

## **Innkeeper 751**

### The Innkeeper

#### Chapter 751: Nonchalant

The creature was humanoid, though it did not resemble a human at all. In the darkness it was not possible to distinguish its color, but its back seemed to be covered in a thick and jagged carpiece while its front consisted of a very thick hide, making the creature extremely durable.

It did not seem to have eyes, though it most certainly had a mouth filled with extremely sharp teeth. Lex could see a few other features on its face, some of which could possibly serve the same purpose as a nose and ears, though what the rest were for was a mystery.

The creature seemed intelligent, as it was wearing some kind of clothes that augmented its stealth abilities, and Lex could faintly detect surprise from the creature using his sixth sense. In its right hand was a blade that seemed like it was made from a very sharp tooth, yet its usual lethality seemed to have failed the creature today.

He had tried to slice Lex's neck off in one swift motion, but his attempts were not even enough to give him a shave. The creature, instead of getting the satisfying feedback of a successful kill, was greeted with the shock of hitting an incredibly solid object.

The pushback from the force in his hand nearly caused a few tendons in his fingers to rip, though they had ultimately managed to hold on.

Lex only raised an eyebrow as he looked at the creature, while abject horror gripped the creature's three hearts. It tried to retreat as quickly as possible, but Lex was too fast for it.

He reached out and grabbed the creature's hand, restricting its retreat. He squeezed slightly, making sure not to break the hand. Despite his care, the grip was tight enough that the creature lost its grip on the knife and dropped it - although, it simultaneously won Lex's admiration for it had been able to suppress its scream. The creature was well trained.

"I don't think we have any animosity," said Lex calmly. "Why did you suddenly attack me?"

While waiting for an answer, Lex simultaneously read the information he was getting from his Fancy contact lenses.

The creature was known as a Frigal, and was a local variant of a species closely related to dragons. They formed societies and communities around dragons, and worshiped them. Each and every dragon usually had its own country of such followers, who also happened to be descendants of the very dragon they served.

As a virile species, dragons often mated with any suitable creature in their habitat, often giving birth to half-breeds and different variants of Frigal, who then ultimately spent their entire existence worshipping their dragon ancestor due to the heavy influence of their bloodline.

But it was not as if the dragons ever actually managed their subordinates, so such creatures often formed their own societies with independent cultures and ideas, not to mention intrigue and politics.

This particular Frigal, upon realizing it could not escape Lex's grip, very resolutely chopped off its own hand and retreated. But the creature had managed to take only a single step back before Lex grabbed its other hand.

"Will you chop this one off too? But you'd need a hand to do that. Will you bite it off?" he asked with seemingly genuine curiosity. But the more nonchalant he appeared, the more the Frigal felt afraid.

Gathering up its courage, the creature leaped forward and kned Lex in the face. He moved extremely quickly and summoned all its strength, making it so that Lex was not able to react. When his knee made contact it felt elated, but then the feeling faded when it saw that Lex remained completely unaffected!

"I see you are not really in a cooperative mood," he remarked as he pondered what to do. Should he try some form of torture? How was he supposed to extract the information?

After a couple of moments of thinking, during which the Frigal had been relentlessly assaulting Lex, he decided to take a different approach. He only gently twisted his hand, and the creature's arm was dislocated. He took a single step forward, managing to perfectly dodge one of the creatures' attacks, and gently chopped at the Frigals' neck.

Well, it was gentle by Lex's standards, but to the creature it was completely fatal. With its neck broken, the creature collapsed on the ground, bleeding out from its severed hand.

Lex could not help but sniff the air. The smell of this creature's blood was unusually pungent, like rotten eggs, and would probably last for a long time. Lex made a mental note not to get any blood on himself, lest he be easy to track down if someone was searching for him.

Lex searched the creature, and besides the dagger it had used to attack him, found several darts and needles, all coated with poison.

Wherever this fellow was going, his motives were not pure.

He once again looked around, and upon ensuring that no one had seen what happened, quickly moved away. He changed into his stealth suit, so that it was easier to hide, though he did not know how effective the suit would be here. After all, he did not know what senses these creatures used. If it was the normal hearing, touch or spirit sense, Lex had his bases covered. But if it was some other unusual sense, well then Lex would find out how good his suit really was.

It only took a short while before Lex encountered other Frigals, but that made sense since he was in what appeared to be a town. Oddly enough, the mood across the whole town seemed to be extremely depressing, and filled with anxiety.

Lex situated himself behind a peculiar bush that seemed unaffected by the cold and the dark, and carefully extended his spirit sense to see if he could spy on the conversations the crowd was having. He was once again trying his hand at being a spy.

Only a few moments later, Lex raised an eyebrow. He just heard something interesting.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 752: Son's girlfriend's father's mistress

Despite the absence of light, or even eyes, the Frigal had not forsaken the appearance of their town. The streets were wide and even, with pavement on either side. There was a surprising amount of vegetation for such a cold, dark planet, in the form of bushes that had been planted every dozen feet or so.

The buildings were designed to be completely symmetrical, with an inordinate amount of design even on the outside. The use of precious ores to decorate the buildings was also a very prevalent practice.

Yet as gaudy as the town appeared to be, the mood of the citizens did not seem to match. There were only a few Frigal's moving about in the streets, but each and everyone seemed like they were expecting death right around the corner.

The unusual mood and the encounter with a potential assassin made Lex aware that there was something extremely unusual going on - most likely. When he extended his spirit sense from his hiding place to try and learn as much about his environment as he could, he discovered that his suspicions were entirely correct.

"Do you have any confirmation yet?" one Frigal whispered to another, speaking in their unusual language that consisted of various throaty growls.

"You know how hard it is to get confirmed news, but this is as solid a lead as any were going to get for a while. I got the news from the nephew of the neighbor of one of the palace guards. The royal family is acting extremely oddly, and the king has been to the Lord Dragons chamber multiple times in the last few days. No one knows what's happening, but security has been drastically increased around the castle. I've heard that even the king's son from a random maid has a bodyguard now."

"So they are acting strange, that doesn't mean that the Lord Dragon is dead! The Lord Dragon is immortal and everlasting! These damn foreigners are causing problems for no reason, spreading such vile rumors. I say we should execute them all."

"I also don't believe that anything can happen to the Lord Dragon. Who doesn't know of the Lord's immortal might? But... I can't help but think that something is going on! Even the king has never been allowed to enter the Lord's chamber so frequently."

"I think the King has finally convinced the Lord to act against the Icy abominations coming from the south! As soon as the Lord makes a move, we'll finally be freed from this unrewarding war."

