

# Reincarnated With The Strongest System

## Chapter 51: Job Advancement In The Midst Of Battle

Sounds of laughter echoed across the river as the kids played tag in the water. They were not aware that a hundred meters below them, countless Dark-Scaled Crocodiles had started to raise their heads to look in their direction.

A lone individual swam up. Its eyes locked on a young girl who was floating in the water. Its tail swayed back and forth behind it, boosting its speed. Its huge mouth gaped open and its razor sharp teeth glistened in the murky depths.

Fifty meters... forty... twenty.... ten...

Its cold-blooded eyes showed no mercy as it went in for the kill. It was about to bite the unsuspecting child when a five meter long, ice lance, pierced through the water and penetrated its wide-open mouth.

The Dark-Scaled Crocodile let out a cry as its body squirmed under the surface of the river.

"Everyone get out of the river! There are monsters hiding in the depths!" William shouted. "Hurry!"

If not for the fact that the surface of the river beside the girl had been stained with blood, no one would have believed him. The young girl screamed in fear as she swam towards the land. Several of the children also backed away in fright as they watched the river's water start to churn.

Suddenly, a giant gaping mouth broke the river's surface. It was a crocodile that was over ten meters long. And its eyes locked on the children with predatory lust.

"Centennial Dark-Scaled Crocodile!" one of the adults gasped in shock. "Quickly! Evacuate the river now!"

The Centennial Beast opened its mouth wide and shot out a concentrated cannonball of water. The hairs on the back of William's neck stood on end as he felt the feeling of impending death fall upon him.

"Icewall!"

William created five Icewalls in front of him, creating five layers of protection. He wanted to cast more but there was not enough time to do it. The waterball instantly broke the first two ice walls, and pushed through the third with ease.

The boy only had enough time to brace himself for the impact as all five layers broke down in front of him.

"Meeeeh!"

Ella faced the waterball with its horns and neutralized it upon impact. Even so, the blast still sent her and William flying away for a few meters.

If the five Ice Walls hadn't reduced the power of that waterball, Ella might have already been blasted into pieces.

A trail of blood streamed down the corner of William's lips as he slowly stood up from the ground. Ella positioned herself in front of William in order to protect him from other surprise attacks.

It was at that moment when hundreds of heads bobbed up the river's surface. The young boy and the goat watched in horror when they saw that there were ten Centennial Dark-Scaled Crocodiles in the horde of crocodiles.

Theo, who rushed to check on William's condition, looked at the monsters in fright.

"F-Fortunately, there is no Millennial Beast among them," Theo stuttered. "If there were, we would really be in big trouble."

William's body stiffened when he heard Theo's comment. He wanted to slap his good friend and shout "Don't raise death flags, you damn fool!"

There were two types of people that William hated the most when facing a battle of life and death. They were Crow-Mouthed People (those who raised Death Flags) and Pig Teammates.

Right now, William was looking at one of those people.

Before William could even smack his friend's head for raising a death flag, another presence made itself known. A crocodile with a golden head that was at least five meters in length poked out of the water.

Its blood-red eyes glanced in William's direction and the boy felt his legs weaken.

"By the Goddess! Millennial Beast Golden-Scaled Crocodile!" Barbatos uttered in disbelief.

He had heard the warning bells from the watch tower and knew that an emergency situation had taken place. James, Mordred, and some of the fighters in Lont had left the town in order to do a reconnaissance mission.

Right now, there were only a few master's left in Lont and he was one of them.

"Dammit!" Barbatos ran towards the river as he held the hammer in his hand.

He needed to buy time for the other defenders to arrive and ensure that none of the kids would die in this skirmish.

"Theo, run!" William grabbed Theo's robe and dragged him away. "Take the kids back to the town."

"What about you?" Theo asked. "Are you going to fight? There's no chance of winning!"

"I'll only help to hold them off." William glanced at the crocodiles who were now making their way towards the land. "Enough talk! Go!"

William mounted Ella's back as the two of them charged towards the front lines.

"System, I need your help."

< What can I do for you today? >

"For example I advanced my Ice Mage to Ice Wizard, is it still possible for me to open the other Advance Job Classes like the Elemental Lord, Battle Mage, Magic Swordsman, Arcane Ranger, and Cryo Lancer?"

< Yes. You can change Job Classes as often as you like as long as you meet the necessary requirements. >

"Good," William said with a serious expression. "I want to advance to Ice Wizard. Can you make it happen?"

< Certainly. Should I also allocate the experience points to the Ice Wizard Job Class instead of the Shepherd Job Class? >

"Please do."

< Understood. >

< Ding! >

-- You had successfully ascended to Ice Wizard

-- A wizard who had dedicated his life to learn the secrets of Ice Magic

-- Ice Magic effectiveness increased by 30%

-- Host has learned skill: Glacial Wave

< Glacial Wave >

(10 Mana Points)

-- Causes an explosion of ice around the user, pushing enemies around away and freezing them for a short period of time.

William breathed heavily as he tried to calm his senses. Advancing to the next job wasn't part of his plan, but the situation called for it. Among all the job classes in his arsenal, only his Shepherd and Ice Mage Job Classes had sufficient levels to make a difference.

A Centennial Dark-Scaled Crocodile fired a concentrated waterball in William's direction. The boy raised his hand and created six layers of Ice Wall to block the attack. Just like last time, all six Ice Walls shattered.

However, the attack was completely mitigated this time around. When William had changed his Job Class to Ice Wizard, his Ice Magic received a boost in its effectiveness.

Blue Mist shrouded Ella and William as he cast Ice Armor on both of them. He also bestowed Ice Armors to Barbatos and the ten other adults who were keeping the crocodiles at bay.

"This is hopeless," Barbatos grimaced as he sent a crocodile flying with his hammer. "These bastards have high resistance to physical attacks. We need mages!"

"Ice Spike!"

"Glacial Lance!"

"Cone of Cold!"

William's attack passed through the battlefield freezing the crocodiles in its path. Although it was effective, it was only a drop in the bucket. The hundreds of Crocodiles advanced without a care in the world.

As for the leaders of the Horde, the Centennial and Millennial Beasts were very intelligent creatures.

Seeing that there was only one mage in the battlefield, they decided to focus all their attention on William, while the low-tiered Dark-Scaled Crocodiles attacked Barbatos and the others.

## **Chapter 52: A Chance To Turn The Tables [Part 1]**

Ella didn't stop running and dodging. She didn't have the leisure to take it easy because the crocodiles were hell-bent on taking William out first. Even the Millennial Beast had shot high-powered water beams in their direction.

Walls of Ice surrounded the riverside as William did his best to capture their attention. Naturally, he didn't just defend. He also attacked as well.

< Gained Exp Points: 600 >

< Gained Exp Points: 600 >

< Gained Exp Points: 600 >

< Gained Exp Points: 600 >

William was lucky that the crocodiles were still soaked with water. The Ice magic froze them all and the adults shattered them to pieces. Although they were resistant to Physical Damage, it was very different when they were frozen. With a swing of his hammer, Barbatos shattered all of these frozen crocodiles to pieces.

'Even though their numbers are less than a thousand, they are still a pain to kill,' William thought as Ella narrowly avoided another high-speed waterball. 'My Mana is almost exhausted. I alone can't turn the tide of battle.'

Most of his mana were used to cast Ice Wall in order to mitigate the tens of concentrated attacks that Ella couldn't evade. He already stopped casting offensive spells and focused on defending. His Mana Regeneration couldn't keep up with the high-intensity battle and he had almost been wrung dry.

The Millennial Beast, Golden-Scaled Crocodile, had already stepped on land. It raised its snout to roar and a crippling fear made William and Ella shudder.

< Host has been affected by Dragon's Fear >

< Host movement speed and reflexes had been decreased by 50% >

'Fck!' William cursed. 'When did a crocodile become a dragon?'

What William didn't know was that Dark-Scaled Crocodiles were descendants of lower dragons. Although the Dragon Blood inside their body was very thin, those who reached the ranks of a Millennial Beast would be able to awaken the ancient blood that was dormant inside their bodies.

A Golden-Scaled Crocodile at the Millennial Beast Stage could evolve into a Flood Dragon.

"Meeeeeeh..." Ella struggled as she barely dodged a water ball that passed their side by mere inches.

"Mama Ella, let's retreat," William ordered. "We can't hold on any longer. Staying here would only bring us death."

"Meeeeeh!"

Ella agreed with William so she immediately ran towards the town of Lont. They had already done their best. The adults were also slowly retreating.

Barbatos was blasted off the ground when he blocked the attack of the Golden-Scaled Crocodile that was aimed at William's back.

"Mr. Barbatos!" William shouted as he steered Ella to assist the fallen blacksmith.

