

## **BABY MAFIA 541**

### **Chapter 541 - "Blood Wings"**

[Godfather, can you show off your blood manipulation skill and injure all of them? Make sure they're dying, near-death but won't die if they get treatment.]

Ainsley's eyes were determined as she looked up at the Godfather.

[I know this is selfish and annoying. But I think we can assert more dominance this way. I want to build another image other than a mass murderer with a curse ability.]

Ainsley clenched her fists tightly. She looked straight into the Godfather's eyes.

The Godfather told her that she shouldn't be a lone fighter. But if she massacred people once more, wouldn't she be a lone fighter...again?

Why can't she be like a queen, making people fear her while showing off her ability?

The Godfather could actually understand what Ainsley meant, and the young man felt as if something just stabbed his heart.

Ah...I am the one who wanted her not to be like me. But when I possessed her, I selfishly wanted to go back to the way I used to be...even after she told me that I can go all out.

The Godfather ruffled his hair and laughed coldly.

[Hahaha.]

I am really...selfish.

Do I want to live that desperately? Did I regret my death that much?

The Godfather took a deep breath and forcefully smiled.

[This lord understands. You are the master, anyway. This Lord will follow your wishes.]

At the Godfather's words, Ainsley immediately activated her shaman energy, and the Godfather possessed her.

Her purple hair slowly turned green in front of everyone, and her blue pupils turned golden.

[...sorry, Lil Lass.] The Godfather silently took out a Matcha Pocky from the storage necklace and put it into his mouth.

[This lord doesn't wish for you to be a bloodthirsty maniac like this lord.]

The Godfather realised that he almost turned Ainsley into what he became in the past. If he truly went all out and did things as he wished, Ainsley would stray far away from the path that she wanted.

[This lord...wishes you can do things that you want.]

[Hum. I will.] Ainsley giggled as she looked at the big screen inside the dark space. The baby silently poked the screen.

[I'll be watching, Godfather.]

[Mmm. Leave it to this lord.]

Right after he said it, the Godfather stood on Ava's back with his back straight. He lifted his chin high and looked at the enemy commander with a chilly gaze.

"This lord has no intention to back off." The young man bit the Matcha Pocky lightly before raising his right hand.

"Let's fight."

The moment the Godfather's words fell, he instantly drew all the blood he stored inside the storage necklace except for Ainsley's blood.

The crimson liquid slowly poured out of the necklace, and it became a stream of line. The crimson stream gently swirled around the Godfather's tiny body, covering him from head to toe.

The smell of blood immediately spread throughout the field, and the stream noise struck everyone's ears.

Srrrrrrr....

Slowly but surely, the stream of blood gathered behind the Godfather's back, but this time, it didn't become a large blood gel following him around.

If anything, the blood gradually condensed into sharp, crystalline feathers. They attached themselves onto the Godfather's back, feather by feather.

The process might look slow, yet the whole process happened in less than a minute.

The stream of blood vanished, fully condensed into a pair of bloody red wings behind the baby's back.

Shaaaaa....

The sunlight shone upon the crimson wings. Strangely, the sunlight couldn't pass through the crystallised wings. The dense blood didn't allow the sunlight to break through.

Crimson wings.

The people around the baby couldn't take their eyes off the blood wings.

The moment the wings spread themselves and flapped lightly, the smell of blood became even more intense.

The dark reddish colour of the wings looked something like what demons would have. Yet, at the same time, there's this unexplainable beauty.

Ainsley's people and the enemy froze on the spot. It was as if the blood wings spellbound them.

Flap. Flap. Flap.

Even when the wings started to flap faster and the wind blew the scent of blood throughout the field, the people remained still.

Their eyes latched onto the pair of wings that started to grow wider, stronger, and even bigger than the baby herself.

Flap. Flap. Flap.

The baby's body slowly rose to the sky.

The wind became even stronger than before, and the pungent smell of blood lingered once more.

The crimson wings spread wide in the air. It brought the baby even further from the ground.

One meter, two meters, five meters...

Ten meters.

Ainsley was now flying ten meters away from the ground.

The enemies and Ainsley's troops subconsciously lifted their heads to follow the baby's movement. But the sunlight almost blinded them.

Surprisingly, the moment the blood wings spread themselves, just like a real avian's wings, it cast a shadow onto the people, shielding them from the scorching heat that afternoon.

However, at the same time...it also cast a shadow in their hearts.

"Damn." The enemy's commander gulped nervously. His knees went weak as he looked up at the baby with her huge blood wings behind her back.

"Is that...blood manipulation ability?" The commander asked himself as he squeezed his monster's rein.

The person next to him nodded stiffly like a chicken pecking its food.

"I-I think so, commander. B-but isn't that one of the Godfather's signature abilities? T-that means..."

"Look at her hair and pupils. Don't you think they resemble...that person?"

Another person opened his mouth. Right now, he was close to peeing his pants.

Green hair and golden eyes. Blood wings made of controlling blood.

Is this....the Godfather?

## **Chapter 542 - "Blood Rain"**

The...Godfather? For real?

The enemies shuddered. They instantly cried tears and blood in their heart.

The rumour is true! Ainsley Sloan is a shaman, and she has the Godfather as her contracted spirit...

And the ability she inherited was blood manipulation.

No one in the mafia world didn't know about blood manipulation supremacy. They knew how sickening and insanely powerful that ability was...

Especially when it was in the Godfather's hand.

Many stories and legends mentioned the Godfather and his blood manipulation ability. But they didn't think they would witness it first-hand like this...

Aren't we screwed?

At the same time, Ainsley's troops were trying hard not to simp.

'Ahhhh, that's the Godfather! The boss is so cool to have the Godfather as her contracted spirit!'

'Oh my God! Hella cool! Blood wings...isn't it one of the legendary skills??'

The troops thought that the war would be a rather fierce and bloody war. But if the Godfather used blood wings...

It's going to be an elegant yet chilling battle.

The moment the Godfather showed his blood wings, the enemy troops were already despaired.

'According to legends and stories, what follows after the blood wings...is the blood rain...right?!'

The commander's face paled.

That's an AOE skill!

