded once again, almost taking up the entire space of the tunnel, and furiously rushed towards Garen.

Garen put up the shield and threw it forwards with both hands and all his might.

Fu Fu Fu!!! With deafening sounds of rotations, the shield turned into a high-speed revolving dart, which lodged into the shadow like a blade.

Unsurprisingly, the shield hit dead center and have split the shadow open. It continued to fly for about ten meters before it hit onto a wall of a corner, more than half the shield was lodged in the wall.

The shadow disappeared without a trace, the darkness surrounding it faded and returned to its usual blue hue.

Garen took a long sigh, then he walked over to dislodge the shield with a great heave.

It was a scene of serenity ahead and behind him; the blue mist continued to linger, but visibility was reduced to a ten meter distance..

Garen continued hurrying through his journey while carrying the shield, then it was the second wave of shadows. It was similarly unimpactful beyond the scare, it was clear that having the shield made things easier.

The third one, the fourth one, there were more shadows in this trip, but they were easily manageable.

After half an hour, the man with the burning head appeared again.

The yellow light immediately dashed towards Garen the moment it appeared with extreme speed. Just like an afterimage, it reached Garen in the blink of an eye.

The shield was positioned in front of him while he knelt down with both his hands against the shield.

Bam!!

The tangerine-yellow fireball disappeared after a moment. In the tunnel, Garen was pushed back several meters behind the shield, and the floor was left with a streak of black charred marks.

The shield had emitted white smoke due to its high temperature, and the air had a strong burning stench, just like the smell shorted electrical cables let out..

Garen slowly stood up from behind the shield and saw that the tunnel returned to the usual blue, serene setting. He looked over at the charred shield, but there were minimal dents on it.

"Not bad." he shook the shield, and the soot on top vibrated slightly and then fell out in large pieces, revealing the uneven dent of the dark red metal layer beneath it.

As he continued advancing with the shield, the pitch darkness appeared once again.

In the dark, a black silhouette slowly stood up from the floor, much like a liquid slowly forming a human shape.

Garen could barely make up the opponent's features. It looked like a shadow that was about the same height as a regular person, its right arm was the shape of a blade, without palms or an arm, only a blade attached.

The shadow charged towards Garen without uttering a word the moment it had its eyes on him; it didn't even make a sound, as though it were an actual shadow.

Dang!!

The blade hit the shield and left a deep cut in. Sparks flew from the clash in the darkness, brightly illuminating the darkness surrounding it for an instant.

Seeing that one strike was ineffective, the shadow leaped upwards and suddenly disappeared in mid air, it then reappeared behind Garen, and the right arm's blade was aimed towards Garen's nape in the next chop.

In that eye-blinking speed, one second hadn't even passed between the interval of hitting the shield to the ambush from behind.

As the blade cut through the air, even though it didn't produce any noise, it produced a black streak in front of the blade in the instant before it touched Garen's skin, as though it completely shredded the air.

Without being able to react, Garen hurled the shield backwards. Blind from behind, his body used the change in momentum from the hurl to move forward.

With a thump, the shield missed any solid objects but got lodged in a wall. As usual, the shield sunk deep, sparking into embers of gold.

The shadow reacted by avoiding it in the last moment, as though it had a premonition. Garen's speed was slightly faster than it, but before Garen had even begun hurling it, it already moved to avoid the strike, as though it could predict Garen's attacks ahead of time.

Chapter 524: Ancient Ruins Expedition 4

Whoosh...

Garen stood in the tunnel, it was pitch black around him, and he had his guard up.

The black shadow disappeared again.

"So you can predict what my next move will be?" Garen was not surprised in the slightest, he had encountered an enemy like this in the Secret Technique World, back then his opponent had used their judgment regarding blood qi and power principles to predict what his move would be. After all, before somebody moved, there would be some inevitable signs, although these signs were very fast and disappeared in a flash, anyone with fast enough reflexes would still be able to interpret them.

Faced with an opponent like that, Garen naturally had his countermeasures, unlike the locals like the Divine God Palace Master and the others, he had plenty of experience against such opponents.

His speed was faster than the black shadow, so all he had to do was give the opponent no time to predict his moves.

The corners of his mouth splitting apart, Garen stomped down hard on the ground, and the corner of the shield carved sparks and debris out of the wall on his right.

With a swooshing sound, he swept his palm and hit these pieces of debris precisely.

The pieces of debris, as large as a fist, shot into countless tiny stone shards in mid-air, and they did not just come from the front, at the same time, his left hand also scattered the mounds of debris, shooting out more shards.

The whole tunnel was immediately filled with a rain of projectiles, with the patter of stones smashing into everything everywhere, the huge force behind them giving these stones an intensely terrifying speed and momentum. With Garen in the center, the space within more than ten meters of him on either side was completely filled with stones. These stones had the destructive power of bullets, and they actually set alight sparks on the wall furthest to the right.

After smashing the stones, Garen did not hesitate, pulling back his hand and kicking out his leg, shooting out a kick above his head.

The black shadow with its single blade just happened to appear in the one safe spot above Garen's head, and took the full-powered kick head-on.

Even its blade could not block in time, with a bam, the black shadow was forcefully shattered into countless black shards in mid-air, and scattered tracelessly into the air.

His face splitting into a grin, Garen held up the Tower Shield and continued pressing forward.

After ten more minutes, he encountered yet another single-bladed black shadow, after finishing it off in the same manner, Garen had to rest for a moment. Under these circumstances, without his special power, it was something of a burden to him as well to use his full power consecutively. Add that to the long journey on the way here, with his guard up the whole time, and even he had to take a short breather.

For the next whole day, Garen encountered more than ten of these single-bladed black shadows, but while they started off slower than him, they soon began to move at the same speed, and even grew faster than him.

But since their area of action was only in that small area shrouded by darkness, and their own defense was not particularly strong, faced with Garen's wide-area attacks and his method of forcing them into corners, one by one, they still tasted bitter defeat in the end.

If most of his powers had not been limited, just fighting based off his physical qualities now, Garen was perfectly capable of instantly releasing his Black Water Mist against these black shadows, and then they would be dropping like flies.

But without his unnatural powers, his own powers were one or two percent of his abilities outside at most, and the other two were probably in the same situation, so the three of them advanced extremely slowly.

Just as the three of them were continuously exterminating the shadow creatures and moving forth, in the goddess statue hall on the first floor, a man in red robes with completely white eyes suddenly walked in.

"Have they already come in some deep?" The man muttered, he was the Light God, the second strongest person under the Cthulhu King, and he was also the person who first 'discovered' these ruins before reporting them up to the Cthulhu King.

But nobody would have guessed, that these ruins were actually his hometown.

At the very beginning, he had been one of the shadow humanoids that had escaped from this place, possessing a young man's body and finally becoming the Cthulhuism Society's Light Cthulhu after a series of events.

Since he was originally one of the local shadows, he was extremely familiar with the three floors of the whole ruins, and he even some of the memories from an ancient time in his mind, plus he especially familiar with the biggest advantage these ruins had to offer, in fact he knew them like the back of his hand.

Standing in front of the goddess statue, the Light God bowed slightly and prayed fervently, in that short instant as he was bowing, his whole body rapidly turned black, quickly turning into a faint, dream-like, translucent image.

Soundlessly, he split from one into three, and shot like lightning down the tunnels, more than twice as fast as the Cthulhu King and the others.

In just a few hours, he was in three places at once, tailing the three of them closely as they traveled down the corridors and onto the second floor.

In terms of power, in these ruins that limited any unnatural powers, even if he was a shadow humanoid, he still did not have any particular powers, he just had the talent to become a shadow for short periods of time, and he would die in an instant if he faced any of them.

But naturally his aim was not to die in an instant, the reason he had lured the three ultimate fighters into these ruins was so that they could clear the obstructions for him.

Those shadow humanoids blocking the way were beyond his ability to fight, his Light God was just one of weakest shadows from the very beginning, and the gulf between him and those powerful shadows deeper in was far too big. Without anyone else's help, there was no way he could possibly reach the deepest parts.

What nobody knew was that after these shadows died, they would leave their purest essence, the Void Core, in the air. These shadow's cores had huge benefits, they were priceless treasures that could heal wounds, and they also had a certain amount of control over certain parts in the ruins, plus they were secret medicines that could directly increase the strength of one's soul. If you were lucky enough, you might even get the legendary Ancient Endor Heirlooms.

And as one of these shadows, if he swallowed them, he could obtain a third of its power, improving all of his attributes at once.

But the Void Shadow Core was traceless, and extremely hard to detect, it would usually hide itself automatically, sticking to the shadowy corners of the tunnels. If they were not absorbed, these shadows would be revived, and once more gather into guardians. This was also the reason why Garen and the others had not discovered them at all.

According to Light God's plan, the second level should not be too hard for those three, but once the third floor was activated, and that strongest shadow came out from the secret room, it would surely get into a tangle with the three ultimate fighters, and that battle would not end anytime soon. But he knew an alternate path, that could go right around the entrance to the secret room and enter the room, so it was absolutely possible for him to take advantage of the time when the strongest shadow was distracted, to obtain the three Living Secret Techniques and the Shadow Demon Mirror.

Light God had been waiting for this day for a long time. Unfortunately, with his power, he could not even enter the second floor, but now he had a chance, with three meat shields in front of him, he was perfectly able to follow behind safely and reap the rewards. Once he got the Living Secret Techniques, and add the Shadow Demon Mirror to that, he would become the new Master of the Ruins! The Demon Mirror could spawn countless powerful shadows, and control all the shadows in the entire ruins, the strongest of which had Form Five peak-level power, with that kind of power, he would not have to worry about the Cthulhu King and the others coming at him for revenge at all. Using the army of countless shadows to surround them, or activating the other traps in the ruins that had shut down or lost control due to the passing of time, he could easily find enough time to retreat safely through the secret escape tunnel shortcuts.

