

Innkeeper 892

The Innkeeper

Chapter 892: Speculations II

Without saying a word, or any superfluous actions, Rocketfellow walked up to his father and sat down beside, exactly where he had pointed to earlier. Even still, his gaze was towards the ground as he dared not look up without instruction.

"Can you guess why it is that I have called you here?" his father asked casually. The Dao Lord was seated right beside him, left leg resting on his right knee, his arms spread wide on the arch of the sofa.

Ballom, the other devil Dao Lord, was standing across the room sipping a drink, smiling similarly. Whatever the occasion was, it was a good one.

"Does it have to do with my actions against Midnight?" Rocketfellow asked, aware that in truth it could be absolutely anything. But in this particular instance, he was right.

"Indeed. Do you know what that temple is?"

"According to what I've learned, it is the Temple of Fasting."

"Correct again. Do you know who that temple belongs to?"

"I have not been able to get a definitive answer."

"Nor will you," answered Ballom, interjecting in the conversation.

"I must say, I am embarrassed," the Dao Lord continued. "I have met the Innkeeper a few times now. He even hinted to me that there is much hidden within the Origin realm. But I foolishly searched in the unknown parts of the realm, and discovered nothing. Who knew that what was hidden was in plain sight. In fact, much more may still be hidden in the Origin realm. The reason he so blatantly unveiled the cover behind this temple was to send a message, to me, but more importantly, to the Henali as well."

The Dao Lord chuckled as he approached and sat down as well.

Ballom continued, "did you know, child, that the Henali once summoned the Innkeeper to a conference. He was displeased with their tardiness so he left. The Henali blackmailing him into participating in the war must have displeased him even further, or he would not have used you to draw the curtain and unveil his background just a bit."

Rocketfellow's heart was thumping fast as he tried to wrap his head around everything. The Innkeeper used him? Was the whole thing the Innkeepers plan? But, in his mind, he was planning everything from the start! He was even trying to be clever, but as it turns out, he was just following the path the Innkeeper laid out for him.

Devils rarely ever got goosebumps. Instead, they would shift from their dormant form into their devil form instinctively when they felt such strong emotions. Rocketfellow, too, began to subconsciously shift, but his father placed a hand on his shoulder and stopped the transformation.

"Do you know why he made the announcement in such a public way? Do you know why we specifically brought you here to talk about it?" his father asked, his voice still quite pleasant.

"No," he managed to answer without stuttering. Rocketfellow felt like a puppet. Were any of his actions ever his own? Was every thought he ever had a result of the will of a Dao Lord?

"Fret not, child. You have my aura on you. A Dao Lord will not touch you, especially one as amicable as the Innkeeper. He merely guided you a bit, not because of anything else, but because he wanted to send the message to me, Ballom and those from our group. He wanted to let us know of his affiliation with... with her, one of mankind's greatest backers. At the same time, he used his background to threaten the Henali.

"He was not even afraid to do it publicly, because as soon as the temple disappears, all memory of it will vanish. Only Dao Lords will remember it. That is also the reason we called you here, to make sure that your memories would not change, and you would understand that, as of now, we are in the same camp as the Innkeeper. In the future, you will be the messenger between the Innkeeper and us. As for these foolish games of capturing his people, you better put them to rest. What he did to Ra in a single move is not so simple, even for a Dao Lord."

Rocketfellow was doing his best to keep his mind from reeling as he understood the scale of the game that he had unwittingly entered.

"Who - who is 'she'?" he managed to ask, knowing full well it was a pointless question the answer to which he would soon forget.

"Who else backs up the humans, and all humanoid races, so openly in the realm wars? It is Nuwa..."

In the Void behind space, right in front of the Temple of Fasting, stood Ripley, the auditor from the Versalis bank. He was writing something on his clipboard when the temple finally consumed the entire cosmic cloud, and then disappeared.

It happened instantly, and without any fanfare. At the same time, all record of the temple having been there was wiped across the entire realm. Only in the memory of a few beings, as well as on the paper attached to his clipboard, was the mention of the temple retained.

For a few seconds, Ripley did nothing, and continued to stare at the place the temple had just been.

Eventually, he could not help but sigh, and he took out a special device that linked him back to the local branch.

"Please forward my initial audit review. The mortgage agreement for the Origin realm needs to be renegotiated. I don't doubt the Henali's capability to stick to the agreed terms, or rather, their intention to stick to it. But unless all Dao Lords in the realm swear an oath to keep information about the temple a secret, it won't be long before the Origin realm enters the realm wars. At this rate... I doubt the realm will have time to mature. A new plan needs to be drawn up."

Ripley sighed. Being assigned to this realm was supposed to be his vacation. Why were things so inconvenient for him?