"Rejoice." The Godfather flapped the blood wings as he looked down on the people below.

His voice was that of a girl, and a kid. His face was also a toddler and his body...was so tiny that he looked cute.

Yet at the moment, no one could see the baby as someone cute or vulnerable. If anything...he looked like a baby devil from hell...

"Rejoice, mongrels. This Lord will make this quick." The Godfather pricked his ears as he spread his arms wide.

Following his movement were the blood wings on his back. The wings slowly spread wider, and the edge was slightly curled, aiming to the ground.

The feathers made of blood slowly became as sharp as icicles, and all of them were pointing at the enemy troops down there.

"This will be done in seconds." The Godfather munched the last bit of his Matcha Pocky before licking the edge of his lips.

"Blood wings..." The young man slowly clenched his fists. His pupils glinted viciously.

"Rain on them."

SHAAA!

Before the enemies could react, the wings already flapped hard and the sharp feathers on it suddenly shot toward the enemy troops.

Psiu. Psiu. Psiu!

One feather. Two feathers. Five. Ten. Twenty. Fifty. A hundred.

It began with just one feather that instantly changed into a blood icicle shooting toward the target's belly.

But seconds passed by, and the air was instantly filled with hundreds of blood icicles.

SHA SHA SHA!

The hundred blood icicles flew so fast that in mere seconds, it already stabbed some of the people's stomachs or shoulders, instantly pinning them to the ground.

STAB!

"Gah!"

"Arghh!"

"Ouch!"

"AKH!"

The enemies fell one by one. Yet the blood rain didn't stop. It kept stabbing each of the enemies with one blood icicle. Not less, not more.

It was precisely one blood icicle...and it never shot the vital areas.

The enemies were under attack. Scream and agony echoed throughout the field. Yet, not even a single person breathed their last breath.

Even the commander wasn't an exception.

Wounds started to appear on the enemies' bodies. Blood trickled down, mixed with the blood icicle stabbing their wounds.

Yet...no one died. Of the 200 people getting attacked...

No one died.

But all of them fell to the ground with blood oozing everywhere, creating a pool of blood.

The fishy smell of blood rose to the sky, and the baby's blood wings already shrunk to the size of tiny cupid-like wings. It was only enough to keep the baby flying in the air.

"Hu..." The Godfather opened his eyes and exhaled. He slowly beckoned his fingers, and the enemies' blood flowed onto his palm.

Once more, the blood formed a larger blood wings...and the blood rain repeated.

"GAH!"

"AKH!"

"GYAHHH!"

Each enemy got another blood icicle piercing their body, yet it never aimed for the vital area. It only gave them new wounds and pain.

None of the enemies could even stand up to run or use their abilities. Only the healers tried hard to heal themselves and those around them.

But the bastard devil didn't think it was enough.

Once more, when his wings shrunk after transforming into icicles rain, he gathered the blood on the field...

And repeated the cycle.

Once. Twice. Thrice.

Everytime the young man created blood rain...the enemies would turn into hedgehogs with blood icicles still pinning them to the ground.

Blood kept flowing from their wounds...and the next icicles attacking them were actually made from their own blood.

It was either their own blood or their comrades's blood!

"Uagh!"

"S-stop. Just kill me!"

"Don't play with us!"

"Arghh!"

The enemies groaned and rolled on the ground with icicles around their bodies. Yet, they were still breathing.

Their blood kept flowing from their wounds, but the healers would help them stop the bleeding.

They didn't die. But they couldn't fight back either.

It...it was such torture!

Ainsley's troops shuddered as they watched the Godfather toyed with the enemy troops. No one died, but their cries of pain and the humiliation they felt...

It was enough to break anyone.

"Stop...stop this." The commander finally spoke in a hoarse voice as he laid on the ground with his stomach pressed.

The man slowly stretched his hand and lifted it toward the Godfather in the air.

"Stop...stop torturing us. Just...just kill us— "

"No." The Godfather rejected flatly. The young man fiddled with his silky hair and chuckled.

"You either surrender or die a slow death."

### **Chapter 543 - "Twisted Nature"**

"You either surrender or die a slow death."

At the Godfather's words, the commander almost choked and died on the spot.

Goddammit. You're really a maniac!

The commander thought that they could die fast, and that's the end. At least they didn't let down their family's name. However, the Godfather didn't want to kill them fast.

Wait. He didn't even have the intention to kill. Those who died would only because they lost too much blood. Yet...the Godfather could stop their bleeding so that they wouldn't die...

This man is just pushing us to surrender!

Surrendering to the enemy that attacks your territory was no doubt...something humiliating. No loyal members would do that.

Unfortunately, the commander was a part of the loyal members..., and he didn't want to be humiliated like this!

But killing himself wasn't an option either. He felt so weak that he couldn't even bit his tongue to commit suicide.

"Fck...fck you, Godfather. Y-you...can massacre all of us but why do you have to do...this..."

"Well..." the Godfather slowly descended to Ava's back and shrugged. "Because a certain Lil brat told this lord not to kill."

!

The commander instantly knew who the Lil brat that the Godfather mentioned.

Isn't it...Ainsley Sloan? She's still a kid yet already have such a vicious plan...

What a demon!

Ainsley, who was watching all of this from the dark space, suddenly felt wronged.

'Hello? I never wanted to torture you guys, okay? It's just to scare you to retreat...who would have thought that the maniac homicide took my words as 'torture'?!'

Ainsley clenched her chest and glared at the screen.

I'm almost dead giving all the shaman energy for this motherfcked to torture you guys, okay?! Why would I want to keep wasting my energy??

However, the enemy didn't give up yet. That's why Ainsley couldn't kick the Godfather out of her body.

The baby finally felt so frustrated that she pulled her hair and shouted at the Godfather.

[Godfather, can we end the war? Just capture them to be our prisoner or something, ah. I have exhausted almost all of my energy!]

The Godfather paused at Ainsley's protest. He looked down at the people crawling on the ground and snorted.

[If that's what you want...]

Anyway, it's been more than 10 minutes. Ainsley might get another identity crisis.

Indeed, right now, the baby's body accumulated more of the Godfather's residual aura, and the sign of identity crisis almost surfaced.

