

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 51: Siera's Apologizing Gift

He got the two and compared between them. "The orb is much heavier than the coin," he said.

"But the value of this coin is worth a hundred of such orb," she explained before adding, "the academy will give you an allowance of five coins for your entire year. In fact this is enough considering the expenses of your stay, but regarding other issues, they aren't."

She glanced over the building while he understood her meaning. "I don't have enough to trade for orbs, right?"

"Sure," she nodded before adding, "so the only way to get these is by going towards the forest of the academy and hunting monsters yourself, or by winning them in the arena."

"The arena looked nicer than this forest," he said.

"Silly boy, the arena is much worse than the forest in one way," she glanced weirdly at him. "Your first challenge will be issued by those higher than you, you'll lose that for sure along with half of your allowance only if you are lucky."

"Or I can win," he argued.

"No way, no fresh disciple won the first challenge ever in the history of the academy," she said with rounded eyes before adding, "don't put hopes on wrong stakes, if I were you I would go to the forest right after going to the Sherwid town."

"Sherwid town... what is it?"

"It's the dragon town, but the common name among disciples," she winked before adding, "you've only one week before starting the academy officially. So you won't be challenged except a week from now. Use everything in hand to gain these orbs."

She then took out a small ring and handed it to him. "Take it, it contained enough to buy the loyalty of fifty outer disciples."

"B- But..." he hesitated yet she pressed over his hand with her smaller ones. "Just accept them, they are nothing to me. You need these and consider them as my apology for me messing up."

He sighed before accepting her gift. "Thanks a lot," he honestly said, "can you tell me some data about these monsters out there."

"You can go to the inner disciple affairs and they will give you a booklet about them," she said before adding, "I'll leave now. Try to buy a stall for yourself here. This way you can always get new followers without the need of wasting time with this place."

She waved her hands while vanishing the next moment off his sight. "This girl..." he shook his head before glancing at the ring in hand before muttering, "she didn't tell me how to use it," he then glanced at the building before adding, "or how to establish a stall!"

'Just wear it and place a drop of blood over it.'

"Finally!" Jim exclaimed in loud voice before his old man hurry to say:

'Don't make a scene, you already caught the attention of many.'

'Oh, sorry,' he said before adding, 'you went off too long.'

'That was unavoidable,' the old man said, 'many eyes were stuck on you.'

'And now?'

'It seems what you did back there got the best of them. They aren't that focused on you yet,' the old man said before adding, 'I believe we have a short time now. So listen carefully and do as I tell you.'

Jim listened to the old man words before he went suddenly to silence. Jim sighed, as he realized his watchers returned to observe him again.

Yet he already got most of the valuable info from the old man. He knew how to use the ring, how to use the orbs to gain more followers, and also understood the importance of the forest and monsters.

"So killing monsters doesn't only give me orbs, but also points I can redeem later on in the stele for rewards," he muttered while placing a single drop over the ring then he

closed his eyes and he inspected the content of it.

It was filled with many orbs. He counted almost three hundred of them. "A three academy coins equivalent to orbs, good price indeed," he muttered before going towards the building and the intense group of disciples around it.

His approach wasn't noticed by any, as he was a human he was seen as a worthless disciple here. Yet he followed the words of the old man and didn't head directly towards the building, yet towards a lonely looking old man with gills on his neck and a long fan on his back.

"Excuse me," he said while taking ten orbs and gave them to the man, "may I hire a stall here please for the next five days?"

The old man glanced weirdly at him, checked his clothes before saying:

"Who are you? What rank are you at to come and ask for a stall?"

The attitude of this man was rude, yet Jim didn't mind him. "I'm Jim, a fresh privilege academy inner disciple," he politely introduced himself, noticing the surprised glances of the old man. "I want to hire a stall for anyone who wants to come and join me."

"Humph," the old man shook his head for a moment, "let me check what you said first."

Jim didn't mind and during his stay here in front of this rounded stall he kept glancing at all the races around.

He found many giant bodied disciples, strong looking with arrogant looks. He found werewolves, wolf heads, fox heads, even phoenix heads were also there.

Yet he didn't find any bulltors, no giants like Pol, or even a dragon.

"Special clans have their way in here," he reached this conclusion before sighing.

"You tell the truth," the old man returned after a few minutes with a calm look over his face. "yet the price for you is ten orbs for a single day, no less."

"Wasn't it two orbs per day?" Jim asked in doubt.