

## **Innkeeper 841**

The Innkeeper

Chapter 841: A big order

Mary appeared in front of Lex, looking just as alarmed as him. She quickly searched through the information she had, which made her grimace.

"According to the guide, there are a few circumstances in which the keys, and other associated Inn powers, will cease to work. One such situation is if using the ability will result in catastrophic or irreversible damage. The keys, specifically, could also fail if they are in some unique spaces, or are being blocked by certain powers with strong enough protection. You saw the same thing when you entered the tower in the Crystal realm."

Lex did not want to play the blame game right now, where he accused the system of hiding such information from him. The truth was that while the system never informed him, he never asked either.

He instead focused on the situation. Luthor had only transmitted limited information to him, so he had to dissect it carefully to get as much information as possible. The key pieces were that the Midnight Inn was specifically being targeted, that they were on a planet called BGY - 987, and that the keys did not work in the space where they were. The notification he got when the business card was used also stated that space was fragile in the location they were trying to use it.

There were sufficient clues, so he was more or less certain that he had guessed correctly. The problem now was to decide what to do. The issue this time was outside of the Inn, and he had no real power there. But he had all the resources of the Midnight Inn to help to resolve the issue in a roundabout manner.

His mind worked in overdrive to come up with a plan. If he reached them, how would he rescue them? The easiest way would be to send them to the Inn, but that was an issue at the moment. How was he going to reach them? What was he supposed to do if he faced an enemy much stronger than himself? What if this was a trap?

Countless thoughts ran through Lex's mind, and just as quickly as they came, he resolved each and every one of them. A plan formed in his mind, but even in his agitated and aggravated state, he did not rush to action.

No, right now Lex's mind was cool and free from all distractions. Now that he had thought about what to do, he went over the plan a few times to anticipate what problems he could face. There were parts of the plan where he would have to improvise, but there was nothing he could do about that.

It would also mean... openly revealing the connection between Lex and the Midnight Inn, but that was more or less inevitable. But that should not be enough to arouse unusual suspicion onto him. After all, the Inn had many workers with real identities outside the Inn, such as Harry, John, Qawain, Antia and more.

Speaking of whom, Lex briefly considered taking Qawain along as well. He was an Earth immortal, after all, and would be a real asset. But considering the... volatile nature of Lex's plan, having him there might become a hindrance instead of a boon. Besides, he'd already thought of ways to make up for his absence.

Before he took any action, he once more reviewed all the information he had, and all the abilities and features of the Inn. Was there anything he was missing that he could take advantage of?

Unbelievably, just as he was sure there was nothing more, an idea occurred to him in case things did not work as he had intended. He checked one more time, reading the descriptions of the associated items and features, before readying himself.

He opened the Midnight Battalion panel and sent Luthor a message.

"I'm sending help. Survive as long as possible."

The current situation did not allow for long and elaborate explanations for why the Innkeeper couldn't just use his powers and immediately save them. This would have to suffice.

Next, he teleported to his museum and chipped a small piece of the jewel that still carried with it a dragon's obsession. The inherent value of the jewel, alongside the dragon's obsession, and the fact that the aura of a primordial infected it made the jewel invaluable. So how was Lex able to chip it so easily? He used the Innkeeper's letter opener. That thing was much sharper than the Butter Knife at this point, but was also limited to staying within the Inn.

He stored the chipped jewel and teleported to X-142, before promptly entering the Infinity Emporium. Powell, as usual, was waiting for him and smiled warmly.

Just as the merchant was about to welcome Lex, and even jab him on the return of his skin in good humor, Lex held up his hand and stopped him.

"I have no time, and I require the best and quickest service my membership of the emporium affords. I need an item that can immediately stabilize space as quickly as possible. If there's more than one, I'll take everything. I also need any and all powerful weapons you have immediately available that anyone can use. Also, is it possible for you to get your hands on something from the planet BGY - 987 from the Fuegan battlefield within Suera? If that's possible, I can afford to wait a bit."

Before Powell could ask any question, Lex flicked the small, chipped jewel at the man.

"Take that as payment."

As soon as Powell grabbed the jewel he was visibly startled, and even star struck. He froze with his mouth hung open as he looked at the jewel, trying to discover why his senses were indicating that this was extremely valuable, yet he could not identify it.

"Powell I have no time!" Lex said firmly, waking the merchant up from his stupor.

"I'll get on it immediately!" he said, and ran towards the backdoor. This was another big order for him!

The Innkeeper

Chapter 842: Survive

Luther's mind worked at full speed as he saw the massive tear in space. He had to report to the Innkeeper as quickly as possible, and then get to the tear before the massive creature slithering out of it completely emerged.

He channeled his energy into the card, ready to transmit the message, when a familiar aura pervaded the area, causing everyone to freeze. Even the Void Dweller, partially exited from the space rip, froze in deference to the aura.

But the weight of it was too much. The planet itself trembled and the skies wept with as agonizing moan as reality itself seemed on the verge of fracture. Immediately the aura withdrew and Luthor felt a brief, fleeting connection with the Innkeeper.

Clearly, even without knowing the situation the Innkeeper had tried to help, but the space here could not sustain his powers. It would be more lethal than helpful to them if he acted, even if only using the card as a conduit. Understanding that no immediate help would arrive, Luthor sent what little information he could.

He did not expect to be saved, so he was not really disappointed. Instead, he was grateful that the Innkeepers aura had at least slowed down the arrival of the Void Dweller, or their situation would be even worse.

"Z, you only have one move," Luthor instructed, as he silently initialized the one move that the Battalion had become especially renowned for. Though Luthor never officially gave the order, the members of the battalion were all too familiar with the process. Wordlessly and efficiently they played their part, merging together to form the Midnight Mech!

