

Reincarnated With The Strongest System

Chapter 26: Wolf Tide [Part 2]

"Sh*t!" Marcus cursed out loud as more than a hundred wolves streaked past him. He knew that it was impossible for five men to hold back the unstoppable wolf tide on their own.

John was holding his ground against the Thousand-Year Beast and keeping all its attention on him.

The rest of the senior Shepherds were mauling the wolves with their weapons as corpses piled around them. Just like Marcus, they were doing their best in order to survive the onslaught.

Seeing that they were losing their ground, Marcus charged towards his comrades in order to save them. Thunder snorted as its body grew in size. The wolves that stood in its way were impaled by its sharp tusks and were carried along with its charge.

Standing four-meters tall, the Wild Boar easily reached the other shepherds and allowed them to mount its back. It then made a hasty retreat in order to regroup with the children who were about to be overtaken by the wolf tide.

"Ice Armor!"

"Ice Armor!"

"Ice Armor!"

"Ice Armor!"

"Ice Armor!"

"Ice Armor!"

"Ice Armor!"

A shroud of blue mist surrounded William, Ella, Ava, Theo, and the rest of the children. William could see the wolves closing in on them and decided to prepare for the inevitable battle.

Ava summoned two short swords and prepared to stand her ground. Wind blades circled around her as she floated in the air.

"I'll buy you kids some time," Ava announced. "William, I leave the rest to you!"

"I'll do my best!" William nodded his head. "Don't die, Aunt Ava!"

"Silly boy, these are just wolf pups. How can they possibly kill me? Stop dawdling and go!" Ava ordered.

The kids nodded their heads and made a wild dash towards the forest. This was the last hurdle they had to pass before they reached the main road leading towards the town of Lont.

Ava knew that it would be a miracle if the kids could escape the forest unharmed. Gripping her weapons, she increased the number of wind blades around her. She would buy as much time as she could. As for whether the kids would survive or not, she could only pray to the Gods for their mercy.

William also knew that it would be impossible for them to escape the forest with their speed. Out of desperation, an idea suddenly popped inside the boy's head.

"Theo! Take the others and climb that tree!" William ordered. "Make sure to go as high as you can and don't make any sound!"

The kids were surprised at first, but they were not stupid. They understood what William was trying to tell them and ran towards the tall tree in the distance.

"What about you?" Theo asked. "Don't tell me you are going to face those wolves alone? You're not their match!"

"I know, but if we don't do something, all of us will die here," William replied with a serious expression. "Don't worry. I'm too young and too handsome to die. These wolves will not be able to hurt me. Besides, my Mama is here to protect me."

"Meeeee!" Ella bleated. She had a determined look on her face as her horns started to glow bloody red.

"Fine! Please, be careful!" Theo knew that William was right. This was a moment of life and death and if they hesitated, all of them were going to die.

William watched as his friends climbed the tallest tree in the forest. He didn't know if wolves could climb, but he was sure that they would be more attracted to the plump sheep than the four scrawny human brats.

Name: William Von Ainsworth

Race: Half-Elf

Hit Points: 1950 / 1950

Mana: 1,280 / 1,350

Job Class: Shepherd (Lvl 28)

Sub Class: Ice Mage (Lvl 8)

< Strength: 20 (+2) >

< Agility: 30 >

< Vitality: 20 (+2) >

< Intelligence: 54 (+2)>

< Dexterity: 10 (+20) >

William looked at his pitiful stats and took a deep breath.

"System, I need your help," William said.

< Waiting for the Host's order. >

"Is it possible to use mass bestow on the herd under my command?"

< It is possible. >

< Creating Special Skill...>

< Host has learned skill: Mass Bestow >

Mass Bestow

(500 Mana Points)

-- Increase the stats of all creatures assigned to your herd by 10.

-- This skill cannot be upgraded.

-- Skill Duration: 2 Hours

"Mass Bestow!" William used the skill without batting an eye. He watched as his mana points decreased dramatically. The fifty goats that were part of his herd glowed as their stats were increased.

William sighed as he looked at the pitiful mana points that remained in his mana pool.

"Mana Regeneration, I'm counting on you!"