Behind the tunnel Garen was in, Light God's black shadow abruptly appeared where the first shadow had died, and after turning one circle on the spot, he suddenly crouched to a corner on the left side of the tunnel, picking up a fist-sized stone with one hand while the other hand reached towards the shadow amidst the debris on the ground.

Strangely, the shadow on the ground was just like the surface of water, it had none of the hardness of the stone ground, and his black hand reached in easily, sinking inside, as though searching for something underwater. Amidst the sound of water splashing, he quickly found an irregularly-shaped black crystal from inside the shadow.

Light God cackled, and stuffed the crystal into his mouth directly, actually swallowing it whole.

As soon as the crystal was swallowed, his body seemed to grow slightly more solid. Standing up, Light God continued heading down the tunnel that had been cleared ahead.

At the same time, in the other two tunnels, everywhere a shadow had perished, Light God kept finding more Shadow Cores from the corners, and he kept swallowing them.

Light God's body grew more and more solid, larger and larger. But his aura also became more and more hidden, harder to detect.

Boom!!

Garen bashed in the large-bodied shadow in front of him with his shield, after the single-bladed black shadows vanished, the next type to show up was this sort of large-bodied shadow, these black shadows were about as powerful as the ones before, and their speed was about the same as the fire people, both were slightly stronger than Garen, and even more shamelessly, they were well-versed in close combat, having two hooks instead of palms, so any touch would rip off a large chunk of Garen's flesh.

And yet what troubled Garen the most was not all these, but the fact that these fatties needed to be destroyed three times before they would die for real.

This time he truly experienced how helpless his opponents had felt when they were fighting him back then.

If he did not have an advantage in secret technique battle skills, wherein one-tenth of his power could function like five tenths, this would probably be where he stopped.

The fat black shadow flowed on the ground for a bit, and finally utterly scattered, this thing was stronger than Garen, and faster, without the advantage granted by the secret technique battle skills, he would really have no idea how to deal with it.

Garen panted heavily, lifted the Tower Shield and continued advancing, it had been more than ten days since he entered the second floor, but he still could not see the end ahead, and the countless shadows that emerged were growing stronger and stronger. By now, one fat shadow took him more than ten minutes to finish off, then further on...

Garen licked his lips, took the canteen from his waist and poured its contents into his mouth, with a splash, a mouthful of clean and clear water flowed into his throat. He brought the canteen down and shook it, there was not much water left inside, only one fifth, it seemed.

Although the opponents were growing stronger, he was not growing tired or annoyed in the slightest, and for a simple reason.

Each of these shadows would give him at least 40 potential points, not 40%, but the whole 4000%, 40 potential points.

The number of potential points corresponded with the level of power, in other words, the actual bodies of these shadows actually had power equivalent to Form Four or Five.

No wonder the Cthulhu King had to find two whole fighters at the same level as him before he dared to explore this place. He evidently had more information that he did not divulge.

These past few days, Garen had directly increased all of his attributes to their current maximum.

'Strength 16. Agility 12. Vitality 12. Intelligence 12.'

His Strength had reached 16 points, so he was no longer at a disadvantage in terms of strength when he faced the fatty, and was instead more or less its equal.

After achieving 12 points in Intelligence, he also finally developed a miniscule power. That was Instant Reflexes.

After reaching 12 points, there seemed to be a fundamental change, after increasing his Intelligence, Garen clearly felt a higher increase in his reflex and reaction times.

And the clearest embodiment of this upgrade in his battles was the appearance of a brand new ability -- Doublecast.

He could multitask, his left and right hands using two different secret technique battle attacks at the same time, or using them separately.

But the strongest was when he stacked on two hits for the same attack, this was using them together, and that was the true terror of this technique.

This ability was not simply stacking up two powers, it was a true stack of two Secret Techniques.

For example, there was a Threefold Fist Technique among the Secret Techniques, and with Doublecast, this could let him use the Threefold Fist Technique twice in quick succession, making it Sixfold!

Its effectiveness would reach a terrifying double of the original!

This seemed to match the way Garen had been using his Intelligence, he had never used it on planning or strategy, but put his all into becoming stronger himself, so now that his Intelligence had achieved a fundamental upgrade, it finally created such a terrifying technique.

Rather than calling it a technique, it was more like a natural ability that had been achieved by expanding on his potential.

Extremely powerful and fast reception and reaction, after changing, could finally more or less activate two types of Secret Techniques at once, using his powerful body as the base, to explosively achieve twice the destructive power.

This was the first morphed technique Garen had obtained from increasing his stats.

It made his heart burn a little with passion, and he began to hold some anticipation for the upgrades the other attributes would have as well.

Chapter 525: Ancient Ruins Expedition 5

"Aaggs! Aaggs!!"

Amidst the loud howling, a lizardman in front of Garen abruptly collapsed to the ground, the huge red single eye on its face leaking bright red blood slightly, dripping onto the floor and emitting a strange rotting smell.

Garen pulled back his right hand, his face slightly pale.

In just over ten minutes, he had killed more than ten of these lizardmen consecutively, so even he had to be somewhat mentally exhausted.

Straightening up his body and leaning onto the wall at the side, he once more picked up his water bottle and poured it into his mouth, the last drop of water reluctantly dripping into his mouth, moistening his dry lips, and causing Garen's heart to be impatient as well.

"Who knows how long it will be before I can enter the third floor, these ruins are so huge, much bigger than what I had expected before." He watched as the lizardman on the ground slowly scattered into countless black dots of light, and the darkness around him rapidly disappeared as well, once more returning to the previous backdrop of pale blue mist.

He glanced backwards, and it was nothing but faint blue mist behind him, misty and blurred, nothing could be seen clearly at all, the tunnel seeming to stretch into infinity in the mist.

Taking a sharp breath, Garen continued to make his way forth. At the same time, he took that red button out of his pocket.

By now, the black robes all over his body had already been slightly damaged, after so many battles, even he could not keep himself from getting the slightest bit injured.

This was a space where totem power did not work, and he was only left with his own power physical martial skills and his body's attributes.

Pressing the button, he instantly heard the crackle of static from inside.

"Is anyone there?" Garen asked softly.

There was no reply.

He did not keep the button, but instead Garen kept it held in his hand, and while he continued making progress, he would ask again every so often.

The lizardmen appeared again, these were not particularly hard to manage, but they just had special fist-fighting techniques, and were also faster than before. Still, compared to Garen, that was nothing.

After gaining the Doublecast ability, he had basically tested his limits. His body could only tolerate three uses of Doublecast within an hour, the explosive power of this technique was extremely terrifying.

When he was testing it, just one fist was enough to break a lizardman in half at the waist. The top half flew out extremely far, and the bottom half still did not move at all. The waist part in the middle, as well as a chunk of flesh, devolved into scraps.

In that instant, this technique had increased the power of his simple fist swing to twice the original power.

But the requirements for this technique were also undeniable. It took a tremendous toll on his heart and muscle tissues, if the Dragon's Heart weren't strong enough, even if his Intelligence met the mark, he probably would not have been able to achieve this technique either.

Of Garen's physical battle skills, the most dominating was his Ten Thousand Mammoth Battle Skills, these martial skills, based off the original Mammoth Secret Technique Battle Skills, had direct attacking styles, because the Mammoth Secret Technique was a strength-type secret technique, making its style also very simple and direct.

Of these, the four killer moves were the basics of all of Garen's physical battle skills, as for the Sky Dragon's Crisscross that he came to understand later, despite the lame name, it had pretty considerable power, and was the fusion of the most brutal parts of his fighting killer moves.

As Garen kept advancing, he started to consider how he could improve the fusion Sky Dragon's Crisscross further, to form a powerful move using the explosive power of Doublecast.

For this sort of move where he instantly and explosively stacks them on, if he used extremely complicated moves as the basis, it would definitely reduce the power in some way, extending the usage time. But if he used a move that was too simplistic, it would not have enough power.

Then he needed to find a balanced middle point.

After advancing for more than ten minutes, the corridor ahead of him began to extend long black shadows again.

Out of habit, Garen stopped his footsteps, waiting for the black shadows to completely engulf him. After all these days, he was already very used to these shadows attacking him, at any such time like this, there would definitely be shadow creatures on the attack.

Standing on the spot and awaiting it with concentration, Garen could vaguely feel that, right ahead of him, a shapely figure was slowly appearing in front of him.

In the darkness, the figure seemed to be glowing on its own, its clear image reflected into Garen's eyes.

Standing in front of him, was a seductive woman's body with all the proper curves.

A skintight black leather shirt on top, a short black skirt that would just only wrap her butt at the bottom, revealing a vague glimpse at the scenery under her skirt. Further down, there was even the shape of long and round legs.

This woman had a tall ponytail, her exposed skin pale as jade, two pitch-black swords hanging from her waist. Most eye-catching of all was the black mask on her face, with a pair of bright black almond-shaped eyes on the top half.

Just the eyes and the skin, as well as the shape of her features under the mask, was enough to tell Garen that she was definitely a fairly good-looking beauty.

But why would a beautiful woman suddenly show up in a place like this?

The suspicion flashed past his heart in an instant, and instantly fell on the darkness behind the woman, there were more tiny footsteps coming from there.