The moment Ainsley and the Godfather resonated with each other, that's when Ainsley might get another identity crisis.

Worrying about that, the Godfather sighed and immediately lifted his right hand.

"All troops. Capture all these mongrels. Don't let even a single of them died from suicide."

Ainsley's troops, who didn't have anything to do because the Godfather was flexing his ability, instantly flared up.

"Yes, boss!"

The youngsters were pumped up as they rushed to drag the enemies and tie them like a sack or something.

In the first place, the enemies were already weak and dying. Thus, when Ainsley's troops came to get them, they couldn't resist and could only try to commit suicide.

Being a war prisoner was even more embarrassing than dying in the hands of others!

Unfortunately, the youngsters from the Sloan Family were too excited for their first 'battle'. When they spotted anyone trying to commit suicide, they would instantly knock them off.

BAM! SLAP! KATCHAK!

Oh, no...some youngsters broke the prisoner's legs or arms to prevent them from running away...

Ah, someone hit the back of the prisoner's neck. Eh, did someone just slap the poor commander?

The Sloan Family troops were instantly busy handling the prisoners, and Ainsley could only watch them with a bitter smile.

[In the end, it seems that we are the one who solves the trouble...ah, I mean we fight alone.]

[Hmm. It's just this one time, though. And these youngsters are still untrained. When you go back to the estate, make sure you train them hard.]

The Godfather rubbed his forehead as he looked around the field.

The previously brown ground had turned crimson red, and many blood icicles were still embedded in the enemies' bodies.

Looking at the battlefield alone, everyone knew that the Godfather had obviously dominated the whole battle.

'...it seems that this lord went too far...'

The Godfather's lips twitched as he beckoned his fingers and guided all the blood spilt on the battlefield into the blood bank inside the storage necklace.

Ainsley didn't know since when the Godfather prepared a whole bathtub for human blood storage...

But when she saw the bathtub inside the storage necklace, she didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

'C'monnnn you can't possibly store ALL of the blood, right? What are you? A vampire??'

Unfortunately, even when Ainsley told the Godfather not to store that much blood, the young man refused to obey her.

[Carrying blood everywhere is good since you don't know when you will need another AOE skill before your enemies bleed.]

With that reasoning, the Godfather happily collected the blood on the battlefield.

Even when he refrained from killing anyone, his love for blood was still there...

"Hum, hum." The Godfather whistled as his blood boiled inside his vein.

Seeing so much blood pouring into the storage necklace just triggered his bloodthirst.

Ahhhh, when can this lord kill people? Just wounding them to the point of dying isn't fun.

The Godfather's twisted nature slowly showed up. His golden pupils reddened a bit, and his breath paced up.

Hmmm, it's okay to kill the commander, right? Or some stubborn prisoners...

The Godfather's bloodthirsty nature unknowingly affected Ainsley's soul.

The baby was just watching the Godfather cleaning the battlefield when her heart suddenly jolted.

Ba-thump! Ba-thump!

[UGH!!!]

#### **Chapter 544 - "Golden Pacifier To The Rescue"**

[Ugh!]

Ainsley clenched her chest as she looked at the screen with wide eyes.

Without her knowing, tears slowly gathered in her eyes.

Oh, God— this feeling...

Her blood rushed to her head, and there was this stifling sensation in her chest. She suddenly felt so eager to spill blood...

It was a bloodthirsty nature!

Ainsley instantly shouted at the Godfather.

[Godfather?? Does your bloodthirsty nature get triggered or something?? I-I can't breathe. It feels so stuffy— ]

However, the Godfather didn't reply. He kept storing the blood while his mind wandered around..

Blood...so much blood. It's like back then. The war...the stimulants...the exciting feeling...

The Godfather's expression changed. Oh, to be honest, it was Ainsley's body that showed such a change.

The previously cute and adorable baby suddenly looked like a savage beast or something. Even Zev, who was only watching so far, was alarmed.

[Bastard Dave! You can't be— suppress your thirst! You're still using Ain's body!]

Zev broke in a cold sweat. He suddenly regretted giving the blood manipulation option to Ainsley.

How did I forget that this bastard gets excited at the sight of blood? He's already twisted when he made a contract with me...and after that, he fought so much that his life felt empty without killing and fighting.

It's been a while since he could see blood and sense them with a real human body...

He's about to go mad!

Zev knew the Godfather more than anyone else in this world. The young man might be kind and wise to Ainsley, but deep inside, he's still a crazed, bloodthirsty mafia.

'What if he affects Ain??'

[Dave! Stop controlling the blood! You're not in the right mind!] Zev shouted once more, yet the Godfather didn't listen.

He was already intoxicated with the scent and view of so much blood flowing into the necklace.

"Ahhhh. Hahahaha. Hahaha!"

The man started to laugh like a madman.

'Ahhhh...if only I can see fresh blood flowing from a human's body— '

When the Godfather was already at the point that he was about to control the remaining blood to kill someone, out of the blue, Elliana appeared next to him.

Before the Godfather could succumb to his fighting instinct, the woman already took out a golden pacifier.

CLING.

The pacifier glinted under the sunlight. At that moment, Elliana brought the pacifier closer to Ainsley's face and without saying anything...

She forcefully shoved the pacifier to Ainsley's mouth!

"Nyahaha—" The Godfather's mouth was opened when he's laughing like a madman.

Then...the pacifier suddenly blocked his mouth.

"UPHH!"

The young man's mind suddenly went blank.

...the heck..? What...what is this—

Before he could do anything, the body moved on its own and...started to suck the pacifier!

Nom. Nom. Nyam. Nyam.

....?!

The Godfather could feel everyone's gaze on him as he sucked the pacifier just like a newborn baby.

His mind instantly collapsed.

[LIL LASS! YOU— YOU!!] The Godfather's face flushed red as he shouted at Ainsley, who was trying her best to control her own mouth.

Yes, you're right. The one sucking the pacifier desperately wasn't the Godfather but Ainsley!

Inside the dark space, Ainsley ignored the Godfather's shout and focused on controlling her mouth.