Due to William's low intelligence stat, his mana regeneration only increased by one every two seconds. One mana every two seconds might seem fast, but during crucial moments, it would not be enough to turn the tide of battle.

William observed the goats under his command and checked their stats. Thanks to the Mass Bestow, Way of the Shepherd, and Wolf in Sheep's Clothing. The Angorian goats were now slightly stronger than the average Dire Wolf.

Race: Angorian Goat

Hit Points: 580 / 580

Mana: 260 / 260

< Strength: 2 (+24) >

< Agility: 3 (+25) >

< Vitality: 4 (+25) >

< Intelligence: 2 (+24)>

< Dexterity: 2 (+24) >

William knew that his meager army was not enough to contend with the hundreds of Dire Wolves that were about to descend upon them. He also felt pained knowing that with the exception of Ella, his entire herd would be wiped out.

Even so, he gritted his teeth as he ordered the goats to run towards the retreating sheep in the distance.

Soon, the ground trembled as hundreds of wolves entered the forest. Their ferocious howls made the hairs on William's neck stand on end. His breathing became ragged as his senses sharpened.

"Battle Formation!" William ordered and the Angorian goats stood in a V formation. He had dismounted from Ella long ago and climbed a tall tree not far from them. He knew that keeping her with him would only hinder her from going all out.

Although it was a risky move, he believed that this was the best course of action that they could take.

All the goats lowered their heads as their horns pointed outwards. Ella's majestic form stood in front of them like a general leading her men to battle.

A few seconds later, the Dire Wolves came into view. Their ferocious appearance coupled by their viscous teeth made William shudder. If not for his hands firmly holding the tree bark, he might have already fallen from the tree due to the shock.

'Mama, please, be safe,' William prayed. He didn't believe in Gods before, but after meeting Gavin, Issei, Lily, and David, his outlook changed completely.

The raging wolf tide charged towards the fifty-one goats with bloodshot eyes. They had traveled for many miles in search of food. Although they had caught some prey along the way, it was not enough to feed thousands of them.

The goats in front of them looked very plump, especially the goat with red horns on its head.

Like the crazed beasts that they were, they lunged at the goat herd with fervor.

"Meeeeeeeh!" Ella gave the signal and the goats under her command charged forward.

A collision of teeth, horns, and claws, marked the start of a battle between the hunter and their prey. Blood sprayed in the air as both wolves and goats started to slaughter each other.

In that initial clash, ten goats died in battle. While sixty Dire Wolves were impaled to death.

< Exp Gained: 18,000 >

William saw the notification and felt bitterness. If this was a regular situation, he might have danced in happiness due to the massive experience points that he had gained. However, watching the goats that he had personally raised, and cared for, die in front of him, in exchange for experience points made his heart ache.

His tears fell like raindrops, but they couldn't be compared to the river of blood that was currently dying the ground red. He had prepared himself for the sacrifices, but his heart still bled at the reality that had presented itself in front of his eyes.

Chapter 27: Wolf Tide [Part 3]

"Meeeeeeh!" Ella charged in fury as it knocked off the Dire Wolf that was about to sink its fangs on one of her subordinates. Only two minutes had passed since the battle started and there were only eighteen goats remaining in their formation.

Taking the lead, Ella led the other goats in a mad charge that cut through the wolves with a vengeance. Their target was the three-meter tall Grey Wolf that stood at the center of the pack.

The Alpha Wolf growled and rallied the wolves to clash with the approaching goats. The clash was brutal as five more goats lost their lives in exchange for the death of the Alpha Wolf.

This was the third Alpha Wolf that Ella had killed. Each Alpha wolf commanded forty to fifty Dire Wolves each. In order to destroy their chain of command, Ella decided to make these wolves her priority.

Her white coat had long been painted with blood. William didn't know whether the blood came from the wolves or Ella's body. All he knew was that his Mama had now fallen into a berserk state.

Perhaps it was due to the smell of blood in the air, or the death of her subordinates, but the Leader of the Herd was now out for blood.