Two identically-dressed beauties in short skirts walked out once more, they stared at Garen with calm eyes, the lifeless pupils in their eyes long since scattered, but they gave Garen the impression that they were staring straight at him, as the three of them slowly drew the twin swords from their waists.

Clang! Clang clang!

There were three clanging sounds, and three of them beat their swords together at the same time, as though preparing to attack.

"You three, still have your wills?" Garen could not help but ask, if they still had wills, then he could communicate with them to some degree.

Unfortunately, the three of them did not reply, and just stomped their foot, abruptly disappearing into the darkness, instantly leaving only their six black blades slicing through the air towards Garen in the dark.

The blades were not particularly fast, howling as they cut through the air.

Garen did not dare to let his guard down, after walking all the way here, he had noticed that his opponents had been getting stronger and stronger, so it would not be any different here.

His right palm pierced and flipped towards the wall.

Fwah!

A large piece of stone was torn off the wall and smashed towards the six black swords.

Garen quickly took two steps back, lifted his Tower Shield and shoved it forward.

The edges of the huge shield had long since been sharpened by Garen after these continuous days of use, and was comparable to the sturdiest war swords.

The edge of the shield met with the first black sword.

There was a flash of sparks in the darkness, a splash of fireworks from the clash between weapons.

The black sword was flung far away, wholly undamaged, it just spun a few times in the air, and was soon slicing towards his direction again. The other black swords took turns attacking the Tower Shield, leaving some deep cuts into its surface, and were flung out as well, though they returned quickly and continued their attack.

Garen brandished the shield, and knocked away the black swords once more.

Time after time, the black swords were relentless, every time they were knocked away, they would be completely undamaged, whereas the nicks on the shield grew larger and larger.

Garen frowned slightly, he had knocked the black swords towards the other black swords a few times, at first planning to harm the wielders of the black swords, but strangely, there was nothing behind the black swords but air.

But Garen had clearly seen the three beautiful female swordsmen before, and his senses could even clearly tell if they were real or illusion, with no chance of a mistake.

The black swords were not fast, neither were they very strong, but they just took no damage, no matter how hard he hit them, at the most he would leave some white marks on them, but Garen's Tower Shield, on the other hand, was getting more and more damaged.

Garen watched the black swords' attack patterns, movement routes, and the details about his surroundings carefully, over and over again.

The time ticked by, and Garen maintained a constant pace, knocking the black swords away time and time again, but the opponents seemed to know no weariness, sticking to him like glue.

"So that's how it is?"

Finally, he vaguely noticed a clue.

When the black sword's attack made contact with its opponent, its wielder would appear from a split second, other than that, there was no other flaw.

He could only attack the swordswoman at the exact moment the black sword hit him. And this instant was extremely short, just a hint of distraction and it would pass.

Once he had an idea in his heart, Garen instantly took the initiative and waved the shield as he advanced, forcing the black sword back.

In the darkness, the tiny bits of golden sparks kept lighting up, accompanied with the sound of clashing blades. Garen separated two of the swords away cleverly, and kept them alone in one area.

Psst!

Instantly, the Tower Shield in his hand split down the middle to form two large chunks, and Garen carried them each in one hand.

With two deep whooshes of the wind, one of the two Tower Shields blocked four of the blade attacks at once, while the other one smashed towards the two isolated swords.

The Tower Shield had a large area, just a light wave could take up most of the space in the tunnel. The black swords could not go around it, and had to face it head-on.

Clang clang! Bam!

Garen kicked out one leg, and a blurred figure behind those two swords was instantly kicked away, plastering onto the left-side wall with a bang, bringing down a rain of debris with it.

He could see that the figure that flew out was one of the women from just now.

After discovering the trick to it, Garen repeated it accordingly, and within two minutes, the other two women were also grievously injured and lying on the ground, their bodies revealed. The black swords also fell to the ground, becoming normal weapons.

The three of them were only average in their physical strength and endurance, it was just that ability they had to hide themselves completely that was very challenging, but it just happened to be countered by Garen, an expert peak-level fighter with plenty of fighting experience. Compared to the ability to control even the smallest split-second opportunity, no totem user could match the number of life-and-death battles Garen had experienced in the Secret Technique World.

The three women figures lay on the ground, but somehow were still breathing, after taking one of Garen's lightning kicks, even the lizardmen from before were on the brink of death, what was more these weaker female bodies.

Garen walked over, bent down, and picked up one woman by her hair.

"Can you speak?"

Her eyes were wide open, but had no intention of replying.

Garen slapped her twice. After two loud smacks, she seemed to react somewhat, her tightly-closed long legs underneath her short skirt twitching subconsciously, as though she wanted to escape Garen's control. But her seriously injured body could no longer move, that kick contained Garen's shock technique, and had instantly destroyed most of the woman's internal tissues and organs. According to a normal person's body condition, it was a miracle that she could still move now.

"Do you have no will?" Garen frowned, and pulled off the woman's black mask.

There was no jade-white skin under the mask, only a mess of blood and flesh, the whole bottom half of her face was rotten and dark red, she did not even have lips, only trembling rotting meat, as though covered with maggots.

The terrible odor made Garen frown deeply, this body truly hated intense stench.

He looked at the woman from top to bottom, and suddenly tore off the woman's clothes, with a yank, he revealed the skin underneath the leather clothes, this part was all fair and white, with a clean white chest cloth tying her breasts.

"So everything other than the face is normal?"

Chapter 526: Ancient Ruins Expedition 6

Garen snapped the woman's neck cleanly, and simply threw it aside.

Without that ability to dematerialize, these women figures were not too different from the strength shadows he encountered in the beginning, simple and easy.

Garen searched the other two women's bodies, and found nothing, so all he could do was twist their necks as well and leave.

In the darkness, the three women's corpses slowly melted and faded, utterly becoming one with the darkness.

When faced with these swordswomen, if one could not catch that split-second opportunity, no matter how strong a fighter they were, they would be destroyed by time alone. After all, the swordswomen's speed and strength were not weak by any means, and three had appeared at once.

The battle chance could only be caught by fighters who were extremely nimble in their senses and their speed, and they had to be extraordinarily experienced. Any other type of person would have no choice but to waste away here.

The darkness retreated rapidly, and it became the same pale blue mist once more.

Garen stepped forward and continued on his way.

In the time after that, wave after wave of these beautiful swordswomen kept appearing, and unlike how easily he could dispatch them in the beginning, the swordswomen began growing faster and faster, until they caused him some trouble.

At first these swordswomen appeared in teams of three, then two, and by the end it was just one person at a time.

As their numbers increased, their power increased steadily as well.

By the time he reached the last single-woman team, the swordswoman's power had already achieved an extremely high level.

The swordswoman's black sword was like a bolt of lightning in the darkness, it kept turning and slicing, leaving him without a moment to breathe. The onslaught was continuous, the extreme speeds bringing explosive power as well.

After many collisions, the Tower Shield was utterly destroyed. Garen had no choice but to fight with his own hands.

The last swordswoman's speed was already faster than his, reaching speeds equivalent to about 20 potential points, this seemed to be the limit, the swordswoman's attacks came at a jumping curve, and the instant the black sword twinkled, the blade was already on Garen's body.

Garen called this technique the Leap Slash, it was not any particularly special technique, just a terrifying ability born from the swordswoman's explosive power.

With the price of a deep cut through his shoulder, Garen took the chance to smash the swordswoman to death and win. But he had no choice except to stop as well, waiting for his body to heal naturally.

Although he didn't have his unnatural powers here, making his healing speeds much slower, but the Nine-Headed Dragon's Heart still had a powerful recovery speed that normal creatures could not hope to match.

After resting in the same spot for three whole days, Garen's injuries no longer affected him, so he got up and continued on.

In these three days, he had also understood the swordswoman's final Leap Slash. The swordswoman's body was far from as powerful as his, and yet she could demonstrate such explosive speed. That was how valuable that technique was.

After three days of reflection and study, and after so many hands-on fights with the swordswomen, Garen finally understood the key to it.

As an expert fighter who had witnessed many secret techniques, Garen had a far stronger understanding of these secret technique battle skills without any unnatural powers than the Cthulhu King or the Divine God Palace Master. Such techniques naturally held no secrets to his eyes.

His powerful Intelligence came into play in a big way here as well, as he successfully analyzed the principles behind the Leap Slash.

This technique could unleash close to 20 attribute points of speed in an instant, but it required a light and sharp weapon, by controlling the weapon and the rhythm of one's body, using a special blood qi channeling technique, they could gather all the power in their body, and shoot out their weapon as though it was a hidden weapon.

Although this technique was strong, its limit could not go any further than 20 attribute points in speed, and its power was equivalent to a Form Four battle totem outside. Outside, this sort of technique had no meaning, but in here, in the ruins where he could only use his own body to fight, the Leap Slash had a powerful effect.

This technique may have put a heavy burden on the swordswomen, but to Garen, it was easy as pie. He could absolutely use it like a normal technique, such was the power of a strong Vitality.

Ever since he entered the ruins, this was his second time reaping rewards from it, the first was learning the Doublecast ability, this time it was the simple Leap Slash technique.

Both of these techniques were things he could use by himself, no matter in what surroundings, with or without totem power or Totem Light, they would not be weakened.

Garen suddenly understood, if the legends were true, then the Warlocks definitely had the ability to travel through space, and in the starry space, there were countless planets, some with unique environments, where one could use powerful abilities to leverage on all the power of the surroundings, while others were complete wastelands that could not be leveraged at all, so those leveraging powers would be greatly diminished.

