

Innkeeper 781

The Innkeeper

Chapter 781: Anger

Even as Lex fell through the levels, a frown didn't leave his face. Something extremely unusual was happening on this planet, and he was caught in the middle. To a certain degree he could understand things getting out of hand. After all, a dragon had mysteriously died here, so there was one mystery entity to account for.

Then there was the group of foreigners who, through some unidentified means, discovered the dragon was dead and even spread the news. As unlikely as this was, it still remained within the realm of possibilities.

The several groups that Lex fought while looting also made sense, since the news of a dead dragon would surely bring about an endless tide of looters, pirates and cultivators hoping to find a lucky encounter.

What did not make sense, however, was that whoever was up on those ships was shooting directly at the castle. Even if the looters got caught in an unwanted fight, they should have tried their best to prevent anyone from entering the castle lest their loot be stolen first. But whoever that was up there in the ship's up in the air, they did not care about the dragon's hoard at all.

Lex couldn't be sure if they were targeting the looters, the abominations or just everyone, but they were out for blood. More importantly, they were actually a threat to Lex because while he could face an individual head on, even he had to watch out for weapons for mass destruction - for now.

If he could help it, none of that would be his problem. But based on the sounds of the pursuing abominations, he would have to bear with it for a bit longer. Or not.

The moment he reached the end of the hole, he used Imperial Shield to put up barriers right above him, blocking the tunnel and preventing the abominations from reaching him. Their unusual ability to freeze spirit energy made them particularly potent against his shields, but if Lex put enough of them up he would be able to delay them till he returned.

With his plan decided, he did exactly that and began the process for his return. But just as he started, he sensed danger once again. The end of the hole did not connect to any of the floors of the dragon's hoard so Lex had nowhere to dodge to. He could only take the attack head on.

As fast as he could, he erected countless shields right before him and held out his hands to block the incoming attack, using Impervious Hands to actually protect himself for once.

He had been using the technique for its various other uses for so long that it seemed like he had forgotten its original use, which was to block overwhelming attacks. After all, when using Impervious Hands, his hands were literally ten times more durable than his own body!

Now taking into consideration how tough his body was to begin with, it made sense that he had barely been able to survive an immortal's casual attack while using it.

He did not see the attack coming, for the only thing in his view in the tunnel was a mountain of icy abominations, pressed up against one another as they tried to break his shields. The next second, even with his keen senses, he barely saw a black figure tear through the abominations, rip through his shields like they were nothing and smash into the ground next to him!

He had managed to avoid a direct impact, but that did not mean he did not suffer. A shockwave of energy crashed into him nearly shattering his Impervious Hands, but somehow he held on by a hair's breadth. Yet even so Lex felt his hands aching and all the bones in his arms felt like they had been put on an anvil and hammered.

His chest felt tight and some of his muscles were sore, but remarkably he had managed to survive without any visible wounds. The shockwave had, however, thrown and embedded him into the wall, while the tunnel now reached deeper, but still did not connect to any other floor.

Lex groaned. Suffering artillery strikes was not nearly as fun as it sounded. Fortunately, all the abominations had been killed so there was nothing more to attract anyone's attention within the tunnel. He finally had an opportunity to leave.

But what Lex did not realize was how advanced the tracking systems of the ships in the air were. Besides the simple visual and heat signatures, the ship could also track spiritual energy signatures.

At that moment, one of the crew members of the ship that had previously shot near Lex twice was looking at a screen that was clearly outlining Lex's figure in the wall.

"That's two shots he's survived, Elquin," the man said to his colleague sitting beside him. "That means you owe me 200 spirit stones."

"Double or nothing I get him with the next one!" the colleague named Elquin said with gritted teeth. As was his habit, he spent all his money before going into battle in case he dies, so he did not have the 200 spirit stones to pay!

"Hell nah, you think I'm an idiot? I know what you're going to use next. I want my 200, I'll be waiting for you after the fight."

Elquin glared at Lex's figure on screen with pure hatred in his heart, as if Lex had been the one trying to kill him instead of the other way around.

"Let's see if you can survive this tough guy," he said and activated the ship's laser weapon. According to the spiritual energy readings he could tell the figure was in the Golden core realm, so he wasn't worried about accidentally antagonizing an immortal. As for a Nascent soul cultivator? Although they were strong, they still couldn't fight against a warship alone.

Lex, who had just begun the return process once more, suddenly felt danger one more time. Due to the angle, he was not clearly visible from the top of the tunnel, but he could see a thin, red laser pointing at the ground right in front of him.

The attack came too fast. Lex had only just perceived the danger and seen the laser, and not even had a moment to put up any shields or use any techniques, when his entire world became red.

He could not see the tunnel, he could not see the walls around him, or even his own body. All he could see was the color red, and over every inch of his body Lex felt a raging heat. It felt as if he had entered a seething inferno, melting his very being.

Pain could no longer describe the sudden feeling that enveloped him as he felt in an instant his entire body cooking. Time seemed to dilate, and though he knew not even a millionth of a second had passed, he felt like he had been tortured for an eternity.

Not even the Dragons Might had tortured him like this.

Then the world seemed to take on an entirely different shade of red. This time it was not because of the laser that was still cooking him, or the walls that were melting around him. No, this time Lex was seeing red because he was infuriated.

He roared, not from pain but from anger. Alongside his outburst, his aura burst out as well, and for the first time Lex employed Domination although he did not realize it. His wrath, his oppression, his might all twisted the world itself around him and the laser that was shooting straight seemed to bend away from him. Or maybe he was using his spatial affinity alongside Domination.

At that moment, Lex himself did not know what he was doing as his mind was completely occupied by the smoldering rage that seemed fit for a dragon almost. In his right eye the image of a broken sword was reflected, eerily similar to the sword he had broken inside the hoard earlier.

He looked up and immediately knew which ship was the one that had been targeting him.

"I was just trying to leave you fucker! But since you want to pick a fight, let's fight!" he roared. Surprisingly, despite the devastating attack he suffered, not only was he not hurt, his clothes and his equipment remained unharmed as well.

Lex leaped out of the tunnel which was literally melting all around him, and summoned one of the artillery shells he looted from the ships earlier. He had no idea how to actually use this thing, so he used it as a canvas for a self-exploding array and threw it at the ship with full force.

Since he had been jumping in the air when he threw it, he could not use all his might. Even so, there was a sonic boom as the shell flew out.

The ship seemed to have a barrier around it which blocked the initial crash. Then Lex's arrays blew up.

Next, Lex's anger was suddenly quenched and the image of the sword in his eye vanished as a new threat of death gripped his mind. After having suffered from the laser attack, his mind seemed to have already developed a mechanism to react to extreme threats in an instant.