Even the Dire Wolves who had initially thought that they had found prey avoided her like a plague. After losing the Alpha Wolves, the wolves' formation was in disarray. They no longer wanted to fight the crazed goat and her minions.

Instead, they ran after the fleeing sheep in the distance. It was at that moment when Ella had recovered from her berserk state and came to her senses.

Ella bleated and the thirteen remaining goats rallied by her side. Their legs were trembling due to exhaustion, but the fire in their eyes was still burning. William knew that if Ella gave them the order, these goats would charge without fear for their lives and execute her command.

Fortunately, Ella didn't do that. After experiencing the battles in the Goblin Crypt, its intelligence had grown by leap and bounds. Although the current Ella wasn't as smart as a human, she was not that far off.

'Thank the Gods.' William sighed in relief. He didn't want Ella to fight the Dire Wolves to the death.

The boy looked at the wolves who were now targeting the sheeps and tried to count their numbers. According to his estimation, the wolves were still around four hundred strong.

The only saving grace was that they had left Ella and the other goats alone. They deemed the weak-willed sheep as a safer target. Ella wanted to run after them, but she prioritized the members of her herd.

She had already sacrificed many members of her family in order to hold the dire wolves at bay for a few minutes. As the leader of the herd, she deemed

that her subordinates' had reached their limits and were no longer able to battle.

Since that was the case, she only ordered them to be alert and hold their position. Hundreds of wolf corpses littered the battlefield as Ella and the remaining goats stood their ground. As part of William's herd, they also learned the skills Steel Armament, Quick Attack, and Horn Assault.

Because of these skills, they were able to overpower their foes and crush them under their hooves.

163,240 experience points.

This was the amount of experience points that Ella and her subordinates had gained during their fifteen-minute battle against the Dire Wolf Pack. All the goats in Ella's party were now level 18. In short, they were no longer the meek and naive goats that used to graze lazily in the pastures.

One of them was more than enough to beat three Dire Wolves in a three on one battle!

The helpless cry of sheep being slaughtered reached William's ears. Unlike his goats who received his buffs and skills, the sheep were truly domestic animals. In the face of the Hundreds of Dire Wolves, the only thing they could do was cry in panic and be eaten alive.

More than two hundred sheep fell prey to the wolf tide, while the remaining animals scattered in different directions.

In the middle of the wolves' feeding frenzy, William saw four familiar figures running towards the wolf pack from the direction of the town.

'Isn't that Mr. Shawn?' William thought. 'What is he doing here?'

A man holding a rolling pin in his hands, fearlessly ran towards the wolf pack. He was the baker of Lont, and went by the name Shawn. William usually visited his store once a week to buy a loaf of bread before going to the valley.

Shawn was a very kind and warm person. Just like everyone in Lont, he had a carefree personality and always wore a smile on his face.

However, right now, the town's baker was not smiling. The rolling pin in his hand enlarged and transformed into a two-meter-long silver rolling pin.

With a roar of fury, Shawn lunged at the feasting wolves and waved the rolling pin of death in a wide swing. The heads of the wolves that were on the path of his attack exploded like watermelons.

'F*ck!' William almost cursed out loud at the baker's brutality. The four other people behind the baker also summoned their weapons and joined him in his slaughter.

Helen, who is often referred to as Auntie Helen by William, was their Ainsworth Family's maid. Some of his clothes were sewn by her and all of them were of good quality.

Now, this same Auntie who had wiped William's bum countless times when he was still a baby, was currently beheading wolves left and right just by waving her hand.

William could faintly see golden threads connected to his Auntie Helen's fingers that sliced through the air like a flexible sword.

"Filthy mongrels," Helen spat. "If my little William was hurt by you bastards, I swear that I will hunt down all the wolf packs in this kingdom!"

'Auntie, don't worry, I'm still alive!' William couldn't help but feel warm at his Aunt Helen's concern for him. Seeing his Aunt Helen's elegance in the battlefield, he generously gave her four thumbs up in his heart.

Everywhere Helen went, all the wolves would be cut into pieces.

The two other people who had also engaged the wolf pack were Lont Town's Barber and Dentist.

