

# Reincarnated With The Strongest System

## Chapter 16: A Storm Is Brewing

"Eyah!" (Magnum Burst!)

A shower of leaves fell down on William's head as he tried his skill on a tree. The bark of the tree had no visible damage, but the effect of the AOE had activated.

< Magnum Burst >

(5 Mana Points)

-- Deals AOE Damage up to three square meters around the caster.

-- Damage is dependent on the caster's strength.

-- Knockback effect

'... So, this skill currently deals no damage because I don't have any strength?' William frowned. 'But, it still has the knockback effect.'

William checked his stats and sighed.

< Strength: 0 >

< Agility: 0 (+1) >

< Vitality: 1 (+1) >

< Intelligence: 14 (+1)>

< Dexterity: 0 >

Current Exp: 544 / 1366

< Shepherd Lvl 2 >

Job Exp: 60 / 461

'I need 822 more exp before I gain another level to increase my stats,' William mused. 'Killing one goblin gives me 60 points. In order to level up, I need to kill fourteen goblins. Should I add my points to Strength when I level up?'

After careful considerations, William decided that it was not a good idea. Even if he added his stats to strength, he would not be able to deal massive damage to the enemy. Adding the stat points to intelligence would be more ideal because he could act as support to his Mama Ella.

'Magnum Burst is a good skill because it allows me to repel anyone that dares to target me. It will also give enough time for Mama Ella to come to my rescue. Although it doesn't deal damage right now, the knockback will be able to keep me safe.'

"Eyaaaah!" (Mama, use Horn Assault!)

"Meeeeh!"

Ella's horns doubled in size and glowed bloody red.

The goblin was skewered and shrieked madly. Ella didn't stop after she impaled her target. Instead, she ran towards the wall of the dungeon with the intention of crushing the goblin to a pulp.

< Gained Exp Points: 60 >

Current Exp: 604 / 1366

< Shepherd Lvl 2 >

Job Exp: 120 / 461

'Nice!' William grinned when he saw the notification. Right now, he was multitasking. While checking the battle, he was also observing the map at the same time. His right hand was holding the wooden staff in preparation to protect himself if a random monster spawned beside him.

He had already learned his lesson and he wouldn't allow any mistakes to happen this time. He and his Mama Ella only had one life. It was best to be careful and take things slowly.

< Gained Exp Points: 60 >

< Gained Exp Points: 60 >

< Gained Exp Points: 60 >

< Gained Exp Points: 60 >

After killing thirteen more goblins, William finally gained a level in his stats and job level.

Current Exp: 18 / 2010

< Shepherd Lvl 3 >

Job Exp: 439 / 880

Although he was tempted to add the stats to strength, he knew that now was not the right time to do it. He placed the three stat points he gained to int and it made him feel a bit more confident.

< Strength: 0 >

< Agility: 0 (+1) >

< Vitality: 1 (+1) >

< Intelligence: 17 (+1)>

< Dexterity: 0 >

After taking care of his stats, William placed all of his available skill points to Wolf's in Sheep's Clothing. He knew that this was the safest investment he could make because Ella was the one fighting for him.

The stronger she became, the safer he would be.

< Wolf in Sheep's Clothing 7 / 10 >

(Passive)

-- Increases all stats of the herd by 7 points

'Now, it's Mama Ella's turn.'

< Strength: 2 >

< Agility: 10 >

< Vitality: 4 >

< Intelligence: 2 >

< Dexterity: 2 >

< Quick Attack 2 / 5 >

(5 Mana Points)

-- Charges at the enemy with incredible speed.

-- The speed of this attack will depend on the Agility Stat x 3.5

< Horn Assault 2 / 10 >

(5 Mana Points)

-- Deals a powerful blow to the enemy.

-- May cause the target to flinch.

-- Damage is based on the Strength Stat x 2.5

'With this the first floor has been cleared,' William clapped his hands happily. 'Time to go to the second floor and see what kind of adventure is waiting for us.'

Ella licked the baby's cheeks. Clearly, she was in a good mood. She could feel herself getting stronger. For her, it was a good thing. Her only concern was William's safety.

As if reading her thoughts, William reached out to hug her neck.

"Eyah." (Don't worry, Mama. I'll keep myself safe.)

"Meeeeeh."

