

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 126: Let's Aim For His Sore Spot

Just as he said it, the other person remained silent yet his body released a very thick aura. "Stop it, damn... I should have known you'd react like this!" the newcomer hurriedly shouted and he managed to cool down the three eyed one.

"Are you sure of this?" the three eyed person asked, "are you sure that pantheon was revived?"

"I saw it with my eyes."

"Who did it?"

"Guess who," the newcomer didn't say and just played with his guest.

"I bet a Bulltor must have done it!"

"Wrong answer," the newcomer laughed and his laughs looked so bizzare under the voice changing spell he was using, "it was a human."

"W... What?!!"

"Hahaha, I bet before coming here you won't believe it."

"How come?!" the three eyed person was still shocked by this relevance, "they never showed any signs for that!"

"The weakest link in the old chain," the newcomer sighed, "even I never saw this coming."

"I bet the old monsters back there will be shocked," the three eyed person laughed before the newcomer said:

"But many are discontent with his feat."

"Logic," the three eyed person stopped laughing as he said in a serious tone, "what

they are trying to get rid of him? I believe the laws of the academy are so strict that even they can't defy these."

"So they are changing the location."

A heavy silence erupted again as the three eyed person realized what his friend meant. "When are they sending him?"

"In one month."

"That's..."

"Too soon, I know," the newcomer said, "that's why I urgently asked to meet with you now."

"Good decision," the three eyes person said, "trying to just gather that old council once more would take roughly a month! I should start moving from now then."

"You should ask for their help," the newcomer stopped him from leaving.

"They didn't like our way of dealing with things," the three eyed person said in a harsh tone.

"Humans have all the right to know," the newcomer said, "after all how can you convince a human to join you without using his kin?"

"Who said anything about forcing him to leave your place?" the three eyed person asked in weirdness.

"Won't you take him away?" The newcomer was more surprised than his friend. "I thought..."

"Foolish friend... do you think he would be more lethal as a weapon with us or with you?"

The sudden comment of the three eyed person made the other one realize the future path of Jim.

"Alright, I'll help him as much as I can then," the newcomer sighed.

"You should," the three eyed person said, "after all he will be a lone wolf inside that distasteful place."

The three eyed person then vanished from the place, leaving that person from the

academy all alone. "Sigh, I tried to help you but... sigh," he shook his head before turning towards the direction of the far away academy. "I just hope you won't end up dying due to the greedy actions of your only allies and not on the swords of your enemies."

Then he used a spell to vanish from here, not caring about the stir of energy his and his friend spells caused here or the attention they created and attracted the watcher's eyes.

"So you are Petrick... welcome to the team kid."

Pol sat inside a large building inside the big residence of the Berserker's club. Here was something that was considered belonging to the Berserkers and their affiliated main clans, including the giants.

"Thanks sir," Patrick stood in respect in front of Pol. He wasn't the only one standing here, but a couple of other kids were also here; two giant kids also stood there.

"It's alright to aim for your rightful place in the world," Pol waved casually while relaxing over his seat, "but aiming for not your logical place in the world is such a grave mistake."

"I think so sir," Patrick agreed.

"That Jim... he isn't satisfied with his bold actions in the academy yet he decided to go for another place he doesn't deserve," Pol said in extreme hatred while touching uncontrollably his right hand where he felt a hidden pain still.

"You three are his classmates. Neither I nor anyone else can interfere, but you can."

He turned his gaze from Patrick to the two other clan kids; John and Rangor. "I depend on you to make him unrest during the next month."

"We'll do our best," Rangor said, "I won't settle until he is gone."

"Just hold that thought deep inside you and it will come true," Pol smiled as he liked the words of his clan boy, "Any ideas on how to do that?"

The three kids glanced at each other before John spoke, "We might use the help of some masters. Master Donald isn't on good terms with him. We can stir up some trouble and use his help to punish him."

"Cutting down some points, at most letting him be confined and do extra homework..."

that won't do," Pol sighed, "there is another better thing to do."

"Please enlighten us master," John said in deep respect.

"To hit someone in a place that truly hurts you need to select his weakest link... tell me what is his sore spot?"

The three exchanged silent glances again before Patrick got the courage to speak up, "his game team?"

"You got it closer boy," Pol was disappointed in the answer as his tone and face told them, "his team is his weak link."

"His slaves?" Rangor asked in doubt, "who would care about a bunch of useless slaves?"

"As far as I heard he doesn't consider them like this," Pol interestingly said, "he is just a fool. We should aim at them instead."

"Easy task boss," John said, "we three have a large army of slaves in the outer disciple campus. We can stir them against his small group of slaves and turn their lives as hell."

"Not enough," Pol shook his head, "we need to go even deeper than that."

"Like what sir?" Patrick asked.

"Have you attended the dancing ball last night?" Pol suddenly asked and the eyes of the three started to shine one after another as they all realized what their master wanted to do.

And then they started devising their scheme and evil plan till the early hours of the next morning.