

## **BABY MAFIA 221**

### **Chapter 221: "Ability Users' Secret Battle"**

Even the players that were arranged by the staff and already took seats almost jumped from their chairs.

Fck. Their opponent is this baby?!

One of the senior players that would play against Ainsley instantly slammed the wooden table.

"Don't joke with me! A brat like this is going to challenge all of us for 10 consecutive rounds?"

The senior gambler felt his pride wounded at the moment. If someone knew that he played with a brat at the casino, even if he won, others would say nasty things behind his back.

This is a toddler! The first toddler that they ever saw entering a casino...and she was even crazy enough to do this impossible challenge.

Who does she think she is? The Godfather's daughter?

When Ainsley saw these people's strong resistance and even their reluctance to play against her, she furrowed her eyebrows.

Why are these oldies so extra? Just play, can't you? My age isn't an excuse for you to refuse me!

Ainsley, who was rejected even before she played, gritted her teeth. These people blocked her path to a mountain of money...

Hmph!

The baby snorted and secretly waved her hand, signalling Jevon to lower his head.

At the same time, the girl's 6 other bodyguards put their hands behind their back, looking imposing as they stood behind Ainsley's chair.

"Yes, young miss?" Jevon lowered his head and lent his ear to Ainsley, whose height was barely enough for her to be seen over the tall table.

Her opponents could only see up to the baby's eyes hidden behind her silver mask.

Ainsley immediately whispered to Jevon while using her tiny hand to block her mouth movement.

"Jevvy, dwo twis (do this)..." Ainsley told Jevon what to do to make these gamblers agree to play against her. After all, if they disagreed, there's no way she could play!

Jevon's eyes twinkled in a mysterious light as he received the introduction. After he was done, he straightened his back and swept his gaze at the other 9 players around the table.

"What? All of you senior gamblers are afraid to face our prodigy young miss? If you're that much of a coward, then scram!"

Jevon wasn't nice with his words. He blatantly showed extreme contempt toward the other players, provoking these prideful gamblers to the max.

"Fck! Who is scared of your brat? Let's see who will cry later!"

The players' blood boiled to the peak, and each of them instantly agreed to play against Ainsley.

Backing off in front of an ignorant brat? Hah! Bring it on!

These people shot a glare at Jevon and Ainsley, secretly thinking of making things difficult for them.

Who said that this is a normal guessing game? When ability users were involved, it already went beyond your usual gambling.

It's a battle of abilities!

One of the staff in charge of this game saw the players were ready, and he couldn't help but sigh.

"Alright, players. Please take out one silver coin as the bet for the first round." The staff kindly reminded the players.

At the same time, Jevon, Ainsley's little lackey, was already back to Ainsley's side with one borrowed silver coin from the other staff.

Ainsley and the others calmly put one silver coin on the table in front of them.

Seeing this, the leading staff nodded. "As per usual, this challenge will go on for 10 rounds. Little missy over there has to win 10 consecutive times to win the challenge."

"Hum." Ainsley nodded at the staff. She even looked at him with an urging gaze.

Quick, start the game! My luck ability is itching to face-slap some people!

The leading staff also didn't say anything anymore and just looked at the black wheel at the center of the table. The wheel had a total of 50 number slots for one to fifty arranged so close to each other.

One slight movement from the ball later could directly change the end result. After all, it would be considered final when the ball stopped at the edge of the wheel with the certain number.

Before that happened, anything could change.

"The challenger can make a guess first, and the others shall follow suit. But none of your guesses should be the same as the other players."

The leading staff allowed Ainsley to choose the number slot she bet on while the wheel kept spinning slowly.

Without thinking much, Ainsley muttered.

"Eit! (Eight!)"

The girl's pronunciation was a bit messy like usual, but others could understand what she said. After Ainsley blurted out a number, the other players followed suit.

"10!"

"27!"

"50!"

"20!"

And so on.

After the 10 players made their guess, the leading staff unhurriedly pressed the button near his place.

"First round starts...now!"

Once the staff spoke, a tiny black ball shot out from the centre of the wheel. The ball flew around one centimeter in the air before plunging down.

The moment the ball touched the wheel's surface, the players' eyes flashed.

Use your abilities now!

A player with a metal-control ability immediately tried to control the ball.

Of course, he didn't look like he used any ability. It's what the people from the capital were skilled with.

Another player, a middle-aged sexy woman, used her wind-control ability to control the wind around the ball, leading it to her number.

The battle between these two ability users commenced silently while the other players also used their abilities.

Some of them affected the wheel, making it rotate faster. The other used a mind attack to disturb the other ability users.

Someone even created an illusion to hide from the staff' eyes. He then tried to pick up the ball and place it on his picked slot!

## **Chapter 222: "Absolute Luck"**

However, as the players made their move, so did the four staff.

The shortest staff secretly waved his hand behind his back, and the rolling ball suddenly slowed down, not going anywhere. The ball trembled as if going against a strong force.

It's the slow-motion ability!

The second staff, a cute, young woman with cool pants, only smiled sweetly, but the moment she did, some of the players around the table were stunned. They forgot to keep using their ability.

Charm power!

The third staff looked intensely at the cheating players and took a deep breath...

The air around the players suddenly felt a bit more suffocating than before.

Precise control of air pressure!

Last but not least, the leading staff focused his gaze on the person who controlled the ball using his mental-control ability. He whistled quietly, but that targeted player suddenly broke in a cold sweat.

He can't use his ability anymore!

It was an ability-sealing power—one of the most fearful abilities that lots of ability users feared.

Once that player couldn't use his ability, the leading staff expanded his force and began to affect the other players who could still use their abilities.

Because only 5 or fewer players around the table were using their abilities, the leading staff could easily affect these people, sealing their abilities for a few seconds.

