

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 77: Dragon Roars

'So this is what one takes in return for enraging those gangs,' Jim muttered while walking outside the normal road as he found some markings left by his team.

'Vengeful souls aren't scary,' the old man said, 'they just excel at illusions and playing on the personal desires of their opponents.'

'That's... quite scary old man,' Jim had to admit before adding, 'that means I'm also subjected to their magic, right?'

'If you are going after them and already know about their presence and tricks then you have nothing to fear,' the old man said before adding, 'and don't falter, I'm here with you.'

'You tend to sleep at weird moments,' Jim complained while he turned around as he noticed some teams moving away in the distance. 'Are they avoiding me?' he thought.

'Might be higher grade gangs than yours.'

'Perhaps.'

Jim followed the markings on the ground before finally seeing a distant wooden walled camp and some group was already heading towards it.

'How can I evade their spells?' he hurriedly asked while taking shelter at a rock.

'It's simple,' the old man laughed, 'always keep your sword in your hands.'

'That aura...?' Jim muttered before he took a rapid glance at the group up ahead. "Here you are."

Suddenly he heard this sweet voice coming from behind, startling him. 'Your sword, hurry,' the old man shouted while Jim didn't hesitate to take out his sword.

The next moment his cloak shone in golden color and the light radiated faintly from him.

However it was enough to disperse the darkness all around, to see thin long spider fingers stretched from a grey cloaked silhouette, and it was flying over the ground for a couple of inches.

"Damn," Jim cursed, "that was close."

'Do I need to use my spell?' he thought and the old man instantly answered: 'Not needed, this aura is enough to scare them away.'

Jim noticed that the grey shape retreated fast away from his aura's range. "Good," he muttered before turning towards his team as he jumped, crossing the distance between him and them.

And as he went closer, he discovered the presence of a large number of those greyish creatures as they all ran away the moment they touched his golden aura.

"Wake up," Jim shouted but the team didn't respond as if they never heard his voice.

'Slap their faces,' the old man suddenly said before laughing, 'and make sure to be a hard slap or else you'll need to slap them again.'

"Sigh," Jim moved to the front before hitting each one of those similar to his physique easily, but those giants took some effort before he managed to slap all of them.

"Finally," he took a deep breath before asking, "are you ok?"

"Jim?" Deno seemed to be awakening from a deep dream, "where is my brother?" he turned around as if he was seeking for a real person that just vanished.

He wasn't the only one having such reactions but all showed such bizarre reactions.

"Shut up all of ya," Jim shouted in extreme rage before pointing his sword towards the greyish silhouettes still lingering around his team, "these are the ones causing these illusions to all of you. Wake up and toughen a bit, it's all just illusions."

His words and the presence of those vengeful souls made them all stop daydreaming and screaming before standing like pure idiots all around.

"I wonder what this wooden camp is about," Jim muttered before the old man suddenly said something that made his eyes glare up.

"Gather up, we are going to raid this camp."

"But... boss these shadows..." Deno strangely seemed afraid from the souls, and it wasn't only him but the other five Bulltors showed the same hesitance and the pale look over their faces.

"Don't tell me... you are afraid of souls!" Jim muttered before finally laughing out loud. "C'mon, just be beside me and nothing bad will happen to you."

"But Jim... why not return then?" Deno hesitantly said.

"Nah, this camp is a slave checkpoint. These souls are acting as slave agents. We need to crush in and free all those enslaved there."

He didn't want only to do that, but he aimed really towards the treasury of this camp.

His old man just told him more data about the vengeful souls. They weren't only slave dealers, but they also love to take away any valuables from the races they capture.

And he just wanted to get his hands over these valuables.

'But be aware,' the old man suddenly said, 'all vengeful souls work under higher gangs. So be quick and swift and don't drag things here, or else...'

'I understand,' Jim was blinded by the riches he dreamt of getting. "Alright, we will attack that camp and free everyone inside," he raised his sword high up before pointing towards the camp, "Charge."

He didn't stay behind as the only defense his team had and weapon against those souls was his sword and aura.

The camp was wider than what he expected. When they first reached it, the giants worked to smash directly through the useless wooden walls and entered the camp.

"Damn," Jim turned around to see a huge number of cages with many races caught inside, "all of them are slaves? Are they all disciples?"

'Nah, the souls rarely attack disciples except if we are paid to do that,' the old man said before adding, 'these are normal merchant groups or mere tourists and even slaves caught up during their passage around the area.'

"Hmm..." Jim muttered as he realized this town and academy wasn't just meant for disciples and teaching as he thought.

"Release everyone," he shouted, "and those freed should help others to be freed as well. Don't slack and hurry up."

Jim then started to move inside the camp. Using his mere aura and sword he managed to kick all the souls away from the camp, and also get a general view about the interior of it.

Strangely enough the entire camp had only cages and one small wooden building in the middle. "They don't need places to sleep? Eat? Or live?"

'They don't need to sleep,' the old man said, 'and they eat over the souls of their victims and their fears. They are the perfect soldiers in any army, used mainly as assassins, silent killers.'

'I can already imagine that,' Jim smiled before turning directly towards the building and stood there in hesitation. 'Do you know if it's safe or not?'

'Usually it's safe but it's best to test it out first.'

"Deno," Jim hurriedly shouted at his frightened giant, "come and crush down this door for me."

Deno came in hesitant steps that added more weirdness to his frightened shape. Jim sighed before adding, "c'mon, there is no one inside."

"How can I be this sure while the door is closed?" Deno glanced at him.

"Good point," Jim sighed, "Rick come here and smash this door for me."

"What's inside?" Rick came with curious looks while giving Deno a deep glance. "C'mon big man, you are stronger than this."

"I can't..." Deno shook his head before retreating, "you... you can check things inside. I... I'll be just behind you."

"Yeah, I'm sure of it," Rick shook his head helplessly before going to the door and hit it slightly and it instantly crushed down the ground.

"See? There is..." before he could continue his phrase a slight roar came from the inside of the house making even Rick retreat back further than Deno. "What was that?"

'Sigh, it's a recorded ancient dragon roar,' the old man sighed before adding, 'this place... it belongs to the dragon clan. You need to hurry and leave.'

'Dragon clan?' Jim didn't plan to leave here without his trophy. He stepped forward while asking, 'is it safe inside?'

'It's just a recording, nothing dangerous inside.'

"Roar!"

'But this... seems quite realistic!'

'It's a recording, don't worry.'

"Roar!"

'...'

Jim stopped at the door and took a rapid glance inside. What he saw was the big dragon head appearing just a few meters away from the door and the moment he saw it another roar appeared.

'There is a dragon head inside!'

'That's how the roar is recorded,' the old man laughed, 'or how come they will store it?'

'Then... no danger inside?'

'Nothing, just hurry and take what's inside or hurry and leave.'

Jim made up his mind when he heard the old man warning. The room inside wasn't that big, and there were only two things inside.

One large dragon head, and just below it a small ring appeared shining from time to time.

"Nothing else?" Jim was doubting what he was seeing, "is this another kind of illusion?" he waved his sword and aura along its blade around the room but nothing appeared.

'There is nothing here but that ring. Hurry and take it.'

"C'mon, only this single ring after all this hassle?" Jim shouted in rage but he could do anything else but to duck on the ground and stretch his arm to get the ring.

'Hurry and retreat,' the old man suddenly said, 'I can smell the aura of a dragon coming here from far.'

"Too late," Jim hurriedly ran outside, "c'mon boys, let's go back to the town."