"Eyaaaaaah!." (Let's go to the second floor!)

"Meeeeh."

William sat on Ella's back with a smile on his face. The Angorian Goat walked steadily as it descended, carrying her baby, to the second floor of the Goblin Crypt.

Nine years passed swiftly, like the grains of sand inside an hourglass. For William, those nine years were filled with close calls as he and Ella walked the thin line between life and death.

Of course, he could choose not to use the Ring of Conquest and live a peaceful and stable lifestyle. However, he didn't choose that route. He didn't want to waste his youth doing nothing but eating and sleeping.

His mentality in regards to his second life was largely due to the influence of the novels that he had read when he was still back on Earth. William knew that if he didn't grasp the opportunity to become stronger while he was young, he would regret it for the rest of his life.

In a valley located near the outskirts of Lont, hundreds of Angorian Goats and sheep were currently grazing in peace. Not far from them, a ten-year-old boy sat on top of a tree branch. He was keeping a lookout for any potential threats to the safety of his herd.

The wind rustled his short-red hair as he watched his herd with a smile. Among the hundreds of Angorian Goats, his herd only consists of fifty individuals. The rest were managed by five other shepherds, and apprentice shepherds like him, who lived in the town of Lont.

"Will!" A boy in his early teens ran towards the tree where William was taking a rest. "Your grandfather is looking for you!"

'Gramps?' William glanced at his friend, Theo, who was also the son of the most senior shepherd in Lont.

"Do you know why he is looking for me?" William asked.

"No." Theo answered. "But, he doesn't look good. He seems to be very angry."

William frowned. His grandfather was a very happy-go-lucky person. Very few things could make him angry. Theo had no reason to lie to him, so something must have happened to the old man while he was away from the estate.

"Alright." William nodded his head. "Can you keep watch over my herd while I'm away? If I'm not back before my shift ends, bring them back to our family pen."

"Eh? But, I was supposed to play with the others this afternoon..."

"I'll give you a slice of apple pie."

"Two slices."

"Deal." William grinned. He then shouted at the herd who was grazing at the pasture. "Mama! Let's go home. Gramps is calling for us!"

"Meeeeeeeh!"

An Angorian Goat who was a meter and a half tall broke out from the herd and ran towards William. The boy jumped off the branch and landed nimbly on the back of his Mama Ella. The two traveled back to their residence in haste.

What William didn't know was that there was a storm brewing within the Ainsworth Residence and it was all because of him.

## Chapter 17

As William and Ella neared their estate, they noticed a luxurious carriage in the distance. He had never seen a carriage like this in Lont, so he assumed that they were having guests from outside their border.

Right beside the carriage was a six-meter tall creature. This beast had the head and wings of an eagle, and the body of a lion. It was very easy for William to identify this creature that came from myths and legends.

"A Gryphon," William muttered as Ella stopped in front of the beast to give it a better look.

The Angorian Goat raised her head and stared at the Gryphon. The Gryphon stared back. William could see the disdain in its proud and sharp eyes. It was as if the two of them were just mere insects passing through and not worthy of its attention.

"Let's go, Mama," William said as he caressed Ella's neck. "It's just an overgrown Birb."

"Meeeeeh."

"It's not a Bird, Mama. it's a Birb."

"Meeeeh?"

"A Birb is what you call a bird that is having an identity crisis."

The goat looked at the Gryphon one more time before nodding her head. She agreed with William that this creature was not a bird, but a birb. Since it was a birb, she didn't have to bother with trying to figure out why it had legs instead of talons.

Clearly, this bird was having an identity crisis.

The goat looked at the Gryphon with pity before walking towards their house.

"Meeeeh."

"I agree, Mama. This birb is truly pitiful."

The Gryphon was a very intelligent creature. Naturally, it understood William and Ella's conversation and it made it very angry. If not for the fact that it was tied to the carriage, it would have already trampled the two insects who dared to look at it with pitiful eyes.

With a belly filled with anger, the Gryphon gave a deafening shriek, but William and Ella didn't even bother to give it a second glance. They were more curious about who their guest was. Since they rode such an amazing carriage pulled by a Gryphon, their identity would surely be not ordinary.

"Grandpa, I'm back!" William shouted as he opened the door.