Without even realizing what he was doing, Lex used the In-Law effect and teleported away. The next moment, the artillery shell which was special enough to be collected by a dragon that was at the very least a Heavenly Immortal, detonated.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 782: Skin

Teleporting randomly was not a good idea, especially considering how dangerous the situation was already. As such, when Lex detected the incoming danger, he immediately locked onto the only familiar point: Fenrir's location. Due to their connection, Lex could always feel where the pup was and summon it to himself, but usually he could not do that in reverse. This time, using the In-Law effect, he managed to do just that.

The moment he reappeared he found himself, not in the pool of blood, but in one of the empty halls.

That was all he had time to do before he felt the change. All sound was muted. It was as if the air itself had vanished and the world itself stopped vibrating.

Feeling his sense of dread rising, Lex immediately dismissed Fenrir and let it return to the Inn. The world suddenly turned black, and Lex could see absolutely nothing, even with his left eye.

He closed his eyes so as to not dwell on what was happening and immediately used Harden, Impervious Hands and began wrapping himself in Imperial Shields.

The next thing that happened was the loss of sensation. First the world had become mute, then all light had disappeared and now his body could feel nothing. Even the sense of impending doom vanished. But he knew that the crisis was far from over.

Since Lex could not tell what was happening, he had no idea that his body had begun to slowly float upwards, alongside everything else. The walls around him had crumbled and all the debris was mixing together.

The blood that had been in the pool in the adjacent room floated across the air, and it seemed like it almost wanted to splash onto Lex, but all it could do was cover his barriers. The lava, which had been falling down in the main hall, was now falling upwards, and it too seemed to approach Lex, yet it was once again blocked by his shields, and all it could do was slowly envelope them.

An invisible, wood ring suddenly became visible, stuck inside Lex's shields. It vibrated, almost as if out of frustration, as it tried to reach the blood and lava, but it had no strength. A small crack appeared in the ring and it stopped vibrating, as if it had lost all its energy.

Lex remained oblivious to all of this since he could not feel anything. In fact, the only thing he had left were his thoughts. Time was unusual when there was no stimulus at all. Lex had stopped trying to create more barriers once he lost all sensation, because he could not be sure if he was using the technique correctly. If, due to his loss of all awareness, he channeled his spirit energy incorrectly he could suffer severe damage, which was something he could not handle right now.

But unbeknownst to him, barriers were forming around him still as more and more lava surrounded him, trying to get to the wooden ring that was hovering around him. This continued until he formed a massive, floating ball of lava approximately 20 feet (6 meters) in diameter.

As the ball kept rising, it eventually emerged from the debris that the mountain range had turned into, and began to rapidly cool down, solidifying into a shape suspiciously similar to an egg.

The planet around the egg was absolutely devastated. The detonation of the artillery shell did not result in an actual explosion, but had instead unleashed a devastating curse. If Lex could see the situation around him, he would discover that destruction caused by the curse was eerie and unnerving.

Everything, from the planet, to the ships, to the Frigals, icy abominations and all the foreigners who had been exposed to the curse seemed to have come undone. They were not disintegrating into finer, smaller particles. Instead, everything that they were composed of was coming undone.

The ships, for example, had been perfectly deconstructed down to the last nut and bolt in such a fashion that a knowledgeable engineer could rebuild it perfectly.

The Frigals were coming apart as if they were not living beings but constructed robots. Their skins were separate from the muscles, which had been separated from their blood vessels which had been separated from the blood itself. Each tooth, each fingernail, each scale, and every other part of their body had been perfectly removed without causing any harm during the removal process.

The dwarves, elves and the abominations had been deconstructed in a similar fashion.

Even the planet, under the influence of the curse, was slowly and systematically being separated. Each mineral in the soil was being separated, each ore perfectly purified so that each metal it contained was separated.

Slowly and steadily, the effects of the curse were spreading deeper and deeper into the planet, but for some odd reason, when the curse tried to penetrate the 'egg' Lex was in, it was being greatly resisted!

Meanwhile, Lex, who had no idea what was happening, tried to initiate his return to the Inn. If something happened it would disrupt the teleportation, but there was no harm in trying.

A few seconds later, the egg disappeared.

The planet, on the other hand, continued to suffer the curse's effects. Everyone in the immediate vicinity of the detonation was already dead, but those some distance away were still alive, for the moment.

Deep within the castle, deeper even than the supposed last level that Lex had found the dragon on, the king of the Frigals was accompanying his son. As it turned out, it was not a bodyguard protecting the child, but the king himself!

The reason why this previously unfavored child of the king was suddenly getting so much attention was simple. The royal family had long since known that the dragon had died, because the moment of the dragon's death, he had transmitted unto this child secret information. The royal family's job now was to aid the child until it could complete the mission given to it by the dragon.

"This is the opportunity we have been waiting for. Spreading the news of the dragon's death really was a good idea. Look at all the chaos those foreigners have caused. That 'thing's' attention is finally diverted

towards preventing the destruction of the planet. It will not notice at all if we leave," said the child, his voice a lot more confident than would have been expected from one of his age.

"You are wise," the king responded, showing no emotion on his face. No one could decipher his thoughts.

As if on cue, an unusual power filled with an icy chill rose from the opposite end of the planet and attacked the curse preventing its spread, but not really eliminating it directly either.

Meanwhile, back at the Inn, the egg had reappeared in Lex's meditation room right in front of the dragon.

The return of all his senses was not immediate, but it happened fairly quickly. First came the feeling of extreme weakness, as if he had not eaten food in years. Although it was not much consolation, at least he was not in agonizing pain.

Then came the feeling of suffocation. He had used up all the oxygen within the small area around him. Then came a strange feeling that Lex couldn't really describe. If he had to put it to words then all he could say was it felt like he was... leaking.

He moved, and the lack of pain he had just been grateful for vanished. It was not in any one area that he was hurting, it was the surface of his entire body.

Suffocated, irritated and in pain, Lex stretched out and his hands hit a cold, hard surface. For a moment it resisted against Lex, but he ultimately broke it apart and an unusual situation unfolded. In front of the dragon's eyes, an egg seemed to be breaking open, and from within it a skinny, bloody creature emerged.

Lex would have used his spirit sense to investigate his situation but he was too drained to use even that, so when he finally broke open his confines and light finally entered, Lex realized why he was feeling so many peculiar sensations!

The skin on his entire body had... detached itself from him. Lex was left there, standing in his suit completely with all his muscles, guts and flesh exposed. If he were not a cultivator, and if his body were

not resilient enough to keep itself together despite the harsh condition, Lex may have just died right there.

In front of him, on the ground, his skin lay on the ground like an old shirt he threw on the floor. Even his hair was still attached to it, making it seem like an extremely creepy yet realistic costume.

Lex trembled, for the sight was just too nerve wracking, before teleporting to the ORR. It could reconstruct any organ, and his skin definitely counted! All the while he was wondering what the hell actually happened!

The Innkeeper

Chapter 783: Ring

Laying inside the Organic Reconstruction Room (ORR), as his skin was slowly being regrown atop his body, Lex's mind was furiously working. It was not just the matter of having his entire skin removed that unnerved him. It was the absurd scale of the fury he felt back on Friga that astounded him.

