

The Medallion

CHAPTER 2 PRETENDING TO HAVE LOST MEMORY

As Rocky was screaming, the boy in the mirror also opened his mouth. Rocky's eyes widened. Slowly, he brought up his hands towards his face. The boy in the mirror followed his movements exactly. He slowly touched his skinny face from the forehead to the chin. He could not recognize any part of this face. Rocky was dumbfounded. This was not his face. He looked at the mirror carefully. His reflection really was this unfamiliar boy! Something must be wrong with his eyes. "Priest Dean, please hurry up!" at this moment, a sweet and anxious voice rang out outside the room. "Your Royal Highness, if it weren't for your sake, I wouldn't have wasted my dragon spiritual power to call his soul back to his body with the spiritual method of the Dragon Master Clan. Since he is already awake, he will be fine. No need to be so anxious. What's more, though he is a prince, he does not have the bloodline of the royal family. He is nothing, even His Majesty ignores him. Why would you care about him so much?" Rocky heard another voice, this one old and loud with very apparent disdain and annoyance. "Don't say that. Basil could not bond with the dragon spiritual power just because he was born weak. It doesn't mean that he will never be able to do that someday. The consort asked me to take care of Basil for her before she died, so... hurry up," the owner of the sweet voice urged him, a hint of anger surfacing. "Your Royal Highness, I am so busy today. Tomorrow is the sacred ritual of our Holy Dragon Empire. The ambassadors of the Dragon Master Clan will bring thirty Dragon Spirit Beads here, and then I have to make sure that the thirty candidates can all bond with it. They are the main fresh blood of the young generation in our country. If they fail, it will be my fault. You know how difficult it will be for me to defend myself to His Majesty. You should know that the land is in turmoil again..." the older voice replied. "I don't care! You have to find out what is wrong with Basil first," the sweet voice yelled. Rocky was extremely confused as he heard their strange conversation. He looked at the door, where the two figures were now entering the room. It was the girl he had woken up next to before, accompanied by an old man with a very long beard which grew to his waist. He was wearing a fancy purple and golden robe with a silver crown on his head. He looked like a prestigious elder with sharp eyes. Apparently, he was the Priest Dean whom the girl had mentioned before. "Basil, why did you get out of bed? Go lie back

down," the girl said, coming up to Rocky and gently taking his arm. "It's OK. I'm fine." Basil replied to her as he looked to Priest Dean behind her. "Your Royal Highness, how do you feel now?" Priest Dean bowed a little and asked. His words were customarily polite, but the look on his face was so arrogant that he seemed to look down on Basil. "I feel well," Basil answered without thinking, because he really did not feel anything wrong. But all these things happened before him definitely were out of place. "Alright. Your Royal Highness, see, I told you he will be fine. If there is nothing else you need me to do, I will leave and continue to do my tasks," Priest Dean said to the girl perfunctorily, not even caring to look at Basil. "But Basil said something strange to me when he woke up just now, like he didn't know me at all," the girl said to Priest Dean as she looked at Basil with her large, bright eyes. "Maybe it is because he has just recovered. He will be fine after taking a rest for one or two days. To be honest, Prince Basil is lucky enough that at least he is alive right now," Priest Dean replied as he glanced at Basil. "Maybe you're right." The girl thought that his speculation made sense, then she turned to Rocky and ordered him, "Basil, get back into bed and have some more rest." Rocky was shocked by their strange exchange. Because he could feel that everything that was happening right now couldn't be a dream; it was beyond the imagination of a normal person. They had called him 'Prince Basil' several times, so it meant that he was not himself now. And the only explanation he could think of was that after he died, his soul entered into this prince's body for unknown reasons. Though it was so ridiculous, there was no better explanation. What was worse, he could tell that he was not in the same world where he used to live, whether it was this palace-liked room, the mention of a consort, or this old man in ancient clothes in front of him. "Basil, are you alright?" the girl asked him worriedly as she saw him stand still and dumbfounded. Rocky forced himself to calm down. He thought that he had even experienced an airplane crash, so it was nothing to meet with another strange thing. Was he reborn? It seemed as though it was not the right time for him to die. But he had to live as someone else from now on. He knew nothing about this boy, so he needed to find an excuse to bluff it out. "Err... Actually, I'm not alright," Rocky suddenly said to the girl and Priest Dean. "What's wrong? Do you feel ill again?" she asked anxiously, taking his arm. "I lost my memory. I cannot remember who you are and who he is. I cannot remember anything. Who am I?" Rocky pretended to be incoherent and he showed a twisted face in a grimace of pain. The beauty and Priest Dean were dumbfounded as they heard Rocky's words. They looked at each other in shock.

"Basil, you mean you forgot everything? No kidding, you don't know who I am? How is that possible? I'm Lena, Lena Long!" she grabbed Rocky's hands and said anxiously. Her eyes welled up with tears. "I really don't know you. If I had met such a charming beauty like you, I will definitely remember that," Rocky said jokingly. "Priest Dean, what is going on? Basil has really forgotten everything!" Lena asked Priest Dean immediately, growing very emotional. Priest Dean did not answer her at once, and he didn't really seem to care whether Basil was well or not. He coldly hesitated for a while and finally replied. "Maybe it is because his soul had left his body for too long, and it has affected his mind. He may recover after a good rest. I will ask someone to send some elixirs to him. Let's wait and see how things go on after he takes the elixirs. Your Royal Highness, I'll take my leave now." At this, he glanced at Basil arrogantly before striding out the door.