

Innkeeper 909

Chapter 909 A swim

With all his might Lex slammed down the final pudding cup and let out a satisfying burp, a massive chocolate covered grin painting his face. When was the last time he had burped? He couldn't even recall as that was not the kind of thing one usually took note of, but he was sure it had been over a couple of years.

But as satisfied as he was, the meal was not over yet. Yesterday, he missed out on his herbal tea, so today it was delivered in advance before he went out for a walk. But, more important than that, there was one item remaining that would end the meal properly.

Although filled with a hint of excitement and anticipation, Lex controlled himself and sat cross-legged as he drank his tea.

lightsnovel He imagined himself the protagonist in a kung fu movie as he picked up the small bowl with steam rising out from it. The taste was refreshing, but had a mild, bitter aftertaste that lingered for a few moments.

Normally Lex would not appreciate the bitter taste, but after experiencing such a rich palette from all the food he had, it felt kind of nice. It was as if his taste buds were being cleansed.

He took his time with the tea, and in fact spent some time meditating afterwards once he was done. He did not feel stuffed like he had yesterday, which was curious because he ate more food today. Either the quality of the food was not the same, which Lex highly doubted, or his own capacity had increased today.

Either way, when Lex opened his eyes, he saw the last item for him today. To complete his meal, all that was left was a single cigar. Normally, Lex would refrain from smoking a cigar right after a big meal - not that he smoked many, anyway. But today, since he was given the cigar by Cassandra, he would oblige. After all, as a student, he had to listen to his teacher.

With a gentle touch, he picked up the cigar and examined it, its deep mahogany hue hinting at the unparalleled craftsmanship that went into making it.

He carefully unwrapped the packaging, revealing the prize hidden within. He ran his finger across the length of the cigar, feeling its texture under his skin, before running it under his nose to take a whiff. Even non-smokers had to agree that cigars smelled great!

Once he was done appreciating it, he cut the cap in a neat, clean slice and used the accompanying matchbox to light a flame and caress the cigar with it. A connoisseur would know not to use a lighter for such things, and as someone who had seen the movie Hellboy, he too had gained this sacred knowledge.

As wisps of fragrant smoke began to unfurl, he embraced the moment, a symphony of senses intertwining in anticipation of the unparalleled journey that lay ahead.

As he took in his first draw, Lex felt extraordinarily indulgent. The complicated flavors, the rich notes of aged leather and toasted oak, the exotic spices and elusive hints of sweetness all delivered an unforgettable experience.

Lex opened his eyes and got ready for the next pull, only to find that the cigar in his hands had already turned to ash!

"Wha- what just happened?" Lex could not help but ask, startled.

"That particular blend was too strong for you," said Cassandra, her projection having appeared beside him at some unknown time.

"You spent the last three hours processing your first puff. But it's not a waste even if you only took one puff. The purpose of this cigar is actually to evaporate some of your cultivation, and push it back down a bit, thereby making your foundation stronger. Taking too much of it, at your level, would have done you more harm than good. As it is, right now, you have received as much benefit from it as you can.

"Your cultivation, which was growing a little too rapidly, has been tempered off. This way, your cultivation will rise when we want it to, not at every random opportunity. Now come on, follow me. Today, instead of a stroll, you'll be going for a light swim. At the same time, I will brief you on the technique to avoid divination in your sleep..."

Cassandra began her instruction right then and there, even as she led him towards a different part of the temple. The technique had two parts, one active and one passive. He would first learn the active part, and use it before he slept every time he slept. Meanwhile, he would study the passive part and take his time comprehending it.

The essence of the technique was to have firm control over his various abilities, so that they would not randomly activate when he was asleep. In practice, it was a little more complicated, but for some reason, Lex kept imagining that he was being taught the cultivation version of not wetting the bed.

The embarrassment from the thought alone was enough to motivate him to take the technique absolutely seriously.

The reason why he was asked to practice the technique while he swam was so that he could practice his control over his abilities in an unfamiliar environment.

The technique was not overly complicated for someone who had repeatedly strengthened their mind, so he was able to understand the underlying concept fairly easily. Now all he had to do was practice while he swam.

Just like the field of flowers yesterday, his designated spot for swimming was fantastic. It was extremely scenic, and the cool, refreshing water was filled with colorful and interesting little fish who swam all around him.

None of them were aggressive, and most of them were friendly enough to come and observe him as he swam past their homes.

By the end, Lex was feeling lighthearted and easy, as if he had let go of some stress he was unconsciously carrying with him. Knowing that what awaited him now was a good night's sleep, he could not help but smile.

Training should always be this relaxing.

Somewhere in the distance, Cassandra was observing him carefully, putting the final touches to the hellish training that awaited him.