

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 159: Don't Worry, I'm All For Girls Only!

"Hahaha, if you can see your face right now," she laughed wholeheartedly while her body trembled from her laughter while her heads moved right and left. "Alright, let's talk about business now... tell me what do you know about tattoos?"

He glanced weirdly at her before saying:

"Drawings on skin, right?"

"Wrong," she calmly said while her heads swayed in amusement, "tattoos are the window to the souls, like eyes... Can you say eyes are just mere openings to see the world? They are the deepest links we have for our souls."

He nodded despite not understanding anything at all from her words.

"To do a tattoo you must see it like sleeping with a girl, you've slept with yours before, right?" she suddenly said and this time his face froze up as he never saw this coming.

"Hahaha, I love your reactions, hahaha," and again she laughed at him while he started to feel he was a clown coming here to amuse her.

But he didn't express his objections, after all he needed that tattoo.

"So you've done it, right?"

This time he tried to control his reaction while nodding. "Such a playboy, surrounding yourself with beauties and not caring about my girls... that's sad."

He glanced at her in weirdness and that made her laugh again. "Alright, let's speak about your tattoo... hmm... that monster needs something special and it happens I had something for a long time now."

One of her necks extended to one direction before a hand stretched to dig inside a small box. "This is something I kept for years for a special monster, and that Seson really deserves it."

The thing she took out made Jim's face change. "A... dragon?!!" he couldn't help but

mutter in deep shock as she took out a small, yet strangely alive, dragon.

It was no bigger than a closed fist in size, but Jim could swear he saw smoke coming from its nostrils.

"It's the essence dragon," she whispered like she was speaking about something sacred and secretive. "This little one here cost me a fortune, and I can grant it to you on one condition."

Jim knew what she would ask for but he had to ask: "What is it, if I may ask?"

"To have one of my beloved girls as your future wife," she firmly said in a tone that made him realize she wasn't joking this time.

And even his face didn't invoke any laugh from her this time.

"B- But..." he stuttered as he tried to think of a way to drop such an offer.

"You've your own girls? What's wrong about having a wife then?" she said, "plus the one I selected is an inner disciple of the first grade, one year younger than you I believe and she has five stunning beautiful heads with each one no less than your precious Twisex girls."

He suddenly realized she did her research about him and he felt all the roads to escape were blocked in front of his face.

"In addition to that, your girls are all your slaves. You still don't have a direct disciple in the academy, except for that much older girl that recently joined your cheering squad."

Jim found a way finally to escape but the next moment she blocked that as well.

"I don't care how many girls you'll end up with, but my girl should be the first one, the top in your list. As for that girl... I'll make her join the cheering squad and teach her how hydras are far sexier and alluring than her pathetic Nymph clan is."

Jim felt there were much deeper secrets regarding such hatred than just mere beauty contests between races. "Well, at least give the girl you chose a choice," he couldn't help but say.

"Don't worry, whoever refuses the one I personally recommend would be only a fool girl beyond saving," she smiled in content while three of heads nodded and the fourth said: "plus you are a rising star now in the entire academy. I bet any girl would be enticed to tempt you to be her man. Even that arrogant nymph kid went out of her way

to lure you."

He helplessly glanced at her and dropped any words of arguments he had. "Alright, at least I shall like her as well," he said and the next moment she sweetly laughed like she heard a nice joke.

"No one can say no to a hydra beauty," she said, "you should consider yourself lucky to have such an offer in the first grade... I can't recall how many masters sought me out when I was a disciple and I dropped them all."

He glanced at her before she laughed, "sorry but I'm not that much interested in boys."

And this made him raise an eyebrow without knowing what to say.

"I have to warn you I'm a very resentful person," she seriously turned her four faces, "if you lied or tricked me or my girl, I swear I won't let you enjoy a single moment in the academy. I won't fear any rules, and I'll take my revenge before anyone comes to save you."

"Gallop."

He swallowed his saliva hardly when he felt his threatening aura. "I... won't do that to you," he said and she only kept glaring at him for a few moments before her reaction softened.

"I bet you won't disappoint me," she said with a chuckle, "now let's speak about this little essence here. Do you know what essence even means?" she suddenly paused, "oh, I totally forgot you came from a human world. You don't have essences there, right?"

"Frankly... I know nothing about it."

"It's a soul wisp," she said before explaining, "any soul when dies will leave some wisps behind. In some occasions and under some magical circumstances these wisps will gather and take the form of a living creature, so miniature than the original ones and much weaker of course."

Jim glanced this time at the little dragon in her and seemed hesitant. He hated dragons and didn't want to deal much with them.

Yet in a single day he met a strangely rebellious dragon who was nice to him, and now he was about to get a tattoo made by the remnant souls of old dragons.

"Don't worry, it won't affect anything of your powers," she sensed his hesitation and as being aware of the old truth she couldn't help but try to reassure him. "It will only bind

that Seson with your soul and act as a link between the two."

'Accept,' as he was hesitant, the old man spoke at last, giving him the green light to do that, 'it's not a problem at all and you'll gain more benefits this way.'

"Sigh, it seems I can't reject this kindness of master," he nodded and announced his agreement.

"Good," and her heads smiled in content before adding in excitement, "now, where do you want this tattoo then?"

And he simply glanced at his chest as he said, "master Igory said the heart is the best place for a tattoo."

"He is indeed right," she calmly said, "but that will hurt you a little."

"No problem," he didn't hesitate to say, "can we start now?"

"Oh, why the hurry then?" she leisurely said, "my girl isn't here yet. Don't tell me you aren't excited to meet her."

"Ahem, you sent for her now?" he tried to control his surprise and accept what she said and did as part of her strange nature.

"Indeed, or you want to renege on your words?"

"Sigh, I can't do that even if I wanted, right?" he helplessly said and she only laughed.

"Come, let's first prepare you for the session," she stood up while patting slowly over the head of the small dragon, "y'know essences never grow, get old, sleep, or even eat but they always can feel any slight change in the mood of the owner. Do you know how?"

And he shook his head in return.

"They have extremely delicate senses for magic," one of her heads turned to face him while she led him to the back of her big mansion, "so they can sense our mood from the nature of the magic we emit when we get sad, happy, or angry."

"Wow, that's impressive," he said in a fake tone.

'That's really a very important gift kid,' yet the old man said in a serious tone, 'don't belittle such a thing.'

And Jim silently nodded.

"Here," she led him into a spacious room with a door made entirely of glass, "take off everything and lay over that seat."

He glanced over a soft seat that took the curve of the body. The moment he spotted this icy white table and he recalled a distant visit he did once to a local dentist.

"Hahaha, I won't hurt you too much," she seemed to read his mind, "despite my precious seat here being very friendly."

"I bet it is," he went to the seat and removed his uniform before turning to her.

"Go on," she amusingly said, "don't worry, I'm like you big sister here."

And he didn't know why but her words didn't make him comfortable about what was going to happen.