

Reincarnated With A Summoning System

Chapter 701 701 Family Man

Cain waited patiently while Misha fed the two little ones and got them settled into sleep in the bassinet next to her bed.

"It's been too long," Cain whispered, cradling her in his arms and pulling her down into bed to serve as his little spoon for a while.

"Somehow, I suspect that we will actually have some time together after this. The Ancients have been hinting at the fact that we will get to spend time together, and it didn't seem to mean that they were going to tie you up, so you didn't wander off again." Misha replied, smirking up at him.

"Just telling you all the stories of what has happened since you left will take some time. But then, you've been watching, so I imagine you already know most of them, don't you? I'll fill you in on the other details instead.

You see, the quest that I was on was actually to get all my children in one spot at the same time.

Since you were here, that meant coming to you, but along the way, the System decided to keep adding people under the category of children in the way that a Sect Master calls their Disciples their children.

So, I had to bring all of them with me to meet the Ancients here, and then some things happened, and other things happened, but you have seen that part, and here we are, finally back together." Cain whispered back.

"I did see. Burning all of those Immortals to death with dragon fire and lava was a pretty cruel way to die."

Cain sighed. "If only it were that easy. Half of them are still alive. Their Guardian came and fished them out of the rock and resurrected them. But I think that they learned their lesson anyhow. At the very least, they didn't give us any more trouble after we left, and it can't have been that hard to find us."

"The girls have been growing up really well too. They're all chasing after Luna, though they had no idea she had gotten so far ahead of them thanks to the experience bonus."

"We should likely get a few hours' sleep. They're Ancients, so they will be up sooner than you expect, even as infants, and I know your human body can't keep up with two hours a day sleep schedules." Cain reminded her.

"The Ancients volunteered to help watch the kids. They love it, and they've been eagerly awaiting the chance for some time now. If I were actually up all the time, they would be heartbroken." Misha giggled but settled back against Cain to continue her nap.

Sure enough, only three hours later, the twins were up, and a victorious Nyarla came in to whisk them away before they woke Misha, who was still asleep in Cain's arms.

She did briefly wake up to the sound of movement and arguing from the twins, but they were gone before she was fully aware, and she settled back down without much trouble.

A few hours after the twins got up, Cain decided to let her sleep off the recovery period and refreshed the healing spells that were active on her body. They had been necessary all through the pregnancy due to the power difference between the twins and what a human was intended to endure, but she was almost back in top form now, showing no signs of her ordeal other than a sore chest where an overzealous infant had decided to test if breasts could be encouraged to provide milk at a higher rate.

Cain equipped his suit and stepped back out into the main room where the Ancients and most of the disciples of the Forbidden Treasure Sect were talking with a new arrival in the form of an older man with almond-shaped eyes and pale skin.

"And there he is. How was your nap?" The old man asked with a big smile on his face, and Cain immediately identified the voice of the Laughing God.

"It's good to meet you in the flesh, so to speak. I have heard your voice so many times before, but somehow it was never possible to put a face to it." Cain replied and reached out to shake the Elder God's hand.

He also noticed that Mariel seemed to be clueless as to who the guest was since she was still playing a board game with a number of the Ancients, and certainly wouldn't be if she knew that the God who had invited her here with a promise of new things to learn was standing right in front of her.

The old man's personality was well known to Cain, though, so he just let it slide and waited to see how long it would be before she became curious as to who the extremely powerful new arrival was.

[I'm cloaking my aura from her. I don't think she has realized I am here yet, even though she can hear me. She thinks you're talking to one of the Ancients.]

Cain shook his head and took out a handful of candies from his inventory. The commotion of the Lamia rushing over from all over the room to see him was enough to

draw everyone's attention, and Cain smirked when Mariel did a double take, only now realizing they had a new guest.

Cain passed out the candies to the girls and turned to talk to the Divine Elder.