"Meeeeeh!" Ella also announced her arrival which made those who were currently sitting at the living room look at them in surprise.

There were three people who were seated at the couch, and four were standing behind them. The three were wearing elegant clothes, while the four men behind them were wearing light-armors.

James, Mordred, and Anna, sat across from these guests. William noticed that his grandfather's expression was indeed not very good. He could feel the barely restrained anger that was threatening to explode at any moment.

"William, please, take a seat," Anna said with a smile. "These guests came from the Dutchy of Griffith."

Anna's tone was polite, but William couldn't feel any semblance of respect in her voice. It was as if his aunt didn't treat these people as guests, but pests who came into their territory.

Mordred cleared his throat and introduced the guests one by one.

"This lady is the Duchess of Griffith, Lady Agatha," Mordred said with a smile. "And this lovely young girl here is her daughter, Lady Rebecca."

He then shifted his gaze at the beautiful woman who was wearing an elegant light-blue robe. Her cold features and chilling gaze would make anyone lower their heads in submission.

"This lady is one of the elders of the Misty Sect, Lady Eleanor." Mordred grinned. "They came from far away just to see you, William."

"Oh?" William raised an eyebrow and appraised the guests one by one.

The Duchess of Griffith had long light-brown hair, and green eyes. She could be considered a beauty, but the obvious displeasure on her face made William think of an old witch who was out to give little kids poisoned apples.

Her daughter, Rebecca, on the other hand, made William's eye soften. Although he wasn't completely sure, he guessed that her age was almost the same as his. Her short light-brown hair that barely reached her shoulders looked as smooth as silk.

She had the same light-green eyes as her mothers, but compared to the old hag, her eyes were bright and clear. Her cute and adorable lips were poised in a smile that made her already beautiful face, very charming.



William sighed at the doll-like girl in front of him. He had no doubt in his mind that if he were a lolicon, he would have already locked her up in his room and treated her like a pet.

As for the cold beauty who was staring daggers at him, William didn't even spare her a second glance. Although she was beautiful, the boy could tell that she was the embodiment of bad news.

"Good day to all of you," William greeted with a smile. "My name is William Von Ainsworth, Will for short, and the most handsome ten-year-old boy in the Central Continent. I dare say that you won't find anyone more handsome than me. As for the other boys in the continent..."

William curled his lip in disdain. "All of them can just fight for second place."

After William's shameless declaration, the room suddenly became silent. Even the scowling old hag and the cold beauty looked at William with dumbfounded faces. This made the smirk on William's face widen. Clearly, he was very satisfied with this result.

The silence was suddenly broken by a boisterous laughter that came from James.

"Hahaha! As expected of my Grandson!" James clapped his hands. The anger that he had been bottling up completely evaporated into thin air as his eyes turned into crescents. "Worthy of being an Ainsworth!"

William flipped his hair and flashed a dazzling smile. He also gave the little doll a "I know you like me" expression.

Because he had just come from the pasture, William's clothes were dirty. His face was dusty and his red hair was a mess. Even so, his green eyes--that were as clear as emeralds--made the little doll, Rebecca, raise an eyebrow in acknowledgement.

'This should be enough for a first impression,' William mused. 'If I'm not mistaken, this little loli should be my fiancée. As expected of Gramps, he really did a good job.'

William found Rebecca to his liking and gave the young girl two thumbs up in his heart. The boy knew that, in a few more years, this little doll would grow up

to be an outstanding beauty. Marrying someone like her wouldn't be a bad idea, as far as William was concerned.

However, before he could even imagine his rose-colored future, the old hag opened her mouth and broke William's daydream.

"Since you are already here, let us get right down to business," Agatha said in a mocking tone. "We came here to break the marriage agreement between my daughter and this unworthy boy who is covered in filth!"

## Chapter 18

"How dare you?!" James erupted in anger. "You dare call my grandson unworthy?!"

"Father, please calm down," Mordred held his father in a bear hug. He was afraid if the old man really went all out, the Duchess would have her neck ripped off from her body.

The guards who were standing behind their employers drew their swords and stood between the two parties.

"Sorry, Lord Ainsworth," Agatha replied with a light bow. "Although I had offended your family, I will not allow my daughter to marry your grandson. Even if it was decreed by my husband's father."

