

## **Innkeeper 917**

### Chapter 917 Hot dogs

Although Lex looked extremely confident in himself as he walked out, perhaps even arrogant, the truth was that he had not lowered his guard one bit, even when he technically defeated the suit of armor.

If there was one thing he had learnt during his training with Cassandra, it was that he always had vulnerabilities in her eyes. Although he had grown tremendously, aided not only by his own efforts but by the boost in comprehension provided by his cultivation technique, in her eyes he always had room for improvement.

It was like she had her own version of his left eye, just that instead of seeing the vulnerabilities due to laws, she saw his weaknesses.

The problem was, if she could do it, who was to say that others who had even a modicum of her experience couldn't do the same. They wouldn't even need to be as good as her, just identifying one weakness was enough.

No matter how he tried to convince himself that it was due to special circumstances, and that his cultivation technique would eventually make him invincible, he had been wounded too many times to continue to believe it. After a certain amount of punishment, he even began to doubt the veracity of the claims of his cultivation techniques.

Regardless, while he looked smug holding an eight feet long sword on his shoulder as he stepped into the new level, in reality he was ready for a fight to the death at a moments notice.

He emerged to find Fenrir and Cassandra waiting for him. He walked over and rubbed the pup's head, not letting his dissatisfaction show. At least Fenrir had not made any comments on his new baby form - not that he was insecure about it.

Little did he know, in Fenrir's eyes, such a thing was only normal. After all, it regularly shrunk and grew its size, so it only made sense that Lex could do the same. If it returned to its normal size, as of right now, it would be as large as an elephant from earth, or 135,316 hot dogs stacked upon one another.

Fenrir turned his head and scratched it. That was a specifically odd number, why did he know it?

The pup did not have long to ponder, and Lex put away his sword and climbed onto its back.

"Use your stealth to get us to the next entrance," Lex said, reminding the pup of its mission.

Cassandra, who knew exactly where the curse was and what route to take to avoid it, led the way. The only reason they were being stealthy was to avoid detection from the curse through some other means. Since they had not interacted with it yet, they did not know what it was capable of.

Lex remained silent the entire time, ready for something to go wrong, as it usually did. He had begun to develop a theory about why he got caught in so many problems so frequently, but there was no way to test it for now.

But for once, there were no problems. Fenrir's incredible stealth was as reliable as always, prompting Lex to stare at its fur for a while. Last time, he had used Orion's scale to help give his suit stealth properties. He wondered if adding some of Fenrir's fur would make it even better.

Putting that thought aside, Lex entered the next test. Since Cassandra had already set the format, there would be no unexpected situations. But the difficulty of the tests scaled significantly.

This time, the suit of armor he faced radiated an aura at the peak of the Nascent realm. Moreover, it was particularly heavy, as if it was strong even among its peers. It also did not hold any sword or any other physical weapon, meaning it likely would use some other means of attack.

Summoning his sword, Lex selected 'YES' on the option to begin the test, and this time attacked first. He solidified space around the suit of armor and Blinked above it, swinging down to cut it in half.

But the solidified space seemed to return to normal at the last moment, and the suit of armor evaded the sword with a single step.

Before Lex could react, his surroundings changed and he was pulled into some kind of illusion. But before things could progress further, the illusion broke on its own, and the suit of armor reeled back.

It was not so easy to cover an entire planet in an illusion, and acting on Lex was now basically the same thing. The suit of armor suffered a backlash from his failed technique, and Lex did not give it a chance to recover. His sword cleaved it apart with one hit.

With the test over, Lex did not immediately exit to the next level, but stood over the suit of armor and took a deep breath.

If the previous win had been a result of his own skill, this one relied on some of the various cheats he had accumulated on his person. That was not a good sign. He still had two or more tests to go through.

A couple of thoughts ran through his mind. First, were there really so many people this skilled back when the temple was running? He got so far due to a number of boosts to his strength, cultivation and skill he got, but he knew that such things weren't really replicable. So how did ordinary cultivators get through so many levels back then? This was keeping in mind that the temple members were actively trying to help him pass the tests.

It was, quite frankly, both baffling and humbling.

But, that was just a fleeting thought. Since Lex had the resolution to be the best, he was ready to work hard to slowly and steadily become stronger. If others were as strong as him, he would surpass them eventually.

The second thought was about employing some of the new sword techniques he had learnt, as well as his other gains.