

# 《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

## Chapter 148: The Lame Reporters

Jim waited inside the room patiently while watching the clock on the wall. "Ten minutes are almost done," he muttered before heading to the door, "I believe it's best not to be seen by anyone or else I'll turn into a laughing stock of everyone."

Just before they moved, Mera used her magical skills and makeup to print dense layers of powder over his face, making him look more like a girl now, not a boy.

He glanced at his reflection in the mirror before shaking his head helplessly and then opened the door.

He rapidly closed it before moving fast towards the direction of the stadium main gate.

The more he got closer to it the more people he met. He strangely wasn't feeling any worry, as he didn't see that being famous was bad.

He was slightly annoyed by the sudden gush of the reporters surrounding him. He would prefer it if he organized them in one line and listened to all their questions and gladly answered them.

"No comment huh... she is really merciless!"

Just as he was passing by the main gate he heard this mocking sneer coming from one group of reporters standing on the side.

"She is a loser, did she forget how she was kicked off the league?" another one sneered.

"Yet she was a hell of a player back then."

"A player that can't even run isn't a player."

"Indeed, I can't believe she found a job here and after all these years she would be the coach of such a team."

"It's not that good."

"It's not bad, needs a lot of training and more experience and to watch it compete in

the league."

"I doubt they'll make it that far," one reporter laughed, "I got a friend inside the academy and he told me no matter what those up there won't allow them to reach the ace league."

"You gotta be kidding me," another reporter said before taking out his note and added, "c'mon tell me what you know... tell me all."

"Hahaha, it's not a secret... that team isn't supported by the academy," that reporter said like he was all knowing of everything inside the academy, "as far as I know two pantheons are leading this move against the team and all because of their ace."

"This... is great news," the reporter who was writing muttered.

"You don't be this excited, I got the whim of an entire edition being prepared already by the local magazine of the academy."

"The magical pantheon magazine?" the reporter paused before adding, "but their edition won't be released except tomorrow morning. I can still make use of this news... make way, get out of my way girl."

The reporter mistook Jim as a girl as he passed hurriedly towards the distance.

"He is such a poor man," the reporter who told him the intel sneered, "at least he forgot to ask about my source."

Jim restarted walking again after faking tying up his shoes. "These despicable reporters... I wanna screw them," he clenched his fists and tried to control his rage.

Deep inside him he knew who was the reason behind all this. "All came from that Pol... I need to find a way to get rid of him if he keeps bugging me like this."

He wrongly thought by the agreement with the master from before he would be safe, but right now he knew he was gravely mistaken.

"This academy... it's a much more complicated place than I initially thought," he took a deep breath before adding, "I need to be ready for a brutal fight with Pol and his associates... after all I doubt he is all alone in this."

He walked without being recognized towards the direction of his mansion. Just as he arrived there, he spotted some reporters scanning the area and seemingly planning to camp themselves here.

"These people..." he wasn't in the mood to consider answering their questions as he walked directly towards the mansion's main gate.

The gate recognized him and opened from its own will for him to enter before closing up.

"Hi, can we have a word from you?" a reporter didn't let this chance slip by as he suddenly shouted, attracting others' attention as well.

"We only need a couple of words from you... like who are you and what are you doing here?"

Jim kept walking and didn't give them any heed.

"That girl looked like a loser," one reporter sneered.

"At least we know she has a relation to one of the team members... or perhaps she is the secret girlfriend of that ace... right, did you take her picture?"

"I'll take it now... flash!"

Jim entered the mansion while sounds of flashes kept echoing from behind. "Those fools... Do they think I'm a loser? Hahaha, they are the losers, not me," he laughed while walking in and headed towards his room.

'You should train.'

All of sudden the old man spoke again, startling him.

"You scared me," Jim sighed, "can't you knock or cause a sound first?"

'Don't let these game wins get into your mind... you know better than anyone how hard the next period will be for you.'

"Yeah, tell me about it," Jim took a deep breath before sitting on the ground, "Can't I take a day off? I'm hurt after all."

'You asked to have this team and compete for the competition, so you must take charge of these responsibilities.'

"Alright," Jim closed his eyes and started to regulate his breathing, "I'll train then."

'Good.'

Jim started to picture the memory of him being confined inside that small closet once again. This time the feeling he got was stronger, and everything seemed real.

As he kept himself in such a state, his body started to accumulate magic energy slowly. During his unique experience he couldn't feel time passing. So just a mere hour in there was equivalent to the entire night in the real world.

'Wake up!'

All of sudden his old man annoyed him and distracted him from his training. Like waking up from a deep dream he lazily opened his eyes. "What? I haven't taken an hour yet!"

'It's already morning sleepy fairy king,' the old man alerted him to check the room and he was surprised to see the daylight already shining brightly around.

"Sigh... why is my time inside so limited?" he muttered before having an idea, "what if... I trained inside to train?"

'Were your head hit yesterday?' the old man said before adding, 'say what you want to do in more clear words please so I can understand them.'

"I mean when I'm in there I start training like being in the real world."

'This...'

"What? Hasn't anyone tried such a thing before?" Jim was surprised to hear that and the old man only remained silent.

"Great, I'll try this next time I train then," he stood up before glancing at his face at the reflection of the window glass, "Damn! That Mera didn't paint my face for real, right?"

'Check out the outside first,' the old man stopped him from going into the bathroom and washing his face, 'those annoying reporters might still be there.'

"Good point," Jim moved to the window and sneaked over the world outside. "They... aren't here," after five minutes he didn't notice anyone around at all. "Their plan... it seems it succeeded," he shrugged before wiping out all the makeup and then headed downstairs with his items and coat before heading directly towards the campus.

During his walk there he tried to avoid any gathering he spotted from a distance. That made him take almost double the time to reach the campus, and the moment he approached the main entrance he was instantly spotted.

"It's the ace!"

"It's Jim!"

"Hurry, take enough shots of him."

"I will have the first interview with him."

"Let me off, I was here first!"

"I was here before you!"

"Shut up you two, I came here even before the light of day appeared!"

Jim heard a lot of shouts and saw everyone running towards him like they were running to grab the ball.

"Stop right there!" he suddenly shouted and his voice was clearly heard by everyone, "Line up and I'll answer all your questions."

Yet his words were ditched by the reporters as they tried to reach him first.

"Damn you! No sense of organization at all!" he cursed out loud before starting to run.

He was still wearing his game boots and the wings on his back. Although he wasn't yet in the game pitch, his speed soared all of sudden and he accelerated, evading them in impressive moves before finally entering the campus.

And once he reached there he stopped, turned around and glanced silently at the reporters who seemed not able to step a single foot inside the campus.

"It's a regret to ask you to be civilized and you act like being wild beasts," he shook his head before turning around and went inside the campus.

He totally ignored the shouts, questions, provocations, and even curses that those reporters threw at his back. He was willing to give them the chance to have all their questions answered, but they preferred to act like savage and ignored his gesture.

And that enraged him.