

Innkeeper 939

Chapter 939 Sense of community

The images Lex saw all faded from his memories, and were instead replaced by memories of various basic weapons. When he saw the spear, his mind stayed calm, as was the case with the bow, the dagger, the dart, and hundreds of variations of these weapons. He even saw some swords, but they were all kinds that Lex had never used before, or could not reconcile with the way he used swords.

But eventually, an image of the kind of sword Lex normally used, which he identified as a standard double-sided sword, and Lex's mind had some fluctuations. As if responding to his fluctuations, Lex continued to have visions of a war, though for some reason the details always eluded him.

Instead, what Lex retained was the experience of using the sword. He used it as a mortal, as a cultivator, as a soldier, and a bandit, and in countless other scenarios. He became accustomed to it, so much so that not having a sword felt strange and incomplete.

But after each wave of visions, the memories would drain away from his mind, leaving behind only traces of their presence.

This continued for many cycles before Lex began to see other weapon shapes. The next one that resonated with him was the buster sword, mainly because of his experience wielding the eight feet long sword while being a baby.

He had more visions about that, and then forgot again, once again leaving behind only traces. Then the process repeated.

The next time, Lex resonated with the butter knife. After that, he resonated barehanded combat. Then with arrays. Then with techniques shot out from one's eyes.

The process was extremely thorough, and seemed to last forever while he went through it, but each time the memories would fade, so he only remembered a few moments passing.

When the visions finally ended, and Lex woke up, he found himself meditating in the observation room. The window to the room where Z was sitting had already faded, and the wall had resumed its normal condition.

Besides feeling a slight mental fatigue, Lex felt more or less normal. He got up from his chair as the door opened to reveal a perpetually anxious Mateo.

"You were in the room for five days this time. Cassandra won't be happy that you missed so many meals."

Shaking his head, Lex said, "it couldn't be helped. I think... I think I received a part of an inheritance."

Mateo trembled, and Cassandra also suddenly appeared beside him, her eyes fixed on Lex.

"What do you mean you 'think'?" she asked.

"I'm not sure exactly. I'm certain I saw something, but I can't remember any of it. It's strange."

Cassandra relaxed and even smiled a little.

"You're right, you did receive a part of an inheritance. Don't worry, the memory loss is for your own protection. What you gained is a lot more valuable. Do not think about it, and just accept it."

Lex nodded, pushing the matter to the back of his mind. He was not lacking in inheritances and opportunities. What was more important was that he confirmed that Z was not experiencing some kind of brainwashing, or being used as a vessel for the reincarnation of his ancestor.

With that, he could move on to the next step of his plan. But, just as he was about to speak, Cassandra raised her finger and stopped him.

"Food first," she said in a tone that was not up for negotiations.

Finding it hard to reject a good meal, Lex waited until he found himself at a table with several courses laid out in front of him. Cassandra, who was sitting opposite to him, was once again sipping tea.

"Since I have confirmed Z's condition, I am ready to invite more employees from the Inn. One of them will also bring the Innkeeper's business card. You can have your meeting, and the rest of the workers can get trained for the next few months."

Cassandra's hand paused, and instead of taking a sip, she eventually lowered her cup and looked at him.

"Go ahead, then."

Lex smiled. With her go ahead, he sent out instructions to Mary.

The population of guests at the Midnight Inn had dropped drastically, but by now it was clear that those who remained, none intended to leave anytime soon.

To say that nearly half the remaining guests, whether it be devils, humans, or elves, were in love with Velma and wanted to pursue her would be wrong. The actual number was probably greater than 50%.

Fortunately, they were all well behaved and none of them tried to be forceful. How could they? They were completely enamored by her endless creativity, enthralled by her beauty, and completely enchanted by her jocund nature.

If asked, them to wage war on her behalf, it would not be surprising if 90% of them marched out to battle. The remaining 10% would most likely begin using their contacts to amass a power that could obliterate planets and target it towards wherever she pointed.

A small percentage of the guests who remained were representatives of powers who had hidden items of great value at the Inn, such as the paladins. Then there were the guests who used the Beyond the Grave feature of the Inn to exist as spirits.

Finally, the last portion was a random mix of guests who had various reasons to stay behind. This included the many guests still breaking through their realm from the last time the Inn underwent a star rank increase. It would not be unusual if they stayed that way for a few more years, as cultivation at higher stages often became such a lengthy process.

This, of course, excluded the many guests who had leased Minor realms from the Inn, as even those had become locked when the Inn stopped accepting guests. Anyone could still enter those Minor realms, but they would not be able to return to the Inn.

As a result, compared to the past, where the Inn was a hotbed of activity, things were calmer and more peaceful. The few guests living at the Inn had developed a sort of community as well, and arranged for some activities amongst themselves.

The Book Reading club had become considerably famous, and the founder of the club, Gladius, became one of the most well-

known guests at the Inn. The club extended to many members who were not at the Inn as well, via the Henali portal. But the integral members all stayed at the Inn. Many of the regulars were trapped outside since they could not afford to stay at the Inn perpetual, much to their regret.

Regardless, Gladius had no intentions of leaving, and had started to include many of Velma's followers into his club by doing readings of her comics.

Things at the Inn felt incredibly harmonious, and even those guests who weren't exactly social and did not like to interact with others began enjoying the environment. It was much better than the previous, extremely hectic and crowded Inn.

Many of them wished that things would not change. One of the guests, an old Nascent realm cultivator who had no hope of ever progressing further, had even deposited enough MP to book a room for the next 100 years. He would probably die before that, but he wanted to spend his last days in peace, at the Inn.

Such an environment left many of the workers with a lot of free time. With not much else to do, they often enjoyed some of the Inns amenities and services themselves, using the MP they got in their salaries.

But today, suddenly, almost 95% of all Inn workers were suddenly asked to assemble without explanation. They gathered in the village, which was the only place to hold such large numbers. Over a hundred thousand workers gathered, which was quite a sight.

Most of the time they were spread out across the Inn, so it was difficult to realize how many of them there were. But considering that the Inn frequently handled guests in the millions, this was a very small number of guests.

Gerard, the only person with a following of admirers that was even remotely close to that of Velma's, walked out on stage in front of the massive crowd.

After returning from the war he, and many others, had broken through the Golden core realm. As a result, his appearance was refined once again, and although he retained a look of maturity, all of his wrinkles disappeared.

As the head of security, he was well known by all, not to mention that he was one of the first two followers of the Innkeeper. Although Luthor was supposed to be the Innkeepers' assistant, more of the workers were familiar with Gerard. After all, Luthor spent most of his free time training. He had no social life to speak of.

"I hope you all are well," Gerard said, his voice as comforting and smooth as always. "I won't mince words, mostly because we have urgent orders. All of you have been selected for a great opportunity. The few who will be left behind will bear the responsibility of continuing to run the Inn, but they will still get the same opportunity, but later. But alongside an opportunity, I feel this is a responsibility. I hope you all will put in your best effort not to disappoint the Innkeeper."