

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 82: Going To The Arena

"It's a new day in our long and ancient academy history," a giant dragon said in a slow and majestic tone while standing on a giant stage that resembled a small tower in front of the endless number of disciples around him.

"This is a sacred day in our academy. Each year we accept a new batch of disciples and say goodbye to another. This is the law of life in the academy, and the law of life in general."

Jim stood in the far crowd watching this meaningless speech which made him feel bored. The dragon who seemed too old to speak right and even fly for a long distance kept speaking like this for half an hour now.

"When is he going to end this torture?" Jenny softly whispered while others around her chuckled in low voices.

"Shh... don't make a sound," one of the disciples on their sides whispered in such a nervous and angry way.

"Tsk," Jenny gave him a direct glance before she returned to observe the dean while he continued to speak while the rest of her team kept smiling in silence.

"And now, it's time for the disciples to prove their worth..." the dean went silent as he glanced over the entire audience silently for a couple of minutes.

"Did he fall asleep?" Jenny whispered again and this time many disciples couldn't help but smile and some even laughed in choked voices trying to not make a sound.

"It's time for the new disciples to prove their worth in the arena," the dean finally spoke before pointing towards a certain direction. "There our sacred ceremony will start from now till the end of the day. All first year disciples will have to accept the challenges issued by others.

As usual, any disciple will be challenged by only those on his grade or one grade higher. The ones issuing the challenge should state the rules and the challenged team should either accept them or raise the stakes."

"There is no such a thing as bargain here," Jim muttered to himself when he heard the words of the dean.

"If a team has no wealth to bargain with, slaves can be used as price for the winner. If there are no slaves left then the disciple can use his rank as a bet."

The dean's face suddenly cracked a vicious smile before adding, "it has been such long years before someone climbed the ranks from lower to higher. I hope one day I can see such a miracle again which I only saw thrice in my entire life. And now..."

The dean then turned to another dragon. Jim instantly recognized that dragon as he was the one who he met at the admission ceremony of the inner disciples.

"Listen up," the vice dean dragon spoke in a harsh and loud tone, "this is our great and esteemed fairy academy. Rules can't be broken. Lessons must be attended. Any fights outside the arena will be instantly and severely punished by the sacred soul of the academy.

This is our academy, the one protected and ruled by the sacred fairies. Despite they aren't here with us, but they left their guarding soul, the esteemed guardian here to protect us and keep the rules of the academy running without any violation."

"So that's the reason then..." Jim muttered to himself as he always feared those enemies of his to directly smash the table and kill him directly violating the rules. "So they can't do that, interesting."

"The challenges will start now. Anyone can go to the supervising masters and issue a challenge. Each team has unlimited chances to challenge any team, but one team can only be challenged once by the same team.

After that we will start the small inheritance ceremony where masters will choose their preferred disciples to be their direct disciples and a continuation to their heritage. And then..."

He paused before laughing, "you can go to rest and next morning the new year will start. Good luck to you all, and let the great dragon be always in your care."

Jim noticed that every single disciple here raised their fists in the air and started cheering after the vice dean. "Don't slack, just do the same," he whispered as he also raised his fist but blabbered with something meaningless.

'In fact I want to say screw the dragons, hehehe,' he said to himself but the old man didn't speak back. He warned him from this day as many high academy personnel would be present here.

"Let's go," Jim led the others to retreat along with everybody else. As they were in the rear from the beginning, that made them end up being in the forefront of the big march.

"We came back again to... this?" Deno was one of the first to recognize the old arena they competed before at. "Wasn't it located in the outer disciple district?"

"I believe it still is," Lan nodded as he opened up a small map from his own books. He was like everyone else, having the books carried over a small book holder which flew inches above each one's left shoulder.

"Is this the only arena here?" Jenny sneered as she thought this was pretty much funny for such a huge academy to have only one place to fight.

"In fact," Lan paused before adding, "there are three more, one in each disciple district and one special arena."

"Special arena?" Rick laughed, "I thought its name was the butcher's arena."

"It's," Kro nodded, "but this isn't her official name. she is called the special arena in the books."

"Interesting," Rick shook his head before Saga cleared up her throat as she asked:

"Is the one you are speaking about is that... butcher treacherous lady?"

Jim was interested in hearing more about this, yet they were already so close to the arena so Rick had to sum things up unwillingly. "It's her, the burial place she chose for her root and body to reside."

"Scary," Tina muttered.

"I don't want to ever go there," Saga said with a firm tone and slightly pale face.

"Are you afraid of an arena?" Jim smiled before the two girls glanced at him in a weird way.

"It's a sure thing you aren't from around," Saga sighed.

"This arena... this lady... it's scary!"

"..."

Jim didn't know what to say and there was so little time to ask more so he decided to postpone this for later.

"Do you know how we know who in the new year is going to be a useless sh*t and who isn't?"

Jim and others stood in front of a giant master that was similar to Pol in outer physique but he wasn't him.

"Those who come late to the central plaza and early on to the arena are those useless sh*t."

He laughed as if he just cracked the funniest joke ever. Jim and others were drawn to here when they heard shouting about those in first year to come forward inside the arena.

And when his team gathered here alongside few more teams, this arrogant master came to the front while pointing to each team as he added:

"Each loser's head comes forth and gives me your pity names."

Jim delayed and didn't move at once until all the other teams' leaders came forward and delivered their names.

"Shouldn't we..." Rick whispered while motioning his head towards the master.

"Wait," but Jim decided to stay back for a bit. As more disciples arrived at the arena, more teams started to flood in and at some point the master suddenly stopped taking anymore names and suddenly vanished.

"See?" Jim sneered, "I knew something was wrong."

"Isn't he a master?" Kro asked.

"I dunno," Jim shook his head, "but I bet those who signed their names early on will end up in bad situations."

Everyone glanced weirdly at Jim but from all his past years he developed a survival instinct that no one could easily fool him.

Especially if he felt grave danger coming from that master just now.

"Alright, alright," suddenly a short stature master came with his short body and two long curved wings on his back. "Now come forth and give me your names and then move to that direction and wait there."

Jim turned around and those who signed their names before with that rude master weren't anywhere to be seen.

"Jim, first year, privilege inner disciple."

Jim moved in a short line that kept getting longer before his turn came swiftly and he hurriedly said his name, grade, and rank to the master who wore round glasses over his long and curved nose.

"Oh, it's you boy," the master stopped as he raised his glasses and replaced them with another set of glasses with thinner frames.

He checked Jim slowly from top to bottom before removing his glasses and wore the old one. "I've seen over my long years many proclaimed genius kids, but you are just one of those rare ones who were true to the meaning of this word."

Jim couldn't help but smile before the master nodded to him and pointed to the direction different from other teams. "Go there with your team, it's the place dedicated for the genius sprouts."

"Thank you master," Jim honestly said.

"Make sure to dazzle them."

"Hahaha, I promise I will."