

BABY MAFIA 551

Chapter 551 - "Battle Royale Vs Talent Show"

That evening, Grandpa Yofan and the others worked hard to plan the sudden tournament while also releasing the announcement for the 'monthly assembly'.

Many of the members received the notification from the family's app, and 'Martin' wasn't an exception.

He had just 'regained his consciousness' when he saw a notification coming from 'his phone'.

Martin immediately looked at the phone and noticed the family's app. When he saw the app, his first reaction was to twitch his lips in disbelief.

The Sloan Family makes such an app? It's a surprise that they implement such a unique app...ah, the management system is good too.

Hmmm, no wonder the Sloan Family is the strongest candidate to enter the higher-ranking mafia society..

'Let's see what the notification is about, though.'

Martin pressed the notification pop-up, and it immediately directed him to open the app.

However, the guy didn't know that everytime anyone opened the app, the Ainsley chibi mascot program would always welcome them cheerfully.

[Welcome back, Martin! Please check the message inbox for a new notification.]

'Martin' was instantly speechless.

Just how much they love the family head to make her as the app's guide mascot?! I have never seen anyone this crazy about their family head!

Martin suppressed the urge to curse Ainsley's simps and obediently clicked the message inbox. He immediately saw the full message of the new notification.

[Dear Sloan Mafia Members of all ages and genders, our family will hold a monthly assembly tomorrow.]

[This is compulsory for everyone and anyone not attending the assembly except those outside of the mansion to do missions will be severely punished!]

[Time and place for the assembly: 8 a.m, the backfield.]

[You will have to scan your personal barcode at the venue to be considered attending the assembly.]

[For those who can't go because of outside missions, send your mission permit and proof to Ainsley Chat Bot.]

[Thank you and have a nice day ❤️👍]

The message even included Ainsley's sticker doing the heart gesture at the end of the text.

When Martin saw this, he was suddenly worried whether he was at the Sloan Family's residence or one of Ainsley's secret cults instead.

Why are they so obsessed with the family head?? Argghh!

"Huuuu..." Martin let out a long sigh before scratching his head.

'Well, anyway, since I'm here, I might as well see what the assembly is all about. Let's use this chance to personally meet the family head face-to-face.'

Martin looked at the message once more before checking the application by searching for the real owner's memory. He had just copied the owner's memory, so playing the app wasn't that hard anymore.

'Let's see, Martin...oh, he's ranked 30, and he's one of the loyal elite members. Not bad. Uh...this contribution points...oh, okay. And...account level? He levels up from the missions' EXP?'

Martin was once again dumbfounded.

Is this a mafia family or a game developer? How come they use such a weird app to monitor and manage their family members?!

This doesn't feel like a mafia family at all!

Martin felt like quitting his job as a spy planted in the Sloan Family.

'This family is too...weird.'

The more Martin looked over the app, the more confused he was. The app was really treating the mafia members like a game player or something.

They even had the mission history log, recording what missions the members had taken and the result.

They also had the contribution point deposit and spending history...oh, they even had the shop section for members to trade the points...

This family seriously looked like a nest for gamers instead of mafias.

'Is this that toddler's idea? It's not that bad to make such an interesting app...'

Martin played with his phone a little longer and seriously had to admire the family head for thinking about making this kind of application for the family members.

Thank God he took the real Martin's phone too. Else, his cover would have been blown away as soon as he stepped into the mission hall.

'Hmmm, Ainsley Sloan...no wonder the higher-ups place so much importance in hindering your family's growth.'

Martin clicked his tongue in awe.

'You...are just too dangerous.'

Martin slowly put down the phone while lying on the bed.

'Let's sleep first. Tomorrow...might be a good way to approach the family head and enter her people's inner circle.'

The next morning, 7:30 a.m

Ainsley woke up early like usual and she already changed into her signature punk uniform.

The baby even tailored more than 10 uniforms like that since she would be using the same design and style to attend many events.

30 minutes before the assembly started, Ainsley leisurely ate her breakfast while Grandpa Yofan handed her the list of events that they would hold in the mini tournament.

When Ainsley saw the list displayed on the tablet's screen, she couldn't help but knit her eyebrows.