"I'm fine!" Barbatos roared. "Don't come near me or both of us will become sitting ducks!"

William gritted his teeth as Ella stopped in her tracks. They could only watch as Barbatos gingerly stood up from the ground while holding the hammer with shaking hands.

"Don't worry," Barbatos said with a serious expression. "The only time I'll die in this situation is when that Golden-Scaled Crocodile decides to fight me at close range. Its weak long range attack is not enough to make me kick the bucket."

"Mr. Barbatos, is there any hope to win?" William asked. "If this goes on, Lont will be overrun."

Barbatos didn't answer him right away. The number of mages inside Lont could be counted with two hands. Half of those mages were currently with James, while the other half were probably on their way.

"If Celine were here, there might be a way," Barbatos answered. "However, it seems that she is not aware that we are currently under attack."

"Master?" William was genuinely shocked by Barbatos' revelation. "Master is currently doing an experiment right now. This might be why she is not aware of our current dilemma."

Barbatos looked at William with understanding. 'So that's the reason why Celine isn't here yet. We may still have a chance to turn the tables!'

The Blacksmith of Lont took out a silver spear from his storage ring and stabbed it in the ground.

"Iron Fortress!" Barbatos shouted.

Immediately, A ten-meter tall wall filled with sharp spikes extended in front of him. It surrounded the West Gate of Lont and became a protective barrier.

"This barrier will not hold on for long," Barbatos explained. "William, please, drag Celine from her laboratory. Tell her it's an emergency that concerns the life and death of Lont. Please, hurry!"

William nodded his head and urged his Mama Ella to run as fast as she could. Their destination was the house of the Dark Sorceress on the outskirts of Lont.

It took William five minutes to arrive at the house. He immediately dismounted and knocked on the door repeatedly to announce his arrival.

"Master! Master! It's William!" William shouted. "It's an emergency! We need your help! Master! Please! Help us!"

"What's with all the shouting?!" an irritated voice replied. "I'm almost done with my experiment. Come back after an hour!"

"Master, an hour from now, Lont will already be in ruins!" William screamed as he continued to knock on the door. "We need your help now! A horde of Dark-Scaled Crocodiles are attacking Lont. It is led by a Golden-Scaled Crocodile that can use Dragon's Fear!"

No reply came, but William didn't stop knocking on the door. He kept on hawking and yelling, while pounding the door with his fists.

The door abruptly opened and a disgruntled Celine appeared in front of William. Her hair was in disarray, and dark stains could be seen in her dress. Clearly, she wasn't joking when she said that she was still doing her experiment.

"If I find out that you're lying, I'm going to castrate you~" Celine said with a smile, but her eyes were screaming murder.

William nodded his head like a hen pecking rice. "If I'm joking, Master can make me her slave for a year. I won't resist even if you use me in your experiments!"

"That is the least you can do for interrupting my experiment," Celine snorted. "So, what's the current situation?"

"Master, it's--"



Before William could even start his explanation, a strong explosion reached their ears. It was followed by a strong shockwave that pushed William towards the wall of Celine's house.

Celine's hair danced as her sight locked on several giant serpent heads in the distance, that were conjured by water magic.

"It seems that you are not joking," Celine said with a serious expression.

The Dark Sorceress transformed into a dark beam of light and flew towards the sky where the Serpent Heads were located.

William did his best to stand up despite the shaking of his legs.

"Meeeeeh."

"Thank you, Mama."

William leaned on Ella's body as she helped him mount her back. Five minutes later, they returned to the West Gate to check the current state of the battlefield.

## **Chapter 53: A Chance To Turn The Tables [Part 2]**

The Iron Fortress that Barbatos summoned was shaking constantly. It was currently resisting the combined attacks of all the crocodiles and the serpent heads that were made from water magic.

When Celine arrived at the battlefield, the first thing she did was fire berserk spells at the Centennial Dark-Scaled Crocodiles who were conjuring the water serpents. After their host lost their focus, the giant serpents slithering in the air collapsed into a rain shower.

Celine hovered in the air as she gazed at the Dark-Scaled Crocodiles with annoyance. Surprisingly, she was not alone. Floating beside her was Owen who was also sizing up the crocodile army with a frown.

"Can you handle it?" Owen asked.

"I can easily kill all the crocodiles except the Big Boss," Celine replied.

"However, if I wipe out its entire clan, it might enter a berserk state. Even if all of us joined hands, it will be quite difficult to deal with it."

Millennial Beasts like the Golden Scaled Crocodiles were one of the hardest creatures to kill because of their absurdly strong resistances to magic and physical attacks.

"I see," Own replied with understanding. "So we just scare them away, right?"

"Yes," Celine answered. "Back me up, I'm going to start."

"Alright. Leave the support to me."

"I'm counting on you old man."

Celine summoned her grimoire and her face became extremely serious. Her lips moved as she chanted a powerful spell that would turn the tide of battle in their favor.

Dark Clouds hovered above the town of Lont as Celine released the bindings on her powers. Her eyes glowed a bright purple color as her voice echoed in the surroundings.

"Glorious Darkness, my redeemer, I need you now in my time of need. Guide my hand so I might conquer your foes. Punish the fools who have forgotten your name, and doom them all to eternal darkness!"

"Darkness Breaker!"

Thousands of dark beams descended from the heavens as they crisscrossed against the Dark-Scaled tide. Even the Golden-Scaled Crocodile wasn't spared from the attack, but it received very minimal damage.

Black wisps started to emit from the eyes of the crocodiles as they stopped their attacks on the Iron Fortress. What Celine used was a spell similar to Mass Blind with higher efficiency.

The Golden Scaled Crocodile stared at her in ridicule because it was unaffected by Celine's attack.

"The bastard has no intention of backing down," Celine frowned. "Old man, prepare for the worst case scenario."

Owen sighed and nodded his head. He knew that Celine had decided to massacre the entire crocodile horde in order to show the Golden Scaled Crocodile that they weren't push-overs.

"You forced me to do this you overgrown lizard," Celine clenched her fist. "Because of you, I had to stop my experiment. I was only half a step away from succeeding, and you dared to get in my way. Two years of preparation were lost and it was all because of you! I will not forgive you!"

"Oh, dear, she's snapped," Barbatos grimaced as he looked at the crazed woman hovering in the sky. "William, for your own sake, don't anger your Master. She's the crazy kind of crazy."

"C-Crazy kind of crazy?" William gulped. "How crazy is that?"

"The worst kind," Barbatos replied in a heartbeat. "She's like a yandere only twelve times worse."

"Hyeok!" William's legs trembled. This time, he was genuinely scared.

If not for the fact that he was mounted on Ella's back, he might have already collapsed to the ground in fright.

"Revered Father, the one who sits on the throne of Darkness, your humble servant requires your aid. Lead me by my hand so I might vanquish my demons," Celine chanted. "I plead this of you with open arms, O Eternal Guardian. Favor me with your illustrious might!"

"Garden of Darkness!"

Thousands of little red orbs floated above Celine. They were very similar to William's "Seed of Darkness" that he had shown to Celine and Owen a few days ago. With a wave of her hand, these seeds embedded themselves in the crocodiles who were currently suffering from blindness.

Half a minute later, all the crocodiles started to toss and turn. Some of them even started their notorious Death Rolls that were known to shred their prey in the water.

The Golden-Scaled Crocodile felt that something was amiss, but it couldn't do anything at this point in time. The only thing it could do was to roar at Celine in anger.

"Roar as much as you like, you arrogant lizard." Celine was indifferent to her enemies' anger. "Even the materials of your entire clan is not enough to compensate half of the precious ingredients I lost in my experiment!"

As if waiting for Celine's venomous words, one of the crocodiles suddenly stopped moving.

Suddenly, a red flower that was two meters tall sprouted out of its back accompanied by a blood shower. The flower glowed eerily as it sucked up all the blood of its host. A few seconds later, the crocodile stopped moving.

What remained of it was only a husk deprived of all of its blood. The crocodiles roared in unison as they all felt their impending death. Hundreds of blood flowers bloomed as the Dark-Scaled Crocodiles died in the hundreds.

Seeing its clan dying in front of it, the Golden-Scaled Crocodile body started to glow. It opened its mouth as a ball of energy slowly expanded in front of it.

"It's going to use Dragon Breath!" Owen exclaimed.

"What are our chances of survival?" Celine asked.

"Ten, no maybe five percent," Owen's face was as dark as the bottom of a kettle. "If we don't stop it, even if we survive its attack, half of Lont will be destroyed."

Celine looked at the monster in front of her fearlessly. Since the chance of survival was slim, she decided to also take a gamble.

"Owen, make sure to catch me if I fall."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

Celine didn't bother to explain and began chanting. The language she used was a very ancient one. A language that only a few within the continent were able to understand. Even Owen, who was learning many languages didn't know the language Celine was using.