"All praise to the mighty Lord!" the Frigal exclaimed with enthusiasm.

Lex listened in to a few more conversations, and understood the gist of what was happening. Suddenly and spontaneously, some foreigners appeared on the planet and began claiming that the Mighty dragon had died. Such statements were received with predictable disharmony, and those foreigners were said to have been imprisoned, although the public seemed to be curious as to why they had not been publicly executed yet, as would normally be the case.

Though there were very few Frigal's on the streets, most of them seemed to have the same or similar beliefs, which was that the dragon was infallible. Only after squatting in the same place for well over an hour did Lex encounter someone with a differing view.

"I'm telling you. My son's girlfriend's father's mistress works as a maid in the royal palace. The royals all know that the dragon has passed on and are taking this opportunity to raid the Lord's treasury."

A dragon's treasury...

Although Lex was not sure how he would confirm if this planet really was the planet that the mystery man meant, if there was treasure to be found anywhere, a dragon's treasury sure sounded like the place.

His original plan was to wait on this planet till the Inn connects to it, after which he would begin to explore all the 89 planets using his ship's extremely thorough and powerful scanning tools.

But, upon hearing the intrigue surrounding the dragon, Lex was tempted to investigate. To be clear, while the information about this planet was very limited on the Henali portal, there was slightly more information on the dragon.

The first and most important thing was that all dragons, true dragons that is, were in the Earth Immortal realm from the moment of their birth. It was literally the lowest level they could be at, and any 'dragon' that claimed to be one but was below that realm was actually a mix-breed creature that resembled a dragon.

The exact realm of the dragon was unknown, but it had a strong reputation so there was a solid chance that it was at a higher realm.

Lex didn't believe an immortal could die so randomly or quietly. After all, immortal was in the name of their realm, right?

But it was clear that something was definitely going on, and his curiosity had been piqued. He focused on gathering information on the location of the castle. Just to be safe, since the castle was bound to be a high security area, Lex summoned Fenrir before the two bolted.

"Listen buddy, you better use your powers to the best of your abilities. There's probably going to be many immortals where we're heading."

Fenrir snorted, but at the same time Lex could tell it had begun to use its full power. Although it might be foolish to head to such a dangerous location, it wasn't as if Lex was going to head straight in without a plan. First he would take his time to scout the area out, and only after this planet had established its connection to the Inn would he venture in.

With his own suit, and Fenrir's remarkable abilities, they should be able to avoid attracting any attention. The only real possibility of them being detected was if there were immortals there, and Lex could only guess that there might be.

At the same time, he wondered what those 'icy abominations' that were mentioned were. There was no such information mentioned on the portal, and this planet was supposed to be under the thorough control of the dragon, so who could possibly be stirring trouble? Or did this just count as internal strife, which the dragon could not be bothered to care about?

The Innkeeper

Chapter 753: Cosmic Ascendance Spectrum

The planet was, as its name subtly hinted, frigid cold. The warmest he had experienced so far was -10 celsius (14 Fahrenheit), and the average temperature was far below that. Lex was far beyond the point where such temperatures could affect him, but since this was a 3 star planet, even the cold was tinged with a hint of spirituality which did make Lex feel like this place was the perfect weather for a nice nap in a cozy blanket.

Yet what surprised Lex the most was that for a supposed 3 star planet, the spiritual energy was surprisingly diluted. Compared to earth, there was a great deal more, of course, but it was still below

that of the Inns. Perhaps there was more to the star ranking than just spiritual energy concentration. Maybe it was the various precious ores present on the planet.

Another surprising thing, though, there was a noticeable lack of snow for such a cold planet, which was strange. It would have made sense if there was no water on the planet, and the local lifeforms had evolved to not rely on it, but as he crossed the countryside... uhh, did they even have countries on this planet? Would this then be called planet-side? Whatever.

Not letting the random intrusive thought distract him, he once again began focusing on the fact that as he crossed the empty and uninhabited terrain leading towards the castle where the Lord Dragon resided, he picked up many steam vents, and even a couple of hidden hot springs deep within some caves he crossed.

There was a surprising amount of flora, with roots that went deep far beyond the limit of his spirit sense. They must have adapted somehow to keep the water from freezing within them. Some of them gave off a gentle, blue light, which was the only source of light he had seen on this planet so far.

From time to time, Lex would see other towns or even cities, but he managed to avoid them though he could increasingly detect the growing acrimony even from a distance. He avoided the main roads, preferring to remain hidden. He had already encountered one assassination attempt, and the locals weren't exactly fond of foreigners at the moment, so he wouldn't be making any friends if he was spotted.

Since he was in no rush, he did not mind the fact that it took him nearly two days to get near the castle, and even that was also only because he landed relatively close to it. It was not because the castle came into sight that Lex knew he was close, but because of a subtle pressure he felt, weighing him down.

He had read about this as well, and knew exactly what it was even if he hadn't. This was Dragon's Might! Although, reading up on it had educated him on exactly what this aura was. Dragons were a race with a very high level in the natural hierarchy of existence within the universe. This was the very same hierarchy that was raised each time that a cultivator broke through, but the starting point of dragons was so high that even if a human reached the Heaven Immortal realm, their level might still be below that of a dragons.

It was while doing research for this very planet, and then studying the dragon, that Lex learned more about this very hierarchy, which was officially called the Cosmic Ascendance Spectrum.

The Cosmic Ascendance Spectrum was a manually compiled list which denoted the usual hierarchy that a race was born with, and the significance of it was similarly explained as well. The higher along on the list one was, the more they would gain benefits from the universe itself, and be able to wield higher forms of spiritual energy.

Dragons, for example, were born at the Earth Immortal realm, exuded a terrific and oppressive aura known as Dragon's Might, and had an inborn affinity which allowed them to discover valuable treasures. This placed them very high up on that list. Comparatively speaking, humans had no innate advantage except their learning capabilities and adaptability, and had weak and fragile bodies. This was because they were very low on the same list.

So, even if a human became an Earth immortal and faced a new born dragon, they would be at a disadvantage or face great difficulty, because even in the same realm, they were not on the same level. That of course did not mean that humans could not overcome that difficulty and beat the dragon, just that there was an undeniable advantage that dragons would always have. This was also one of the reasons Jotun did his best not to get into a direct fight with the devils.

The only fortunate thing was that beings could raise this level, not only through cultivation, but also other means, elusive though they may be. Lex's cultivation technique happened to just be one such way.

As such, when Lex finally encountered the Dragons Might, he did not feel the usual fear or oppression that it brought along. Instead, he just found it to be an interesting challenge.