"Since I ruined the game by drawing attention, let me introduce someone to you. Divine Elder Mariel, meet the Divine Master Song of the Creators, better known as the Dark Librarian, or."

"The Laughing God." Mariel finished.

"It is a pleasure to meet you Miss Mariel. Give me a moment to adjust my appearance. You've been around too long to be impressed by a noble and learned appearance." He replied.

The shift of forms was perfectly smooth, darkening his hair and the fu-manchu mustache to an ageless look somewhere before middle age. It made him look somewhat impish but still gallant and prideful, and Cain wondered just how long he had practiced that look to get it just right.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 702 702 Impressing The Ladies

Mariel smiled at his attempts to win her over, and the Laughing God adjusted his body a little bit more, reading her mind to pick out her type.

"Cut that out. I came here because you said you had many things to teach me that could help me advance to Minor Godhood." She giggled, amused by his antics.

"When you have amassed as much knowledge as I have, almost anything can be a path to Divinity. Even that. But you're right. I do have a technique for you that will be just right for you. It will be significantly faster than the path that you're currently on, but that's not saying much. Not many reach the level of a Minor God with a conventional cultivation technique. It is only the most innovative Cultivator that manages to make that transition.

Cyrene came to wrap around Cain's waist as the two Divinities chatted, looking a bit starstruck.

[It's the Laughing God. The Real Laughing God.] She thought, broadcasting it to all of the Ancients in the area through the communal link.

"Who is looking after the Guild with you gone?" Cain asked curiously, giving the two cultivators a chance to talk with each other.

"Oh, Cid agreed to take over in case it took me an extended amount of time to return. Time passes very fast at home compared to here, so we would be gone quite a while, even if we planned to return right away.

The Guild has changed a lot in the time since you left. You would be shocked if you saw it now. We control the entire Central Continent and most of the South as well. The System upgraded us from a Guild to a Church not too long ago, likely when you reached Divinity, and the words of the Holy Guild Master have spread far and wide, now that every believer can gain the benefit of the Faith Bonus."

"I am a holy Guild Master now, am I?" Cain laughed.

"Yep. In case you forgot, you left your Echoes behind, and they're still linked to you. They're free, but they can still sense what you're doing and what has happened to you. It's a bit like prophecy, and they knew right away when you underwent Tribulation. There were storm clouds over every Guild House that day, it was really freaky, but we could all sense you.

"So your mission is complete, is it? The Guild runs itself, and they all follow with complete devotion. But what sort of Faith Bonus can you get from a leader who isn't there?"

The Laughing God looked over his shoulder and answered Cain's question. "I grant the system without being there. Don't underestimate your own powers as a World Dragon. You probably never even noticed when they drew on bits of your Divine Power for favors since they were so minor and not even in the same world.

Mostly they just get D-rank minor buffs or a [Lesser Cleanse] or something. Not enough that it would even bring your mana down a single percent.

It's a common power of Divine Realm beings. Though your cultivation is still at Demigod status, your body is stronger than that, and they have dozens of items and a group of Echoes with your aura attached to them that can be used as Catalysts."

Cyrene nodded happily. "You should see High Priest Victor. He really loves the black and white cleric robes. He's made sure not to mess with the canonical history of the world, though. He tells everyone you are a blessed Disciple of the Creators, and they come to the Darklight Host for protection and good fortune with money, but go to real gods for things that relate to their own aspects."

"It sounds like you've got it all figured out then," Cain replied, patting her head to assure the Lamia that she'd done a good job.

"I think we all have. Vala and Evangeline work as law enforcement officers of a sort. They respond to complaints made to the guild about bandits attacking members and merchants. Nemu has appointed herself as Neffie's bodyguard, but I'm quite certain that it's just because she is the next most comfortable to sleep beside when the Demon is gone and our Elven Lovebirds are still out exploring the seas.

Even Moana finally accepted the Wave Riders' proposal to expedite a number of vessels for them when they have important cargo.