No matter what had happened, regardless of how angry Lex ever got, he never lost himself completely in anger. That was not his way of doing things, and with the number of mistakes he made back when he had a tumor, he was very particular about at least trying to anticipate the repercussions of his actions.

Slowly, he recalled everything that happened, from the very first moment he arrived on Friga. He thought about every action he took and every subsequent reaction. Given that he already knew of spirit pull now, all his actions until he arrived at the dragon's hoard seemed logical and natural.

He thought about how his greed was stoked upon arriving and seeing all the treasure, especially the mountains of gold. He was not sure if that was a normal, logical reaction anyone would have upon seeing so much gold, or if he had been affected by something else.

After thinking about it Lex could not be certain, but he eventually concluded that his actions then were the result of the influence of his life as a mortal on him. After all, he lived most of his life as a normal person unaware of the cultivation world. In that case, gold was one of the most valuable items available and though that was not the case anymore, it still had a significant impact on him.

He moved on, and slowly and steadily continued to sift through his memories till he finally recalled the instance of the sword breaking. It happened when he was fighting the strange creature which could enter his mind.

At the time, due to the immense pressure on him of the fight as well as Dragons Might, he could not spare any thought of the strange aura that enveloped him when the sword broke, but now he had the time.

The fact that a sword from within the dragons collection was so fragile that it would break upon use was strange and suspicious to begin with. The aura it released enveloping him was an even greater flag that something was amiss.

He noted that down as the most significant thing, and then continued to go through his memories for any other anomalies. Thinking about it now, he was way too weak to be interfering with immortal level items for there was just too much he did not know.

Even though he did not find any other significant issues while he went through his memories, there could be countless threats he was not even able to detect. His instincts, to a certain degree, warned him of threats up until the Earth Immortal realm, but if it was anything greater his instincts would either not detect them, or only do so moments before disaster.

He needed to be even more careful in the future.

He had to investigate his body to see if the aura was still lingering within him in some form, or if it had dissipated. Using his spirit and soul sense, Lex began to thoroughly scan every nook and cranny of his body. As for his instincts... once again they had not warned him of any anomaly. It seemed like just solely relying on his instincts was no longer feasible as he reached a higher level. There had to be some body techniques that focused on fostering and growing them though.

It did not take him long to discover an image of a sword hidden within his soul! It was radiating a sharp, piercing aura that would cut Lex's soul sense if he even got close to it, so there was no way of interacting with it, for now at least.

Lex frowned, then sighed. Why did he keep on collecting things inside his body? Those weird inscriptions, the system, the Lotus and now this sword. It was feeling a little crowded.

He tried a few more ways of interacting with the sword, but was unable to influence it in any way. With no other choice for now, he turned his mind to other things.

There was his skin, which had come off on its own. He had no idea how that could have possibly happened, but then considering the fact that he had lost all sensation when it happened he could not say for sure. It was most likely a result of whatever danger he detected, but it could also be other reasons.

With a serious and focused expression, Lex first investigated his removed skin. He used his control over the system to inspect it, and immediately found something amiss!

A cracked, wooden ring was weakly rolling towards his skin, as if it had some agenda. He scanned it and discovered something completely unexpected.

Name: Pelvailin Ur Bahatna Gorgin

Age: 0

Sex: Male

Cultivation Details: (sealed) ???

Species: Dragon/Soul spirit

Midnight Inn Prestige Level: 1

Condition: A severely wounded soul on the verge of death, fused with a newly born treasure spirit to form a new entity. Without a sufficiently strong body to support it, the soul will continuously destroy its carriers until it eventually dies.

Remarks: Others get grandpa's in rings, and you got a newborn baby.

The name was extremely familiar to Lex, because that was what the dragon's body was called! The dragon's soul was inside the ring! Not to mention, the ring was very close to the body.

Lex almost cursed when he realized how disastrous this could be. If the dragon soul returned to its body and learnt how brazenly Lex had looted it, not to mention how he had cultivated atop its body, he would be a goner!

The only redeeming factor for him right now was that the soul's cultivation was sealed!

Not bothering about the fact that his skin had not regenerated yet, Lex teleported back out and picked up the ring and studied it.

The ring itself was naught more than a simple band, though the wood itself looked spectacular and even had a fresh scent wafting from it. The workmanship was spectacular as the ring was extremely smooth.

"I know you're in there," Lex said, transmitting his words with his spirit sense.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 784: Bond

There was a heavy silence in the meditation room as a body without any skin, dripping blood all over the floor, gazed at a cracked, wooden ring. Without eyelids to blink, and without any skin to add any expression, his gaze was devastatingly haunting.

Lex was already planning on how he would deal with this dragon. Based on what he knew, the dragon would be extremely prideful. That in itself was not an issue, but what he needed to know was if the dragon could unseal its cultivation when it wanted, or if there was some kind of restriction.

The longer the silence continued, the heavier the atmosphere became. Lex did not repeat himself even upon noticing a lack of any reaction, for he was well versed in how to create a psychological advantage. Given that he was facing a being as remarkable as a dragon, even if it was only in soul form, he would need every advantage he could get.

Finally, after ages, the wooden ring vibrated weakly, and transmitted a message to Lex.

"My apologies senior. I just did not want your shedded skin to go to waste, I did not know you still had use for it."

The voice was very faint and squeaky, as if a newborn was trying to speak for the first time.

Lex was startled, but he immediately came to a conclusion that nearly made him swoon. The system's description stated that within the ring was a new being born from the fusion of the dragon's soul. Did that possibly mean the dragon was dead, and this newborn entity had merely inherited the dragon's name?

But he did not want to jump to conclusions yet. Anything was possible.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" Lex asked, his voice still stern. Nothing of his thoughts could be determined from his tone.

"Senior, I... I don't know. According to my memories, in my past life my name was Pelvailin Ur Bahatna Gorgin and I was a mighty dragon. But I don't feel like a dragon... So in this life, have I been born as something new? But no, according to my memories from my previous life, that is not how the afterlife or reincarnation work.

"Senior, I... I don't know who I am, but I can tell you what I want. I can feel my body about to break. According to my memories of my past life, I can determine that my body is too weak to support me. If I absorb other things into my body, I should be able to strengthen my body."

Lex did not immediately reply, because the conclusion he was coming to was too good to be true. Could this ring have been the treasure that mystery man wanted Lex to find? If so, that would be remarkable.

If Lex's theory was correct, the dragon's injured soul had fused with the spirit born in this ring. Whatever the ring's original purpose was, it no longer mattered, for the ring was too weak to support the new spirit and so could not operate properly.

But the most important thing was that the spirit had inherited all of the dragon's memories, or at least some of them, and had them available for use. That meant that a vast store of knowledge about the realm, the universe and the higher cultivation levels that Lex was lacking was now available to him, literally on his fingertips!