However, these few seconds were important because the ball finally wasn't affected by any kind of forces. Only the shortest staff still made the ball's movement slow, matching it with the wheel speed.

He's going to land the ball on a number slot that none of the players chose!

Seeing this, only then the players' faces darkened.

Damn! We can cheat on this game, but so does the casino staff!

If the players didn't cheat from the very beginning, the casino staff also wouldn't take action. However, once they cheated, the casino allowed them to move to bring benefits to the casino.

At this moment, all 9 players looked at the surrounding staff with sunken gazes. In just a few seconds or so, the ball would land on a number slot that none of them chose!

Even the four staff members already thought like this. The casino would win the first round...the result was already decided!

However, away from the players' anxious gazes and the staff' triumphant looks, a tiny baby hugging a mocha-coloured cat quietly looked at the moving ball.

Her face was calm, and her eyes behind her mask didn't show any anxiety. There's not even a ripple in her red pupils, yet a faint golden aura secretly enveloped her body.

The golden aura was so thin that the casino's lighting masked it away perfectly.

The golden aura around the baby's body didn't end with just shrouding the baby herself. It slowly created a thin golden thread that shot toward the metal ball.

At this moment, no one noticed anything amiss. Even the leading staff also didn't see anything wrong.

Only the staff who controlled the ball to move slowly and waited for the right time to drop it off felt something was resisting his power.

The black ball sped up abruptly, and it was already touching a number slot. Once it touched the edge of the wheel, it might end up at someone's chosen slot!

The staff instantly looked at the leading staff and signalled him.

Emergency! It's out of my control! Something is wrong!

The short staff only blinks three times, but the leading staff already got the message. He instantly spread his power and enveloped all the 10 players around the table.

Even if the effect wouldn't be so good, it would at least help the short staff to gain control of the metal ball!

Sensing something invisible was trying to affect her golden aura, Ainsley tugged the corner of her lips.

This feeling wasn't exactly comfortable because it felt like when she tried to use more power, the power itself refused to come out.

However, was that the case with her luck ability?

When the Godfather sensed this move from the leading staff, he snorted.

[If an exclusive ability can be stopped by such ability, it doesn't deserve to be a whole ability.]

How could an exclusive ability get defeated by a normal ability?

Even if the normal ability was a high-grade one, in front of an exclusive ability, it's like throwing an expensive egg to a sturdy jade.

The level is different, bro!

And Ainsley's luck ability wasn't just normal luck, good luck, or excellent luck.

It's the absolute, supreme luck.

All hail transmigrator, the odd existence of this world!

Ainsley's luck ability wasn't affected at all, and the ball continued to get out of the short staff's control.

In a blink of an eye, the ball smoothly landed on the number 8 slot, and it immediately bumped to the edge of the wheel.

Tak. Tak. Tak.

The sound of the metallic black ball slightly bouncing after hitting the wheel's wooden edge echoed throughout the table.

Once the ball stopped moving and laid quietly on top of the number 8 slot, silence filled the area.

It was suddenly so quiet that one could only hear the background music at the back since no one muttered anything.

Even the spectators held their breath. The players widened their eyes at the result. And the staff...broke in a cold sweat.

Dude...? Isn't that number the one chosen by that baby?

But...the staff is controlling the ball, right? How...how did it still end up there? Shouldn't it land on other slots that none of the players chose so that the casino would win the first round?

So...how?

Everyone that was watching this scene had three words in their mind.

WHAT. THE. FUCK?!

## Chapter 223: "Casino God"

The players, the casino staff and the spectators looked at Ainsley as if they had seen a monster. It's not a big deal for her to win in the first round. They could say it's her luck.

However, when the players and the casino staff clearly deployed their special abilities, how could the ball still end up landing on the baby's chosen number?

Is it a coincidence? Did the casino make a mistake or something? The staff shouldn't be that idiot to let go of the opportunity to win some money for the casino.

If he did that, he could get a huge bonus from the casino itself.

But what just happened? The casino staff clearly made a mistake!

The players were shocked, but after pondering for a while, they instantly connected the baby's win to her luck and the casino staff's mistake.

In the next round, the casino staff wouldn't possibly make a mistake.

But so did the players. Even though they're only low-levelled mafia family members, they still had some tricks in hand.

They had some treasures that could cheat!

Some of the players secretly employed their treasures to influence the ball's movement in the next round. The others tried to restrain the staff that had the ability-sealing power.

All in all, the second round quietly started, and the people involved in the game swore to win this round.

They glanced at Ainsley and snorted.

She's just lucky because the staff made a mistake. She won't be so lucky anymore, and her challenge will end here!

The spectators behind the players were a bit slower to comprehend the current situation, but when the second round started, they also thought just like the 9 other players.

This baby won the first round because she's lucky, and the casino staff is careless!

They blamed it all on the careless casino staff. None of them believed that Ainsley could continue to be lucky.

"Hmph. That casino staff is so dumb. He let a baby win because of his carelessness."

"Well, it's also thanks to this brat's luck. You know, newbie's luck."

"Right, right, but the true essence of gambling in our mafia community isn't based on luck but based on abilities!"

"Heh. Luck is also a part of one's strength. Just let it be. This brat only won the first round. You can't say she will win the next round too."

"True, true. Let's not be too petty. Let her be happy but she won't be the last to laugh."

These spectators didn't say this out loud, but their murmuring at the back managed to reach Ainsley's ears.

She had a keen hearing ability that was usually useless but surprisingly quite useful at the casino.

She could eavesdrop on whatever others spoke...even though those people were bad-mouthing her.

Hmph! Gambling doesn't depend on luck and depends on one's ability? I win because of luck and won't be lucky next time?

Ainsley straightened her back as he stroked Cellino. The baby then pointed at a number slot.

"Eit. (Eight)."

It was another 8.

When others saw this, they didn't say anything and just secretly mocked the baby.