"Lirowasniel aerriien tireirélieth, merrieth, telendyn, talaránial. Ararasnal trylinbradies, marániel, Áerorilbras, elowen, Thriasrilriel rinilol, triloren, morelalyn. Nielinbrnil aeraenas, merlenian..."

Celine's index finger glowed in a bloody hue after her chant ended. She then pointed at the Golden-Scaled Crocodile and sneered.

"Finger of Death!"

A loud clap reverberated in the air as a streak of red lightning shot out from Celine's finger. The lightning squarely landed on the Golden-Scaled Crocodile's forehead creating sizzling sounds. .

Celine coughed up a mouthful of blood as she lost the power to levitate in the air. Owen hurriedly caught her and landed on the ground beside Barbatos and William.

"D-Did we win?" William asked. "Did Master succeed?"

It was the question that was on everyone's mind, but no one dared to ask.

No one knew the answer to his question.

No one dared to answer this question.

Celine was already unconscious, while Barbatos' and Owen's gazes were focused on the Golden-Scaled Crocodile in the distance. They were looking for any signs that might tell them that Celine's final attack had some sort of effect on the enemy before them.

They watched in dismay as the ball of light, that hovered a few meters away from the crocodile's jaws, was still expanding. Owen and Barbatos sighed. They concluded that Celine had failed.

The "Finger of Death" had a miniscule 1% chance to instantly kill a Millennial Beast in one strike. Celine knew that the odds were against her, but she still took the risk. But, it seems that her gamble had failed and now all of them were going to die from the Dragon Breath that was slowly gaining momentum.

Owen was already chanting in an attempt to cast a barrier that would strengthen the Iron fortress and help block the calamitous attack that was about to befall them.

However, half a minute later, the ball of light completely disappeared.

Without warning, the Golden-Scaled Crocodile's head fell on the ground with a loud crash. Everyone was caught by surprise, including the crocodiles that were guarding their leader.

A few seconds later, panic spread through the entire horde as the surviving members of the crocodile clan hurried towards the river in an attempt to escape. Out of the ten Centennial Beasts, six still remained.

They, too, didn't even bother to linger and roared to their subordinates to rally to their side.

They led the survivors away and left Lont to find another hiding place where they could recover the numbers that they had lost in this battle. Although they had lost terribly, it would only take two years at most to increase their population again.

The battle against the crocodile horde ended in such an unexpected manner that the people of Lont didn't even know how to react.

Ironically, the first one to shout and cheer was none other than the crow-mouthed Theo. He raised his fist and roared. It was as if he was the one who single handedly fought against the Golden-Scaled Crocodile and sent the entire horde packing in fright.

Soon, more cheers erupted as the citizens of Lont followed suit. The children started jumping up and down while the adults patted each other's back. The two siblings watched all of this with awe and admiration.

"I think I now understand how Lont survived the Beast Tide," Leah said with a tinge of envy. She looked at Celine with sparkling eyes as if she had found her idol.

"Indeed," Cedric replied. He, too, realized that the people of Lont were not as simple as they seemed. "Lont's rise is set in stone."

He didn't want to admit it, but he had been impressed by how the citizens of Lont resisted the Beast Tide. His only regret was that Fushia didn't have such experts under their service. Perhaps, if there were people like Celine working for his father then their territory might still be standing in the Western Region of the Hellan Kingdom.

## Chapter 54: Elven Prophecy [Part 1]

After the battle, Owen tasked William to look after Celine, while he went to treat the people that were injured during the defense of Lont. Celine wasn't in any kind of danger. She was just thoroughly exhausted.

While doing her experiment, she didn't eat or drink anything because what she was doing required extreme focus. Fasting in this manner was fine since she was already used to such a lifestyle. However, getting dragged away to fight a high-level battle while not in her peak condition still took a toll on her body.

William looked at the disheveled woman with pity. Her skin was pale, her hair in disarray, and her face looked very haggard. Even so, she was still beautiful. The young boy wasn't able to stop himself from praising Celine even in her current state.

Currently, he was taking his Master back to her home while riding on Ella's back. Celine was very light, so it was not hard for William to hold her in place. It didn't take long for them to reach her home on the outskirts of Lont.

"Mama Ella, can you open the door for me?"

"Meeeeeh."

Ella pushed the door with her hoof and it opened without any resistance. Due to William's strength stat, it was quite easy for him to carry Celine with both arms.

"Intruder! Uwaaaaaak!!" Oliver, the monkey parrot, shouted from his perch. "Intruder!"

"Shut up, Oliver!" William replied in annoyance. "Master is sleeping, don't be noisy."

Oliver looked down on William with contempt. It was a bit irritated because the boy dragged away his Mistress during an important experiment.. The parrot monkey then looked at Celine then back at William before clicking its tongue.

"Taking advantage of the mistress while she's unconscious. Brat, don't you have any shame?"

"Eh? You can talk properly?" William's eyes widened in surprise.

"Of course I can talk. I'm not a little monkey, like you," Oliver replied with irritation. "Take the mistress to the second floor. Make sure not to do anything indecent, or else I'll bite you to death."

"I'm just a ten-year-old-kid, how can I possibly do something indecent."

"A ten-year-old?"

The parrot monkey scoffed. "Kid, other people may not know, but I know that your soul doesn't belong in this world."

"W-What are you talking about?" William stuttered.

The parrot monkey eyed the boy before it lifted its claw and pointed at the stairs. "Let's talk after you properly tucked in the mistress. I, also, have a lot of questions for you."

William looked anxiously at the parrot monkey before heading towards the stairs. His mind was in disarray and several questions appeared inside his head.

Ten minutes later, he was sitting at the dining table on the first floor. He didn't know how the parrot was able to prepare some tea. But, everything was already laid out on the table when he returned from his task of taking his Master to her bedroom.

Oliver seemed to be in a good mood, and the snarkiness from before had completely disappeared.

"Have some tea first," Oliver said as he stood at the center of the table. "It's very rare for us to have guests, so I didn't have time to bake a cake. However, we still have cookies. I hope that they are to your liking."

William obediently took a sip of the tea, but he passed on the cookie. He was more curious about how the parrot monkey knew about his identity.

Ella stood beside William's chair. She was also curious about what the parrot monkey wanted to discuss with her baby.



The goat didn't care about William's past or identity. The only thing she knew was that she had raised William since he was a baby. Even so, her curiosity got the best of her, so she decided to stay and listen.

William stared at the parrot monkey with a complicated expression. Part of him wanted to roast the monkey so that his secret would be kept. The other half wanted to bury Oliver deep in the ground, so that his secret would remain.

Oliver felt William's murderous gaze and decided to take the initiative to talk.

"Don't look at me like that," Oliver narrowed his eyes. "I mean you no harm. I was just surprised that someone like you was born in this world."

"What do you mean, someone like me?" William asked. "What do you know about me?"

The parrot monkey grinned as it picked up a cup of tea and took a sip to quench its thirst. "I don't know much. All I know is that your soul doesn't belong to this world. However, you can't be considered an Otherworlder since you were born naturally. That only means that this world had accepted you as one of its own, which is a very rare occurrence."

"What do you mean a very rare occurrence?" William inquired. "Also, Otherworlders? Are you talking about transmigrators?"

"Transmigrators? You mean those souls who cross space and time and possess the body of dead or dying people?" Oliver asked back. "Well, there are a few of those cases. My Mistress' grandfather was one of those Transmigrators you are referring to."

"Wait, hold on." William looked at Oliver with a serious expression. "There are transmigrators in this world?"

"What's so surprising about it?" Oliver tilted his head. "This world is very vast. The possibility certainly exists. Although, their number would not exceed the number of fingers on one hand. The Gods wouldn't allow more than five individuals in every era."

"You talked about Otherworlders, what are they?"

"Simply put, they are people from another world."

"You thought I was one of them?"

"At first, yes." Oliver nodded his head. "But, since you were born naturally then you are not counted as such."

"Then how did you know?" William asked the most important question of all. "Do you have the power to look at a person's soul?"

Oliver chuckled. Since his head was that of a monkey, the chuckle sounded irritating in William's ears. "Right now you are a ten-year-old, but the soul that I'm seeing using my ability is older. If I have to make a bold guess, you are in your late teens or early twenties, but not more than that."

'This is bad,' William thought. 'If there are other people with this ability then I'm in deep trouble!'

"What you're thinking will not come to pass, so you can relax." Oliver assured him. "My ability is unique and it was something that was given to me by my creator, Lord Darwin. I am fairly confident that only I have the ability to see through the soul of a person in this world."

William sighed in relief as he heard Oliver's explanation. Although he still didn't know what kind of ability it possessed, he would like to believe that it was telling the truth.