The town's barber, Mr. Bond had the most unique hairstyle in Lont. William often wondered if the barber was born with the natural Afro-Style hair. There were rumors in the town that he chose this hairstyle because he was too lazy to cut his own hair.

"Snippy, snip-snap," Mr. Bond said as he threw six scissors in the air which pierced through the heads of the wolves charging towards him. "The name is Bond. Mr. Bond."

A man wearing white shirt, and black pants jogged towards the wolves with a refreshing smile. He was Lont Town's sole dentist and went by the name Jekyll.

William, and the rest of the children in Lont, had voted him to be the scariest person in town. Why? Because he was the dentist!

Had there been any child who was not afraid of the dentist? The answer is NO! Every child in Lont was afraid of him. The mere sight of him taking a stroll around town was enough to make anyone below the age of fifteen cry out in fear.

Even though he was handsome, looked prim and proper, and always had that dazzling smile on his face, there was no sane kid in Lont that would smile back at him.

Jekyll stopped in the middle of the wolf pack and placed his hands behind his back.

"Thank you for the meal."

He then gave the wolves a refreshing smile before opening his mouth wide.

The scene that followed next gave William goosebumps.

All the wolves that were at least twenty meters around Jekyll were sucked up inside his mouth! A few seconds later, the dentist gave a loud burp which scared the Dire Wolves silly.

"Excuse me," Jekyll said with a smile. "Don't worry. I still have room for desserts."

Chapter 28: William's Secret

The Dire Wolves growled, not in challenge, but out of fear. Jekyll glanced at these delicious treats with a smile. If one were to look closely at the only dentist in Lont, pieces of wolf flesh could be seen stuck between some of his teeth.

However, before he or the Dire Wolves could even make their move, someone fell down from the sky. His landing created a dust storm that made everyone back away. When the dust settled, a man with gray hair stood at the center of a four-square-meter crater.

James scanned his surroundings as if looking for someone. Soon, his gaze landed on a boy that was standing on top of a tree branch, while hugging the tree bark.

His gaze softened a bit as he shifted his attention to the few Dire Wolves that remained on the battlefield.

"Helen, clean up these pieces of trash," James ordered.

"As you wish, Master," Helen replied with a smile.

The sounds of dying howls echoed through the forest as the remaining Dire Wolves breathed their last.

Seeing that the situation was now under control, William climbed down from the tree and ran towards his Mama Ella. The Angorian Goat licked William's cheeks as if to tell him that she was fine.

Even so, William used First Aid on her to help her recover her injuries. Afterward, he also administered First Aid to the remaining goats in his herd. These were the survivors of the Wolf Tide and he didn't intend for them to die after getting this far.

Mr. Bond, the town's barber, had located Theo and the other apprentice shepherds. He took it upon himself to escort the kids back to Lont, while the others went to assist their comrades in battle.

William was so focused on his task of healing the goats that he didn't notice that his Grandfather had arrived beside him. The others had already left to support the senior Shepherds on the other side of the forest.

The battle was still not over. There were still a few thousand Dire Wolves that were still under the command of the two Centennial Beasts.

Also, there was still the threat of the Thousand-Men Beast that was equivalent to a one-man army.

"Go back to the residence," William ordered the thirteen goats.

"Meeeeeh!"

"Meeeeeh!"

"Meeeeeh!"

The goats pawed their hooves in protest. They felt that William had no intention of going back with them. Since that was the case, they decided to not go back as well.

"Don't be stubborn!" William glared at the restless goats. "Ella, make them understand."

"Meeeeeeeh!" Emma bleated and the goats stood in attention.

"Meeeeeeeh!"

"Meeeeeeeh!"

"Meeeeeeeh!"

After being reprimanded by Ella, the thirteen goats reluctantly bowed their heads and started to walk towards the direction of Lont. These silly goats would look back at William every ten steps with pitiful eyes as if they were little children being bullied.

William ignored them. Since he had already made up his mind, he would not take back his word.

James watched all of this with amusement. With just a glance, he noticed that there had been a significant change on the goats' demeanor. This confirmed some of his suspicions.

"William, can I ask you a question? Of course, if you don't want to answer then you don't have to say anything," James said with a smile.