And the only thing they could truly rely on was their own bodies. The channeling of the blood qi in their bodies, to create a tremendous power, that was the true core.

Bringing his thoughts back, Garen finally ate the remaining jerky, and took out the red button.

"Is anyone there?"

These few days he had done this practically every day, asking at least once a day, but there had not been any response from the other two sides.

This time, however, there was finally a response.

"Nine-Headed Snake?" A hoarse voice came from the button. It was the Cthulhu King, he sounded extremely tired. "Are you okay?" The Cthulhu King followed up with a question.

"My body is still okay, it's just that I ran out of water and food, although I can last several weeks without a problem, my body will still be inevitably weak." Garen voiced out his problem.

"I tried, before those attacking shadows disappear completely, their meat is edible, so you can try it out." As expected of a cult leader, the Cthulhu King had even fewer taboos when it came to food than Garen, a natural born big eater.

"Alright..." Garen also knew that he had no other choice right now, besides the Nine-Headed Snake's appetite was terrifyingly big, its digestion and absorption speeds also extremely scary, it could change most substances into its energy source, and it excreted its wastes in the form of poison mist, which was naturally extremely dangerous to others, but cleaned up the surroundings for Garen himself.

"Where have you reached?" The Cthulhu King continued asking.

"The swordswomen area."

"Same, that last swordswoman is very troublesome, I've been blocked here. According to the information, the third floor entrance should be right ahead, the three tunnels will converge again there." The Cthulhu King reminded, "That fellow, the Divine God Palace Master, is probably already there."

He paused, "According to our intel, other than the three Living Secret Techniques, there should also be a Shadow Demon Mirror in there, it's an extremely powerful Heirloom that can control all the shadows in these ruins, it's a War-type Ancient Endor Heirloom, these shadows should be an effect of that Heirloom."

"Why are you telling me all this?" Garen was slightly confused.

"To control the Demon Mirror, you need to fuse with it for a very long time before you can embed your own spirit and will in it, it's not something you can control in a short period of time. After this, we'll still meet the strongest shadow creature, but before that I have a proposition."

"Say it."

"I don't want my portion of the Living Secret Techniques, I just want that Shadow Demon Mirror." The Cthulhu King said straight-facedly.

"That Demon Mirror is linked to the rights to control all of these ruins, right?" Garen chuckled. Looking at it that way, it seemed that the two had the same value, but Living Secret Techniques could be found in other ruins as well, while the Shadow Demon Mirror could only be found here. Obtaining it would be equal to obtaining an extremely powerful shadow army. In truth, the value of the Shadow Demon Mirror was higher.

But Garen was not really bothered with these external items, he placed more importance on upgrading himself. And obviously the Cthulhu King had a different view from his.

"Of course."

"What do you want from me?" Garen mused.

After a long silence from the other side, to the point that Garen thought the line had been broken, there was finally a sound from the other side.

"Get over here and help me settle the swordswoman leader... I... can't get across..." The Cthulhu King seemed to be clenching his teeth.

Garen burst into laughter.

Breaking off the button's connection, since he knew that the tunnels would merge very soon up ahead, and there should no longer be any shadow creatures ahead, he hesitated no more, and ran forward at full speed.

Far behind the three people in the three tunnels

Each tunnel had a vague black shadow moving forward at high speeds, the Shadow Cores hiding in the corners on the ground constantly swallowed by this black shadow.

His aura was growing stronger and stronger, larger and larger.

From his initial lower Form Four level, he had rapidly grown stronger, and by the time Garen and the others faced the swordswoman leader, this shadow had already swallowed all the other Shadow Cores, growing to Form Five level power.

Three tunnels, three shadows, each of them with Form Five level aura.

All three were the Light God's clones, he had already been a Form Five fighter to start with, he just had not reached the peak, and the clones he had created using many years only had low-level Form Four power. Just like God Cloud from back then, peak-level Form Five power, but his clones were only at the Form Four peak, a full one level lower.

And now, after absorbing the Shadow Cores in the ruins, the Light God's three clones were each at Form Five level power, making him exuberant.

If even his clones had such power, if they merged together, just how strong would his actual body become? This was equivalent to absorbing all the power of the shadow creatures in the ruins, and turning them into the Light God's own reserves.

Just like the Cthulhu King, after accumulating power over such a long time, even the exceptionally talented Phiros could not defeat him. He still forced himself into the ranks of the peak-level fighters.

As his power increased, the Light God's ambitions grew as well, and when he occasionally sensed the three ultimate fighters moving ahead, an intense and unnamed desire began to rise in his heart.

If the Cthulhu King died here... then the Cthulhuism Society... would see the birth of a new Cthulhu King!

As for the other two, if they would obediently bow down and become his servants, they could be given a chance to live, if they were not willing...

Other than the Cthulhu King, the Light God's attention was focused on Garen, this terrifying prodigy had achieved such heights in so few years, he was practically a copy of Hellgate from back then.

Such a prodigy must have a huge secret behind him, this speed of growth was no longer something that could be explained away as talent. Just like Hellgate back then. How did Garen get the Nine-Headed Dragon totem, why did he have unlimited lives, unlike what was stated in the information? These were all unexplainable mysteries.

There were far too many smart people in the world, they would also notice how Garen was different, but his overwhelmingly powerful abilities made it so that nobody dared to investigate any closer. Things were different now...

In these ruins, under these circumstances, the Light God was confident that he could take control of the Demon Mirror, and utterly kill the three of them.

Chapter 527: Secret of the Ruins 1

Garen stood at the end of the pitch-black tunnel, ahead was a wall sealing the tunnel shut, and there were no other branches in the path.

He checked the surroundings carefully, but there was no way through.

"Is it a dead end?"

Garen narrowed his eyes, walked to the right of the tunnel, reaching out his hand to knock the hard stone wall.

And then he walked one entire round around the dead-end tunnel, continuously rapping on the hard stone walls, making tapping sounds.

Finally, he stopped in front of one part of the stone tunnel, and hammered it hard with his arm.

Bam!

The previously hard stone wall actually shattered rather easily, forming a large hole.

With a whoosh of debris cascading down, Garen extended the area around the hole, making it larger, until it was large enough for someone to enter while bent over, only then did he stop.

The hole was glowing faintly, completely different from the pale blue mist outside.

Garen crawled into the hole, and emerged in another small room.

More than ten stone tables and chairs stood neatly inside, and there were carvings of wolf beasts on the walls, there were even more than ten round nightlight gems embedded in the ceiling, forming a circle ring that lit up with a pale yellow glow.

To others, this light was just a faint glow, and they would not even be able to see things a meter away clearly, but with Garen's vision, the whole room was bright as day.

The small room was cylindrical in shape, with a diameter of more than ten meters, more than ten skeletons lying all over the floor, with a layer of white membrane like cobwebs all over them, evidently these people had been dead for too long, their blood and flesh drying out until they looked like this.

Garen walked up to these skeletons, and checked them carefully, the dozen or so skeletons were all of normal human height, and there were bits of clothes scattered around them, he just had to step on them lightly for them to disintegrate into dust.

There was also a little arch-shaped door on the right of the room, Garen could not find anything useful on the skeletons, so he could just get up and walk into the small door, there was a narrow tunnel behind the little door, with yellow nightlight gems every ten meters embedded above,

Garen walked several hundred meters ahead, and vaguely heard tiny footsteps from ahead, at first he thought it was the echo of his own footsteps, but once he listened closer, he noticed that the rhythm was not right, and he instantly stopped.

The other person had evidently heard movement here as well, and stopped at almost the exact same time.

"Nine-Headed Hydra?" There was a soft question from ahead. The voice was clear and cool, and definitely belonged to the Divine God Palace Master. The head of the nest leaders walked out from one of the three forks slowly, and faced Garen head-on.

He was still wearing that green cloak, but the hems of the cloak were all torn up, evidently a result of the many battles along the way. But there did not seem to be many injuries on his body.

"So the Divine God Palace Master has arrived." Garen smiled slightly in reply. "May I know how you've been here, Palace Master?"

"About four days." The Divine God Palace Master had no intention of hiding it, and replied casually.

Garen's heart gave a jolt, if he could reach here four days in advance, that evidently meant this person was much stronger than even Garen with Doublecast. This really raised alarms in his heart.

After all, the Divine God Palace Master was not a human, if he truly had second thoughts, it would actually be extremely troublesome to deal with him in these sealed ruins.

Garen glanced at the branches at the detour, there were three branches in total, he was standing in one, the Divine God Palace Master stood in the one opposite him, and there was another in the center without anyone there, so it was obviously the tunnel that the Cthulhu King had gone in.

Garen stared at the Divine God Palace Master, hesitating for a moment, and neither of them spoke anymore, the other person seemed surprised that Garen was the one who showed up first, rather than the Cthulhu King who led this whole expedition.

"I'll go check out how things are with the Cthulhu King's side." Garen said quietly, and walked straight down the middle branch, while remaining wary of the Divine God Palace Master's actions.

It was only after he walked a long distance down the middle branch, and the Divine God Palace Master was completely out of view, that he slowly relaxed.

Walking down the tunnel, he ran for a bit over an hour, and began to hear the sound of clashing metal in front of him.

Soon enough, the faint blue mist in the tunnel ahead slowly faded, and was replaced by an utter and complete darkness.

In the darkness, the red-robed Cthulhu King was being chased relentlessly by a darting black lightning bolt, seeming unnaturally out of his depth.

"Help me!" Seeing that Garen had arrived, the Cthulhu King instantly looked overjoyed.

