

Somewhere on earth, inside a spacious room full of High-Tech medical equipment.

Right in the center of this room was a high-tech hospital cot with all kinds of pharmaceutical machines attached to it, and on this comfortable cot lay a bony old man, full of wrinkles; he was faintly breathing with the help of a ventilator.

With extreme difficulty, the old man opened his trembling eyelids, revealing a pair of murky pupils. magic

The old man aimlessly stares at the white ceiling in a daze like he is deep in thought, or he is just exhausted...

'Sigh... I can't even remember how long I've been in this white room... a day?

'A year?

'A decade?

'I just remembered my fear of death and then... and then... then... sigh... I only had a vague memory of using my colossal wealth and influence to create this room so that I could live as long as possible.

'But living like this is not living at all... I can only breathe and sleep. I can't enjoy food or even water anymore... no woman, drinks, walk, talk... nothing.

'Friends?... yes, my friends... are they still alive? I can't even remember their faces or names, only Liam rings a bell, but I can't remember anything.

'Family... yes, I remember my wife died a year before I decided to create this room. After that, everything is foggy. I remember having sons, but why didn't they come to see me anymore?

'Well, I hope they're happy. I left enough for them to live like emperors... it would be good if I could see their faces before I met my end, though...

'Why do we have to die, eventually? Can't we just live forever with our loved ones? Why are our lives so fragile and cheap? Why were we born if we had to die in the first place?

'No matter how much we achieve, how much wealth we accumulate, power, status, love, betrayal, worldly pleasures... everything will eventually end with old age, and finally, we enter the embrace of death...

'Nothing mattered in the end. Our brief journey called life will eventually end without reaching anywhere. We can either pave the way for others who come after us or do the complete opposite by doing nothing.

'People will replace people; fresh memories will be made while old ones will be turned into histories. Nothing can last forever, so live to the fullest while it lasts...

'But if you ask a dying person's last wish, I don't know about others, but I want to live another day and don't want to die, period.

'Just like all those fantasies, I want to become... Immortal, and after experiencing the harsh reality of old age and being left alone to rot in this room while constantly living in fear of dying in the next second... I'll give up anything for it... anything!'

The silent plunge, but suddenly the old man noticed something strange.

'Wait, a moment? Why is my brain not hurting anymore? Why don't I feel sleepy anymore because of all those medicines?

'Before, I couldn't even awake for probably five minutes, and whenever I thought, my brain started to hurt, but it didn't happen this time. But, oh, my memories are becoming more evident all of a sudden... my... my name is Jacob Steve!

'But how is it even possible?! Did those scientists discover some miracle drug and my son bought it for me?

'So, those bastards didn't forget about their old man after all, heh. Blood is indeed thicker than water. But why is everything dark? Did this drug only work on my brain but not my eyes?

'Sigh... it's still far better than my previous state, though. But I still have to die in the end. If not today, then tomorrow.'

At this moment, Jacob heard a foreign husky voice for the first time in quite a while.

"Hmm... very interesting. The experiment wasn't a total failure after all. This test subject's new heart started beating after ten seconds of transplant."

Jacob was astonished when he heard this husky mumbling because this language was completely new and foreign, but he could understand it like it was his mother tongue.

As far as he could remember, he had never learned this type of language before. He was even more puzzled about what he had just heard, though.

'So, they are now experimenting on me?! Which bastard permitted them to treat this old man's body as a lab rat? Was it William or Ryan? Little Zain would never do this to me.' Jacob fumed as he cursed his sons, 'These bastards even dare to change my heart without even my consideration, damn it, just which quack is it?! If I regain my consciousness, you're dead, quack!'

However, the following words of this same husky voice completely gobsmacked Jacob,

"I got this human slave at a low price, but he seemed quite resilient for being a human, and he even survived that kind of transplant. Truly a rare specimen for being a human."

Jacob suddenly felt... no... he knew something was freaking wrong with this quack, 'Is he a mad quack?! He's talking about enslaved people and humans like he's living in some fantasy. Just what kind of nut-job those bastards hand me over to!'

Soon, Jacob felt his body again and tried to open his eyes with all this power because he wanted this nut job out of his room as quickly as possible before he really killed him.

Although he thought that being dead was better than living and all, he still didn't want to die when it came to it. He wasn't ready and probably never would be. He just wanted to take every breath before his body gave up on its own and no more machines or medicine worked on him.

Yet, when Jacob's eyelids were finally opened, he was astonished and in disbelief because he could see clearly, unlike before when everything was cloudy. He could see as clearly as when he was in his prime, or even more clearly.

'Maybe this wasn't a quack after....'

However, his joy didn't last long as his eyes went wide in horror because he saw his entire torso was opened like doors, and one could see every organ and blood vein clearly.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh..."

Jacob shrieked at the top of his lungs before his eyes rolled upward, and he lost consciousness.

So, this was Jacob Steve, an old man who died at age 116.

After living on machines and medicines for 20 years, his heart finally couldn't take it and fail. Jacob didn't feel a thing because of the potent anesthetics in his system and was unknowingly reincarnated!

As for his first experience in this mysterious place, he only woke up for five seconds before witnessing his own 'postmortem' and losing consciousness because of utter pain, shock, and horror.

Even if Jacob had the mentality of a century-old man and had seen pretty much everything in his past life, this was still hard to swallow.

Jacob still doesn't know; it was just the start of his suffering and his undesirable, brutal journey toward the 'Immortality' he wanted so badly!