

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 112: The Silver Werewolf Master

"The legendary Grazies stadium," Rick said in pride like he was the one who built or owned it.

"Strange name," Jim muttered, " but I like it... will we train there?"

"No," a voice came all of sudden before a giant shadow approached them from one direction, "this is meant for the ultimatum league matches. As for you kids, you can play there at one of the subsidiary smaller grounds."

He was a giant werewolf with some differences than Rick in that shining silver hair.

"Master," Rick said while taking charge of this negotiation, "we are here to train to enter the league."

"Oh," the master's eyes shone brightly before adding, "the academy local league then?"

"No, the main league," Rick corrected.

"The ultimatum league?" the master said in shock before adding, "are you sure? That league is very violent and teams there won't show you mercy because you are a kid."

The master seemed quite welcoming to Rick and slightly caring about him. "Don't worry master, we know the risks," Rick said in gratitude, "may I ask if master is free to tell us how to join the main league?"

"Well... you have a short window to do that," the master said as he played with his long and thin beard that formed a thin line reaching his abdomen, "you have until tomorrow morning to join."

"This soon?" Rick was surprised before the maser pointed out to something:

"No academy team would dare to join except for masters or those arrogant kids at the ten grade. Other than the two, the league would be void of any," he said while the others understood his meaning.

If the kids of the academy wouldn't join, then the main league wouldn't extend the

deadline for them.

"Plus the main matches start this weekend in all leagues, so the preliminary matches would take place during the next five days."

"Preliminary matches?" Rick muttered, "may I ask about those?"

"Of course you don't think you are the only team aspiring to join the league," the master said before adding, "and not every team that applies will be accepted. You need to be the best of the best out of the admitting teams to gain your spot and earn it fair and square inside the league."

"This..." Rick seemed to be embarrassed as he had never heard about such a rule before.

"May I ask the master about other conditions for participating?"

"Pay one hundred academy coins admission fees as a start," the master said before adding, "and then pay one hundred coins for each match. Plus having a team to compete that follows the rules and the suited gears for that."

The master paused before glancing around, "I think you have the needed numbers, but the issue would be in gearing them up. Let's see... equipping ten players with suitable gears of the basic levels will cost you one hundred more coins, if not more if you asked for higher grade gears. Plus the shirts and slogan and other stuff that also cost money but less of course."

"This..." Jim muttered as he was surprised by all this list that he needed to fill with his money.

"Joining the ace league isn't that easy, if you can't then don't stress over selves. It's remarkable for a kid in the first year to aim this high. You still have nine years ahead of you. Don't overstress yourselves now."

Jim appreciated the kind words of the master. "Thanks master, may I ask where I should pay to participate?" he said before adding, "and as for the other things... we also need a coach to train us."

"Oh, a coach in one go... that would cost you a fortune," the master suddenly paused, "but if I can recall right, you have a master that can be a great coach in the first grade inner disciple campus masters."

"Who?" Rick hurriedly asked while Jim wasn't as enthusiastic.

After all he had some friction with some masters already. He hoped he would be the unicorn or the griffin master, not the chimera for sure.

"He was a very good player once and shone brightly in the league. Being part of your grade might give you an advantage to hire at a low price."

"He played before in the league?" it wasn't only Rick who had his eyes shine brightly, but also Kro and Roo as well.

"It's a lady not a dude," the master laughed, "I can call her here if you wanted, after all she is the one responsible for handling the gears for the teams here."

"No f*cking way!" Jim couldn't help but exclaim in shock, "you can't mean master Rana!!"

"Oh you guessed her right kid, good eyes," the master laughed, "back in the day she was such a fierce tank that gained herself a very famous name... the Bulltor Berserker Rana!"

"Damn me!" Roo hurriedly exclaimed in shock, "Do you know her boss? Do you know one of the legends of the Lionesse team?"

Jim didn't know how he should respond to that. His memories about her weren't pleasant, and he preferred not to deal with her directly.

However, as the master said, she might be available at a low price.

"Can you call her?" Jim said as he totally ignored the anticipation in the eyes of his poor friend.

"Sure," the master paused before warning, "I believe you've met her already. So a piece of advice for all... try to be calm and very respectful with her."

"I know," Jim nodded as this was what he intended to do. Just as the master took out a strange shaped horn, Jim pushed Rick to the side and stood in the forefront.

"Don't speak at all until I tell you so," he strictly warned in a low tone while the master blew the horn and no sound came at all from it.

They waited for a couple of minutes while the master never used the horn again or said any word.

"What are you doing here in this late hour of the night old man?"