

## **Innkeeper 954**

### Chapter 954 Your own answers

Lex did not ask what she had in mind. Since the topic had clearly reached this point she would talk about it, but he had to maintain his psychological advantage. As a baby, every little bit of help counted, especially when dealing with an unknown phenomena that would potentially affect the whole universe. Technically Vera had not said that yet, but if even Destiny could fail, Lex could only imagine that the repercussions were large.

Also, he still did not have a complete grasp of what Destiny was? Was it a rank? Was it fate? Was it the name of a universal escort lady? Who knew?

Vera did not keep him waiting for long.

"For now, you don't need to concern yourself with the Nexus event. It is still far away. But it was still important to tell you about it. You see, there is kind of an unwritten rule in the divination community about it. We don't really tell non-diviners about it, while we make sure to spread the word about it as much as possible within the divination community.

"You see, for us diviners, oracles, and such, the Nexus is a great opportunity. You've already helped some of us remove shards of tribulation from our souls, so you know that we get punished heavily for divining certain things. But during the Nexus event, not only can we divine as we please, we can remove any punishments we're already suffering. Most importantly... Most importantly, we can change what fate has in store for us."

"What does that mean?" Lex asked. He could tell that Vera was putting a lot of emphasis on this last part. Changing one's fate or destiny seemed like a big deal, but how would you even know what your existing fate was? Or that the one you were getting was better?

"The Nexus event is far away," she said, not directly answering his question. "Right now, we have only detected the fringes of its existence in our divinations. That means there's plenty of time for you to look into this, and get the answers you want. The reason no one else can give you a proper answer is because there is no one correct answer. You just have to see what you can dig up."

"What if I'm not 'destined' to find anything?"

Vera laughed, as if the question reminded her of something funny.

"Your destiny is not defined throughout every second of your life. Or well, generally speaking, that's how it works. But regardless, you have to look for your answer yourself. If the answer to these questions are given to you by another person, they will always be wrong. Even if the answer is correct for them, the moment they tell you, it will become wrong for you. The secrets of the universe are something you have to uncover for yourself. That's all I wanted to tell you, and before you ask, no I was not telling you because I foresaw some benefit in doing so. It is simply a courtesy we extend to those in the divination community."

Lex pressed his lips as he contemplated yet another potential disaster waiting to happen. But at least it was far away.

"How far away is the event? Can you at least give me a guess?"

"I can't. If I tell you it's in 10 years, but it doesn't happen for a 1000 you'll blame me. Likewise, if I tell you it's 50,000 years away, but it happens in 300 years, you'll once again blame me. I cannot give you an answer for something I don't even know myself."

Lex sighed. Divination was a scam.

"Thanks for telling me anyway," Lex said as he stood up. As it happened, the train just happened to arrive at a station. The way the timing for that worked out perfectly did not in any way alleviate Lex's feelings for how much of a scam divination was.

Vera simply nodded, as she continued to look out the window.

Once he was out, Lex had to decide between going fishing and cultivating first. On one hand, it was best to gain as much information as possible. On the other hand, he was in no condition to do anything even if he gained extremely critical information.

He ultimately decided to go through one round of cultivation before heading to the well. He teleported to his apartment, and returned to his humble meditation mat of a technically living Heavenly immortal dragon.

It felt good to be back. But then he was suddenly reminded of the dream he had about being hunted by a massive dragon. Maybe he should start looking into some dragon slaying techniques.

For now, though, he closed his eyes and began cultivation. It was a painful process to start, because his meridians were extremely sore. Even the slightest of stimulation sent waves of pain coursing through his body.

But he endured in silence. His body would heal from all wounds, so there was no reason to fear getting hurt. Of course, if his Golden core was in danger he would not take the same risk, but it did not seem to be under any pressure, so he continued to cultivate through the pain. Eventually, he would be stronger for it. He was the literal manifestation of the idiom 'what doesn't kill you makes you stronger'.

Going through one cycle took him three hours, as even though he ignored it, the pain slowed him down. But this was not enough to have his body adapt to its conditions, so he continued. Whether it was the strain his body was suffering, the Dragons Might around him, the toughness and vitality of the dragon beneath him, his cultivation technique took them all in, and slowly started to make him better for it.

What his physique could do for others, his cultivation technique could do for himself, so he continued to train. What he didn't know was that his physique had imparted some of the benefits he had onto the countless workers who traveled back to the Inn with him. Slowly, they were all improving.