

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 96: Fifty Points To The Pantheon Of Fairies

"Humph."

One of the disciples here didn't agree with Mark's vision, yet the latter didn't find it insulting as he evilly smiled, "there will be a test to decide who suits this position better, so don't be full of yourself and I still bet on him Cason boy."

Jim glanced over that disciple to see a slim and long fellow with a dark skin and green hair. He looked like humans except for the two pairs of legs and that long tail behind.

"No one is faster than the Casons," the kid seemed not to accept such remark from Mark, "and Casons are the one of the best candidates for any ace."

"Indeed Casons are fast," Mark nodded, "but who said this is only about speed?" he smirked as he glanced over Jim and added, "don't underestimate him."

"I'm not underestimating myself," the kid said, "it's me, Patrick, who will get this ace spot and no one else."

Mark didn't speak as he glanced over Jim who only smiled. For him it was pointless to argue with such a thick headed Cason.

'Sorry pal, this spot will be mine one way or another,' Jim inwardly sneered while Mark clapped his hands as he said, "alright, now as you all know what is waiting for you here, it's time for the lessons to start."

He turned towards the nearest building as he added, "who will attend the magic class zero with me?"

Jim thought the class would be full, but when he entered the huge hall filled with rows of sets he was astonished to spot only ten here.

"Don't be this surprised human kid," Mark walked to stand on a broad wooden stage with a white board behind his back, "most think they don't need to learn anything about magic, and believe me... they are all mistaken."

Jim nodded as he went to one seat and sat there. The class was wide and the disciples were few so each one sat on a spot with no one else around.

"Good, now let's start this class with a definition of magic," he turned around as he added, "as you are already part of a pantheon in one way or another, it's logic for disciples here to be arranged accordingly. So, during your studies here you won't be able to only gain points to yourselves by answering my questions and doing your homework, but also will contribute to your pantheon as well."

"Is there a benefit for that?" Jim asked as he never heard or read about such a thing before.

"Indeed, after all there is a competition between pantheons here," Mark said before sighing, "it's a shame you only the disciple of the fairy pantheon. Your pantheon is destined to come last."

Jim sighed as well as this was something he couldn't compete with. "But..." yet Mark didn't let him be depressed for long, "if you managed to be the ace and won a match, you'll be able to gain many points."

"Thanks master," Jim's eyes shone brightly as he already had one more reason to be the ace and win the cup.

"Now can anyone answer this question... what is magic?"

"It's the energy flowing around and inside us," one disciple spoke and Mark nodded before adding, "cute answer, but not the one I'm seeking."

"It's the result of all living things, found in everything even in air and water," another disciple said and Mark only nodded. "Anyone else?" he asked.

'Tell him this...'
suddenly the old man opened his mouth and told Jim an answer.

"It's the power present even before the dawn of life. It's everything, and inside anything. It's the fuel for our bodies to use in literally anything, and it's an ocean while our bodies and minds are just the operator."

"Nice one," Mark commended, "can you explain to me what do you mean by the last example you said?"

Jim waited for a moment while getting the answer from the old man before spilling it out:

"It means being weak and unable to exert enough magic power isn't the fault of the

power itself. Anyone can hold an enormous power provided that he or she can learn how to draw it perfectly from the world around."

"Perfect," Mark nodded in content, "very good answer. The fairy pantheon receives ten points for such an amazing one."

Jim suddenly felt a faint tremor on his body before a small number appeared just in front of his eyes startling him.

"Don't react like it was a big deal," Mark laughed on his reaction, "this is the privilege of being part of any pantheon with points. The number you are seeing will increase according to your efforts."

Jim understood part of what Mark was referring to before pointing towards a pot in the air as he asked: "Can anyone else see this?"

"Only you, and the guardian of the academy of course."

"Then why do I have this fifty figure instead of ten?" Jim was feeling some doubts as the number first appeared fifty not ten.

"Fifty? Interesting... it seems your outer disciples are doing good and brought you another forty," Mark said with a beaming smile over his face, "there is a stele in some place of the academy. There you'll find the final ranking of the pantheons. You started good, but others will start amassing points so don't be dejected if you found yourself the last."

Jim laughed shortly as he knew Mark was only concerned about him. "Don't worry, master, I'm used for starting last and finish first," he said and Mark only grinned before turning to others and asked:

"Now can anyone ask me how we connect with magic power? How can we draw it? how can we increase the use of such crushing power?"

"We can train our bodies to gain such an increase in absorbing magic power," one disciple said while he didn't want Jim to gain more points.

"Nice one, but not enough," yet the answer wasn't appreciated by Mark.

"We connect using our body to the magic power around. The stronger and more bigger the body, the better the magic power he will yield," A disciple gave such a detailed answer.

"This is just a great misconception," Mark said before adding, "some believe that

giants have more power than dwarfs, but in fact dwarfs can be far scarier than the giants."

His answer silenced many disciples here while Jim only listened to the long explanation of his old man before speaking at last:

"We connect not using our body but our souls," he first said while Mark's eyes shone, pleased with such an answer. "Regulating our breathing and using meditation exercises help a lot in increasing the amount of energy absorbed by us," Jim added while Mark kept gesturing to him to continue.

"Also the body is the vessel of the soul, so we need to strengthen it as well. Having a strong bond with the outer magic power without a body sturdy enough to contain it would result in the magic power seeping away from us like water through fingers."

"Wow," Mark honestly said, "this answer I never heard for such a long time already."

"He must have memorized the books before coming here," the Cason kid sneered as he already considered Jim his enemy, "he is a bookworm guy," he laughed and some did and others only glanced weirdly at him.

"If he did that then I would have to applaud for such dedication to be stronger," Mark said in a harsh tone before pointing to Jim, "but the answer he just gave isn't written in any book you have."

"Then how did he get it then?" the Cason kid asked in an aggressive tone.

"First of all you aren't the master of this class," Mark smiled calmly as he added, "fifty points are deducted from the pantheon of Banshee for your bad attitude."

The face of that kid suddenly darkened while Mark continued in the same carefree tone, "I'm the master, and inside any class of the academy only masters have the right to ask and interrogate, not disciples."

Jim watched the Cason kid's face becoming redder from anger, yet he didn't open his mouth and learnt his lesson wisely this time.

"Let me hear the rest of what you have," Mark turned to Jim as he totally ignored the Cason kid.

"The body and soul must be synchronized in their growth," Jim also ignored that kid like he was a worthless fly, "failing to do so will lead to a very bitter result."

"Good, can you tell me when we can achieve the absolute balance between the two?"

Jim smiled as the answer of his old man drove that smile out, "like me," he pointed to himself feeling weirder by the old man's flowing words in his mind.

"How?" Mark demanded for more and Jim just added:

"The stage where no one ever used the magic powers on purpose is the stage of absolute perfection."

"Amazing," Mark praised, "fifty points to the pantheon of fairies."