Seeing that the young boy had finally calmed down, Oliver decided to tell him the real reason why he wanted to talk to him.

"William, I have a favor to ask."

"I'll listen to it first. Whether I can do it or not will depend on my mood."

"Tch. You're like your grandpa. Always haggling for benefits."

Oliver shook his head helplessly before saying his request.

"You don't have to do this request right away because the current you is still too weak and too young to go to that place," Oliver explained. "All I ask is that you do your best, because the Mistress' life is at stake."

William frowned, "What do you mean Master's life is at stake?"

Oliver sighed as he lowered his head and looked at the table. "Once upon a time, on the continent of Silvermoon, there was a family of elves that went by the name Rayleigh..."

## Chapter 55: Elven Prophecy [Part 2]

"The Rayleigh family specialized in elven prophecy," Oliver continued his explanation. "They had helped the elven race overcome great calamities and were treated with respect by the entire race. One day, the Patriarch of the Rayleigh family had a revelation in his dreams..."

"What kind of revelation?" William inquired.

"I'm not telling you." Oliver snorted.

"Then what is the point of explaining if you're just going to leave me hanging?!"

"Because you're still too weak, too dumb, and too stupid to understand."

"Y-You! Are you picking a fight with me?!"

"No. I'm here to ask you a favor."

"This is not the right way to ask for a favor." William scoffed. "You're just being annoying!"

Oliver pretended that he didn't hear William's outburst and tapped the table with his claws. "When you grow older, you are destined-- I mean, you might be forced by circumstance to go to the central continent..."

William eyed the parrot monkey in contempt, but he didn't say anything and listened to his explanation.

"You will find my Mistress' twin sister. Her name is Lady Celeste."

"Twin Sister? Master has a twin sister?"

"Are you deaf? Didn't I just say that 'You will find my Mistress' twin sister' earlier?" Oliver glared. "Now stop asking questions and just listen."

"Would it kill you to just give me a straightforward answer you monkey!" William glared back.

"I'm not a monkey. I'm a Parrot Monkey," Oliver growled. "You uncultured swine."

"Meeeeeeeh!"

"Sorry, Miss Ella," Oliver apologized. "Your son is making things difficult for me."

"Meeeeeeeh!"

"Okay. I'll try to lower my IQ to his level."

"Meeeh." Ella nodded her head.

William's face darkened. He really wanted to strangle the stupid Parrot Monkey in front of him for hinting that he had low IQ. What was worse was that his Mama Ella acknowledged that he had a low IQ!

Mama Ella, what happened to the promised love between mother and child?

William lowered his head in defeat. He felt that the world around him had lost all colors as he drank the lukewarm tea in his cup.

"As I was saying, when you visit the central continent, you will find Lady Celeste," Oliver said in a slow and clear voice as if he was speaking to a three-year-old child. "Unlike Mistress' purple hair color, Lady Celeste has light-green hair and blue eyes. They look exactly the same, so it's impossible for you to not recognize her. Are you following me so far?"

"Yes."

"Ah, by the way, how old are you again?"

"Ten."

"Okay, so ten years ago... that would make them eighteen," Oliver mumbled as he looked at the window of the first floor with a nostalgic gaze.

The parrot monkey recovered a minute later and focused his attention on William. "When you see Lady Celeste, tell her that Mistress needs the seed of life."

"That's it?"

"That's it."

"So, I just need to tell her that Master needs the seed of life?" William asked.

"Of course, you must also personally deliver the seed of life back to Mistress," Oliver replied with a serious expression. "This is imperative. You cannot entrust it to anyone else. Do I make myself clear?"

"Understood." William nodded. "However, I don't understand one thing."

"What is it that you don't understand?"

"How come you're so confident that I'm going to go to the Central Continent?"

"Because the Southern Continent is too small for you." Oliver raised his head and stared straight at William's face. His voice was very confident as if everything he had said had already been set in stone. "Also, since you are Mistress' disciple, you still need to go to the central continent whether you like it or not."

"And why is that?" William asked with a raised brow.

"It's a matter of pride," Oliver replied. "Any master would want their disciple to succeed and for that to happen, you must go to the central continent. Only there will you find the things that you are lacking."

William was still half in doubt, but he still decided to accept Oliver's explanation. Although the Southern Continent is not exactly small, it isn't exactly big either. You could easily fit ten Southern Continents in the Central Continent.

That just shows how vast the central continent was. Even so, William didn't really feel like going there. Although the life in Lont was crude and simple, it was peaceful. Also, the Southern Continent has many good things to see as well.

He bid Oliver goodbye after finishing their discussion. The boy also promised to return the next day to check on Celine's condition. Although it doesn't show on his face, William was also worried about his Master.

Oliver watched William's retreating back from the window of the house. When the boy's image could no longer be seen, a sigh resounded in the room. He could still remember his Master, Lord Darwin's sad expression as he told Oliver the prophecy that the Rayleigh Family had decreed.

"On the third day in the month of the High Priestess, a pair of twins is going to be born."

"One an elf, her blood diluted with darkness."

"The second, pure blooded, a genius rarely seen in the world."

"On their eighteenth birthday, the Prince of Darkness will be born. One of them will be his bride, the other will be left out in the storm."

"Ruin and destruction will follow in his wake..."

"His happiness or sorrow will drive you awake."

"In the end you must remember, not all things are meant for forever."

"In the end... you have nothing to lose."

"It just depends on how you choose."

"Oliver, watch over Celine for me," Darwin said. "If you ever meet that prince, make sure to check his character. If you think that he is dangerous... dispose of him. Regardless of the consequences, you must eliminate him."

"Master, what if he's not dangerous?"

"How can he not be dangerous? He is the Prince of Darkness. He is bound to be dangerous."

Oliver didn't want to argue with his Master, but he was someone who didn't like to murder people in cold blood. "What if he's not?"

"If... If he really isn't a bastard then I guess you can spare him. J-Just make sure that he won't bully Celine or Celeste when he grows up. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes. Master."

"Twenty eight years have passed since then... Master," Oliver said softly. "I have finally found him. But, it seems that he is indeed not an ordinary prince."

Oliver's eyes could see through the soul of people using the ability "Eye of the Soul". He had stayed by Celine's side in order to keep a lookout for the identity of the Prince of Darkness in the prophecy.

He was surprised to see that William's soul was that of a teenager, and not only that, his soul contained three divinities! Oliver knew that the fabled prince had finally made his appearance.

As to whether he would be a Messiah or the bringer of ruin, Oliver didn't know. All he knew was that if William turned out to be a threat to his Mistress, he would honor his promise with his creator, Lord Darwin, and kill him.

"William, I hope you don't disappoint me," Oliver muttered as it closed its eyes. "For your sake, and mine. I pray that the day where I have to personally end your life will not come to pass."

Oliver didn't know who the bride of the prince would be. The prophecy was vague, so no one could tell if the chosen one would be Celine or Celeste. However, one thing was for sure. Only one of them would be chosen, while the other would be cast to the side.

As Celine's guardian for many years, Oliver was biased towards her. If William was really the Prince of the prophecy, he would rather have the boy choose Celine rather than the spoiled genius of the elven race, Lady Celeste.

"If the boy is really good, maybe I should help and play matchmaker?" Oliver pondered. "Should I send Master a letter and tell him that the Prince had appeared?"

The Parrot Monkey thought for a long time before finally deciding to write a letter. He reasoned that since this was an important matter, his Master must be informed as well.

What Oliver failed to foresee was that his action would send ripples through the elven continent of Silvermoon. These ripples would find their way to William, which would in turn, make his life more complicated than it already was.

## Chapter 56: A Mother's Love

After leaving Celine's house, William was about to return to the Ainsworth Residence when he heard the loud cry of a crane coming from the sky.

Ella raised her head and saw a large crane with a wingspan of at least five to six meters. The Angorian goat bleated a greeting, and the crane let out another cry in response. William rarely saw cranes in Lont, and this particular crane was bigger than the ones he had seen in the past.

Its white and pristine feathers glistened in the sunlight, and the golden marking on its head gave it a majestic and regal appearance. It gazed down at William with warm and gentle eyes, as if it was looking at an old time friend.

The white crane circled above William's and Ella's heads twice before landing a few meters away from them.

After giving the crane a closer look, William estimated that it was at least two meters tall. Ella's ears perked up as the white crane started to walk towards them. It was not giving off any hostile vibes, but Ella raised her guard just in case.

When it was only two meters away from William and Ella it stopped. A soft cry escaped its beak, as if trying to converse with them. William had only communicated with goats, so he was surprised when he actually understood what the crane had just said to him.

"My name is Skyla."

That was the message William received from the white crane. It looked at him with a gentle gaze as if waiting for him to give his reply.

"W-William. My name is William Von Ainsworth," William replied. "This is my Mama Ella."



