

Innkeeper 958

Chapter 958 Let them sleep

The Galactic Sovereign turtle showed up with an entire entourage in tow. Atop its shell sat Zen, the small sentient patch of grass which had reached the immortal level but had a very weak body, in a flowering pot. Young McDonald, the reincarnation of Igishima, and the plant responsible for the vast network of vines underneath the Inn also came along, somehow detached from the rest of its body temporarily.

Little Blue, who had gotten much larger now, was happily swimming in the air around the turtle. It had a few streaks of gold on its skin, as well as a couple of unusual and probably unfinished growths on its back. It looked like it was about to sprout wings.

The Gardener, who had been absent from the Inn for a very long time, was also following along. He seemed happy, for once, rather than upset over his ruined art. A few dozen workers followed along as well, most of whom Lex was meeting as the Innkeeper for the first time.

This was, more or less, the main work force for the Greenhouse - or at least the upper management of it. Among just insects, there were over thirteen million worms, around two million bees and just as many butterflies and ladybugs. There were also countless beasts, and two interns who were actually guests but had become addicted to working at the greenhouse. A scan of them had revealed that they were actually werewolves.

There were countless other workers as well now, considering that the Greenhouse had grown massive in size. Just tending to the plants everyday was a massive task, despite the automation of the Inn. Besides, sprinkling all the plants with water from the Well of Invigoration, which could boost plant growth, was something that needed to be done manually.

"Welcome everyone. I'm glad you all came as quickly as possible," said the Innkeeper, his relaxing tone tinged with a hint of urgency. "As you all know, the Inn is about to undergo a massive renovation, and that will be followed by an as of yet unprecedented wave of energy. To avoid every single blade of grass and fallen leaf becoming sentient, as well as the rest of the flora, we will need to take many precautions, so we have no time to lose.

"For the most part, I will let you decide on your own what precautions you want to take, but turtle, you will need to put the clone tree in the greenhouse to sleep. You must order the tree to go into a deep,

deep slumber from which it won't wake up any time soon. But you have to do so in exactly 10 days, right before the big change.

"For everything else, I will leave it up to you. I want to see what you can come up with. Give me a list of our biggest concerns, and how you plan to handle them."

Little Zen immediately raised its hand, as if it was a child seeking permission to speak. The Innkeeper chuckled warmly, but nodded towards Zen, letting him speak.

"Are we going to suppress 'all' the plants, or can we let some of them wake up? That mushroom near the Fire temple would be a lot easier to take care of if it could respond. All it does is gobble up divine energy, ignoring everything else."

Lex was not concerned too much about the plants that were naturally born in the Inn, as they would automatically become subordinates of the Inn. Letting a few of them wake up should not be a problem, but he did not want to allow too many to do so, just to avoid any unforeseen problems.

"If you all think that it will be beneficial, then you can select which plants you want to leave alone so that they get a chance of gaining sentience. Treat this meeting as a performance review. I want to see how you plan to address this issue, and what strategies you can come up with."

Truthfully, Lex was not delegating work just to get rid of it. He wanted to nurture competent subordinates, and wanted to see if they could come up with any ideas that he had overlooked. After all, they were the ones dealing with the greenhouse all day everyday. Their exposure was different from Lex's.

"They are children, you should let them wake," the turtle muttered begrudgingly.

The Innkeeper raised an eyebrow out of curiosity. He knew better than to dismiss the turtle, after all, he was the only one who could influence the system externally!

"Are you sure that's a wise idea? Do you know how many blades of grass alone there are in the entire Inn, let alone trees, vines, bushes, shrubs, moss, and more? Will you be able to control all of them if they all wake up?"

The turtle summoned forth a vine and used it to rub its chin, as if it was thinking. But it did not take long to come to a conclusion.

"Sleeping is good for children's growth," the turtle said, as if content to let the plants stay dormant. "But we need some to awaken. Without Nymphs, Tree spirits, Dryads and Spring Fairies, it will be difficult to grow magical plants."

"Which is why I'm allowing you to pick who to wake up," the Innkeeper said, as if this was a part of his plan all along.

The discussion began with all of the plant folk chiming in. They were surprisingly organized and well informed about which plants were the most likely to wake up, even now. They were also extensively educated about what type of mutations the plants were most likely to undergo if they woke up.

Their meeting lasted for hours because the flora was just too diverse, and the turtle wanted at least one of each type of plant to wake up.

When it finally ended, they finally exited, and another group of workers was ready to come in. Gerard, Velma, Luthor and Hera walked in. They were next.