

# 《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

## Chapter 5: The Fairy King Ceremony - Part 1

'A living lamp is better than a dead lamp!'

"What are you saying old man? Did the last nap affect your mind this much! I thought you would ask me to run away!!"

Jim bellowed back at his mysterious voice ranging in his head. The old man woke up while Jim was lost in his own thoughts, and the first thing he did was to narrate simply what happened to him and where he was at right now.

'Running isn't an option, you can't live like this for your entire life!'

"Like what?"

'Like an underdog!'

"Old man, watch your tongue! I'm not that low thing!"

'Then prove it, use this chance and prove your worth.'

"To you?"

'To them, to the whole world!'

Jim thought for a moment about the old man's words before he spoke again about his own problem.

"It's not that I don't want to, I'm in desperate need to be stronger. But how?"

He stopped talking when his memories led him back to his stolen ability.

'Didn't you wonder why they check everyone's strengths at ten years old? Didn't you ever ask yourself why they waited for five years, and decided to kill you on the day you start being sixteen?'

"You know my thoughts well enough, old man. All these were asked many times and you weren't that generous to reply to me about them. Why help me now? Why is being

so generous to explain things to me right now? what's special about now?"

'You don't want to be stronger?'

"Sure I do, but not confined here in an unknown place, surrounded by people calling me a lamp, and running from people who want to have my head! I didn't have answers and explanations," he spoke calmly with much logic in his words that surprised the old man; rendering him speechless for a moment there.

'Alright, alright, I will tell you the story bits by bits, agreed?'

"Humph, start talking then."

'Sigh, everything is quite connected, but there are things in play that go beyond your comprehension and the reach of your strength. So, what I can tell you for now is that; the day you went to test your abilities is the day you lost your own, and it's all connected to the drink you had just before heading to the stage to be tested.'

"What? The traditional heroic potion is a scam?" Jim was sleeping on his bed when he sat up straight strongly just after hearing the words of the old man.

'It's not something potion as you said, it's a potion meant to seal the powers inside the destined person each year.'

The words of the old man weren't that clear, making Jim move his legs to sit completely over the bed, leaning his head over his two hands as he asked:

"Are you saying that I'm a destined person? Destined to what? And how can I restore my powers back?"

'You are sure a destined person, as for what, let's leave that for later. You should focus on something far more important than that.'

"Like what?"

'Like how to unseal your powers.'

The eyes of Jim got wider and shone brightly. "Are you kidding me? of course I want to unseal my powers! Tell me what to do, hurry up, what's the catch?"

'Calm down first, as this process will cause some pain to you.'

The words of the old man didn't stop Jim at all as he instantly said:

"No matter what, as long I will regain my powers back, then nothing matters. What should I do then? Tell me!"

'Alright, stop begging me you rascal, it's easy. All you need to do is this...'

The old man started explaining and when he finished, the look over Jim's face was really funny. "Old man, don't tell me you saved my life so you can torture and kill me! Do you think my body can sustain all that bleeding? Are you blind?"

'This isn't as bad as you think,' the old man tried to reason with him, 'the amount needed isn't that much, all I'm asking you is just one liter of blood.'

"O-One l-litre!!! I will be killed for sure like this!!!"

'Don't worry, trust me, didn't my words previously be proven right?'

"Yes, that was something else. Sigh, isn't there any other way to unseal my powers?"

'Without going this far, then you need to wait for the entire year so you can unseal it on your own.'

Jim hesitated, as this process was extremely risky. He glanced at the small worthless shack; nothing there was of any value, and he lived in much worse conditions before.

However, a single small bright and warm orb attracted his gaze; without being able to look at anything else here. it seemed like the entire shack, the whole world was gone, and only this small harmless orb stayed there, his own power, calling out for him.

"I... I will do it," he finally made up his mind. If he couldn't take the risk to break the seal over his strength then he would better live as a coward and die as a coward.

If he didn't take this small step right now then what was the goal for him to escape the death sentence then?

'Good lad, now start drawing.'