

# 《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

## Chapter 211: The Giant Tree

Jim started to hit the walls with axes he found inside his rings. The walls weren't that sturdy as the entire cave was lined with ore veins.

Yet surfacing these veins took a lot of work, besides he was already exhausted from all the fight he had so far.

When the early light of the morning shone, the cave entrance wasn't like before. There were some wounds over the walls, as Jim kept taking as much ores he could get.

"So I ended up with lightning, fire, and water ores," he muttered while taking his breaths at a rapid pace, "this cave is really a treasure trove... it's a regret i won't be able to stay here anymore."

He turned his head and watched the shy rays of the sun chasing the darkness away. "Would they be near?" he muttered while trying not to think of the worst.

The forest looked very risky and unpredictable. The main problem he spotted was their lack of knowing the topography of such forest. "I hope i can meet up with Hector or anyone from the higher grades," he muttered while going out and finally had the chance to drink some fresh water.

He used a small flask he found inside one ring with water. Yet it couldn't store a lot of water, and he knew this might be enough for one day or perhaps two if he limited his use of the water.

"They came here well prepared," the presence of this flusk of water made him realize how thoroughly prepared his enemies were. "Now I need to find something to eat," he muttered while his abdomen grunted in frustration.

The only good news he had was that his power wasn't that much depleted despite all his tiredness, hunger, and thirst.

'You need to scout the area first,' the old man said, 'see that large tree in the distance? Go there and climb it up.'

Jim looked around before finally spotting that tree. "It's too far," he said while watching his pet jumping in the water while gulping as much as he could. "At least one of us is having fun," he smiled before noticing the main problem here.

"I'll have to cross that river once again," he took a deep breath before looking around for his raft.

"Where did I leave it?" he glanced around while not finding any trace for the raft.

'It's on the other side,' just as he was trying to recall where he left it during the night, the old man suddenly pointed to the direction he should look.

And the moment he shifted his gaze towards the other bank of the river, he spotted his raft thrown on the opposite side.

"How can this be?!" he was surprised before the answer presented itself at once, "Someone has used it last night."

Realizing this made him more vigilant. He completely forgot he wasn't all alone here. The distance he was forced to cover during that jump gave him a fake sense of safety, but now he was faced directly with the truth.

Some disciples had already arrived here the other night and that meant his position was exposed.

'You should go up there and scan the area,' the old man urged.

"Why not stay here then?" The idea of going after some mysterious disciples wasn't a good thing for him. He was all alone and very tired at the moment. The last thing he would seek would be a fight with such an unknown number of disciples as well.

'If they had the power to beat you then they would have done this already,' the old man said before adding, 'I'm sure they aren't that strong.'

"I hope you are right," Jim took a deep breath before turning around, "and now I have to cut down some trees and build another raft."

Jim didn't have time to rest. He went to the nearest trees and started cutting some branches. From all the work he had during the night, his muscles started to pump in a stronger way than usual, while he felt some pain in his arms and legs.

But he kept working until he finally had another raft ready to use. "At least crossing the river now is safe," he didn't hear any sound of fighting last night and that meant

whoever crossed the river must have done this in a peaceful way.

As expected, he crossed the river without any problem this time. Once there he spotted the ground, trying to see any footprints left but he found none.

"Let's hope there isn't any monster until that tree," he pointed his sword to the front while glancing at his pet, "I'll depend on you to warn me, alright?"

And Don just faintly roared before the two started running towards the tree.

The forest looked as silent and gloomy as usual, and that quietness made Jim quite nervous. "I need something to eat," he didn't forget his hunger, especially with his abdomen releasing sounds every now and then.

But he couldn't find any green leaves all the way around. "Damn, this forest doesn't have any fruit!" he cursed while he got so near that tree.

'You will have a better view up there,' the old man tried to reassure him, 'and there you can spot any fruit or anything good for you to eat.'

"I should have stocked up some food," he regretted not letting Mark give his lecture back then more than ever. "I should have asked for general advice before coming here."

'There's no good in regretting the past,' the old man said, 'you are still safe and sound at least.'

"And hungry," Jim complained, "and tired."

'But you killed two monsters in return,' the old man said, 'and got your hand over some rare ores.'

"Can i eat ores? Can i eat cores?" Jim continued to complain until he finally reached the big tree. "Let's see what lies around then," he said before turning to Don, "stay here and keep guarding this place. If anything or anyone came close to here, just roar and i'll take you back."

Don rubbed his head with Jim's legs before Jim started to ascend the tree. The size of this tree was so big that he felt the tree was like a small hill in itself, not just a mere trunk.

And during climbing up there he found many spots to grab or depend over it while jumping over some other areas to clutch himself to a branch or a small protrusion of the tree.

"It's really a very giant tree," once he arrived at the top he landed over one of the thick branches there enjoying the scene all around. "I can see for miles around," he managed to see many places of the forest and was astounded to see how enormous this forest was.

Up to the horizon trees extended with no end. It was like they were covering the ground in a green layer, while holding the ground off his eyes for long miles.

"That's the cliff I came from," in one direction he spotted a large hill, the one he jumped off last night. "And there is a path just next to it."

He spotted a normal path coming down the cliff, linking the upper ground with the deep bottom of this basin. He also noticed the presence of another cliff in the other direction, and this one looked so small and hazy from his position.

"It must be a hundred miles away at least," he muttered before suddenly noticing some trees being pushed away at a certain place, like something big was pushing the trees aside.

"It's... a fight," he noticed the flashes of light caused by many spells used there. He couldn't spot anything else, and couldn't tell to which grade those disciples were, or were they just fighting a group of monsters or another group of disciples.

"They are getting closer to here," he noted their direction and speculated they would just pass by this tree in the middle of the fight.

"And there is another fight there," yet another turbulence caught his attention coming from another direction further away from the first battle. "And another... damn, there are too many fighting at the moment."

He suddenly felt how lucky he was. After all, he spent the night inside a cave. Yes he fought two monsters and was about to get killed in both fights, but at least he wasn't chased all the night around like street dogs.

"Where are you now?" he couldn't help but feel worried over his team. He now realized how hard it was to survive in this ordeal, and the cold threats of that dean rang in his mind at this moment.

"I should try to find a clue," he didn't hurry to descend while observing closely the ongoing fights everywhere. "What was special about my team's spells?" he tried to recall the spells his team was using and found the main colors representing them would be blue, brown, and red.

Yet when he tried to narrow down the ongoing fights according to the colors of the flashes of spells used there he was faced with another dilemma. "These colors are present in all fights," he sighed before deciding to better scan on foot.

'You should wait first for the first fight to draw closer,' the old man stopped him, 'after that you can select good spots to climb and wait for other battles to arrive at your location.'

"I might be too late for them," Jim was so anxious to get down and go to check every fighting place.

'They lived throughout the entire night,' the old man tried to push some reason in his mind, 'adding one or two more hours won't be a big deal, right?'

Jim couldn't help but sigh. He returned to sit over that branch before saying:

"I hope they aren't about to be killed."

'I doubt that,' the old man said, 'they are your team after all, learnt how to survive and be stubborn about their lives from their master and captain.'

His words made Jim smile despite not being in the mood for that. "What about Don?"

'Let him be there,' the old man said, 'after all his roars might attract some nearby to come here and save you a lot of time.'

"Good point," Jim agreed on his old man's plan, "the first team will arrive here in less than five minutes."

He turned his attention towards the nearest fight that kept drawing closer to his tree with each passing minute.