

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 150: The Demon Forest Expedition

"Hi, may I know if you have any public speaker or something like that?" one of the disciples who belonged to the hydra pantheon, asked when it was his turn.

"You mean like someone dealing with the reporters?" Jim asked and the boy nodded. "Up till now no," Jim glanced at the three heads of that person, reminding him of Mera, "but as you mentioned this, I would need someone to do that for me."

"Then can I apply for such a position?" the boy asked in anticipation and Jim smiled and nodded.

"Just go to the stadium and speak with the coach," he said, "after all she has the final call in such matters."

"Thanks a lot captain," the boy said as if he was already part of the team, "I'll go now."

He hurriedly moved, or literally ran towards the gate and vanished behind the large army of reporters who were very curious about what he was doing.

"Next," Jim said, yet someone suddenly appeared.

"Hey hey, can we have our classes to run and you to attend them now?"

It was Mark and he just said this with a wide smile over his face. His words were met with discontent, yet Jim suddenly said:

"Let's go to classes first and then in the break we can continue," he promised before adding, "I won't leave here before meeting each one of you."

"Yeah!"

"Thanks captain!"

"Captain Jim is the best!"

"I just want to ask about the cheer squad, can I join?" suddenly one girl asked and then a large number joined her, repeating the same question in different ways.

"Alright, you can go now to meet master Mera," Jim said with a laugh, "after all she is the master of the cheer squad and I can't meddle in her business. I hope you can understand that."

The girls all nodded, some winked and even few gave him a kiss in the air before they turned around and started to run towards the stadium direction.

"I believe many masters will complain of their disciples being absent today," Mark couldn't help but sigh and Jim laughed.

"Go, it's now the time of the spell class," Mark said before turning to the rest, "and you should know your classes, don't miss them or else your masters will force me to take points off your pantheons."

"What would you do if we missed the opportunity to join the legendary team?" one of the masters suddenly appeared and his tone and the hidden meaning in his words made even Mark's face change slightly.

"Donald, what brought you here?" Mark asked.

"It's the inner campus, can't I be here?" and Donald only laughed as if he was already having a very good moment right now.

And that was something that made Jim be quite vigilant towards him.

"I mean this is the area of the spell class," Mark said in more direct words, ignoring the answer of Donald, "you should be at your class now."

"I'm just here to inform you of something," Donald said with a grin over his face that made Jim feel worse about what he was about to say, "the academy council just agreed to send the disciples of the forest expedition this weekend."

"What?" Mark's face changed before he asked in a more serious tone, "when did that happen? That expedition should be held no less than a month from now!"

"They just said it was due to the expedition being sent to the battlefield during the same time," Donald shrugged as if he was the messenger, not the instigator, "I just came to deliver you the news. As for the details, you have more connections than me up there."

Mark gave him a deep glance before nodding. "Thanks," he then turned to the disciples

around, "the spell class is cancelled for now. I'll make sure to hold an extended class according to that piece of news."

In front of Jim Mark vanished without trace while Donald only laughed while directly glancing at his eyes. It was like he was directly challenging Jim, and Jim got the message and accepted the challenge with a nod.

"See you later... captain," Donald said before laughing while leisurely taking his time walking away.

"This man... damn!" Jim could only clench his fists while this short visit from Donald ruined the perfect mood he had moments before.

'Don't mind him,' the old man suddenly said, 'he is just jealous.'

'Do you know what this expedition is all about?' Jim didn't leave as he went into the class intending to seclude himself there and train.

'It's a tournament for the disciples to hunt the monsters and gather up their cores,' the old man said, 'it's not safe or too dangerous, but it has a very great importance inside the academy.'

'What for?' Jim didn't get the meaning behind these words.

'See, it's like what you did in the game. Whoever scores the highest score in each grade will be considered a prodigy,' the old man said, 'after all it's all about being stronger and showing off your strength in a very fair way I suppose.'

'Then I have to fight against the monsters?' Jim asked, 'alone?'

'I think it's not alone,' the old man seemed hesitant, 'a long time has passed since I was alive and the rules might have changed a little.'

'I hope they would allow each disciple to go there alone,' Jim honestly said, 'I can't compete with teams having large numbers of outer disciples following their orders and helping them to gain more cores.'

'Even if the rules didn't state that, you should expect this to happen one way or another,' the old man said, 'and from the words that jerk just said I suppose this was meant to demote your fame and cover up your growing success and glory.'

'Then I should work to make him quite disappointed.'

'Indeed,' the old man said, 'and to do that you'll need to form many alliances and seek

the help of your guardians.'

'The three masters?' Jim's eyes shone for a moment with golden light, 'what for?'

'You need spells,' the old man said, 'more than one actually, and also gears to fight. You already know the value of the gears.'

Jim understood his meaning. In the game matches he felt invincible and could do anything by the amazing gears he had from Rana.

'I should ask her then,' he thought.

'Don't put too much hope on her,' the old man warned, 'she already did a lot to support you.'

'I... have then to ask those three for help,' he couldn't help but sigh, 'if I have more time, like one more week perhaps then I might have the chance to go to the Sherwid town and kill some thieves or make some deals with people there.'

'You need to handle rocks thrown in your face... one rock at a time,' the old man advised and Jim sat on the ground while nodding in agreement.

'And I swear to crush all these rocks and melt them into nothing worthy!' he muttered in great determination before regulating his breaths and starting his training.

He was tempted to try out his theory but he knew he didn't have the time to do that. He feared being interrupted and he was right.

Just after a few minutes inside his serene world, Mark came to wake him up.

"How hard a worker you are," Mark said in admiration, "and such spirit is needed for what's about to come."

"The expedition?" Jim asked, "Is it next weekend then?"

"Sadly it is," Mark's face and tone showed how much angry he was at the moment, "they refused to tell me anything but I learnt that one master of the inner campus came and proposed of this in the morning," he said before adding, "they say he complained because the time of this expedition antagonizes with the time of the expedition to the battleground... such an asshole is only worthy to be slapped in the face for his dirty actions!"

Jim understood he was speaking about Donald and he didn't comment despite his deep anger towards him. "May I know what this expedition is about? What are we supposed

to do in the forest? The rules?"

Mark sighed before grabbing a chair and sat beside Jim who was still sitting on the ground cross legged.

"It's a competition between all the disciples, pantheons, and campuses of the academy," he said before adding, "each disciple will go there, kill as many monsters as he can and get their cores."

Jim nodded as he already got this info from his old man.

"The rules state that each disciple is on his own, and the highest ten disciples with the highest scores in each grade will be considered the ten dragons of the academy... prodigies whom everyone should support and look in admiration to."

Jim's heart was relaxed before Mark added his next bomb:

"But in fact and from the long years of this expedition this isn't the case. Most disciples just use their slaves, friends, and even bribe some of other disciples to help. Auctions and stealing also occurred frequently inside the expedition where no one would supervise the fight going inside as long as it didn't break the sacred rule of the academy."

Jim's heart dropped to his knees while muttering, "Only fight is allowed for equal grade disciples or with one grade difference, right?"

And Mark only nodded and said nothing.

"That's... bad," Jim couldn't help but express his deepest feeling in front of his kind master.