I think the only one that's put out by the new arrangement is the Demon King. Without anything else to distract them, the Blood Dancers have been running rampant through the Demon Kingdom looking for entertainment, and we get messages from him at least once a week asking us to use a seer to find them since they've found a way to hide from his oracles."

"Somehow, I'm not surprised by that. They always were too energetic for their own good. Have they gotten so powerful that even Carnage can't keep them under control?" Cain asked.

"Oh, not at all. Carnage has reached the very peak of Spirit Awakened. But he has a habit of disappearing with them, now that someone taught him how to disguise himself as some other type of demon.

Aggramor isn't sure what he's pretending to be, but anyone who saw Carnage pass by would remember it, and nobody sees him when they all go missing at the same time." Cyrene laughed.

"It's good that they're all having fun." Cain chuckled, recalling how overjoyed the summoned Carnage was to come to fight in the arenas they created in the Cultivation worlds. The Blood Dancers were his kindred spirits, and if they had all found a way to sneak out for a good fight, more power to them. They obviously weren't causing any big issues, or someone would have said something by now.

"Before I forget, you have one last quest active in your logs, don't you, Cain? I think the conditions should be fulfilled now unless you left one growing in one of the many young ladies you've met along the way. How about we start on that random reward selection?" The Laughing God asked while Mariel moved to a couch with a book he had given her to read.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 703 703 The Final Quest Reward

"Yeah, there is only one quest left in my log. To gather all my children in one place. Even after the quest decided to count all my Disciples as my children, I still meet the requirements. They're all here." Cain agreed to the Laughing God's proposal.

"In that case, someone needs to get Misha. I can tell she's awake and just lying in bed. We should have everyone here for this. It's a bit of a momentous occasion.

In all the years that the System has been running for my entertainment, I mean, the betterment of society, you are the first one to actually level out of it.

I didn't make any plans beyond immortality since they would have forever to gather more quests, so this is the last reward I have prepared for you." The Laughing God declared.

Even in the serious moments, his face still showed that he was on the verge of laughter. Whatever the quest reward was, it was either going to get a great reaction out of Cain, or it was so absolutely ridiculous to be giving it to him at this point that he couldn't help but laugh.

All of the attendees slowly made their way back into the room, and Misha came back with Nyarla and the twins, who were single-mindedly attempting to straighten the ruffled band on the Ancient's cap and giggling with glee every time it popped right back to its original ruffled state.

"Good, everyone is here. Now, as most of you have known for quite some time, Cain here is down to his very last quest from the system, so I thought that we all could watch together as he receives the final quest reward.

It has been quite the adventure watching his journey through two different worlds and three species, and I want everyone here to know that I do not regret one single prank along the way."

The Laughing God's flippant attitude to meddling with mortals' lives made Mariel shake her head while most of the room laughed.

"But as I was saying, this is the last quest, so I will open an interface for everyone to watch."

A screen appeared on the wall that Cain recognized as his own notification and chat box, currently set to only system notifications.

[Quest: Mission Implausible]

Condition 1 Complete: Upgrade your body to the Immortal Realm

Condition 2 Complete: Meet all your children at once

[Quest Complete] Calculating Quest Rewards

Cain smiled at the notification, as he knew full well that the calculation was only a dramatic pause. The Laughing God had already decided what the reward would be, and it wouldn't be a random reward in any way, shape, or form.

[Quest Reward Granted] Title: Wandering Cultivator

[Grants System Administrator Privileges for the Wandering Cultivator System. Administrators are entitled to operate and grant rewards and System Access as they see fit.]

[Special Restriction: Family Members are granted access to any Plane the Administrator currently occupies.]

The room filled with laughter as the final line appeared, not in the standard font of the system text but hastily handwritten in an elegant flowing script.

"Looks like the Wandering Cultivator can't wander away too far." Nyarla laughed while Misha wiped tears of amusement from her eyes.