Garen glanced around, there were still large shards of a chunk of the Tower Shield, it had a sharp shape, like a triangle. He kicked it up with his foot, and caught the shard in his hand with a smack.

"Leap Slash!"

He gathered up all the power in his body, twisted, and formed a shape like a spring, and then Garen released it rapidly as he took in a breath.

Bong!!

The shard in his hand instantly carved out a lightning bolt, and at the very instant the swordswoman leader connected with the half of the shield in the Cthulhu King's hand, he slashed the swordswoman's waist precisely.

With a tearing sound, the swordswoman was torn in half, chopped into half at the waist.

The body rapidly turned into black shadows and melted into the darkness, the pale blue mist filling the tunnel once more. Everything returned to being peaceful again.

The Cthulhu King panted loudly, his chin underneath the mask dripping sweat. His long robes were also soaked with sweat, plastered to his body.

"Much thanks." He leaned his back on the wall, took out his water bottle and gulped down some water, closing his eyes as he began to rest.

Garen was not too bothered either, waiting quietly at the side.

After more than half an hour, the Cthulhu King finally opened his eyes.

"I owe you one for this time."

"Don't hide anything from me anymore." Garen was slightly upset about the Shadow Demon Mirror that showed up from nowhere, this news should have revealed early on, and not tacked on later. If the Cthulhu King was able to defeat this shadow swordswoman by himself, he probably would have monopolized the Demon Mirror himself.

"It was my fault, but the Divine God Palace Master doesn't know about this either." After Garen helped him this time, the Cthulhu King's attitude was much gentler, and he was finally interacting with Garen as an equal of the same level. As for the grudges caused by the ten thousand mile chase from before, these were somewhat eased as well.

"The Shadow Demon Mirror is the main control central for the whole ruins, this was never an underground city, but a military fortress, the shadow creatures left in here had actually lasted for countless years, at first the shadow team controlled by the Shadow Demon Mirror was much larger than right now, it was just that some problems appeared after such a long time."

"I don't care about any Shadow Demon Mirror, don't forget the condition you agreed to before."

"Of course." The Cthulhu King nodded, "There are three Living Secret Techniques, one is a frost-type, one has powerful life force, and there was one more that I had booked before, it's a metal weapon-type."

"Metal weapon works too." Garen agreed after some thought.

"Garen, you never encountered a Living Secret Technique before, right?" The Cthulhu King called Garen's name, in a somewhat friendly manner, he seemed to want to ease the tension between the two of them using these small details.

"That's right."

"I have some info about them here, dunno if you're interested in it." The Cthulhu King held out an olive branch, trying to fix his relationship with Garen.

"Let's talk as we walk." Garen was just frustrated that he did not know anything about the Living Secret Techniques, so naturally he would not reject him.

There was no information at all about the Living Secret Techniques in the Kovitan royal library, these things were a secret that only peak-level fighters had a right to know, so there was no way it would be saved into any secret library.

On the way back down the road ahead, the Cthulhu King told Garen everything in detail, all the general information about the Living Secret Techniques.

Living Secret Techniques had their own innate evolution potential, if one successfully trained a normal Living Secret Technique, it would fuse all the power and blood qi in the practitioner's body, absorbing even the source of their power, fusing and shrinking it, refining it into a Seed of Strength. This Seed would follow the direction most appropriate for the secret technique, discarding all the impurities, and reabsorbing the practitioner's spirit and will once more, growing gradually, growing in a way that completely suited the practitioner's own personal secret technique state.

By then, once the secret technique was successfully trained, they would not need to learn moves anymore, and it would instead become an innate ability, almost like a talent. The so-called secret technique effect, had basically become the body's own ability.

The whole Living Secret Technique was just like a living creature, using the practitioner's will and spirit, killer moves, and power source as its nutrients, after slowly growing and maturing, it would bear fruit, that being a stronger secret technique innate ability.

It would become a natural and mysterious system rooted deep in the practitioner's body, embedding the secret technique ability that had been refined into the practitioner's body fully, forming an almost innate, terrifying ability.

On the way, Garen kept going deeper into all the information the Cthulhu King was telling him about the Living Secret Techniques, the more he understood, the more amazed he felt.

This sort of secret technique was no longer purely a secret technique, and it was instead an indescribable, mysterious seed.

"Then can one person practice two different types of Living Secret Techniques?" After digesting the information the Cthulhu King had, he asked again.

"Unfortunately not, but you can absorb the pros and cons of the two types of Living Secret Techniques, removing the strength secret technique system from one and inserting your own will and spirit into it again, plucking out the Seed of Strength from one Living Secret Technique, and turning it into your own power's Seed of Strength." The Cthulhu King explained, "The Divine God Palace Master plans to do just that. Otherwise the nest leader can't have his own Living Secret Technique at all."

"You can do that?" Garen was slightly surprised.

"Of course you can, but you need to really understand this Living Secret Technique, and at the same time your own secret technique system must not be rejected by it, only then can you maybe try it, and if you fail, the consequences are extremely dire, the spirit and will, as well the source of your power source that you inserted inside will disappear completely, and even the practitioner's many years of hard effort will be utterly wasted. This is a loss of the source from your memory and your body, and it can't be salvaged. Once you fail, the many years of power that you accumulated and tried to insert will be lost in an instant." The Cthulhu King lamented. "If the Divine God Palace Master wants to leave his destiny as a nest master, it will be very, very difficult."

Garen nodded instinctively.

The two of them walked forward for some time, and finally returned to the fork where the three branches met.

The Divine God Palace Master was still leaning on the stone wall, closing his eyes and resting.

"You're finally here." Hearing the footsteps, he opened his eyes to look at the two of them.

"We can enter the third floor now." The Cthulhu King nodded at him. He took a small yellow paper packet out of his pocket.

"If you want to open up the third floor entrance as soon as possible, this would be the easiest way. I didn't expect that I would not use it with the fire people, but ended up using it here instead."

Garen also took out his portion of the explosive packet, and the three of them put the packets together, on the floor right in the middle of the fork. The three of them retreated respectively.

The Cthulhu King took a match out of his pocket, lit it up, and simply threw it onto one of the fuses.

Psst...

A slight burning sound came from the fuse.

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In that instant, a burst of burning red light abruptly lit up from the ground at the fork.

Boom!!!

The thick smell of smoke spread everywhere. The white-yellow smoke utterly covered the whole tunnel's branched exits.

The Divine God Palace Master reached out his left hand and fanned it lightly

Phew!

A whirlwind started up, and his left hand seemed to leave behind a trail of after-images in an instant, as though he had sprouted more than ten palms, waving forward at the same time, which then instantly merged back into one.

The wind that was created immediately blew the smoke into the three tunnels, and quickly revealed how the ground at the center looked like now.

On the floor of the left by the branches, a large black irregular hole had appeared, and small black cracks could vaguely be seen in the hole. It was evidently the result of the explosion just now.

Under these circumstances when unnatural power could not be used, it was the easiest to use a lot of special black powder to find the entrance, of course the three of them could find and create an entrance by themselves, but it would not nearly be as fast and direct as using explosives.

The explosion had created a huge tremor, and it would reveal the hidden entrance, so they did not have to find the specific location themselves.

"There's an entrance here as well." Just then, the Divine God Palace Master frowned slightly, his hand pressed on the right-side wall, there was also a hole with tiny cracks there, a result of the tremor.

"Two holes, which one is it?" The Cthulhu King asked in a deep voice.

"Do you want to split up and check?" Although Garen asked that, he was already walked to the underground hole, when his right foot stopped.

Bam!

A large chunk of the stone on the floor fell after one step, revealing the pitch-black tunnel underneath, it was like a deep pitch-black well, leading to god knows where.

On the other side, the Divine God Palace Master had already quietly opened up the hole on the wall, making an oval-shaped hole that was enough for someone to enter, there was a vague blue mist coming from inside.

The Cthulhu King narrowed his eyes, but he still followed Garen to the well. The two of them exchanged glances, and Garen just jumped, disappearing into the well directly, the Cthulhu King jumped in as well, and soon only the Divine God Palace Master was left at the fork, he looked at the hole in the ground, and then turned to walk towards the hole in the wall.

Bam!!

Garen landed hard on the ground, creating a middle-sized crater. The ground was a burnt-black stone floor.

This was a huge charred-black hole, there were dark red and charred-black stone chunks all over the walls, and a long black stone cliff in the middle of the cave. It was like a black metal bar embedded into the middle of the large oval-shaped cave.

The cliff extended backwards, all the way connected to a pitch-black metal door on the cave walls.

By now, Garen was half-crouching on top of the cliff, he raised his head and looked up, there was a small hole directly above him, it was the entrance he had fallen down from.

Phew!

Another red figure fell down, turned slightly in mid-air, and crashed towards the cliff stone floor behind Garen, also creating a crater on the ground.

"We're here, the Hall of Glory's Testament..." The Cthulhu King stood up and straightened out his long robe. His expression was slightly complicated. "This is where the Divine God Palace Master's Flame Secret Technique is. Not ours."

"This is where the secret technique is?" Garen was slightly surprised, he looked around, but did not find any special places hiding the secret techniques at all.

He walked to the cliffside and looked down, it was an endless pitch-black abyss down there, and he had no idea how deep it was.

He picked up a rock the size of his head and tossed it down, but he waited for several minutes and still heard no echo.

"So deep." Garen frowned.

"Be careful not to fall in, that down there is the Abyss of the Dead, if you fall in, you'll just keep falling endlessly, without anything to eat or drink, falling all the way until you die." The Cthulhu King reminded him. "It's still not time for the secret technique to appear yet, we need to go into the sealed room and finish off the last guardian first, and then only can we go into the secret room to obtain the proof needed to get the Demon Mirror and the secret techniques, before we can finally split up and get our respective Secret Technique Seeds."

