

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 87: The Wounded Master

"This truce will be only limited to the masters, not disciples."

Jim glanced as calm as he could towards this dragon who appeared out of nowhere to support the giant master. He knew he couldn't be enemies with everyone, but his hatred for dragons ran so deep inside his soul.

"I don't care about disciples, I can handle them myself," he simply stated what he felt to be appropriate.

"Humph, this arrogance of yours will get you only trouble," the dragon sneered. "Plus this truce is only limited to areas controlled by the academy. You don't expect us to send escorts to guard your safety."

"I accept that," Jim tried not to speak much as he wasn't arrogant; he was just securing his own safety here.

"If so then this truce is effective from this moment on," the dragon said before turning his big dragon head towards Dolly, "you acted a bit harsh against reasonable demands."

"This is my arena, and I only follow the rules."

"You didn't ask his opinion about this," the dragon sneered.

"And he didn't ask my permission to enter the arena and stop the fight," Dolly refused to act weak, especially when she wasn't the one to commit a wrongdoing here."

"I'll make sure to bring this to the academy supreme council's next meeting," the dragon threatened.

"Don't bother yourself Henry," Dolly said, "I've already filed a complaint there."

"Humph," Henry turned around and then vanished with the giant master and Mench in his arms.

"Congratulations for your deserved victory," Dolly said before taking out a thousand academy coins and giving them to Jim, "here is your trophy. That dragon paid them all."

Jim knew if the dragon didn't show up then the giant master would have paid the fine himself. "Thanks a lot for your fairness and support," he tried to show his gratitude for what she did.

"I was only doing my job," she smiled warmly before adding, "besides you are such a good disciple to support. It's not right for masters to bully disciples even here."

"Thanks again," Jim honestly thanked her before he turned around and returned to his stupefied team.

"Y'know there is a clinic here for injuries," Dolly suddenly said when Deno carried the two girls with weak bodies and pale faces, "it's just outside the arena to the south. Say hi for me to Linda and tell her I sent you."

"Thanks again," Jim didn't have anything to show his gratitude for her except saying his thanks.

The moment Jim exited the arena through the corridor, he was faced with the rest of his team. They looked anxious and Rick stepped forward with faint tears in his eyes:

"Are... they going to live?"

Jim controlled himself not to laugh. "They are alive, let's go to the clinic then, shall we?"

Everyone hurriedly nodded while they went all with Jim towards the clinic.

"Oh, this is normal for those using spells for the first time."

A beautiful tigress with long and smooth hair spoke after examining the two girls with her strange device. "This is caused by the consumption of the magic energy inside their bodies. Strange..." she suddenly paused and her face showed troubled expression.

"Master Lindy, please tell us everything," Kro spoke in a very worried tone while others glanced at her in a pleading way.

"Sigh, it's not a big deal," she softly said before adding, "the amount of magic depletion in their bodies looks the same... strange."

"That's because they used a fusion spell," Jim said before adding, "how can we treat

them?"

"According to the nature of the spell," Linda said while curiously asking, "fusion spells are quite rare and they usually require many conditions to be activated. It's so rare to have one spell performed by a team member in the higher grades. And now you are using it in first year... impressive."

Jim took the compliment and only smiled. He only wanted to know how to treat the two girls, as the same way might be used to treat his side effects of using the spell.

"May I know the rank of the spell?"

"It's clan spell rank," Jim honestly said and not only Linda was surprised, but many members of his team showed shocked expressions over their faces.

"I have to say that I admire your efforts," Linda said in a low tone, "but I have to warn you, the magic energies in the fresh disciples are always low. It's not safe to use spells frequently without proper training first. And such a high rank spell shouldn't be used for low grade disciples."

Jim felt surprised by her warning, "do you mean I shouldn't make them use it again?"

"This time they were lucky, next time they won't," Linda said in a good will, "please refrain from putting more pressure over your little bodies. I hate to see kids walking here to get my treatment."

"I will listen to your advice my lady," Jim said but he wasn't totally convinced by her words. 'I should keep this as the last card to use if things went ugly for me,' he thought, planning to leave this spell as the last minute measure.

"Alright," she then turned towards the nearby corridor and vanished there.

The two girls were laid on two big beds which Jim was pretty sure were made to accommodate the giant bodies of many races here.

Inside the vast hall they were in, they were the only disciples here.

Jim started to wander around while everyone else stuck themselves to the beds of the girls. Only Jenny and Ashley weren't that much interested in worshipping the girls and followed Jim around.

"All of them... are severely wounded," Ashley said in a shaking tone. They passed over ten wounded masters so far and all of them looked pathetic.

Some lost an arm, some lost a leg, and there was one who lost the lower half of his body.

And strangely he was from the fox clan, reminding Jim of Siera.

"Oh a human servant?" suddenly this weak voice came from the body laid on the bed, "it's rare to see a human servant in the academy. Sigh, no offense kid but no one have high expectations for your race."

Jim was distracted from his thought and before he could correct this wounded master, the master coughed and sneezed in what seemed to be a rough attack of his illness. "Screw that demon, if I had more fighters I wouldn't be here and he would have in my place."

Jim stopped what he wanted to say and he was just about to leave when the master stretched his hand suddenly and touched him. "Impressive... you learn two spells at such a young age... impressive."

Jim was instantly scared with that but even this master in such a wounded state had too much strength than his to break free. "A human kid with a cape... no way, are you a disciple of the academy?"

"Is there a problem of being a disciple here?" Jim asked aggressively as he was getting pissed off that master now.

"For me? I don't give a damn about this," the master returned to his attack of sneezes and coughs. He eventually let Jim's hand free to mind his own self.

And Jim didn't retreat at once while he waited to hear more from this master. "Damn," the master cursed before returning his back and glanced slowly at Jim.

"The academy here is a harsh place for anyone," the master spoke and Jim didn't know if he was speaking to him or to someone else. "Being here without any backing or strength is just a suicide."

"At least I have some strength," Jim said, trying to make sure what this master's words really meant.

"What grade are you as a kid?" the master asked, "and what's your rank now? Outer disciple?"

"I'm still a freshman," Jim said before taking out his sword and suddenly the cape around his body shone brightly with golden light alongside his sword.

"A... Privileged inner disciple... No f*cking way!"

Jim sheathed his sword and his face showed a content expression from the impact his little move had over the master. "Which pantheon do you belong to? Wait a minute, there is no such connection between humans and any great pantheon... unless..."

The master paused before he slightly pushed his upper body off the bed depending on his two arms while gazing deeply over Jim. "Don't tell me you have mixed bloodlines in your body."

The tone and gaze of this master told Jim he even wasn't believing such a scenario might be true.

"I..." but Jim paused suddenly as he found such an excuse very good to use, "I frankly don't know, but most probably... yeah."

The master couldn't hold his body any longer and had to lean back to the bed. "What pantheon was lucky to have such a gem then?" he muttered while Jim thought he would enter into another attack once more.

"The Fairies."

"..."