"Sure I can, I just need to bring them with me, and we can all go on an adventure." Cain countered, but the look on Misha's face said that there would be no adventures with toddlers.

[Well, none with our actual body. We can just create a thousand copies of ourselves and spread them through the multiverse.] The various separate thought processes of Cain's World Dragon body reminded him.

The Laughing God's amusement reminded Cain that his thoughts weren't private, and he brought himself back to the present, where an incredible sense of power was beginning to seep into his body as the new System fully activated.

Currently, the Wandering Cultivator System had twelve active users. The Disciples in the room with him, Elder Dragon Fang, the young Berserker in the Crushing Mountain Sect, and a handful of others who had activated the System interface through books that Cain had made or ones made by Elder Dragon Fang of the Shadowed Blade Sect.

A pair of new Gods appeared in the room, a small blonde Lycan, who reminded him of a tiny version of Penny, and a tall, dark-haired man who gave off an aura of pure Mana.

"We thought a little responsibility to go with your new powers might help keep you focused. You might only have a few people to look after, but you can rightfully say you are a proper family man now." The Little Lycan informed him.

"So, I get my whole family in one spot, plus a new System to watch over? I almost feel like I broke even on this trade." Cain replied, then heard the disgruntled noise from Misha.

"Of course, you're the great half of the equation that balances out a load of new responsibility." He reminded her, followed by a kiss on the forehead.

"I'm not convinced. Give me another." She complained, but a mass of intervening tentacles blocked her face.

"NO. Mine." Cayla shouted, climbing over to her mother to block all attempts at public displays of affection.

"And here you thought they might take too much after me." Misha laughed past her daughter's tentacles while trying to move her into a more comfortable embrace.

"I don't know. She's adorable, just like her mother. Who could argue with a face that cute?"

Cain changed targets, planting kisses all over Cayla's face that had her giggling hysterically. He could see that Misha was still exhausted, though, and Nyarla was about to take the little one back before the strain made her collapse.

"Come here, you little imp. You wore your mother out over the last few months, so you can hang out with me for a while. Trust me. I know all the best ways to have fun." Cain assured his daughter.

"Me too. Where she goes, I go." Mikhail declared, reaching his arms out for Cain.

"That settles it. You're both coming with me on an adventure. Everyone, to the back garden. It's too nice outside to be gathered in one small room like this." He announced.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 704 704 Family Time

With everyone gathered in the garden in much smaller humanoid forms, the entire idle population of Ancients seemed to have found room to see the newest members of their

species, and the twins loved it. They were passed from arm to arm, shown constant affection, and fussed over, plus anything they wanted, they got.

None of the Ancients were ever weak, and a bit of creation was no big deal to any of them all these millennia into their existence, so when Mikhail wanted a flashy orange leisure suit to match one of the Ancients he was passed to, it was created for him and equipped in seconds.

"What is this? They're not under my System?" Cain asked, catching the Laughing God's attention.

"They were created before you left the planet, so they're under mine. Sorry, no excessive doting on your kids with your own quests and biased rewards." He teased while Mikhail pouted.

"That doesn't mean I can't spoil you rotten and get us both into trouble with your mother anyhow. I just can't use the system to do it." Cain whispered.

"Good, because I need more books and fewer naps. You can convince her, right?" The little boy asked.

"Hmm, that could be a tough sell. Naps are pretty important, but I will see what I can do."

That was enough to mollify the newborn for a few minutes, and Mikhail turned his attention to the food that seemed to be present everywhere the Ancients gathered. As a species that could alter their form at will, the concept of getting fat or clogged arteries didn't exist, so food was as simple a luxury as music or clothing. For fast-growing newborns and Lamia, it was like heaven, and all of the kids were happily mingling while Cain relaxed on a divan with Misha, enjoying the sunshine.

"What are you and the girls planning to do after this?" Cain asked Cyrene after she carefully draped herself over both him and Misha so she could join them on the divan and not risk being stepped on.