"The first round is a battle royale?"

"Yeah. Why? You don't like it, Ain? This way, we can quickly see the members' abilities..."

"This battle royale is only suitable for solo ability users though."

"Huh? How come—

"If the dual or multiple ability users join the battle royale, they might not use their other abilities and we won't know whether they're spies or not, gwandpa."

At Ainsley's words, Grandpa Yofan paused before continuing.

"What do you suggest for dual and multiple ability users, then?"

"...talent...show?"

Grandpa Yofan almost fell from his chair.

"A TALENT SHOW?! This is a tournament, okay? How could it be— "

"But a talent show is the fastest way for those people to show all their abilities, ah!"

What other things we can do, anyway?

Chapter 552 - "Monthly Assembly"

"Still, a talent show isn't appropriate...how about we assign some of the higher-ups to attack the dual and multiple ability users to see whether they can face the attack or not?"

Grandpa Yofan did his best to come up with a way to make the members show their abilities without using a talent show.

A talent show for a mafia family's mini-tournament? That's fcked up!

"Hum...that...sounds quite good." Ainsley couldn't help but agree that the idea Grandpa Yofan suggested just now is good..

"But who will be the attacker? The five buds, the 9 generals, and the 6 elders?"

"Yeah, yeah, they will be enough. We only need to divide the field into various sections, and each of the attackers stands at the center of the circle."

"I see, I see, that's good. So...since it's a tournament, will there be a winner or something?" Ainsley tapped the dining table as she looked at the tablet once more.

So far, the plan looked complete except for the tournament reward and such.

"Oh, of course, we will choose top 3 from solo ability users and top 3 from multiple ability users. This way, the solo ability users will not feel that the tournament is unfair."

"The top 3 for the solo ability users...we will decide it from the battle royale? What if there are more than 3 people persevering in the arena?"

"We will just do one on one battle."

"Okay, that's good. For the multiple ability users...how do we determine the winner and the loser?" Ainsley rubbed her chin as she scooped the porridge in front of her.

"First of all, they will receive several attacks depending on the number of their abilities. With each attack, they will have to block it and not come out of the designed circle."

"I see, then?"

"The final score will be seen from their winning percentage. So, the more abilities one has, they have more chances of actually scoring lower than those with only two abilities."

However, it was all fair because multiple ability users had more responsibility and tougher missions, anyway.

"Okay, so we will pick the top 3 from the final score and decide the winner that way, right, Gwandpa?"

Ainsley carefully put the spoonful of porridge into her mouth before nodding in satisfaction.

The plan is complete!

"Yeah, Ain, we will do it that way. As for the reward, we can decide later on." Grandpa Yofan resumed his meal and also hurried Ainsley to finish her breakfast.

10 minutes before 8 a.m, the two already finished their breakfast, and they immediately went to the backfield together with Elliana, the five buds, the 9 generals, and the 6 elders.

Along the way, Grandpa Yofan carried Ainsley in his arms while talking to her happily.

"Remember this, that...ah, right, Ain. Since the 6 elders can't go out of the backyard, there must be a suitable venue for them...."

"Ah, that..."

"Hum. I think we should assign fewer members to be tested for the elders so that they won't take too much space."

"Owkay. Have you send the members' profile information to our group?"

"I have. They can check their phones."

After making sure that the 5 buds, the 9 generals, and the 6 elders had received all of the mafia members' profile and could just type the member's name to find their data, the group finally arrived at the backfield.

The moment Ainsley and the others stepped foot in the backyard, the originally quiet surroundings instantly became bustling and noisy.

2000 people gathered in the backfield, and they looked like a sea of people! With each of them talking to themselves or to their friends, how could it not be noisy?

Only the area near the main stage where the higher-ups like Ainsley and the tournament judges would sit down was quite tranquil.

No members dared to breathe loudly even when the stage with a long table and several chairs was still empty.

On the other hand, the situation below the stage was chaotic.

"Hey, hey, today is the Sloan Family's monthly assembly? I never knew about it!"

"Maybe the monthly assembly is held to announce the top 100 members and other rankings?"

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah! You see, those working for the branch families are already bragging about their branch family's ranking in the ranking system."