Active 2: Z, momentarily distracted by the strange connection he felt in the spatial cracks, gathered himself, took command of the mech, and directed its solemn gaze towards the emerging Void Dweller.

From within the gaping tear in the fabric of reality, the being was still emerging, its eyes aglow with an ancient, unearthly malevolence. It hovered on the precipice between fear and anger, its limited intelligence struggling between escaping the fearful aura it had felt, or emerging from its eternal prison.

Keeping in mind Luthor's instructions, not to mention spurred on by the fact that cracks were still spreading through space, the mech surged to life, a symphony of arcane symbols and pulsating energies swirling around it.

Within the mech, Z could wield much greater power. More importantly, he could wield the power of those who made up the mech in the first place. A surge of power coalesced into a purple, blazing sphere

between its outstretched appendages, simmering with heat that even Luthor had never been able to manifest.

Sufficient build up would have allowed the mech to deliver an even more devastating blow, but there was no time to be had. With an earth-shattering roar, the mech unleashed a concentrated burst of purple flames, a radiant torrent of raw power. The unleashed beam surged forth, a dazzling display of beauty and devastation, intent on turning the Void Dweller to ash!

The Void Dweller itself, which had paused to allow its internal struggle, coiled as it suddenly felt a new approaching threat. Although the scale was nowhere near the potency of the previous aura, it was still a significant threat!

But its preparation was insufficient, and its evaluation of the threat was scant. When the purple flames crashed into the serpent like creature, not only did it push the creature back into the Void, but it enveloped its entire body!

In an eerie lament that echoed through both the void and reality, the creature quickly succumbed to the flames, turning into stardust and ash.

The sequence of events took only a few seconds, but the devastation caused by such raw power was not insignificant. Not only did the tear not close, it was beginning to grow wider under the influence of the ripples produced by the mech's attack.

The cracks in space were now spreading from the air to the ground, and seemed on the verge of spreading exponentially.

Either the enemy had not anticipated the repercussions of their actions, or they no longer needed to keep them alive! Whatever the case, they still had an issue on their hands.

Z braced himself before channeling the awesome power of the mech, and forcefully trying to use his spatial affinity. Due to the fact that countless other members of the battalion had the same affinity, plus the multiplied energy reserves of the mech, the influence Z could wield on space was much greater.

While he still could not do as he pleased, he could at least try to contain the disaster.

Under Z's efforts, a spatial ripple was released from the mech. But instead of destroying space as they usually did, the ripple seemed to absorb the energy of the tear, preventing it from spreading.

A few moments later, another ripple was released, and then another. Unbelievably, the massive tear began to retreat, and space began to heal itself.

"I'm sending help. Survive as long as possible," a familiar voice entered Luthor's ears. But since he was currently merged with the rest through the mech, they all heard the comforting words.

He was beaten and battered, and almost completely mentally drained, but hearing the Innkeeper's voice gave Z the little bit of strength he needed to continue his effort until the space tear was closed.

As soon as the tear was closed, however, he dismissed the mech. Ordinarily, using the mech was not so taxing on any one person since they all shared the burden. But in this instance, since he was forcefully exerting his affinity in such a fragile place, Z was especially exhausted.

The others looked drained, but Z fell to his knees as his consciousness waned in and out. A thin, firm hand quickly grabbed onto Z before he fell flat on his face, and helped him steady himself.

"Gather yourself, soldier," said Sandra, her voice filled in equal parts with both teasing and comfort. "We have our orders. We have to survive as long as possible. So no sleeping on the job."

The Innkeeper

Chapter 843: Botlam's Grace

Lex counted each second that Powell was gone, though his mind kept telling him not to do that. Unless Powell was able to get something from that planet that still contained its aura, Lex would have to spend a long time reaching it no matter what.

Instead of wasting time and energy, Lex began to refine his plan once more. There were a few areas where he would have no option but to improvise, he began considering various actions he could take.

Even with his mind distracted, Lex was all too aware that he tapped his foot on the ground 9 times before Powell returned. Due to his agitation, the speed of his tapping was fast, translating to two taps per second. Powell took 4.5 seconds to go and return. Although Lex had asked him to hurry, that kind of efficiency was remarkable.

"I have activated the perks from your membership, so you will be getting the best of our service. A number of Powells are on the way, bringing every space related item we have. I have also procured a list of all the easily usable weapons we have. Selections include guns, bombs, curses, talismans and such. Unfortunately, we cannot access Fuegan battlefields at all, and conducting any kind of trade that has anything to do with them is severely frowned upon."

Without waiting for any kind of response from Lex, Powell opened up a projection of a list of items in front of Lex. At the very top were the various space related items they had available at that very moment, only after which were the weapons.

Lex scanned through the list, reading the description of each item carefully. Not only did they have to be useful, but they needed to be easy to use and difficult to disrupt.

There were over 400 space related items that the emporium had in stock at that very moment, but only 3 that suited Lex's needs. The most ideal was a high powered and extremely rare talisman.

Its original purpose was to strengthen space within a certain region for a short period of time. Although it sounded useless, it was actually a tactical item. By strengthening space for a short time, it would prevent ordinary teleportation in and out of that region. Even someone with a space affinity would struggle to do anything in that region.

But Lex was not concerned about that. As long as space was strong and stable enough, the keys would work, he was confident in that.

The second item was a large wine bowl. As long as a special liquid called Gravity Void tincture was poured into it, the bowl could display a number of space related abilities. The emporium, fortunately, also had the tincture in stock.

The last was a formation plate. This one took a little time to use, as it needed to be set up, but was the most stable.

Another thing that caught Lex's eye, despite not being an item, was a manual on space affinity. Since the issue this time was space, and Lex could not say for certain what he would encounter, he bought all three of the items as well as the manual.