"Meeeeh."

"Kroooooo." Skyla let out another soft cry as she raised her leg.

With a glance, William noticed a cylindrical tube tied on its leg. It was similar to the tubes carried by the messenger hawks in their estate.

"For me?" William asked.

Skyla nodded her head in acknowledgement.

William dismounted Ella's back and slowly approached the white crane. Skyla didn't move and simply waited for William to untie the object she was carrying.

"Can I open it?"

"Kroooooo."

Ella walked close to William as she tried to take a peek. William's body stiffened when he read the first few sentences of the letter that seemed to be really addressed to him.

To my beloved son, William,

I greet you from the Holy City of Nytfæ Aethel. I do not know where to begin, because no matter what I say, it will not be enough to tell you how much I love and miss you, my son. However, know that not a single day has passed when I, Arwen Aenarion Ainsworth, didn't think of you.

If possible, I didn't want to let you go, but circumstances forced me to make that choice. I know that you may not believe me, but it was one of the hardest decisions that I have made in my life.

I pray that you will find it in your heart to forgive me for not being able to stay by your side for these past few years.

Words are not enough to tell you how much I've wanted to hold you in my arms, and kiss you, before you close your eyes to sleep.

William paused in reading the letter, because his vision started to blur. Although the handwriting was beautiful, he could see the dried up tear stains that had merged with the ink of the letter. His heart ached for the sadness of the mother that he hadn't seen since he was born in this world.

Only after he wiped away the tears in his eyes, did he continue to read the rest of the message that his mother wanted to impart to him.

The white crane, Skyla, looked at William silently from the side. She could feel Arwen's bloodline flowing through William's body. It was the bloodline of a High-Elf that had the power to communicate with beasts at a deeper level.

Although it was diluted, it still allowed William to communicate with Ella, and the members of his herd. When she saw William's tears, the white crane remembered her Master, Arwen, crying as she wrote the letter that she had delivered.

"Both of them are crybabies." This was the thought that appeared in Skyla's head as she continued to observe Arwen's only child, William.

Again, I would like to ask for your forgiveness because it took me ten years to write a letter to you. I was afraid that you would not be old enough to understand my words, so I delayed sending my letters for a few years.

However, after seeing the smiles of the children here in Nytfæ Aethel, I wasn't able to hold back my feelings and decided to put them on paper.

I want to know everything about you. The food you like to eat, your hobbies, the environment you grew up in, and whether your father's family is taking good care of you. Please, tell me everything. Even if it's just about the weather or the things you ate for breakfast.

From this moment onwards, I will write to you at regular intervals. Since the Silvermoon Continent is quite far from the Southern Continent, I could only send you two letters every month.

I am very thankful that Skyla had taken it upon herself to deliver my letter to you. She's my Spirit Beast and I trust her completely. Also, she told me that she would like you to address her as Big Sister Skyla.

It seems that she has the intention of treating you as her little brother. I hope you don't mind it.

I would like to write more, but I'm afraid that I won't be able to stop myself from pouring out all my frustrations in this letter. I don't want to do that.

Again, I pray that you will give me a letter in reply. Know that I will treasure your handwritten letters like a family heirloom.

I will patiently wait for your reply.

Forever loving you,

Arwen Aenarion Ainsworth

William breathed heavily as he finished reading the letter. His heart ached inside his chest as he organized his jumbled thoughts.

This was the first time that his Birth Mother had reached out to him and it caught him by surprise. If someone were to ask him if he hated his mother, Arwen, the answer would be a big NO.

Although he didn't know the circumstances, his grandpa had told him that his mother was carrying a heavy responsibility. Her decision to send William to Lont was to ensure his safety.

William's feelings for Arwen were neither hot nor cold. Right now, Arwen was a stranger to him. Although she was the one that gave birth to him, he hadn't seen or interacted with her for these past ten years.

However, the moment he read his mother's letter, the feelings that had been dormant in his heart, suddenly burst forth. The sweetness, the bitterness, and the ache, all melded together and gave William a taste on what it was like to connect to someone that was miles away from Lont.

He carefully folded the letter and placed it inside his Ring of Conquest. William planned to read it again later after he had calmed down.

The white crane looked at him and let out a soft cry. It released William from his daze and made him realize that he was supposed to write a reply letter to his mother.

"B-Big Sister, Skyla?"

"Kroooooo."

"What is my mother like? Can you tell me more about her?"

Skyla looked at William with a soft gaze. Her eyes were saying "This is going to take a while, so why don't we find a place to talk instead of standing here?"

William looked at his surroundings and gave an awkward cough. The two of them were standing near the road and it was not an appropriate place to have a lengthy talk about his mother.

"Let's go to the residence, I will also ask my Aunt Helen to prepare food for you."

"Krooooo."

William, Ella, and Skyla rested in the garden. The white crane started her tale, and William gave her his undivided attention. The crane spoke of the Silvermoon Continent, the Holy City of Nytfe Aethel, and the Aenarion Family.

Skyla was a good storyteller. She didn't mention Arwen's hardships, and only talked about the fun and amusing things about her. Little by little, William started to weave a picture of his mother inside his head.

A beautiful elf, with long blonde hair, and light-green eyes that would melt the hearts of any man who gazed upon her. Skyla also had a mischievous side on her. She told William stories about his mother like an Auntie on the street that liked to gossip.

William chuckled from time to time as he pictured his noble mother being buried by stacks of papers. Ella, too, listened with a serious expression. She was very curious about the birth mother of her baby.

When Skyla finished her tale, the sun was already about to set.

William thanked her profusely for telling him about his mother. He then busied himself in writing a reply letter that Skyla would be carrying back to the Silvermoon Continent.

After writing his letter, William pestered James for a storage ring that he could use to store the gifts that he planned to give to his mother. James agreed to his request and even opened the storehouse in order to add some special products from Lont.

William wanted to give Arwen a special gift that belonged to him, but he couldn't think of any. In the end, he decided to give her the cloak that was

made from the pelt of the Thunder Horned Wolf that he had personally slain in battle.

Helen had stitched William's name on the cloak, and the boy thought that it was a suitable gift for his mother.

He placed the storage ring inside the cylindrical tube, along with his letter. William personally tied the tube on Skyla's leg and ensured that it was firmly held in place.

Before taking off, Skyla nuzzled the side of William's face as if remembering his scent. With a soft cry to say her goodbye, she flew towards the moonlit sky bound for the Silvermoon Continent.

William watched her go as he placed a hand over his chest. He made an oath that someday in the future, he would personally go to the Holy City of Nytfæ Aethel and reunite with his mother.

Whether their reunion would be filled with happiness or tears, only time would tell.

## **Chapter 57: Reaping Benefits Amidst The Chaos**

Five hours after Skyla left the skies of Lont, William and the goats gathered inside the goat shed to plan their strategy in exploring the dungeon.

He knew that the time would come when he would reunite with his mother, but until then, he would have to focus on getting stronger.

After a unanimous vote, everyone decided that they shouldn't go to the Fourteenth Floor where the Goblin Shaman resided.

There were a couple of reasons for this, but it was mostly due to the trauma that William and the goats had experienced during their last battle. Also, William's Dark Mage Job Class was still Level 0.

In order to fight against the Hobgoblin Shaman, William must first reach Level 15 in order to gain sufficient skill points and learn the skills to counter its dark

magic. For that to happen, they decided to just focus on gaining experience on Floors Eleven to Thirteen.

William, Ella, and the goats approved of this plan. After making their last minute preparations, they once again returned to the Goblin Crypt.

Goblin Crypt Floor Eleven...

< Exp Gained 220 >

< Exp Gained 220 >

< Exp Gained 220 >

< Exp Gained 220 >

William and the goats started to sweep the entire floor hunting for Hobgoblins as experience points. The subclass that was currently equipped was Dark Mage, while the supporting spell that William chose from the Ice Mage Job Class was Mana Regeneration.

Due to the system, William was able to choose one skill that he could use even though he had switched his job class. The system allowed William to equip one skill per job class as long as the requirement was met.

What was the requirement for the support skills to work? The job class must be at max level. Since William had the Ice Mage at Max, he was able to choose one spell from the Ice Mage Job Class and place it in the support magic slot.

This was the magic that William could freely use regardless of what kind of Job Class he was currently using. It was one of the perks of having the blessing of the God Of All Trades and William was very satisfied with this feature.

After all the mobs in the Eleventh Floor had been cleared, they immediately headed towards the Twelfth Floor. The teamwork of the goats was starting to bear fruit as their speed in clearing the floors increased.

William and Ella didn't join the battle. They just stayed in the rear and watched as the Angorian Goats developed their battle sense.