"Since Pelvailin was the name you used in your last life, there's no harm in sticking to it now. I cannot give you my skin, Pelvailin, but if you allow me to bond with you, I can provide other materials to you for you to heal yourself."

By bonding with it, Lex meant he would try to bond with the treasure. Spirit tech, weapons and treasures of a higher category could be bonded to a specific user. This way the user had greater and finer control over the treasures applications, and it could prevent others from stealing or using the item. After all, unless the previous user's bond is removed, someone new cannot bond with it!

"No problem at all, senior!" Pelvailin responded chipperly. It retained none of the pride and arrogance that it had in its 'previous' life, which greatly relieved Lex. After all, if it was influenced by its memories, it could harbor ulterior motives that would be detrimental to Lex.

In fact, he had still not dropped his guard against the ring. Anything could still happen.

He did not need to pierce his skin to get blood on the ring, one of the perks of being skinless, so he directly enveloped the ring in his spirit sense and began channeling his spirit energy into it.

He would have to leave a mark on the ring, and once the mark was complete his bond would be formed.

The mystery man, who was watching everything from within his library, shook his head in an amused fashion. Not only had Lex not gotten the treasure he was talking about, Lex had not even reached the correct 'belt'.

But the blame for that, to a degree, probably went on him for not clarifying the location of the treasure. He turned his head to look in the place the actual treasure he meant for Lex was located.

Around a pedestal made of bones was a pool of fresh blood. All the others he had sent to get that treasure were already dead, unable to even lay eyes on it.

That was also fine, for the bones in their bodies would only be absorbed by the pedestal, making it stronger.

The mystery man did not have any evil intentions in sending them there. He did not want to send them to their deaths. He was just a little curious about what that pedestal was there for, as even he could not see through it, for now.

"Oh well, there's always next time," the man murmured and turned his attention elsewhere.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 785: Dragon tamer

If someone were to see the situation inside Lex's meditation room they would think they stumbled onto a scene from a horror movie. A dragon was sitting prone, its reptilian eyes seemingly focused onto what looked like a meat-man who was standing in a growing pool of his own blood, while the man's gaze was ever fixed on a wooden ring in his palm.

If one observed the spirit energy in the room, they would see that a torrent of spiritual energy was rushing from the man into the ring nonstop. The amount of energy had already long surpassed what a normal human Golden core cultivator should have possessed, but the man did not slow down nor did the ring show any sign of being full.

After a few more minutes went by like this, Lex frowned as he realized this was harder than he realized. Whatever this ring was, its level was far beyond his.

Bonding a treasure usually relied on a certain amount of spirit energy to create the bond, and that amount depended on the power of the treasure. It went without saying that the higher the level of the treasure, the more energy it required. But if the quality of energy was sufficient, it could also reduce the amount of energy required.

Lex had thought that given how unique his affinity was, it might reduce the amount required. But it was clear now that even if the amount required had been reduced, it was way beyond his current capacity.

To be fair, any treasure kept by the dragon should not be underestimated, let alone one capable of absorbing a dragon's broken soul.

But he was not ready to give up just yet. Without interrupting the process, Lex teleported above the dragon and sat down on his spot on the forehead. He began cultivating, while channeling the gained spirit energy straight into the ring. The speed of the transmission had slowed down, but like this he could go on much longer.

A few minutes went by, and then a dozen. As Lex did not want to interrupt the process, he kept going as even hours passed by. Eventually, Lex entered a bit of a trance as he focused solely on the ring, and noticed that a tiny, almost imperceptible dot had formed on it. That dot was a piece of his mark that would establish his bond.

Unwilling to give up on this opportunity, he continued as hours turned into days, and then, into weeks.

Although it was not his skin, his body had reacted to his 'skinless' state by forming a sort of scab over most of his body so at least he was not leaking blood anymore. At some point, the imprint of a lotus became visible on the scab on his back but neither Lex nor the Lotus paid any mind to the whole process.

Lex had lost track of time, but eventually, the process was completed. Half way through his bond forming process, Lex realized that his mark was forming in the shape of a key. That only made sense, considering how significant the golden key was to the Inn, but Lex was not satisfied with that.

Although he ran things at the Inn, it was given to him by the system and not something he developed on his own. He did not want his dependance on it to be too strong. As such, he consciously changed the shape of the mark. It now looked like the outline of a person sitting cross legged atop a dragon.

The moment the bond was finally formed, he felt a connection established to the ring, and he became aware of it much in the way he was aware of the Inn while wearing the Host Attire. In fact, the connection was actually completely identical.

He stared at the wooden ring and wondered what its original purpose was. Had it been a system at one point?

Regardless of whether it was a system or not no longer mattered, for it definitely was not one now. All it could do at the moment was function, barely, as a container for the treasure spirit residing inside. As the spirit was much stronger than the treasure itself, the strain on the ring prevented it from actually performing any function. Fortunately, little Pelvailin could automatically absorb things to strengthen the ring, as long as they were suitable.

"Little Pel, how do you feel?"

Over the past however long it took to bond the ring, Little Pel would constantly speak to Lex and motivate him and keep him entertained. As such Lex felt a little closer to the spirit, though he retained an appropriate amount of caution in dealing with it. Even now, he did not trust it completely.

"Much better!" the squeaky voice replied! "It's as if now that there's a connection between us, my body has more energy to support itself now."

"That's good, that's good. Little Pel, I've spent a lot of time on bonding the ring so now I have a few other things to do. But first I want to ask you about a couple of things. Do you have access to all of your memories from your past life, or only some of them?"

"No, no, I barely remember anything. All those memories would be too much for me right now. But if I see something, it will trigger the associated memory and it will be like I have known about it this entire time. If I try to remember that memory on my own, though, I'll fail."

"Alright then. In that case, I'm going to project an image to you. Tell me if you recognize it. It's a sword you had in your previous life."

Without further ado, Lex sent a picture of the shattered sword to the ring, hoping that it would recognize it, and he was in luck. The ring responded immediately.

"Oh yes, the Sword of Aizil. It's a part of a sword and shield set. That was a normal, iron sword that, in my previous life, I dipped in the blood of a living Deity. I wanted to see what happened. The sword and shield both became Holy Artifacts of the deities religion, gaining great power. But then later, after I ate the Deity, they both lost much of their power. All they have now is a mere aura of their former glory."

Lex resisted the urge to twitch his lips. The dragon casually ate a deity after using its blood? Or were there other steps involved? Either case, he was glad he didn't need to deal with a living dragon. After all, he was sure of Pelvailins personality now, and it was extremely timid and submissive. He could not imagine what would have happened if the ring had retained the full soul of the dragon.

"Well, the thing is, the sword broke when I was using it, and that aura was absorbed by my body and won't leave it."

He projected an image of the sword hiding within his soul, and did his best to convey the feeling it gave off at the same time.

"Do you know of any way to get rid of it? I suspect it's influencing me a little bit."