"Where is that bastard?" James asked. "Bring him here! I want him to explain the reason why he is backing out of our agreement!"

"The old Duke had gone to explore the desert in the South," Agatha replied. "I'm afraid that it would be impossible to get in touch with him at this point in time."

James laughed in contempt, "I see. So, you took the opportunity while he was away to break this engagement. In short, he is not aware of your actions, am I right, Lady Agatha?"

"Yes. The old Duke is not aware of my actions," Agatha admitted. Her stance made it clear that she was not going to back down. She was hell bent on

breaking the marriage agreement while her husband's father was away from their Dutchy.

"Good. Good. Good!" James glared at the woman in front of her. "To think that a little baroness would act like this after marrying a Duke. Truly disappointing. So, is your husband in agreement to this as well?"

"My husband shares the same opinion." Agatha raised her chin. "The current Duke of Griffith doesn't recognize this arranged marriage. If you want to talk to him then feel free to come to the Dukedom of Griffith. We will be more than happy to give you our hospitality."

"Hospitality?" James sneered. "A sl\*t like you and that bastard better wash your necks. You want me to come to your Dutchy? Fine, I will bring the Red Plague along with me when I visit. I want to see just how the two of you are planning to give me your hospitality!"

Agatha and the cold beauty, Eleanor, from the Misty Sect had a sudden change in their expression. They looked at the old man in shock because they knew that he was dead serious.

"What's wrong?" James said in disdain. "Scared? You think you and your husband have the authority to break this agreement? As for you, Eleanor of the Misty Sect, it seems that you and those old hags in your Ice Mountain have a lot of free time. Do you also want me to give you a visit? I'm very curious, what kind of hospitality will you give this old man?"

Agatha's and Eleanor's expressions were very grim. Although the possibility of the Red Plague returning to their kingdom was low, they couldn't deny this possibility. Both of them couldn't afford to pay the consequence if the old man made his threat a reality.

"Gramps, calm down." William patted his grandfather's arm. "You are being rude to our guests."

"You brat! I'm doing this for you!" If there weren't other people around, James would have already grabbed the little prick and spanked his bum to oblivion.

"Don't worry gramps, I'll handle this," William said with a smile. "Just calm down. I don't want you to get a heart-attack. It's just not worth it. Aunt, can you bring grandpa to his room. I'll take care of our guests for the time being."

Anna eyed her nephew with appreciation and nodded her head. "Father, let's go. I'm sure that William will be able to deal with these pests- I mean, our guests."

James snorted and left the living room in a huff. Mordred sighed and motioned for his nephew to sit by his side.

Seeing that the dangerous situation had died down, the four guards sheathed their weapons and stood behind their employers.

"Alright, so you came here to break the marriage agreement." William nodded his head. "Can you tell me why?"

Agatha looked at the boy in front of her in surprise. The way he acted was not that of a ten-year-old. Although she didn't feel like she was talking to an adult, she still thought that the one who was taking the lead in the conversation was not a child.

"Allow me to answer your question," Eleanor replied. "Rebecca is a genius. A genius that is only born once every two hundred years. As her Master, I can't allow my disciple to marry a nobody."

"Ah, I see." William nodded his head. "Perfectly understandable."

"Y-you agree?" Eleanor frowned. "You agree that you are not worthy of my disciple?"

"Hmm? You are mistaken." William shook his head. "I understand your reason, but I don't agree with it. However, since you came here to break the marriage agreement due to this reason, you must surely have made sufficient preparations, right?"

Agatha was starting to feel that the filthy boy in front of her was not as simple as he seemed. His mannerisms, and the way he acted, made her feel that this marriage agreement wasn't a big deal to him.

"What do you mean made sufficient preparations?" Agatha asked.

"What I mean is, have you prepared your compensation?" William smiled. "Since you are planning to break the marriage agreement, you should have brought a suitable compensation to make us agree to your demand, right?"

Mordred who was listening to his nephew had a calm expression on his face. However, deep inside, he was very alarmed. William had never acted like this in front of them before, and for a moment, he was unsure if the boy sitting next to him was his real nephew or not.

"I see." Agatha nodded her head. "You want compensation right? Very well, how much gold do you want?"

"Gold? I'm not interested in gold," William replied. "Do you think we are poor?"

