

Innkeeper 891

The Innkeeper

Chapter 891: Speculations I

While the projection and Lex were discussing his immediate training plans, the major forces who had gathered outside the Temple of Fasting were waiting patiently for the cosmic cloud to be completely absorbed. At the current rate of absorption, only a few more hours remained.

What would happen after that was a mystery, but many were hoping that the temple doors would open and they would get a chance to peek into its mysteries. Of course, there were many theories around, but theories and rumors alone were not enough to dissuade the major players of the realm from their actions.

Even a Henali stood out in space and watched quietly from a distance. While usually, with a robe covering its body, a Henali would look like a scorpion without its pincers, the one in space wearing battle armor looked quite different.

None could see the 20 eyes hidden all over its body, as the eyes and scales were both covered by a firm, curved sheet of metal that served as a chest plate. Yet two massive wings, which it normally kept retracted and hidden under robes, were fully extended, escaping the confines of the armor as if they needed no protection.

Such a sight, of an eight-legged, two winged creature with a massive stinger for a tail, any who saw it tremble and pale. Compared to dragons, who directly oppressed others with its aura, Henali struck fear into the hearts with just its appearance as a predator!

But at the same time, there were many who could suppress that fear, or simply knew better about the situation. Dragons, deities, devils, elves, angels and more had gathered together, and even more watched from afar.

Rocketfellow happened to be one of those who was watching from afar. His dark room was empty now, as all the other viewers had departed. The zealot had given a good, entertaining performance, and the sight of a human pinning down a deity was quite refreshing, but none of them could wait around for months for a final resolution. Besides, a majority of the battalion had already escaped, so what did it matter if one or two of them died in the void, or somehow made it into the temple?

But Rocketfellow did not think the show was over. No, instead he had spent the last few months thinking about what really happened, and what this all meant. In the final moment, right as his formations around the planet were destroyed, he detected a curse hidden deep inside the planet being set free.

Shortly after, this mysterious Temple of Fasting appeared. What did it mean? Clearly, it meant that he was in even less control than he thought. The Innkeeper knew exactly what he was doing, and like he was using the zealot as a scapegoat, the Innkeeper used him as a scapegoat to reveal this temple.

Rocketfellow had no doubt whatsoever that Lex and Z had made it inside the temple somehow. After all, if this were the Innkeepers plan from the very beginning, then he must want something from it.

But what did that mean for Rocketfellow? Was he to continue his efforts? Was that also a plan of the Innkeeper? How deep did this ploy go? Should he leave while he was ahead, or should he keep trying to get his hands on one of the Midnight Inns workers?

The others did not know this, but being the child of a Dao Lord actually meant very little. Even he did not know how many siblings he had, and how many of them had died and how many had lived. Everything that he had right now, his power, position, recognition, were all gathered by his own efforts!

Not only did he have to arrange for his own forces, he had to watch out for his father's enemies, and even his own siblings! He needed every possible extra edge, and gaining a truly sublime raw material for demons in the form of Midnight Inn workers would go a long way, farther than anyone realized.

Just as he was planning and plotting, another devil appeared behind him, unbeknownst to him!

"Young master, the lord has summoned you," the devil whispered, his voice filled with a sense of respect he had never heard before.

Rocketfellow trembled from the core of his being! He could count the number of times he had met his father on a single hand, so the fact that he was being summoned now was a huge deal!

He did not hesitate at all and immediately stood up. He followed the mysterious devil through a portal to Garvitz, the largest realm controlled by devils!

A number of helpers were standing awaiting Rocketfellow's arrival, and as soon as he appeared, they began to prepare him. He wore a special kind of armor and clothing that would ensure that he did not immediately die in case his father showed a minor fluctuation in aura.

Even though a Dao lord could control their aura perfectly, no level of precaution was too little when facing a being of such a high level. Bundled up like a newborn baby about to enter the freezing cold, the devil was finally led to the room where he was to meet his father.

Yet the moment he entered, he saw not only his father but also the Dao Lord Ballom!

"Greetings, seniors," Rocketfellow said as he kneeled immediately and turned his gaze to the floor. One must not look at a Dao Lord without permission. With his own father, he could have some leeway with such matters, but definitely not with another!

"No need to kneel, child. Come, sit. You have impressed me," spoke his father in an amiable tone. Clearly, he was in a very good mood!

Rocketfellow did not try to be humble or reject the invitation. Once a Dao Lord said something, only those with a death-wish would try to negate it.

Rocketfellow could not help but think of the contrast. He had met the Innkeeper a few times, but for some reason each time he forgot the deep-seated reverence he was supposed to feel, as well as the fear. The warmth of the Innkeeper naturally made it so one would be comfortable in his presence.

Until this very moment, he had never noticed how easily the very presence of a Dao Lord could affect his mentality and thought process.