

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 99: The Hot Tempered Berserker Forging Master

"I'll repeat what I said, but I'll brief," the female master said while giving Jim a deep glance as if she was blaming him for this. "The forging is the essence of power. Even the mightiest dragons and those ancient fairies couldn't exert their full power without the help of gears."

The class was exactly the same as the one Jim just attended. The only difference might be for that large table with many items laid over it.

The female master pointed to the back where a black screen was there. A wave of fire appeared and words were illustrated the next moment. "The gears we make aren't just simple swords and other weapons, they are special. They drive the magical energy inside your bodies and augment it."

She paused before heading towards the table as she took a pair of gloves. "See those little beauties here for example, they are usually neglected by many, but those who are studying here know how important they are."

She removed her soft brown silk gloves before wearing those two. They weren't thin and neat like the ones she just removed, but thick and bulging. They had many grooves and ores embedded inside them.

"Once any of you wear them she or he will notice the difference," she smiled widely before adding, "for example I'll try to gather my magical power in my hands and you can see what will happen."

Just as she said so, she raised one arm high in the air before Jim noticed the muscles of her got thicker all of sudden.

Even veins appeared there. If he didn't see her long hair or feminine features, then he would definitely mistook her as a male from behind.

"Swoosh!"

All of sudden a burst of air wave appeared around the glove before it started to shine. The deep lines got a deep brown color while the glove itself started to grow thicker

and bigger in size.

The next moment a layer of thick brown aura appeared around the glove. "See?" she said in a proud tone, "this little baby here is priceless for me. I personally made it and many masters coveted it already, yet none succeeded."

She was speaking in much pride that made Jim be sure there were other things hidden behind that pair of gloves. She kept raising her hand for a long minute there before the aura vanished and her muscles relaxed.

"Now it's time to speak about the essence of forging," she glanced around the class before asking, "anyone here knows what's forging is all about?"

"Strength," John the giant kid spoke as if it was a known fact.

"Wrong," yet she answered with a vicious smile over her face, "five points are deducted from the pantheon of Berserkers for the wrong answer."

All the disciples sucked cold breaths at once while their faces showed how shocked they were. "What? Do you think I only give points for the right ones?" she sneered before adding, "here I don't tolerate arrogant bastards, especially men!"

Jim didn't understand her words, nor the rest of the class. "Anyone else? Anyone wants to boost wrongly about his ignorance?"

Her words were so irritating even for Jim. 'C'mon old man, let's teach this bitch a lesson,' he inwardly muttered while gritting over his teeth.

And the next moment the old man sighed and started to give him the right answer.

"No one?" she laughed in a mocking way while shaking off her head as if she already knew this would be the outcome.

"It's all about the balance," Jim suddenly said in a very calm yet confident tone.

"Explain," her face froze up for a moment before ordering in a cold tone.

"Forging includes many variants. The forger, the tools, the materials, and even the final product he had in mind. Among all those, balance must exist," Jim explained in his calm tone.

"This is the old school kid," yet she wasn't satisfied, or refused to give him praise, "give me a modern view, go deeper or else... y'know."

"From a deeper view, "yet Jim calmly added as if he already was prepared for her answer, "things have essence, soul and heart. Without knowing everything essence, without getting deeply connected with the heart then the final gear will be weak."

"Tsk," she disappointedly shook her head, "unfortunately it's a right answer... the pantheon of fairies gain twenty points for this."

Jim was speechless there for a moment while watching the signs of sadness over her face. 'What a master!' he inwardly muttered while she waved her hand and his words appeared on the board behind her back.

"The view our revived fairy disciple here gave isn't bad. Everything had its own attributes, pros and cons, even its nature. Some items might need delicate care, others prefer harsh treatment. Some might be moody, with a hot temper and very unexpected attitude."

She started to speak further about the nature of things and give some examples. Jim listened and he started to take notes inside his mind.

"So when making an item, it's not only a matter of bringing things together, or a matter of luck. It's all calculated, very detailed matters must be considered, and you need to get your link to the materials and items you use to a very deep level."

She paused before smiling in her usual self again, "Now, can anyone tell me what is the most important single factor that would determine the final grade of a gear?"

"Getting connected to it?" a kid said before she laughed viciously again.

"Wrong," she laughed, "five points are deducted from the pantheon of medusa for your wrong answer, and another five are deducted."

"What for?" the male disciple asked in shocked expression over his face.

"Because I'm in a bad mood right now," she wasn't taken aback with his question, "avoid me while I'm in a bad mood."

The entire class went into a heavy silence while all glanced over this weird master. "Now, anyone?" she turned her gaze around before finally stopping over Jim, "fairy kid, tell me the answer," she paused before laughing in amusement, "only if you dare."

Jim's eyes shone how frustrated he was right now. He waited for his old man to speak while she grinned, "Nothing? Your moment of brilliance just dried up? Hahaha, don't tell me you are afraid of getting points deducted? What if you say the right answer and I give you fifty points in return."

She suddenly raised the stakes while Jim only confidently smiled as he already had the answer from the old man. "What if I lost?"

"Your pantheon will lose a hundred point instead," she amusingly checked him before adding, "tsk, such a weak body and great mind... such a loss... fate is really unfair sometimes... oh wait, most of the time," she laughed while blabbering things Jim didn't get anything from.

"The most important sole factor for any forger is his belief in the item he is making."

Just as he spoke, her face suddenly froze up again while this time she took a longer time to return to her normal self. "Explain," and again she didn't give him the reward he deserved and tried to push further, hoping he would misstep here.

"Any forger must have a vision of the gear he is making. If not believing he could make a great gear, how could he make one?"

"Not enough," she ruthlessly said, "explain more or else you won't get anything."

"The mental image," Jim simply said, "every magician here has a mental image that he would use in many things."

"That's a known fact kid," she wasn't yet satisfied, "go deeper."

"The forger shouldn't just imagine the gear in his mind," Jim said with a soft smile over his face, "he should picture it like it was real inside his mental image. He should feel its surface, wear it over his body, and experience the effects over him."

"Not bad," she said, "but not good enough though."

"Each graded gear had a certain quality to it," Jim continued like she just didn't say anything, "if the forger imagined a high quality gear on the surface but didn't give what made it credible, the end product will be lower than what he had in mind."

"What are these qualities?" she asked.

"Master," he smiled as he calmly added, "this is a totally different question with another reward for it."

Her face showed how much she was angry at him at the moment. "Alright arrogant fairy kid, fifty points to the fairy pantheon," she said while turning around and leaving.

"Wait," yet Jim stopped her all of sudden while the eyes of everyone in the class were

over him, "don't you want to know the answer to your second question?"

She paused for a brief moment. Jim noticed her muscles bulge for a flash of second before relaxing again and she continued walking like he never spoke.

"This is an advanced class for another time," she said when she arrived at the stage, "besides let others speak, let others gain points for their pantheons as well."

'Or lose points,' he inwardly sneered yet he agreed on her hidden hint. It's not useful to only gain points in comparison to letting others lose more instead.