'Yes,' Agatha thought.

'You are poor,' Eleanor mused.

'Very poor.' Rebecca smiled.

'Actually, we are very poor.' Mordred sighed in his heart, but didn't say anything. He needed to act as if gold wasn't a big deal to him in order to support his nephew in the negotiations.

"My goodness, where is our manners?" William placed his hand over his forehead as if he had completely forgotten something. "Aunt Helen, please serve our guests some tea. Here, use these special leaves I picked on my way back home."

William shamelessly picked the leaves, and grasses that were stuck on his clothes one by one. He didn't even spare the leaves that had fallen on his head while he slept in the valley.

"As you wish, young master," Helen, the maid of the family, took the leaves with a smile. She then proceeded to the kitchen in order to brew the "special tea" for their guests.

"Don't worry, tea will be served shortly." William gave his guests a bright smile. "I want to show all of you our hospitality."

Mordred averted his gaze and gave a light cough. Although he was poor, he was not shameless enough to serve tea made from the wild grasses that the goats of Lont fed on in the valley.

Agatha and Eleanor did their best to keep their disgust from appearing on their faces. They couldn't believe that William actually dared to serve them tea

made from wild grass! This was a slap to their faces and it made them seethe in anger.

Rebecca, on the other hand, looked at William with amusement. She didn't really care about the marriage agreement and didn't think much of her fiancé. However, the more she looked at William, the more pleasing he became in her eyes.

## Chapter 19

"Here you go, Young Master," Helen said as she served the tea in front of William.

"Thank you, Aunt Helen," William replied. "I promised Theo that I'd give him two slices of apple pie. Please, hand it to him when he comes later to return our sheep."

"Understood." Helen nodded her head and left the living room.

William picked up the teacup and took a quick sip before glancing at their guests.

"Well then, let's get down to business." William smiled. "So, what kind of compensation did you prepare in order to bribe our family to break this engagement? Like I said earlier, we don't need gold. We're not poor."

Agatha glanced at Eleanor before taking the initiative to start the discussion.

"Then what do you want?" Agatha asked.

"Treasures, artifacts," William replied. "As long as it has value then I'll take it."

Eleanor took a small box from her storage ring and showed it to William. In this world, rich and influential people were able to afford these magical artifacts who were able to store items in a separate dimension.

According to William's knowledge, the maximum capacity of the best storage ring in the continent was only two square meters. Although it made things easier to carry things around, the space was quite limited.

Eleanor opened the box and showed its contents to William.

"This is called the Pill of Growth," Eleanor explained. "This is a very expensive pill that is worth two thousand gold coins. If you agree to break this marriage agreement, I will give this to you."

"You want me to break the marriage agreement for a pill that is only worth two thousand gold coins?" William asked in a mocking tone. He then glanced at Rebecca and grinned. "In your Master's eyes, you are only worth two thousand gold coins."

Rebecca frowned, but didn't say anything. Seeing her reaction, Eleanor's face sank. Although the young genius had accepted her to be her Master, the two of them hadn't started their apprenticeship.

She was planning to take Rebecca to the Misty Sect to start her training, but postponed it when she discovered that she was engaged to a country bumpkin. As an elder of the prestigious sect, she wouldn't allow her disciple to have any kind attachment to a nobody.

Agatha and her husband shared her opinion. This was also why they took advantage of the old Duke's absence. Both of them wanted to break the engagement that was made when Rebecca was only two years old.

"Of course this is not the only thing that I am willing to give you," Eleanor said through gritted teeth. "This is only one of the things that you will obtain if you agree to break the marriage agreement between the two families."

"Can I see that pill?" William asked.

"Okay." Eleanor passed the box over so that William could take a closer look.

The elder of the Misty Sect was confident that the boy was ignorant of such a treasure. What she didn't know was that William had the almighty appraisal skill at his beck and call.

Pill of Growth

-- When consumed, this pill will permanently increase all stats by one.

William snorted and unceremoniously made a gesture for his Mama Ella to come closer.

"Mama, this is good stuff." William grinned.

"Meeeeh?"

"Try it, Mama."

William placed the pill inside Ella's mouth which shocked Agatha, Eleanor, and the four guards behind them.

The Angorian Goat chewed the pill and its eyes widened in surprise.