Hmph, hmph. You think you can overwhelm me with your bloodthirsty nature? Hell no! I might be weak, but it doesn't mean I won't fight back!

Ainsley knew that the Godfather was muddle-headed right now.

If she didn't do anything and the Godfather ended up committing a massacre using her body, once he cooled his head, he would regret things so much that he would blame himself once more.

'I don't want you to regret making a contract with me, Godfather. I know that you're a psycho, and you're too strong for me, and that you're dangerous...'

Ainsley inhaled and exhaled sharply.

But I choose to be your contractor! I will not back away...and I will accept all your shortcomings, just like how you get my principles and beliefs!

Ainsley kept sucking the golden pacifier, and slowly but surely, it strengthened her soul. Because of this, Ainsley could withstand the Godfather's influence on her.

Not to mention that the pacifier had a calming effect, and it was extremely effective on the Godfather's bloodthirsty nature.

Just by sucking the pacifier for a minute, the Godfather could already cool his head and retain his composure.

It was then that the Godfather sighed in relief.

[Lil lass, you can stop. This Lord already calms down, okay? Stop for a moment. Or just cut the shaman energy and kick this lord out.]

The Godfather slapped his forehead while cursing himself.

'If not for the golden pacifier, I might have brought more harm to the Lil lass for the n-th time. Damn it...why can't I control my urge?!

When the Godfather said he was already calm, Ainsley similarly sighed in relief before cutting off the shaman energy supply.

The Godfather was instantly kicked out of Ainsley's body,, and Ainsley's appearance slowly changed back to her usual appearance.

"Huuuu..." the baby let out a long sigh as she blinked. She's currently sitting on Ava while patting Cellino's fur. Maybe the Godfather just did this to calm his nerves as well...

Oh, God, anyway, that was close.

Ainsley inhaled sharply while touching her neck and chest. Somehow, she felt that she almost became like the Godfather and had another identity crisis...

But the golden pacifier surely helped a lot.

Nom. Nom.

Let's use it a little longer.

Ainsley sucked on the pacifier for a little longer to calm her chaotic heart, not knowing that her people and the enemies had been watching her with twitching lips.

Did the family head just suck a pacifier right after the war?!

### **Chapter 545 - "Putting On Diaper?"**

'Did the family head just suck a pacifier right after the war?'

'That...she is already three, right? She doesn't exactly need a pacifier, right?'

'Uh, b-but...she is so cute!'

'And she's sucking the pacifier in Godfather mode. That's a whole new experience!'

'Hey, hey, so the Godfather also sucked the pacifier indirectly, right? Don't you think he will die of shame?'

'So what? The boss is cute as hell, anyway! Ahhhh, I wish I could take a picture of her using the pacifier!!'

'Maybe we can accept pacifier endorsement?'

The members were busy whispering among themselves while Becca and Elliana looked at each other.

They had deadpan expression, but when their eyes met, they suddenly chuckled to themselves.

'Ahhhh, what to do. The boss is so cute!!'

'Boss...cute...but...diaper...'

Elliana remembered what Grandpa Yofan said about Ainsley.

"Listen. Kids might pee their pants if they're too excited. Especially little shamans. They're still unstable, so don't make fun of Ain if she peed her pants, okay?"

"Hum."

"Remember, you have to check her pants and immediately put on a diaper for her! Especially after the Godfather possessed her and did some crazy things."

"Okay."

'Oh...forgot about the diaper...'

Elliana patted her forehead and instantly crept behind Ainsley. The baby had just pulled out the pacifier from her mouth when Elliana suddenly lifted her body!

"El- " Ainsley was about to ask Elliana what was going on when Elliana took out a diaper from her storage necklace.

The moment the diaper was out, Ainsley almost collapsed.

"Wait- NO!! NOT HERE!" Ainsley's face instantly flushed red as she tried to escape from Elliana's grip. She immediately knew what Elliana wanted to do.

Don't joke around. I can't possibly wear a diaper now, right?! Heck no! I didn't even pee my pants! Ahhhh!

Just like that, Ainsley ran around the battlefield, trying to escape from Elliana while Elliana chased after Ainsley to put on the diaper.

This continued for a while until Ainsley's troops finished capturing all the war prisoners.

In the end, Elliana gave up on trying to make Ainsley wear the diaper. It was all thanks to the baby telling Elliana that she didn't pee her pants at all.

"Huff...huff...now...let's...let's go back to the mansion with the prisoners." Ainsley wiped her forehead as she climbed to Ava's back.

Somehow, Cellino was already there, waiting for her.

"Roger, boss." Becca nodded at Ainsley's words and immediately waved her hand.

"All troops- depart!"

Just like that, the remaining Sloan Family troops left the valley while the rest stayed there to guard the place.

Ainsley had also appointed a head guard for the Roid Valley and put on their family's flag at the top of the tower.

Since she defeated the reinforcement from the enemy's family, the family wouldn't make a move anytime soon. It would be useless to fight the Sloan Family when the baby was there, after all.

That's how Ainsley acquired the Void Valley's third area as her monster and beast supplies.

Later on, the guards explored the area and found more valuable items such as herbs and minerals, further highlighting the valley's value.

Ainsley's group took another 4 days to arrive at the mansion. They travelled at a slower pace since they brought many prisoners with them.

All in all, they finally managed to come back home in a week from the moment they departed to the day they arrived.

When Ainsley approached the mansion's gate, Grandpa Yofan already stood there with the other elders, all having bright smiles on their faces.

Once Ainsley was close enough to enter the mansion's front yard, the guards opened the gate while shouting respectfully.

"Welcome back, boss!"

Many family members left at the mansion were also at the front yard doing their work. When they saw Ainsley's group, they excitedly ran to welcome them.

"Welcome back, boss!"

"Wahhh, the boss went back with victory!"

The members could see Ainsley returning with a lot of prisoners following behind. One was sure that she had successfully claimed the Roid Valley to be their family's territory.

"I'm back," Ainsley smiled at the members before meeting Grandpa Yofan. As usual, she hugged him and went to describe the experiences she got during her first war.

That day, the news about the Sloan Family's victory in the Roid Valley Territorial War spread throughout the Roane Region.