The closer they got to the castle, the stronger the effects of Dragons Might became, though they were still manageable for now, for Lex and Fenrir both. But did this mean that the dragon was alive? Or could dead dragons exude the aura as well?

The reason Lex was wondering such a thing was... the closer he got to the castle, more hidden assassins he discovered with his soul sense. They never saw him, and he never saw them, but he could tell that they were all headed in the same direction. If the dragon were truly alive, would these assassins really have the guts to go and pick a fight right under its nose?

Or were they just trained so well that they did not care about their own life and death? Moreover, who was sending them, and what was their purpose? Since the journey was so long, Lex could not help but muse along these lines.

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### Chapter 754: Mountain range

As the hours passed by, and Lex came nearer to the castle, the aura grew stronger. While it was well within the range that Lex and Fenrir could tolerate, Lex found it interesting that the assassins also remained unaffected. As a subsidiary race of the dragons, weren't the Frigals supposed to be even more vulnerable than others to this aura?

Based solely on what he saw, that did not seem to be the case.

As the hours wound by, another question took hold in Lex's mind. What was 'aura' exactly? He himself had an aura, and more than one. The first and most obvious aura was that of the Innkeeper, but that originated from his Host Attire. It gave others great mental pressure, and within the Crystal realm even affected the environment.

Based on that he could study the effects that aura could bring about, but he was wondering how aura was nurtured and its effects differentiated. The second aura that Lex had was his own. It was heavily influenced by his time spent as the Innkeeper, and could evoke feelings of confidence, competence and warmth. It was also influenced by Regal Embrace, which nurtured the sensation of indestructibility and gave one the confidence to face anything and everything. His state of flow, for some reason, also affected his aura from what he could tell.

Lex had used his aura to influence certain actions and reactions from others, even though he did not understand it fully.

Lately, he had even felt his aura grow when he was cultivating his foundations once again, as well as during the first few moments when he was fighting insects and his fighting instincts awakening.

Based on this analysis, aura could be innate, such as that of dragons, but could also be influenced by environmental factors, as well as the actions of the person who owned the aura.

He wondered, did his act of biding his time, time and time again in the face of insurmountable opponents affect his aura, or had it not? Maybe it was because he made those decisions out of pure logic instead of fear, but there seemed to be no trace of the will to retreat in his aura - yet!

The more he marinated in the Dragons Might and fought against the auras effects, the more he began to wonder if he could influence the growth of his own aura, and what benefits it could bring.

As an experiment, he closed his eyes and focused, summoning his aura forth in its most raw form. But he quickly discovered that such a generic state of mind caused the aura he summoned to be very loose. He summoned it, but it dispersed quickly under the impressive Dragons Might.

Although such a result was predictable, Lex frowned.

He summoned his aura again, but this time in defiance of the Dragons Might. As powerful and influential as a dragon may be, he was not insignificant either. Yes, he had the help of the system, but even the most awesome tool in the hands of an incompetent man would yield no results. He never thought less of himself for relying on the system.

This time the aura he exuded was more focused, and did not disperse under the weight of the Dragons Might, though it was heavily suppressed and was limited to just a few feet around him.

Lex felt a subtle, additional strain on him as he maintained his aura, and felt that if he continued to fight against Dragons Might in such a way, he would soon find himself drained of energy. Yet, odd as it was, he could not identify what energy was being exhausted, for it definitely wasn't his spiritual energy, nor was it any other energy he consciously cultivated.

Over the next 30 hours, he continued to perform such experiments, until the castle finally appeared within sight.

The 'castle' was in fact an entire mountain range that had been carved to form the most elaborate and majestic building Lex had ever seen - and he could not even see all of it!

Though, what he could see was the epic fight being fought at the foot of the mountain range.

Even from a distance, Lex could tell that the conflict was between armies that were hundreds of thousands in numbers, and was incredibly fierce. Neither side had a clear advantage, and from the number of assassins who kept arriving, it seemed like the size of the fight was only destined to grow.

Fortunately, the 'castle' was extremely large, so Lex could just circumvent the fight and still approach the castle.

The Inn had already established its connection by now, so Lex was no longer concerned about escape. He simply continued to approach, though it seemed entering would not be as easy as he initially assumed.

This close to the castle, the power of the Dragon's Might was practically a physical force pressing them down into the ground. Although Lex and Fenrir still had no issue resisting the aura, the sheer might of it was interfering with Fenrir's stealth abilities.

The pup could no longer guarantee if they were even working at all or not, so they had to rely on conventional stealth to approach.

That meant that they practically held their breaths and stepped as softly as possible during their approach, making sure to be as far as possible from any potential guards. One drawback of turning an entire mountain range into a singular castle was that there were too many areas that were left unsupervised.

After they finally approached the castle, due to the pups reluctance to depart mid-adventure, despite Lex's many assurances that he would summon it again shortly, the pairs actions gave birth to a very unusual sight. A man and a wolf climbed the vertical walls of the castle carefully as they tried to approach a window.

As odd as it was, there were no protective formations anywhere around the castle. Perhaps the dragon never felt like it needed one, so they were able to enter completely unintended. Now they just had to navigate what was surely a labyrinth to find what they were looking for.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 755: Introspection

Lex spread his spirit sense in the pitch dark corridor he had entered, trying to understand the layout as well as detect any nearby Frigals. One of the most important considerations Lex had during this period was how dangerous this specific adventure was going to be.

Surprisingly, so far, he had not faced any significant challenge, though Fenrir could take most of the credit for that. His instincts, too, did not warn him of any overwhelming danger looming around the corner. To be clear, there was plenty of danger about. If Lex was not careful, he could be besieged by countless Frigals, not to mention whoever they were fighting.

But the 3 star planet he was on was showing a surprising lack of immortals, who were the greatest threat to Lex. Either they were not nearly as common as he had assumed, and his frequent encounters with them could be attributed to a skewed probability of facing them due to how many unusual circumstances he faced.

He made a mental note to look up such information when he got back. Considering the fact that he encountered Earth Immortals so frequently in the Crystal realm, and saw so many immortals coming to his Inn, Lex thought that there would be immortals anywhere with enough spiritual energy, but that might not be the case. Perhaps the tribulation also played a role in their absence.

But, the most significant thing was that despite the Dragons Might being much stronger now, Lex's instincts still did not warn him of any lethal danger. In fact, the poison on Polebitvy was about a million times more dangerous than anything he was feeling currently.

Of course there was also the possibility that his instincts were failing him, or that they were unable to detect a certain type of threat, such as those that involved systems. Lex still had to be careful.

