

Innkeeper 938

Chapter 938 Inheritance

Before attempting to delve deeper with his investigations, Lex first inspected Z's visible condition.

He did not appear to be suffering from any kind of pressure, and instead appeared to be lost deep within his meditations. His brow and jaw were relaxed and not clenched or scrunched, which indicated how at ease he was.

His hair had grown longer, covering his ears, and early signs of facial hair were showing, which was another sign that he seemed to be doing fine.

He was wearing a loose robe, which had clearly been given to him by the temple, but on his feet he wore a familiar pair of bathroom slippers.

Lex felt somewhat relieved upon spotting the slippers, as they may be helping him tolerate the pressure. But the slippers only ignored passive, environmental damage or pressure, so he was not completely sure if they would activate.

After a long while of observing every little detail, from hair luster to fingernail length, Lex was not able to detect any physical anomaly. As far as he could tell, Z was in a healthy state.

But how could he check Z's mental state?

Well technically, due to Mindmeld, Lex had a way. But he would need to, at the very least, touch Z with his spirit sense first. Even ignoring the repeated warnings he'd gotten not to disturb Z, getting his spirit sense to Z without first himself being overwhelmed by the pressure was going to be a difficult task.

Before making any drastic decisions, Lex decided to finish observing the room first.

The room was surprisingly bare, compared to the rest of the temple. But a room filled with so much pressure likely did not need decor to build its ambiance.

With eyes nearly squeezed shut, Lex inspected the remainder of the hall, little by little. The first time one of the statues entered his vision Lex needed to pause. The formation around him could increase its effects no longer, and even entering Overdrive state to boost his brain hardly helped.

But, eventually, Lex found a way. If he took a considerably long time, and only looked at the statue little by little, his brain would be able to eventually handle all the pressure it was being exerted to.

It was a tedious process, but Lex was dedicated. It took him around 2 hours to eventually see the first statue in its full glory.

It was a woman, fully armored, one of her hands resting on the pommel of her sword while the other gripped a shield. Instead of a helmet, she wore a circlet, but something about it told Lex that she remained well protected nonetheless.

The odd thing was, Lex could tell that she was likely very beautiful. But while he had eventually managed to absorb the information about the remainder of the statue, he was never able to completely perceive her face. Every time he tried to focus on her features, he would be hit by a feeling threatening a blackout.

Eventually, he decided to move on and look at the next statue, and then the next. It took him nearly 36 hours just to view a total of eight statues, all of different men and women, and eventually Lex needed to stop.

He had not finished viewing the statues, or even seen the one Z was sitting in front of. But he had reached his capacity, and could not continue without getting some rest first.

The interesting thing was that each statue seemed to radiate a powerful aura, but none of them were the source of the most suppressive one.

That statue stood in the middle of the room, and Lex was not ready to see it yet.

"That's it, I'm done," he said aloud, and the image in front of him slowly faded, and the wall returned to its former state.

The formation around him deactivated, and Lex immediately slumped. This was one of the rare moments where Lex completely exhausted his mental and spiritual energy.

The door opened, and Mateo appeared once again, still looking anxious.

"So are you satisfied? You did not disturb him did you?"

"I didn't disturb him," Lex said weakly as he stood up. "But I am not satisfied yet. I have not even observed half of the statues in that room yet, and I have no way of knowing Z's mental state. I am going to rest a while before trying again."

Mateo tried to convince Lex that Z was fine, and that he did not need to go through with this, but Lex was adamant. He planned on continuing to observe, right up until he stepped out of the room and saw a frowning Cassandra.

"36 hours with no sleep or food. It seems like I did not impress the importance of these on you yet."

Lex smiled weakly, but could not avoid being dragged to a small meal. It was very light, consisting of a clear soup as well as some salad.

Despite how delicious it was, Lex just wanted to sleep, which he eventually got the opportunity to do, but only after Cassandra made him take a small walk to help with digestion.

He barely practiced the anti-divination technique and dozed off. Lex woke up refreshed, but stopped to have breakfast before he returned to the observation room to continue his efforts.

This routine continued for nearly 10 days until Lex finally saw all 24 statues in the room, besides the one in the center.

Of all the statues, the only one whose appearance Lex was able to observe was the one Z was in front of. It looked remarkably similar to the teenager, only a little more mature.

It was not surprising considering he had been informed that Z was his descendant, but he could not help but hope Z was only receiving an inheritance instead of being used to reincarnate his ancestor.

It was a diabolical thought, and he had no reason to suspect such a thing. But Lex was not naive. It was an entirely possible scenario given how much they valued the ancestor.

Today, he was completely fresh, so he was finally going to attempt observing the last statue. After one last glance at Z, he turned his attention to the middle of the room. He could not avoid the trepidation that filled his heart - it felt as if it was coming from his very soul.

He inched his vision closer and closer, and the nearer he got, the greater the feeling of fear that had taken a hold of him.

Just as Lex was about to glance at the lowest point of the statue, his instincts began screaming at him. Looking up any further... was a 'very' bad idea.

Normally Lex was fearless, but after almost being absorbed by the universe just because he listened to some information regarding Celestials, he gained a healthy amount of fear and respect for things relating to higher levels.

Eventually, he relented. He did not take a look at the statue, and instead returned his focus on Z.

After looking at the rest of the statues, the amount of pressure he faced had dropped, so he felt like he could attempt using his spirit sense now.

It was a slow, and excruciating process, but eventually Lex touched Z with his spirit sense. He did not nudge the teenager, or distract him in any way. Instead, he used Mindmeld to turn a wisp of his spirit sense into 'thought' and infiltrated Z's mind.

What Lex saw was a war. It was a war that spanned the entirety of the Primal realm, the first ever realm in the universe. He saw only glimpses of it. He saw humans fighting behemoths. He saw deities being crushed under the feet of giants. He saw a horde of beasts pulverized by a single creature. He saw the ascension of dragons for killing a creature that in itself was akin to the sun and the moon and the sky. He

saw the invincible phoenix, burning again and again until it became fire itself, and forcefully took undeath and made it its own dominion.

He also saw... he saw Death, and Destiny as two living beings, still young and feeble. He saw more, so much more...

"You are impressive, child," a gentle, loving voice spoke directly into Lex's mind. "This is not your inheritance, but I will allow you to take a piece of it nonetheless. But it will be locked in your mind until you prove yourself worthy. Unfortunately, the battle is lost. Now, life is but a play, and the living are merely performers.

"Perform well, and you will be rewarded, and gain a chance to learn greater secrets. I'll give you a hint. The Cosmic Ascendence Spectrum... is merely one of many rankings. Get your name on one, and you will gain the qualifications to become a true performer. You will forget this as well, but a part of this knowledge will stay with you. Whether you want to ignore it, or prove yourself, will be a decision your subconscious mind will make, based on who you are. But I have a feeling... that I will see you soon."