William looked at his Grandfather's eyes and saw how serious he was. After giving it some thought, he resolutely nodded his head.

"Do you perhaps get stronger after killing monsters?" James asked.

This question caught William by surprise. This was one of his secrets and he wasn't sure if telling this to James was a good idea. However, something deep inside his heart was telling him that it was fine to put his trust in his family.

"If you don't want to answer, that's fine too." James sighed. 'I might have been too hasty. Perhaps, this was not the right time to ask.'

"Yes," William answered. "I get stronger when I kill monsters."

William had thought of many reasons to lie, but in the end, he decided to share one of his secrets with his grandfather.

James wasn't expecting William to give him an honest answer. But the answer still gave him a shock. His face immediately became serious as he placed his hand over his grandson's shoulder.

"Thank you." James smiled. "Don't tell this secret to anyone aside from our family."

"Understood," William replied.

"Come. This is a perfect opportunity for you to get stronger." James beckoned as he ran towards the valley.

William wasn't stupid. He understood what his grandpa was trying to tell him. The boy excitedly climbed his Mama Ella's back and followed his grandfather to battle.

"Make sure to pick a strong skill. Something that hits hard," James said without looking back. "Don't miss out on this rare opportunity."

The corner of William's lips twitched. His grandpa was acting as if he fully understood William's circumstances. William didn't know if this was a good thing or a bad thing. However, he was sure of one thing.

His grandpa was doing this for his own good.

'I think I need to have a heart-to-heart talk with grandpa once this is over,' William thought. James' demeanor had surprised him, but since he was his grandfather, and he had already told him his secret, William's would just go with the flow for now.

Remembering his grandfather's words, William checked his status page. It was time to pick a strong offensive skill. His Ice Mage Job Class had gained a few levels after the battle with the Dire Wolves.

With Gavin's blessing, he now had several skill points that he could use to pick a skill that could deal massive damage. After checking the available skills in his Ice Mage Skill Tree, he decided to max out the Ice Spike skill.

< Ice Spike (10 / 10) >

(20 Mana Points)

-- Create razor sharp ice spikes from the ground in a line to inflict damage. Has a chance of freezing enemies.

-- Damage dealt is equivalent to Intelligence x 6

-- Cannot Freeze Boss Monsters

As for his remaining skill point, he decided to put it on his Ice Wall Skill.

< Ice Wall 5 / 5 >

(10 Mana Points)

-- Creates a Wall of Ice at a target location.

-- Ice Wall is three-meters tall and four-meters wide.

-- Ice Wall has a thickness of one meter.

-- Skill Duration: 40 Seconds.

As soon as James and William exited the forest, a moving black sea appeared in front of them. Compared to the hundreds of wolves that William had faced in the forest, this wolf tide was the real deal.

Chapter 29: Arrival Of The Boss Monster

William glanced at his grandfather to see his reaction. He wanted to know if they were in grave danger. Contrary to his expectations, the old man seemed unfazed by the sheer numbers in front of him.

Feeling his grandson's gaze, James turned his head as he gave William some words of assurance.

"They are just small fries," James said like it was no big deal. "The real problems are the Centennial and Millennial Beasts. Those bastards are very sly and won't face us head-on. They will first use their cannon foddors to tire us out before making their move."

A lightning bolt flashed in the sky followed by the shriek of a hawk. John and his sidekick Blitz were having a long-range battle with the Thousand-Men Beast.

James walked up to Marcus to discuss their plan of action. The wolves had regrouped like an army waiting for their general's order. Howls echoed in the valley as thousands of Dire Wolves made their presence known.

"Boss, what's the plan?" Marcus asked. He noticed William and Ella in the distance, but he didn't say anything. Clearly, James brought his grandson with him for a reason.

James stood in front of everyone as he surveyed the surroundings. Excluding William, there were nine fighters present. All of them were looking at the Wolf Tide with complicated expressions.

"It seems that we are fighting the losers of the pack," James replied after observing the wolf tide. "These wolves are the old generation."

"Is it that time of the year again?" Marcus asked.

"If I remember correctly, it had been three years since the last Beast Tide," Jekyll commented. "It seems that the competition this year is quite intense."

