

# 《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

## Chapter 212: Banshees

Jim didn't wait for so long. In less than five minutes the first fighting group finally appeared closer to him.

Their fight was so brutal and that made the trees all around shake. That helped in creating some gaps through which Jim could spot what was going on down below.

"It's a team of disciples fighting against some monsters," he finally saw what was going on as a team of two hundred or less disciples were fighting brutally a group of strange monkey monsters.

The monkeys all had big heads like tigers, strong arms like any berserker or giant. Jim watched these strange monkeys jump over the tree branches and that was the main reason why those disciples were hitting trees all around.

They tried their best to stop the momentum of the monsters, and despite all their attempts it seemed they weren't succeeding in this.

"How can i know their grades then?" he muttered before adding the more important question, "how can i know they are on my side or not."

'They all have one layer of energy around them,' the old man said, 'so they can be first year up to third year disciples.'

"Hmm... that solves one problem," Jim thought, "what about the other one?"

'You need to see their races to know,' the old man said and Jim realized he totally missed this simple point.

"There are giants in them," he finally spotted some big bodies with bare chests, the typical one of his main enemies. "And there are some Banshees as well... They are my enemies... I should hide myself then."

"Roar!"

Just as he was about to drop the idea of joining the fight, Don roared from down below in a way that attracted everyone's attention.

"Another monster is there," one of the Banshee kids shouted in obvious fear.

"Part of you will turn around and defend that location."

"We need to go to another area then."

More shouts came and Jim heard all of them as the disciples down there never suspected anyone to be here. "They mistook my pet for a new group of monsters," he muttered before watching the large group of disciples getting dispersed into two smaller groups, one headed towards Don and the other kept attacking the trees.

As Jim lied there in wait, he saw how Banshees were fighting. They all had great bodies but not as broad as the giants next to them. However they had some strange fog that kept turning everything around into blackness.

'The power of decay,' the old man said when he noticed the line of thought of Jim, 'this is such a nasty power and can't be taken lightly.'

"I can see that," Jim nodded as he noticed even the grand and vibrant trees got shrunk and fragile the moment this fog touched them.

And those kids used a myriad of spells, mostly aiming at augmenting the fog or spreading it around as attacks.

"What should I do now?" he asked while feeling some worry over his pet. "I can't go and hit them directly, or else I would be punished by the academy rules if they had anyone of the third grade."

'Have you forgotten?' the old man laughed, 'you already have a second grade disciple in your team.'

"Oh... Linda..." Jim recalled her and her strange behavior from before. "But that means I can hit them without worrying about anything."

'What do you plan to use as an attack?' the old man asked despite knowing the answer.

"I'll wait," Jim simply said, "after getting near here I'll descend over them like thunder and lightning."

The old man knew he wasn't bluffing and he planned to use his lightning ores to make a grand entrance. 'At least this fight here will attract the attention of your team,' the old

man said and Jim nodded.

He then glanced at the ground where Don stood there. "Will he be alright?" he asked while thinking of taking him away.

'He is more resilient and stubborn than you think,' the old man said, 'but facing two hundred disciples would be too much even for him.'

"I'll leave him to give them bad luck first," Jim decided, "then I shall go down and help or take him back."

'Do what you like,' the old man said, 'just make sure to select the optimum time for your entrance.'

Jim nodded while watching in vigilance the fast moves of that team of disciples drawing close to Don.

"Roar!"

Don roared again in warning yet the next moment he was hit by the black fog of one of the two Banshees in this group.

Then the attack was followed by a big landslide while Don was carried away tens of meters off the tree.

"He is just one monster," the second Banshee kid shouted, "it's clear here. You can come now."

His words landed and the other team moved fast as if they were finally got a moment to escape from that relentless attack of the monkeys.

Yet Jim, who was standing higher than all, noticed the new change of the battle. "My dear Don has done his brilliant work luckily," he smiled while watching the new wave of monsters coming from the opposite direction of the group.

And that made this group completely surrounded. "But I'm also surrounded in the middle," he shook his head while thinking about his options here.

'You should plan against the two sides then,' the old man said, 'just take Don back.'

Jim didn't hesitate to touch his chest tattoo before calling Don back. The next moment Don vanished and his disappearance startled the small team standing near him.

"Where did it go?" a giant disciple shouted, "search for it now, search fast before it

calls over more of its kin."

"We should have killed it when we got the chance," one of the Banshee regretted not using one of his deadly spells.

"At least we can run through this area safely for now," the other kid said, "as far as I recall, there was a river branch here that we could cross and head to the mines area."