"Where's the secret room?" Garen looked at the Cthulhu King, he evidently knew more about the details, so now he could only rely on the Cthulhu King to lead the way.

"Over there." The Cthulhu King pointed a finger towards the black metal door behind the cliff.

The two of them did not hesitate at all, walking straight towards the large metal door.

Clack...

Suddenly the large metal door began to open outwards, gradually emitting a slight clacking sound, in the middle of the large door, a bit of black abruptly appeared, and like a piece of paper being set on fire, the black burned and spread from the center towards the surroundings, the black flames flying everywhere, while the large metal door, several meters tall, was burned away soundlessly. It revealed a large bright hall behind it.

The two of them walked inside, one after the other.

The large hall was like a huge, wide cathedral, with the surrounding walls made of colorful glass windows, while there was a pointed ceiling several dozen meters above their heads.

The floor was covered with old black and white interchanging bricks, the long black pews mostly damaged and old, while right ahead of them, on a dirty silver-black prayer podium, there was a black and clean thin-necked flower vase, with a wilted black rose in it.

Garen looked towards the two sides of the cathedral, there were some round soil-yellow wooden buckets on the floor, and on the walls between the windows, there were carvings of fresh flowers and angels. Faint pillars of light shone in through some of the colorful windows' cracks.

"Are you sure we haven't returned to the surface?" Garen narrowed his eyes as he looked at the Cthulhu King in front of him.

"We're still way down deep underground, do you really think we could have possibly been instantly returned to the surface without any teleportation, and without us knowing?" The Cthulhu King did not even turn around as he replied in a deep voice. "Look carefully, that is not sunlight... it's golden lava."

Garen was slightly taken aback, and immediately looked at the window cracks carefully, as expected, the golden color coming from the cracks was indeed flowing slightly, it really was golden-colored lava.

These light pillars were actually rays of light reflected from the dazzling lava.

This entire large cathedral was actually surrounded by copious amounts of golden lava.

Everything coming in through the cracks of the windows around them was gold-colored lava, shining down pillars of golden light, illuminating the whole cathedral and making it bright as day.

While the two of them were observing their surroundings, a small door on the left of the cathedral also opened slowly, and a green figure walked out, it was the Divine God Palace Master who had just separated from them. When he saw that the other two were there too, he paused for a moment, and then began to consider his surroundings. When he saw the golden lava, his gaze focused as well, his expression turning serious.

"With that, we're all here." The Cthulhu King nodded at him.

The moment the Divine God Palace Master walked into the cathedral, the entrances they had taken to come in, be it the large door or the small one, all of them rapidly faded, vanishing. All that was left was bare walls with carved reliefs, as though there was never any entrance or large door to begin with.

All three of them had their hearts skip a little, and they instantly walked to each other.

Just then, in the black vase on the podium, the wilted rose moved slightly.

Ahhh!!!

There was a sudden scream, like the hysterical wail of a woman.

All three of them were taken off-guard, their minds pausing for a moment, then they saw the wilted rose in the vase growing like living vines, rapidly growing many tiny black roots, looking from afar, it was as though some black liquid was flowing out of the vase, flowing down the podium, and to the ground, it was a black 'liquid' made of countless vines and roots.

After the many vines and roots flowed down, they gathered and grew rapidly, becoming taller and thicker.

Soon enough, within a dozen or so seconds, a huge black tree man, more than ten meters tall, appeared in front of the three of them.

Roar!!

The black tree man bent down, opening his mouth wide, and roaring in rage.

"I will promiseseyt ma sela!!"(1) The tree man actually roared out in an unknown language.

Countless black vines suddenly shot out of its two black holes for eyes, rapidly weaving into a huge warhammer more than ten meters long and five to six meters thick.

Phew!!

The huge warhammer crashed down towards the three of them.

Barroom!

Amidst the loud crashes, Garen and the other two separated abruptly, nimbly avoiding the hammer blow.

But immediately after that, the tree man suddenly whipped out vines and swung them neatly behind the three, just like a whip. After several cracking sounds, the three of them were hit squarely, and flew into the corners of the cathedral like bombs.

Boom!!

Garen was completely dizzy and disoriented, his vision a complete mess as the world spun around him, he had been shot out straight through the air and crashed harshly into a large pile of round wooden buckets, in the midst of some shattering and crashing sounds, he shook his head, and slowly stood up among the rubble that had been the wooden bucket shards.

He was just in time to see the giant tree man lift the warhammer, swinging it hard towards the Divine God Palace Master, who had just gotten up.

Before the warhammer landed fully, the huge force had already created a clear circular current of air on the ground, pushing the shards of the furniture and the dust on the floor away.

The Divine God Palace Master's ears abruptly turned black and sharp, and he even raised his arms to meet the tree giant's warhammer face-on.

Aaaaahh!!!!

That piercing woman's scream rang out again, and the Divine God Palace Master's actions slowed for just a second.

Boom!

He was directly sunk into the ground by the huge hammer, leaving behind only a larger crater in the ground, a cloud of dust and debris flying up so nobody could see the situation inside clearly.

"It sure has... been a long time since I've enjoyed such a one-sided disadvantage..." Garen chuckled under his voice, and wiped the blood flowing down his forehead.

On the other end of the cathedral, the Cthulhu King's whole body was spinning at a high speed, his arms spread open wide, his whole person looking like a red wheel, emitting a piercing whirl as he cut through the air.

In an instant, the movement of his entire body stopped abruptly, from extreme speed to extreme stillness.

Psst!1

A red lightning bolt shot out from his body, and almost as soon as it did, it appeared on the brow of the tree man, it was a red throwing knife.

With a bang, the tree man's head was thrown back slightly, and a large black hole appeared there, but it was soon filled in by black vines.

It raised its warhammer abruptly, and swung it down towards the Cthulhu King's direction with a whoosh. But the Cthulhu King had long been ready for it, and dodged it by a hair.

With a cacophony of sound, the long pews and several grey-white angel statues on the other end of the cathedral were instantly demolished, after the warhammer swung in one circle, it was spin in a circle and once more flew towards the Cthulhu King, who had just steadied his footing.

However, Garen's figure had somehow appeared beneath the tree man's right foot. He drew a circle with his two arms, folding his palms together at his chest, and at the same time his chest sunk deep as he took in a long breath. It was as though his whole figure had shrunk by one size.

"Ten Thousand Mammoth Sky Encirclement!!!"

With a loud roar, and accompanied by the wild soundwaves, Garen's palms shot forward explosively, and crashed into the tree man's right leg.

With the full use of his Doublecast technique, the Ten Thousand Mammoth Sky Encirclement was released in two stages. It was equal to twice the power of Garen's attack, and with his loud roar of rage and the ensuing soundwaves, it crashed into the tree man's right leg.

Translator's note:

This was written exactly like this (yes, English-gibberish) in the raws, no translation needed.

Chapter 529: Secret of the Ruins 3

Ker-chak!

The black tree man's right leg fell down kneeling, having been broken down the center.

A large cloud of dust flew into the air, and Garen took that chance to retreat at lightning speed from beneath him, landing somewhere further away and watching the black tree man's movements from a distance.

Just then, the Divine God Palace Master was crawling out of the deep crater, his body covered in blood, even his green cape had been utterly dyed black. He shook his head, his whole head now covered with black scales and his ears pointed.

Psst!

Four arms shot out from under his existing two arms, the scythe-like arms of a grasshopper, and under they glowed faintly with a flashy silver light under the golden lighting. The two arms he initially had also slowly became two scythe-like folding blades.

His six arms in total opened and closed slightly, making snippy cutting sounds.

Soundlessly, the Divine God Palace Master disappeared from the spot, and directly appeared, as though teleporting, in the middle of the black tree man's chest.

With a snap, the six arms pierced deep into the black tree man's chest, and immediately afterwards, they acted like a blender, cutting at high speed, the six arm blades turning into blurred shadows that could not be seen clearly. Many vines and black roots were chopped off and flew down.

Roar!!!

The tree man who had just recovered his broken leg staggered back a few steps, countless black tree roots and vines extending out from all around him, like tentacles from all directions reaching towards the Divine God Palace Master.

Die!!

The Cthulhu King's voice said abruptly.

In that instant, a piercing red light shot into the black tree man's right eye hole.

The black tree man threw its head back, and fell kneeling to the ground again with a whumph.

The red light had pierced through the back of its head, and was nailed to the wall behind it with a thump, turning out to be a sharp dagger twinkling with red light.

The Cthulhu King somersaulted a few times in mid-air, and landed lightly underneath the flying dagger, kicking up a stone to knock the knife down with a clang, so that it landed steadily in his hand.

By then, Garen had also appeared beside him, steadying his footing,

"This guy is the final guardian?" He looked at the giant black tree man that was fighting the Divine God Palace Master, and asked quietly.

"Should be, I'm not very sure either." The Cthulhu King stared at the tree man, "Careful, this tree man isn't that simple."

"You go up, I go down!"

Garen shot out straight away, his arms like a Thousand-handed Goddess of Mercy, his palms instantly meeting in front of his chest, his eyes suddenly turning pitch-black. He was channeling the Black Water True Technique at full strength.

"West Phoenix!!"

There was a gust of wind like a pure bird's cry beside him.

A pair of translucent wings of air spread open behind him.

His palms abruptly pierced forward!

