

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 95: The Graz Game

Jim knew the master was just faking anger and he wasn't that angry at all. However he was still worried about his temper, such a man was something he shouldn't try his luck with at all.

"What is the difference between war class and fight support class?"

"Strange," Mark shook his head, "I thought from what I heard and saw of your fights back at the arenas that you have a very good grasp on war stuff... what a disappointment!"

Jim only bitterly smiled while he knew this master wouldn't give an answer without a sour comment of his.

"There is a big difference kid, as in war class we are going to teach you everything related to fighting starting from the worthless battles you kid love to have at the arena ending up with the big and real fight at the battlefield.

As for the support fight class it's dedicated to those who have support abilities and spells to aid who fight. For example your weak and worthless Actimos kid was used brilliantly by yourself.

You have to admit and admire how this weak and worthless Actimos played the major role in all your victories so far!"

Jim couldn't help but nod in agreement. If not for the old man's advice to look for Lan, he wouldn't even consider checking him out.

"Can you deny this?" Mark suddenly said in a challenging tone.

"In fact my victories came not because I'm strong but thanks to my team," Jim politely answered.

"Good lad," Mark commended, "you really deserve my personal admiration. What luck for those three to have you as a disciple," he then turned around to everyone before adding, "not like other losers in this year... none of you had a single master."

Jim only listened in silence and made sure his face would stay neutral to others. Inwardly he agreed totally with Mark, but he didn't want to arouse the enmity of everyone, especially when he aimed to be their leader.

"I hope one day you will have one master at least... you know the power of the grades are determined by how many masters are there shouldering you, disciples. It's a good luck that our little human here has three masters or else the odds against the first grade core disciples would have been impossible to compete against."

"Shut up," Arthur wanted to shout at Mark to silence him but he wasn't that fool to do so. 'Sigh, he is trying his best to arouse everyone against me... such cruel master,' he inwardly complained while maintaining the neutral expression.

"May I ask about another class?" he wasn't sure if Mark was finished or not, so he tried to act fast before this cruel master would demolish his dreams, "I want to ask about this strange game."

"What?!!"

This time it wasn't only Mark who exclaimed in surprise but most of the kids around did so. All the eyes turned at once to glare at him, and Jim felt he just asked about the meaning of the sun and moon or something!

"C'mon, don't tell me you never heard of the Graz game before?" Mark was still surprised and from the silent expression on Jim's face he realized Jim was seriously asking for real.

"Sigh, what do you have as a sport back in your world? Huh?"

"Football," Jim honestly answered.

"This... alright, I'll try to explain the game briefly to you, or is there anyone here who wants to have the honor?"

Having the chance to finally show off many kids started to raise their hands up in the air. "Explain while we are walking," Mark casually selected a werewolf clan disciple who turned to Jim and grinned.

Jim didn't know if that disciple was smiling or sneering, either way his face showed a ruthless expression. "The Graz game is the coolest game in the entire universe!" he started his words with this statement before adding in strange excitement:

"I even heard in the battlefield there were many fights decided upon it."

"You are right indeed," Mark said before adding, "I won many games there and won many fights without shedding a single drop of blood... sigh, old days are priceless," he added and Jim glanced weirdly at him.

"Each team has ten players in it, and every loss of the ball the entire team could be replaced with others," the kid said before adding, "each team consists mainly of four big types; the tankers, the hitters, the decoys, and lastly and most importantly of all... the ace!"

"Ace?" Jim asked, "What is his task?"

"Explain to other players first so he would understand the rules of the game," Mark instructed as that werewolf youth seemed a bit more excited about the game than even himself!

"The game is all about the ball crossing the finish line," the kid said in the same excitement, "and each team's goal is to stop the ball from crossing their own line and try to make it cross the opponent's."

All players wear a special gear which interacts with the ball making it bounce all the time. The ball can't touch the ground, or be held by any player for more than five seconds without bouncing it except for the ace."

Jim nodded while the kid continued, "the hitters will try to hit anyone with the ball, while the tankers will try to stop anyone from doing this to their team members."

"Logic," Jim commented, "but what about the decoys?"

"This is the most tricky part," the youth laughed, "according to the rules of the game, the only one with the authority to cross the final line with the ball is the ace."

"What if another player did?" Jim asked.

"Then it will be considered their loss and the other team will have the ball starting from the finish line," the kid said before adding, "only the ace is able to hold the ball and cross with it the line."

"But..." Jim paused as if this was the case then from the beginning everyone would just surround the ace and prevent the ball from reaching him, "can players use spells?" he asked.

"The ground of the game is special... no magic can be used there," the kid said, "but physical talents can shine there for sure."

"Then..."

"The ace issue, right?" the youth laughed before adding, "here comes the role of those decoys. Each team had at most four decoys in their total line up. Only three are allowed to be inside the field at the same time, and they had the most amusing gift that the game ground approved... shapeshifting."

"What?!!!" Jim instantly thought of the five shapeshifters he had in his team.

"Correct, you are lucky to have them kid," Mark praised, "I dunno how someone who knows nothing about the Graz game could have five shapeshifters in his team... I thought you did this on purpose but it was just mere luck... a very big lucky encounter."

Jim didn't know what to say so he simply laughed.

"You should be able to guess the rest," the kid said, "before the game starts, every decoy will take the shape of the ace, and thus no one on the opposing team would know where the ace is."

"Interesting," Jim confessed, "I'm starting to like this game."

"You should," Mark said, "after all there is a big league where many clans and disciples take part in. it's the cup of pantheons, and everyone living inside this universe is desperately waiting for it to start. Hell, even some of the enemy forces take part in it as well!"

"Everyone but his world I guess," a fox kid laughed and Jim only helplessly smiled as he wasn't that mad of this kid.

Siera was his best friend and he admired the fox clan and wouldn't get mad over some useless remark.

"Speaking of this," Mark paused in his tracks, "we need to start the recruitment process of the first grade team. The league won't start without you participating, and last year the team sucks to the degree I cheered personally against it!"

Jim couldn't help but laugh alongside many of the disciples standing here. Only those dropping from the last year grade had a depressing look over their face.

"Is this game so popular?" Jim casually asked.

"Popular? Kid, whoever be the ace and lead the team to victory after victory will be an idol in the entire class! Hell, he will be a celebrity in the entire academy! Even seeking

to be the leader of the class won't be an issue for him or her!"

The words of Mark strangely found a resonance inside Jim's heart and soul. "May I ask about each player's requirements?" he asked, "and can a player be in two different teams?"

"The hitters and the tankers should possess inhuman strength," Mark said while casually pointing towards some of the giants here, "see those here? They act perfectly fine as hitters and tankers."

Jim nodded before asking, "what about the ace?"

The condition to be a decoy was simple, they need to be part of the shapeshifter clan.

"He needs to be fast, smart, and have a good grasp of any sudden changes," Mark said, "to be honest, I think you might be a good candidate for the ace this year."