

# 《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

## Chapter 152: Getting Punished

'Yet you'll win your ticket to the ace league, right?' the old man said before adding, 'winning this small competition of the qualification is considered by that place as a tournament in itself.'

'Oh,' Jim's eyes shone brightly as he realized what the old man was speaking about. 'That's why you said I have a chance to be the master tonight,' he said, 'but I won't be the only one to win the competition. Does that mean that place can have many masters?'

'I doubt anyone will know the right ceremony to be the master of that place,' the old man said, 'and in theory there can be an endless number of masters there and they won't know that others even exist.'

'This sounds nice,' Jim said, 'but what if others leaked the info about the group to others?'

'The academy had to catch you first, but how can they do that while you'll be the only one determining who can enter and who can't?'

Jim found this idea more appealing the more he thought about it.

'But you'll need someone to act as your messenger,' the old man said, 'it's best if this group wasn't related to you until it starts.'

'I understand,' Jim nodded before laughing, 'and I have the perfect one for this task.'

'Lim?' the old man read his thoughts, 'he is fine, and I believe he wouldn't hesitate to help.'

'he already has many connections here,' Jim explained, 'and he will be able to spread the word in the shortest time possible.'

'Good, all you need now is to go to meet him and start the plan.'

'I first need to win today's match,' Jim bitterly smiled, 'plus speaking with Rana about the gears, go to the three masters and ask them for help, then seeing this secret group

matter.'

Jim glanced around and from the dark faces of many disciples he started to gain more confidence in the success of this plan. 'All I need to do is win tonight's game,' he said to himself as winning this game started to gain more value than ever.

"Why are you smiling?" All of sudden this distasteful voice came from his side, startling him.

"I... was reading," Jim stuttered for a moment while Donald's smile seemed more irritating from this close.

"Oh, then please tell me what you were reading about," Donald said before suddenly taking out a wooden stick and fixing its tip over the book in his hand, "without the need to glance at your book, of course."

Jim felt more hatred towards him, yet he perfectly controlled himself and didn't say a word.

"One hundred points are deducted from the Fairy pantheon," the next moment Donald said in a loud tone that attracted everyone's attention.

Jim resisted the urge to shout on his face or else his situation would only get worse. "Return to your books," Donald shouted, "I don't want you to be dumb when you join the expedition few days later."

His laughs made many unsettled and even quite angry, yet no one even dared to do anything other than glancing at their books and reading.

And Jim did the same, yet he wasn't actually reading.

'What are the spells you are going to teach me?' He was busy with something else, 'something fancy? Like the one you taught me before?'

''I can teach you one fancy spell during the time of the expedition," the old man said, ''but you won't learn anything else and won't be able to pass it to anyone.'

Jim's thoughts froze when he realized his meaning.

'I'll teach you some basic spells, spells that can save your life. Also you will be able to pass it to other disciples as well, and they won't take much time to learn it.'

'You are right,' Jim couldn't help but agree, 'at least this way I can really be their master.'

'You should,' the old man said, 'this coupled with your deeds at the team and your rank at the expedition will serve towards your biggest goal.'

'The honorable disciple of the inner campus for first grade,' Jim muttered before adding, 'even having a position in the upper echelon of the inner campus won't be a dream.'

'One step at a time,' the old man muttered, 'don't rush things or else you might lose everything.'

'...'

The boring class ended after a long time. Jim felt he stayed inside for the entire day and not only a couple of hours.

"Screw him!"

"He is acting this way when we desperately need his help!"

"How can such a sly person be a master?!"

"I don't know what to do now!"

While he exited the class under the mocking glances and the annoying smile of Donald, Jim started to hear these angry comments of many disciples.

Yet he resisted the urge to turn to them and announce his plan to them.

'Be patient,' the old man even stepped in, 'don't be rash and be patient.'

'Sigh, I know,' Jim could only hear and watch in silence before going back to the spell class.

After all, he promised the disciples to meet them there and answer their demands.

Yet when he reached there he found a smaller number waiting for him. After some chatting with others, he understood the reason.

It was an expedition! Everyone raised the red flag and started to get ready for such very important competition.

He started to answer all the questions regarding the game, how they train, and even signed some autographs for some of his admirers.

"Now it's time for the magical pets class," he muttered as he checked the class's big board situated just near the entrance door.

"Can we have one word?"

"We will be in one line this time."

"I won't take much of your time."

Just as he stood there, many reporters took the chance to act respectful and show him their desire to follow his way of doing things.

He glanced at them, then at the board and finally over the slightly big rounded clock hanging above the board.

He had little time to spare for them.

"I have roughly ten minutes before returning to the classes again," he said before adding, "if you want to speak now then it's fine by me, but I have to go in when it's time."

His words made the army of reporters restless before he added, "Yet if you wanted to wait after the classes ended, then I can gladly answer your questions while walking back to the stadium."

"That sounds great."

"Alright then we'll wait for you."

"We won't take much time for you."

His words made them quite relaxed as they finally were able to get their desired interview with him.

"Alright, see you later then," he simply turned around and headed towards the inner section of the campus, shielded from them by many buildings.

Yet while he was far away, he didn't see or know what happened after he left.

"You can't stand here," Donald suddenly appeared as he rudely shouted, "this is a private place of the academy and no one other than disciples and masters should be here. Go and crawl back to your pathetic stadium, you have nothing to do here."