Heh. You think that you will be lucky if you choose the same number? It's common knowledge that you won't be lucky twice, and using the same guess!

Other players simply disregard the baby's choice, thinking that she's still too naive and innocent.

This brat must be thinking that since she won before, she could win again if she chose the same number slot.

But she wouldn't be so lucky next time.

Is it, though?

Ainsley, who saw through the players' thoughts from observing their expression, couldn't help but shake her head.

Dude. I indeed win through luck. But it's something I can control at will. You say that I should win through genuine abilities and not luck?

My luck is my ability!

And one can't completely deny that gambling indeed require luck besides abilities such as trickery and one's wits.

Ainsley, blessed with the power to control luck as wished, could be said to be the God inside the casino. Here, her luck ability shone brightly.

That's for sure!

Manipulating her luck for 10 times more isn't that hard. She could use up all her energy and the luck ability's limit to completely win this game.

Though after that, Ainsley knew that she would have to stop to rest.

Still, once she won the money pool, from what they offered, she would get at least 100.000 coins.

She could then leap to the ninth floor!

Ainsley didn't show anything on her face and just quietly surrounded herself with the thin golden aura.

This time, because the players' treasures restricted the leading staff with an ability-sealing power, Ainsley could use less energy to deploy her luck ability.

The other players tried all sorts of tricks to make the metal ball land on their chosen slot.

They used their abilities, treasures...they even secretly contacted their acquaintances among the spectators to help them.

With so many people secretly joining the fray, the four staff were clearly overwhelmed. With no choices left, they gestured to their friends to take action.

Instantly, the other 10 or so casino staff stepped up and started to chase away the spectators.

"Please, this place is off-limit. Dear customers may visit this area after the challenge ends."

"What? Why?! We also want to watch—" one of the spectators protested, but the casino staff was skillful.

They resorted to coaxing, hidden threats, and making the spectators take 10 meters distance from the wooden table.

With this, the battle for the second round leaned back to the casino staff' side. However, Ainsley just calmly stroked Cellino's fur as she depended on her luck ability.

Behold, my absolute luck!

#### **Chapter 224: "Disqualified?"**

Even when Ainsley only deployed a bit of her luck ability, the metallic ball still ended up being affected and landed on her chosen number slot.

Second round...she won!

The players instantly had dark faces. However, they still didn't believe that the baby could win. They continued to play while gritting their teeth.

Third round. Ainsley won! It was another grand-slam win. The baby still chose the same slot as before...and she won.

Continued to the fourth round!

However, when the fourth round ended and the metal ball very gladly headed to the number 8 slot, the one Ainsley chose, the players couldn't hold it back anymore.

One of them stood up and slammed the table.

"Impossible! This is impossible! There must be an error somewhere!" The one shouting was exactly the old man who scolded Ainsley and refused to play against her before.

Strangely, at this moment, he already looked so haggard that others would wonder what kind of losses he suffered.



Well, the losses he suffered wasn't money but his pride. He lost his dignity!

Another player also stood up and glared at the leading staff.

"You, please inspect the game board. Maybe there's a malfunction. There's no way the ball will always land on number 8 for 4 consecutive times!"

The staff actually had the same doubts, so they quickly bowed. "We will check it first. If there's truly an error, the previous four wins in a row will be nullified."

When Ainsley, who was engrossed in petting Cellino's fur, heard this, she almost cursed out loud.

What the heck? I won beautifully and slapped all of you guys' faces, so now...you want to say that the game board itself has an error?

And then you want to say that the previous win might be disqualified?!

Ainsley instantly beckoned Jevon at the back to come to her. When Jevon was near her chair, she tugged Jevon's sleeve and whispered.

"Ppssttt...pspssttt..."

No one knew what she said, but after Jevon heard it, he straightened his back and snorted.

"I didn't know all of you are so shameless. Who can't say that the game has an error if you guys say that?" Jevon swept his gaze at the players before landing his eyes on the four staff.

"If you guys cheated, should we stay still? The casino allowed the gamblers to cheat, but I heard that the staff should remain neutral!" He exclaimed out loud.

Of course, if the players cheated, the staff could also cheat to block the players.

Yet if they wanted to disqualify Ainsley's wins through such a method, they could be fired.

Upon hearing such a heavy accusation, the staff couldn't help but tremble.

"No! It's a misunderstanding. Dear sir, you can follow me to check the game's machine and see for yourself if there's an error or not."

The leading staff already broke in a cold sweat. He wiped his forehead as he looked at Jevon.

"How is it, sir? This way, we won't cheat on you, and if the result is positive, we will continue the game."

"Hum. Let's do it like that." Jevon immediately agreed. After all, he trusted Ainsley's ability...because she's already an ability user!

At this point, which idiot on this floor didn't know that Ainsley must have a trick behind her sleeve?

If the baby didn't use something to win, how could she win four times in a row? That's illogical.

Either someone among her 'bodyguards' helped her in the dark, or she herself had a treasure to help her.

As for what treasure? No one knows. However, there's no rules saying that the gamblers couldn't use treasures when playing.

After all, the casino staff that accompanied the gamblers when they played also had one or two tricks under their sleeve.

The casino itself also had a few treasures to neutralise other treasures' effect.

The casino was none other than a mini battlefield of wealth and capability. If Ainsley truly could win this, why should they retaliate?

Nonetheless, no one was willing to believe that Ainsley had a special ability to aid her. She's just a baby, and she should have no capabilities yet.

It must be her helpers or a treasure that she pocketed...

Her helpers were quite far from her, so it's hard for them to help due to the distance. If her helpers weren't overly strong, it's impossible to affect the game when they're far away.

And so, it must be because the game itself has an error, and this baby noticed it. Or, she had a treasure!

The other players finally looked at Jevon and Ainsley with their eyes revealing slight greed.

