

# 《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

## Chapter 23: A Weird Rod

Everyone glanced at her position even after she vanished.

"She is... strong," Lan said, expressing what others were feeling right now.

"Alright," Jenny said, as this wasn't the first time for her to meet with Siera, "let's go to the test then."

She was the only one here so excited about the test. Even Jim felt bad when he was heading to the test zone.

Last time he was tested he was branded and condemned to be killed. Trying to pass the same experience again made his old memories rise to the surface again.

"Sigh," he sighed, shook his head trying to clear his mind from any distracting thoughts. He didn't know what the test was all about, yet he was trying to prepare himself for it.

"Don't worry, everything will be alright," Ashley said, as she noticed his anxiety.

"I just... hope so," he simply replied, honestly wishing himself good luck.

"Humans are weak, and they arrogantly claim some worlds for themselves, humph... what a daring species!

Do you know why you are weak? you don't depend on your bodies, your innate strengths; but use external aiders, foreign defiled objects called gears. Does a lion need a weapon or a gear to tear the whole forest apart?

Does a dragon need some tools to help him reign supreme on the skies? Does the ancient Bulltor need a sword to conquer the lands? Or does a kraken need a set of full body armors and some cheap tricks to spread his utter rule over the waters?

Did the fairies need anything to conquer them all and hold the throne of these worlds

to them?

Humans are weak, you are pathetic, and you are the sole reason the fairies fell from the top of the skies to be buried under the dirt of the grounds.

Do you know what happened to the fairies? Such a long and ancient race that went on extinction because of your kin, how pathetic of you and how foolish of them!

Do you know how many races out there suffered because of you? Name them, Bulltors, Tactims, and even the weak Actimos nowadays!

Humans are only slaves, created to be weak, born to serve the mighty races around them. You should be grateful we even picked you, and don't expect anything more from me unless you prove this belief of mine is wrong, and you have the right to be here!"

Jim stood silently hearing all these rude words without being able to speak back. When he passed through the area designated for the test, he met this rod, a strange black and thick short rod that was suspended in the air and could speak!

When he passed through the masters standing outside, they told him to just listen and don't speak back. They also told him the test will be conducted by the talent ore, and he never expected this ore to be this rod.

"Come and hold me, I don't have the full day to waste on such a scum like you."

Again another insult, and the blood in his veins kept boiling. He thought by coming here he would say goodbye to the bad treatment he always received.

"Never thought I would jump from being the only one branded to this... the entire race of mine is branded! Wow! Just wow!" he said to himself while stepping forward and picking the rod in one hand.

"Both hands, you idiot!"

He swallowed the insult with his bitter saliva and waited while holding the rod with both hands.

Then the rod started to turn into a hot piece of iron, not a rod made out of cold wood!

He endured the pain and said nothing even a scream. He didn't let his pain tarnish his already instigated ego. The temperature of the rod kept rising for minutes, before its noisy sound came again.

"Alright, you are good to handle the stress, now let's see what real talent you have."

The next thing Jim felt was that his body didn't follow his orders anymore! He couldn't feel anything of it, as if his body was taken away.

He resisted the urge to shout and scream, and if he tried he would fail to do that. Surprisingly he wasn't afraid, as if all the worries in the world were instantly gone at this moment.

"This feeling..." he said to himself, "I can't help but want it all the time!"

His thoughts were read by the rod which just sneered back and returned to scan him. The rod kept rising in temperature but he didn't feel any pain at all.

Minutes passed while silence prevailed on the atmosphere. He waited before entering here for ten minutes, knowing the one before him had been there for ten more.

So, taking this time seemed quite acceptable and expected to him. He waited, patiently without any worry. And luckily he didn't think of his old man at all!

He kept this strange state for almost fifteen minutes, and when he regained his freedom once more, the rod broke free from his hand.

"Strange... indeed strange..." and the rod kept repeating these words like being possessed.

"Is the test results fine?" and this was the first time Jim spoke.

"You..." the rod glanced at him without continuing the words it wanted to say. "How did you gain such strength? This unique power? Huh?" it asked, like interrogating him.

"I... don't know what you are talking about," and playing dumb was the perfect counter to this interrogation.

"You don't know?"

"Yes sir."

"Don't sir me," the rod seemed quite annoyed, "for the first time in the academy's history... tsk," it vibrated in the air like it was trying to shake some dust particles off. "Have I gone old?" it asked before hurrying to return to Jim's grip; startling him.

"I will conduct the test again," and with these simple words the rod took control over his body once more.

He didn't have any objection; after all this feeling was priceless for him. He had such clarity to even think everything would be alright, no matter what!

"Weird, you are... really strange!" the rod freed itself again and kept mumbling these words. "Yet it's confirmed, you have one of the special powers. Congratulations kiddo, you can now join the inner disciple circle of the academy."

Jim couldn't believe these words, and before he got totally excited about it, the rod added, "yet you need to prove yourself at the arena. I heard you caused quite a ruckus already, and your opponent is very strong; the giant clan sent one of their top warriors to meet you."

"What?!" and the joy he just felt evaporated in thin air, "but I didn't add the Bulltor in my team," he defended.

"Yet you took him as a slave, and it seems to annoy those giants," the rod said before adding, "don't worry, even if defeated on their hands you will have your rank demoted one grade only. You won't be a slave. Now go."

The rod waved towards one direction and Jim sighed helplessly before moving towards the other opening in this large area lined with linen mattresses.

What met him was a long corridor where it ended into a giant opening space, lined with many seats that were already full. In the middle of this place, he found five teams fighting fervently with each other, while one team already lost two of their members; one heavily injured and the other seemed to be dead.