"Oh it would make sense if there was some influence by its aura on you. After all, it was dipped in the blood of the Deity of Tribal warfare. He was a very angry and aggressive fellow, but not too smart. Getting rid of it should be pretty easy. All you need to do is master a sword intent and have it absorb that sword aura. Be careful not to feed the aura with your sword intent instead, as that will only make the aura grow more powerful.

"If you get a chance, absorb the shield aura as well. That was dipped in the blood of the Deity of Indomitability. Likewise, all you'll need to do is develop a shield intent and have it absorb the aura. It shouldn't be too hard."

"Yeah, sounds easy," said Lex, though Pelvailin was too young to comprehend the sarcasm in his voice. How easy was it really to develop an intent that could rival that of a deity?

While Lex was worrying about how to resolve this situation, he remained unaware that he had become an overnight sensation not in just a single galaxy, but throughout the known realm!

In the history of the Origin realm, Lex became the first being to climb atop a living dragon and cultivate on its forehead, and there was a recording to prove it. The recording had spread throughout the realm, and over 100 dragons realm wide had put out a bounty on 'Lex William'. Though, oddly enough, the bounty would only be honored if Lex was brought in alive.

Fortunately enough, the dragons had not targeted the human race in their anger, though no one understood their motives at all, nor did they care. Everyone's focus was on Lex the dragon tamer, and finding out his origins.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 786: Reactions I

William Sephore, the founder of the Williams family, was sitting with his legs folded behind him in the middle of a complicated formation. Incense sticks slowly wafted out smoke as the glowing ember on the tip slowly traveled down, leaving a trail of ash.

Items containing immense power were placed on the borders of the formation at a fixed interval, waiting to be utilized. Nine hundred and ninety nine Earth Immortals were softly chanting in the distance, feeding their focused energy into a single white rose that was planted in an urn full of soil.

The ground beneath them rumbled, as if the planet itself was coordinating with the ritual about to take place.

Yet instead of mentally preparing himself to be finally rid of that which was sealed within him, William was looking at a recording of a young human sitting atop a dragon. William had long known about Lex, not in the least because of his friend Larry who had confused William for Lex once.

He then looked into the family and had long known that there was definitely something off about this group of descendants of his. But up until recently it was not worth more than a moment's thought for him.

The elder sister, Belle, had a very bad attitude and wanted to become the family head, but at least she was extremely competent. In fact, the very ritual he was about to partake in was a result of her actions. Then there was her mysterious father who put inscriptions inside her body that could literally draw blood from a Celestial level cultivator.

Just that act alone meant that he had the strength to kill William. It was no joke. How could someone achieve such a level of strength so silently? How had he remained undetected for so long?

But now, topping all of them, was this Lex who climbed the face of a living dragon!

"So... another one of your descendants?" asked Batu Togoldor, looking at his brother weirdly.

"Do you need to ask?" William asked, annoyed. "But you cannot tell through divination or anything else. In fact, his name on the family book was also erased. Someone has gone through a lot of effort to hide Lex. My guess is his father."

"How do you think he forced the dragon to sit still?" asked Batu, completely ignoring everything else he said.

"Do you know who that is?" William asked, his voice sounding a little forced. "That's Pelvailin Ur Bahatna Gorgin, the patriarch of the Bahatna Gorgin line of dragons! Whatever is going on in that video, I doubt Lex had any hand in forcing it still. Most likely, he just encountered the dragon as such and took advantage of the opportunity."

"It's not cool to be jealous of your own descendant William. Stop trying to diminish his achievement."

"That's not what I-"

"Do you think he's married?" Jotun asked, disregarding Williams' complaints.

"Jotun you're related to him, your daughter cannot marry him! Stop trying to collect sons-in-law!"

"They're over a 1000 generations apart. I think by now the blood relation hardly counts," Jotun said as he looked at Lex sitting atop the dragon.

"On second thought, I doubt someone like that is single. He reminds me of my youth."

"Even you've never sat on a dragon!"

The brothers continued to bicker amongst themselves, but the one thing that remained constant was that their focus remained on Lex. In fact, they had even summoned Damian, Lex's grandfather. Once the ritual was over, they were going to start looking into Lex and his family a little more thoroughly.

Elsewhere in the Origin realm, a devastatingly beautiful, yet mature looking woman studied Lex's reflection. She was Zuri Adisa, the clover that had evolved into one of the strongest beings in the realm. Since she had a clone inside the Inn, she recognized Lex immediately. A flash of interest passed through her cleaning eyes.

Somewhere else, Loretta, the daughter of Ballom, was reading up on Lex. A number of her subordinates had seen him at the Midnight Inn. He was a good candidate to involve in their plans.

Gisele, who was boarding a plane off of X-142 after teleporting there from the Inn, could not help but think of Lex. She had not revealed any information about him to anyone, and honestly never thought she would ever even see him again. Who even knew if he had even made it off Polebitvy in time? But no matter what, she did not expect to see him so soon, and in such a spectacular fashion.

It was good to know he was alive, but she was not enamored by his achievement. Her thoughts always focused on the trials before her. They were not few, and they were not easy. For the briefest of moments, she wondered if her task would be somewhat easier if Lex was there to help her. But the thought came and went, like a leaf in the wind.

Belle, Lex's dominating older sister, watched his recording for the hundredth time in silence. She had been rewarded heavily by the Daolord since in forcefully having her use her bloodline power, he injured her greatly. She had felt a small bit of pride at that, though her character would not allow her to dwell on such a thing for too long. But when she saw Lex's recording, a part of her brain froze. Did someone like that even need protection from the William family? Or were the ones he was being hidden from the William family to begin with? What part of Lex looked like he needed protection? Her little brother... had grown up.

In a castle situated on the tip of a white cliff, surrounded by a flowing river that eventually turned into a waterfall, a noble figure was lazing in her royal chamber. While randomly scrolling through the portal, she suddenly saw a figure she recognized, and was startled.

"Big brother Lex?"

With genuine surprise and shock, Moon watched her brother's video. She hadn't seen anyone from her family in many years now.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 787: Reactions II

On another planet, in another galaxy, Liz watched in frustration as her brother climbed the dragon's head. She was supposed to be the beast tamer, so why was she stuck with nothing but sloths while Lex conquered dragons? This was too annoying. It was also supremely cool!

Inside the Inheritance Tower that had been discovered in a Minor realm within the Midnight Inn, Alexander fell to his knees after finally defeating his enemy. He had just crossed the 50th floor, and his body was beaten and bruised. His spirit energy was running low, the fatigue was making his reactions slow and he felt a little dizzy.

But, eventually, he stood back up and ate a recovery pill. He would not quit here. He would rest and recover right here, and then he would keep climbing. No matter how high up he climbed, the recording of Lex flashed in his mind, making him feel like he was not trying hard enough. He was not used to being second to anyone, and he was not about to get used to the feeling either.

