

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 8: Pol and Siera

"Are you sure we will find it here?"

A harsh cold tone appeared in between the noisy atmosphere in the camp.

"Since when my hunch was wrong? huh? Never!" a soft voice suited for a kid appeared replying to the cold one, "besides stop calling him it, he isn't a tool, he is a human," the sound added with some discontent.

"It's a human, so I will only call those weak little ignorant animals by their rightful name!" the cold tone came again, and this time it brimmed with arrogance.

"Tsk, I don't know why the boss always sends you out with me!"

"Because you are a reckless kid, only reaching a hundred and eighty years yesterday!"

"That was about six months ago!!"

"Whatever. Work your magic and find it for me, I hate being around these animals," the sound paused, as the couple speaking appeared in the middle of the gathering inside the tiger group camp. "Are you sure it is here? All of these animals look really weak! I can crush them with a snap of my finger!"

"Calm down, we aren't here to punish, we are here to seek."

The cold one had a huge body, with an upper naked chest, covered in dark tattoos that had many different symbols, flashing in green light in darkness from time to time.

He was bald, except for a single strand of hair that was long enough to make it act as a necklace around his neck, with something like a small box hanging in the strand. The box glowed along with his tattoos in green occasionally from time to time, making his scary face really look much horrifying in the darkness.

As for the other one, he was really a kid, reaching almost to the waist of that huge man. He would give you the impression of being no more than ten years old, but there was something in his red eyes that made anyone seeing them freeze from innate fear.

The two looked strange, yet no one here ever questioned their presence, or even dared to do so!

Invisible-like being veiled inside a cloak of invisibility-they marched while arguing like foes not friends.

"Oh, listen, there is a fight here Pol, let's see it, please."

The kid literally jumped off the ground, holding the long pants of Pol while pleading him to go towards the ruckus. During his jumps, the cloak over his head slipped off, showing the long thick hair, making the face look more feminine.

It was a young girl entering this terrifying place with that huge man, without feeling any speck of fear at all.

In fact, they were pretty sure if they showed up their true powers, the pressure exerted from them alone would be enough to kill these weak humans without the need to do anything.

And that was the role of these glowing magical ores hung around Pol's neck, and Siera's bracelet.

The two moved between the crowd, and everyone without exception cleared the path for them.

They easily went ahead to the forefront, where they saw a wide area surrounding a small wooden shack, with a vulgar female standing with both her hands crossed around her big chest, while another female just came out of the shack, muttering something to who was inside then closed the door.

"Come out you coward, are you trying to send your b*tch out to cover up your mistakes?" the sound of the female came so loud that made everyone standing around hear her well enough.

"Oh, it seems more interesting than I initially thought," Siera clapped her two hands while enjoying the upcoming show.

"Sigh, these are mortal stuff, why are you so interested in that? It's me who always got fired up anytime humans would kill each other; but only strong, not those good for nothing standing everywhere," Pol was helplessly shaking his head, while feeling the odd behavior of his mate.

"You don't get it? I feel something interesting is going to happen, interesting Pol!"

"You don't mean...?" Pol couldn't even continue his words, before hurriedly glancing at the shack and that impulsive female standing in front of its door. "Is it she you felt?"

"Call me crazy, but I felt the weakling inside clearer and stronger than anybody else here!"

"..."

"Told you, I only follow my senses, no control over that!"

"But it seems your boy is going to be killed!"

She turned to glance at him while he shook his head firmly before saying:

"I won't interfere, neither will you. Our mission is clear and our instructions state that we don't meddle with those lower beings, understood?"

"Affirmative leader Pol!" she gave him a salute they used to make, hitting her right fist into her left palm. "Sigh, why does it always end up being so complicated each time I go out with you?" Pol sighed, as he was more helpless towards her attitude.

"Huh? When did that even happen?"

He only glanced at her, with one eyebrow raised. "That Terfy incident doesn't count, and Mord was a really fine specimen; saving him wasn't a mistake at all. As for Nelly..." she kept ranting about the deeds she did, and Pol only shook his head while muttering:

"You are really beyond saving!"