

Innkeeper 986

Chapter 986 Scary Bee

Lex teleported over to the location where someone was knocking on his boundary wall, and looked over. An animal of some kind, similar to a squirrel with transparent wings on its back was smashing some unknown object on the wall.

For a moment Lex was confused. He could not tell if it was just a random animal trying to crack open some massive nut, or was actually knocking. Since the animal was technically outside his territory, he couldn't even scan it.

There was an easy way to find out. With a flick of his hand, the portion of the wall he was on turned into an equally massive gate, which began to swing open.

The creature was immediately startled and ran away before the gate could reveal even a speck of the land behind it, but Lex did not stop the gate from opening. He watched as it scurried through the tall grass and hid behind an old, dying tree.

Lex teleported away. He didn't have time to watch how the creature behaved, but he was paying attention to this area so if anything entered through the gates he'd immediately find out.

He scanned the Inn for changes, and ignored the countless worker bunnies which were growing cocoons around themselves. That was a totally normal thing that all rabbits did, he completely saw no reason why he should give it any more attention than the empty suits that were ogling the mannequins in Geeves' display.

Wait, on second thought, he should tell the suits not to ogle. It'd be rude if they started doing that towards his guests later on.

While Lex was continuously scanning the Inn, and feeling incredibly grateful that at least the missiles in his museum weren't showing signs of coming to life, Qawain finally arrived at his office.

"My apologies for the tardiness," the sword in the shape of a man said. He was wearing a daoist robe, which was a change from his usual attire. But for some odd reason, Lex felt like these clothes suited him more.

"Not at all, you are just in time. How are you adjusting to the change?"

"The environment here feels phenomenal. But I feel my cultivation is stuck. I am not sure why. Perhaps it has been too long since I honed myself."

"That is a result of the realm being new. It will pass, eventually. In the meantime, I will arrange a place for you and others in the immortal realms to experience their breakthroughs in the future."

"I am in no rush. Experiencing some pressure for a while will be good for me."

"I am glad you are adjusting well to the change. In that case, I have a task for you. As a result of the change, countless new workers have been born from nonliving things - and they are not exactly adjusting well. I thought perhaps you might have some insight into how to help them adjust."

"I will handle it," Qawain responded, before bowing and leaving. That was fairly straightforward. Lex had Mary give him a list of newborns to look after, starting from the wailing spaceship. If his guests woke up and saw his spaceship crying, he would feel extremely embarrassed.

Speaking of which, he turned his attention to Fredrich. He wanted to see how the chubby honey bee was doing. But he did not expect the scene he would stumble upon.

Fredrich, the cute little Draconian Apostle, was hovering in the sky around hundreds of butterflies. Or rather, it would be more accurate to say, Fredrich, the Draconian Apostle, had hundreds of massive butterflies at its mercy.

The entire region had become dark under the influence of some technique it was using, and it seemed like within the darkness a portal to a much more sinister place had opened up. From within this plane, green translucent wisps appeared and wrapped themselves around each of the butterflies, holding them still.

An oppressive aura, akin to that of the most deadly predator, blanketed the butterflies and threatened their very sanity.

Despite how horrid the sight seemed, Lex did not interfere yet. He had told Fredrich that he could use his means as long as he did not hurt anyone, and up till now, it did not seem like he had actually hurt any of them.

"Look, how fun. You're all waiting around in the air, so that I can play with you at my leisure. You really shouldn't have." At first the bee's words were filled with childlike excitement, but as it paused and looked at the butterflies, its voice changed when it said, "You 'really' shouldn't have."

The last sentence, the one that was repeated, was filled with such an immense aura of discontent that even Lex felt that Fredrich was on the verge of attacking. But fortunately, it did no such thing. In fact, it actually withdrew its aura, reducing the suppression the butterflies were experiencing..

"You see how something I think is a prank does not necessarily seem that way to you?" it asked, as if questioning a child.

Technically the apostle was speaking directly into the minds of the butterflies, but Lex could eavesdrop anyway. The butterflies were all too eager to respond to the apostle, and fawn over it as they claimed to be reborn as saints compared to their prior selves.

Its methods were a little drastic... but the Inn needed some variety. Not everyone could be extremely friendly, and some with harsher means was not a bad thing. Lex just had to make sure he remained within his limits.

As the Draconian Apostle made its way to the next flutter of butterflies, its freshly reeducated victims followed behind it, as if they were too afraid to leave without instruction.

Okay, maybe he was pushing it just a bit.

Lex wondered if it was just Fredrich that was like this, or was this a tendency shared by all apostles. The latter seemed more likely, for he had no idea what ability it had used to hold all the butterflies prisoner. It was likely some racial ability.

Maybe he should add a few apostles to the Midnight Battalion.