

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 2: A Strange Fog

"Sure, a delusional sound coming from the depth of my twisted mind can brag about not being afraid of them," he sneered as he moved away from the desk, feeling a kind of loss.

'This isn't true, I'm not afraid of them as I once was a higher being, far scarier and mightier than them. In fact, these dragons you worship were called lizards by us, working as our slaves and trying to appeal all the time to satisfy our desires.'

"Yes, yes. And they also fought for you and lifted you to the skies where you vanished completely of this huge earth. Tell me, old man, what did you smoke to reach this stage? Huh? Be a generous old mighty being and share this secret with me. I might be in desperate need for some of that stuff right now."

He laughed and as he did; he found himself standing against the window again. Jim glanced through it while the voice came again with its soft voice:

'I'm not telling lies! And you, my poor son, are born with the same genes as me and others who long died.'

"Sure, I totally believe you!"

Jim was now circling aimlessly in the room, while he started to accept his miserable fate out of desperation.

'What if I proved it to you?' the soft voice came ringing in head, making Jim really uncomfortable. He was about to embrace the idea of dying here today, and that sound just kicked him out of this mood.

"Sigh, if I told you to stop you won't, will you?"

'Just do this and if it fails, then I will shut up till your end.'

"Sigh," Jim shook his head, "bring it old man. What is it? But don't tell me I can jump the two stories' height and land safely, I don't fall for such dirty tricks."

'It's not tricks, young fool, it's a way to slightly awaken your true genes for a brief

moment,' the sound said as it went silent for a while.

"Old man, are you taking a nap now?" Jim asked as he knocked on his head with his protruded thin knuckles.

'Hush, I'm trying to find a place not covered with this cursed wood or ore.'

"You mean the silethem ore and oalked wood?"

'Yeah, these two are the nemesis to those who had your genes, but... ' the sound paused as it found its goal, 'they can cover everything but not the air, right?'

"I swear in the name of the sacred golden dragon I don't understand a single word of what you said!"

'Just go to the window.'

"Old man, I told you I won't jump! No matter what cursed ore or wood that filled the room!"

'Who said anything about jumping! I just want you to take down the glass from the window side!'

"Just the glass?"

'Yes, take the glass off.'

Jim went while helplessly shaking his head towards the window. Back in his home, he was the one responsible for doing all the repairs and dirty works there, including cleaning. He once repaired a broken glass of a larger window than this, and he still held that memory deep in his mind with that long scar on the palm of his hand.

"Now what?" he asked after he professionally took out the long thin layer of glass.

'Go to the fireplace and ignite the fire. Take the glass with you and put it on the base of the fire.'

"You want to burn the glass?" Jim remarked as he went to the fireplace, a small rectangular unused thing this summer. He found it clean with no speck of dust over its base, where he carefully put the glass over then took out the wood stored in one corner. Before taking out a lighter device invented by one of the great magus for sure in his world, and lit fire over the glass.

'No, I want it to liquefy, so it would make an insulator over the surface of the floor.'

Jim just shrugged as he really was seeing this as a child's play; a game to waste some time invented by his desperate brain to make him not lose his mind—for real!

"So I have to wait?"

'Five minutes only.'

"You are joking, right? This layer of glass would take longer than that! An hour isn't an exaggeration!"

'Sigh, just wait, it's five minutes, much shorter than what you expect, right? You won't lose anything then!'

"..."

Jim didn't reply to the sharp comment of that crazy sound, as he lamented his mind to be hot tempered like this instead of trying to comfort him.

"What the hell...?!!" Jim hurried to jump to the back when a transparent fiery liquid oozed from the fireplace, heading directly towards his feet. He retreated fast, and when he was far enough he realized something.

"It took five minutes as you said, old man!"

'Sure, your genes just gave a boost to the glass, helping it to disintegrate fast.'

"Speaking in riddles again!"

'Now it's no time for you to speak, just stand over the fluid with your bare feet, hurry!'

"Old man, why are you so fixed on torturing me? Huh? Don't be in a hurry, in a couple of hours they will come and torture me to death!"

'Just go!'