Then he looked towards the weapons. These he bought indiscriminately. As long as he still had credit left over from the jewel he sold, he bought weapons. He started with the strongest and the easiest to use, and then just kept buying them.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, none of the easy-to-use weapons could harm immortals, but Lex paid that no mind. Once he had selected enough, he submitted his order and waited for Powell to deliver them.

The merchant wore a look that was equal parts excitement as it was concern. He could clearly tell Lex was not in the best of moods, and based on the items he was purchasing that he was heading for trouble.

He struggled whether he should say something or not, but then came to a conclusion. Being helpful would be more useful than expressing his concern at the moment.

"You might also want to take a look at this," Powell said, and showed Lex the details for another item. At first, Lex simply glanced over, but when he saw the item, his eyes gleamed.

The item was in the shape of angel wings and was made of clay. According to its description, within it the item contained an extremely potent Holy aura from an Archangel, which had almost magical healing properties towards non-demons. Of course, if used against demons, it had an equally poisonous effect. The most intriguing thing... was that the item's name was Botlam's Grace.

Lex did not ponder over the origin of the item, or why he was seeing the name Botlam once again. Since it was useful, Lex bought the item.

It took nearly a minute for another Powell to burst through the door, holding a small spatial ring containing all the items Lex bought. He transferred everything into his own bangle, then immediately left.



Once he returned to the Inn, Lex did not immediately head for the teleportation formation that would take him to the battlefield. No, instead he headed towards the museum where Lex procured every missile he had collected from the dragon's hoard.

Pel had previously described the use of each of the missiles to him, so this time he would not be caught unprepared when he used them. In total, Lex stored 43 such missiles. Each one had the potential to kill an Earth immortal, with some of the stronger ones even capable of injuring a Heavenly immortal. If they didn't reach at least such a level, they would not have been worth being added to the dragons collection. Though, ultimately, to the dragon, they were only trinkets to be collected. After all, as an authentic Heavenly immortal, each one of the dragon's attacks was more powerful than those rockets.

With the weapons taken, he looked up towards the massive ship. It would be so much easier if he could take that out of the Inn. But, since he couldn't for now, he would make do.

With his Host Attire still equipped, Lex looked for the only other member of the Inn who would be accompanying him.

"Cirk, stop whatever you're doing. There's a mission that requires your skills."

The Innkeeper

Chapter 844: Crazy Enough

Cirk, who was resting since he was on break, immediately stood up as soon as he heard the Innkeepers voice. Before he knew it, he had been teleported over to the Midnight Tailors, where the Innkeeper was already waiting for him.

"Innkeeper!" Cirk greeted, not used to seeing his boss in person, but the Innkeeper was already walking inside.

"Keep up. This is a matter of grave urgency."

Cirk dared not keep the Innkeeper waiting, so he rushed in behind him.

"Geeves, I don't have much time," the Innkeeper said as soon as he walked in. "Cirk has to leave the Inn on a mission. What's the best suit you can give him for protection right at this moment? We don't have time for a custom job right now."

"Innkeeper, my readymade selection is somewhat bare," Geeves responded immediately, his voice calm and collected even under pressure. "I have one inspired by the suit given to the battalion, but without specifically altering it to Cirk's body he won't be able to draw the most out of it."

"Bring it out," he ordered Geeves, before turning to the spaceship captain. "Cirk, I need you to accompany another worker out on a mission. You may be required to pilot the Silent Wanderer, so I hope you are ready. Keep in mind that the suit I'm giving you is not tailored to you, so avoid getting into any fights when possible."

"I can fly it with my eyes closed!" Crik reassured the Innkeeper, while a rush of adrenaline filled his body. He was finally going to have an opportunity to actually fly a ship! He didn't care about the readymade suit at all. After all, as a pilot, he would do his fighting with his ship!

Geeves, who had rushed into the back, came out holding a readymade suit. Cirk made a move to receive it, but the Innkeeper snapped and the suit automatically appeared on his body!

"While you're on the mission you'll take orders from Leo," the Innkeeper instructed Cirk, who nodded.

"Good."

The Innkeeper teleported Cirk to the formation that the Midnight battalion used to enter the battlefield. A moment later, Leo also showed up, similarly suited, although it was clear that his own suit had been tailored for him.

They locked gazes, and while Cirk was still experiencing the rush of knowing that he was finally going to fly a ship, he kept it hidden within. Externally, he only displayed the calm confidence that was required of a ship captain.

"Before we head out let me brief you on what to expect," Leo said, his cold voice driving a chill up Cirk's back. "The battalion is in trouble and we're going to go help them out. The situation is precarious, and

we cannot know when and how enemies might appear. In fact, we may very well be walking into a trap. So you need to be alert at all times, and stay close to me. If a fight breaks out, focus more on survival than fighting - I'll take care of that."

"You do not need to worry about me. Just focus on what you need to do, I will not fail you," answered Cirk. Although his life had been limited to running a daycare and flying a ship in place, he had been born with the natural characteristics of a captain. He was not intimidated by the task, and he was not afraid of the danger.

Lex, who had donned Leo's appearance, nodded. After that there was no hesitation, no moment to prepare himself. Right now, Lex was in a state of cold fury, and he had been suppressing his fury for too long already. Previously, whenever he got mad, Lex immediately had an opportunity to release his anger. But this time, he had to let it simmer as he waited for an opportunity to unleash it. Now, that opportunity was finally coming. He patted his chest and felt the cards he had kept in the inner pocket of his suit. They would come in handy.

Lex activated the formation, teleporting himself and Geeves away.

The duo appeared in the same teleportation hall that the battalion had arrived in earlier. Geeves looked around and saw that they were standing in the middle of a formation, and there were countless other similar formations in the hall. Tens of thousands of soldiers were teleporting over each minute, making the hall both crowded and busy.