Garen's whole person was like a piercing sword, piercing the black tree man's left leg joints in an instant. The shapeless currents formed a giant bird that screeched piercingly, almost like a solid totem, standing guard beside Garen, while at the same time, it spread open its wings and pounced towards the black tree man.

This was purely using the peak-level shock technique, combining it with the intricate manipulation skill of the King of the Century and other higher levels, the power of this one hit had long since surpassed the West Phoenix Fist from his time in the Secret Technique World.

His palm pressed together, he darted forward, and as the sides of his palms cut through the air, they emitted a screech like that of a huge bird, pulling in the air around him to form an incomparably sharp blade of air.

Psst!

The black tree man's left knee joint snapped in half with a ker-chak.

Its whole body fell forward abruptly, and it landed face-first on the ground. A huge hole appeared in its chest, and standing in it was the Divine God Palace Master, his brow shining with a green light.

The Cthulhu King did a somersault, his body turning into a red wheel, and he spun as he stabbed downwards.

The red wheel stopped, and he gripped a dagger in both his hands, burying it deep into the tree man's brow.

Bam bam bam!!

There was a chain of explosions coming from the tree man's head. Several large holes were blown into the tree man's face.

The three of them got up at once, leaving the tree man's body. Watching the silent tree man, they exchanged glances.

The many vines on the tree man torso began to unravel instantly, and soon formed a huge black ring on the floor beside the tree man.

Phwah...!

The moment the ring was formed, the wounds on the tree man's body rapidly regenerated again.

The expression on their faces changed slightly, and they rushed towards it again, but three vines twined around one of their legs each. By the time the three of them chopped off the vines around their legs, the tree man's body had completely recovered, and it crawled up again.

"It has an Immortal Body!" The Cthulhu King was extremely familiar with this sort of ability, "We can't go against this guy with brute force, even outside it would be a Form Five peak! In here, our powers are limited, we need to think of a way!"

"Even the Immortal Body needs a power source to regenerate, we just need to find it and destroy it." The Divine God Palace Master's icy cold voice came from nearby.

"It's not the head, nor is it the chest." Garen's eyes lit up, "That vase!"

"Do it!"

The Divine God Palace Master stomped down, forming many cracks on the surface of the ground, and then he shot towards the black tree man like a missile.

The other two also split up at the same time, forming a triangle to surround the tree man.

Garen did not look at the other two, he just mustered up his power, and wandered around the tree man, trying to observe it and find the source of its power.

Just now he had used Doublecast three times in a row, that took a heavy toll even on him. He was already at the limit, if he used it anymore, it would truly harm his body.

The other two were evidently in the same boat, that terrifyingly powerful killing attacks from before should also have their cost, otherwise they would not have jumped away and rested after the black tree man collapsed.

This time the three of them bided their time in order to recover, and carried the black tree man on a destructive wild goose chase around the cathedral hall.

The time ticked by, and by the time the three of them were more or less recovered, the whole hall had utterly become a collapsed dump of debris.

There were craters of different depths on the walls, the floor, and some of the windows had also cracked, some gold-colored lava forced in through the holes, like fresh blood flowing from the wounds on the walls, slow and viscous.

There was a black circle floating around the black tree man, a spinning ring formed out of countless vines and roots, it was constantly spinning at high speeds, and its sharp edges cut everything it touched, slicing easily through everything.

One time when the Divine God Palace Master was rushing towards the black tree man, he was touched by this circle, and three of his six arms were immediately severed, only after that could he just retreat out of this circle of blades. But even then, he had evidently taken a large blow, his eyes dim and lightless, evidently these six arm blades were not just his method of attack, they also had a close relationship with part of his body's core origin.

After that, the three of them no longer dared to go against the black tree man with brute force, instead walking around it and waiting to recover.

By the time the lava flowing into the cathedral gathered more and more, the space they had to maneuver began to shrink, and the three of them finally decided to face it head-on, their bodies also having more or less recovered.

If they went on like this, without enough place to move freely, no matter how strong a person was, they would still be crushed to death by the black tree man.

Garen's top half was practically soaked in blood, as he landed, panting, on a piece of black rock among the lava. He watched from a distance as the other two kept the rather clumsy black tree man occupied.

"That black vase should be on his left palm!" He yelled loudly. After observing for so long, he had finally noticed where the source of the black tree man's power was. But although his body had recovered somewhat, the poisonous gases and high heat from the lava was roasting his lungs, making it so that he felt rather powerless right now.

If it weren't for his innate poison resistance, and if someone else was in his shoes, their condition right now would probably be even worse.

The Cthulhu King already had most of his power sapped, thanks to the poisonous gases and high heat, so he could only barely keep the black tree man busy.

Only the Divine God Palace Master still had energy, each of his movements seeming easy and effortless, even though two of his arm blades had been chopped off, his speed still was not compromised. The lava seemed to pose no threat at all to him, he stepped in it many times, but was never damaged.

Hearing Garen's words, the Divine God Palace Master's eyes shone, and his legs started changing shape as well, turning into two sharp silver crescent blades, piercing into the ground with several 'snickkk' sounds.

In an instant, his whole person had turned into a shadow, pouncing towards the black tree man's left arm.

Garen half-crouched on the spot, although he had forced himself to recover a bit by then, his insides were still a mess, as he was walking rounds around the tree man, he had been ambushed by the vines twice, and his body was already full on hidden injuries. If it were not for the Dragon's Heart's powerful recovery ability, he would probably have died of massive internal bleeding by now.

Without unnatural power, the Nine-Headed Dragon's superpowered talents would not be expressed. This situation was probably the most dangerous he had been in since he transmigrated here, if the Divine God Palace Master could not finish off the black tree man, the three of them would probably all die here in this sealed room.

"This tree man's power is at least 30 points! Its speed is about 10 points, it has the Immortal Body, and without more than 15 points in power, don't even think of penetrating its outer layer, it still has that sharp spinning ring beside it. It's basically an extremely terrifying war machine!"

Inwardly, Garen estimated the physical attributes and abilities of this black tree person, and the result made his heart tremble slightly.

If this creature was left outside, unless several peak-level fighters surrounded it at once, it could even have destroyed this whole world.

And now only the Divine God Palace Master still had the means to defeat it, Garen stood up, and was just about to rush forward to continue delaying the black tree man, trying to create a chance for the Divine God Palace Master. Suddenly, a black vine shot out from behind him, and whipped towards the back of his head mercilessly.

Garen flipped around, and jumped high into the air, as though there were eyes at the back of his head, avoiding the vines.

And immediately after that, a sharp vine shot out from beneath his feet and through his hand. He gripped the vine tightly with his hands, holding it back from piercing his face.

His arm and the vine were engaged in a constant tug-of-war, then Garen gradually forced the vine away from him.

It was exactly then that, in the middle of the area, there was an explosion near the area where the Divine God Palace Master and the black tree man were fighting.

Barroom!!

The black cutting ring was like a bomb, turning into countless vine thorns that rained down, shooting towards all four directions.

The many black thorns were like a black rain, shooting towards every corner of the cathedral without letting anything through.

The countless wails of the thorns slicing through the air broke all of their eardrums at once, their ears beginning to bleed.

But the most dangerous part was not that, it was the countless spray of thorns.

Garen mustered up his strength, and diverted more than ten of the thorns aimed towards him, but every single one of these thorns had more than 20 strength points, so in the end, his arm strength let one through.

Psst!

A sharp thorn went straight through his left shoulder.

Ahhh!!!

Garen roared in rage, his hands practically waving into two blurred shadows, but there were still some thorns that managed to get through, piercing his right chest, stomach, and knee.

A sense of weakness that he had not felt for a long time kept surging out from his body, Garen's right knee had been snapped, and he fell down kneeling with a bam.

Just then, the last, largest thorn pierced straight for his brow.

Garen gathered up the last of his strength, and blocked his head with his hands.

Psst!!

The thorn went right through Garen's palms, and a small part of it buried itself into his forehead.

Garen's head fell backwards to the momentum, his whole body pushed several meters back by the force behind that thorn.

He opened his mouth, but could not make any sound, his head tilting as he fainted to the ground. The wound on his brow began to ooze bright red blood, but it was quickly roasted into a red-black by the high heat.

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Beside him, the Cthulhu King was like a sieve, everywhere except his head poked full of transparent holes, his arms and legs had been severed off as well, landing beside him. His cheeks had been pierced right through, his ears torn off and lost elsewhere, a large chunk of flesh gone from the right side of his neck, revealing the white windpipe and red arteries.

Although he had not lost consciousness, he had it even worse than Garen, although he was still conscious, he was already utterly unable to move. Like a broken puppet, he lay on the ground, and nearly touched the lava that was extending towards him. He watched as the golden lava approached him slowly, but could not move in the slightest.

Right now, the Divine God Palace Master was using his arm blades to impale the black vase.

The giant black tree man crashed to the ground, turning into countless black vines and roots, these vines and roots rapidly wilted and yellowed, melting slowly, thick black smoke rising from it as it vanished from the floor.

Other than the rubble around the whole cathedral, there was no longer any trace of the black tree man.

The Divine God Palace Master smashed the black vase onto the floor, hard.

Phwah!

The vase instantly shattered into countless shards.

Ahhh!!!

That same piercing scream rang out again, and stopped abruptly, the pieces of the vase melting instantly, becoming the same thick black smoke, fading and vanishing away.

The Divine God Palace Master's gaze dimmed, his arms and leg blades all turning back into normal human limbs, as soon as they turned back, he stumbled, and nearly lost his footing. Evidently he had also fought to his very limits.

