

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 97: The Magical Orb

Jim felt many eyes falling upon him, but he simply ignored them all. He started to have a path for his future, a path where he would be the ace and gain the admiration, envy, and respect from everyone here.

"And now let me speak a little about this balance," Mark walked towards the white board where a black writing started to appear with fire eating its edges like it was eating the board itself.

"Starting from such balance made every single one who practiced magic crave to taste it again. Unfortunately no one ever achieved perfection, and from this... this score was created after many years of trials and observation."

Jim and other disciples watched the dark letters with red fairy edges staying on the surface of the board while Mark pointed to them as he loudly said:

"The score is an evaluation of the body and soul synchronization. Starting from one hundred being the lowest bottom and one as our perfection dream, everyone falls under this scale according to his or her own strength."

"Swoosh!"

All of sudden he waved his hand while a small rounded beautiful looking orb appeared in his palm of hand. It had a very smooth surface, coupled with the snow white flakes moving slowly inside it, Jim and others just wanted to grab it.

"The orb of assessment, or the judge as many prefer to call," Mark raised his hand holding the orb high before adding, "using this little beauty here will give anyone of you an assessment of his growth so far. Based on this, one should know which aspect he would focus on."

He stored the orb away before a grin appeared over his face, "this little one only sold here in the academy. You can go to the inner disciples affair building and get your own for ten academy coins only."

"Phew," many sucked a cold breath of air while Mark only shook his head. "This judge is something any disciple should obtain. Without it you won't have a guidance to your

progress and would falter. So my personal advice is for you to hurry and save enough money to buy it."

Jim glanced around the disciples here and felt slightly astonished. At least two thirds of them showed a bitter expression over their faces despite they all came from prestigious clans.

'Weird,' he inwardly muttered, 'I thought anyone coming from these big names would be rich and have a strong backing... it seems I was wrong.'

'Even inside big clans, there are few who are born with golden spoons and the rest are to serve them,' the old man said and Jim suddenly had an idea.

"Master, may I propose something?" he suddenly said, stopping Mark from saying any more.

"Interrupting me amidst my lecture? Humph, you surely have balls," Mark reprimanded him per usual before casually waving his hand, "c'mon, bring it out and let's see what you've got."

"I suppose this judge is something we all should have and will help all of us to grow stronger," Jim calmly said before adding, "and correct me if I'm wrong; the pantheon cup and the academy rankings are all depending on our personal strengths."

"Indeed," Mark simply said in an impatient tone, "and also the upcoming battlefield quest will also depend on your individual strengths."

"Then may I propose to help anyone here to buy this orb?" Jim said with a faint smile of confidence over his face, "I didn't come from a strong clan or have any strong backing. I don't excel at much and I doubt I can help the class to climb ranks over others and gain fame and glory. But, this little thing here I can help with."

The face of Mark told Jim that the old master had already seen through his little trick. However, beside him only few here realized the hidden agenda he had in mind.

"Humph, as if I would come and beg for some coins and humiliate myself in front of everyone," the Cason boy didn't let Jim have it the way he wanted.

"It doesn't need to be in public," Jim cracked a wide smile, "all you need to do is come to my mansion any time after the classes and anyone can have enough coins to buy this crucial orb."

The class ushered under completed silence while Mark didn't speak either. His shining eyes and bright face told Arthur what he was thinking right now. As for the Cason kid,

he didn't have anything else to say and only returned to stare at the front.

Arthur exchanged silent gazes with many where some nodded to him, others gave him neutral expression, and only few made him feel the same vibe he got from the Cason kid... enmity and rivalry.

"It's such a rich offer from you," Mark finally spoke, "but you need to know this might cause you a fortune."

"All for the team, master," Jim simply shrugged while the Cason kid turned to give him a deep glance along with a few disciples here.

"Alright, now you know where to loan your money from," Mark laughed before adding, "back to our class. I'll distribute the orb around, and each one of you will test his powers."

Mark paused before he seriously said, "but note that this isn't your final score. You are still starting your journey in magic, so it's normal for the score to be a bit high."

"There is the god score master."

Mark turned to the Cason kid as he said, "Patrick is right, but will you have this score?"

Patrick didn't answer while Mark sneered, "like I expected," then he turned to address the entire class, "this score is considered a legend. Some call it a myth even, so don't listen to Patrick here and have any hopes to achieve it."

"What is this god score, master?" Jim asked and he expected, Mark pointed to the Cason kid as he answered, "ask our Patrick here, he knows it all about the score."

The Cason kid had his own share of mocking glances before Mark added, "anyway I'll get to answer this as you asked me not him... it's the zero score."

Mark suddenly waved his hand and the board behind had the words over it changing the next moment.

"The zero score is an indication for the godly balance. No matter how much you train your body or your soul, your score won't change. It's still a legendary score where some claim the fairies enjoyed it and thus they ruled the entire universe with much ease."

"I wonder if our Jim here can show us this legendary score," a giant disciple said in a mocking tone, "at least he is the only fairy here."

Jim glanced over that giant who showed him an evil sneer over his face. The two glanced at each other for brief seconds in silence while the tension rose slightly in the air.

"No fighting in my class," Mark coldly said, "this is your first warning, John. Repeat this offense again and I'll deduct points from your pantheon!"

"Sorry master," John helplessly raised his arms, "I didn't mean any harm."

Jim knew he was lying but simply ignored him. "Now I'll pass the orb over you. Just hold it tight and close your eyes. Don't try to invoke anything, just keep it inside your palm of hand."

Mark then threw the orb all of a sudden towards John who was startled before catching it just before it would fall to the ground. "Careful there," Mark sneered, "you'll pay for what you break."

The face of the kid changed before he took a deep breath and held the orb in his palm of hand. Despite the obvious comparison between the big hand and small orb, the giant kid couldn't close his fist over it.

And just after he closed his eyes, Jim noticed the snow inside the orb getting stirred all of a sudden.

'It's not a snow color, it's snowflake,' he inwardly muttered while watching the flakes coalesce together and give off a number.

"Thirty-five," Mark said in a loud voice and the giant kid jolted awake in response. "Not bad, the giant clan is still a giant in the game," Mark laughed before motioning with his head, "pass it to the next one."

John threw it to the kid of some kind of a flying race. "Careful, or else..." Mark warned John who just shrugged, "I simply gave it to him. If it falls, then he will have to pay for it, not me."

Mark sneered but he didn't correct his words. As for the kid who got the orb barely off the ground, he gave John a hatred glance before Mark shouted:

"Don't waste time and start assessing yourself."

"Sorry," the kid apologized before giving John another glance and closed his eyes next.

"Forty-two."

"Fifty."

"Thirty-eight."

"Forty."

Mark kept shouting the numbers while the disciples tested themselves and threw the orb towards the next one.

'Just drop it,' yet when Jim's turn came, the old man suddenly whispered in his mind, 'let it smash to pieces.'