'Leo' who was standing beside him had an unusual mask over his face, making him look like a devil. Cirk did not need to ask to know that he was hiding his identity for whatever reason.

"Welcome to battlefield 00974," spoke a nearby elf who was looking at a clipboard rather than them. "Is there a leader among you two? Since only two of you have arrived I assume you have the designation of strategic assets. Do you have any speciality?"

Instead of answering, Lex walked up to the elf and placed a hand upon his shoulder. The action was quite simple, but for the elf who was on the receiving end of Lex's Domination in full force, gravity seemed to have increased by a hundredfold. Let alone his body, even his thoughts seemed to be weighed down under the massive force that was enveloping his being.

"That is none of your concern," Lex commanded. "Take me to someone who has knowledge of the ongoing battle."

"Ye -yes," the elf stuttered and turned to lead the duo in a daze. Lex's action attracted some attention from a few nearby guards, but upon noticing that the elf turned and began to lead the two, they relaxed.

Even though Lex had removed his hand and walked a step behind the elf, the effects of his Domination had not diminished at all. Completely unaware of his own actions, the elf led the two past all the lines, skipping all the queues, and directly towards a command room.

No one noticed anything amiss the entire time. After all, no one thought that anyone would be crazy enough to cause trouble here.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 845: Confidential

Although the sight of an elf, a mysterious being wearing a devilish mask and a human walking through the base, should have seemed out of place, in actuality, that was far from the truth. There were hundreds of races Lex had never seen in any room they crossed, and each of them was being led by an elf.

The second indicator of something unusual should have been the cold, nearly oppressive aura Lex was giving off, despite the fact that he was only targeting the elf with Domination. But once again, given that this was a place filled with soldiers and warriors, nearly everyone was displaying their aura. Regardless of whether it was weak or strong, fiery hot and icy cold, none of the soldiers shied away from displaying their worth through their auras. It was an unspoken form of communication.

Moreover, amidst the millions that were moving around the base, neither Lex nor Cirk were close to being the strongest, so no one suspected them at all. Besides using Notorious Anonymity to hide his face, Lex did not really make any effort to hide his identity or actions either. Moreover, he was sure that while many would be unable to peer through the facade of his devilish mask, there were too many in this base who could see through it.

He was completely prepared to have his identity revealed. It was not even a concern for him at this point, more of a formality that he was just going along with.

Cirk, who had no idea what 'Leo' was planning, remained completely composed, and followed his lead perfectly. He did not show any hesitation or doubt about Lex's actions. A part of that was from his steady personality, but a lot of it also was due to the unwavering trust he had in the other members of the Midnight Inn. If the Innkeeper had trusted him, then there had to be a reason for it.

The elf took the duo away from most of the crowds as they entered the inner sector of the base, where only those with sufficient authority would be allowed to enter. Soon he was led to a room that read 'Resource Coordination' where a number of elves were sitting in their respective areas, working on what Lex could only assume was their version of a computer.

The elf led Lex to a very specific cubicle, clearly belonging to another elf that he knew.

"Bairel, what are you doing here?" asked the elf in the cubicle, clearly alarmed to see the latter there. He immediately noticed Bairel's bewildered state and turned his attention towards Lex and Cirk.

"Who are you? How did you get authorization to enter here? This is a secure location!" the elf said, clearly flustered to see others here. Although he did not cause a commotion yet, his voice was quite loud and accusatory. He was not used to seeing others besides his direct superior while he was at work.

"That is not your concern," said Lex dismissively, extending his Domination towards the new elf. "What is the status of the planet BGY-987? Check and give me the latest update."

The elf, who was only in the Foundation realm, was clearly oppressed by Lex's aura even besides being frightened by the sudden intrusion. He hesitated for a moment due to the fact that this was clearly a breach of protocol, but the confident way in which the masked figure dismissed him gave him doubts. What if the man was someone with a high post? It clearly made sense, given how at ease he was. Moreover, it would also explain how he so casually strutted into a secure location.

So, despite his clear awareness of the discrepancy with his current situation, the elf hesitantly turned back to his computer and began checking up on the computer. How was he supposed to know that the reason they walked in so easily was because the first elf, Bairel, had used his own authority to bring them in, something he clearly wasn't supposed to do.

The group stood there silently as they waited for an update. A few others in the room noticed them and became concerned about the odd situation. But given their low cultivation levels, instead of investigating on their own, they quickly reported the situation to their superior. If there was a problem, it was not their responsibility to face it.

"Sir, according to the latest update, conducted 47 minutes ago, everything is within expectations on the stated planet. Combat with local entities is taking place, and is expected to continue for another 10 days. There have been no requests for reinforcements, so they are managing with only the initially allocated forces. They have been giving clear and detailed reports on their updates regularly. Would you like me to pull up those reports?"

Lex frowned. It looked like whoever was targeting the Inn had even breached the alliance. But that was fine. He was never planning on getting help from them in the first place. In fact, it would be helpful if they kept out of his way.

"Pull up the location data on that planet, as well as the best routes from here to there. Cirk, come and see if you can understand this."

Since the elf had already obeyed Lex once, doing so again became easier and had less hesitation. He immediately started pulling up the highly confidential data, which was the star map inside of the cosmic cloud! This was updated live by the alliance and was based on their own discoveries within the region.

Mapping the cosmic cloud using telescopes and other long distance observation methods was impossible due to severe interference, so the value of this map was inestimable!

Just as Cirk was studying the data, a very large, dark figure approached the group.

"What the hell is going on here?" the figure asked aggressively, exuding an aura that far surpassed Lex. "Who are you? How did you come in?"

