

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 153: The Magical Pets Class

"Welcome to the magical pets class."

A dragon master stood in the large central stage that was elevated slightly off the ground by a few inches. The stage was made out of pale yellow ore and was surrounded by the seats of the disciples, forming interlocking arcs with each other.

"I'm master Igroy, and I'll be the master of this amazing class for you this entire year."

The old looking master said while his two small curved bronze horns attracted Jim's attention. He didn't see much of dragons but he started to notice that some had different colored horns than others.

And he despised the entire race.

"Our class will start with a very amazing little fellow here, but first can anyone tell me what this class is about?" Igor moved his gaze around and Jim simply ignored him.

"It's about monsters," one of the disciples said.

"Good answer, ten points to the pantheon of chimera," he said before adding, "but to be honest this isn't a very accurate answer... after all most of us are or belong to monsters, right?"

His wide smile was strange over the general impression Jim had about dragons. 'He will turn his coat and show his true colors soon,' Jim inwardly sneered while Igor added:

"The right answer is that we are here dealing with wild monsters, those without any sanity or intelligence like us but they have one amazing trait... they can use magic in one way or another."

Igor then pointed towards a nearby large and high table, enough to be seen by all disciples here. He pointed in a certain direction while a box flew fast and landed over the marble table.

"This is our first subject this year," Igor said as if he was so proud of this, "and this little fellow here is a very rare and such amazing creature that you will lose yourselves when I tell you more about it."

'As if he is a dragon,' Jim inwardly sneered before Igor suddenly added:

"It's not an exaggeration to hear an old myth about this creature. Can anyone tell me what this myth is?"

"Shouldn't we first know the name of it?" a girl said while the others laughed in low tone while most seemed quite hesitant to join.

"Indeed you are right," yet Igor didn't seem to be offended by her words, as he added with his big smile, "it's called the Seson monster."

"Oh!"

"No way!"

"It's that monster!"

"How did you get it?"

Suddenly Jim heard many shocked exclamations from many disciples while he felt the name to be somehow familiar.

And Igor's smile grew bigger the more he heard these comments.

"Good, so you already are familiar with the name, right? Can anyone tell me what is the myth related to this little fellow here?"

"It's that fairy myth," Moora suddenly said from a few seats on Jim's right.

"Indeed it is," Igor nodded, "can you tell us more about it?"

"It's an old myth, as the saying goes the fairies of the ancient times were so desperate to grant this monster intelligence. Some say they failed, and others say..."

"Say what?" Igor calmly asked with his smile still the same.

Yet Moora seemed hesitant and Igor nodded. "I understand why you are hesitant, so let me complete it. they said the fairies succeeded and so a mighty race was born out of it... the dragons!"

Jim's eyes widened the moment he heard these words and couldn't help but give Igor a deep glance, wondering about this master and his beliefs and origins.

'He can't be a dragon,' Jim thought, 'at least not a pure dragon.'

"If you asked my opinion then I would say this myth must be true," Igor continued to throw his bombs in the face of the stupefied disciples, "as the amazing magical abilities this little fellow here has is somehow rivaling that of ours, the dragons I mean."

"Master speaks like he isn't part of the dragons," a giant disciple said and Igor glanced at him calmly as he said:

"As you are part of the dragon pantheon you should know very well about me and my name."

"Indeed, Igor the philosopher," the disciple said.

"That's correct, I love this name the most," Igor said with a satisfying smile over his face, "my aim isn't to stupidly support my pantheon but to dig deeper about our origin. After all, without solving the answers about why we are here and how we appear in this world, life itself will lose its meaning... at least for me."

Jim's surprise was growing to no end while Igor suddenly turned to him, "as for this year I decided to volunteer and move from the inner campus and accept what others see as demotion, but for me it's a very rare chance."

Jim felt more weird but he didn't react to the master's words. He only kept looking at him with blank mind while Igor turned away and continued:

"Now let's return to our class. This little fellow was a very fortunate finding I got from one of my trips to the battlefield. There I found him in the form of an egg and took care of him until he reached this stage."

The next moment Igor removed the thick red veil that covered the cage and revealed the monster lying inside.

And it wasn't an exaggeration for all the disciples to stand at this moment and see this mythic creature they always heard and never saw.

"Hahaha, return to your seats. He won't go anywhere until the end of the class," Igory was very satisfied by the reaction the disciples showed to his little monster.

"This is going to be something to boast to my friends at the clan," one giant disciple

laughed and said in a harsh tone.

"You have all the right to feel so, after all the last Seson monster to be seen was slightly over five hundred years ago," Igory said before throwing another bomb that literally made everyone stand on their toes once again, "and at the end of the class one lucky disciple will have this monster as a pet while leaving this class."

'You must grab it,' the old man suddenly said, 'this monster can't end in anyone else but your hands.'

Jim silently listened to the words of the old man and recalled the first time he heard him speaking in such a decisive way. It was when he asked him to find an Actimos race youth and befriend him.

"Master must be joking, right?" Patrick couldn't help but say.

"I'm dead serious," yet Igory laughed as he added, "but the way to get this little fellow here isn't that easy... or hard."

"May master say what we should do to get it?" John said, "if it's a fight then I'm ready to fight the entire class and get it."

"Hahaha, you don't need to fight," Igory laughed, "but a small test will determine our lucky winner today."

Everyone glanced at the master but Jim only glanced at the monster itself.

It wasn't very big, at most an arm's length. It had a small and pointy head resembling that of a lizard, with a long tail that was double his body and ended with a strange shaped feather.

And its body was covered in small scales that were so small to be mistaken as normal skin.

The scales covered its entire body up to the neck with a faint red color. Its neck was long and ended with a head that had two big and elliptical eyes.

Jim felt strange the moment he glanced deeply at the monster's longitudinal pupils that were like those of snakes and dragons.

"What's so special about it?" Finally he couldn't hold back his curiosity and doubts as he asked loudly.

"It's not fit for a weak human like you," John arrogantly said, "it needs someone with

great magical powers to show its might."

"That giant disciple is quite right," Igor suddenly said, "but magical power never was related to body size," he added and Jim saw the face of John getting a little dark.

"This little fellow here can adapt to anyone's energy before multiplying it many folds. In addition to that it can grant the master a fire breath ability and boost his or her defensive abilities. As for the monster itself, it would act as a lethal weapon in any fight. It's not an exaggeration to say that if a Bulltor with ancient powers or one of those Tactims tried to enter a fair fight against an adult Seson, anyone of them will lose."

"Even dragons?" Jim asked and his eyes were totally focused over Igory's facial reactions.

"Even dragons," and Igory simply answered without blinking or a single change in his face, "no one, and I mean it, no one can stand a chance against such a beast alone."

"Then how did the master manage to get it then?" John was still sour about the last harsh reply of Igory and his support to Jim over him. "There must have been traps and bad luck around the egg as legends say."

"The legends are true," Igory said before adding, "I lost half of my entire army, and I led over three thousand fighters on that day."

Jim felt shocked when he heard this before Igory suddenly added, "and that reminds me to mention the small effect that little fellow here does and in my opinion it's one of its lethal weapons... it brings its owner good luck and its enemies bad luck."