

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 98: Succeeding Meditation From First Time

"Boom!"

The next moment a loud bang sound erupted as the crystal went to the ground and got into endless tiny pieces.

"Hahaha, he can't even handle a small ball, what about a bigger one?" John laughed while Mark gave Jim a deep glance.

For all they were fooled by what Jim did, but not him. He knew Jim could have caught it easily, yet he hesitated at the last moment.

"You'll have to pay for it," Mark said while sneering, "as John said, how can you catch a bigger ball in a stressful game if not be able to handle this small one here?"

'You made me the laughing stock of the class this time old man,' Jim controlled his rage on the surface but took it all out against the old man.

'This is for your best,' the old man simply said, 'later you'll thank me for this.'

"Now let's get started with lesson one," Mark turned to the board and waved over it for the writings to change. "Meditation," he shouted in weird excitement before adding, "now we'll start to strengthen your souls first. Don't slack, don't be shy, sit on the ground and close your eyes."

"But..."

"If you don't want to get more points deducted off your pantheon then mind your own business," Mark said to Patrick while the latter only went silent and swallowed the rest of his words.

"Sit down now, don't waste anymore time."

Jim watched others do what Mark said and so he did the same. "Close your eyes and clear your minds," Mark added before walking down his stage and went directly to Jim.

"Owing others money isn't good on your meditation," he said while extending his hand. Jim noticed some mocking gazes at him but he didn't mind any and took out the money simply and gave them to Mark.

"Wait for me after the class ends," Mark only whispered before turning around, "start meditating now, I don't want anyone to be distracted by anything."

Jim glanced at the back of Mark before inwardly sighed. 'He knew,' he only muttered this before closing up his eyes.

"Picture yourself at the most comfortable, most secure place you've ever been and try to focus entirely over that image," Marks' voice came as he started to give instructions to everyone.

"Meditation is all about being super and clear, honest with yourself before being with others. Your soul will get many benefits if you manage to crack the door of meditation in this session."

Jim searched far and wide inside his memories and strangely enough the only place he found to match Mark's description was the small closet he used to live in.

'Sigh, I never imagined this would be my super place,' he bitterly said to himself while focusing over that place.

'Focus on the memory not the place,' the old man suddenly said, 'picture yourself there and not only gaze at it from far above.'

'But...'

'Mark is trying to teach you slowly, but I believe you are ready to enter through that door.'

Jim inwardly sighed before following the words of his old man. 'You owe me one,' he simply teased him but the old man only answered: 'Focus!'

Jim cleared up his mind from everything but this memory of his. He pictured everything inside his small room, the dampness there, the silence he felt whenever he entered, and above all the loneliness he felt while being inside.

But he was feeling safe and calm. After all the entire world was against him, all except this tiny room and everything inside.

He could picture the flying orb which gave him light, the dry mattress of the bed, and the cold feeling of the wall.

Just as he started to feel that, a muffled bang erupted deep inside his soul. It was like a river branch was halted by a small dam made of weak branches, and he just got a big hammer and crashed that dam apart.

"Swoosh!"

The next thing he felt was that strange tranquility that came after. His mind was like his dark room after closing up the small door off and lit the orb there.

Light invaded his mind, his soul, and he felt refreshed like never before.

He took a deep and long breath, and for the first time of his life he felt breathing was a great thing that he always missed.

The room kept getting vivid the more he breathed, and the sensation he got was getting stronger.

"Open up your eyes," as he wished to stay there with that amazing feeling forever, Mark's voice came to interrupt everything. The room became hazy and everything started to crash like weak glass.

"The class is over," Mark added while Jim opened his eyes feeling endless rage and hatred towards him. "Go out, all except Jim," Mark said while his face showed a weird expression over his face.

Yet Jim stayed angry even when he remained all alone in the class.

"What happened?" Mark came towards him before asking, "have you... no way, you are just trying it for the first time!!" he was totally shocked by the scenario he had in mind.