"Is it good?" William asked.

"Meeeeh."

"Just so~so?"

Ella nodded her head in confirmation. Although the pill had raised all of her stats by one, the taste was not satisfactory for her.

"Y-you! What have you done?!" Eleanor couldn't believe her eyes. 'The boy actually fed the Pill of Growth to a goat?! What a waste of resources!'

The four guards glared at William. They felt their heart ache because a Pill of Growth was worth five thousand Sect Credits. They had to work for two years in order to get enough points to exchange for it at the Misty Sect.

"What's wrong?" William asked back. "It's just a cheap Pill of Growth. Don't worry, since I already used it, you can deduct it from the list of compensation items that you are planning to give me."

Eleanor's chest heaved up and down in fury. The Pill of Growth was supposed to be her gift to Rebecca. In order to make the bastard boy agree to annul the marriage agreement, she decided to compromise and give it to him instead.

However, seeing him treat her treasure like it was just a piece of candy angered her.

Seeing Eleanor's expression, Agatha decided to intervene and picked a treasure from her own storage ring.



"Here, this is a magic staff," Agatha explained. "Although you don't have an ounce of magical power, you can pass it to other people who are more talented than you."

William ignored the ridicule in Agatha's words and took the magic staff from her hand.

### Bronze Staff of Learning

-- A staff suitable for apprentice magicians.

-- Increases intelligence by 3

William frowned and returned the staff to Agatha, "Sorry, I'm not interested in a cheap magic staff. Do you have something better?"

"C-cheap? This staff is worth one thousand gold coins!" Agatha almost whacked the boy's head using the staff in her hands. She couldn't believe that a mere shepherd dares to call it cheap!

"I'm not interested in low quality items." William shrugged. "Oh, they said that you are a genius. Are you a magician?"

"Yes," Rebecca replied.

"Do you have a magic staff?"

"I do."

"Show it to me."

Rebecca pondered for a bit before reluctantly summoning her magic staff. Unlike the Bronze Staff of Learning, the staff in Rebecca's hand had a dark-blue color. You could even call it a spear, but instead of a sharp blade, a big purple crystal--in the shape of a rose--adorned its tip.

William's eyes sparkled because he could tell that the staff was way better compared to the bronze staff that he had appraised earlier.

"Can I touch it? Don't worry, I won't break it." William patted his chest. "I just want to take a closer look at it."

"Very well, but you can only hold it for half a minute," Rebecca stated. "This staff is worth twenty thousand gold coins."

"Twenty thousand gold coins? It's that expensive?" William held the staff in his hands to have it appraised.

However, before he could even use the appraisal skill, a series of text appeared in front of him.

< Ding! >

< Would you like to acquire the Ice Mage Job Class? >

< Yes / No >

## Chapter 20

William froze when he read the notification. It took him a few seconds to regain his composure and immediately chose Yes as his answer.

"Times up," Rebecca announced as she snatched the Magic Staff from William's hands. "Your half a minute has passed."

William was still in a daze. He hadn't heard Rebecca's words because he was busy inspecting the new job class that he had acquired.

< Congratulations! Host has acquired the Ice Mage Job Class. >

< Ice Mage Job Class has been automatically added to the Subclass Category. >

< Ice Mage >

-- A magician that specializes in Ice Magic

-- Increase resistance against cold.

< Host has learned skill: Ice Bullet >

'Fck! I got a new job class just by holding a staff?!' William's heart was thumping wildly inside his chest. He had often wondered how he could acquire

a subclass. Never in his wildest dreams did he think that acquiring a new job class was this easy!

William's shocked expression made Agatha and Eleanor look at him in contempt. The two older women thought that the boy had been shocked due to how expensive the magic staff was.

'How ignorant,' Agatha thought.

'Country bumpkin,' Eleanor mused.

Mordred who was seated by William's side frowned. He could see William's hands trembling and wondered if he should step in to save his nephew.

"D-do you guys have other expensive items?" William stuttered. "It's the first time I held something so amazing in my life. If you are able to show me at least five items of the same quality, I will agree to annul this arranged marriage."

"Only show you?" Agatha asked. "You're not going to take it?"

"I won't take it," William answered while keeping his excitement at bay. "I just want to hold it just like I did with that staff."