The local newspaper and the mafia society internet immediately highlighted the news.

"The Sloan Family is making another breakthrough!"

"The Sloan Family is going around collecting territories? Which territory will they aim for next?"

Some media even tried to get the record of the battle, but since no one on the battlefield recorded the war, no one knew what happened.

They only knew that the Sloan Family took 200-ish people as war prisoners.

The defeated family were on edges because their people didn't die in the war but became war prisoners instead. If they didn't bail their people out, their family name would be tarnished!

Thus, the defeated family tried to send negotiation terms with the Sloan Family, but Ainsley left all of this to Elliana and the others.

As for herself, the day after she came back, she immediately brought her people to their territories and joined the small war to defend their territories in the pretext of training.

At the same time, the mafia society still had its eyes on the Sloan Family's movements, trying to guess what they would do next...especially those related to the 7 sacred families.

"Do you think she will try to attack this place next?" One of the higher-ups pointed at the huge map on the table, and the others immediately looked at it.

"Ah. The Godfather Mausoleum?"

### **Chapter 546 - "Broken Ability"**

When someone brought up the Godfather mausoleum, the family's representative who owned the mausoleum instantly reacted.

"What?! The Sloan Family's next target is our mausoleum??"

"Yeah, that's possible because the Godfather is the Sloan Family Head's contracted spirit. She will want to take back what belonged to the Godfather."

"But that mausoleum is now ours! The government didn't care about the mausoleum,, and our family was the one taking care of it."

The representative bit his thumb as he paced around the meeting room of the high-rank families affiliated with the 7 sacred families.

"This won't do. We have to protect the mausoleum. You know that the 7 sacred families and other allies rely on the mausoleum to nurture shamans, right?"

The representative looked around the meeting room and met everyone's gaze.

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"Can you guys' families send help to our family? If the mausoleum fell into the Sloan Family's hands, it would be bad for all of us too!"

There were many spirits hanging out in the tomb area due to the mausoleum's unique environment. That's why, if kids were to visit the place often, the chance to become a shaman would be way higher than usual.

The 7 sacred families and their affiliated families had used the mausoleum to nurture shamans for generations, and even the Godlif Shaman Guild frequently paid a huge sum of money to bring their shamans to the mausoleum.

The mausoleum was just a vital area for the family who owned it and for the alliances too!

There's no way the 7 sacred families would let it go.

The affiliated family who owned the mausoleum under the 7 sacred families' protection was the most anxious about the mausoleum.

It was their one and only bargaining chip with the 7 sacred families, simply because the mausoleum was far away from the 7 sacred families' territories.

If not for that, one of the 7 sacred families would have occupied the mausoleum...

But the mausoleum was actually not far from the Roane Region, which was why the Sloan Family or the Walter Family could aim for it!

So far, the Walter Family never nurtured shamans and focused on elemental ability users. Thus, they were never interested. But if the Sloan Family asked the Walter Family for help...

"C'mon guys, can't you ask your bosses to send us help? Ask your affiliated 7 sacred families too. No matter what, we have to keep the mausoleum!"

The representative of the mausoleum's owner already broke in cold sweat as he tried to coax the other representatives to help his family.

If they could make an alliance with these high-ranking families and even get the 7 sacred families to send help, there's no way the Sloan Family could get the mausoleum.

However, the other representatives didn't immediately agree with the request. They looked at each other before sighing.

"If the Sloan Family decided to attack the mausoleum...it means the Godfather will go there too, right?" Someone chipped in, and immediately after, another one responded.

"Right. Do you think you can win against the Godfather?"

The representative flinched. He bit his lips and stammered.

"B-but he's just a spirit now. He's long dead! E-even if he can possess the Sloan Family Head, h-he can only use one of his abilities..."

"And do you know what ability he can use?"

"N-no...."

"Listen here. From my informant, the Sloan Family took the Void Valley solely because the Godfather helped them."

"What? Then...do you know what ability he use in that war?"

"Yeah. It's the blood manipulation ability." The person's face paled as he looked at the representative.

"You know what it means to have that ability, right?"

In that instant, the atmosphere in the meeting room seemed to be even gloomier than before. The temperature dropped, and the people's faces darkened.

"Blood manipulation ability...the more enemies there are, the stronger the user will be. What's the point of sending so many people?"

Someone in the room shook his head and sighed.

"Even if you put neutraliser ability users in the battlefield, from the Sloan Family Head's battle recordings, she can use her curse ability to prevent any of her other abilities getting sealed..."

It was an illogical explanation of how a 'curse' ability could cancel the neutraliser effects, but the end result was the same.

Hearing the person's explanations, the others in the room became even more distressed.

"In other words, she will still be able to use her shaman ability, and once she does, the Godfather will take over, and she will be unstoppable?"

"Yeah. Don't you know that the blood manipulation ability can even heal the users' wounds and recharge their energy by consuming the enemies' blood?"

"That..."

"If the toddler is already skillful enough as a shaman, there's a possibility that the Godfather can use those skills while possessing her. If it's like that..."

Everything would be in vain.

In the past, when someone fought the Godfather, they would always use neutraliser ability users to seal one of his abilities, and their priority was the blood manipulation ability.

It was too powerful and scary that they had to prevent the Godfather from using it.

However, now, the Godfather's host could cancel the neutraliser effect as long as she's fast enough to react...

That's so broken!

The people in the meeting room already imagined the worst and thought that Ainsley could already use the Godfather's broken skills such as the blood heal and the energy recharge through blood.

Little did they know that she could only let the Godfather control the blood to form shapes or weapons used in war.

Nothing more than that.

But the representatives already had negative thoughts. They all despaired.

"What...what do we do to stop that devil?!"

### **Chapter 547 - "Kill The Godfather"**

At the representative's question, the others fell silent. They avoided eye contact and silently looked down.

What can we do when we are fighting someone who will be even stronger when the enemies multiply?

The blood manipulation ability is really a sick ability that only psychos like the Godfather can use!

Poor these representatives not knowing that Ainsley was still a newbie shaman.

Ainsley couldn't even make blood clones yet, only blood chibis since it required less blood.