The group froze under that aura - all except Lex, who only turned and looked at the figure evenly.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 846: The hell

"What the hell is going on?" Lex repeated, as he looked up at the towering figure. Unlike the somewhat feeble elves working in this room, this figure radiated a powerful aura even without revealing his cultivation.

He had an elven appearance, meaning he had two legs that he stood on, and two arms, as well as a torso and head. But that is where the similarities ended. Instead of leather or skin, the creature had dark gray scales that almost seemed like they were made of stone. A long yet slender tail extended out from the base of his back, sweeping across the floor behind him. He had two horns protruding from his forehead, but unlike many animals that Lex saw on earth where the horns were sharp and pointed, the creature's horns spread out over the creature's head like a partial helmet.

Its eyes were black, with light gray vertical pupils, and were currently focused entirely on Lex. His aura of a peak Nascent realm was crashing down heavily, though it seemed to only be doing so on Lex and Cirk.

Still, the entire room was hushed down, and all eyes turned to look at him. The figure apparently had some renown. Unfortunately, despite his stronger cultivation, he was at an absolute disadvantage when facing Lex. That was because this figure, much like Xeon, was part dragon. Lex could clearly sense the diluted dragon's blood running through the creature's veins. But the very fact that he was in the Nascent realm instead of an Earth Immortal was enough to betray the fact that he was not a true dragon.

Dragonlings were usually very strong, and more often than not, inherited a dragon's resistance to nearly all elements and forms of damage. But they also had an extremely pronounced weakness, which was that they become completely subservient in front of a true dragon. It was not a matter of whether they wanted to or not - it was programmed into their genes.

Although Lex was not a dragon, his Domination was an ability that fed off of dragon auras. In terms of hierarchy, it was technically above a dragon's aura, even though currently it was nowhere near as strong.

"That's exactly what I am trying to figure out as well!" Lex said, just as aggressively as the figure had earlier. "Why the hell is this report telling me that BGY-987 is completely fine, when I can tell you for certain it's not?"

Lex, this time, was quite loud and a tinge of his anger leaked out in his voice. Domination, which was previously restricted to only two of the elves, exploded and now encompassed the whole room!

The figure's eyes constricted as he felt his cultivation fade, as if his body itself did not dare act ostentatiously in front of this unknown person.

"Is this how the Henali is going to take on the Fuegan? If your performance is so pathetic that anyone at any time can interfere in your operations, then this whole war is nothing but a farce! Those who commit their soldiers to your cause are throwing lives away so you can play games and feed your egos!"

Lex had already thought of what to do in case he was questioned or stopped during this phase of the plan, but suppressing the dragonling like this was actually much more lowkey than his original plan. That was good. The less attention he attracted, the better.

"No, no, I assure you... our intel can't be wrong..." the figure tried to say, but the words and tone he had in his mind did not come out the same way when he spoke. Instead, it looked like he was afraid and groveling instead of fighting back. He meant to say that Lex's accusation was absurd, but now it sounded like he was doing his best to explain something to his superior.

"I don't need your assurances anymore. We have already seen the level of your competence. We sent our soldiers out to fulfill a bargain, but instead of fighting enemies for the betterment of the realm, our soldiers are being targeted for a personal vendetta. The Midnight Inn is going to withdraw its soldiers from this fight!"

"Who... who... who are... are you?" the figure managed to ask with his stuttering voice. "You... you... can't be here..."

Lex did not even answer the figure, but just looked at him derisively. He needed to keep matters here calm until they left. If someone tried to stop them, he was also ready to retaliate, although it would be best to avoid such a situation. After all, he was already anticipating a trap.

That's why he didn't bother explaining the situation properly to one of the superiors or commanders here. There was no guarantee that they weren't involved with whoever was targeting the Inn. It would be best to handle this matter privately, and as quietly as possible.

"I've learned the route," suddenly said Cirk, who stepped behind Lex. "Getting there should not be a problem, although there will be many checkpoints along the way. If we can get clearance, getting through would be much easier. Otherwise, we will have to go around, which will take much longer."



Lex nodded and reached into his suit pocket and pulled out an envelope, and through it towards the tall figure. The dragonling managed to catch it right before the envelope hit his face. Somehow, despite being taller than Lex, he could not shake the feeling that he had been looked down on the entire time.

"We're a part of the Midnight Inn, going to go take our soldiers back. Deliver that to your highest ranked superior and make sure to give us clearance as we pass through. You, Bearlin, lead me to the hanger. We're flying out."

Led by the still absentminded elf, the two of them walked out of the room, finally allowing everyone to escape the influence of Domination. They all breathed a sigh of relief, but none was more flustered than the dragonling. In his hand, he held an envelope that radiated an aura even more intimidating than the one displayed by the masked man earlier. He nearly dropped to his knees.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 847: Hangar

The words on the envelope seemed to be growing bigger and bigger in the dragonlings eyes. They were two simple words, but the power contained within them encompassed his mind and body, petrifying him where he stood. Yet none of the aura actually leaked out, so all the elves looked out at him curiously.

The two strangers had already left, exiting as simply as they entered, after causing an unprecedented scene within the alliance headquarters. There may have been many deals and manipulations in the shadows and hidden from sight, but never had such a thing been done so openly.

Even the weakest elf in the room could sense that the repercussions of this would go far and wide. The background of that man must be far from simple if he, alone, had the confidence to confront the entire alliance based on nothing but its name. Most of them had never heard of the Midnight Inn before, but they would not forget it easily. As for the few who had, they quickly associated it with one of the newer battalions that had joined their army: the Midnight Battalion.

Among other things, what they were most famous for was that despite going to multiple battlefields, they had yet to lose a single soldier despite their low cultivation levels.

Hesitantly, as if unsure of his actions, one of the elves came and tapped the dragonling on his shoulder.