Battle Sense was a skill that could not be taught. It was something that could only be learned through first hand experience. The Angorian Goats had good temperaments, so it wasn't easy for them to become warriors at the get go.

William and Ella had spent years in the Goblin Crypt before they developed their own battle style. If they hadn't encountered the Hobgoblin Shaman on the Fourteenth Floor, William was sure that they would have already cleared the Fourteenth Floor long ago.

"Remember, don't let your guard down," William reminded the goats. "Even though there isn't a single monster that can threaten you on this floor, you mustn't be too overconfident. Always work as a team to achieve victory!"

""Meeeeeeeh!""

""Meeeeeeeh!""

""Meeeeeeeh!""

The goats bleated their agreement as they focused on the new battles that they were going to face.

It took them eight hours to clear the Twelfth Floor, and ten hours on the Thirteenth. William's Dark Mage Job Class had gained a total of eleven levels in this dungeon expedition.

After clearing the Thirteenth Floor, he decided to return and call it a day. Ella and the goats had no complaints as well. Although the experience points they gained weren't much, they still managed to get a level each.

Name: William Von Ainsworth

Race: Half-Elf

Current Exp: 146,283 / 146,283

< Dark Mage Lvl 11 >

Current Job Exp: 455 / 13,316

Name: Ella

Race: Angorian War Ibex

Level: 11

< Strength: 51 >

< Agility: 108 >

< Vitality: 50 >

< Intelligence: 40 >

< Dexterity: 30 >

Current Exp: 21,894 / 26,632

Race: Angorian Goat

Level: 21

< Strength: 10 >

< Agility: 28 >

< Vitality: 10 >

< Intelligence: 2 >

< Dexterity: 2 >

Current Exp: 7,033 / 42,508

"Tomorrow, we will be able to reach our target level." William yawned as he embraced his Mama Ella to sleep. "Goodnight, Mama."

"Meeeeeuh." Ella nuzzled the side of William's face to bid him goodnight.

The goatshed remained still and only the sound of William's, and the goats', deep breathing as they slept echoed within its walls.

Ella watched her wards with a gentle gaze, before, she, too, closed her eyes to sleep.

Somewhere near the Windkeep Citadel, a great battle was taking place.



James, along with the masters of Lont were kiting the Big Shots of the Beast Tide from afar. They were trying to split the attention of the monsters in order to help the offensive of the Hellan Kingdom break the Beast Tide's battle formation.

(A/N: Kiting is a term mostly used in games when you attack the enemies from a safe distance so they can't attack you back.)

"Those bastards must be so annoyed right now," James chuckled as he watched John, Blitz, and the Sentinel of Lont, Trent, harass the ranks of the monster army from the air.

Sentinel was one of the job advancements of the Sniper Class. In order to change to this Job Profession, an important requirement had to be met and that was to single-handedly slay an adult dragon.

Basically, Sentinels were Dragon Slayers and every faction in the continent wanted one to join their ranks. In the Southern Continent, there were only two Dragon Slayers. One was Trent, and the other one was serving in a different Kingdom.

Marcus who was seated on top of his mount, Thunder, nodded his head in agreement. "We're lucky that the Big Boss of the Beast Tide was a Flood Dragon. Due to Trent's harassment, it couldn't command the monster army effectively."

"Even so, this will still be a very difficult battle for the kingdom," Jekyll commented. "The Beast Tide has the Harpy Queen to command the army from the air. On the ground, they have the Lamia Queen and the Garm to take charge. Those two cannot be underestimated because they are very sly monsters."

"It's fine as long as we keep the Flood Dragon busy," A monk holding a wine jar said in a casual manner. "According to my prediction, the winner of this war will be determined in two days' time."

"Dwayne, you already saw all the Big Shots in the monster army." James looked at the monk who was happily drinking from the wine jar in his hand. "At most we need to deal with three of them. What are our best choices?"

Dwayne burped and closed his eyes. "Of course we need to take the Flood Dragon. It is the best catch and we can't let the nobles get it. As for the last

two, I think the Ourobro (Golden Ape), and the Amphisbaena (Two Headed Serpent) will be very helpful in Lont."

"I can understand about the Amphisbaena, but Ourobro? That one needs careful consideration," James replied as he played with his beard. "A single punch from that Golden Ape can demolish the Walls of the Windkeep Citadel with ease."

"Ah, about that, Boss," Dwayne said with a mischievous smile. "I am looking for a Beast Companion, and that monkey is the one that I've always wanted. For it to appear here can be considered a fateful encounter, don't you agree?"

"You still have a big appetite," James grinned. "How confident are you in subduing it?"

"As expected of Boss," Dwayne grinned and pressed both of his palms together. "I have already prepared for this day for many years. I alone can deal with that monkey. What I need to ask from everyone, and Boss, is to just lure it to our direction. I'm confident that I will be able to subdue it with ease."

"Okay, we will move when the Hellan Kingdom launches their full offensive," James nodded his head.

The night passed swiftly as James and the others lay in wait. They were like a pack of bandits waiting for the treasures to be drawn in their direction. For them, the outcome of this battle had already been set in stone. What they needed to do was to reap as many benefits as they could during the chaos, and return to Lont in a triumphant manner.

## **Chapter 58: Time For You To Become My Slave~**

"It's nice to see that you are looking very beautiful today, Master," William greeted Celine with a smile.

Celine was seated on the couch on the first floor, wearing a black dress that covered every inch of her body except her neck and head. Even so, it wasn't able to hide Celine's beautiful curves that made William fall into a daze.

In Celine's eyes, William was still a child, so she didn't pay much attention to his reactions. She nodded her head with a smile as she made a gesture for the little boy to come closer.

"Since you have accepted me as your Master, it is only normal that I give you a gift in return," Celine said as she took a beautiful collar out of her storage ring. "This is your gift as my disciple. Wear it proudly on your neck."

"Um?" William accepted the collar and appraised it using his skill.

### Collar of Wisteria

-- An ornate collar made from Mithril forged by an Elven Master from the Silvermoon Continent.

-- This collar is embedded with runic language that makes whoever wears it become Celine Dy Wisteria's slave for 4 years.

-- Increases resistance to Curses by 50%

-- Cannot be removed except by Celine Dy Wisteria.

"Hyeok!" William almost dropped the collar in his hands as he read its information.

"M-Master, this collar is too precious," William stuttered. "Allow this humble disciple of yours to decline your magnanimous gift. I am not deserving of your grace!"

He then hurriedly tried to return the collar, but Celine's smile froze him in place.

"What's this?" Celine asked. "I prepared this gift just for you, and you don't plan to wear it?"

"Master, this humble disciple is not worthy!" William answered with a serious expression. 'Fck! You think I'm stupid? Why should I wear a slave collar?! This Sir refuses to become a slave!'

Celine chuckled, but her eyes, that were locked on William, were screaming murder. "Little Will, are you defying your master's orders?"

"Master's orders are something that this disciple would gladly follow," William replied in a respectful and righteous tone. "However, I am not deserving of this amazing gift that Master has bestowed upon me."

"But, I insist that you have it."

"I-In that case, I will treasure this gift with all my heart!"

William hurriedly placed the Collar of Wisteria inside his Ring of Conquest, but the magical artifact refused to be stored inside it.

Celine watched this scene with amusement. William huffed and puffed in an attempt to force the collar to the storage ring, but it yielded no results.

"William, wear it," Celine ordered. "If you do, I promise to give you additional rewards~"

"Master, it's fine. I don't need any additional rewards~" William stated in a righteous manner. "Being your disciple is all the reward that I need."

"Brat, are you going to wear it or must I force you to wear it?"

"I'm not going to wear it!"

"Haha! It seems that you're not as stupid as you look, but it's too late! Your Fate was sealed the moment you entered my house!"

Celine let go of any fake pretenses and cast a paralyzing spell on William. The boy's stiff body fell unto the floor which startled Ella who was standing by his side.

Ella realized that her baby was in danger so she immediately charged towards Celine in order to protect him. However, the Dark Sorceress had already anticipated this to happen.

A blue orb shot from Celine's fingers and hit Ella at point blank range. Immediately, the goat collapsed to the floor, deep asleep.

"Mama!" William screamed. "M-Master! What are you trying to accomplish by doing this?!"

Even though his body couldn't move, his mouth was free to say whatever he wanted.

"I'm just strengthening the bonds of our Master and servan-- I mean, Master and disciple relationship," Celine answered with a smile. "Now, Little Will, time for you to become my slave~"

When Barbatos told William that Celine was the "crazy kind of crazy" he didn't believe him completely. Now, he had no doubt that his Master was indeed crazy. For her to try to enslave a ten-year-old boy with a smile on her face, that was free of guilt, was a very scary thing to see.

Celine took the mithril collar from William's hand and was about to put it on William's neck when the boy asked her a question.

