

Innkeeper 910

Chapter 910 The door!

When Lex returned to the pod, he noticed a small change in the setup. Now, instead of a warm liquid, the pod was filled with sand. He was hesitant at first to get in, only imagining how difficult his life would be once he got sand in his hair and clothes, but then he recalled that he barely had any hair. Moreover, his clothes were self-cleaning...

Ignoring the bitterness in his heart, Lex climbed into the pod and made himself comfortable. Like the liquid, the sand was warm. But it was not rough and coarse or irritating, and it did not get everywhere. Instead, it was soft and welcoming.

Feeling the embrace of sleeping approaching, Lex quickly used his newly learned technique to prevent him from using divination, and allowed himself to succumb. His eyes closed, and he fell asleep immediately, letting out a light, cute snore.

Regardless of whether it was happenstance, or his technique was actually working, he had no dreams that night, and woke up the next day feeling refreshed - and buried! At some point, his body had submerged into the sand, leaving only his face exposed. But he did not feel uncomfortable, and emerging from the sand proved an easy task.

He pushed open the pod to find yet another feast waiting for him. This time, the food carried an intimidating aura, as if made from the flesh of terrifyingly strong beasts. That did not stop Lex at all, though he admitted that he had a tough time eating it due to his teeth not yet fully emerging from his gums. The meat was tough and chewy, but to make up for that fact, it was packed full of flavor, and each time he chewed, it gushed out amazing juices.

The fruits were wrapped in shells that were difficult for him to break, even with his strength, though some ingenuity resolved any issues he had. If the previous two meals were meant to spoil him, then this meal was clearly waiting to be earned by him. Nothing was easy to eat, and if he did not put in sufficient effort, it would not yield any rewards.

But that did not deter him, nor did it slow him down. He summoned swords and daggers, and sliced when slicing was needed, and slammed when slamming was needed.

Eating became a workout, but after a few continuous hours of effort, he finally ate everything on the table.

Feeling both satisfied and somewhat exhausted, Lex looked up at the projection of Cassandra, who had appeared at some point.

"Today, you will train a bit with a pole staff, and then spend the rest of your time sunbathing. Tomorrow, the next phase of your training will officially begin."

Lex nodded, and tried to strike up a conversation with her again, but Cassandra was not much of a talker. She gave him quick, one word replies to any questions he asked, and didn't seem interested in his topics of conversation.

Eventually he had to give up as they finally reached the training center. Lex was given a wooden pole staff, and asked to mimic the actions of a projection that appeared before him.

At first, it only swung the staff once, which Lex copied. Then it added one more movement, then another. After using a few moves in conjunction, the projection reset completely and started with a new set of movements.

Lex did not need to think, he only needed to copy. It was simple enough until Lex made a startling realization. His movement with the staff seemed perfect! Whether it was his weight or stability, his positioning or his awareness of the angles that he swung in, everything was perfect! He even felt like... he was on the verge of manifesting a pole staff intent!

After so long of trying to master swordsmanship and failing, he nearly mastered the simple use of pole staff in one single session. Was that a reflection of his astounding learning ability, or the quality of the training at the temple?

Before he could reach an answer, the training session ended. He was brought to another room, this time by Mateo, which was supposed to lead him to where he was supposed to sunbathe.

But Lex could not help but notice another door he saw in passing. It was a simple, unassuming door, its humble presence whispering of a timeless charm - if only one could actually notice it.

He raised an eyebrow as he detected something strange and examined it in greater detail.

It was made of oak, and looked like it had weathered through entire eons yet had not succumbed to time, retaining its graceful dignity.

lightsnovel Mateo said something, but when Lex did not respond, he turned around and saw a scene that alarmed him greatly! But Lex noticed none of it. He was stepping closer to the door, his heartbeat gradually beating faster as he approached.

The wood boasted a rich tapestry of grains, each etched line narrating a silent story of growth and endurance. Its surface was worn smooth by years of welcoming touch, offering a tactile invitation to curious fingertips - Lex's fingertips.

He raised his hand, not reached for the knob, but to touch the door itself.

This close, he could detect the faint scent emanating from its frame - the smell was somehow the smell of nostalgia itself. He could hear memories long forgotten, filled with joy and laughter, right on the other side of the door. To swing it open would be to open a portal to warmth and welcome, to sunlight and fresh air, to childhood days without worry or regret.

Just as Lex's fingers were moments away from touching on the door, a velvet curtain was dropped on it, and Mateo suddenly appeared in front of Lex, finally catching his eye.

"Forget that door!" he said gravely. "That's a mistake. It was not supposed to be here. It is... it is a forbidden curse let loose by an ancient cultivator named Scorp- no, never mind. The fact that it has appeared here means the condition of the temple is worse than we thought. We might need to speed up your training. Come, let's go. I'll inform Cassandra."

Before Lex even had an opportunity to argue, the velvet disappeared, and along with it, the door.

Ancient curse? Lex could not help but wonder. It did not feel like a curse to him. It felt more like... like love, trapped behind a wooden door. Or perhaps, it was the door itself.