"Don't shout, I will go, ok!"

Jim, hesitantly, moved towards the transparent hot fluid emitting thin linear lines of smoke. He reached to the end of this fluid, closed his eyes and stretched one leg to test the temperature.

'JUST JUMP!'

The shout startled him and made him lose balance, jumping forcibly over the fluid to balance himself. As he prevented himself from falling, he took a deep sigh.

"Can't you just be gentler?" he groaned as he was pissed off what the voice just did to him.

'No need to thank me, you are now standing over the fluid perfectly fine, right?'

Jim turned his head instantly to the ground, to find himself standing over the fluid, where the thin pillars of white smoke turned into thick fog coming out from its surface, centered around his legs.

"Old man, what is going on here?" he asked after he confirmed his legs were completely fine. The old man didn't reply as the fluid continued to emit fog that climbed over his body from the legs to the shoulders; like a coat was formed by this fog!

"Old man...?!" he asked again as he didn't know what he had to do or what was going on here.

'This is a small boost you will gain to your weakened body. However, this won't last for long. I expect this would last only for a couple of hours, mostly half a day,' the sound came again, while Jim glanced all over his body as he muttered:

"What boost? I'm now covered in fog like I came out of the bath naked!"

'Agh, ok, just go anywhere and try to use any part of your body. Know what? Go back to the bed and kick that stupid painting over it!'

"..."

Jim glanced at his body covered in a strange veil of fog and then towards that bed. "What possibly could go wrong?" he muttered as he went towards the bed, stopped there in front of that stupid wooden art for a moment before kicking it again with his leg, while closing his eyes; preparing for the worse.

"Boom!"

A muffled explosive sound erupted as he hurriedly opened his eyes to see a scene he never, ever, imagined in his wildest dreams. The bed was now on the other side of the room, clashing with the long line of the paintings of those who were before him, making many frames to shatter and fall.

"H- H- How... Who caused this?" Jim was really shocked beyond imagination. He

didn't even dare to think of the most logical and simplest explanation to this; he did this. He got stronger; far stronger than ever!

'It's you, silly boy. Now you got your own proof, and you can jump without being such a scary rat, right?'

"Are you alright, old man?" Jim sensed the strange weakness in the sound that was moments ago shouting and screaming at him.

'Just go, what are you waiting for?'

Jim glanced again at the bed, then his leg. He couldn't see it through the thick cover of fog, but he was pretty sure it was fine, with no pain or sore at any part of it!

'Go!'

The sound came to shout again, and this time it seemed the old man exhausted himself to exert his last ounces of strength to shout at Jim. Jim was jolted awake. He was now stronger, he now had a way to be stronger; even if it was temporary. It was real; and it gave him something he never had before.

Hope!

He never wanted his life to be doomed and cursed. He didn't want to be such a negative and weak-minded person, with nothing in hand he could do to change the situation.

However, this all changed, in this single unexpected moment that he thought all the time it was a child's play from his mind—a moment that changed his entire life.

With a new glance, with a new stance, with a new personality; he stood there glaring at the opened window. The air for freedom was never so close to him like this moment. And in the next he ran, welcoming the wide opened window with a long jump; like a professional diver jumping off his legendary kraken into the depth of the vast ocean.

The gush of the warm air bumped up on his face, the only place that wasn't covered with the fog, as if his head didn't need any boost at all! From the two stories height he jumped, and the next thing he felt was the strange clench his heart had from glancing from this height towards the ground; seeing the ground getting closer wasn't the pleasant thing ever!

However, he was lucky that the distance was short and he didn't take more than a few moments to fall on the ground.

"Crack!"

This wasn't a sound coming from his bones, as he feared and expected, but it came from a young wooden tree that he fell upon one of its sprouting branches, smashing it under his weight.

Aside from this, he felt nothing, absolutely nothing! He stood up, glanced at his cloaked body, and marveled the amazing feeling of no pain or injury. "You know what? You seem to be right after all, old man," he softly chuckled, however the annoying voice of his old man didn't respond at all.

"No time to wait for you to wake up from your nap, I have to run, I have to flee, I have to live."