Unable to decipher the ridiculously large labyrinth that was the interior of the castle, Lex decided to use his instincts to search for any good leads. His instincts were unable to directly tell him where to go to fulfill his purpose, but it did point him in the direction of the nearest item which could be considered a treasure.

"Any idea which way to go?" Lex asked Fenrir, just in case the pup had any other abilities he was unaware of, but the pup only shook its head. The Dragons Might was affecting it much more than Lex, and causing it to become agitated. Its general temperament was rather friendly and mild, at least in the presence of those that it trusted, but it was still feeling challenged and aggressive. It was as if the very blood in its veins was angered that a dragon was daring to display its might within Fenrir's presence.

Unfortunately, regardless of how noble the instincts in its body, it was nowhere near as strong as the dragon. At least the dragon was born in the immortal realm - Fenrir, despite its noble bloodline, had been born a mortal.

That thought gave Lex pause. Fenrir should have had a very high position in the Cosmic Ascendance Spectrum, so then why was its cultivation at birth so low? Why was it still unable to speak, even if only through spirit sense? The mysteries surrounding the pup were not few, but right now was not the time to ponder them.

Without any other lead, Lex decided to move in the direction of the nearest treasure. The corridor was, just as the Frigal town had been, elaborately decorated across every inch of its length. Precious ores had been used to add color to the carvings in the walls, even if no one could see those colors in the dark, and spirit stones had been embedded every so often, keeping the ambient energy within the castle high.

Lex felt like he had encountered something he had no knowledge of, for there were no formations in place nor did the alignment of rooms or corridors seem like they merged to form a massive character, like in Valesco, but the deeper he walked into the castle the more impressive it seemed. The spirit energy was the least of it. It seemed like every step he was taking, he was walking on the physical manifestation of history itself.

Countless beings of incredible importance had once passed through these halls, and world shaking decisions had been made in nearly every room. Although Lex did not have enough information to judge, he guessed that perhaps the influence of the dragon whose home he was walking in was larger than he had first thought. Maybe the dragon held a great position in this galaxy, but information of that level would not be easily available on the Henali portal.

For a massive portal that was supposed to cover the majority of the explored realm, it was surprisingly strictly monitored and controlled.

Also, now that Lex knew a lot more about the universe, the size of the Origin realm surprised him greatly. After all, long before Lex knew of the concept of realms, he assumed the Origin realm was the entire universe. It was then that Lex came across the concept of the 'known universe' which should now accurately be called 'known realm'. This was because a large part of even the Origin realm remained unexplored.

Lex did not know if such a term counted the Henali as well, or if they truly had explored the entire realm, but he definitely knew that the devils, at least, had not explored the entire realm yet.

Lex suddenly stopped, and frowned. He noticed something unusual. He was undergoing a lot more introspection than usual, and his thoughts seemed to be becoming more and more random. Why was he thinking about the Origin realm while exploring a potentially dangerous castle?

Something was silently influencing him, and he had not even noticed! When exactly did this start? Was it when he first entered this planet, or did it only begin after he started to resist the pressure of Dragons Might?

The Innkeeper

Chapter 756: Watching the show

It did not take long for Lex to realize that his thoughts had been a lot more random since the very moment he arrived on the planet, long before he began to contest against the Dragons Might. But he still could not be sure this was caused by something external. After all, he could just be in a thoughtful mood. Moreover, he had felt no threat, nor perceived any lapse in his attentiveness to danger or his surroundings. At most, he was just a little more pensive than usual.

Lex made a mental note to focus on his state of mind a little more while he was here, and continue his journey.

He was a lot more observant towards the interior of the castle as he moved deeper into the labyrinth, and finally noticed two things. First, if he moved away from the outer wall of the castle, and ventured towards its depths, there was a slight decline in all paths. It was as if he was slowly descending into the bowels of the castle. Second, the temperature was increasing the deeper he went.

Soon, the two encountered their first door. The halls which had built up the castle so far had all been open and interconnected, forming an open outermost layer. But it seemed they were about to enter the second layer of the castle.

Lex prepared for trouble as he attempted to open it, but surprisingly found that there was no problem at all. The door, which was nearly 20 feet (6 meters) large, opened easily, leading to yet another series of halls. But these halls contrasted from the previous ones in that they were filled with various carpets, decorations, statues, paintings and more.

There were also some Frigals patrolling, though they all looked incredibly weary and exhausted, as if they had not rested in a long while. Despite their drained condition, Lex could tell that they were doing

their best to be as attentive as possible. If it weren't for Fenrir, Lex would not have been able to escape their scrutiny. Or the detection of the few assassins he saw as well.

What the hell was going on, and how were there so many assassins with such incredible stealth capabilities? If it weren't for his soul sense, Lex would never know about them. In fact, even Fenrir had failed to detect them.

As it happened, one of the assassins seemed to be going in the same direction as Lex, so perhaps he would get an answer soon. As the odd group navigated the ostentatious halls, Lex could not help but wonder what the life of an assassin was like?

Did they have friends? Did they like to read books or watch plays? Did they snack from time to time? He imagined that, regardless of the stereotype of being cold-blooded, they would need to enjoy life sometime, right? He wondered if assassins got married and had little assassin babies.

The thought was so odd that Lex once again caught himself, and realized that his thoughts had wandered again. He frowned, and redoubled his efforts to stay attentive.

Soon they reached the room Lex's instincts were guiding him to, and it seemed like it was occupied. A couple of Frigals were inside talking, though Lex found it difficult to assess their age and genders just by observing them. It was tough to do these things with a race he had only just met. He moved closer to try and hear what they were saying, as did the assassin.

"... is only a matter of time," said one of them.

"Is it really? It's already been weeks, and my memory has not recovered, nor has anyone else's. No one knows what truly happened, and the royal family is acting too strangely."

"How do you expect them to react? Who could have predicted that an army of those icy abominations would suddenly rise from the ground and attack the castle? They have to fight with all their efforts, or if the Lord Dragon is disturbed, the royal family will be too ashamed to continue on living."

"I don't know why the Lord Dragon doesn't just kill them with a single swipe. It's been over six months since these creatures suddenly appeared in the south, and they've been a growing nuisance since!"

Lex was immediately intrigued. 'Over six months' was the translation of what the Frigal had actually said, and it had automatically been translated into terms that Lex was familiar with. The more important thing was that the timing seemed to be similar to when the mysterious man had told Lex to come here.

"More than those icy creeps, I wish the royal family would just kill those foreigners! How dare they blaspheme the great Lord by claiming he has died? Can they not feel the magnificence of his aura gracing this world with its presence?"