The Godfather didn't want to wound Ainsley too much like what he did to himself back in the day, after all.

Not knowing that Ainsley's ability to control the blood was still very limited, the representatives in the room already panicked.

"What to do then?! Is there no other way to stop her? Maybe we can kidnap her people or something, or, or..."

While the representatives were panicking, someone sitting at the corner of the room suddenly raised his hand and commented..

"How about preventing the Godfather from possessing the Sloan Family Head?"

!

The meeting room went silent. Everyone instantly looked at the person suggesting and saw that he was a young man, maybe the youngest in the room.

"Ah, which family do you serve?" One of the oldies couldn't help but ask the person since they had never seen him before.

However, his suggestion just now created ripples in the discussion.

The young man looked at the old man questioning him, and smiled.

"Ah, I'm from one of the 7 sacred families, but I won't say which family. The higher-ups forbid me from saying this info."

The young man brushed off the others' questions about his identity by saying that he's from one of the 7 sacred families.

When the others heard that he's a representative from a higher family than them, they instantly changed their attitudes and started to surround him.

"Oh, someone from the 7 sacred families! No wonder you have such a good idea."

"Yeah, yeah, what did you say before? Prevent the Godfather from possessing the toddler? That's good!"

"But how do we do that?"

Since the oldies were interested, the young man brushed off his maroon hair and laughed cheerfully.

"Hahah, calm down, everyone. What I mean to say is, if we can prevent the Godfather from using his ability, that will be our win."

"Right, right, young man. But how? Unless we can harm or capture the Godfather when he's in his spirit form..."

"Exactly! Don't you guys know about THEM? You know, a group of people that can harm spirits." The young man winked at the oldies, and the oldies were instantly stunned.

They looked at each other with wide eyes.

Them? Don't tell us it is the...

The exorcists!

A group of ability users that can injure or even kill dead spirits in their spirit form.

"Do you mean...those ability users? Uh, I heard that they're scarce, even rarer than alchemists...but is it true that they can harm spirits?"

"Of course they can. It's not just rumour."

"Oh, that's good. But I heard that those people...only work for the government? I mean, they have a guild too, but they're all under the government's wings, right?"

"Ah, really? That's not good. We are mafia families. How can we recruit someone working under the government!"

The other people immediately refused the young man's idea. After all, it's impossible for those working for the government to be involved with the mafia unless they're neutral.

But the exorcists weren't neutral at all. They're all groomed by the government to hunt down spirits related to the mafia society!

"Even if we can bribe those Ability Users, it's not like they will want to work for us. I heard that they're extremely loyal to the government..."

However, the young man only smiled and chuckled.

"Hey, hey, the Godfather is the strongest mafia spirit ever existed. Don't you think the government wants to get rid of him? Even his spirit form is dangerous...right?"

"R-right...right."

"Then, if we use other neutral forces to contact the government to hunt the Godfather, they will happily do the mission, right? It's their long-time wish, after all."

The representatives fell silent. They weakly nodded.

"You are right..."

Strangely, these people didn't look too enthusiastic with the suggestion. If anything, they looked at each other with awkward expressions on their old faces.

Do we need...to completely kill the Godfather spirit?

That's what everyone in the room was thinking.

The Godfather might be a pain in the a\*s for many mafias, but they couldn't deny that the Godfather was their pioneer.

The mafia society became so popular and influential thanks to the Godfather.

In the end, the mafias still respected him and didn't wish to kill the lingering spirits. They knew that the Godfather had passed away from 'old age', but if they had to kill his spirit too...

There would be nothing left for the mafia.

Actually, the shamans working for the mafia society wanted the Godfather to be their contracted spirits.

Everyone looked up to him, and even the non-mafia dead spirits also happily stayed at his mausoleum out of respect for him.

He might be a psycho, but he's strong enough until his tomb could create a perfect environment for the dead spirits.

Many dead spirits thanked the Godfather despite never seeing him around.

Even though many people made use of the Godfather's tomb, they still had an ounce of admiration toward him.

Even the government was forced to build a statue for him at the monumental park even though he's literally a mafia figure.

That's how much impact the Godfather brought to the mafia society, and now...they had to kill him?

Can we? Do we have to?

### **Chapter 548 - "The Exorcists"**

The oldies felt reluctant to kill the Godfather spirit, and the young man could feel it.

After the long silence, the young man had no choice but to raise his hands together.

"Hey, hey, don't be so gloomy. I never said we should let those people kill the Godfather. Just injuring him is enough. It's all to prevent the Godfather from possessing his shaman."

"Well, yeah, that's good. But the government will want to kill the Godfather spirit no matter what. If we fail to injure him and kill him instead..."

The oldies hesitated for a moment before sighing.

"Are you sure we can hold back those ability users before they kill the Godfather?"

.

At the oldies' words, the young man only laughed. Somehow, his laughter this time sounded slightly colder than before, and one could hear the hint of mocking in his tone.

"Well, why should we worry about that? Do you think the Sloan Family Head will let anyone kill the Godfather spirit? You guys underestimate that baby a lot, huh."

The red-haired young man with a crew-cut hairstyle snickered as he slapped the table lightly.

"Don't think that the Sloan Family would be useless without the Godfather."

The guy shrugged before continuing.

"Aside from her AOE curse ability, I heard that skilful shamans can borrow their contracted spirit's ability without the spirit possessing them."

!

The oldies flinched. They looked at each other while biting their thumbs.

"W-well, that sounds logical...but what if the Sloan Family Head isn't that strong and can't protect the Godfather? We certainly want to push them back, but we don't want to kill the Godfather."

If anything, it would be good to kill the Sloan Family Head so that the Godfather would be free from the contract. That way, someone else could contract the Godfather.

Which shaman didn't want to have the Godfather as their partner? Many people would kill to have that privilege!

The red-haired guy paused at the oldies' question before sighing.

"Just assume that the Sloan Family Head is strong enough to protect the Godfather. Never underestimate her, or you will repeat the Aretha vs Sloan war history."

When the young man mentioned the Aretha Family invasion of the Sloan Family, the oldies in the room suddenly fell silent. Each of them scratched their cheeks awkwardly.