"Master, why?" William asked. "Why must you do this?"

The young boy looked at Celine with a face filled with injustice. She could see the tears that were about to fall at the side of the boy's eyes as he spoke of his grievances.

"Little Will, don't think bad of me," Celine said in a soft voice that was as smooth as silk. "It's just that my experiment failed because you disturbed me when I was at the crucial stage. Don't you know? I spent many years gathering those ingredients.

"I spent a lot of resources to get them and what did I get in return? A bunch of crocodile hides? This is not what you call equivalent exchange, my little disciple."

Celine caressed the side of William's face. "Either your grandpa pays me up in full, or you have to serve me for four years of your life. Either way, it would still not be enough to pay for the losses that I incurred to protect Lont."

"S-Still, isn't this unfair?" William tried to use reason.

"Since when did life become fair?" Celine asked. Her expression gradually became cold as she looked down at the boy on the floor. "Little Will, you have no idea what fairness is. Life has never been fair. There are people who have to beg in order to live, and there are those that were born with a silver spoon on their mouth.

"Both are people, but their circumstances are like Heaven and Earth. William, the only one who gets to decide what is fair or not, is the one with the bigger fist."

Celine's soft and delicate hand caressed William's cheek. "Right now, I have the bigger fist. Because I am stronger than you, I can bully you. This is the law of the strong."

Seeing William's unresigned gaze, Celine no longer argued with him and placed the slave collar on his neck. A resounding click echoed inside the room as the Mithril Collar glowed on William's neck.

< Warning! Host is being enslaved! >

< Opening System's defensive measures >

< Warning! System's current Rank is insufficient to override the enslavement process. >

< Enslavement Process Completed. >

< Host is now a slave of Celine Dy Wisteria >

< Enslavement Duration: 4 Years >

William felt his consciousness blur as his gaze clouded over. He could feel his strength leaving his body. He tried to raise his head to look at the beautiful woman who was looking down on him, but his vision was already blurry.

"Sleep," a soft and almost musical order reached his ears. "When you wake up, your apprenticeship will officially begin."

When William closed his eyes and fell asleep, Celine patted his head gently. The cold and arrogant expression she had a few minutes ago were now gone. Instead, she had a sad look on her face as she looked at her one and only disciple.

'I'm sorry, William,' Celine said inside her heart. 'It's fine if you hate me. But this is the baptism that all Dark Mages has to go through. It doesn't matter how much you resent me. I will take it all. This is my duty as your Master.'

Oliver, the parrot monkey, eyed William from his perch and sighed internally. His Mistress might act crazy at times, but he knew deep inside that she was a very kind and caring person. The loyal guardian knew that Celine was doing this for William's own good, but this was something that he couldn't tell the boy.

Oliver decided to observe for now. The only problem was William's family. The Parrot Monkey was sure that the Ainsworth Family would definitely be enraged by Celine's arbitrary action.

## Chapter 59: Enjoy Your First Taste Of Suffering

When William opened his eyes, he found himself in an unfamiliar place.

"Where am I?" William frowned. Although the place was dark, his Night Vision activated and it helped him scan his surroundings. With a glance, his intuition told him that he should be somewhere underground.

When he tried to move his body, he was surprised to discover that his arms and feet were bound by metallic chains. He tried to free himself from the bindings, but his current strength was not enough to break free.

"Meeeeeeeh!"

A familiar sound reached his ears and William hurriedly looked to his right.

"Mama, are you alright?"

"Meeeeeeeh!"

Ella's feet and neck were held by chains making it impossible for her to break free. Ella was stronger than William, so if she wasn't able to break her bindings, it would be more impossible for him to do so.

"Finally, you're awake," Celine's voice reverberated in the room and William could hear the tinge of amusement in them. "Don't bother to free yourself from those bindings. Those chains were made from Adamantium and runic languages were set in place so that you couldn't use magic."

"Master, I don't care if you imprison me, but please, let Mama Ella go!" William pleaded. "You can do anything you want with me, but don't hurt her!"

"Meeeeeeeh!" Ella bleated in disapproval. She wouldn't leave William no matter what even if Celine freed her from her shackles.

"How touching," Celine replied. "This is the first time I've seen a human... no, a Half-Elf calls a goat his mother. As for your request? Sorry, I have no intention of freeing the two of you. As your Master, it is necessary for me to educate you properly. Oliver, I'll leave Little Will's basic training to you."

The Parrot Monkey appeared inside the room from who knows where. It then hovered in the air and gave William and Ella a sinister grin.

"Good day, I, Oliver, will be your trainer for today," Oliver said. "Your first training is gaining resistance to curses. Without further adieu, enjoy your first taste of suffering."

"Confuse Ray!" Oliver shouted and two beams of red light shot out from its eyes.

The beam hit William's body and the boy's expression immediately slackened. A few seconds later, he screamed and struggled within his bindings. The Confuse Ray was one of the skills of a Dark Magician that could make its target enter a berserked state.

William was currently in a berserk state as he growled and shouted like a crazy person who had lost his mind.

"Meeeeeeeh!"

Ella screamed in anger when she saw William's current state. Her baby was in a deranged state of mind and bruises were starting to appear on his skin as he tried to break free from the metallic chains that bound him.

"Don't worry, you will also suffer the same fate," Oliver commented. "Confuse Ray!"

Ella wasn't spared and a red beam of light hit her, dead center.

"MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEH!"

Ella's berserk state was more wild compared to William. Ella rattled her chains without caring whether she bled or not. She tossed, turned, kicked, and screamed as she transformed into an Angorian War Ibex.

Oliver and Celine watched all of this with indifference. As Dark Magicians, there was a time when they, too, were subjected to harsh training.



"Oliver, continue to use Confuse Ray on them once they snap out of their daze. You already know how to gauge their limit, right?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good." Celine nodded her head. "I'll leave the first phase of their training to you. Call me when it's over."

"By your will, My Lady," Oliver bowed his head in acknowledgement.

That day, William had entered the berserk state more than fifty times. He collapsed on his bindings with his saliva dripping at the side of his lips. Ella, too, was in a similar state, if not worse.

Their wrists, and ankles were bleeding due to their excessive movement, but the pain was not enough to bring them out of their unconscious state.

Owen entered the room with a sigh. He checked William's and Ella's current condition before healing the injuries in their body. He fed them a special potion that was filled with nutrients. With this potion, they did not need to eat for three days for it was potent enough to supply their body with the necessary sustenance they needed to survive.

It was a potion made from the heart, liver, and blood, of the Golden-Scaled Crocodile. Owen had already been briefed by Celine of the training regimen that she had prepared for William. His task was to heal the injuries they would sustain from the training, and ensure that they would not die from hunger and starvation.

'The training for Dark Magicians is too harsh, compared to Life Magicians,' Owen sighed as he finished his task. 'I just hope that Celine wouldn't break the boy with her training.'

A week passed by in a blur, and finally a group of people made their way towards the town of Lont.

"We're finally back," James said as he breathed in the air of his territory. "Home sweet home."

James was currently seated on the left shoulder of the Ourobro (Golden Ape) and admiring the town of Lont from its vantage point.

"I'll inform the others of our arrival," John declared. His Beast Companion, Blitz, let out a shriek as it flew ahead of the group.

"I'll go as well," Marcus said as he urged Thunder to increase its speed. James, along with the eight people that were left behind took their time to arrive in Lont.

When the giant Golden Ape appeared outside of town, everyone went into an uproar. The mighty beast looked so imposing that everyone looked at it with awe and admiration.

Dwayne, who succeeded in taming it as his Beast Companion grinned with pride. Among the Millennial Beast, the Golden Ape was considered to be in the middle of the SS-Class Spirit Tier because of its well rounded battle prowess.

It was also the only Beast who was capable of using the Frenzy Skill without losing its rationality.

The Frenzy Skill is the upgraded version of Berserk. The Berserk skill would strip the user of its rationality in return for multiplying its strength threefold. Similar to Berserk, the Frenzy Skill, on the other hand, would increase the Beast's strength fivefold.

Ourobro was the only Spirit Beast in existence that was immune to the effect of the Frenzy state, which made it a lean-mean-killing machine on steroids. Few monsters would be able to face it and survive its beating with an intact body.

This was why Dwayne begged everyone to help him secure it when the all out battle was taking place.

James and the rest went back to their own lodgings to rest after arriving in Lont. The battle that they had experienced was quite intense, but the rewards were worth it. The old man was in a good mood and he walked towards the Ainsworth Residence while humming a tune.

Mordred followed him to the battlefield because he was worried that his father might get carried away if no one restrained him. They had left Owen in charge of Lont while they were away, for they knew that they could count on him to handle everything even if they were not around.

When the two men arrived at their home, the one who greeted them at the entrance was Helen.

