

# 《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

## Chapter 13: A Desperate Situation

She glared at the newly formed monsters from the bodies of the slaves living here. "At least only ten percent turned into monsters by this demon aura, meaning he isn't that high in strength," she said to herself, trying to feel better at the high probability of Jim's death here.

Jim glanced with disbelief at all these changes that happened to many men around him.

Each one had his body deformed, swollen and grew in size, while hands were replaced with scissors like extensions, legs were replaced with claws, and heads were replaced with strange and ugly looking disfigured paled faces.

'These are the effects of exposing to demon aura for some time,' the old man finally said. And before Jim could speak loudly to him, 'think and I will respond,' he added, trying to establish a secure way to speak with him.

'Are these eternal changes? Does this mean this leader is a demon? Are demons real?'

'Sigh, boy you have the blood of the fallen fairy king, saw a lively dragon before, and now being eyed by a giant clan and fox clan descendants. Yet you are startled of demons? Collect yourself and embrace each ounce of courage you can muster, as dealing with this demon here will prove to be quite challenging.'

Jim glanced at these big ugly monsters and felt quite shaky; he didn't think he could beat all them.

'Wrong! The real danger isn't from these, but from that demon behind them!' the old man said, making Jim turn his eyes towards that cyan, flashing brightly in the darkness... That huge leader standing behind all of these demons.

'So I should kill him first and everyone will be freed?'

'No, only those not affected by his demon aura will be freed, but the others will still maintain their demonic transformation and still attack you.'

'You know this isn't considered even a plan!'

'This is the only plan!'

'This is a bad plan!'

'Yet it's a plan!'

Jim stopped arguing with the man's voice in his head, as the monsters roared again, preparing to move and attack him!

"Damn! I should find something to fight back with," he cursed out loud before he felt the cold hilt of the sword in his hand. 'This won't do against their thick skin,' he muttered to himself.

'Just think of the sword, picture it as part of your body and you will be amazed,' the old man said, and the next thing Jim did was to follow his words to the letter.

As he pictured the sword in his hand, the sword was lit up with layers of fire that extended from his arm to the sword.

"Oh, he can control his power very well," Pol commented in dissatisfaction before sighing, "I thought he was nobody, but it seems this kid knows his stuff somehow, tsk."

"It's just phase one of control, not that much," Siera was still mad at him.

"It's still a control, meaning he will beat them easier than expected."

"Humph."

Pol seemed upset about losing the fun he dreamt of, and Siera looked delighted at his loss.

As for Jim, the next moment he had his mind drawing out a path to evade the incoming attacks of three demons. He simply jumped evading them.

The demons looked giant, yet their moves were clumsy compared to his agile steps. So, he kept dancing, jumping from point to another, totally evading the attacks with ease.

"You are such a monkey! Let's see how you will deal with this!"

The demon leader of this filthy place roared before he opened his mouth and the next thing a strange fog appeared out of it.

It was a cyan fog, yet the moment it appeared it seemed to follow a hidden will; his will.

"A poison user? That's weirder!" Siera muttered in shock before adding, "since when demons can use poison?"

"It seems a variation between the two clans, tsk. That boy is just doomed to lose!" Pol's words seemed worried to Jim, yet his expression and tone exposed how much delighted he was.

Siera glanced at Jim while her body faintly trembled. "Don't! He doesn't worth the troubles you will face," Pol smirked as he warned her again.

"Tsk," and all she did was to ignore him and keep watching Jim while jumping off, evading the demons. And her body trembled more violently.

"This is a poisonous fog, try to burn it with your fire!" she suddenly shouted.

"Naughty girl! What did you just do?!!!"

"I just yelled at him. Was yelling also forbidden?"

Pol sneered and shook his head. To him this fight was meaningless except if Jim died. To him humans worth nothing at all!

'Listen to the fox girl's words and burn this fog.'

'I don't know how!'

Jim was busy trying to cope with the paths he had in mind, and he waved his sword a couple of times, cutting off limbs and causing some wounds.

But this seemed too much for him! He wasn't trained to be a fighter, he wasn't trained to be anything at all!

'Just do as I tell, and if anyone asks just lie and say you discovered this by accident.'