

Reincarnated With The Strongest System

Chapter 9: Escape! I Must Escape!

A month passed since William arrived in Lont. Morgan had only stayed for a week before leaving the Hellan Kingdom.

Anna sat on a chair while knitting clothes for her eldest son, Matthew. William was lying on a thick carpet beside her accompanied by the Angorian Goat, Ella.

'I'm glad that William is a well behaved child,' Anna thought as she glanced at the baby who was currently drinking Ella's milk.

Little did she know that this "well behaved child" was busy planning for his future.

Five days after William arrived in Lont, the small baby finally gained enough experience points to level up. This trigger prompted William's soul to have a complete recovery and allowed him to regain consciousness.

At first, William was confused. For a brief moment after waking up, he thought that he was born as a goat. He almost panicked and cried out. Fortunately, his mouth was firmly sucking the goat's udders which prevented him from making a scene.

It didn't take long before he calmed down and started to observe his surroundings. After a few days, he was finally able to get a gist of the current situation and put his mind at ease.

< Daily Quest: Drink Milk has been completed! >

< Rewards: 5 Exp Points. >

< Current Exp: 125 / 200 >

After having his fill, William softly patted his Mama Ella to tell her that he was done drinking her milk.

"Eyah!" (Mama, thank you!)

"Meeeeh."

"Eyah." (Can we go outside?)

The goat lightly shook its head and licked William's forehead.

Seeing that it was impossible to convince his "Mama" to take a stroll outside the house, William just focused on the things that he could do and that was to check his Status Page!

"Eyah." (Status)

Name: William Von Ainsworth

Race: Half-Elf

Hit Points: 5 / 5

Mana: 10 / 10

Job Class: None

Sub Class: None

< Strength: 0 >

< Agility: 0 >

< Vitality: 1 >

< Intelligence: 2 >

< Dexterity: 0 >

Skills: None

Titles: None

Available Stat Points: 6

Available Skill Points: 0

'I wonder how I can get a job class?' William thought. 'Still, according to the light novels I read, magicians are treated in high regard. Should I go for the Magician route and put all my stats to int?'

Suddenly, William remembered another story that he had read while he was still alive.

'If I choose to become a Magician then I might be called a genius,' William mused. 'I can't let that happen! Geniuses are treated as stepping stones by the protagonists. I need to remain low-key and surprise them when they least expect it. This is the common template for successful reincarnators and transmigrators!'

After careful thought, William decided to hold his stat points for now and just use them in the future. He believed that as long as he played his cards right, he would be a winner in life.

A year passed as William lived the life of a baby. Although his life revolved around sleeping, pooping, talking to his Mama Ella, and drinking milk, the boy who had only lived for eighteen years in his past life was looking forward to a bright future.

In that one year of drinking milk, William had gained four levels.

Name: William Von Ainsworth

Race: Half-Elf

Hit Points: 10 / 10

Mana: 15 / 15

Job Class: None

Sub Class: None

< Strength: 0 >

< Agility: 0 (+1) >

< Vitality: 1 (+1) >

< Intelligence: 2 (+1)>

< Dexterity: 0 >

Skills: None

Titles: None

Available Stat Points: 12

Available Skill Points: 0

Current Exp: 184 / 1366

'I gained a few stat points for free as my body grows older.' William burped. 'Perhaps this is also one of Gavin's blessings. Still, I wish I could find a way to get more experience points and get a job class.'

The day passed like every other day inside the Ainsworth Manor. After dinner, Anna carried William to their bedroom. Ella followed behind her. The moment William entered the Ainsworth household, Ella treated him like her own child.

You can even say that she was William's second mother in this world. Wherever William went, the Angorian Goat followed.

The couple made a comfortable place for Ella and William at the corner of the room. The baby and his Mama Goat, laid on top of thick and comfortable carpets. Ella liked to keep William close to her and not even Anna and Mordred could take William away from her without her permission.

Around midnight, William suddenly woke up from his slumber. He could feel something warm on his chest, so he decided to investigate. His small hands picked up the source of that warm feeling and looked at it closely.

The black ring hanging on his necklace glowed in the darkness.

'What's going on?' William thought as he observed the glowing ring in his hand. 'The ring is getting warmer.'

Suddenly, William was almost blinded by a brilliant flash of light that came from the ring. When the light faded, the baby William found himself in an unfamiliar place. The air smelt damp, and it made him feel uncomfortable.

William crawled on all fours and scanned his surroundings. The ground was coarse and stone walls lined both sides. On the ceiling hung small stalactites

which made him realize that he was no longer inside his Uncle Mordred's and Aunt Anna's bedroom.

William was a half-elf which gave him "Dark Vision". Even in the dark, he would be able to see things clearly.

'W-What the hell?!' William's body shivered as he saw three creatures slowly approaching him from the front.

They had dark-green skin and uttering guttural sounds that were hard to decipher. The three creatures were a meter tall and wearing only rags on their lower half. Even so, William didn't need to be a language expert to know what they were and what they were thinking.

'Goblins...' William wanted to run away, but he was just a year-old baby that just learned how to crawl. 'Escape! I must escape!'

He tried to move his body, but he was frozen in place due to fear.

"Krush sha ka!"

"Sha ka rak tuh!"

"Zido!"

The three goblins rushed towards William while waving the clubs in their hands.

"Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!" William cried out loud. 'N-No! Stay away! Mama!'

The goblins struck down on the crying child with their clubs without a shred of mercy. This was not the first time that they had seen a human child. In their eyes, this little creature was only good as food for their young.

"Meeeeh!"

An Angorian Goat charged at the three goblins in fury. Its red horns glistened in a reddish hue and pierced the chest of one of the Goblins. It then delivered a kick to the other goblin sending it slamming towards the wall.

Unfortunately, the third goblin reacted in time and evaded. It then performed a counter attack and slammed its wooden club at the Angorian Goat's back.

"Meeeeeh!" Ella bleated in pain, and the goblin took that opportunity to rain down more blows on its body.

The goblin that was pierced to the chest by Ella's horn was still alive, and it propped itself up while holding its chest.

The other goblin who was slammed on the wall joined its comrade in bashing the goat in a mad frenzy.

Blood spilled out of Ella's mouth as the club hit the side of her face.

"Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Mama!" William cried. He could only watch helplessly as the three Goblins bashed his Mama to death with their clubs.

After taking too many beatings, Ella finally dropped down on the ground.

"Me-Meeeeh!" the Goat called out to William as if telling him to run away.

"Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Mama!"

William saw his Mama Ella's fur stained in blood. The side of her face was also bloody, and two of her legs seemed to be broken. The Angorian Goat struggled to get up, but the Goblin kicked it out of anger.

While the two goblins took turns in kicking the fallen goat, the third goblin who had been pierced in the chest by Ella's horn had approached William during the commotion.

It didn't take long before the crying William saw the goblin by his side.

"Kraaaaa!" The goblin screamed and struck down. He wanted to kill the human baby so badly in order to vent out the anger it was feeling.

William could only watch as the wooden club descended upon him. A cry of pain followed the strike and the ground was stained in fresh blood as the wooden weapon hit its target with a vengeance.