

# The Medallion

## CHAPTER 6 STARTING OVER

"So that's how it is." Rocky nodded thoughtfully. It seemed that there were so many magical things in this world that he never expected. "Does this mean that I can also fuse with the Dragon Spirit Bead to gain dragon spiritual power?" Logically speaking, as a prince he should aspire for this. "The best age to fuse with Dragon Spirit Bead is between twelve and eighteen, but you are way past that age. It's a pity that you will never have an opportunity to gain the ability to manipulate dragons. Besides, you've been attending the ritual for five years in a row, but it's always come out to the same result..." Lena felt so sorry for him. "If you weren't a member of the royal family, it would be much easier. In that case, even if you can't fuse with the dragon, you could still fuse with other war beasts like the White Liger, Kylin, Double-faced Snake Man and so on," Lena added. 'What? Basil has participated for five consecutive years without success? What a shame!' Rocky couldn't help but grimace to himself. Lena noticed that Rocky's expression looked a little strange. She immediately glanced at him doubtfully, but found nothing wrong. When she spoke again, her tone sounded a little heavy. "To be honest, it's not so bad. Even if you can't become a royal spirit manipulator, you could have at least become a spirit manipulator. It's just that... your constitution makes it nearly impossible for you to learn the spiritual method at all. So being a spirit manipulator is out of the question. You are the only member of the royal family who fails to become a spirit manipulator. Of course, it has been centuries of an excellent, pristine bloodline. You are descended from the first spirit manipulator. Therefore, becoming a spirit manipulator is a tradition of the royal family. Since you were born into this bloodline, you should have become a spirit manipulator. Unfortunately, you haven't inherited the excellent bloodline of the royal family. Now you can't even manipulate ordinary cats and dogs, let alone a dragon." "I see. No wonder Priest Dean and Shirley didn't show any respect to me and called me a wimp." Rocky now understood why people were so unfriendly to him. "Their words weren't the worst. Others were even crueler. So in a way, it's a good thing you lost your memory," Lena tried to comfort him. "Tell me more." Rocky didn't care about their words at all. Anyway, now this body belonged to him, not Basil. No matter what others said, he wasn't directly in the line of fire. On the contrary, those words could motivate

him. "Are you sure?" Lena asked hesitantly at first, and when she saw Rocky nod his head, she said, "Your mother, the little consort, was born in a civilian family. She shouldn't have been eligible to become a part of the royal family. But His Majesty happened to meet her on a cruise and fell in love with her. He insisted on taking her back to the palace and married her. Then she became pregnant with you. However, the royal family had always looked down on her because of her humble background, often insulting and snubbing her. And she had always been rather sickly. After giving birth to you, she suffered a very long and difficult bout of depression. When you were eight years old, she fell seriously ill and passed away. Since then, you had also been excluded by the royal family and treated as an illegitimate child. If you weren't the son of His Majesty himself, you might have been expelled from the royal family long ago. The situation would have improved if only you became a spirit manipulator. Unfortunately, you just couldn't, which made the royal family despise you even more. Even His Majesty was disappointed with you. Someone even advised him to expel you from the royal family. But he loved your mother so much that he still chose to protect you and make you a civilian prince in the royal family. This way, at least you won't have to worry about material life." "What a miserable life this guy had! No father, no mother, no love, and being bullied all day long. What a sad life for a prince!" Rocky couldn't help sympathizing with him. "Basil, are you alright?" Lena frowned slightly. Why was Basil referring to himself in the third person? "Ah, it's okay. Don't worry about me. Basil is no longer a wimp." Rocky laughed. Lena thought that Rocky was just comforting himself and sighed lightly. Shortly after, a maid brought in a bottle containing dark purple liquid, which constantly emitted misty steam. "Your Royal Highness, this is the magic medicine from Priest Dean," the maid said, handing over the bottle. "Please drink it, Basil. Your memory will be restored soon. Although you may feel better without those bad memories, I still hope you go back to the way you used to be." Lena's voice sounded so gentle. Rocky's face twitched for a moment, but for the sake of Lena's kindness, he could only force himself to take the magic medicine and drink it up. The bitter and spicy taste was no different from that of poison. "Well, you need more rest. I'll prepare for tomorrow's ritual. If you need anything at all, just tell them." Lena left after tenderly squeezing his hand. "Your Royal Highness, I'll be outside. If you need anything, call me at any time." The maid who brought in the magic medicine left, too. Rocky went to the bed and sat down heavily. He looked back at the young face reflected in the mirror and

realized that now he wasn't Rocky but a civilian prince named Basil Long. "It doesn't seem easy to be a prince. However, it's not a bad thing to be a prince who has no worries about material life. I wish I wasn't dreaming..." Rocky fell onto the bed, resting his head on his arms. He looked up at the ceiling and chuckled to himself. His eyelids soon grew heavy and he eventually fell asleep. The medicine had done its job. Right before he fell asleep, he couldn't help but wonder if it might all just be a dream. Rocky didn't wake up until the next morning. He was gently awakened by a soft voice. He opened his eyes and found that everything was just like yesterday. He groaned upon finding out that he really was not dreaming at all. The respectful maids standing beside the bed were what greeted his groggy eyes. There were four of them waiting on him. Rocky was quite excited to see so many beauties surrounded him as soon as he opened his eyes in the early morning.

"Your Royal Highness, the ritual is about to start. Her Royal Highness asked us to remind you to attend on time, otherwise, you'll be gossiped about again," one of the maids said.

"I don't care about what they say," Rocky yawned and got out of bed, stretching his body. At this moment, the four maids immediately gathered around Rocky and began to help him take off his clothes. "Hey, hey, hey, watch your hands and don't touch me! I'll accuse you of sexual harassment!" Rocky crudely laughed. "Your Royal Highness, you just stretched out your arms, so we thought you were asking us to change your clothes..." The maids were confused. 'Oh, I forgot, the prince doesn't change his clothes himself. Hah, what a wonderful life...' Rocky laughed naughtily, "Well, I'll allow you to take advantage of me." The maids blushed in embarrassment, but they still undressed Rocky as fast as they could. They changed his underclothes before dressing him in a light blue silk-trimmed gown embroidered with a dragon surrounded by graceful clouds. He looked much more presentable now.