

# The Medallion

## CHAPTER 13 THE BEAUTIFUL INSTRUCTOR

The sound of loud exclamations interrupted their conversation. "That is the Wind Evil, a three-star spiritual beast!" "Goodness! A three-star beast? It's likely the best one out of this whole bunch! Damn it! How could I miss it?" "He's from the Ximen Clan. No wonder he's both strong and good at selecting a fine spiritual beast." Rocky turned to the scene of the commotion and saw a group of men looking with envy at a very strong and excited rookie standing in front of a spiritual beast with the head of a lion and the body of an eagle. "Ximen Clan? Isn't that where Shirley is from?" Rocky took a careful look at the royal spiritual manipulator that everyone was making a commotion over. He had the build of a grown man, even stronger and more powerful. If Rocky remembered right, he was the one who had made it to the third grade of Mortal Stage after fusing with the Dragon Spirit Bead. Lena had been right. Everyone in the Ximen Clan was not to be taken lightly. "It is just a three-star spiritual beast. Maybe I can pick a four-star spiritual beast out of them," Rocky thought ambitiously. He felt a little bit more eager now at the sight of the royal spiritual manipulators picking their own war beasts and establishing blood bond with them. But before he could think things through, the beast raiser had already walked up to him and asked him the number of the beast he had chosen. "I will pick....." Rocky thought back the war beast that he had just seen and found it really hard to decide. He hesitated. "Hurry the hell up! We're all waiting here!" the ones in line behind Rocky said impatiently. "I will pick..." Rocky decided to give up thinking and chose a random number instead. Any one of them would be of value to him. But all of sudden, that little beast's eyes appeared in his head that he couldn't shake off. They were so expressive, much like a human's. Rocky couldn't help but mumble the number. "Number 109." "109?" The beast raiser paused for a second as if trying to process what he just heard. "Yes." Rocky nodded. Clearly, he had succumbed to the little beast's cute large eyes. "Basil, stop wasting our time. The beast raiser just said there are only 108 war beasts. There is no number 109." Priest Dean scolded him harshly. "Priest Dean, actually there is number 109. It is a new-born but with disability. And it was hatched from an unknown egg. We're not sure where it came from, so we didn't put it in the list," The beast raiser explained. "In that case, since he chose it, he shall have it." Priest Dean shot

Rocky a look of contempt. "Priest Dean, is this really okay? I think he should be allowed a chance to pick a new one," the beast raiser said. "Didn't you hear what I said?" Priest Dean's look grew cold. "Then number 109 it is," The beast raiser declared, with a perplexed shake of his head. Almost immediately, his assistant carried the little beast out and handed it over to Rocky. Rocky held it close to his chest while stealing a look at other ferocious war beasts. He couldn't help but sigh. "I must have owed you so much in my last life that I must be with you now." This little beast seemed to have recognized Rocky, now roaring gleefully. "A war beast that's not worth even one star. It must be really 'precious'," Priest Dean said sarcastically after seeing the little creature. The spiritual manipulators all laughed at this weak little thing. "What a loser, picking a weak war beast with a disability! I could easily stamp it to death!" "Tell me about it. A royal spiritual manipulator picked a handicapped war beast. How pathetic and embarrassing!" "That thing can't even walk. Can it really be called a war beast? How utterly ridiculous!" "Hey little fella. Don't mind them. They are just a whole bunch of animals and one day they will learn your true power because I will train you to become the best war beast there is." Rocky ignored the taunts and held up the little war beast proudly. "Oh, right. The blood bond!" Rocky remembered. He gently set it down and bit his own finger. Blood oozed out and he stuck his finger in front of the beast's mouth. It roared happily and went right in, biting right onto Rocky's finger and sucking really hard as if it wanted to drain the last drop of blood out of him. "Come on! Are you going to suck me dry?" Rocky retracted his finger, grimacing at the sticky saliva left on it. But strangely, his wound had healed by itself. He continued watching the other spiritual manipulators picking their own war beasts. Soon everyone found their very own war beast, with the best being the sole three-star war beast Wind Evil who was chosen by the spiritual manipulator from the Ximen Clan. There were also ten two-star war beasts, and the rest were one-star. The rest except of course for Rocky's little beast, who did not even reach a one-star ranking. After leaving the stable, the spiritual manipulators jumped on a carriage and sped away. The carriage seemed to have gone a long way before it stopped. "Get off the carriage and assemble!" a woman's voice strictly commanded. Everyone else grabbed their war beast and jumped off the carriage immediately. Within seconds all of them were already outside. All except for Rocky. "Damn, what's with the rush?" he cursed, getting off the carriage slowly. There was an open square, at the end of which rose a couple of buildings. A magnificent royal castle was off to the left. It could be assumed that this

place must be part of the royal property. Just as Rocky slowly disembarked from the carriage and was looking around, a little bit distracted by the scenery, something suddenly lashed in his face. It was a painful blow that stung very harshly. "Shit! Who was that?" Rocky shouted in anger. He then saw a whip at his feet, and realized that this was the culprit. He then looked up at the person holding the whip and was utterly gobsmacked. A slender figure was walking towards him with slender, toned legs while retracting her whip. "Oh, wow!" Rocky exclaimed at the sight of this woman. She was wearing a sleeveless robe with a long slit for mobility. Both her arms and legs were beautifully tanned. And her long hair draped down all the way to her waist. She looked wild and dangerous, which Rocky found extremely attractive. With such a fine body paired with a magnificent face, Rocky couldn't help but think that she must have been created by God himself. Her eyes were seductive and charming and her nose was regal and high. The most attractive feature that Rocky immediately stared at was her plump, luscious lips. His eyes glazed over.