

# The Medallion

## CHAPTER 1 REBIRTH

Rocky Bai woke up in a sweat, confusion filling his wide eyes. It felt like he had just woken up from a nightmare. Gasping for air, he soon noticed something was amiss. His arms held him up at once. The scene coming into his eyes knocked him down like a feather. He was greeted with the sight of a luxurious and splendid room decked with classic decoration. There were no lamps or lights in here, but it was as bright as day. He was lying in a comfortable bed with a golden silk quilt, white tulle encircling it on all sides. Rocky Bai felt like he was lying on an imperial bed. Through the white tulle, Rocky Bai could see plenty of gold and jade objects on a cabinet. He could tell that each of them was worth at least a million. Everything Rocky Bai saw caught him by surprise, and then a sudden thought popped into his head: "Where am I?" What he last remembered was being on the way to a meeting. He had been invited by the International Animal Genome Center to deliver a keynote speech. Rocky Bai, a young and talented scholar in the field of gene study, ranked number one among his peers. No one in the whole world could surpass him in the field of gene study until now. While he was on the flight heading for the venue, an aircraft accident occurred right before he passed out. Now, he was in a strange room. It was impossible that this was hell. But if this was heaven, how could everything around him feel so real? Wasn't it said that only the soul could go to heaven when someone died? Souls couldn't feel anything physically, right? But his senses were so real and substantial. He could feel not only the softness and comfort of the bed, but also the warmth coming from someone under the quilt next to him. Rocky was shocked to find someone lying next to him. Cautiously, he slowly opened the quilt, hoping not to awaken his companion. He was greeted with the sight of an elegant female body. She was lying in his arms. From where Rocky was, he could only see half of her face. Despite that, he could tell the girl in his arms was only about sixteen. He observed her for a while. She was dressed in a white night robe and wore golden ornaments on her head, wrists and feet. She looked imperial, like she had been born into the lap of luxury. Rocky could not help but swallow nervously. He thought he was really in heaven. Otherwise, how could he have such a beauty be sleeping in his arms? A smile crept over his lips as he was wondering what other benefits he would get in heaven. Dirty thoughts came into his head.

All of a sudden, the girl groaned faintly in her sleep and shifted her position. Her face left Rocky's shoulder as she turned to the other side. Rocky froze as he saw her features. Her face was like a masterpiece of God. Without any makeup, her features were as delicate as a porcelain doll. Her eyelashes, long and curly, fluttered as she breathed. She had an incredibly cute upturned nose, and her rosebud lips looked as sweet as candies, alluring Rocky to have a taste. Although she was young, she carried an enchanting air with mature femininity. He could tell thousands of men would pursue her when she grew up. 'Stop Rocky! Stop staring at her! She is only a young girl! What the hell are you thinking about her?' Rocky shook his head and quit looking at her right away. His face flushed as his heart pounded. He was a man in his thirties after all. He still could control himself even with such a beauty next to him. He tried to calm down by reminding himself that she was only a little girl for his age, and guilt flooded his chest. "But where am I now?" Rocky murmured to himself, looking around. Logically, he should have died in the aircraft accident, but he was safe and sound right now. While he was immersed in his thoughts, the girl next to him suddenly woke up. Her round eyes slowly opened. Rocky was stunned by her again. Nobody in the world could refuse the charm sparkling in her attractive eyes. "Hello! You're awake! Could you tell me where I am, please? And why are we lying here together? Do we...? You know, do we...?" Rocky stammered awkwardly. He unconsciously smiled as soon as he saw the girl awaken. The girl froze when she heard Rocky. Soon, her eyes were filled with concern as her brows knitted together. She reached out her ivory hand and put it on his forehead to feel his temperature as she asked, "Basil, are you all right? Was your head damaged by the high fever? What are you talking about? I have told you I don't need you to pick up my hanky from the pond, but you just ignored me and insisted on doing it anyway! And look at you now! Priest Dean even said that the gods can't save you from the fever this time. And he said death would take you sooner or later. God bless you. You've woken up now!" What the girl said puzzled Rocky further. Who was the Basil she mentioned? Was it him? The girl seemed to know him well, but Rocky knew for certain that he had never met her in his life. "I'd better to call Priest Dean to check you again," the girl said as she got off the bed. She ran to the door in a hurry without adjusting her clothes and hair. "Hey! Hey!" When Rocky reacted and tried to stop her, the girl had left the room already. He got out of the bed as well. Looking around the room, he felt like he was in a private chamber of an ancient palace. All of a sudden, Rocky felt that something was wrong with his body. It

was like he was walking on the air. As he raised his arm, he saw his muscular arm had turned into a slender one, like a slim branch. And he could tell that his height had changed as well. He felt like he had grown shorter! In order to verify the way he felt, Rocky went to the right side of the bed as he noticed a mirror hung over there. As he got closer and closer, a fragile and bony figure gradually appeared in the oval mirror inset with shining diamonds. The young but pale face in the mirror looked as though death were upon him. His figure was as lean as a young tree, as if a gust of wind could blow him away. "Holy moly! Who the hell is that!?" Rocky cried out as he saw himself in the mirror.