If this baby truly won four consecutive rounds because of a treasure, it should be a precious one, right?

Maybe...they could seize it?

When Jevon and the leading staff left to check the table and the machine inside, the players sitting around the table snuck a glance at Ainsley.

Each of them was guessing things or planned to take Ainsley's treasure.

But, Ainsley turned a blind eye to their green eyes.

Wanting to seize her treasure or money? Would the Godfather spirit let it be? Or will Cellino let it be? Not to mention the other four buds are still around, albeit more low-key.

Elliana and Kyuseli, the forgotten sissy, are also there, keeping an eye on anyone that might secretly harm Ainsley.

A few minutes passed by, and the staff returned with Jevon to the center table with a grim face.

When the players saw the staff's dark face, they could instantly guess something.

"There...there isn't anything wrong with the mechanism. Miss Godtoddler's previous four wins will stay the same."

Once the players affirmed this, they instantly sucked in cold air.

## **Chapter 225: "Stop Right There!"**

Indeed! There's nothing wrong with the ball mechanism or the wheel. Then...it must be because this baby pocketed a treasure!

Thinking about an unknown treasure that could help the baby ten four times, the players and even the spectators revealed a trace of greed.

Some drooled in silence, and others looked at Ainsley and her companions with red eyes.

They looked like a pack of wolves eyeing a piece of fat meat. And the fat meat was undoubtedly...Ainsley.

Ainsley merely frowned at the displeasure caused by these people's stares, but she ignored it.

Once a mafia would always be a mafia, huh.

A pity, regardless of the gamblers' eagerness to find Ainsley's hidden treasure or even steal it from her, the game still continued.

The fourth round, Ainsley still won easily with the same slot number. The players already started to break in a cold sweat.

The fifth round...she won once more. The players almost peed their pants. It's already starting to become an anomaly.

How could someone win five times in a row in a game heavily dependent on one's luck and special abilities?

Surely, even if this brat's treasure is good, it can't assist her that many times? Otherwise, that treasure should be the best among the best!

The players groaned as they continued the game, hoping that Ainsley couldn't use her treasure anymore. After all, to use a treasure, there would be a limit too...

And the brat was still a child. She shouldn't have awakened her special ability, thus, she didn't have the energy source to fuel the treasure.

There was a treasure that could be used without employing one's special energy, but it wouldn't last long when used a few times in a row!

Unfortunately, the players' wishes were crushed to dust.

The sixth...the seventh...eight, ninth...Ainsley kept winning, and there's no sign that the so-called treasure in her hand was about to lose its power!

It was now the tenth round, and the last round as well.

At this point, Ainsley sensed that her luck ability had almost hit the limit. However, she could still use it two or three times more.

As usual, she did nothing and only stared at the ball, but the ball seemed to grow wings and intelligence.

It kept coming to the number slot that Ainsley chose, looking like a ball in love so much so that the staff wondered whether the ball was a living being or not.

How come it always seems eager to land on that brat's chosen slot?!

Once the metallic ball landed on the number 8 slot, the automatic AI in charge of the money pool challenge let out a loud announcement.

"Congratulations, gambler The Godtoddler, for winning the money pool challenge!"

The announcement echoed throughout the third floor, alarming other gamblers as well, but instead of breaking into a clamour, the gamblers fell into a long silence.

Yes, it was another eerie silence enveloping the whole gambling floor.

The spectators, the passerby, the players that went against Ainsley, even the staff...

All of them inhaled sharply.

This brat truly won the challenge! She won the bet 10 consecutive times...without a single loss!

Such an achievement hadn't been seen in the casino for the past 50 years.

After all, those gamblers that had an extremely good ability to gamble had been recruited by the casino in advance, leaving only wealthy customers but no sufficient ability behind.

Yet for the first time after 50 years of the Billios Casino's history, a newbie, a three years old toddler...

Broke the record.

Along with the announcement, Ainsley passed her golden card to the leading staff with an aloof gaze.

She casually urged the leading staff to hand her the money prize from the money pool while ignoring the others' dumbfounded gaze.

Is it that shocking to win this simple game? I told you guys, luck is also a part of one's strength!

While the leading staff was upgrading Ainsley's card to give more space to store her silver coins and fill it with the money prize, the other gamblers didn't know what to do.

This...the baby really won? She won the challenge that no one could win so far?

The gamblers were too speechless even to shout. Some of them were even in denial, constantly pressuring the casino staff to see through this matter.

"It's impossible for that brat to win! Is there really no mistake?"

"No, sir. We have checked, and that young miss won fair and square."

"Fair and square, your a\*s! Who doesn't know she holds a treasure to help her?"

The gamblers clicked their tongue, bashing Ainsley here and there, but that's it. They could only watch as Ainsley pocketed the golden card full of silver coins.

After all, winning by relying on treasures isn't breaking the rules!

A small part of the gamblers chose to let go of this shocking matter, and they went back to play. However, the other gamblers still didn't want to back down.

How could they watch as the money prize accumulated for 50 years vanished like that?

Not to mention that the one snatching it is just a brat!

The gamblers didn't know how much money Ainsley pocketed, but at least, it should be around 100.000 silver coins, right?

Thinking about the mysterious treasure that the baby had in her hands along with such a massive sum of money....

Some malicious gamblers would inevitably have an evil thought.

And it did happen.

When Ainsley and her group were about to leave, swaggering to the next floor, a group of people blocked their path.

Around 10 people or so with a threatening aura barked at Ainsley and her gang.

"Stop right there!"

### **Chapter 226: "Attack!"**

"Stop right there!"

The one who shouted was a middle-aged man with a potbelly, looking like Winnie The Pooh.

The fat man's sudden shout attracted the other gamblers around. These nosy people instantly gathered, but kept a certain distance from the two groups.

