

# 《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

## Chapter 90: A Quarrel With Pol

"Are the two girls ok?"

The moment Jim approached the group of masters in the center of the arena the elf master Armando said in concern and worry.

"Thanks master, they are fine," he simply replied while glancing over the other two in curiosity.

It was his first time seeing them, they weren't back in the first test he had in this arena, or there when he became a privileged inner disciple, or here when he fought.

"Tsk, it's a really rare and extraordinary occasion," Pol suddenly sneered, "having three master fighting for a human... humph, how far are we going to degenerate in this academy, humph."

Jim was surprised that he raised his eyebrows from what he just heard.

"It's strange indeed to see you here," Siera moved while standing beside Jim as if she was challenging him.

What Jim didn't know was that she had a punishment from her mother when Pol told her about what she did while bringing him in. She also knew Pol did this when he heard from an unknown source about asking her mother to support Jim.

He tried everything in hand to stumble Jim including her. Yet he failed and here she intended to take her revenge from him... one day.

"Why are you glaring at me like this?" he laughed before adding, "are you sure you want to stand there and act like this?"

"It's really weird for you to be here," Armando turned to Pol before adding, "after your last loss in our bet, I thought you would go out to the mines."

"Looking for pearls?" one of the two masters suddenly spoke. He was a giant one with fur covering up parts of his shoulders, back, and neck. He had long mustaches while his face showed golden white spots like freckles.

"No master Yuri, he would go there to work as a digger."

"A digger?" the other master laughed while her snake-like hair danced with the moves of her head before resting again calmly and easy over her shoulders like normal hair. "I thought he would be a beggar, hahaha," she laughed and she seemed not to care about Pol's presence or even anger.

"Master Sher is right," Armando said while laughing as well, "I swept clean his entire fortune, leaving him with only bricks and dust, hahaha."

"You three..." Pol's face turned red especially when this happened in front of everyone sitting here in the arena. "I won't forget this," he threatened.

"Don't worry," Armando laughed, "I'll make sure to send you a portrait of this moment so you won't ever forget."

"This is too far Armando," Pol shouted while he clenched his giant fists.

"Too far?" Yuri muttered like he just heard a strange thing, "he meant the moment of you losing the bet with him, right master Armando?"

"Master Yuri is absolutely correct," Armando laughed before turning to Pol as he added, "that moment is so precious for me. My wealth almost doubled and I turned from a rich master into a tycoon."

"Even if we invited him to join our elite highly exclusive club, can you imagine that?" Sher said while addressing Yuri.

"You... what?" Pol's face slightly changed before he said in realization: "You are here because he asked you to come and support him, right?"

"First that's wrong," Sher said with a chuckle over her beautiful face.

"Second we came here on our own," Yuri added with a loud sneer.

"Third and foremost important thing... what the hell are you doing here Pol? Are you trying to join the race over my disciple?" Armando said in mockery, while acting like being enraged.

But everyone knew he was faking it.

"Stop it Armando," Pol could speak tough with Armando, but not with the other two. "I came here on a mission."

"Mission... interesting," Sher said before turning to Yuri, "did you hear that? He is here on a task."

"A task force perhaps?" Yuri cracked a silly joke before turning to Pol as he added with a staring expression, "oh wait, he was really part of the task force... what was its name again?"

"Stop it you two!" Pol seemed quite agitated that he couldn't control himself anymore. "I'm here on official business, and stop acting like two kids who didn't grow up."

"Oh, he can be angry," Sher put her palm over her face while whispering, "Yuri, don't tease him, please don't, he can shout and curse... can you imagine that?"

The three erupted in a wave of laughter that made Pol's face turn strawberry red while Jim was hardly controlling his laughter.

He enjoyed every single moment of this exchange, but he couldn't express his support to the three masters even if he knew Pol was here to cause him more trouble.

He had a truce to keep, and he wouldn't be stupid enough to be the first to insult a master even before the classes start.