Boom...

Just then, a triangular black stone platform fell down from above the cathedral, and crashed onto the floor of the cathedral.

There was a stone statue of a kneeling angel on the platform, its eyes closed as it prayed, its hands holding a cross-shaped sword, its expression fervent, and many vines and roots surrounding its lower body.

Directly in front of the angel statue, a clump of vines extended out, forming a black arm that held three badge-like ancient items on its palm.

"The Secret Technique Testament..." The Divine God Palace Master immediately recognized the items on the palm, he took a deep breath, and tore off part of his worn-out cape so that it would not trip him. He glanced at the two people nearby.

The Cthulhu King was on the brink of death, unable to move, while the Nine-Headed Hydra was slightly better, but even still he was badly hurt, and unconscious.

The Divine God Palace Master stumbled towards the stone angel's platform.

Bam!

Suddenly a large hole was blown out of the cathedral floor to the left, a black hand sticking out of the hole and grabbing the edges.

A black shadow jumped out of the hole, landing lightly beside the black hole, it was a humanoid figure made of pure black air, and it surveyed the situation around it.

"As expected... Just as I expected... Haha... Hahahaha!!!" The black shadow could not help but throw his head back and laughed heartily.

"Who are you?" Hearing the familiar Daniela language, the Divine God Palace Master's heart sank slightly, and he stared at the black shadow. Even his steps gradually slowed from their intended path to the stone platform.

"Although the location changed slightly, the final result is still very much to my satisfaction..." The black shadow gathered a pitch-black oval-shaped mirror with silver rims in its hand, there was purple mist twirling around the surface of the mirror, as though it was not solid.

"Light God?!" The Cthulhu King from the side suddenly spoke, his voice hoarse, there was no body to his voice at all, it was just the echo of air currents.

"King, you never thought it would be me, huh?" The Light God chortled, his body rapidly turning solid, turning back to his original Light God appearance, it was still that handsome man dressed in white with white eyes.

It was just that his expression now was cocky to a certain extent.

"Forget it, you three are all the world's strongest fighters, if any accident happens again that'd be bad, I should send you off on your way first." The Light God held up the Demon Mirror, and shone it at the Divine God Palace Master.

Bam!!

The Divine God Palace Master was already almost touching the stone angel platform, but suddenly it was as though he had been hit by an invisible fist, he rolled back abruptly, lying flat on the ground, he wanted to get up, but no longer had any energy.

"The Shadow Demon Mirror can transform creatures into powerful shadows, even their souls will have to obey me, hehe, with demon shadows as strong as the three of you..." The Light God could not help but laugh out loud.

Once the three of them became demon shadows, all of their wealth, strength, power, secrets, all of it would become his, at that time, he would truly be the strongest power in the whole world, even if he

wanted to unify the East and West Continents, and become the King of the World, it would not be impossible!

Thinking of that, the heat in the Light God's heart grew so intense it threatened to overflow. He had never thought that the situation would be this good, the three ultimate fighters and the guardian had worn each other out, and now it was impossible for either side to fight back. This was basically the best possible opportunity handed to him by destiny.

As the thoughts flashed past his head, he held up the Demon Mirror again and aimed it for the Divine God Palace Master.

Bam!

The Palace Master was sent flying again, but he still got up stubbornly, his gaze determined, with no hint of any wavering at all.

The Light God began to frown, the power of the Demon Mirror changed according to the distance, the closer it was, the stronger.

And the Divine God Palace Master evidently knew this because of the Cthulhu King, plus he himself did not dare to go too close either, who knows what other desperation moves these ultimate fighters might have, it would be troublesome if it backfired.

He glanced at the other two, the Shadowfication worked best against people who had utterly surrendered to him, that had the highest chances of success. Although the Cthulhu King was grievously injured, if the Light God wanted to shadowfy him, he would still need to subjugate his will, this was obviously very difficult, and he was not willing to approach the Cthulhu King now, when he was still conscious, even though he was now much stronger, the Cthulhu King still had an advantage over his soul, this was a limiting method that had been buried into his soul from the very start.

On the other hand, that Nine-Headed Hydra...

The Nine-Headed Hydra was unconscious, so although he did not purposely surrender, it should still be much easier than the other two unconscious ones...

Although the Light God had forcibly reached the pinnacle of power by swallowing the shadows, his previous impressions and psychological trauma made him still unwilling to face the three ultimate fighters head-on. Even if he had the Demon Mirror, he still instinctively felt as though he was no match for them. This psychological fear was the absolute impression left behind by the Cthulhu King after many, many years. It was not something that could be extinguished in a moment.

The Light God hesitated for a moment, and then walked towards the stone angel platform, standing in front of the platform, he reached out and grabbed all three ancient black badges into his hand. He did not look at it carefully, putting it directly into his clothes. And then he leaped a few times, landing beside the unconscious Garen.

"This is the first one, hehe!"

The Light God pulled out the Demon Mirror, it was a black mirror the size of a washbasin, oval in shape, with tiny silver patterns on the side, every so often, there was also a small and complicated symbol, like words or perhaps patterns. There was a round pearl on the top that looked faintly purple, and there were three rings of triangular frames around it.

The strangest part was the center of the mirror, in the middle of the mirror, as calm as the surface of a lake, there was a blurred human face, only as large as a person's palm, with eyes, a mouth, and nostrils that look like black holes, making it look like it was wailing, or terrified.

The Light God lifted the Demon Mirror, and shone it at Garen, who was lying on the floor. The face in the mirror instantly twisted, its features instantly releasing an invisible, mysterious power. The invisible light shone down, but Garen was no longer at the place where the rays landed.

Bam!!

A large hand covered in scabs grabbed his hand that was holding the Demon Mirror.

The Light God's expression stiffened, and Garen's terrifying face, covered with bloody scabs, appeared beside him.

For that instant, his brain was utterly blank, a huge force blocking his arm stubbornly, with such powerful strength that it did not feel at all like something a heavily injured person could do.

Scree!!!

In that moment, it was as though he heard the piercing trill of a huge bird, instinctively, the Light God swing his fist towards Garen's stomach, his leg kicking hard at Garen's injured knee.

Garen flung his right hand, shaking the Light God until his movements fell apart, and easily dismantled all of his attacks. And the other left arm was already coming at him with a powerful wind, forming invisible wings of air, piercing into the Light God's stomach with a hiss.

Wah!

The Light God spewed out a mouthful of blood, and his whole body began to fade. His lower abdomen had been completely pierced through by Garen's left arm. His body was like a dying fish, struggling on the sharp fish hook.

"This is the kind of trash that was taking advantage of us behind our backs?" Carrying the Light God with it, Garen's right arm swung towards the ground.

Barroom!

A crater several meters wide opened up on the floor as a result of the West Phoenix Fist's terrifying double-amplified power, connecting to the crater beside it.

Impaled on Garen's right arm(1), the Light God could not dematerialize anymore, and his body was brought back by the gigantic tremor. In this place that prohibited unnatural powers, he did not have the terrifying physical prowess of the other three, he only had strength and speed of his same level. Although he used to be a Shadow of Strength, and had the advantage of his strength increasing after he dematerialized, he could not use his shadow body when using the Demon Mirror, and was instead caught by Garen, who was pretending to be unconscious, so he was instantly critically injured, and was now on the brink of death."

"Trash with just power, but without the mentality or technique, even a hundred more of you would still be crap." Garen chuckled coldly, pulling his right arm out of the Light God's abdomen, his fingernail hooking and yanking, instantly tearing off a large chunk of bright red flesh and blood, he even hooked out a large chunk of the Light God's guts, throwing all of it to the side casually.

Beside him, the Cthulhu King also slowly hid a red needle back under his tongue.

The green veins that had risen up slightly in the Divine God Palace Master's eyes also slowly retreated.

With a crisp ker-chak sound, Garen tore off the Light God's head with one hand, carrying it back-handed, while he stuffed that Demon Mirror into his own clothes, but after looking for a while, he still could not find a pocket that was whole, so he had to tie up the hem of his robes, hanging it from his waist.

Finally, he bent down to search the Light God's body, looking for the three Testaments from just now, after distinguishing them for a while, he shot two of them out.

With two hisses, the two Testaments landed beside the other two.

"This piece of trash dropped the Demon Mirror right into my lap, according to our deal, it should belong to me, right?" Garen laughed lightly.

"Don't forget our deal." The Cthulhu King suddenly spoke from the side.

Garen nodded.

"We'll exchange in a bit."

"Okay!"

The Divine God Palace Master looked at Garen deeply, however, although he was a nest leader and not a human, he could still tell that these two had long since noticed that the Light God had been following them, and had staged this pretty play.

"As expected, humans are all sly." He confirmed this again in his heart. Out of the three of them, only he had been kept out of the loop, stupidly fighting with his all against the black tree man, and now that he had been grievously hurt as well, he was now at the same level with those two.

And there was that Light God, although he was not that strong, he was still Form Five, with powerful secret techniques and martial powers, in the hands of the Nine-Headed Hydra, though, he was as powerless as a baby, that just showed how big the difference was between the two of them, making it so that ten percent of Garen's power was enough to match the Light God's 120 percent, it was basically a steamrolling!

The Divine God Palace Master picked up the Secret Technique Testament, and stood up without a word. No matter what, they were finally temporarily safe, although the Demon Mirror could control the shadows, but right now all the shadows had been killed, so there was no longer any power for it to control, and all that was left was to split up and get the Living Secret Techniques that were suited for each of them, as per their previous agreement.

Translator's note:

As usual, the raws can't seem to tell left from right...