

MAFIA BOSS 11

Chapter 11 - "The Heiress"

Ainsley wanted to blame the maids and think that they're bullying her. However, no matter how delusional she was thanks to her chuunibyō syndrome, she wasn't a fool.

There's no way the maids would blatantly let her suffer when they know she would be the leader of the family one day. Even now, once she gained a guardian, she could be called the head of the family even if it's only in name.

Hmmm if they're not bullying me...then what's the reason for not carrying me?

Maybe...

The mafia family should be strict, right? So it's understandable if they want the children to be independent as early as possible.

Yes, they want me to surpass the norm of an ordinary baby by letting me walk this far by myself. As expected of a mafia family.

Ainsley convinced herself that she had to walk alone to prove her dignity as the heiress.

Bearing the pride of someone who thought herself as a protagonist, Ainsley strode arrogantly despite struggling to walk this far.

Hmph. This great me will never succumb just because of my short legs!

Ainsley lifted her legs and walked faster despite looking like a cute little cat trotting on the floor.

She might be correct about the mafia family being strict, but the reason why the maids didn't carry her wasn't like what she thought of.

The maids waiting for Ainsley to reach the great hall couldn't hold back their feelings. Their eyes as they watched their young miss try her best to walk alone started to turn red.

Ahh, look at those short legs, yet she still wants to walk alone!

Oh my, how did the young miss change? She was so spoiled before, but now she looks so dependable.

No wonder the elders still give her a chance to be the leader once she becomes an adult. The young miss is great!

Look at her struggling to walk yet she doesn't complain. Such a great talent...

The maids were overwhelmed by the baby's strong desire to be independent. The toddler's small and weak back looked strangely gorgeous for the maids.

Ainsley looked charming this way even when she didn't use her charm ability.

The maids silently exchanged a glance as they supported Ainsley to walk to the great hall. The distance was quite far, so Ainsley had to walk for 30 minutes before she arrived.

Of course, an adult would only need 10 minutes to go there. But for Ainsley, the distance was tripled.

Finally!

Ainsley sighed in relief as she stood in front of a mega-huge golden door crafted with the curled up dolphin.

Behind this door must be the great hall.

Ainsley held a deep breath and prepared her heart. Her heart had been pounding fast for a while, but she quickly controlled her emotion.

Yes, I must not shrink back. Play your role as a cute baby and take over the hall.

It would be the first step to be a complete protagonist.

Ainsley thought that this time, she would enter while the maid carried her. She would then look at everyone in the great hall from the same height.

At first, this was supposed to happen. But because the maids appreciate Ainsley's effort to prove herself, they tacitly backed down.

None of them touched Ainsley even after the guards in front of the door announced her name.

"The heiress, Lady Ainsley Sloan is entering!"

Following the thunderous voice, the golden door slowly opened. The heavy door let out creaking noises as various chatterings inside the hall hushed in just a few seconds.

Thousands of eyes simultaneously looked toward the opened door, and everyone's attention was on the small figure not taller than an adult's knees.

The figure of a toddler came into view. Her purple hair resembling a villain's hair was tied into a mini bun. Her large, blue eyes were like a reincarnation of the dolphin pendant hanging on her neck.

Her short limbs moved as the baby silently walked on the red carpet stretched from the door to the stage. On the stage, one could see a magnificent golden throne with red seating.

Silence filled the marble hall as the people in black and white suits subconsciously parted, creating a path for the baby. Their action looked like the human red sea parting with a single wave of one's hand.

With the people stepping back, the previously packed red carpet was empty. Only one figure could be seen walking down the carpet.

It was Ainsley.

The figure of the baby might be small and weak, but her eyes shone like a predator of the sea. Yet it contained the innocence and pure essence of a dolphin.

The visitors filling the great hall held their breath. None seemed to move their eyes from the little creature who walked on her own two feet, crossing the sea of humans.

Their heart was in awe at the sight of the baby who bravely marched alone. No children could withstand the pressure of these people with their hands soaked in blood.

Even though they might look kind outside, their bloodthirsty aura honed from the battlefield couldn't be suppressed that easily.

Ordinary children would freak out and cry while the children of the mafias might flinch and shiver.

But what's with this 3-years-old toddler? She didn't bother to look at the guests as her eyes only focused on the golden throne. It was as if these people didn't even enter her eyesight.

Too insignificant.

This was the aura that the baby emitted. She might not consciously do that, but her pressure was threatening enough for the people in the hall to be wary of her.

Truly, the heiress is still the heiress.

Or not.