"Sir, are... are you going to report them to the higher ups?"

As soon as he was tapped, the dragonling broke free from the power in the envelope. He shuddered visibly, then turned around and ran at full speed, without caring for his image.

The elves in the Resource Coordination room were left confounded and unsure of what to do. Ultimately, they could do naught but sit back in their seats and get back to work as if nothing had happened.

Meanwhile, Lex and Cirk walked evenly as they followed the elf Bearlin to the hangar as if nothing had happened. Truthfully speaking, this was already panning out better than most of Lex's plans. He was aware of the fact that it would not be so easy for him to get the information on where the battalion was, or what was happening around it.

He also did not expect any help from the alliance. Silently procuring the information and leaving before they could react was the best solution. The envelope he had given to the dragonling was also one of the contingencies he had planned.

The worst-case situation would be if he had to be forceful in not only procuring the information but also in leaving. Although he had thought of a way out of that situation as well, whether his plan would be successful or not would be completely up to luck.

"What's the situation Pel? Do you sense any restrictions on us? Anyone monitoring us?" Lex asked his ring silently. Relying on the ring's massive wealth of knowledge was one of his precautions. Although the ring had lost many of its memories, it would often be reminded of the relevant information when it was faced with a new situation.

"There were a few restrictions placed on us the very moment we entered this place," the ring informed. "But those are only for standard tracking and simple monitoring. Everyone has them."

"Update me if there are any changes," Lex said. He did not show any urgency, but he knew that currently they were in a very precarious situation. As soon as reports of what happened in the Coordination room reached one of the higher management, even if the base itself was not locked down,

Lex and Cirk would at least be arrested pending further investigation. Or, it was more apt to say that they would try to arrest them.

But, as unbelievable as it was, they did not encounter any issues all the way until they entered the hanger. The elf walked in normally, but both Lex and Cirk could not help but take a moment to take the sight in.

The biggest ship they had seen so far was the massive one flying over the Midnight Inn, but in the hangar there were countless ships of the same size, and many ships even larger. There were millions of soldiers of various races climbing into the various ships in a very orderly fashion.

Moreover, the ships would not just randomly start flying and take off. There was a very strict sequence of events for each ship's take off, lest they damage not only the other ships here, but the various soldiers as well.

Once all the required personnel were loaded onto the ship, the platform it was parked on would detach, and then move the ship into a queue of waiting ships ready to leave. Once it was a ship's turn, it would be taken to an isolation formation that would prevent any of the released energy, heat from the rockets or thrusters, or any other harmful substance that leaked during its takeoff period from affecting the rest of the base or the others.

The mere hangar, one of many, was unimaginably large, and Lex could not see the ends of it. Many of the ships here had lengths of hundreds of miles, though he immediately noticed that it was only the smaller ships that seemed to be leaving for now. All the larger ships were parked, and showed no signs of being prepared for departure.

Moreover, just besides the ships and soldiers, the hangar was filled with countless machines of war that far surpassed anything Lex had ever imagined. Tanks and mechs seemed so ordinary and mundane in comparison. His Fancy contact lens seemed to know all of them and kept labeling each one for him to see. But Lex only gave that first initial moment's worth of attention to the massive fighting force collected in front of him.

He turned to the elf and said, "take me to someone who can expedite our departure. We have our own ship."

## The Innkeeper

### Chapter 848: Letter

The elf paused, as if unsure who to take Lex towards. It seemed that, unlike previously where he knew someone personally in the Coordination room, he did not know anyone here. But the hesitation only lasted so long. Lex did not need him to be taken to anyone familiar. Anyone with sufficient authority would do.

As he walked past the different sections, Lex noticed that this was the most organized area he had been in so far. The number of guards at each point was considerably higher than before, and at each point, they would authenticate the identity and reason of anyone passing through.

Even they had to go through a couple of checkpoints, although fortunately the elf reporting that they were going to go report to one of the ground managers made it a lot easier. Lex did not want to jinx his luck, but he could foresee that getting through this area without causing a scene might be harder than the previous room.

The command deck, where they were finally led to, stood as an elevated island amidst the sea of activity, a nerve center pulsating with coordinated precision. Officers and officials huddled over holographic displays, strategizing and dispatching orders with a sense of grave responsibility.

Lex, undeterred by the orchestrated commotion, followed the elf as they approached a stern-faced officer standing at the threshold of the command center. Unlike all the elves Lex had encountered so far, this one wore a stern and strangely human expression on his face. His build was also more sturdy as compared to the more nimble elves, and even without his attention focused on them as of yet, Lex could detect an intensity from his being.

This elf was very powerful, and his high cultivation level of at least Earth Immortal was only just a part of it. Even among his peers, he was surely formidable.

In Lex's cold, raging mind, a new strategy began to weave itself. Suppressing him with Domination would not work, and Lex had already given his envelope away. That might have worked here as well, but having given it away already was not such a bad thing. This could work out in his favor.

At the same time, a part of Lex's mind began observing the hangar with a great scrutiny as he began planning a forceful exit should such a need arise. It was not ideal that they had been led to someone

with extremely high authority here. Dealing with someone lower down on the chain of command sometimes yielded better results, but it was already too late to lament such things.

"Sir!" Bearlin said while giving a salute, bringing the attention of the busy officer onto them. The officer looked at Bearlin, and then quickly focused his gaze on the mask on Lex's face. Whether he could see Lex's real appearance or not was unknown, but it was clear that the mask had attracted his attention.

"I have many engaging matters to attend to, soldier. Make your report quickly!" The elf finally said, his gaze still locked on Lex.

"I need clearance for an expedited departure," Lex stated plainly. "The details of the matter are being sent by an officer of the Resource Coordination to High Command. But the nature of my mission is both imperative and highly confidential. I do not have time to wait for the usual procedures to play out."