One of the Frigals, the one fanatically praising the dragon, grabbed something from its belt that immediately attracted Lex's attention. It was a strange, orange colored vine that was emitting a soft glow. The vine had been snipped off of wherever it originally grew, and was dying, but nonetheless it gave off an intimidating aura. This was exactly the thing that his instincts had guided him to.

Lex was not the only one who noticed the vine, as the assassin started to make his way towards the Frigal as soon as he brought out the vine. Instead of interfering in the matter, Lex decided to just sit and watch. He was interested in learning what exactly was going on here, and perhaps observing their interaction would give him some clues.

As soon as the assassin came close, something unbelievable happened. The light emitted from the vine actually managed to reveal the assassin's figure, alerting the two Frigals of the intruder.

Immediately they began fighting one another without holding anything back. In the corner of the room, Lex and Fenrir comfortably sat on a couple of sofas and watched the fight as Lex summoned out a bag of Doritos.

"Want some?" he offered the pup as he pointed the open bag towards him. Very politely taking out a pair of chopsticks, so as to not dirty its paw, it took a few. That was the moment Lex realized his pup also had a spatial treasure!

The Innkeeper

Chapter 757: Interesting Assassin

"When did you get a spatial treasure?" asked Lex, not hiding his surprise. "Actually, where did you get one from?"

The pup had originally not felt like this was a big deal, but seeing how Lex reacted it suddenly felt prideful. He growled and barked as it communicated with Lex, yet the man seemed to understand everything. The oddest part was that no one noticed the two talking, and not just because the other three in the room erupted into a battle for life and death!

"Oh, that's an unusual bloodline ability," Lex commented. Apparently, after Fenrir finished his task inside the tower, the reward he had received was information on how to unlock his bloodline abilities as quickly as possible.

Fenrir had begun to implement that knowledge, which was beginning to unlock more and more of his bloodline abilities. The particular one he used was not exactly equivalent to having a spatial treasure - although the effects were similar in a limited capacity.

It created small folds within Fenrir's fur which seemed to be linked to some unknown domain. For now, Fenrir could store small items in that domain, although it was best not to store anything too private as, technically, that domain could be accessed by anyone with similar abilities.

This bloodline ability was a part of a more powerful ability to be unlocked later on, though Fenrir did not know or care about that. It just liked putting anything and everything within that space. So far, besides chopsticks, he had put a lot of mud, some rocks, and other random small objects.

Lex listened in with interest as he watched the Frigals fight. Although the fight had just begun, it was almost over as well. Although the assassin had lost the element of surprise, his combat ability was nothing to belittle. The two random workers were not its match, although the assassin also suffered some injuries.

A few minutes later, everything was concluded. Lex watched with interest as the assassin ate the glowing vine excitedly. If eating the vine had any effects, they were not apparent. Besides the glow disappearing, resulting in the assassin once again turning invisible, Lex noticed nothing significant.

However that quickly changed when the assassin disabled his invisibility on his own a few moments later. He sat down in a corner, as if to rest, and took out a small device and began speaking into it.

"I've infiltrated into the first layer of the castle, but have received injuries. I will need to recover before I can continue to proceed further. Please be advised, I encountered an unknown object that can disable invisibility when exposed to its radiation. Let the others know, in case such means are applied throughout the castle. I have still discovered no signs of any of the members of the royal family."

Lex felt that the assassin was being deceitful in his report, for if the 'object' had really been unknown, he would not have proceeded to eat it, right? At least Lex discovered that the objective of the assassins seemed to be the royal family, quite predictably.

"Acknowledged. If recovering from your injuries will take too long, retreat instead. Your Band of Neglect can only allow you to tolerate the Dragons Might for so long. The closer you are to the entity, the faster it will be drained."

"Affirmative," the assassin replied, and put the device away. But then he continued to act suspiciously. Instead of focusing on healing, he approached one of the Frigals he killed and stabbed them with a particularly demonic blade.

The blade began to absorb the entire body, and after a few moments, it completely vanished. The assassin, instead, began to morph just a bit, and moments later assumed an appearance identical to the Frigal that had been absorbed. Or at least, Lex felt like he did. With these unusual creatures it was very difficult for him to distinguish facial features.

But the assassin was not done acting suspiciously. He then stabbed himself once as well, though with a different knife, and allowed himself to bleed out a little, before cauterizing the wound.

Lex and Fenrir exchanged looks, before returning their attention to the assassin who was not limping away. Before he left, however, he took out his small communication device, and crushed it.

Naturally, Lex followed the assassin. Considering that he had no idea how to navigate these halls, and didn't know where to go, following this suspicious person may lead to some unexpected rewards.

Unlike Lex, the assassin seemed to know exactly where he was going, and soon ran into guards.

"Assassins have infiltrated! They are searching for her majesty Seishan! You have to let her know at once!" the assassin pleaded, as if the very meaning of his struggle was to send the warning. Quite conveniently, he also collapsed just as he found the guards.

They immediately checked on his wounds and discovered something quite serious.

"Although he seems to have cauterized the wound, he did not manage to stop his internal bleeding. Immediately bring him to get treated, I will go and warn her majesty!"

The group of guards split up, and Lex now had the option to either follow the guard to whoever this 'Seishan' was, or continue to follow the assassin. After a moment's deliberation, he felt like the assassin was just diverting attention, and that his motives lay elsewhere.

Ultimately, Lex decided to keep following the group with the assassin. Considering the urgency of the situation, the group moved quickly, and Lex found himself entering deeper and deeper into the castle. The temperature had almost risen to above freezing, which was quite a big deal for a planet with no star nearby.

Just as they reached the makeshift hospital, which was filled with countless other patients, the castle trembled, and many decorations fell on the floor. Everyone in the room froze, as fear suddenly gripped them.

Something had attacked the castle? Was the Lord Dragon going to be disturbed?

The castle trembled again, and this time, it was much worse!

The Innkeeper

Chapter 758: Discovered

Neither Lex nor Fenrir were disturbed by the quaking, but all the Frigals in the room seemed to lose their souls. Cabinets shook, the walls creaked, and dust fell from the ceiling, but fortunately there was no destruction. The tremors from the explosion eventually vanished, but nobody in the room dared to move. It seemed like even the dying patients stopped dying for this duration, but in actuality they were just too frightened to release their pain-filled moans.

But nothing seemed to happen. The Dragons Might did not waver, and there were no massive repercussions, at least as far as Lex could tell. Slowly, the doctors began to move once again, as if testing if there would be a reaction. When nothing happened, they quickly started to tend to their patients again.

In that short, momentary pause, however, everyone was too occupied to notice that the assassin had left the stretcher he had been placed on, and moved through the crowd, somehow changing his attire as he did. Everyone other than the two specifically paying attention to him.

