

Reincarnated With The Strongest System

Chapter 8: Fiefdom of Lont

"Please, promise me that you will look after him," Arwen said as she held William in a loving embrace. Tears fell freely from her eyes because she couldn't bear parting with her son.

However, in order to keep him safe, she had no choice but to let him go to where the humans lived. Theoden and Aerin were also feeling depressed because their first grandson was going away.

If not for the responsibilities that had been passed on to their lineage, they might have done everything in their power to keep William by their side.

"I can't promise you that," Morgan replied in a firm manner. "You know that if he stayed by my side, he would live a life filled with danger. However, don't worry. I will bring him to my hometown. My Brother and his wife are already waiting for his arrival. I'm sure that they will keep him safe and happy."

Arwen's lips quivered as she held on to her baby. William was still sleeping and was unaware that he would be separated from his mother. He had only been in this new world for two-weeks and still hadn't opened his eyes in all that time.

His mother had been very worried about his condition, but she had already done her best. The child's body was healthy, so that only lead to one problem. The child's soul.

The elves had strong spiritual powers. After doing a spiritual scan on her child, Arwen found out that her baby's soul seemed to be damaged. The only good news was that the soul would gradually recover as time passed.

Arwen believed that it would only take a month or two, at the very least, before William's soul fully recovered. Unfortunately, William missed the chance to see his beautiful mother before he was taken away.

"My Lady, it would be dangerous to delay this any longer," Arwen's maiden protector, Sheila, reminded. "The Temple of Life is doing their best to stall the

Elven Council, but their search has expanded to this part of the continent as well. I'm afraid, it is only a matter of time before they find us."

Arwen gave William a kiss on the lips before handing him over to Morgan. She then cast a protection spell that would put her baby into a state where time stood still. Only when Morgan reached his homeland would the spell be lifted.

"Do you want to give him anything before I go?" Morgan asked. "It will take many years before the two of you see each other again."

"I already left him a memento," Arwen answered as her gaze landed on the necklace that she had given her son.

At the center of the necklace was a black ring. It was the ring that belonged to William's deceased father, and Morgan's twin brother, Maxwell.

Morgan gazed at the familiar ring lying quietly on the baby's chest and nodded his head. He bid his final goodbye to Arwen and her parents before walking towards his mount.

The seven-meter tall Manticore lowered its massive body and allowed Morgan to sit on its back. This creature had the body of a lion, the tail of a scorpion, and the wings of a dragon. It was a mighty beast that had accompanied Morgan in his journey to the peak of the mortal realm.

"After a few years, make sure to send him letters," Morgan said in encouragement. "I'm sure that he would like to talk to his birth mother, even through letters."

Arwen bitterly nodded her head. Even without Morgan's reminder, she would still send her son letters. She didn't want her son to think that his mother didn't care for him.

The Manticore flapped its wings and flew to the sky. Arwen wept as her baby slowly disappeared beyond the horizon.

Somewhere on the Western Side of the Southern Continent...

A Manticore landed a mile away from the small fiefdom of Lont.

Although Morgan could just enter the city with his mount, he decided to be more low-key in his approach. He had been "Exiled" from the Hellan Kingdom

many years ago. But, if he wanted to return to his homeland, no one, not even the Blood Iron King, could stop him.

The royal family, as well as the nobility, hated and feared him. In order to let his family live in peace, he decided to leave the Kingdom and wander the continent.

"Remember, don't hunt indiscriminately." Morgan patted his Manticore and gave it a stern reminder.

The manticore gave a low growl of acknowledgement before it ran into the depths of the forest. Morgan shook his head helplessly as he walked on foot towards his Brother's estate, located at the back of the city.

No one saw him enter the city. Not the guards who were manning the gates, nor the patrols that were making their rounds. In less than half an hour, Morgan stood in front of a three-story manor.

This was the house where he and his brothers played around during their childhood. It had been almost four years since his last visit.

"You sure took your time, Big Brother."

The main door of the manor opened and a man who was in his late twenties greeted him with a smile.

"It had been a while," Morgan replied with a stiff smile. "Mordred."

"Four years," Mordred snorted. "You should come back home more often. Also, don't use that lame excuse that you are 'Exiled' and you can't come home to visit. Who are you kidding?"

"Why are you boys talking outside?" a beautiful woman with dark-brown hair appeared behind Mordred. "Morgan, nice to see you again. Come inside, I prepared your favorite dishes."

"You haven't changed, Anna," Morgan greeted. "You're still as beautiful as ever."

"Enough with your sweet talk, give me the baby." Anna happily walked towards Morgan to take a look at the baby in his arms.

Anna gazed at the small child and felt her heart melting. Without waiting for Morgan's permission, she scooped the baby into her arms and planted a kiss on William's forehead.

"What is his name?" Anna asked.

"William," Morgan answered.

"Very well, his nickname will be Will." Anna grinned.

She then left the two men and went inside the house. The two brothers sighed and followed behind her. Although Mordred was the Baronet of Lont, the one calling the shots at home was none other than Anna.

When they entered the house, they could hear Anna talking to someone.

"Ella, this is Will, isn't he cute?"

"Meeeeh."

"You think so too, right?"

"Meeeh."

"You see, he has been on a long journey, can you give him some of your milk?"

"Meeeh."

Morgan tilted his head as he saw Anna coaxing a goat to breastfeed William. The Goat was only a meter tall and had a very fluffy coat. The twelve-inch horns on its head had a reddish hue which made it look more refined.

The goat stood still as Anna guided the baby's lips to drink some of its milk. The journey had been long and if not for Arwen's spell, William might have starved along the way. Unknown to the sleeping William, his status page was once again updated as the goat's milk entered his system.

< Daily Quest: Drink Milk has been completed! >

< Rewards: 5 Exp Points. >

< Current Exp: 75 / 100 >