"The Ancients have graciously agreed to set up pocket dimensions as dungeons for us to train in until we reach Immortality, so we're going to stay here and explore this world. I'm told there aren't many dangers other than random wild animals, but you know how the Ancients are. Their version of what is dangerous might not be exactly the same as what I would deem dangerous." Cyrene explained.

"That makes sense. I'm sure the other world will miss you, but we can still contact them from time to time, so I'm sure they'll be fine." Misha agreed, pulling the Lamia over so she could hold her in her arms, a replacement for the infants who were still making the rounds and meeting hundreds of new people.

"How long do you think it will take for the little ones to be grown enough that they'll be wanting to follow in your footsteps and wander all over the world?" Misha asked while she idly stroked Cyrene's scales.

"I really don't know. I bet Nyarla does, though." Cain asked, looking up at the Ancient, who was still hovering nearby in her victorian maid costume and Elven disguise.

"It will be fairly quick, but not human fast. Give them fifty years, and they'll be grown enough to be called teenagers. It's the Lamia girls who will be a going concern. By age three, they're usually grown enough to want to get out of their home nest, so they will be a concern much more quickly."

Cain looked to where the girls were wrapped around various Ancients, treating them like mounts to find new things, as well as a walking encyclopedia for all the things they didn't know yet.

The positioning was actually very tactical. They had listened long enough to find out what everyone was interested in and then attached themselves to someone with similar interests to themselves. This way, they guaranteed quality conversation and common interests without the need to put in any extra effort since the Ancients naturally avoided the ones they had the least in common with.

The least surprising ended up being Remi, the Frost Mage, who had attached herself to the God of Magic with no intentions of letting him go. After most of an hour, he ended up making a clone of himself to answer her barrage of questions about spellcraft, much to the amusement of the Ancients.

"I never thought you would be defeated in a conversation about Magic by a little girl." The Laughing God joked when the larger man finally escaped from his new admirer.

"She will get through the basic questions eventually, and then I can switch back to have a more in-depth conversation." The God of Magic shrugged, while the Little Lycan, as everyone called the small blonde Goddess, laughed at him.

The real surprise of the day was how easily all the children made friends with the ancient beings. Even Remi, who was engrossed in a conversation about magic, had a handful of spellcraft-obsessed Ancients around her and the clone, discussing the minute details of ice manipulation.

"I should mention at some point that we have prepared a home for your family here in the city. It's a bit far from the Community Hall, as we call this castle, but it's a good spot, not far from the main road and right on the borderline between the residences of the Ancients and the experiment labs at the edge of the city." Nyarla informed Cain when she noticed that both Cyrene and Misha were beginning to nod off again.

The twins had been out for some time already, but the Ancients didn't mind and were still happily carrying them around and lowering their voices, so they didn't wake them up.

"Let's see it then. If everyone who has possession of one of my children can follow us to the house, I would appreciate it." Cain replied, knowing that they could hear both his words and thoughts.

"We have a thing to deal with, so we will part ways for the afternoon, but we will come back later." The Laughing God informed them, indicating that all of the members of the Creators Pantheon present needed to attend to whatever the issue was.

"Thank you for everything you have done for us," Cain replied, pulling the God into a hug.

The God of Magic made a small gesture, and Mariel was pulled over to them before they all vanished through a portal that disappeared the instant after it opened. That seemed to signal that the party was over, and all the Ancients started to disperse.

Contact information and addresses were exchanged during the walk toward the white marble Queen Anne style mansion. Since it was built for the ten-meter tall standardized size that the Ancients usually used indoors, the manor was simply huge, and the four-story tower to the right of the main entrance was easy to spot from anywhere on this side of the city.

"I thought at least a few of you would prefer this particular house. The tower is a library, fully stocked, of course, with copies of roughly three hundred thousand of our favorite titles.