From the hospital the assassin continued, moving at a much faster pace. Lex did not know why he no longer used his invisibility, but considering that Lex had not encountered any other assassin this deep in the castle, perhaps it was not possible.

The longer he followed, the faster the assassin became, as if he was feeling anxious about something and running out of time. After nearly an hour passed, they once again crossed into a new layer of the castle, and suddenly the nouveau riche grandeur that filled every corner of the castle suddenly changed.

From the finest marble floors and walls lined with statues, the castle changed to look like it was a natural cave. There was no even flooring, no decoration and no signs that this was a part of a castle. The cave was also quite warm, by the planet's standards.

As he had completely run out of time, the assassin broke into a run without caring about alerting anyone with his actions. His destination, as it turned out, wasn't far. In a small, branching cave, a small group seemed to be waiting for the assassin. There were a few corpses tucked neatly atop one another, so as to be out of the way.

"You took too long!" one of the awaiting accomplices exclaimed angrily.

"It was worth it! I discovered something incredible. Those Icy abominations have made their way to the castle! While the forces of the noble families fight against the royal family on the west side, the main members of the royal family have gone to the north to fend off those monsters. The central chambers will be completely unattended! We have to move before others figure this out as well."

"Good job, that's valuable information. If that's the case, we don't need to waste time sneaking around. We'll recover the time lost, and then some. What about the King? Any news on the geezer?"

"No, but I think we should proceed as if he's still in the dragon's chamber."

"Based on this information, we can alter our plans a little. Disable all unnecessary treasures and conserve as much energy as possible. From here on out, our top priority should be resisting the Dragons Might. The more time we save, the longer we'll be able to resist the Might once we're inside the chamber, and each second in there is literally worth billions of soul stones!"

Everyone in the group nodded, and each of them seemed to disable an active technique. To Lex's great surprise, the previous group of Frigals began to change. What replaced them were twelve stocky dwarves!

Once all of them were ready, the leader of the group brought them to a formation he had drawn using the blood and organs taken from the nearby corpses. Completely unaffected by the scene, everyone got in the formation, Lex and Fenrir included. If it were anything else, Lex might have hesitated, but he had seen enough teleportation formations to recognize one, even if it was made from blood and guts.

The leader tried to activate the formation, but for some reason it wouldn't activate. He frowned, but did not waste too much time and took out a few more items from a bag and adjusted the formation a bit.

"Why is it using more energy than normal?" he muttered to himself, but did not ponder over it. They didn't have long to begin with.

The teleportation formation activated, and they disappeared. When they reappeared, they were inside what looked like a massive cavern that was actually quite hot, but Lex did not have the time or energy to focus on that.

The intensity of Dragons Might had increased so drastically that Lex felt like he had been punched in the gut. Even with all of Lex's incredible defenses, at this point he felt the influence of the aura as a physical force pressing him down and squishing him like a bug. Fenrir, too, was unable to escape the sudden change and for a few moments his abilities were interrupted.

As soon as he readjusted to the pressure, the pup reactivated its abilities, and turned to look at the dwarves. Fortunately for them, it seemed like the dwarves were taking the pressure much worse than both of them.

The dwarves were all in the Golden Core realm, with only the leader in the Nascent realm, so it made sense that they were not able to immediately recover. They noticed something amiss, but by the time they recovered enough to check, Lex and Fenrir had once again disappeared.

Lex used Harden and other defensive techniques, but nothing seemed to reduce the effects of the aura on him or Fenrir. The dwarves, who had some kind of treasure that reduced the effects of Dragons Might, did not seem much better off than them either.

"How the hell does anyone tolerate this pressure?" one of the dwarves asked, wiping some blood off from the corner of his mouth.

"Normal Frigals cannot," the leader explained, as he looked suspiciously in Lex and Fenrir's direction. "Only the royal family can tolerate this pressure. Why else do you think there is a royal family to begin with? Are they really royal? No, they're just glorified servants to the dragon. No one else can tolerate being this close to the dragon and still maintaining normal body function. Now let's go."

The dwarves followed their leader as he proceeded down one of the paths, seeming certain of his direction. For once, though, Lex and Fenrir did not follow them immediately. With so much pressure on them, it was hard for Fenrir to maintain his stealth, so they would need to resort to regular means: following them in the dark from a distance.

But while Lex was still capable of doing that, upon closer observation, it did not seem like Fenrir was in the condition to do so. It was not the pressure itself that was getting to Fenrir, but now that the strength of the Might had increased, so had Fenrir's aggressiveness.

His thoughts were getting clouded by the desire to lash out at anyone and everyone nearby as his blood rebelled against the overbearing might.

Ultimately, Lex had no choice but to send Fenrir back to the Inn. But, since the pup still felt reluctant to leave, Lex promised to summon him as soon as there was a fight. After all, there was no problem with him being aggressive if there were actual enemies to target.

Even without Fenrir, Lex was wearing his stealth suit made from Orion's scales, so he was sure as long as he kept his distance, he would not be discovered.

Unfortunately, Lex was not too familiar with the dwarven race, so he overlooked the fact that they had a unique racial trait that gave them an incredibly strong affinity with stones, ores, gems and minerals.

Although he was undetectable from this distance, the short while he and Fenrir lost their invisibility left detectable traces on the floor. The leader had picked them up, and though he did not let it show, he began preparing for the worst.

Once the group was far enough down their path that they were almost out of sight, Lex began following them. Even though his vision was restricted due to the darkness, Lex could still see a little.

Silently he followed the group, quite pleased with his decision to follow the assassin, when he felt a strange tremor. With a warning from his instincts Lex quickly leaped back, just in time to avoid a cave-in in the tunnel he was walking through.

He frowned. The cave-in happening right above him was too coincidental, so it was safe to say that he had been detected. He was not too surprised, though he wished that the group had fought him instead of running away. Then he could have interrogated them at least. With his guides separated from him, Lex had no choice but to once again rely on his instincts as he began randomly walking down another tunnel.

Simultaneously, he began to think about the dragon. The dwarves didn't seem worried about it at all, so were they the foreigners claiming the dragon was dead? If so, how could one explain the Dragons Might?

## The Innkeeper

### Chapter 759: Lost in thought

Unlike his first impression of the castle which was grand and majestic if a little over done, the cavern he was in now seemed like a long forgotten corner of the world filled with naught but darkness. There was no sign of anyone having ever crossed the various tunnels, nor that they had been used for any purpose.