Well, the price of underestimating the opponent is indeed a terrible defeat.

"That means to defeat the Sloan Family's troops...we have to invite the best exorcist teams? We have to go all-out and use everything we can, right?"

The family representative who owned the mausoleum slammed the table as he looked at the red-haired youth with eyes full of sparkle.

"I agree with this gentleman that we shouldn't worry about killing the Godfather." The representative cleared his throat as he continued his fiery speech.

"The Godfather won't be killed that easily, but we can still wound him and prevent him from lending his ability to the Sloan Family Head!"

If Ainsley could borrow the Godfather's ability without getting possessed, things would be way tougher than before.

Still, if the Godfather was wounded, at least they could weaken the borrowed ability.

"I heard that when the spirit is wounded, the shaman can't use the borrowed ability for too long, and the variety of skills they can use will also be limited depending on the injury's graveness."

"Yeah, I heard so. In the end, we really have to injure the Godfather with all of our might. Maybe it's best to trap him somewhere..."

"Yes, yes, that's why we have to go all-out!"

The others in the room slowly agreed with the red-haired guy and the representative's ideas.

After all, their mausoleum was at stake here.

"Ah, right, can't exorcists seal a dead spirit or something aside from injuring them?"

"Hmmm, just like summoners, there are many types of exorcists. There's one that can heal dead spirits, one that can kill or injure them, and there's one that can seal them too."

The red-haired youth started to blabber his knowledge about the exorcists, detailed enough to awe the oldies.

"Young man, the exorcist is a rare occupation that not many people know yet you know so much about them! As expected as someone from the 7 sacred families."

One of the oldies laughed heartily as he patted the young man's shoulder, not noticing that the young man flinched a bit before smiling politely.

"Well, it's my job to investigate our enemy's weakness, and the exorcist is the best tool to attack our enemy's weakness."

"You're right. Exorcists are said to be the shaman's mortal enemies because one occupation is battling spirits while the other is befriending and using them."

The old man chuckled before retracting his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Anyway, since you know a lot about exorcists, surely you can also contact them, right?"

The young man paused for a few seconds before nodding stiffly.

"Of course. Our 7 sacred families have many connections even to the government's side. Just tell me the date of the possible invasion, and the exorcists shall be there before the due date."

Since the young man already took the burden to contact the exorcists, the oldies didn't bother to do the job.

They nodded in satisfaction before talking about other things related to the possible invasion.

At the same time, at the mansion, Ainsley was scanning through some documents when Grandpa Yofan came into the office with a piece of good news.

"Ain, do you remember the thing you asked us to investigate?"

"Investigation? Is it about..."

"It's about The Golden Scale group."

Ainsley instantly put down the documents in her hands and looked up at Grandpa Yofan with a serious expression.

"The Golden Folce? Nice twoming. What did ywou guys discovel, Gwandpa?"

## **Chapter 549 - "Spies"**

When talking about The Golden Scale, Ainsley had always been interested. After all, the group seemed to be newly formed by the government to mess up the mafia families.

And they had to target her family...

That's a wrong move, peeps!

Grandpa Yofan didn't immediately answer Ainsley's question and went to sit next to her before turning on the tablet's screen.

He then pointed at the screen while starting his speech. "See this? This is The Golden Scale Symbol."

"Hwum..."

It was the symbol of a golden scale just like the one used in Libra or something. Anyway, it really represented justice.

"Using this symbol, we track their whereabouts and recent movements, and we collected quite a lot of information through the black market and underground networking.."

Since the Sloan Family was a mafia family, of course, they would use a backdoor method to investigate this mysterious force.

"So far, we know that The Golden Scale only targeted the mafias and not other criminal organisations. And indeed, just like what Mr Walter said that you told me, they only aim for the developing mafia families."

"Owkay. And?"

"Now, here's the thing. We investigated how many members this group has and how many people they send to attack the mafia families...and every time, it's always only 20 people."

"Only...20? Maybe their gwoup is only that big?" Ainsley tilted her head.

She didn't really remember how many people attacked her territory but it should be around that number too.

Then...does it mean the group was extremely small?

But Grandpa Yofan shook his head. "Apparently, they never send the same personnel to attack a different family."

...huh?

"What?! Then, the 20 people...they..."

"Right. Each team of 20 people got assigned to the same family. Different families, different personnel too."

Ainsley instantly felt like fainting.

"How many members do they have so far based on that information alone? Let's say they had attacked 10 families...they had at least 200 people?"

"Yeah, around that, and it's still growing."

"That's on par with a low-ranked mafia family's members!" Ainsley slapped her thigh and sighed.

The Golden Scale Group was even bigger than she imagined.

"Oh, right, and this group is really secretive and meticulous. If one of their members gets caught, they won't hesitate to kill that member, or the member would kill themselves on the spot."

!

Ainsley covered her mouth as her face paled.

"That's so cruel...how did they commit suicide?"

"There seemed to be a curse on the Golden Scale tattoo they have on their body, and they only need to say a keyword for the curse to be activated."

When Ainsley heard Grandpa Yofan mentioning a curse, she instantly recalled the curse that the elders got in exchange for power.

Do they also have a symbol or something? And wait...someone with a curse ability really exists?

"The curse...is it from an ability user, grandpa?" Ainsley couldn't use cutesy language anymore and started to speak in a solemn tone.

"Yeah, it's from an Ability User. And our informant said that the source of the curses is all from the same ability user. However, when they discovered the curse, the curse disappeared right after the victim died."

There we go. The group was so meticulous that they didn't leave the curse evidence behind for their enemy to research.

"The informant can only identify that the tattoos are a form of a curse, and they're all the same type of curse."

"...a death curse?" Ainsley gulped, and Grandpa Yofan nodded weakly.

"Yes. And it's the type that can be controlled remotely as long as the tattoo is there. Terrifying, right? That group is really a suicidal group..."

"They're so determined to destroy the developing mafia families, ah!"

"Right, Ain. And we predict that when the group grows even larger than now, they will start to target other stronger families and not just the rising stars."

At Grandpa Yofan's concern, Ainsley couldn't help but furrowed her eyebrows.

