

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 33: The Ancient Parchment

"What are you doing here?" this harsh tone rang through the empty stone room where only two shadows appeared inside its dimly lit atmosphere.

"A Bulltor is about to join the academy."

"What?!!" the harsh tone shouted while one of his tails hit the nearby wall, leaving a deep mark over it. "That's impudence! You know the rules!!"

"I know, master," the sudden visitor trembled faintly under the mighty aura of his master, "but the team that took him in is quite troublesome!"

"What races are there?" the master glanced with his yellow vertical pupils towards his disciple, "Whoever they are, they won't be a problem to you," he added, while his face covered in scales showed his doubt.

"They..." the disciple stuttered as he was fearing the reaction of his master.

"Say it, or do you come here to just look this pathetic?" the master sneered while his long tails started to whirl around his disciple.

"It's... a human," the disciple said and as he feared, his master showed an instant change in his features.

"A human you say?" the master asked before getting his gigantic head close to his disciple, "are you saying that weak human is causing you trouble enough for you to come to see me?"

"He has been tested to be an inner academy disciple," the disciple said while trying to muster all his courage, "and he just won three rounds out of five."

The master kept glaring at his disciple who had his scariest moments in his life right now. 'I shouldn't have come, but if I didn't, the master will be much more enraged than now,' he said to himself trying to justify his actions.

"Are you sure you didn't mistake him for someone else?" The tone his master used was calm, yet he felt a sudden wave of coldness erupting in the room.

"I... I'm pretty sure, after all I'm the one who brought him here in the first place."

"You brought a human here without trying to kill him? That's a first!" the master laughed.

"I did, but I wasn't alone," the disciple shook his head in a nervous way, "The mission was for a fox clan girl to rule, and I was just there to observe."

"Tsk, you are really such a useless kid," the master waves his nine tails and the next moment the body of Pol was sent flying to hit the wall. "But it's nice you came to ask for my guidance," the master sneered before adding, "you said he cleared three out of five?"

"Yes, master," Pol had deep wounds yet he endured and showed nothing of his intense pain in front of his master.

"Who else is there in his team? Other than that Bulltor."

Pol wiped a small line of blood off his chin as he replied, "Two more humans, an Actimos, A leivy kid, and a wolf clan lad."

"This..." the master paused while sneering, "they are all losers! How can such a team be a threat to you? Have you gone senile and weak, Pol?"

The eyes of his master were scary, yet Pol tried to look collected and unfazed. He knew his master very well; any sign of weakness and he would be instantly disposed of!

"I don't know how, but that kid managed to defeat two teams using a fire spell he knew."

"A spell? Just one spell caused you all this trouble?" the master laughed while his tails hit Pol again, more brutal this time, making Pol cough blood while staggering to stand up. "Sigh, I have to interfere then," the master said.

"You... you should, master," Pol stuttered while saying these words with great difficulty and much pain.

"Take this," the master waved and an old parchment appeared in front of Pol, "this will be enough, or else you will be useless to me if you failed."

Pol got the parchment and glanced at its content for a brief moment before a smile of confidence appeared on top of his face. "Don't worry master, I won't fail you."

"I'm not worried, it's you who should be," and his master laughed before turning to go back to his old enormous seat, "go now and act before it's too late."

"Thanks master," Pol knelt in respect before hurrying to leave the room. He checked the parchment again before laughing, "It's good I drove those fighting maniacs to meet him."

Pol kept laughing while he crossed the distance between his master's lair and the arena of the contest in roughly no time!

"Good, I'm not that late," he smirked when he heard the last words the capped master said regarding the offer of the Kroaks.

"I have a word to say," he suddenly appeared next to the capped master before handing the parchment to him. "I have the ancient edict, so I have the saying in every decision going on about that team," he pointed his hand towards Jim who had his heart crushed against a deep pit.

"You..." the capped master took the parchment and read its content before folding it and giving it back to Pol. "You have the right to decide the rules of the next two fights then, only these two," he coldly said while his face showed how much annoyed he was with what Pol just did.

"Don't be like this, Armando," Pol laughed as he was already in a good mood. He turned to face the arena while his gaze never left Jim who had a frustrated look over his face.

"Being the master of the next couple of rounds, I changed the rules," he said before adding as he pointed to Jim, "this team will have to face the next two battles half numbered against the full team members and they have no right to concede or withdraw."

His words caused an instant ruckus amongst the crowd present, while Armando glanced at him while feeling more annoyed right now.

"And a single defeat equals the disqualification of the entire team from the academy," Pol coldly said while viciously adding, "all will turn into slaves!"