

# 《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

## Chapter 100: First Grade Masters

The weird tempered master moved back to the stage while glancing over all the disciples here like she was looking at lamps ready for slaughter. "Anyone can tell me what the grades are for gear?"

She moved her gaze yet none ever whispered a thing. "C'mon, it's such an easy question... don't tell me none of the disciples here ever had seen any gears or heard about them!"

Her soft words managed to lure a couple of poor kids. Jim glanced over the two while they stated their answers and only inwardly smirked. 'Idiots... she isn't a berserker... she is like a medusa... or a giant wicked spider queen!'

He watched the two kids each losing points for their corresponding pantheons.

'Don't you want to know the answer?' the old man suddenly whispered.

'Old man, I do want to gain some prestige and points, but not on the expense of getting on the bad side of this one!'

'Humph,' the old man teased him as Jim sighed. 'Don't try to lure me, I'm invincible to your tricks.'

'I know, just making sure.'

'Of what?'

'Nothing,' the old man kept his mouth shut while another batch of poor disciples were lured out again by the sweet words of this master.

"Sigh, is she feeding on our points or what?"

Just as the class ended, the disciples moved out like prisoners breaking out of jail. "We all lost points," the giant kid, John, said before landing his gaze upon Jim and added, "all except one."

His tone was loud enough to attract the attention of all. Jim glanced at him and said

nothing as he went in a direction and aimed to roam the campus alone.

The master just told them about the two classes break rule. Each disciple would be granted a half an hour break for rest, lunch, or having fun. These breaks were arranged one per two classes, and the most a disciple could have in a single day was six classes.

"Hey hey, I'm speaking to you."

Suddenly that giant stood in front of him, appearing out of thin air. Jim glanced at him as he restrained his anger. 'Calm down,' the old man warned, 'fighting here has a severe punishment.'

Jim took a deep breath as he said:

"Move away."

"Or... what?" John got so close to him that his last letters seemed to be thrown directly over Jim's face.

"I don't want any problems," Jim said as he calmly retreated a couple of steps. Just before John would proceed, the female master came out to glance over this about to start a quarrel.

"Oh... fighting here is prohibited gentlemen," she said with these good will words with a vicious expression over her face. "Who started it?" she approached them while preparing herself for feasting over more of their points.

"He did," both pointed to each other while the master shook her head in regret and disappointment. "The one who started this would have gained only a simple warning by me, but now... how unfortunate!"

Her face didn't show any speck of sorrow or regret.

"Is there anything wrong?" Suddenly Mark appeared coming out of nowhere like he was already here.

"These two were about to fight," she pointed casually towards Jim and John, "I was trying to see who is the instigator here."

Her tone changed from her cruel one to the calm one. Even Jim mistook hers as apologizing or explaining her actions to Mark.

And Mark simply glanced at the two with a frown. "Did you ask?" he said before turning to her as he gave her a meaningful glance, "gently?"

"I did," she shrugged while crossing her arms over her chest, "but none stepped forward to be the instigator."

"Interesting," Mark said and Jim felt he was already aware of the culprit.

"You should let them fight," suddenly a third master approached belonging to the chimera pantheon. "the winner will be the one on the right here."

"Donald," Mark turned to him as he calmly added, "not everything can be solved by fighting."

"Everything is about fighting," Donald stood just next to the female master while adding, "I'm the master of war class and I can tell this is the best way."

"Serum of the truth is the best way," a fourth master appeared. Jim glanced at this good and calm looking unicorn master. "It's so easy to make them spell the truth out."

"What's the fun old man?" the female master said while playfully joking, "I lean towards the option Donald gave here," she paused while sizing up Donald with hot gazes, "tsk, what a regret I only love ladies."

Many disciples couldn't control their laughter and the face of Donald turned tomato red instantly.

"Alright," Mark shouted before adding, "it's simple then... whoever will confess will only get a strict warning."

He turned towards the two under questioning here, "it's not a big deal, so don't try to make quite a scene for yourself under any circumstances."

He winked and Jim only stood there motionless and expressionless like a statue.

"I was only teasing him," John finally said.

"Good lad," Mark said.

"The pantheon of berserkers loses fifty points for that," yet before he could continue the female berserker hurriedly said.

"Rana..." Mark shouted at her, "Why in the name of fairies did you do that?"

"I don't like liars," she shrugged before chuckling in a vicious way, "and I hate those cowards more."

"He is part of your pantheon," Donald was speechless there as he muttered.

"I don't give a damn about anyone," she said that before turning around to leave. "I can see you enjoyed my suggestion of last year... good for you," she threw these words over Mark who didn't know what to say to her.

"Sigh, Rana would never change," the unicorn master sighed, "but hate it or not, her advice is always on the mark."

"Indeed," Mark nodded before turning to the disciples, "go and have rest. Stop joking and fooling around. You aren't idiots or fools to do so, and I won't tolerate anymore of this."

The disciples nodded as they hurriedly left away. Jim went to the direction he intended from the start, feeling many gazes falling over him.

He mistook these for John, Patrick, and their friends.

"Is he the one you told me about?" the unicorn master asked while sticking his big rounded eyes towards Jim's back.

"He is," Mark nodded, "what do you think?"

"Interesting," the unicorn master muttered, "I can't see anything related to his future at all!"

"You seem to go senile old man," Donald joked but the unicorn master turned to him as he played with the pointy silver horn in the middle of his forehead.

"I'm not old, my race can live five times the life span of yours."

"I..." Donald stuttered under the calm words of the unicorn master.

"Plus my eyes never failed before to spot the future path of any disciple," he turned to glance again at the back of Jim, "except for a few rare occasions and those... y'know, either caused legends or created tragedies."

"You don't mean...?" Donald stopped speaking while Mark gave him a warning glance.

"We can't speak about this anymore," Mark said, "we need just to make sure he will stay protected and well hidden inside."

"Are you already sure of his success?" the unicorn master turned to Mark who smiled.

"Since when have your golden eyes ever failed?"

"Hahaha, you are a trickster berserker," the unicorn laughed as he was a close friend already to Mark.

"But you aren't the only one with golden eyes old man," Donald bluntly said.

"Stop calling me that!"

"But Rana loves to call you that and you never objected!"

"She... is unique and you even drool over her," the unicorn master laughed while pressing over the sore spot of Donald, making the latter had a slight change in face.

"I dunno what's special about ladies loving each other and not accepting me," he mumbled while the other two only laughed on him.

As for Jim, he was now wandering aimlessly inside the inner disciple campus, not aware of all these talks on his back.

'So you advise me to take them all?' he was having a serious debate with his old man at the moment.

'This is the only way,' the old man said.

'But... What about the other masters? My masters?'

'The academy closes the studying cambass at evening, so you still have time for these three,' the old man said, 'and don't forget they also have responsibilities in the academy to attend to.'

'But...'

'Don't worry, you are a hard worker and I'm quite sure you can handle it.'

Jim was still hesitant, as the old man directly asked him to take all the classes provided for first year to learn.

This was something he hoped to get, but didn't want to. Having so many classes would turn him into a work slave, and he just got inside the academy and wanted to have more fun like other kids here.

'Let me decide at the end of the day,' he simply declined to follow the old man's outrageous demands and decided to think about his own future path himself.

And this made the old man sigh out of helplessness.