

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 46: The Sacred Admission Ceremony - Part Two

"Rangor," a harsh voice came loud in the entire hall.

"Congratulations Rangor, you are now part of the esteemed berserker pantheon." The peacock paused for a moment where Jim heard the sound of a brush over a piece of paper, "you are now a privileged junior inner disciple of first year. You can go later to buy your academy uniform and tools. If you don't have any money right now, the academy can lend you enough monthly allowance to secure your needs here."

"Thanks master," Rangor replied before Jim heard a heavy footsteps before ceasing.

"Next disciple please."

The long line of disciples started to move one by one. For the first ten disciples, the result was the same. Yet at the eleven disciple, the words of the peacock came different.

"Son, you failed the test of the esteemed pantheon." The peacock paused before adding in a louder tone, "anyone is interested in taking this disciple under the banner of the mighty lords?"

Jim listened carefully as he knew his fate would be similar to this one.

"This is a hybrid of werewolves, slightly mixed with human blood and fox clan blood. I'll accept it under the banner of the werewolves mighty banner. Do you accept, son?"

A harsh tone appeared and the next moment the disciple replied:

"It's an honor to be part of your mighty lord banner, sir."

"What's your name, son?" the peacock asked.

"Genge."

"Congratulations Genge, you are now part of the mighty werewolves lord banner under the esteemed berserker pantheon." The peacock paused for a moment where Jim

heard again the familiar sound of a brush over a piece of paper.

"You are now a common junior inner disciple of first year. You can go later to buy your academy uniform and tools. If you don't have any money right now, the academy can lend you enough monthly allowance to secure your needs here."

Despite receiving the same treatment, Jim realized the rank of this disciple was lower than the rest behind him. 'Sigh, those coming from the great clans here have it easier,' he muttered to himself while watching more disciples to ascend the stage one after another.

There were a total of fifty-three inner disciples here, him included. When it was finally his turn, he was very nervous inside.

During this long waiting, three weren't accepted by any lords, making them fail the test. Their ranks were demoted and none stood to defend this.

'Tsk, why do I smell a bad scheme here from him?' he muttered to himself while he was called by the peacock. "Next and last disciple, please come forth."

Jim took a really long breath before finally going up. The moment he penetrated the curtain, he was met with bright light and lines of stairs that he ascended in the calmest way he could muster.

Just as he reached the top of the stage, he felt everyone's eyes falling upon him with a soft wave of whisper erupted since he exited the curtain.

'They know about me,' he said to himself trying to shake off the nervous feeling that was now assaulting him.

The peacock glanced at him, yet Jim stood motionless in place, not knowing what to do.

"Son, don't you know how to take the test?" the peacock said with these friendly words in such an impatient tone.

And Jim just nodded.

"Don't be afraid, you can now speak here, hehehe," the peacock laughed and many laughed with him.

"Sorry master," Jim tried to be polite, despite knowing this wouldn't help him here. "I don't know what to do next."

"No problem," the peacock said before adding, "this is just expected from such a lowly human who overstepped his boundaries."

Jim felt the hostility coming from the peacock, yet he remained silent and waited for the second wave of laughter to end.

"See these sacred statues over there? Go and cut a wound on your hand before letting your worthless blood touch them," the peacock said before adding in an evil grin, "or perhaps you can save yourself the embarrassment and hustle and let the lords decide your fate."

He laughed as he added, "after all no esteemed pantheon will accept your dirty blood."

More laughed this time while Jim noticed much more whispering and nodding to each other.

"May I speak, honorable master?"