All of them were thinking the same thing. Since a beast tide had appeared here, it meant that other villages and towns around the Kingdom were also suffering the same fate.

"Don't worry. Even if the sky falls, Lont will be safe from harm," James announced.

Everyone present nodded their heads in agreement. This was something that they never doubted.

William listened to the conversation with a serious expression. He had been observing the adults, but none of them seemed too troubled by the current situation. What William didn't know was that the only thing that had troubled the adults earlier was the safety of the kids.

Since the kids were already back in Lont, the adults no longer needed to worry about holding back. In fact, they were very eager to face the wolf tide like it was some form of special event.

"Sir, is it okay for the Young Master to be here?" Helen asked.

James grinned as he gave William a side-long glance. "Don't worry about him. He's just here to gain some Experience. However, let's not overestimate him too much. Stay by his side and make sure that he doesn't become wolf poop."

"As you command." Helen bowed.

James faced everyone and told them his battle plan.

"Let's take out the two Centennial Beasts first, but make sure not to kill them," James announced. "Cut off their limbs, so that they can't run around."

"Does the old rule apply?" Ava raised her hand. She had a bloodthirsty look on her face as she hovered above the ground. Wind blades danced around her as if they were part of her wardrobe.

"Of course." James nodded his head. "Whoever kills the most wolves will get the Beast Cores of the two Centennial Beasts."

"Alright!"

"Now we're talking!"

"Haha, sorry boys and gals, those cores are in the bag."

"Shut up, Marcus. Those cores are mine."

Everyone started to get rowdy as they prepared for battle. James looked at his grandson and nodded his head. William also nodded his head in

acknowledgement. The two of them had discussed a few things along the way.

William was not allowed to join them in their advance against the Wolf Tide. James had explicitly told him to only act after receiving his order. The boy knew that this was not the time to play Hero. his grandpa had already prepared the stage for him. All he needed to do was play his part and reap the benefits.

James summoned a giant War Axe and held it with both hands. A fearless smile hung on his face as he started to run towards the countless wolves in front of him.

"Charge!" James ordered as he raised his axe to battle.

The others ran behind him with the exception of Jekyll. The dentist shook his head and walked leisurely towards the battlefield.

"Such hot-blooded people," Jekyll commented. Even though he seemed to be admonishing his comrades, there was an excited glint in his eyes.

"Young Master, don't be surprised about what you're going to see," Helen said with a sweet smile on her face. "It's been years since I've seen them this lively."

William didn't say anything in reply. He already had an idea of what his Aunt Helen was hinting at. After seeing the battle in the forest, he realized that the people of Lont weren't as simple as they seemed.

Right at that moment, a mighty roar echoed in the valley as James jumped high up in the air. The muscles in his body bulged as he dove fearlessly into the center of the beast tide.

Like a meteor falling from the sky. James slammed his Battle Axe on the ground. What followed next was an explosion that blasted the bodies of the wolves into meat paste.

A mighty squeal reverberated across the valley as Thunder, the Wild Boar, charged straight through the sea of wolves like a bulldozer. Everything that blocked his path was torn to shreds.

Ella watched this scene and bleated. Her hooves pawed the ground as if she was raring to charge into the wolf tide as well.

"Calm down, Mama," William said as he patted her neck. "Our time will come."

"Meeeeh!"

Truth be told, William knew that Ella was still not at the level where she could charge through the battlefield and slay everyone on her path. Even so, he believed that there would come a day where she would be able to walk unhindered across the land.

William would strive to make that happen. Ella understood what William was thinking. Although she was disappointed, she stopped pawing the ground. She stood in place to watch the battle with determination.

Suddenly, two unique wolves appeared on the battlefield. They were four meters tall and their blue fur made them stand out from the crowd. There were two horns protruding out of their heads and they were glowing with green light.

"The two underlings have arrived," Helen commented. "Young Master, take a good look. Those two are Centennial Beasts. As the name suggests, they are as strong as a hundred men. If you ever encounter them during your travels, please, run as far as you can."

"Don't worry, Aunt Helen," William replied. "I will only fight them when I'm confident that I will win."