Marlo, who was laying on a medical bed, burst into laughter when he watched the video, startling his attendants and family members. All of them had been incredibly depressed since the war with the A.I. ended. Originally that should have been a good thing. But the reason why they were depressed is because the war ended not because of them, but because of the discovery of some unknown planets outside the orbit of Pluto.

Some powerful entities had intervened and ended the war, as well as evicted all the earthlings. They were forcefully being relocated. Although they were assured that their new planet would be a good one and they would be given many allowances to restart their lives, many were wondering what all their previous efforts were for. After all, in the end, they still lost their home.

Even Marlo had been affected by the situation. When they rushed in, they found Marlo watching Lex's recording.

"Look at that! You know who that little pipsqueak is? He's my student! While I was losing a war, he was conquering the stars! Dammit if I'm going to be left behind. Someone call Rafael, he needs to watch this too."

In the Midnight Inn, Larry was sitting with Irene, his Neko girlfriend, and a few other girls.

"I'm telling you, Lex is an old friend of mine. He's a solid guy, very reliable. I'll introduce you ladies to him sometime. Be sure to make the most of the opportunity, it won't come again."

Another group, also inside the Inn, was also discussing Lex.

"I tell you, no matter how much I try to divine his destiny, I just can't do it. He must have some kind of treasure that protects him from divination."

The man complaining was a noble Diviner, and the head apprentice of the Neom Empires Grand Diviner. The Neom Empire spanned an entire realm that, although not as big as the Origin realm, had already completely matured. That meant the realm could give birth to Dao Lords, and anyone who held the title of Grand Diviner of such an empire was surely a Dao Lord as well.

As such an entity's apprentice, the man's competency and capability could not be questioned. He was just one of many who had come to the Inn to participate in the upcoming event specifically targeting oracles, diviners, prophets and the like.

"The man just became enemies with every dragon in the realm. Do you think he would be foolish enough to try such a thing if he didn't even have such simple protective measures?" asked Vera, who was sitting nearby. "I don't even need divination to guess something like that."

"Even if I can't divine him, I should be able to look into the dragon, right? But I can't. In fact, I even felt a sense of foreboding while trying to look into him, as if discovering the truth would put me in danger."

"Just because you have an official exemption from Universal Mandate that allows you to look into such things without suffering any heavenly punishments, it does not mean you keep bragging about wasting your time divining things we should steer clear off."

The man smirked as if he was proud of the fact that he was caught, not ashamed of his intentions being detected.

Ragnar, who was taking a break for his meditations, looked on with approval as he saw Lex as a symbol for the rise of the human race. Once Ragnar solved the mystery of the curse plaguing him, and prevented himself from turning into a demon, he would keep an eye out for this kid. He was worthy of nurturing.

Somewhere deep inside of the cosmic cloud, the Midnight Battalion was being sent even deeper than before to even more unstable planets. Their relocation this time was taking longer than usual, which allowed them to relax and scroll through the local network. Although they were not connected to the main Henali portal, someone had shared Lex's recording here as well. After all, it was the hottest topic in the entire realm.

"Hey, I've seen that guy at the Inn," someone said, and showed the video to Z. For some unknown reason, Z felt like Lex looked very distasteful - as if he was an unreliable boss who would leave all the work to his manager and go off on vacation.

Z was surprised at the completely random thought, before he began paying attention to the video some more. Regardless of how Lex looked, the video was still interesting.

Somewhere, far, far away from the known realm, a Golden dragon stared at the recording of Lex climbing Pelvailin. It was unknown how the recording reached so far from outside the portal's reach.

The golden dragon growled, his beautiful golden scales glowing very briefly, but then the dragon closed his eyes. It was not time yet, but when it left, he would look for this Lex William personally.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 788: Intent

Lex spent a little more time talking to little Pel to familiarize himself with the ring, and establish a deeper bond. The more he talked to him, the more he realized that Pel wasn't really capable of complicated thoughts at the moment. Although he had access to a number of the dragon's memories, his inability to form complex thoughts was most likely what protected him from being influenced by the dragon's past.

For now, his entire world was simple. Since he liked, and somewhat feared, Lex he would try his best to flatter him. At the same time, Pel would do his best to absorb materials to strengthen himself. But he was not greedy for materials, and he would not get upset when he was deprived of them either, as was evident from the fact that Lex did not let Pel have his skin.

Speaking of which, Lex tried to destroy his skin, but it was easier said than done. It retained his incredible defense even in its removed state. He put it away and made a mental note to destroy it later on, lest any complications arise.

He also planned a little how to overcome the sword aura inside his soul. He could more or less determine that his overly aggressive behavior was influenced by that aura directly!

He was already familiar with intents, such as sword and shield intent, as he had covered the topic while studying at the academy. Just to be sure that the information he had was correct, however, he asked Pel to elaborate on what intents were, as if he were testing Pel's knowledge instead of learning from him.

"According to my memories from my past life, intent can be explained from two differing points of view, a basic one and an advanced one. A basic point of view was that intent of any kind was a manifestation of his mastery over anything brought about by spiritual energy. To manifest it, one would first need to achieve a certain level of competency in the respective field, after which one's state of mind and comprehension in the respective field would cause a resonance with the internal and ambient spiritual energy, giving birth to intent.

"The internal spiritual energy can be used to store that intent within one's body, while the ambient spiritual energy can be used to give birth to intent when the respective field is being applied. The most powerful form of intent is when internal and external are combined together.

"An example of this can be something mundane, such as art or music. One would need to first reach a level in which they can be considered a master to even reach the threshold to begin to manifest intent. That does not mean that, for example, the art or music needs to be good, but rather its effects have to be inline with the intention of the master.

"For example, if the intention of the master artist is to arouse disgust, he can purposefully create a horrendous piece of work. Similarly, a musician can use music to either enlighten, invigorate, or even agitate the listener. As long as the work reflects the intention of the master, good or bad does not matter.

"Once such a level is reached, they have reached the minimum threshold to manifest intent. Since intent is formed using spiritual energy, and can be formed from internal or external energy, the higher the cultivation level, the easier it is to manifest a basic level of intent. This is because internal intent is always easier to form.

"For example, someone at the Qi Training level will not have enough spiritual energy to manifest intent, so they will have to rely solely on external spiritual energy to manifest it. As such, if someone at the Qi Training manages to do so, they can be considered a genius in that field regardless of where they are.

"But the reverse is also true. If someone only manages to manifest basic intent at the Golden core level, where their internal spiritual energy is extremely concentrated, then they will be considered the epitome of trash in that field. After all, in the Golden core level, even a bit of effort will result in the manifestation of basic intent.

"But at that point, the effects and benefits brought about by a basic intent are negligible to their existing power level. They would need a higher level of intent for the benefits to be applicable on their power scale.

"An example of this is how a basic, normal arrow can easily kill a mortal animal in a single blow, but is actually worse than useless when the opponent is a dragon. A stronger arrow would be required to face a dragon, preferably one that is imbued with various powers and enchantments."