"You 'need' clearance?" the elf repeated, raising an eyebrow out of curiosity. "Hand over your identification and the details of your crew. I will check if you have been cleared for departure from here."

"You're with the alliance, right? You don't have the authority to check my details," Lex said without breaking eye contact. "If you have any concerns, you can check with that dragonling who went with my departure clearance. But I suggest you act quickly. I do not have the time to spare, and if things take too long, I may no longer bother with this formality."

The elf was immediately angered by Lex's attitude, but even as his aura surged, Lex neither broke eye contact nor did he flinch. It was as if the actions of this officer were inconsequential to him.

Amidst his boiling anger, a trace of doubt appeared at the sheer confidence Lex displayed. Although such a situation was highly irregular, could there really be a high urgency, extremely confidential mission?

Suppressing his urge to smack Lex across the face, the officer pulled up a projection and immediately looked for who the dragonling from the Resources Coordination room was. Then he found out who the dragonling reported to, and directly initiated a call. As a soldier, it was sometimes more important to ensure there was no issue with any ongoing missions, even if he had to sacrifice his own ego in the process.

In another portion of the headquarters, in a private office, the dragonling in question stood in difference behind an elf. Since this battlefield was within the Suera galaxy, most crucial positions were either held by elves or dwarves.

Since dwarves were more likely to take on roles of either refiners or warriors, most leadership positions fell to the elves. Such a situation led to most elves feeling extremely proud and arrogant.

Yet at this moment, this once proud and arrogant elf was sweating nonstop. When preparing the letter within that envelope, Lex had used the official letterhead as well as the Innkeepers pen and the Ink well. He had also poured all his anger into the words he wrote in that letter, which translated into the kind of aura they contained.

The elf, who had been strong enough to look past the envelope itself, which carried only the title of the author of the letter, had been rocked to his very core when he opened the letter.

The full force of the Innkeeper's fury was exhibited in the few words that the letter contained.

It simply read:

Stay the fuck out of my business!

The Innkeeper

Chapter 849: Contingency plan I

The dragonling who delivered the letter stood far back in the distance, so that he would not be under the influence of the envelope and the letter that it contained. As a half dragon, he had always been extremely prideful. Moreover, it was exceptionally strong as well. It could attempt to break into the Earth immortal realm whenever it wanted, but suppressed that growth itself.

By working for the alliance, it hoped to gain enough credits to have the alliance help it transition from part dragon to complete dragon. At that point it would naturally break through, and would be much stronger than it would have if it broke through normally.

After serving on various battlefields, and accruing numerous commendations, it was exceptionally close to its goal, which was also the reason it had been pulled back from the battlefield.

Its successful service only increased its pride, yet ironically it was here, in the supposedly safe headquarters, where its pride had been thoroughly crushed. While it had not yet recovered from the ordeal, it decided to stay away from the letter and whatever it had to say. Looking at its superior sweating, it suddenly felt like it had made a wise decision.

The elf in question was currently experiencing a personal armageddon. Lightning was flashing, thunder was roaring, the ground was quaking, tsunamis high enough to blot out the sun were arriving on the horizon. All of that was, of course, only happening in his mind. Yet that did not change that the elf felt like it was the target of all these calamities.

It could feel an anger that could destroy the heavens radiating from the words on his letter, and though the elf was not the target of that anger, he had somehow become a victim of it nonetheless.

A soft, familiar ringing sounded in the office, and the elf was finally broken free from the grasp of the letter, his trembling hands dropping it. The elf did not dare to look at it again, but reflexively answered the phone call that was ringing.

"Zar, have you received a letter of clearance for departure for someone from the 'Midnight Inn'?" the person on the other end of that call asked, getting straight to the point.

Though the envelope had dropped, those words sounded like thunder in the elf's ears!

"Ye- YES LET THEM GO!" he roared, before shutting the phone. He did not know if he had yelled out of fear, anger or embarrassment.

With trembling legs he stood up and gave an incredibly dirty look to the dragonling, before walking out of his room. This matter was far beyond him. He needed to report to the top.

Back on the command deck, Lex had maintained eye contact with the officer as he made a call. When the screaming response came through, audible to everyone on the deck, Lex did not smile or gloat. He simply maintained eye-contact, awaiting their departure approval.

Chills ran down the officers back as he recalled his previous urge to respond to Lex's cavalier attitude. Like he said, he might really not have the authority to look into Lex's matters. But if that was the case, why wasn't he being escorted properly with all his clearances pre-approved? That was what usually happened in such cases. But it did not matter.

"What kind of vessel do you have? I cannot generate the approval document without knowing at least the ship specifications."

Without waiting for a prompt, Cirk stepped forward as he began to list only the relevant details for the Silent Wanderer. The officer felt slightly confused, as the ship being described clearly wasn't one designed for combat. It was, however, designed for stealth and speed. That did make sense considering the nature of their mission.

The officer looked back to Bearlin and said, "take them to the loading dock. Have them bring their ship there and get on board. I'll alter the departure sequence from here."

Poor Bearlin, who had suffered the influence of Domination the longest, could not catch a break and continued to lead Lex and Cirk. Lex nodded to the officer before following their guide.

Fortunately, things had not escalated, and they passed the final hurdle without issue. But there was one problem. Whoever was targeting the battalion would soon learn, if they had not already, that help was on the way.

He opened the battalion panel and spoke to Luthor.

"The enemy probably knows help is coming. Prepare accordingly."

This was once again risky, for if the enemy became too desperate, they might just end up doing something that would get everyone killed. Lex was relying on the fact that their enemy, whoever it was, was not able to muster up enough strength, for whatever reason. After all, the battalion only consisted of Foundation realm soldiers. Together they were not weak, but they couldn't really claim to be too strong either. There were too many ways to deal with them if someone really wanted to. The fact that they hadn't done so yet is what made Lex think this was a trap.