The Two Dire Wolves roared and a powerful shockwave swepted the battlefield. James and the others were pushed back, but they were undeterred. In their eyes, the two wolves were not a big deal.

"Remember, don't kill them." James reminded everyone. "Just cut off their limbs."

"I'm on it!" Shawn, the Baker, laughed as the rolling pin in his hand extended up to ten meters. The closest Centennial Beast was hiding behind the cannon foders, so he decided to use the rolling pin as a pole vault to reach it.

William watched with sparkling eyes as Shawn flew across a hundred meters in the air. Shawn was about to unleash his killer move when he saw a purple flash at the corner of his eye.

"F*ck!" Shawn immediately retracted his rolling pin and used it as a shield to block the lightning bolt that was launched in his direction.

A resounding clap was heard as Shawn was blasted across the valley. Everything happened so fast and everyone was caught by surprise. Shawn's body catapulted through the air and crashed in the forest behind William.

As if announcing its arrival, a ten-meter-tall purple wolf howled in anger. Four horns protruded on its head and tendrils of lightning danced around their tips.

A tune played in the background as the system announced the arrival of the Last Boss. William could only swallow his saliva as he gazed at the Boss Monster in front of him. He knew that at his current level, defeating this boss was merely a pipe dream.

Chapter 30: All Your Exp. Belongs To Me!

James clicked his tongue. If it was only an ordinary Millennial Beast, he wouldn't have any problems dealing with it. However, the beast in front of him had the affinity of the Lightning Element.

'This bastard is a bit tricky to kill,' James thought as he scanned the surroundings. Even though Shawn got hit by the lightning bolt, it wouldn't be enough to kill him. This was the reason why James and the others were not worried.

"Sir, your orders?" Marcus asked.

"No rush, my son is on his way," James replied.

As if waiting for those words, six men exited the forest. The one who was leading them was Mordred. Surprisingly, Shawn was also in the group.

Aside from his clothes being burnt, no signs of injury could be seen on his body.

"What took you so long?" James snorted as soon as his son arrived by his side.

"I had to appoint people to stay and protect Lont," Mordred answered. "Dang! A Lightning type Millennial Beast. Talk about bad luck."

"I know, right?" James sighed. "I could have already dealt with it if it was any other element. But, this bugger had to be the lightning type."

A man with white hair, who seemed to be in his early nineties, walked up to the front. He was using his walking stick and his wrinkled face looked at the Millennial Beast as if it was a pesky guest.

"Troublesome vermin," the old man muttered.

His name was Owen. He was a Life Magus and highly regarded in Lont. Everyone who suffered from injuries or diseases would go to his home to receive treatment. He was one of the most important personages that safeguarded Lont from harm.

Everyone nodded at the Magus' words in agreement.

"Well, since everyone is here I guess it's time to clean this up," James announced. "Mordred, Jekyll, and I will handle the Millennial Beast. Marcus, John, Shawn, deal with one of the Centennial Beasts. Feel free to cut off its limbs, but don't kill it!

James paused for a while and looked at the floating woman in the distance. "Ava, and the other shepherds, you deal with the other Centennial Beast."

"What about us?" A man carrying a wok and a ladle asked.

His name was Gordon. He was the owner, and chef, of the only tavern in Lont--named Sleeping Forest.

"Gordon, you and the peanut gallery will exterminate the small fries," James said after careful consideration.

"Peanut gallery? Well, this doesn't sound bad." An elf holding a lute grinned. His name was Feyright. The traveling bard of the Kingdom. "The peanut gallery would always watch me perform. Being on the sidelines is also good from time to time."

"Cleaning up the small fries isn't necessarily an easy thing. The Old Sir is just too lazy to kill them all." Barbatos, the town's blacksmith, lifted his mithril

hammer. "But, I have to agree. Pounding wolf heads instead of iron ingots is a good change of pace."

Owen sighed as he raised his walking stick. "Let's just finish this early. My wife will get worried if I come home late."

The Life Magus chanted and everyone was bathed in light.

"Mass Blessing."