If Lex had not followed the dwarves here, and clearly felt the increasing Dragons Might, he may have assumed that he had teleported to a tunnel in the middle of the planet that had never been discovered. Even the increasing temperature felt like to him that he was moving closer to the layer of molten lava deep under the surface of the planet.

As he made his way through, following not but his instincts to guide him, Lex felt something he hadn't in a long time. He used his thumb to wipe his brow, and discovered sweat. It had been a long time since he sweat naturally. Considering his cultivation, there must be something extremely unusual about the temperature.

Lex continued to explore, his thoughts often getting lost in random and seemingly unrelated topics despite his best effort to focus. The situation was so strange, that it took a couple of minutes before Lex realized that, while walking, he had encountered what should be an extremely large vein of rare ores.

They were emitting spiritual energy as if they had an unlimited amount stored within, and were sizzling to touch. Intrigued, he put on his Fancy Contact lenses, and was startled by the result. This was not an ore, but frozen dragon blood! What felt sizzling to Lex was actually well below the freezing point of the dragon's blood!

Why was there so much of it seemingly mixed in with the tunnel walls? Although he didn't have an answer, Lex broke off a few large chunks before adding them to his spatial bangle. Even if he didn't know that this would be extremely valuable, it might come in handy for Xeon, who was attempting to become a dragon.

He considered grabbing more, but he didn't want to waste all his time here. He had a strong feeling that he could find even more valuable things, so long as he kept looking.

He had only just begun to move forward when he detected faint tremors in the walls. He touched the tunnel wall to be sure and indeed felt faint vibrations. They were not constant and were sometimes stronger or weaker.

Someone was fighting nearby, most likely the dwarves. Having finally found a trace, he quickly began to traverse the tunnels once again. Every time he was presented with various choices as two or more paths appeared, he always selected the ones heading towards the signs of fighting. More than once, he came across dead ends, so he would just turn back and keep on trying.

Once, long ago, he read that if he ever got lost in a maze, he should either pick a direction, right or left, and always turn the same way. He would eventually find a way out of the maze. Although Lex did not yet start feeling like he was trapped in a maze, if he kept roaming around randomly like this he might just have to try it.

Lex sniffed as he picked up a strange scent, and a few moments later, he saw something unusual. A corpse lay on the floor, though its death had not been recent. Lex could smell the rot and decay that had gripped the corpse. When he approached, he discovered that its situation was even worse than he imagined. There was little other than bone left on the corpse, meaning it had to have been here for months at the very least.

Unwilling to touch the rotting corpse, Lex used his spirit sense to investigate it but could not determine the cause of death, which was not too shocking considering its state. He looked down the tunnel, and in the distance detected another such corpse.

One need not be an expert to know that something was amiss with the situation, but Lex could not guess what happened at all. It seemed more and more likely that the dragon was dead, or critically injured at the very least. But how had such a powerful being died so simply? How had the royal family survived when the dragon had died? Not to mention these old corpses that he was encountering. Most importantly, did any of this have to do with the treasure that he was supposed to be looking for?

While Lex tried to reconstruct what exactly happened, he never stopped moving. At some point, the tremors stopped, but Lex did not even notice. His mind was completely focused on trying to reconstruct what had happened here based on the few clues that he had.

At some point, he had gone from walking through a natural tunnel to what seemed like it had been carved out of solid rock by hand. Torches hung on the sides, but Lex no longer noticed as he was too deeply lost in his thoughts.

At some point, he reunited with the dwarves who looked bloodied and battered. Unlike him, they were not completely lost in thought, and still retained their awareness thanks to the help of various treasures, but they were still too distracted to pick up on the few signs Lex revealed of himself despite wearing his stealth suit.

They walked past more skeletons, and this time even a few fresh corpses. One of them even belonged to a royal family member. It was easy to distinguish them from common Frigals, as they had a long, thick tail and some of them even had wings.

Finally, they reached the end of the tunnel network, and by then, the dwarves had completely lost themselves in their thoughts despite their various protective treasures. After all, since they were not

being negatively affected in any way, it was very hard for a normal protective treasure to identify their situation as encountering some kind of threat.

A massive door hundreds of feet in height lay waiting for them, and it was conveniently slightly ajar, leaving just enough space for them to fit through.

Lex was walking towards the opening when a sudden noise woke him from his thoughts. A painful groaning and squealing filled the tunnel, coming from one of the dwarves. He had been already extremely wounded, which combined with the pressure of the Dragons Might finally got to him.

His leg fractured and deformed, causing him to stumble. The pain woke him from his stupor,, but other than Lex no one else noticed his cries. More than concerned about the dwarf, Lex suddenly became alert over how he had reached here! He had no recollection of the path he took, or even of reuniting with the dwarves.

Whatever was happening was clearly affecting even his spirit!

He employed every defensive technique he knew to protect his mind and spirit, but he felt no change whatsoever.

"Barley! Barley, don't leave me!" yelled the dwarf to his companions while trying to get up, only for one more of his bones to break. But it was for naught, as his companions soon crossed the massive door, all blissfully unaware of their companions' pain, or their own bleak prospects.

"Dammit!" the dwarf roared as he tried to push his fallen body upright, but was unable to. Before the dwarf could try again, he felt a hand grab him by the back of his collar and lift him up.

A human who had been standing beside him this entire time seemed to become visible to him, studying him and his condition.

"Unhand me you-" before the dwarf could complete his sentence, Lex let go, dropping the dwarf back onto the ground. Initially he was planning on threatening the dwarf, but seeing as how his situation was so dire, Lex did not feel the need to put in any effort at all. All the spirit energy in his body had dried up,

and there were multiple hairline fractures across his body, under the strain of the dwarfs heavy armor. It would be a miracle if the dwarf was even able to sit up straight without help at this point.

Lex had just begun to wonder what could have happened to the dwarf when he suddenly caught himself again, and refocused.

"Mary, every few minutes check up on me and make sure I'm not lost in thought. There's something very unusual going on here, and I have no way of defending against it," he told his every present holographic companion.

"Sure, will do," said Mary, diverting her attention from the Inn to observe Lex. Usually, she was not one for gossip, or 'shipping' people, as Velma liked to call it. But given the recent developments at the Inn, she couldn't help but join Velma as she eyed Dr. Charles, and one of the Inns' other relatively new employees, Hera.

Lex, reassured that he would not get lost in thoughts again - for too long at least - turned his attention back to the dwarf.

"It seems like you need some help," Lex said, hoping he didn't have to resort to threats. Those kinds of things really suited Luthor more.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 760: Obsession

The dwarf was an inch short of four feet (1.2 meters) but his stature did not deprive him of a powerful presence. His body was thick with muscle, that much was clear even under all the hair that covered him, and his braided bear that was nearly as tall as him radiated an impressive aura of its own, as if a hidden power lay within.