"If we do this, will you really agree to cancel the marriage agreement?" Eleanor inquired. This was the reason for their visit. If she could make the boy write a letter to renounce the agreement then the old Duke wouldn't be able to find anything amiss.

"Yes. however, it should be of the same quality or higher," William answered. "I will not accept cheap items!"

Agatha and Eleanor exchanged a glance and nodded at the same time. They retrieved the most expensive items from their storage rings and piled them in front of William.

The boy looked at all the treasures in front of him and his eyes sparkled in excitement.

< Ding! >

< Would you like to acquire the Fire Mage Job Class? >

< Ding! >

< Would you like to acquire the Water Mage Job Class? >

< Ding! >

< Would you like to acquire the Earth Mage Job Class? >

< Ding! >

< Would you like to acquire the Wind Mage Job Class? >

The items that Eleanor presented were all magic staffs of the different elements. Since she was a Sorceress, all her treasures belong to the magic type category.

William's breathing became heavier with each item he held in his hands. His eyes also became bloodshot which made Eleanor very happy. She thought that the boy had finally realized that he was a frog at the bottom of the well.

'A frog that is trying to eat a swan?' Eleanor laughed inside her head. 'See the difference between our social standing! It's time to wake up from your daydream you country bumpkin.'

After William finished inspecting the magical weapons that came from Eleanor, he shifted his attention to the weapons that came from Agatha's collection.

< Ding! >

< Would you like to acquire the Swordsman Job Class? >

< Ding! >

< Would you like to acquire the Archer Job Class? >

< Ding! >

< Would you like to acquire the Spear Man Job Class? >

< Ding! >

< Would you like to acquire the Monk Job Class? >

< Ding! >

< Would you like to acquire the Thief Job Class? >

William's body shuddered in ecstasy. His breathing had now become ragged, as if he was about to faint anytime due to exhaustion.

"William, are you alright?" Mordred asked. He was very worried about his nephew's current condition.

"I-I never felt better in my life," William replied hoarsely. He took a step back and almost collapsed on the couch. Fortunately Mordred was paying close attention to him and was able to support his body on time.

"Are you satisfied?" Agatha asked. "Will you honor our agreement?"

"Y-Yes," William replied. He still hadn't recovered from the euphoria that he had felt earlier. "I will agree to the cancellation of this marriage agreement."

"We need you to write a letter, and it must have your signature as well," Eleanor interjected. "It's not that we don't trust you, but this thing must be properly recorded."

"Understood." William nodded and asked for paper and ink.

He then wrote a letter saying that he didn't agree to the arranged marriage that was made between his gramps and Rebecca's grandfather. The reason he gave for the cancellation of the marriage agreement was due to Rebecca being not good enough for him.

He stated that since he was the most handsome boy in the continent, it was only natural that he be paired up with a girl that had the beauty to topple nations. Also, he was not optimistic about Rebecca's growth in her chest area.

William felt that the girl would only have a B-Cup when she reached adulthood. He even politely added that he could consider making Rebecca his concubine if his main wife agreed to accept her into his harem.

When Agatha and Eleanor read William's letter, both of them almost spat out a mouthful of blood in anger. William had listed a series of complaints as to why Rebecca was not worthy to become his fiancée and not the other way around!

Agatha even had the impulse to rip the little bastard to shreds in order to eat his flesh and drink his blood. She had never felt so angered in her life and it almost drove her crazy.

"Since I have written the letter then all of you should leave," William shooed the pests away. "Don't tell me you plan to stay to have dinner with us? Well, I guess we can spare you some porridge since the Ainsworth family has a big heart. I don't want any rumors flying around that we didn't treat our guests properly."

Agatha dragged her daughter towards the front door because she was afraid that, if she stayed a second longer, she would hack the little bastard into pieces.

Eleanor also left without saying anything, because she had never experienced humiliation like this in her life. She was the elder of the Misty Sect and was treated with respect wherever she went.

She cursed William in her heart and even decided to take revenge in the future. Rebecca hadn't seen the contents of the letter and obediently followed her mother back to the carriage. She thought that William was an interesting boy, but not worthy enough to become her fiancé.

If Rebecca only knew what the "interesting boy" wrote in his letter, she might have summoned her staff and used it to beat the crap out of him until he shed tears of blood.