

Reincarnated With The Strongest System

Chapter 7: William Von Ainsworth

"What's taking it so long?" An elf who seemed to be in his early thirties paced back and forth outside the room. Like all elves, he was very good looking. However, that handsome face of his was masked with anxiety.

"Giving birth takes time," a beautiful elf replied. "Stop walking around, you are making me nervous as well."

"I'm worried about our daughter," the handsome elf replied. "W-What if something happens to her and the child? What should we do, Aerin?"

"Nothing will happen, Theoden," Aerin glared at her husband in annoyance. "Get a grip will you? Just look at Morgan. See? He's pretty calm."

Theoden glanced at the red-head man who was leaning on the wall at the corner of the room. He had his arms crossed over his chest and he was standing still like a statue. His eyes were closed and seemed to be resting.

The handsome elf finally calmed down and sat beside his wife. Both elves held each other's hands and prayed to their Gods to keep their daughter and her child safe from harm.

Inside the delivery room...

"My lady, I can see the baby's head," the midwife said with excitement. "Just a little bit more. Just one more push!"

The beautiful lady lying on the bed, gave a guttural grunt as she obeyed the midwife's pleading. Her long blonde hair stuck to her skin, and her emerald green eyes were tinged with fatigue. She had been in labor for more than three hours and was already feeling very weak.

Only her unwavering determination to see her child, kept her sanity from losing control.

After much hardship, the baby was finally born to the world.

The midwife held the newborn baby in her hands. She checked its gender and was about to congratulate her Lady for giving birth to a boy when she noticed that something was amiss.

After giving it much thought, the midwife realized that the baby didn't cry when it was born. A frown appeared on her face as she used magic to clean up the baby's body. She paid close attention to the baby's breathing and its heartbeat.

For a brief moment, the midwife thought that the baby had immediately died after it was born. She had seen such cases before and it made her very anxious.

Fortunately, she noticed the newborn's chest rise which was a clear indication that he had started breathing. However, the baby's breathing was very slow and labored.

"What's wrong?" the beautiful lady who had just given birth asked. "Did something happen to my baby?"

Her question brought the midwife out of her daze. She hastily presented the baby to his mother and congratulated her.

"Congratulations, My Lady. It's a boy," the midwife said. "However, the baby is very weak and I'm afraid..."

The beautiful lady ignored the midwife and held her newborn son close to her bosom. All the exhaustion she had felt during her labor were washed away by the happiness she was feeling at that moment.

"You look like a little caterpillar," The beautiful lady teased her son as a tear slid down the side of her face. She caressed the baby's cheeks softly and channeled her magic to her hands.

"Heal."

"Cure."

After casting two consecutive spells, the baby finally moved and started to cry.

The two elves who were waiting outside the room glanced at each other. Aerin cried and buried her head on her husband's embrace.

Although she kept on telling her husband that everything was going to be fine, she herself was feeling anxious.

The red-head man who was leaning on the wall finally opened his eyes. He breathed a sigh of relief as he looked at the ceiling of the room. His gray eyes were tinged with happiness and sorrow.

Happiness because his brother's child had been born. Sorrow, because the child would never get to see his father in this lifetime.

"My lady, your child is very tenacious." The midwife smiled as she looked at the child. "I really thought that he wouldn't be able to make it."

The beautiful lady kissed her baby and smiled. "Are you saying that he has a strong will to live?"

"Exactly!" The midwife nodded her head in agreement.

"Will...", the beautiful lady muttered. "From now on, your name will be William. William von Ainsworth."

The beautiful lady looked at her son lovingly. "Grow big and strong, just like your father."

Suddenly, the door sprang open and the two elves entered the room.

Theoden immediately checked his daughter's condition. His heart ached when he saw the exhaustion on his daughter's face. However, he could also sense happiness and pride inside her beautiful exterior.

Aerin went to her daughter's side and kissed her cheeks. "Congratulations, Arwen."

"Thank you, Mother," Arwen replied with a faint smile.

Seeing the mother and daughter pair, the handsome elf felt left out and decided to scrutinize the baby who was nestled in his daughter's embrace.

"Why is this child so quiet?" Theoden asked. "Are human babies that weak?"

"What are you talking about? He's not a human child. He's a Half-elf," Aerin corrected her husband.

"Father, my baby is not weak." Arwen pouted. "He's strong! If not then he wouldn't have been born in this world."

Theoden frowned, but knew better than to argue with his wife and daughter. After checking their daughter and the baby, the two elves left the room in order to let the mother and child have some quality time with each other.

After all, they had to part sooner or later.

Arwen unbuttoned her dress and gently guided her son's lips to her breast. The baby still had his eyes closed. Clearly, he was still weak, but his natural instincts allowed him to perform the most basic thing that a newborn child should do, and that was to drink his mother's milk.

Deep inside William's consciousness, words started to form. However, his soul was still damaged due to being hit by Truck-Kun before he entered the Cycle of Reincarnation. Because of this, he was unable to see the words that had appeared on his "Status Page".

< Daily Quest: Drink Milk has been completed! >

< Rewards: 5 Exp Points. >

< Current Exp: 5 / 100 >

Name: William Von Ainsworth

Race: Half-Elf

Hit Points: 5 / 5

Mana: 10 / 10

Job Class: None

Sub Class: None

< Strength: 0 >

< Agility: 0 >

< Vitality: 1 >

< Intelligence: 2 >

< Dexterity: 0 >

Skills: None

Titles: None