Little Pel paused in its explanation, as if it felt like it had said something inappropriate, but could not realize why. As such, it continued with its explanation.

"The more advanced explanation for intents comes into effect from a point of view from a Nascent cultivator and onwards. This is because the nature of intent, and even cultivation, changes from that level. Ultimately, it has to do with laws. All intents are actually manifestations of laws, formed by a resonance in the user's intention and comprehension in a certain field with that of the actual laws associated with that field. In fact, on a higher level, it changes even from just being resonance, and enters a new level, which is called Dao. For some reason, I cannot recall the associated memories too clearly, even though I can clearly remember having reached such a level myself in my past life."

"That's more than enough," said Lex, who was very satisfied with the answer. In summary, he would have to learn sword intent, and then level it up to the point where he could absorb the aura within his

body. Fortunately, he already had a perfect teacher in mind to help him get started on this journey. Moreover, with his enhanced comprehension and observation due to his new cultivation technique, he did not fear that he would fail. If anything, he was already considering what kind of sword he would choose to master.

But all of that could wait. There were a few things that were more important at the moment. One, for example, was healing and recovering his skin. He did not want to start practicing sword work while looking like a diagram from a medical book. The second important thing that required his attention first was to finally explore his loot.

The best part was, with Pel as his guide, he would not need to go around guessing what each and every item was. He could get a detailed explanation for each item right from the source!

But his meditation room was not a suitable place for such a thing. In his apartment, Lex had long established a kind of storeroom where he placed all the numerous items he collected or earned through various adventures.

It was time now to turn it from a mere storeroom to a vault. Or, better yet, since he did not expect anyone to really rob from him within the Inn, he would create a museum of all his hard collected loot - eh, no, not loot, he meant his hard earned rewards.

Feeling quite grand at the moment, he decided to style his museum after the MET (Metropolitan Museum of Art). He entered the design interface and added a heavily decorated wooden double door in his apartment which opened up to a massive space where a building that looked identical to the MET stood.

Considering the amount of space he was adding, it would be very inappropriate to continue calling his place within the Inn as his apartment. Hence forth, owing to his recent upgrade, he would refer to it as his penthouse. After all, it was not ridiculous for a penthouse to have a little something in the back, right? Just because the 'little something' at the back of his penthouse was 2.2 million square feet total did not mean it couldn't qualify.

Putting these minor details aside, he teleported his already existing stock inside, but found that a majority of the building remained empty. How embarrassing.

As if to address the issue, he entered what would be one of his main exhibits, and removed the massive 30 feet (9.1 meters) rainbow jewel alongside the pillow and pedestal it was placed on, and admired it.

He could still feel the dragon's obsession that plagued this jewel, but owing to the fact that he was inside the Inn, was completely immune to it. The obsession on it was now no more than an accessory, enhancing the worth of the jewel from an artistic point of view.

"Say Pel, you wouldn't happen to recognize this jewel from your past life's memories, would you?"

"Yes, yes I do!" Pel answered excitedly. "That jewel contains the corpse of a primordial!"

The Innkeeper

Chapter 789: Questions

Lex had heard the term 'Primordial' before. In fact, let alone a corpse, he had even met a living Primordial, technically. The Lotus on his back was actually called a World Seed Lotus, and its species was called the Primordial Origin Lotus series.

Lex did not know much about this species, but based on the name he could easily guess that the lotus on his back was just one of many Primordial Lotus'. Moreover, the lotus required extremely special spiritual energy called Primordial Spirit energy which would be present in the Inn unless he raised the star level of the Inn to 8!

That was the original reason why he had to carry the lotus on his back, as it could only absorb that energy from the universe at large outside the Inn. He did not know how abundant that energy was in the universe, but at least it surpassed what was present in the Inn.

He had also heard the term elsewhere as well. To be specific, the realm which one would ascend to after achieving Heavenly immortal from inside the Crystal realm was called the Primordial Garden. He did not know much about it except that the Crystal race maintained a presence there, but could not be considered as a dominant race there.

The most recent mention of the term 'primordial' was by the strange creature that could enter Lex's mind. Although its words were not too reliable, it had claimed that whatever had killed the dragon was a sleeping primordial being. The chances of a sleeping primordial being waking up so close to a primordial

being's corpse were uncanny, so Lex scanned the jewel and corpse, but the system did not detect any living being inside which could be a guest. That relieved him.

All in all, it was not a term he had not come in contact with before. He was able to surmise that it represented something significantly powerful, as was evident from the level of the Primordial Garden as well as the Lotus on his back, but should not be so rare, right? If that was the case, he could not understand the level of excitement in Pel's voice, nor why such a thing would be deserving of a dragon's obsession.

Lex had conveniently forgotten that the Lotus came from a seed that could be considered rare not just in the Origin realm, but in the entire universe!

"What's so special about a primordial's corpse?" Lex asked. With Pel, even though he mostly maintained a state where it looked like he was testing Pel instead of asking him, he was not too worried about his act being detected. For one, Pel was too simple minded at the moment. Secondly, he did not meet Pel with the identity of the Innkeeper, so he did not have an overwhelming need to maintain any kind of reputation. After all, it was perfectly normal if Lex, as a Golden core cultivator, did not know all the secrets of the universe.

"My memories about primordials are blurry again, just as they were about matters of the Dao. But what I can recall is that Primordials were the first beings to be born in the universe. To be clear, I am not talking about Mythical beings, who are the first to be born in a newborn realm. I am directly referring to the first ever beings born in the entire universe!

"As for how many there are, how powerful they are, what is the relevance of finding such a corpse... I cannot recall. If I try to force it, I feel the pressure on my body increasing, as if it's about to break."

Pel sounded incredibly anxious, as if to prove to Lex that it was trying its best, but was limited by its breaking vessel.

It continued, "As for what the corpse can be used for, the list is endless. Let alone, the corpse, just the jewel it is trapped in is endlessly valuable. According to my memories, in my previous life I should have hypothesized that this jewel was actually extremely ancient amber that had been converted into this form due to its exposure to the primordial.

"This amber is endlessly valuable, as even a single grain of it can immensely help immortals solidify their tenets and help them study laws. It can also be used to create miraculous medicine, be used in forging weapons, be used to aid in spiritual and body cultivation, be used to cure poison, and many more uses. All in all, just the jewel itself is endlessly valuable. In my previous life, I attached a great deal of hope for a breakthrough to my next realm on this jewel, although I cannot remember how.

"As for the corpse, that is too terrifying a thing to easily deal with. Even in my previous life I did not dare easily conduct tests on it, and only studied it from afar. The corpse has essentially fossilized, so there is no hope to possess it. But I recall theorizing that the fossil is an incredibly potent source of chaos energy, so much so that even in my previous life I did not dare remove it from the jewel.