The dwarf was in the Golden core realm, and Lex could tell that if he were in his prime condition he would be a level above normal human Golden core cultivators. But Lex was not a human cultivator to begin with, let alone the fact that the dwarf was now completely drained of energy as well as thoroughly beaten.

The dwarf looked at Lex and grimaced, the dirt and blood on his face only serving to make him look more detestable. Lex, on the other hand, began wondering why he once again found himself in a situation where he felt like a villain. Did he have some kind of affinity with being evil? Should he give it a try?

"My bones are shattered, and if I don't fix them soon the weight of the Dragons Might might just end up killing me directly. If you want anything from me, you're gonna have to fix me first," the dwarf finally said before aggressively spitting out some blood.

Lex raised an eyebrow. Well, at least it was a start. He quickly thought of how he could help the dwarf. He had learned some very basic healing techniques that could be used on others, but they were just barely enough to save someone's life in a critical situation. They could not be used to actually heal.

He had a few boxes full of painkillers in his spatial bangle now, as he had decided he got injured all too often despite his ridiculous defense and no longer wanted to deal with a lot of pain. He had a few herbs that could serve as a healing agent, but their effects weren't too strong...

Shaking his head, Lex decided to keep things simple. He threw a high quality spirit stone at the dwarf, indicating he should replenish his energy a little so he doesn't immediately die, and simultaneously began to form an array.

"There's no need to be so grumpy. It's not like we're enemies or anything. I just have a few questions. I can help you out as long as you give me answers."

The array was completed, and was one of the simplest ones he knew for healing purposes. It did not actually 'heal' at all, but just added a bit of vitality to a being, allowing their body to naturally heal itself, or to not die so quickly based on the circumstances.

"What do you take me for?" the dwarf asked angrily. "Give me proper medicine and-"

Before the dwarf could complete its sentence, he found a foot pressing down on his throat, and Lex's amicable smile had withdrawn. Instead, Lex now wore a look of complete indifference as he looked down on the dwarf, a trace of an oppressive aura leaking from him despite the Dragons Might destroying all auras in the area.

"Do not take my politeness for subservience. If you do not want to cooperate, then I see no reason to let you live."

His tone was placid and uninterested, as if the dwarfs' life or death meant nothing to him. In actuality, Lex was just trying out the 'evil' persona he had been wondering about earlier. Although Lex did not see himself as a villain, or an evil person, his recent experiences in the Crystal realm made him realize that, to a degree, being civil and polite sometimes made him seem like a pushover.

When he was in Valesco, no matter what, if he had had enough deterrence that Crystal race member would not have attacked him. Similarly, when the Kraven attacked his tavern all of his workers and many of his guests had been injured, but the Earth immortals he had been meeting with never really bothered to lend him a hand, and the two birds even began negotiating with the Kraven right in front of him. Although things had ended well for him eventually, that bitterness and frustration had lingered, if only just a bit.

So, while Lex had no real interest in being harsh with others, he also wanted to try and do things differently, and see what the results were. After all, he was just 24 years old, and it was alright if he was still figuring himself out.

The dwarf was not an easily intimidated person, usually, but looking at Lex's eyes, he really felt like the other would kill him without any hesitation if he tested his limits. Although getting answers might be helpful to him, it was not important enough that he would tolerate the dwarfs misbehavior.

The dwarf felt a chill in the back of his spine, and he suddenly stopped resisting. No matter what his identity was normally, right now he was just an injured dwarf held down by the other person's shoe - he needed to adapt to his new reality quickly.

"Ask... ask your questions," he said hoarsely, before he finally felt the pressure from the others' foot on his neck decrease.

"That's more like it. Let's start with something simple. What's your name?" Lex asked, a hint of a warm expression returning to his face.

"Terrol... Terrol Folkinson," the dwarf said, hoping that the other might recognize his name, but alas, Lex knew nothing of dwarfs, and so the name meant nothing to him.

"See, that wasn't so hard now was it?" asked Lex as he removed his foot from the dwarfs neck completely.

"You look pretty beaten up Terrol, and your friends didn't look much better either. What happened?"

Terrol clenched his teeth as the recent memory filled his mind, tormenting him.

"The... the Frigal royal family was supposed to be gone. This level of the castle was supposed to be clear, as, theoretically, no one else could get this close to the dragon. Unfortunately... we ran into an unexpected problem. The King has a bastard child who inherited the royal family's genes, but he's too weak to go out into the field. He was staying here, which should ont have been an issue, but the King had assigned him a royal protector for some reason.

"We ran into the kid, and a fight with the protector erupted. Fortunately, since we were not interested in the kid, we were able to escape. The protector didn't follow us either, since he had to stay with the child. But even so, escaping was not so easy."

Lex nodded his head. Not only was he studying the dwarf using his instincts and sixth sense, he also used the Fancy contact lens to completely analyze the dwarfs equipment. Despite his relatively low cultivation level, his gear was no joke. If he had been reduced to such a state in spite of all his preparations, that protector must have been quite powerful. Either that kid was very special to deserve such a powerful protector, or the level of the royal family's guards was very high.

"It seems to me like you guys have made a lot of preparations for your trip, Terrol. It's not so easy to resist the Dragons Might, and there's something unusual going on that messes with the spirit, and causes one to be completely lost in thought. Do you mind explaining to me how you resisted both, and especially what the latter is?"

The dwarf grit his teeth. This was all valuable information, and revealing it might get them in trouble later. But if he died right now, there would be no later to worry about, so he had no voice but to divulge all that he knew.

"Resisting Dragons Might is not all that hard. The dwarves and the elves have been enemies for many millennia, but they recently buried their bitter hatred to join hands together to face the domineering

and deadly dragons. With dwarven engineering, and elven enchantments, we have designed many treasures specifically designed to take on dragons. The chestplate that I'm wearing has an enchantment that will erase or reduce the effects of Dragons Might, as long as I have enough spirit energy to feed it.

"As for the spirit pull... it's a common phenomenon that occurs with any treasure that a dragon obsesses over! The influence of a dragon's attention is far from simple, let alone the effects of its obsession. All dragons are natural born treasure hunters, and any place they call home is bound to be full of treasure.

"But, although this planet has valuable ores, it is nowhere near valuable enough to attract a dragon. The spirit energy is poor, and it is far from a star and so is cold. Considering the overall poor quality of the entire planet, there must be some exceptionally valuable treasure here that attracted the dragon, and now has been tinged with the dragons obsession, affecting one and all!"