William felt a gentle breeze envelop his body. He felt invigorated as if a newfound strength had entered his inner being. In order to confirm his suspicion, he opened his status page and was shocked by what he discovered.

All of his stats increased by a hundred!

'W-what sorcery is this?!' William almost screamed out loud. He thought that the skills he used to boost his Mama Ella was already overpowered. Who would have thought that his meager skills couldn't even compare to a single blessing skill from a Life Magus?

However, it was not over.

"Mass Haste!"

"Mass Protection!"

"Mass Bull's Strength!"

"Mass Cat's Grace!"

"Mass Arcane Agility!"

William's jaw almost dropped on the ground when he saw the insane increase in his status points. At first, he thought that the Mass Blessing was already amazing, but the other skills made him realize that he was still a frog under the well.

< Mass Bull's Strength >

-- Spell grants a +100 enhancement bonus to Strength

-- Skill Duration: 30 minutes

< Mass Cat's Grace >

-- Spell grants a +100 enhancement bonus to Dexterity

-- Skill Duration: 30 minutes

< Mass Arcane Agility >

-- Spell grants a +100 enhancement bonus to Agility

-- Skill Duration: 30 minutes

William looked at the Life Magus with sparkling eyes.

'S-should I become a Life Magus as well?' William's passion was ignited. 'This is just so freaking awesome!'

Even Ella could barely contain her excitement. She stomped her hooves with the intention to battle. If William wasn't mounted on her back, she would have already charged at the wolves to avenge her fallen comrades!

James glanced at his grandson and nodded his head.

"William, you can also join the peanut gallery and wipe out the small fries," James said with a smile. "Helen, watch over him."

"Yes, Sir," Helen replied.

James then glanced at Owen.

"Owen..."

"Relax, I'll keep an eye on your grandson."

"Thank you."

"Just go already," Owen said impatiently. "My wife..."

"Alright, we're going. Guys, let's hurry up. The henpecked old man might get killed if we dilly dally."

With a roar of laughter, the league of extraordinary gentlemen and women rushed towards the wolf tide. James, Mordred, and Jekyll ran straight towards the Millennial Beast. They needed to buy some time for the others to defeat their targets.

"Mama Ella, let's go!" William said with determination. "Bestow! Leader of the Herd!"

"Steel Armament!"

"Meeeeeeh!"

The Angorian goat carrying William at her back rushed towards the Dire Wolves like a raging bull. All of Ella's stats were in the hundreds. As long as they didn't fight against the Centennial and Millennial Beasts, none of the Dire Wolves, including the Alpha Wolves could beat them.

Helen followed William and stayed a few meters away from him. She watched in amusement as the boy waved the wooden staff in his hand. Whenever he swung his wooden staff, tens of Dire Wolves would be blown away as if he was sweeping dead leaves.

Ella was more straightforward. She just ran in a single direction and anyone who blocked her path would be torn apart by her horns.

A mighty squeal resounded in the battlefield. Thunder, the Wild Boar, saw Ella's relentless charge and felt competitive. Marcus was with the others fighting against the Centennial Beasts, while Thunder's job was to help annihilate the small fries.

"Meeeeeeh!"

"Snort!"

"Meeeeeeh!"

"Snort!"

The two animals bulldozed everyone in their path as if they were injected with chicken blood. It seemed that both of them had entered a rivalry and were competing against each other.

William's eyes, on the other hand, were burning like crazy. In his eyes, all of these Wolves were free experience points. It was like a Bonus Stage in a game.

A stage where you could battle to get as many Experience Points as possible within a certain time limit.

If he didn't use this opportunity to the fullest then he would regret it for the rest of his life!

The boy decided to stop being lowkey and gave into the battle lust that spread through every fiber of his being.

"Magnum Burst!"

"Magnum Burst!"

"Ice Spike!"

William brandished his staff in a frenzy. 'All your Exp. belongs to me!'

Razor sharp ice spikes rose up from the ground and skewered everything in its path. The little boy was hell bent to squeeze as much experience points as he could during this period of time.

Helen and Owen who were observing William from the distance raised their eyebrows in surprise. They had known the brat since he was a baby, but this was the first time they had seen him use magic in an actual battle.