As a veteran gambler, they already witnessed such a scene far too often. How could these gamblers didn't know the fatty's intention?

It's clearly daylight robbery, okay? But the casino wouldn't interfere as long as the customers didn't damage the casino's property.

Not only the idle gamblers came to watch the show. The players that were defeated before also sneaked to the circle, intending to watch how the brat met her doom.

Humph! So what if you're lucky and have a treasure to assist you? Here, strength is what matters the most. If you can't protect your wealth, those hyenas can easily rob you!

Seeing that the other gamblers crowded around but had no intention to help the victim, which was Ainsley and her gang, the fat man let out a relieved smile.

Good, good. If no one helps these people, it will be easier to rob them! How could a measly 6 to 7 youngsters compared to his seasoned men?

Even though they all came from a low-levelled family, and these youngsters seemed to be from a reputable family, in the casino, status didn't matter.

Only strength matters!

Of course, if a reputable family came to the casino, they would enter a much higher floor from the start that had better security. They would also have the strength to protect their wealth.

This group of youngsters and a brat seemingly came from the first floor...

Even if they died, it wouldn't be a problem!

Thinking like this, the short man crossed his arms as he looked at Ainsley and her gang with his nose lifted high.

"You despicable scums shall not pass through us! You cheaters!" The fat man scolded openly, still with his nose bridge almost striking the heaven.

Ainsley could almost even see his nostrils if she wasn't residing inside Elliana's embrace, looking down at the man from her position.

Despite the fat man's disgusting face, Ainsley didn't change her expression. With a silver eye mask hiding her face, even if she squinted her eyes and mocked the guy, no one would know.

Hm. A robbery. I expected this, but to think it happens so soon...thank God I have Cellino.

Ainsley hugged Cellino tighter since she believed in Cellino and Elliana more than anyone in her group.

Alas, Ainsley was calm, but it didn't mean her people would be. Jevon, Ainsley's newly-founded left-hand man, instantly flared.

"What is this? Sir, do you want to block our path? Is there a feud between us? If not, scram!" Jevon's grey eyes flashed dangerously.

His small dragon-like monster already lifted its tail and hissed menacingly at the fat man, ready to attack.

But the fat man himself wasn't intimidated. If he didn't have the confidence to stop the group, why would he come? With a single finger snap from the fat guy, two robust men in a black and white suit came forth.

"Yes, master."

"Awaiting your order, master."

The two acted like a loyal knight, and the fat man showed a delighted expression.

Without looking at the people bowing at him on his left and right side, he pointed at Ainsley, who was at the center of the group.

"That brat cheated on the previous game. My brother is one of the players, and as his brother, I should uphold justice for him even if the casino refuses to do so!"

The fatso made himself righteous at first, before waving his hand, calling the other 8 people behind him.

"Get that brat, bring her to me! I'll teach her a lesson not to be dishonest at such a young age!"

The fatso might have sounded casual, only asking these people to bring Ainsley to him, to teach her a lesson. However, his eyes flashed in a dangerous light.

One could faintly see a hint of bloodlust inside his eyes.

His order wasn't your ordinary order. It's a command to kill!

The 10 people under the fatso' command instantly nodded.

"Roger!"

Before the spectators could react, these 10 people instantly unleashed their abilities.

"Fire arrow!"

"Water spear!"

"Rock skin!"

"Wind claw!"

Some of them had close-combat abilities, so they dashed to approach Ainsley's group. The rest had long-range abilities, so they attacked the group from their position.

Bright colours from red to purple unleashed from each person's ability instantly filled the venue, and the sound of people roaring to attack their enemy echoed throughout the floor.

"Attack!!"

Seeing how these ten people were ferocious, seemingly skilled ability users, the spectators shook their heads.

These youngsters and that brat will die. A pity they can't defend their treasure...

The other gamblers believed that Ainsley met her doom because that fatty was the boss of this floor, the strongest low-level family on this floor.

A lot of newbies had fallen to his claw, never to come back alive.

Only the wealthy family that never stepped foot on this floor could easily ignore the fatty or formidable tower climbers and skippers with a great backing.

As for these lone youngsters babysitting a toddler?

They must be from a new mafia family wanting to look luxurious and try their luck at the casino...

The spectators already imagined the clean murder happening under these experts' attack.

The newbies would die a gruesome death, and the fatty would steal all of their belongings along with the silver coins from the money pool.

Finally, the fatty could strengthen his lowly family and might as well leap to a higher floor...

But the newbies will die!

### **Chapter 227: "One-sided Massacre"**

There would be blood spilling all over the area, but with one of the ability users in the fatty' group having a barrier, the blood wouldn't splash too far away.

At most, only the red carpet would be spoiled. But the fatty had many ways to clean up his own mess. So far, he had never broken the casino's rules.

This time was no exception.

However, what happened next was something that not even the casino staff watching the show could predict.

Instead of the youngsters dying under the expert ability users' attack, half of the attackers suddenly screamed instead.

"AHHHH!"

Following the unison heart-wrenching scream, everyone's eyesight was filled with the sight of a furry being resembling a wolf as tall as a horse and as big as a tiger.

The furry being casually lifted one of its paws, and somehow, the 10-or so solo-ability users fell to the ground, kneeling.

Their faces turned black and blue, their lips were purple, as if they were poisoned.

But they weren't! They were just feeling suffocated...

Yes, suffocated. The furry being that God knew when it arrived slowly pressed his paw down to the floor, and the more it lowered its paw, the worse these people's faces.

Some even fainted. Others felt as if a mountain was pressed down their shoulders.

They could even hear the sound of their bones cracking, their lungs gasping for air, and their muscles contracting!

However, the furry being didn't seem to notice this. It casually swayed its furry tail to block a certain baby's eyes, and the next second, it waved its paw, sending it straight to the floor.

