

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 9: A Fight with Jenny

"Crack!"

The sound of this old door rang softly in the place, but this sound was heard and noticed by everyone. Jim appeared out of the shack, looking no better than the wrecked shack he was staying at!

"So you decided to finally give us the grace and appear... wait a minute, from where did you get this armor and sword?" Jenny had a really fiery temper, as the moment he went out he was welcomed with these words of her before noticing his two gears.

She was a real beauty with her tall stature, at least taller than him, broad and bulging chest, thin waist and long exposed legs with her dress being torn at her waist, barely covering her bottom.

"I had these from the start," he replied, looking directly in the red eyes of this fire witch. "You are a beauty, I give you that."

His remark was sudden, making even the fiery Jenny blush there for a moment, before turning to glance away from him, landing her eyes over the nearby Ashley, the one who was the only suspect of the crime here.

"So you decided to betray us?" Jenny loudly asked, totally ignoring Jim.

"I didn't do anything; you heard the man yourselves," Ashley retorted back with a loud voice and strong tone.

"Then why being so defensive?"

"Are you going to mumble and argue with others? If so I will return to my shack and have a nice fight with someone else!" Jim suddenly stepped in, cutting the road over Jenny to clash with Ashley.

It was obvious that something fishy was going on here; something Ashley shouldn't do but she did.

He glanced at the sword and armor, the sword looked plain and the armor looked strong, but the two were nothing in comparison with the full body tight armor covering the upper half of Jenny, slightly below her two large breasts towards the waist, clearly appearing from the wide gaps of her dress!

She also wore two strong looking arm guards, two knee and elbow guards, plus two strong looking gloves, making him sure that they would augment her ability to control fire.

"Your foolery will be dealt with later," Jenny simply threatened before turning to glance at Jim. "Don't think these little toys will give you any help. Nothing will save you from my hands, boy!"

"Humph!" Jim simply replied with a sneer, making her much angrier. "Fine funny boy, I will tell you the rules of redemption here."

"I did no felony to you!"

"You... how can you even say that?" she then turned to glare at everyone standing around, "Did or didn't he make a felony?"

"He did!"

The reply came with a unified cheering from everyone, making her return to glare with triumph at him. "The pack of tigers deemed you guilty, then you have to redeem yourself," she didn't give him any chance to say anymore words as she added:

"There are two ways to do this; either fight to be enslaved, or fight to enslave me. No other path is on the table other than these two."

Jim was surprised by her words, as he initially thought it would be a fight to death. "I then choose to enslave you, wild tigress," he instantly replied with a spirit that didn't match his odds!

"Hahaha, you are really funny. You will make a fine addition to my slaves. I promise I will tie you hard and give you what you really deserve every night for a fortnight, sweet city boy."

Her words invoked the laughter of everyone, as they were already sure of her victory. For Jim he had nothing to lose, and the feeling he wasn't on verge of losing his life again erased a huge pile of tension off his chest.

He was now more collected than before, and instead of thinking how to survive, he started to think how to enslave this wild girl. She suited his taste, and she wasn't much

older than him except by five years at most!

"And I promise I will make you devastated each night that even your vulgar pink hair would be soaked with your sweat!"

His words were met by a much louder wave of laughter; mockery laughs. He didn't care about these, he only cared about this fight, this girl, this sword, and this opportunity.

He was always being suppressed, mistreated, and now he had the chance to really shine. Not only gaining some reputation, but also gaining a very stunning slave girl with another one on the sideline watching him.

"Big talk of a small boy, let's see how many strikes you will handle. Tips up for the future, the longer you stand the more I will prefer you over others."

She laughed evilly while turning to a nearby man, holding a stick with fire. She grabbed it by force before turning to glare at Jim.

And Jim was standing there, asking himself why he had let his head drive him to this crazy encounter!

"I don't even know how to fight, old man are you here to help or give me some pointers? Did I bleed out for nothing?" he thought to himself, but no answer came in return.

The old man was resting, tired from the exhaustion it haunted him after the ritual. He heard Jim perfectly as if he was standing just next to him, yet he refrained to answer. He wasn't worried.

He knew for the power to appear, a ritual only wasn't enough!

A slight push, plus some pain in the process would help. So he kept his mouth shut, and started to enjoy this show just like anybody else.