"Alright," Dolly couldn't hold herself anymore as she laughed shortly before stopping the torment going on over Pol, despite knowing he deserved this, "what are you here for? Truly?"

"I said," Pol gritted his teeth and his bare chest seemed to contract out of his anger and frustration, "I'm here on official business."

"For what I asked," Dolly didn't like the tone of Pol so she gave him a cold glance.

"I'm here on behalf of the vice dean."

"Master Fodry?" Dolly seemed surprised for a moment, "what does he want?" yet she turned back to her norm the next instant while asking in some aggressiveness.

"He wants me to observe this selection," Pol said before turning towards the three masters as he gave them a meaningful glance, "he wants me to confirm there is no rule breaking here."

"What do you think I'm here doing?" Dolly's tone changed the next instant to be extremely loud and explosive, "this is my arena, what the hell is going on to the masters of this academy today?"

"Incredibly hilarious, right?" Armando said while not moving his gaze from Pol's face.

"It's simply ridiculous," Dolly said as she shook her head while adding, "anyone sees something he doesn't like so he steps in and does whatever he wants in my ARENA!" she shouted the last word in the face of Pol like she was spitting over him.

"I'm not planning to interfere in your business or conflict with your authority," Pol calmly said, with a remarkable control over his reactions.

"Then why are you here then?" she wasn't tricked by his words as she said in the same aggressiveness.

"I'm here to help you," he said in a tone and attitude that made even Jim admire his act.

"No thanks, I don't need any help from anyone," she didn't change her stand as she added, "so if you don't intend to join the race over this disciple's inheritance, go out and find yourself a seat."

"I'm here on behalf of the vice dean Fodry," Pol didn't move a muscle while repeating his old words.

"Old Fodry has no authority over my arena," yet Dolly didn't change her mind while Sher moved to stand beside Dolly, "he should be imprisoned for trespassing and hindering the arena, right?"

"Yeah, this is what law states, right Dolly?" Yuri said while Armando only sneered, "Pol, please save yourself any further embarrassment. It's really too much what you did to stop this little kid's steps... he is just a little kid."

"He isn't a normal kid and you all know it," Pol viciously said as he lost control over himself for this little second, "I won't let some anomaly or an aberration coming from god knows where stay here and study comfortably like normal kids."

"Oh," Jim suddenly couldn't take this anymore as he said and stepped forwards, "I think you know from god knows where I came. After all you are the one who brought me here, remember?"

Jim's words made the four masters exclaim in surprise while they turned to Pol and glared at him.

Yet contrary to what Jim thought, the face of Pol didn't change, instead he showed one of the most annoying smiles ever over his face.

"You were the one who brought him here?" Dolly asked.

"Indeed," Pol nodded, "that's why I have all the right to stand here and this is me following the rules."

"What rules?" Jim wasn't stupid to not understand there was something wrong. Contrary to his expectations, his words didn't help masters to expel Pol out... instead they did literally the opposite.

"The rule of guardian," Armando sighed, "who brought any disciple from lower realms have the first and sacred right to call for those disciples and take them as their direct ones," he added while his face showed how much annoyed he was.

"But he won't be my master... I have to accept first, right?" Jim instantly was nervous and his reaction and crisp question made Pol laugh in amusement.

"Don't worry kid, I'm not interested in worthless humans like yourself."

Jim glared at him with too much anger and hatred but Jim didn't speak. He knew he would cause no more help if he continued to open his mouth.

"So you are here to claim him?" Sher asked in a short laugh, "that's interesting."

"I said I won't take such a loser under my wing."

"Loser... a privileged inner disciple who can be and deserved to be a core disciple today is a loser?" Siera said while she pointed to Jim as she added, "I have never heard of someone climbing up the ladders of ranks so damn fast like he did except with those hailing from the pantheons. Even if you didn't have such a record in your time."

"Watch your tongue young lady, or else you know I can find someone who would," Pol's face turned serious as he turned to add, "I'm here on an official task, so can we get this done already? I have no much time to waste, especially on someone like him."