While Lex was musing such issues, they reached the loading dock and Lex released the Silent Wanderer from its spatial case.

The sudden appearance of a ship attracted some attention from the nearby staff, but in such a place unusual occurrences were somewhat of a norm.

Through the use of some heavy machinery, the ship was being loaded properly onto the platform which would take it to the departure formation. All of this seemed to be standard procedure, and everything was going according to plan, when Lex noticed a powerful aura approaching!

"Oi! Oi! You the numbskulls that are delaying everyone's launch? What the hell gives you the right to stop all the other ships, eh? We have urgent business too!"

Lex turned and saw a dwarf at the immortal realm approaching them. He was clearly incensed at his departure being delayed to accommodate Lex.

"So much for not causing a scene," Lex murmured. Then he unleashed his aura, and his contingency plan.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 850: Contingency plan II

When he turned to look at the dwarf, he channeled his spirit energy into his spatial bangle and had it at the ready. Although he had survived the attack of an Earth Immortal before, he had been gravely wounded in the process. Suffice to say he could not go up against an Immortal on his own.

He also did not want to take any risks, or waste time arguing with unnecessary people. Not to mention, the dwarf might just be with the enemy, and simply pretending to cause problems to get closer. In short, there were more than enough reasons for Lex to be prepared.

"If you have a problem, take it up with the superiors," Lex said plainly. He was trying to deflect responsibility in the hopes that this would become someone else's problem long enough that they could leave. But of course, that hope was destined to become a disappointment.

The immortal dwarf, who was already blaring his aura as if he was afraid people wouldn't notice him causing a ruckus, seemed almost offended that Lex wasn't suppressed to the point where he couldn't even respond.

"I'LL TAKE MY PROBLEM UP WITH YOUR SKULL IF YOU DON'T GET ON YOUR KNEES, VERMIN!"

The dwarf's aura crashed down on Lex even harder as he yelled, and his face warped into an distorted grimace.

Countless others had noticed the situation, and a number of guards were already on the way to resolve the situation. Far away, Lex could also tell that the officer who had given him departure clearance was alarmed by the situation, and was paying attention to it.

A part of Lex's brain told him that if he held out for just a few seconds, others would solve the problem for him. But the majority of Lex's brain had already decided that this dwarf was working for whoever was targeting the Inn. Why else would he behave so absurdly?

Instead of responding to the dwarf, Lex held out his hand above his head, and a massive rocket appeared in it, its tip pointing towards the dwarf.

Suddenly, the entire base, the hooligan dwarf included, froze. Of course they did. This was the most powerful rocket he had looted from the dragon.

"I didn't quite hear you. Could you speak a little louder?" Lex asked as he took a step forward, his gaze fixed on the now panicking dwarf.

As an Immortal, his senses were quite sharp, and from this massive rocket he felt nothing but an impending death with no chance of escape.

Lex wrapped the rocket in his spirit sense and lifted it into the air, so that it was floating above him. Then another rocket appeared in his hand.

"What's the matter? Didn't you have something to say to me?"

More and more rockets appeared above Lex as he approached the dwarf. Considering that even Heaven immortals could be injured by some of these, they were a threat not just to the dwarf but the entire base. No one moved, so as to not agitate Lex, but an emergency alert had already been sent out as the peak powers of the base were being summoned.

By now, the tip of the rockets were floating mere centimeters away from the dwarfs face as Lex closed the distance.

"How urgent is your mission? I hope I'm not causing any inconvenience," Lex said, his voice actually sincere. But the menacing devil's mask made it clear to anyone watching what Lex really meant.

Like the dwarf had blared his aura earlier, Lex unleashed Domination as he finally approached the dwarf, his figure towering over the stocky dwarf.

The dwarf did not dare respond, and his eyes were dashing left and right, hoping to be rescued by someone. Yet no one was closing in. With over 10 rockets capable of killing him floating just above the dwarf's face, no one dared to take a step closer.

In the distance, an elf appeared silently in the room, surrounded by a large entourage. But in his trembling hands, he held a letter. As a Celestial immortal, he had not been overwhelmed by the aura of the letter, but he understood clearly that certain matters had gone far outside the range of his authority. Now he just wanted to get the representative of the Midnight Inn out of here as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, the next report he received wasn't of Lex departing. Instead, it was of him wielding immortal weapons right in the hangar.

Absolute hate was radiating in his eyes, but he was not looking at Lex but the dwarf. What was that maniac thinking?

A part of Lex's brain took in all the information of what was happening around him. Most of his brain, however, was focused solely on the dwarf.

"You know I've come to realize that my relationship with dwarfs is not that great," Lex spoke softly. Lifting his hand, Lex tapped the dwarf's face a couple of times, like one might do to a kid they were encouraging.

"In the future, remember your place," Lex said softly. He had not slapped the immortal, but what he had done was many times more humiliating. But no one noticed that each time Lex's hand touched the dwarf, it seemed to fade a bit, as if disappearing.

Lex was using his newest ability to turn his body into thought itself, and reading the surface of the dwarfs' thoughts. This was not a true intrusion into the dwarf's brain, or else it would have required more effort. Lex simply wanted to know if the dwarf truly harbored malicious intent, was or just an ill-tempered fellow.

Fortunately for the dwarf, it seemed like the case was the latter.

Lex looked around the hangar once and saw countless faces staring at him. The dwarf wasn't the only one who could sense the danger from those weapons.

With his point made, Lex turned around and walked away. The rockets, however, kept floating in the air until both Cirk and Lex boarded the Silent Wanderer. Even when Lex withdrew them back into his spatial bangle, no one moved.