

The Medallion

CHAPTER 11 CHOOSE YOUR WAR BEAST! (PART ONE)

Alston was a spirit manipulator who had reached the third grade of the Supernal Stage. He was at the very top of the rank of the young generation of the Holy Dragon Empire. He had succeeded in acquiring the dragon spiritual power from a Dragon Spirit Bead when he was only twelve. It was rare to see someone at such a tender age become a royal spirit manipulator. Everyone in the land considered him a God-given genius. Although Alston was only thirty now, he had surpassed many experienced spirit manipulators who had worked hard for their entire life. It was undeniable that he was the best of the best. Rocky, however, hadn't even reached the first grade of the Mortal Stage even though he had attained the dragon spiritual power from the Holy Dragon Bead. Compared with Alston, Rocky was only a talentless spirit manipulator. None of them would even consider the possibility of Rocky surpassing Alston someday. They all thought that no matter how long he practiced and how hard he worked, he would never reach his brother's level. Rocky's claims were ridiculous. They now looked at him as if he was a lunatic. When Alston heard what he said, a scornful smile crept over his lips. He showed no concerns or care. After all, Rocky was nothing to him. Alston didn't want to waste his time on such a minor being like his pathetic brother. After shooting Rocky a cold glare, Alston left right away. The other princes looked at Rocky with disgust before they turned and pompously followed Alston out. "Let's just see!" Rocky murmured angrily as he looked at Alston's back. Rage surged in his chest as he clenched his teeth. Alston's departure announced the end of this show, so the other members of royalty present left the Grand Dragon Hall as well. "Attention, please! Except the last one, the others and you follow me!" said Priest Dean when he walked in front of the twenty nine young men who had obtained the dragon spiritual power. As talking, he glanced at those young men and turned to Rocky, glowering at him. Priest Dean then walked out of the Grand Dragon Hall, and the twenty nine young men followed up at once. Rocky was at the end of the line, lost in the thought about how he could possibly grow stronger. After Rocky left, Shirley walked to where he had been standing, clenching her fists. She talked to herself, glaring at Rocky's back, "That asshole! He has obtained the dragon spiritual power from the Holy Dragon Bead, but so what? He is still a piece of shit! Nothing changes! But

things have taken an interesting turn now. I will have more chances to teach him a good lesson in future. You will regret what you said to me soon, asshole!" Rocky and the twenty nine young men followed Priest Dean and got into several large carriages after exiting the Hall. They started off at once, wasting no time to begin their journey. After a while, they reached their destination. Rocky was greeted with the sight of peculiar architecture, which consisted of numerous cubes of different sizes. He and the other young men walked after Priest Dean and entered the building. As soon as they stepped into the gate, a foul, smelly odor invaded their nostrils. They nearly threw up as they smelled it. They could not help but cover their noses. Rocky, however, didn't find anything particularly foul about it at all. The stench obviously came from animals and their dung. As a scholar in the field of animal gene study, Rocky was so familiar with such an odor and had already been desensitized. After all, what he studied on required him to go to such environment. He had worked with that odor for years. He could even tell from the strong odor that there were dozens of animals living here. He was right. As they walked along the long corridor behind the gate, roars and cries echoed in the air. When they reached the end of the corridor, they came across a spacious hall. Tiers of stables lay around the hall in a circle, with each one the same size as a cage. Under the dim light, Rocky vaguely saw some figures of the animals in the stables. They varied in size and height. Because of how diverse they were, the hall resembled a closed zoo. A middle-aged man and his subordinates appeared and came to greet them. From the way he was dressed, Rocky could definitely tell that he was an official of ancient times and could be in charge here. He was the beast raiser. "Your Grace!" the beast raiser greeted Priest Dean as he took a formal bow. His subordinates bowed to Priest Dean as well. "How is everything doing now?" Priest Dean asked with an arrogant air. "Everything has gone perfectly, Your Grace! We have prepared one hundred and eight war beasts for the thirty royal spirit manipulators to choose," the beast raiser answered with cap in hand. Priest Dean nodded and turned to Rocky and the other young men. He exclaimed, "Listen carefully! You only have an hour to choose your war beast. Remember the number of the one you like. And then come back here when time's up. Go!" The twenty nine young men were all bouncing off the walls. They dashed to the stables and began to choose their war beasts, while Rocky still stood there. "Why are you still here? Go!" Priest Dean yelled, glaring at Rocky. "All right!" Rocky curled his lip as he walked reluctantly to the stables. He was caught by surprise when he finally reached them. They were filled with strange,

monstrous beasts! Each war beast he saw was scary and hideous. There was one war beast with only an eye. And the beast next to this one had two heads! Rocky passed the two stables and saw another beast with two tails. What shocked him more was a snake with an eagle's face and a deer with a lion's head. "Now I long for the animals we had back in my lifetime. How cute our animals in the modern era are! Why do all these so-called war beasts look so strange? Is it because of gene mutation? But that's a good opportunity to start a new research anyway," Rocky muttered to himself. He then began to look among them and tried to select one for himself.