At that moment, these people couldn't groan anymore, and their body became one with the floor.

Even worse, they didn't just lay down, but their flesh and blood truly integrated into the red carpet.

In other words, these 10 people became meat paste with a blood puddle residing underneath their body.

The stench of blood instantly filled the money-scented venue. The red blood of these people seeped into the red carpet, making its colour darker than before.

As for the bloody mass of flesh and bones that one didn't know its shape anymore, it remained in front of the furry being.

"..."

Silence filled the entire floor. It was so silent that coincidentally, the background music was also gone.

One could even hear their own ragged breathing!



The deadly silence continued until the furry figure shook its paw to get rid of any blood traces before it miraculously shrunk into the size of an average cat.

Under everyone's horrified gazes, the now ordinary-looking mocha-coloured cat jumped into a toddler's arm, still with its tail trying to block the baby's eyes.

Hup!

Once the cat snuggled into the speechless baby's arms, only then the people reacted.

"Oh my God!" Someone gasped and the weaker one wobbled. The women almost fainted. Even the men with weak hearts peed their pants.

"Blergh!" A lot of youngsters that never saw something so gruesome directly puked on the spot. The staff was no exception.

"Sh\*t! Sh\*t! What was that?!" The older generation stared at the youngster group opposite the fatty man.

In that instant, these veteran gamblers saw their lives flashed through their eyes.

Who are these people? What kind of animal was that? How come it could...could...

The veteran gamblers were so shocked that they subconsciously took a few steps back, creating a no-man zone around Ainsley's group.

The others also subconsciously retreated, creating a large space between Ainsley's group and the dumbfounded fatty.

The fatty was the only person who was still breathing in the middle of the previous clash.

It's obviously because he didn't charge forward with his men that he could still take a breather.

However, the fatty already slumped to the ground with his butt hitting the floor.

His mouth was opened wide as he looked at Ainsley's group in horror, especially at the seemingly ordinary cat in a certain toddler's embrace.

Oh, fck! Did he just kick a hard metal plate today?

The youngsters' group that he thought to be a soft persimmon that one could knead as they wished was actually a pack of monsters!

A monster!

The fat man got such a huge mental damage that in no time, he passed out. Yellow liquid could be seen pouring out of his lower body, staining his pants.

He peed himself as he fainted.

Seeing the villain already passed out, and the commotion ended faster than when they ate some snacks, the casino staff darted a nervous glance at Ainsley's group.

The youthful group was still standing in front of the bloody mess with their faces devoid of any emotion.

Each of them looked as cold as the demon, even in front of such a massacre.

They're heartless! Ruthless!

At least that's what others saw.

In fact, aside from the cute little cat shamelessly snuggling into a toddler's chest, the rest of them had a deadpan look.

They're not heartless or ruthless. They're just too shocked to react!

Marietta, the woman with the softest heart among the group, suddenly felt her stomach twisting. She almost puked.

Ethania, the tomboy girl who actually already killed a lot of people before, also raised an eyebrow as she looked at the gore view in front of her with eyes full of disgust.

Alvaro kept his calm, but his fists were clenched tightly...

Nouvan's face turned pale, and he continuously used his healing ability on himself to calm his mind.

Kyuseli, the low-key sissy sidekick, surprisingly didn't look too affected, but his trembling body was enough to show his mental state after witnessing a cruel massacre.

Elliana showed a rare look of disgust on her stoic face.

This one-sided massacre is too much!

### **Chapter 228: "Traumatized"**

Elliana took the initiative to block Ainsley's eyes with her hand even though the cruel cat before already covered the baby's eyes with his tail.

As for Ainsley? She froze. She became a statue. Her hands, which were holding Cellino, trembled hard.

She didn't know what to feel at the moment.

What's going on? Someone died? And Cellino was the one killing them?

Even though Ainsley couldn't see what's going on, from the smell of blood and the noises around, she could roughly guess something.

Plus, the noisy Godfather spirit actually acted as a commentator.

[Ohhh, not bad. That beast can control his air pressure skill better than before. Those bastards become meat paste in a matter of seconds!]

When Ainsley heard it, she almost puked.

Meat paste? A bunch of humans suddenly become a mass of flesh, blood and bones?

She had never seen something like this aside from the one in gore manga and anime. In real life, she had never seen anyone dying right in front of her eyes either.

She had lived for 20 years and was still innocent, okay? And now she suddenly witnessed a massacre...even though she didn't see the scene, she knew it happened right in front of her.

The burden was too much for someone like Ainsley. In that instant, she bit her lips and chose to close her eyes. She hugged Cellino's body tighter, but her hands were trembling.

The murderer of these people was right in her arms.

However, she couldn't blame Cellino. She didn't even feel afraid of the cat despite his cold-blooded action. Instead, she felt that Cellino did this because those people revealed their intention to kill.

If Cellino didn't kill these bastards, Jevon and the others would be wounded and might even die. Though with their power, they would be fine....but the weak Ainsley still needed his protection.

Ainsley and her gang felt complication inside, not knowing how to react. Despite the five buds and Elliana were used to murders, it's the first time they saw something so bloody.

Jevon was the only one who reacted the calmest. He slightly scrunched his nose before waving his hand, calling out his tamed monster.

The monster that came out was a cute palm-sized elephant-like monster with bloody red skin full of dragon scales.

Before others could react, the young man already murmured.

"Suck all of this mess. You can eat it."

When he gave the command, the dragon-elephant monster jumped from Jevon's palm, and his size immediately grew.

He became as tall as a real adult elephant, but his body was rather slim like a water dragon.

"Huuuuuu...."

The monster raised its trunk, and in a blink of an eye, it sucked all the blood, messy meat and bones scattered on the carpet.

It sucked all the mess until the last drop of blood, not letting even a single one escape.

