

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 161: The Seson Pet

"What's your name?"

"I don't have any."

"Then you'll be called Don from now on," Jim didn't hesitate to select a name that was similar to his distasteful master; Donald.

"Boy... save your breaths for now," Lyaly suddenly said, "you'll have all the time in the world later to speak with it, but now just keep your thoughts to yourself and try not to look funny in front of your future girl."

Just as she said that, Jim heard something falling on the ground before he heard the high heels sound coming again as Lara ran out of the room.

"Hey... where are you goi... stupid girl!" Lyaly was busy with his tattoo and couldn't move to stop her, yet she gritted her teeth before turning one head to Jim. "Don't worry... she is just shy."

This time he didn't feel any pain at all as he said, "she seems not to like me."

"She will," Lyaly stubbornly said, "I'll speak with her later. Don't worry about that."

"I'm not," Jim honestly said as he felt it seemed impossible for this master to force her disciple over him.

"It's done," in less than three minutes she said before suddenly vanishing, "rest here for half an hour as the wound will close in this time. During this I'll see that stupid girl and bring her with me."

"Good luck, master," Jim said while a smug smile appeared over his face. "I'm sure you'll bring her back," he resisted the urge to laugh at that weird master and he suddenly thought of all the masters he met so far.

"Are they this weird?" he couldn't help but ask yet the old man suddenly spoke:

'You need to talk to your pet, after all the most crucial step is when it's linked to your

soul.'

'Thanks.'

'And you don't need to speak loudly with it, just speak the way you do with me.'

'Alright... Don, where are you now?'

'Master, I'm eating the rich meal you left for me,' the sound of the Seson came with a tone that told Jim he was truly eating.

'Meal? Do you mean that dragon?'

'Yeah, how did you know I love eating dragons?' Don said in an innocent way before adding, 'my previous master always brought dragons for me to eat.'

'D- dragons? Past master?!'

'Yeah, he is the one who gave me to you.'

Jim was instantly shocked. 'Wait a minute, was he your master? Like you were his pet?'

'Well he was someone with delicious meals to offer and the one who raised me,' Don said, 'so he can be considered my master.'

'Ah, I see,' Jim thought, 'but these dragons meals... were they... like real dragons?'

'Yeah, they were all delicious freshly killed dragons.'

'Damn!' Jim couldn't help but eye Igory under a different light, 'what that man has exactly against his own kin?'

'They did something horrible to him,' Don said, 'but he never shared this info with me.'

'See buddy... I can't compete with that,' Jim suddenly said, 'all I can offer is normal monster meat, and that depends on my ability to kill them in the first place.'

'Don't worry, master. Your energy is enough to sustain me. Plus I can assure you, if you want to kill normal monsters, then I can gladly help.'

'You are that strong?'

'I can absorb energy from you and concentrate it into a higher form of energy,' Don

said, 'and with that energy I bet you can do miracles.'

'We'll see,' Jim thought, 'can you provide me energy inside a sealed place? Like a game field for example?'

'Master, our souls are connected and there is no power in the world that can get between us.'

'I'll... take this in a good way then,' Jim said before taking a deep breath. "Taking out dragons... that's really something..."

'He has a deep grudge against them,' the old man suddenly said, 'and that in itself is considered something good for you.'

'The enemy of my enemy is my friend, right?'

'Not only that, but he would accept any dirty task for you to achieve a score against them.'

Jim understood his meaning but he didn't say anything of his doubts.

'Your gang, the secret group can use him in a very efficient way,' the old man continued.

'But he is quiet... risky and impulsive,' Jim couldn't help but say.

'And what you are doing is already risky and impulsive as well,' the old man laughed, 'he is just a bit older and far stronger, yet I doubt his own grudges would be any greater than your own.'

Jim took a deep breath before standing a little to see his wound. "It's... not that bad actually," he saw a small dark green and red tattoo over his chest. The area of skin demarcated the tattoo with bright red color.

But there was no wound whatsoever.

"Wait... did she just trick me to stay?" it suddenly hit him before he stood up and jumped a little. "It stings a bit, but nothing major... I think."

He wasn't in a bad shape to walk away, yet he moved to the hall he came into at the first time and waited.

"Oh, you are feeling better now?"

Just after ten minutes she appeared again in front of him and she was alone.

"I'm good, thanks for the help, master," he politely said without asking about Lara.

"I'm glad you are better now," one of her heads smiled in a strange way like she wasn't in the mood to smile at the moment, "as for Lara, don't mind her actions. She is a bit... rash as a young girl. Y'know, she just needs time and I'll send her once ready to your team."

He inwardly sighed without showing anything else but a little disappointment over his face. "I'll keep a place for her then," he lightly said and his words made Lyaly smile.

"Good, and I won't let her escape away forever. If you need anything just come to my doors. They will always be open for you."