

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 20: A Bulltor and An Actimos

"Sigh, how did things end up this bad for me?"

Lan was a tall, well-built youth in his early months of twenty. As all Actimos race, he lived a life of humiliation and dishonor.

His nights were filled with marvellous stories about ancient glory, lived by his ancestors and died with them.

He lived his days in humiliation, serving other races in his world and enduring the poor treatment his race received, no matter what!

"Never raise your eyes to anyone, son."

"Never retort back."

"Never defy an order."

"Never cause trouble."

Many of these warnings he received, as he was such a dreaming rebellious boy. He caused many problems for his family, ending up in a tragedy.

And here he was, coming to the prestigious Fairy academy trying to prove something to himself before others. The dream of entering the academy wasn't limited to him, yet no one was foolish enough to go there... few at least!

Coming here meant loss. That was the belief rooted deeply inside every single one of his kin. And they were right, as no one of the Actimos race entered the academy as a disciple for so long years to count.

He wasn't the first to come, trying to defy all the odds and find a place suited for him and his kin in this cruel world. As everyone before him ended up failing the test, living a life of slaves afterwards; he was warned from coming here by everyone, even by his own family.

"I had to come," he squeezed his hands while glancing over the group of five youths standing in front of him with mocking eyes.

"Tell me again, how much was the reward for gaining an Actimos slave again?" one of the five asked in a loud tone and rude manner.

"I think... zero, hahaha!" another one replied, while their laughs were so loud for many to hear.

"I came here to take the test, not to cause trouble," Lan replied, trying to be as calm as possible. Yet since the moment his feet touched the world of the academy, these five kept harassing him.

"Humph, as if you can!"

"Don't waste your time and ours, you are an Actimos and Actimos never cross the initial test."

"It's my test, I will take it and see it through."

"And you will fail and become a slave. So why don't save us the trouble and be one of ours?" the middle man asked, while turning to glance at the other four on his sides. "I think we need someone to light the fire up in our dorm in the academy, right?"

"We have slaves for that," one of them replied in a harsh tone.

"What about warming the air?"

"We are in midsummer!"

"Then cooling it?"

"We have an ice witch with us."

"Tsk," the middleman shook his head before extending his tongue outside his lips. It was such a long, thin, biforked tongue of a snake, not a man.

"See? Even if I took you as a slave, I can't find a suited place for you," he then glanced at the sky before opening his mouth, showing off his saw like two rows of sharp teeth, "what about being a slave to my slave?"

"This will be funny, boss!" the four laughed and their boss laughed with them. Lan stood in his place with a trembling body. This wasn't the first time to hear such remarks and insults, and usually he would end up firing back at whoever said them.

And the result would be for him to be beaten.

"Calm down, you have a test to focus on," he muttered to himself, trying not to act rash or impulsive here.

Yet, the brief chat this arrogant youth just had with his followers attracted the attention of many; they became surrounded in a bid circle together!

"Damn! Why can't I take the test in peace?!" he shook his head as he noticed the mocking eyes mixed with sympathy.

It was like everyone was pretty sure of his loss! Like his parents and kin!

"I just want to pass to take the test," he said, not to the five rude youths, yet to everyone around.

"To waste your time and fail? Forget about your time, it's worthless anyway; what about our time? Should we let this Actimos loser waste it? C'mon, do I only one believe this?"

The words of that rude youth went loud and everyone around heard him perfectly. That helped to attract more attention, while blocking the way off Lan to escape and take his test.

"Then I will stay last and take the test after all of you," Lan conceded as he tried not to stir up trouble.

"What? No way, you won't take the test at all. I've decided boys, let him take the test and fail, and I will buy him as a slave in the arena."

"But boss..." one of his henchmen tried to make this youth let this idea down. "I have decided, let him take the test with us so we can bet on him and add him to our slaves without wasting more time."

"Then let him pass."

This deep voice came from the crowd where a giant body appeared, passing through the lines with ease. His mere appearance caused enough stir among those present here, making them forget about the Actimos.

"This is my lucky day, boys. See? A Bulltor is taking part in the test this year. This is my luckiest day ever!"

Everyone glanced with greed at the youth who stood there arrogantly like he owned the entire world. "What? Anyone wants to fight me on him?" he pointed to the Bulltor standing on the side of the Actimos.

"Take the loser, we will take the giant," another five appeared from the crowd with their tall, thin bodies and pale skin.

"No, the giant belongs to the giants, we will take him!"

Another five groups of giants appeared. They differed from the Bulltor youth who had double arms and a small hole in his chest.

"The Bulltor is mine!" another group of five appeared. They had wolf heads and strong, big bodies.

"No one is taking me anywhere! I will win the test and enter the academy!"

The deep tone of the Bulltor youth fell and everyone glanced at him strangely, before they all laughed!

"A Bulltor is dreaming of entering the academy as a disciple!"

"Two delusional youths, yet that Bulltor, tsk."

"Come and serve my lady and my lady won't mistreat you!"

Many voices came in, forming a noise that attracted more to this spot! The Bulltor was a race known for their short temper, despite that no one here was afraid of him.

They all knew the rules; no fighting in the test area or the instigator would be expelled! The academy would ask no further questions or make any exception!

"Don't, you know the rules," so when the Bulltor had his enough of their mockery and was about to move, one of those fighting among themselves to get him as a slave said in a warning tone.

And his words stopped the Bulltor in his tracks!

"What rules?" Suddenly this voice came from the rear where three humans walked to enter the empty zone. Everyone glanced at the fragile skinny human who just spoke up with such confidence and another wave of laughter erupted.

"You..." the Bulltor glanced at Jim with the big blue eyes of his, "you better stay away from this, human."