The monster even made the previously dark red carpet regain its bright colour. It obviously also cleaned the stained carpet by sucking all the blood.

After the monster ate all the mess, it went back to Jevon's contracted space. It disappeared into thin air.

"Alright. There's no problem, right? We want to move on to another floor."

The young man looked at the casino staff, asking for their permission. After all, if the casino staff said they broke the casino rules, they couldn't leave yet.

But how could the staff hold back suck a monstrous group? The staff immediately nodded.

"Yes, yes, you can leave! You can directly enter the ninth floor with the young miss' reward..."

Ainsley got around one hundred thousand silver coins and could stay on the ninth floor comfortably.

When the staff gave their permission, Ainsley's group swaggered to the elevator. They vanished from everyone's sight in no time.

Once the gamblers on that floor saw Ainsley and her gang was gone, they plopped to the ground.

"Damn it. What kind of beast was that?! So scary!" Someone broke in a cold sweat. They looked at the unconscious fatty not far from them and subconsciously backed off.

That fatty was only unconscious, but he would die soon, right? After all, he got a heart attack and would probably be a waste of his entire life.

No one saw who crippled the fatty, but it must have been one of Ainsley's people when they walked past the fatty. They did it very secretly that people only realised it after they're gone.

The gamblers took a deep breath. All of them were trembling like a weak bunny.

Damn it. If you guys are so strong, why would you stay on this low-level floor? Can't you just top up a lot of money and directly enter the mid-level or high-level floor?!

The low-level floor was from the first floor to the 20th floor. From 21st to 50th was the mid-level floor, and from 51st to 99th floor was the high-level one.

The 100th floor was off-limit to VVIP. Either those top-ranked tower climbers or the family on par with the 7 great families of the mafia society.

Not everyone could enter the 100th floor even when they're wealthy and had accumulated a lot of silver coins.

When the gamblers on the third floor recalled Cellino's one-strike kill, they shuddered once more.

That beast is at least a high-level beast! Someone who can own such a beast should be at least at the peak of a mid-level family or a part of the high-level family!

Someone like that can't possibly climb the tower from the very bottom. Usually, they immediately entered the 21st floor or higher.

Why would they be here?!

Are you guys trying to disguise as a rabbit to swallow a tiger or something?!

### **Chapter 229: "Time To Adapt"**

The gamblers on the third floor felt very wronged. They had also thought of robbing Ainsley, who won so many silver coins from the challenge...

Thank God they didn't do it and someone else became the experimental subject. Esle, they would have died like that too!

The gamblers and the casino staff on the third floor patted their chests. They silently wished that those monsters wouldn't come back.

Unknown to a certain baby, her legend as an invincible Godtoddler started to brew.

While the gamblers on the third floor were still frightened and had no mood to gamble, Ainsley and the others already climbed the tower straight to the ninth floor.

On the way there, Ainsley didn't open her mouth. She became so silent that the others were worried.

Elliana, Kyuseli, and the five buds peeked at Ainsley's face with their heart beating fast.

This is the first time our family head witness a murder, right? And it has to be such a cruel murder too...

The sacred guardian is too violent! Can't he use a gentler method?

Even Ainsley thought the same. Cellino was certainly strong and could even annihilate a mid-rank mafia family on his own. So, it should be easy for him to kill those 10 experts from a low-rank family.

Those experts were just solo-ability users. They weren't even dual-ability users...

Why would he react so strongly like that? It's enough to pierce their heart with wind arrows or something....or using his claw...

Why should he make them into a meat paste?

When Ainsley thought of this, the Godfather spirit, who was silent all this time, suddenly spoke.

[Don't blame Cellino for being cruel. He just wants to test his progress in using his air pressure skill.]

The Godfather subconsciously tried to defend Cellino.

[This Lord knows he goes overboard, but he just awakened his sacred beast power, right? He's still inexperienced, and his ruthless instinct takes over.]

Indeed, in the previous battle, even though Cellino looked calm, he's not. It was his first battle against ability users, and he had to make sure Ainsley wasn't harmed.

Thus, he immediately used the skill that he already grasped well, which was the air pressure. He learned it from the teenager at the capital that the Godfather pointed out before.

The cat just wanted to end the battle as soon as possible to avoid anyone on his side getting harmed. Little did he know that his action would lead to a gore massacre.

At least he was sensible enough to cover Ainsley's eyes with his tail.

[It's not Cellino's fault. Remember, you can't be soft-hearted in this world. Since you're born in a mafia society, it's either kill or be killed.]

The Godfather took the chance to lecture Ainsley. After all, the baby still wasn't used to the mafia society's cruel reality.

[In no time, it will be your turn to kill other human beings too. At that time, this lord will be there for you. This Lord will carry the guilt and sin you might feel.]

Ainsley's strength was still not enough to kill other ability users, but if she ordered them to commit suicide through her charm ability, she would naturally have her first kill.

At that time, the Godfather thought that he would support the baby to stabilise her mental health.

Not everyone could be used to killing. He, too, had a time when he was a coward who refused to kill. In the end, this world taught him a hard lesson, and he gradually adapted.

Ainsley just needed time to change her mindset and perspective.

[...mmm. Thank you, Uncle Godfather.] Ainsley felt slightly warm inside when she heard what the Godfather said. She had never thought of blaming Cellino, though...

And the Godfather was also not responsible for consoling her when she did kill someone in the future. Yet he said he would bear the sin and guilt she felt for her.

He must have thought of using a certain special ability, right? And it would use up his spirit energy...and he might grow weaker or disappear.

Without a shaman as a channel to use the energy, a dead spirit would be employing its life energy when they wanted to use their special abilities.

Of course, not a lot of spirits could do this. The Godfather was an exception because he's so strong.

From this alone, Ainsley could feel how much affection the Godfather had for her. He truly saw her as his disciple, or maybe...his heir.