"Welcome Back, Sir, and Young Lord," Helen said with a smile.

"Ah, Helen, how is everything?" James asked. "Is my stupid grandson doing well?"

"Little Will hasn't returned home for a week," Helen said with a worried expression. "He's currently staying at Celine's house. When I went there to check on him, the only one I saw was Celine. She explained that Little Will was undergoing training at the moment and couldn't be disturbed by anyone."

"Oh? Training, is it?" James smiled. "Wait, why is Celine training William?"

"Ah, didn't you know about it, Sir?" Helen tilted her head in confusion. "I thought Sir was aware that Celine had taken William as her disciple."

"Hoh~" James played with his beard as he gazed at his son, Mordred.

"Is it true that William hadn't been home for a week?" Mordred frowned.

"Yes," Helen replied. "Young Lord, to tell you the truth, I'm worried about him."

James chuckled and patted Helen's shoulder. "Alright, I'll check up on William for a while. Make sure to cook my favorite dishes for lunch. I'm starving, Helen."

"Understood." Helen smiled. "I'll prepare a feast for Sir's triumphant return."

"I'll look forward to it!" James winked. He then made his way towards the South where Celine's house was located.

## **Chapter 60: A Man Must Learn How To Pay His Debts**

"Celine, what's the meaning of this?!" James roared when he saw the mithril collar on William's neck. "How dare you enslave my grandson?"

When James arrived at Celine's house, the first thing he saw was William sweeping the porch with a resigned expression. For a man of his caliber, it was very easy for him to identify that the collar on William's neck was a slave collar.

He barged inside the house carrying his grandson in his arms with a livid face as he called out to the master of the house.

"Celine, come out! If you don't, I'll tear your house into pieces!" James threatened.

"Hmp, I'd like to see you try to do anything to my house, Old Man," Celine replied as she made her way down the stairs.

James glared at the beautiful woman and pointed at William's neck, "What's the meaning of this? Young lady, if you don't give me a proper explanation, I will have no choice but to punish you for bullying my grandson."

"A proper explanation?" Celine smirked. "Very well, here is your proper explanation."

Celine walked towards James and shoved a scroll in his face.

James grumpily took the scroll from Celine's hand and read its contents.

"One dragon heart, three horns of the Great Unicorn, A spirit core of a Fighting Djinn, Six Scales of Kun Peng, One Tooth of Taotite..." James' eyes widened as he continued to read the rest of the contents that were written on the scroll.

"These are ingredients?" James asked.

"Yes." Celine answered. "Those are the ingredients that I lost while conducting my experiment. Do you know, Old Man? I was only a step away from succeeding when your grandson hawked, hawed, and begged me to save Lont?"

"Save Lont?" James frowned. "Did something happen while I was away?"

The corner of Celine's lips curled up to a sneer. "Little Will, tell your grandpa about the incident that happened while he was off to gain some profits."

William sighed because he was duty bound by the slave collar to speak the truth. He narrated the story to his grandpa and told him everything about the attack of the Black-Scaled Crocodiles during his absence.

James' face went from red to green when he learned that Lont had almost been wiped off the map because of his negligence.

If not for Celine's intervention, he and his comrades would have returned to a place of ruins.

"Old Man, if you can reimburse me with my losses, I'll remove the collar from William's neck," Celine said with a sweet smile. "Cough up, and give me, the goods and we can all pretend that this thing never happened."

James gave an awkward cough as he patted William's shoulder.

"William, remember, a man must learn how to pay his debts."

"Grandpa, why don't you pay my debts in my stead."

"Silly boy, how can you ask your grandpa to do hard labor? Don't you know that I'm suffering from arthritis?!"

"B\*llsh\*t! I didn't see you suffering from arthritis when you fought against the Wolf Tide! You were as hale and hearty as a teenager!"

"Ungrateful grandson!" James grabbed William's clothes and lifted him up with a hand. "Have you forgotten that I was the one who fed you milk when you were still a baby?!"

"What load of crap are you spouting old man?!" William roared. "The one who gave me milk when I was a baby was Mama Ella!"

"You fool! The one who raised your Mama Ella was me! Since she's the one who fed you milk, that is equivalent to me giving you milk! Ungrateful grandson!"

"Stupid old man, if you've got guts fight me for two hundred rounds!"

"You're asking for it, boy!"

The stupid grandfather and grandson wrestled each other like two monkeys. Even Oliver, the Parrot Monkey, had to admit that the two were really related to each other.

Five minutes later, the two fools panted as they glared at each other. James then reluctantly tore away his gaze and looked at Celine.

"How many years will he be your slave?"

"Four years. Of course, if you can pay me ahead of time then I can free him anytime."

"Just four years?" James questioned.

"Yes. Only four years." Celine nodded.

James stood up and fixed his clothes. "Okay, we have a deal."

"Excuse me?" William pounded his grandpa's stomach. "How about my say in this matter?"

James grabbed William and took him outside the house to talk. When the old man deemed that no one would be able to hear their conversation, he gave William a serious gaze.

"Listen here, William. I understand that this may be hard for you right now, but bear with it," James said with a serious expression. "Your Master, Celine, saved Lont. You might not realize it, but she has indeed suffered great losses when she went to battle the Golden-Scaled Crocodile and his minions."

"Is it really that bad?" William asked.

"Look at this list." James sighed as he gave the scroll to William. "Everything written here is a treasure. When we joined the Kingdom to fight against the Beast Horde, we managed to defeat the Flood Dragon. One of the materials on that list is Dragon's Heart.

"Although we have the heart in our possession, it doesn't belong to me alone. It was the reward that the group decided to give Trent for his help in slaying the Flood Dragon at a crucial time. Everything listed there is an SS-Class ingredient. It means that you have to hunt Centennial, Millennial, and Myriad Beasts to acquire them."

William pouted as he looked at the scroll in his hand. There were over twenty five ingredients listed on the scroll. If what his grandpa told him was true then it meant that getting them all in a short period of time was impossible.

"Tell me, William, does Celine mistreat you?" James inquired. "Ever since you became her slave. Does she do things to you?"

"Grandpa, listen, Master tortures me everyday," William whined.

He told him all the bad experiences he suffered under Celine's hands. James listened to his complaints with a calm expression. His expression didn't change even though William made the events more gruesome than they originally were.

"Is that so?" James said in an unperturbed manner. "Then, William, tell me, did you really not gain anything from those experiences?"

"T-That." William wanted to say he didn't gain anything, but if he really did it, he would be lying.

"That what?" James stared straight at the young boy's eyes. "Did you really not gain anything?"

William lowered his gaze and sighed. "I did gain something. But, Grandpa, it really hurts."

"Have you heard of the saying, what doesn't kill you makes you stronger?" James smirked. "This is exactly what is happening to you right now. Although you are suffering, you are also getting stronger. In the end, isn't it a good thing?"

Seeing that his grandson had finally calmed down, James chuckled and lifted him off the ground. He then placed him on his shoulders as he took him to a hill overlooking Lont.

"W-What is that?!" William gasped as he pointed at the Ourobro in the distance. "What a big monkey!"

"Ape, not monkey," James corrected. "That is an Ourobro, one of the gains we acquired when we went to Windkeep Citadel to fight against the Beast Tide."

"I want one too!" William said with sparkling eyes. "It looks so cool!"

"It does look cool." James agreed.

It was at that moment when Ella arrived beside the two of them. She didn't find William in Celine's house, so she decided to follow their trail, which led her to a hill overlooking Lont.

After admiring the coolness of the Golden Ape in the distance, James took William back to the Ainsworth Residence to have lunch. A feast was waiting for them when they arrived and William ate with gusto.

Mordred, Anna, Leah, Cedric, and Helen, were shocked when they saw the collar on William's neck. All of them became angry, but James explained the situation properly. Although Mordred, Anna, and Helen were still unresigned, they decided to trust James and let the matter go.

However, that didn't stop Anna and Hellen from spoiling William by piling heaps of meat on his plate.

After lunch ended, William walked back towards Celine's house along with Ella. The days when he had undergone his hellish training flashed before his eyes, as he travelled the less beaten path towards his Master's residence.

William would be lying if he said that he didn't resented Celine. How could he not? However, aside from the "training", his Master didn't order him to do anything unreasonable. He could only sigh in his heart and tell himself that his enslavement will end after he turned fourteen.

Since that was the case, he would just focus on his training and increase his resistance against Dark Magic. Oliver would often give him snarky remarks that Dark Mages who was affected by curses of the same field had no right to call themselves Dark Mages.

After giving it some thought, William felt that the Parrot Monkey had a point. If he could be immune to curses, it could be used as a trump card in the future when he fought against Dark Mages of the same rank.

And maybe, just maybe... the day would come when he would become strong enough to punish his Master for betraying his trust.