"This group is really dangerous..."

"They are. Not to mention that from the informant's information, the 20-men team have various type of ability users, not just assassin-type."

"What are they?"

"So far, we discovered speed-type, poison or corrosion-type, assassin-type, and spy-type ability users."

"Spy...type? Is there a type of Ability User like that?" Ainsley tilted her head in confusion. She had never heard of the spy-type...

"Oh, of course, there is. Transformation ability, camouflage ability, mind-reader, mimicry, invisibility, and so on. They're all suitable to be spies. Especially transformation and mimicry types."

Transformation ability enabled the user to change into animals or monsters, depending on the specific type of their ability.

But there's also a transformation ability user that could change their whole appearance to be someone that had never existed in this world.

Some people could only change into one different persona,, but others could even change into many different personas, not just one.

The latter type was definitely a pain in the a\*s for the enemy.

"There's also mimicry. The ability of users can mimic other people's appearances down to the very last detail. Some stronger ones can even copy or mimic the target's habits, memories, and so on."

Just like the transformation ability users, not all mimicry ability users could copy or mimic many people.

Some of the weaker ones could only mimic one person in a day, and others could do as much as ten per day.

"If a mimicry ability user infiltrates our mansion, we won't even know that they're fake, and the real one might not be here anymore."

Grandpa Yofan said things casually, but when Ainsley heard it, she suddenly got a chill down her spine.

"R-really? They can also copy t-the soul oath too?"

### **Chapter 550 - "Mini Tournament"**

Can the mimicry ability users copy the soul oath sign too?

Grandpa Yofan took a deep breath and sighed.

"Only a small percentage of these ability users can mimic the soul oath that bound the subordinates to the bosses. So...you don't need to worry about this."

Actually, the reason why all important people in the mafia family needed to swear an oath that would tie their soul and life was because of the possibility of someone impersonating them.

It's scarce for mimicry ability users to be able to copy the soul oath too, that's why it's hard to sneak into the family as a spy.

However....it didn't mean they couldn't sneak into the family through the normal members.

"Ain, our family never have spies or find spies in the rank so far because we are just a worthless family. But now that we are rising fast..."

Grandpa Yofan shook his head.

"I'm afraid that many mimicry ability users from other families have infiltrated our family. This is also why I come to tell you the information about The Golden Scale."

"Gwandpa, you mean...someone from the golden scale might have sneaked into the family through the incident a week ago?"

Ainsley's face darkened at the thought.

Is that...possible? Really?

Grandpa Yofan could only nod reluctantly. "Yeah. I'm afraid that there are already spies in our family and we don't know about it."

Ainsley fell silent. She rubbed her temple and sighed.

She didn't think this was possible...but the golden force members could have kidnapped the patrol guards that night and replaced them with their members, right?

How could we know whether they're fakes or not when the mimicry ability users could even copy memories, habits, etc?

"What do you suggest, Gwandpa? Is there a way to detect the spies or see whether our family has spies or not?"

Ainsley wasn't too sure about spies and other matters since she had just become a mafia boss. In this aspect, she's still lacking.

Thankfully, Grandpa Yofan was wise and knew many tricks.

"Well, I think we should check the members' abilities and match their abilities with the record."

Mimicry ability users can't copy the target's special ability, after all. Those who could copy other's special abilities were called copycat ability users.

"I see, Gwandpa. What should we do to check their abilities?"

"Well, let's hold a sudden inspection and force the members to show their special abilities right in front of us. If they can't, it means there's a possibility they're spies!"

At Grandpa Yofan's words, Ainsley's eyes brightened. She slapped the table and nodded.

"Oh! That's a good idea! Should we hold this sudden assembly tomorrow? I want to clear our ranks from spies before we go to attack the Godfather Mausoleum."

"Yes, tomorrow is good. But you should make a good excuse to hold the assembly so that you won't alarm the spies away."

"You're right, Gwandpa. Any good excuse?"

"How about saying the assembly is to select the people going to join the mausoleum invasion?"

"Oh...troops selection. Should it be like an interview, duel, or...?"

"Let's create a mini tournament for all the members, including those we just recruited!"

Ainsley couldn't agree more with Grandpa Yofan's plan.

"That's perfect! For the venue, let's just use the backfield and announce the assembly tonight. However, let's not tell them that it's a tournament."

"Alright. Elliana and I will manage this event and determine the tournament's sessions. With this, we can recheck the members' abilities as well as assess their capability."

After all, some of the members had undergone intense real-life war training right after they went back from the Void Valley Territorial War.

If they didn't show any improvement as elites, their ranks should be lowered.

Just like that, Ainsley and Grandpa Yofan planned for a surprise mini-tournament to catch the spies, and none of the members knew except for the few loyal higher-ups.

At the same time, that afternoon, the members were busy with missions, and some of the group went back in panic.

"Quick, quick, find a healer! Martin is injured during the mission!"

"What? Martin? Our team leader? Damn. He's in the top 30 rankings, isn't he?"

"Yeah, part of the elite troops and also one of the selected few that swore an oath to the boss."

"Oh, no, we can't let him die then. Hurry, hurry, save him!"

The members at the mission hall were busy talking about the injured Martin while the person himself was currently pretending to lose consciousness.

'Hmmm...I went to ambush this guy as soon as the representative meeting ended. It turns out this guy was quite capable...it is so hard to kidnap him and replace him like this.'

The young man silently opened one of his eyes to look around the mission hall. His teammates brought him here, and that made his job easier.

'The first step of infiltrating the Sloan Family is done. I even copied the soul oath of this guy...well, for now, let's recover my energy first.'

The young man closed his eyes once more and started to recover his energy.

He had used his power twice to impersonate the young representative from one of the 7 sacred families.

Now, after planting the seeds to control the oldies, he immediately went to the Sloan Family.

If he had a weak body, he would have died from exhaustion impersonating two people on the same day.

'Ah, whatever. After I rest tonight, I should send some news to my brothers...'

The young man slightly moved his wrist, and at an angle that one couldn't see clearly, a golden scale tattoo was embedded peacefully into his skin.

He's...someone from the Golden Scale!