Ainsley's eyes became slightly moist. She was about to thank the Godfather when the spirit snorted.

[Anyway, those people earlier are just too weak. No wonder Cellino can slap them to death with one move.]

Ainsley's body stiffened. She suddenly couldn't understand this spirit.

How come those people are weak? If it's her, she won't be able to handle all of them...

Each of those experts has an extremely menacing offence power, okay? Even if they only have one ability, that's already a top expert among the low-rank mafia families!

They also might be on par with some ability users from mid-rank mafia families...

The baby couldn't help but rebuke.

[How come they're too weak? In my eyes, they're strong...they can use fire arrows, water spear, rock skin, and wind claw...]

Those are offensive and defensive elemental abilities, right? They're strong!

However, the Godfather clicked his tongue.

[Those scums can only use that skill alone. It doesn't mean they can control a specific element to use other skills!]

It was Ainsley's turn to be shocked.

What? They can't control their elemental to form anything they wished?

The baby's face changed.

I thought once they can unleash those skills, they can create a different one based on their controlled element?

### **Chapter 230: "Power Hierarchy"**

Seeing Ainsley's shocked face, the Godfather sighed.

[You are surrounded by a lot of geniuses. No wonder you don't know this, lass.]

[What do you mean, though, uncle Godfather?] Ainsley tilted her head. Indeed, her people were powerful despite the family being a poor one on the brink of collapsing.

She had never met ability user experts from a low-ranked family.

Not wanting to waste time, the Godfather immediately explained. [You recalled those people using fire arrows, water spear, rock skin, and other specific skills, right?]

[Yeah.]

[Hum. They can only use that one skill. Take the example of the guy using the fire arrow. He can only create fire arrows with his fire ability. He can't create fireballs or other things!]

Ainsley instantly gasped.

So weak? If they can only use that one skill, isn't that too weak compared to other ability users??

[That's why I told you that they're weak. Lass, don't think that everyone can control elemental power like your fairy friend and the five brats.]

The Godfather shrugged.

[Those that can use the complete power of the elemental abilities are all at least dual-ability users!]

[What?! So...those that only have one ability can't create an element as their wishes?]

Ainsley's eyes widened in shock. She had seen Finley using his fire, wind, and water abilities. He could shape it to form whatever he wanted...

How come the others can't? Isn't this too unfair?

Seemingly aware of Ainsley's thoughts, the Godfather curled the corner of his lips.

[It's indeed unfair, lass. Those people who have one elemental ability can only have a fragment of the real elemental ability.]

In other words, there would be a lot of elemental ability users, but those without two or more abilities could only use one specific skill, such as the fire arrow or the water spear.

Whereas those who had the complete elemental abilities could shape their power to countless other forms, as creative as they could be.

From this alone, one could see the power difference.

No matter how large a person's energy source was, no matter how good their control over their power...if they only had a fragmented elemental ability...

When they faced someone with a complete elemental ability, they would undoubtedly lose.

It's called power hierarchy.

The Godfather had also told Ainsley before that those people with the same abilities could have different strengths.

It depended on their energy source's size, their precise control, and the power hierarchy born from their talents!

That's why, dual-ability users and more would always be superior to others. The more abilities one could acquire, the stronger they would be.

Ainsley gradually understood more about this world's special abilities. It turned out, Fin and the five buds were stronger than what she could imagine!

Marietta could control a complete nature element, but others might only be able to create and control a vine...or control a specific plant...

They're definitely not as powerful as Marietta.

[You see your loyal nanny, that Ely-thingy?] The Godfather suddenly spoke as he pointed at Elliana.

The group was currently walking down the corridor of the ninth floor, about to enter the casino venue.

[What's with her?] Ainsley subconsciously asked.

Elliana is okay, right?

[Heh. You know her purple fire? That's a deadly poisonous fire, a rather high-level ability among fire ability users.] The Godfather nodded at Elliana with a face full of satisfaction.

At least this woman was rather talented with such a good fire ability.

[Your nanny can create a lot of skills with that ability, but well, your fairy is stronger than her.]

The Godfather casually blurted out Finley's name, even revealing a bit about that guy's power.

After all, Finley's fire might look like an ordinary red fire, but deep inside, it was actually golden.

That fire...was the mother fire of all fire in this world.

All fire ability users would have to bow down in front of that fake fairy once he decided to reveal the golden fire hidden inside his red fire!

Even his wind and water ability was also at top level. Such power could only be countered by royal fairies or royal elves.

No wonder he's the heir of the strongest mafia family in this era. That boy's talent was terrifying!



Of course, the Godfather didn't know that Finley didn't acquire such good quality abilities in his last life because he awakened them first before contracting a fairy.

Now, he had already contracted Chronos since birth and only then awakened his elemental abilities.

The fairies were the favourite children of the world aside from elves and dragons. They were especially gifted in elemental abilities.

Thus, when Finley, who had life and death bond with a top-notch fairy, awakened his elemental ability, this world also favoured him!

Even when he's not a transmigrator, which was often a unique case in this world, his 'main character' halo shone brightly.

[Anyway, once you get a decent offensive ability, you can protect yourself better than now.] The Godfather added.

Actually, Ainsley's charm and luck ability was already super good when used in a frontal battle, but she hadn't reached the realm where she could use those abilities as offensive abilities.

Once Ainsley's energy core became bigger and her comprehension toward her abilities improved as well, only then she could use her existing abilities as an offensive type.

[It will be nice if you can be a shaman, lass. Or get more offensive, defensive, scouting or production abilities.]

The Godfather sighed as he recalled the powerful and balanced abilities he acquired in the past.

Ainsley wouldn't be able to be the best in this world if she didn't become an all-rounder!

And that means...she might end up just like him.

The Godfather's eyes flashed with a mysterious light.