The home is fully furnished, but you have the power to redecorate however you like if it doesn't suit your tastes." Hera informed them, carrying Luna around her waist and listening to her stories of potential new flavors for the dishes that were served today.

"This is beautiful." Misha sighed as she looked around the interior, fit for a Royal Family in any normal world, with precious treasures everywhere and intricate Runic Spells engraved into everything, so the house would never get dirty, worn, or invaded by unwanted guests.

That wasn't a concern with the Ancients. Mind reading let them know when they had overstayed their welcome right away, and they were well versed in the polite ways to excuse themselves from any situation.

That is what they did now, bowing out with a few kind words for the children they had carried over, leaving only Nyarla, who was holding the twins, and Hera, who had designated herself the tour guide of the house.

"We have themed the bedrooms of the east wing to each of the children, while the twins have a temporary room for the next decade or two next to the master bedroom in the west wing. I think you will find them to your satisfaction since we did create them by reading your minds and watching your interactions before you arrived here.

If you want to explore, I will lead the happy couple to their new rooms." Hera elaborated, letting all of the Lamia loose to explore their wing of the house.

"Oh, Cyrene, your room is over here in the west wing, by Misha's request. Just follow us. I know you'll love it." The Ancient added, redirecting her back to the adult group.

She led them all up to the second floor, up the grand staircase, which split the upper floor into separate wings, and opened her arms in a grand gesture.

"Welcome home. The Master bedroom is at the end of the hall, but first, we have the Royal Baths on our right and the training rooms on the left. Those are actually a stabilized pocket dimension, much like a dungeon, but they are currently empty, so just ask Cain if you need anything put in them.

He can handle the staff as well. I thought it might be weird if I created servants for someone else's house." Hera told them with a knowing smile.

All three of them nodded at once. Puppets were loyal to their creator even after being released, so it would be really weird to have someone else's Puppets staffing their house.

"Past the bath is the nursery, followed by the Nanny's room or the Mistress's Suite, depending on the usage. That one links directly to the master bedroom and the nursery through hidden doors. For the moment, we have decorated it for Cyrene. Then finally, we have the Master Bedroom."

Hera led them into the Master bedroom, another Pocket Dimension enhanced room that was easily twenty meters across, with an enormous bed set off to one side, a sitting area, separate powder rooms and closets all along the left wall, and a small extra bedroom hidden on the right, with a plush bed on the ground and curtains on every wall.

"We didn't know what to do with that room. It was originally for the owner's cat, but we couldn't find another good use for it unless you want to move the twins in here instead of creating a nanny for nighttime emergencies." Nyarla explained.

"It's absolutely beautiful," Misha assured her and stepped forward to get a closer look at the details of the room, larger than a modest bungalow.

"The wards are fully customizable as well. So you can hear outside the room, but they can't hear you, or for complete silence, if you prefer." Nyarla told her with a wink.

"I think we will have to experiment with those settings."

"Then we will leave you to it. Enjoy your evening. I will be in the other room with the twins until you are finished." Nyarla agreed, then vanished.

Hera gave one last wave to the group and stepped back out the door, closing it softly behind her, leaving the three of them alone for the first time since Misha was taken to this world.

"How about we take our time and get settled in?" Misha suggested, changing out her dress for thin nightwear and pulling Cyrene to a couch, where she stretched out with the Lamia in her arms like a body pillow.

Cain smiled at the happy pair and changed into soft silk pajamas to join them on the supple leather couch, which emitted a faint hint of the Divine Energy once possessed by the creature it was crafted from.

"We've got all the time we could possibly want. Eternity if we need it." Cain agreed.

"Then, let's get started on forever. How do you feel about half-dragon hatchlings?"

"We won't know if we don't try."

[Household Staff Created.]

[Wandering Cultivator System Administration now running in background mode.]

[Enjoy your vacation, Administrator Cain.]

The Novel will be updated on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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