"However, I also suspected that the fossil can be used to further refine my own bloodline, and possibly elevate my bloodline purity to the level of a Mythical being. There were many other theories as well, but due to the associated danger, I never got around to testing them. The only thing I can confirm is that the corpse, or fossil, is extremely valuable, but to actually derive any value from it, one must first be sufficiently powerful. Otherwise, instead of being valuable, the body will be a great source of danger."

Considering that the dragon had died under the most unusual of circumstances, Lex did not take Pel's warning lightly. Despite having the Inn, and all the benefits the system afforded him, he decided to leave the corpse within the jewel for now.

"Say Pel, what was your cultivation level in your previous life?" Lex asked, unable to hold back his curiosity.

"I was in the Heavenly Immortal realm," Pel said simply, without any hint of pride or achievement.

"Oh," responded Lex, as if he had heard about something as common and mundane as the weather.

More and more, Lex was feeling incredibly lucky that he ended up getting Pel, as it might be his greatest gain yet. So far, he had been more or less stumbling his way through the cultivation world, trying to get answers where he could. Now he finally had someone he could ask questions to without fear of getting judged or any repercussions.

Lex decided to continue bringing his loot out and fill up his museum. The next thing was naturally the Peronian jade. The black jade tree looked both insidiously haunting and spectacularly beautiful at the same time.

Although this addition was destined to be short, he wanted to acknowledge it. Moreover, he was also curious about its purpose.

"What is this, Pel?"

"Peronian jade!" he replied fanatically. "In my previous life, this was my greatest treasure until I found the Primordial corpse. This kind of jade is filled with a very powerful destructive force. I can't remember what I used it for... but I vaguely recall it had something to do with cultivation. The destructive force inside this jade was unique, and cannot be replicated by any other being. It can have various uses."

The answer was simple, and not mired in secrecy and history as the corpse, but at the same time it could not be underestimated. Any item that could be used by a Heavenly immortal for cultivation, especially a dragon, was not ordinary at all. This was especially since Pel had even considered it his most valuable treasure at one point.

"Where can I find more of it? Do you have any ideas?"

"Peronian jade is very rare, and can only be found on planets that are at least 5 stars in rating. But not every 5 star planet will have some, and even if it is found, it is not easy to harvest. The jade in my old collection has already been wiped of all life, but any fresh jade you might find in the wild will most likely contain its own spirit. Fighting it off is a perilous task, even for dragons. In the entire Origin realm, there is not a single existing Peronian jade harvesting facility, as all known sources of the jade have already been exhausted. You either have to find new, undiscovered 5 star planets or loot someone's vault to get your hands on it."

Well, Lex had already done the latter, but he was not in any particular need of it any time soon so this matter could be put on hold.

The next thing he removed was the pool of blood he had collected, as well as the scale.

"What about these? What are they?" he asked, his voice imperceptibly more solemn than before.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 790: Fear

"This is heart's blood. To be more specific, this is some blood that should have been refined using a single drop of blood from my heart, while the rest is ordinary blood from my body. This kind of blood is used to nurture the body of a newborn dragon, and help it quickly overcome its initial period of weakness. It's strange - even though I recognize this pool, I have no memories of it at all, or why I would have had one in my previous life. It's almost as if I myself removed the associated memories."

"What about the scale?" Lex asked, his voice extremely level. He wanted to understand why Mary was so interested in it. Although he believed her when she said that it was for building herself a new body, he also wanted to better understand what was so special about this scale. After all, she said that the body she arranged for herself would be different from the one the system arranged for her, but could not elaborate on why.

"Every time a dragon breaks through a major realm, all their scales molt, before they regrow new scales. This particular scale is the so-called 'reverse scale' that covers the heart of a dragon. It is the strongest, most durable scale on a dragon's body and can be used for a multitude of things. It is also the best food for a young dragon to eat, as it strengthens its body and purifies its bloodline further."

Lex thought about it for a moment, but did not discover anything too special or unexpected about the scale. It made sense that the hardest scale on a dragon would be excellent material for crafting.

Lex had many more questions for Pel, but he only had two questions that were most urgent. The remaining questions could wait. As he continued to take out his loot, such as the entire small library that the dragon maintained, or his kitchen and its materials, Lex asked Pel a rather important question.

"Pel, how urgently do you need materials to strengthen your body? Is it on the verge of breaking? Can it survive taking a hit?"

He had quite a few materials on hand which could be used to help the ring, and if even something as low leveled as his own skin could help the ring, then he did not doubt that these other materials could help as well. But, if possible, Lex wanted to keep Pel in a wounded state as long as possible. He did not want to risk Pel gaining higher intelligence as his body recovered, as he was still too useful to Lex.

"Now that you have bonded the ring, the pressure on me has reduced drastically, so I can survive much longer. But my body is still extremely weak. If I sustain any immortal level attacks it will rapidly destabilize my body further, and may cause it to break entirely."

"Try and see if any of these will help you restore your body," Lex said and brought out a number of different ores he collected from Pel's own previous collection.

The ring softly vibrated and absorbed each of the ores without any problem, but the small crack on the ring was not reduced.

"They're useful a little bit, but I'll need a lot of them if I want to heal completely. If you have higher quality materials, or materials related to wood then the healing process will be quicker."

"Pel, can you hide your aura completely? I don't want to risk people discovering you inside the ring."

"Until the crack is fixed, it's impossible to completely hide my aura, as some of it will continuously leak. But I can easily disguise myself as an ordinary spirit treasure. No one will suspect anything else, hehehe."

Pel laughed mischievously, as if he were a little kid who thought of something naughty. Lex smiled a little, but did not dwell on it for long. There were both risks and benefits to keeping the ring damaged.

But the crux of the matter was that he himself was weak. If he grew his cultivation level, then he would not fear the ring healing completely. Yet at the same time he understood that it was not so easy to continue to break through.

Lex did not doubt for even a moment his ability to enter the higher levels, but just realized that his progress so far had been stupendously quick and could not expect such a speed to continue. He would have to take things one step at a time.

That same thought also caused him to have a few new ideas on how to run the Inn in the future, but that would happen after he established his own realm. For now, things would continue as normal. Besides, in a couple more months the Inn would stop accepting new guests anyway, so he did not have to be worried about it.

Finally, he moved onto his last question with Pel - one that was incredibly important.

"Hey Pel, do you happen to remember how you died in your last life?"

Considering the treasure spirits' chippy attitude, Lex almost expected an equally chippy and quick response, but for once he was answered with silence.

In a special room designed to contain spirit energy Lex had been removing all the items, including the chandelier, that gave off the heated spiritual energy when he paused and looked at the ring.

"Pel?" he asked, once again.

"I don't remember," Pel finally answered, his voice incredibly low, almost like a whisper. "The only thing I recall is fear - a lot of fear. There was also pain. More pain than I ever felt before. Then nothing. Even now, I feel a little scared to think back on it, as if even thinking about it will put me in danger."

"Alright, forget I ever asked. Don't think about it," said Lex abruptly. He was no longer a novice in the cultivation world, and knew that some mysteries were better left untouched.