

## **Innkeeper 941**

### Chapter 941 Not what I expected

The orb ride was not long, and felt even shorter due to the incredible and enchanting views along the way. It was an enchanting experience, and Lex looked forward to the challenge of creating a space inside his Inn where Void dwellers could also come on vacation.

Considering the fact that the Inn was supposed to cater to everyone in the universe, it was expected that he would get guests who needed special environments to live in. But that would have to wait for the future, when Lex wasn't stuck in an existential crisis all the time.

Lex imagined that, back in the day when the temple was operating normally, the view outside was very different. The temple probably wasn't hidden in the Void back then. He wondered what it must have looked like.

Losing himself in such normal thoughts for once was a refreshing change, so when the orb finally returned inside the temple and arrived at the destination, he was in a very good mood. The fact that he would see other people again after so long was also great.

The orb finally reached the hall with all the workers, and Lex exited the orb to a soft murmuring from the countless conversation between all of them. Nobody recognized Lex because, well, he wasn't a baby the last time they saw him. They just assumed he was a part of the temple.

By now, thousands of projections had woken up and had given a small briefing to everyone about where they were, as well as forming lines to take the initial assessment.

The clean environment, the professional attitude of the projections as well as the excellent service they were being provided quickly established an unsaid misunderstanding that spread amongst all the workers. They assumed, naturally, that this temple had been specially prepared for them by the Innkeeper.

It made sense. The Innkeeper had long been preparing them for this eventual move all the way back from before the great Inn invasion had happened. The addition of the security team, the guards, the battalion, and eventually even the 300 workers were all signs that the Innkeeper was getting ready to train them.

It only made sense, and not just because they needed higher combat ability. Many of their guests were incredibly powerful, and they could not even cater to their requirements due to their current weakness.

They also felt somewhat inadequate because the Inn constantly hired security guards from the Reaving Dread mercenary group. It was not that they had problems with the group, just that they felt guilty for having the Innkeeper babysit them so.

So, a facility specifically designed to train and strengthen them and only them seemed logical, and well within the capabilities of someone as powerful as the Innkeeper. The fact that the projections gave them vague details about the temple's background only served to enhance this misunderstanding.

After all, telling them that a mysterious powerful being designed the temple to train and enhance the human race did nothing to dissuade them from connecting it to the Innkeeper.

As such, a strange harmony was established between all the projections and the workers, who gave the utmost respect to the 'mysterious and powerful being'.

Moreover, as workers of a large organization with unbelievable services and rules, they could understand what the projections were experiencing well enough, and so they quickly developed friendships.

Although unaware of the misunderstanding, Lex nodded as he saw the pleasant atmosphere develop, and the lighthearted relationship between the workers and projections forming. It only made sense, the Inn workers were the most polite and sociable people around.

Cassandra similarly nodded at seeing how effectively the training process was beginning. She expected nothing less from the best trainers in the universe.

The two eventually found Luthor after asking around, and found the man standing in a corner, overlooking everyone slowly going through the selection. When he spotted the baby and the lady approaching, his gaze became fixed on the baby.

"So you're Leo, huh? Got to say this is not what I imagined you looked like without the Clark Kent glasses and... without your scary mask."

He tried to hide his amusement, but he could not.

"Officially, it's Lex," he explained as he walked up to his own secretary. "I go by Leo because I didn't want anyone from my previous life to recognize me. This, by the way, is a recent development. I got injured during the rescue, and when I healed, well, this happened."

The amusement quickly dropped from Luthor's face, replaced instead by a serious expression.

"I did not get an opportunity to thank you. You saved all our lives. If ever you need my help, just say the word and I'll take care of it regardless of the difficulty."

"Think nothing of it," Lex said, waving his hand. "I treat everyone at the Inn like my family. Now, I believe you have something for us."

Luthor nodded, and brought out the Innkeeper's business card from his pocket and handed it with both hands to Cassandra.

For once, Cassandra found it completely impossible to maintain her emotionless state as even just in projection form, she could feel the incredible aura emanating off the card. She touched it, and from her projection all the way to her actual body, which was in a deep slumber somewhere inside the temple, she felt dread and awe from coming in contact with the energy in the card.

As someone who was at the peak of the Celestial Immortal realm, far stronger even than Jotun, she could feel the sheer awesomeness packed into the card. Even her projection started to sweat, but neither Lex nor Luthor thought less of her for it.

"Lex, you spend some time catching up with your friends. I will come get you once my meeting is over. There are still many things you need to work on."

Even while she spoke, Cassandra's eyes stayed fixed on the card. But as soon as she was done, her projection faded, the card disappearing with her. She was not willing to delay the matter at all. It was too important.

Once she left, Lex was left alone with Luthor. For a moment he felt slightly awkward. He'd hardly interacted with the Inn staff as himself, but the feeling did not last long. He really wasn't the type to dwell on such things.

"How was everyone once they returned? Any problems? I've... I've heard that many people suffer from trauma after coming back from a warzone."

Lex already knew the answer. He'd monitored everyone through his system. But it didn't hurt to hear the details directly from the source.

"It was... an adjustment, suddenly coming back to a safe environment from the battlefield. But none of the battalion members had any real problems. Or rather, before there was an opportunity for a problem to manifest, Dr. Best took everyone's rehabilitation into his own hands. Despite how... how low his cultivation realm is, he is quite fearless, and pushy.

"As it turns out, the stress relief from the hot tub room, the various patisserie snacks as well as Harry's haircuts is a lot more potent than I thought. It doesn't just get rid of your stress for the day. It literally gets rid of all one's worries that had been stored over time. He also forced me to spend a few weeks inside the Gamer's den playing a couple of games called Minecram and Candycrash. It was a different experience. I don't know about the rest, but he also spent a few good hours lecturing me on how I'm abusing my bloodline. The man is... relentless."

"Yes, I've met him. He should have also arrived with this group, right?"

"Yeah, you can see him right over there," Luthor said, as he pointed towards a small crowd in the distance. "He's arguing with a few different projections, claiming that his training routines are better and more thorough than theirs."

Lex could not help but chuckle. Charles Best was a very interesting fellow, and he had extremely varied interests, and he was equally passionate about each one of them. He also knew many secrets that would be very helpful when the new realm was born.

"By the way, you should have also had something for me as well," Lex said, remembering something important.

Luthor nodded, and handed him a spatial bag that he had been carrying.

"Thanks, I really need this," Lex said as he observed the contents of the bag. It contained only one suit that matched his measurements. But, more important than appropriately sized attire, was the fact that the only purpose of the suit was to multiply Lex's control over space.

For the next few months, that was the only thing he intended on training. After all, if Lex planned on taking advantage of a loophole to return to the Inn, he needed to improve his control over space as much as possible.

He already mastered Blink. Now he just needed to master teleporting across trillions of lightyears with hundreds of thousands of workers. It shouldn't be a problem.