Yet it was the only logical explanation for such intense reaction from his disciple.

"Don't worry," Mark sighed after remaining silent for a while, "you'll get to that feeling every time you meditate."

"Really?" Jim hurriedly asked while his tone was harsh and deep. He tried to suppress his anger and regain his past calm, but he couldn't perfectly do it.

"So it's real then?" Mark cracked a faint smile over his face, "you are a real monster kid, I like that."

He then took out another orb and handed it to Jim, "Don't worry, once you return home

and train you'll understand. Now let's see your true score."

Jim took the judge in hand while glancing at the snowflakes inside. "I know you let the old one smash on purpose, and I just want to see this purpose with my two eyes," Mark said while his face showed how much anticipation he had.

'Do it,' the old man suddenly said, which made Jim frown more. 'Didn't you let me smash the old one so no one would know about my score?'

'The other kids can't know your true power,' the old man said, 'but this one here should. He is the one who is going to hold your back in the future, and one way or another he would discover everything.'

Jim knew the old man's logic wasn't bad. 'Masters are bound by the academy rules, they can't breach it even if they wanted to. However disciples aren't,' the old man said before warning, 'watch out from disciples more than masters.'

'Ok.'

Jim held the orb in his hand while closing up his eyes. The next minute the snowflakes danced and a rounded figure appeared in front of Mark's eyes.

"No fucking way! It's zero!!" he exclaimed in disbelief before adding, "having the legendary zero score and succeeding meditation from the first try... who are you really?"

"I'm Jim," Jim answered while returning the orb to the stupefied master, "I trust master's secrecy on this."

"S- Sure," Mark nodded, "no one will ever know about this secret, despite they'll eventually guess that."

Jim glanced in a weird way to Mark who added, "your score is pretty much monstrous, meaning your talent and growth here would be insane. Soon your name would be mentioned a lot, and one way or another others will know."

Jim understood the meaning of his old man's words from before. "Better late than now then," he simply said as he wouldn't run away from his destined future and abandon the long awaited strength for anything.

Or anyone!

"Alright then," Mark hid the judge before adding, "I like your early steps here, but be aware... those big names aren't just for show."

"Thanks master," Jim stood up while showing a gratitude look over his face. He knew Mark was warning him for his own good, and he was sure those pantheon kids wouldn't let him have what he wanted this easy.

"Now go to the forging class," Mark suddenly said, "you must hone your skills at forging, taming beasts, potions, and of course fighting."

"I... "Jim hesitated as he wanted to go to the fighting class directly.

"You wanted to attend the fighting class, right?" Mark laughed and Jim just was pissed off the mere fact his thoughts were so easy to read like this. "You should first master your skills at things you use at fighting, right?"

Mark's remark was on the spot and managed to open Jim's mind over this simple fact. "Thanks master," he honestly said.

"Never mind, it's a great thing to have you in the inner disciple zone. It's my luck, hahaha, this year's score will be settled with those arrogant inner disciples."

Mark laughed while Jim strangely looked at him before sighing. "I'll try my best," he could only say that before leaving the class and the master inside still laughing on his dreams.

'He is right,' the old man suddenly said, 'go to the other classes first and leave war class to the end.'

'I will,' Jim then moved around while trying to recall the place of the forging class building.

It wasn't that hard to spot it. with that gigantic hammer and anvil hang over its front, anyone could easily spot it from far.

"You are late," just as he arrived at the class he was astonished to see a berserker master standing there... a female master!

She was a giant as well. She purposely showed off her bulging thick muscles bulk at the arms, abdomen, and thighs. She left only two harsh looking pieces of clothes over her chest and waist.

"Sorry master," he hurriedly said, "master Mark just wanted to speak with me about something."

"I don't care," she harshly said, "the fairy pantheon just lost ten points for your delay."

He swallowed this punishment and went to the inner class while the disciples there glanced silently at him.