"Ah, that. The branch family that ranked first will be given a mansion and a territory to manage, right? No wonder they're all so excited."

"Still, I'm most envious of those working for the main family!"

Grandpa Yofan had divided the 2000 new members into the branch families and the main family, after all.

The branch family got 100 members each while the main family got the remaining. They also monopolised the elites and only gave Zilla's children to be the branch family's guardian.

However, that was already enough for the branch family that hadn't gotten their mansion and territory to manage.

Still, getting assigned to the main family was something honourable even though all the members stayed at the same mansion for the time being.

Luckily, Ainsley already expanded the mansion, and it was now big enough to house 2000 people.

Of course, the housing would only be like a dorm where one room housed four people with bunk beds.

Only the top 100 members at the end of the month could use the room for two people, and the top 20 in the ranking got one room for each of them.

At the moment, the members were still talking to each other when Ainsley's group suddenly got onto the stage, startling everyone including a certain little spy.

"Ahhhh! The boss is here!"

The assembly will start...now!

Chapter 553 - "Martin's Agony"

When Ainsley made an appearance, the members surprisingly started to shut their mouths and eagerly looked at the stage.

The previously noisy backfield slowly became quiet, and Martin, the one hiding among 2000 members couldn't hide his confusion and awe.

'Just her presence alone is enough to manage these people? I've never heard of such an influential boss...'

Even those family heads of the 7 great or 7 sacred families couldn't immediately make their people shut up by just showing their faces.

They had to speak a few words first for the members to pay attention to them seriously.

But this one...

Martin looked around the backfield and saw that the members tried to pay attention to the people on the stage and even warned others who weren't paying attention.

All in all, the good apples influenced the bad apples, forcing the few rotten apples to become good apples as well.

'This....is this because of that baby's charm ability?'

Martin gulped as he looked at Ainsley, who already started her speech while standing behind a mini podium on the stage.

"Gwood mowning, all of you. Today ish the mwonthly assembly day, and ●●● "

Martin could no longer hear what Ainsley's said as his mind was preoccupied with the weird atmosphere around the members.

'How come the members are so attentive to their boss? It's as if she's not their boss but their God or something...'

Martin noticed that the Sloan Family mafia members were certainly different compared to others.

Starting from the weird app, the weird management system, and also...their level of affection toward their boss.

Even though not all of the mafia members swore an oath to the boss, the number was still considered large, especially when they only got a low-level monster pet as the bonus reward.

'Hmmm...this must be because of the baby's charm ability. The members are pretty much idolising her...and since she also becomes the mascot guide of the family app, the members will 'see' her everyday.'

From what Martin knew after spending the night at the Sloan family's mansion, the bond between the inner circle members and the outer circle members was surprisingly good.

The low-ranked members could see the higher-ups everyday, and they could even spot the boss walking around the mansion if they're lucky.

'Such an arrangement is dangerous for the higher-ups since they will be more exposed to a hidden danger. But...it is good to build loyalty and get a bunch of people willing to die for you.'

Martin scratched his cheek and sighed.

So far, there hasn't been any spies infiltrating the mansion, and no higher-ups were attacked. So, maybe...he is the first spy here?

Martin was thinking about this when the speaker on the stage already changed from Ainsley to Grandpa Yofan.

Ainsley didn't say anything about the tournament...since that was Grandpa Yofan's part! The old man casually adjusted the mini podium to match his height before taking the microphone.

"Good morning, all. Today is the day of the monthly assembly, and we are supposed to check your monthly performance through the app."

When Grandpa Yofan said that, the members nodded in agreement.

Thought so. The monthly assembly is to check our past performances!

However, the old man's following words shocked the crowds until some almost died from choking.

"This month's assembly is a bit different. We will not check your performances through the app record, but we will hold a mini-tournament!"

...heck?!

"A tournament??"

"That's so sudden! Have they even prepared for the events?"

"I heard that mafia families often hold a mini-tournament inside the family to select promising members and give them a new position or something...is this it?"

"Maybe they want to select people to join a secret mission?"

"Ah, can be! But this is too sudden. When will they hold the tournament?"

Just as the members asked that question among themselves, Grandpa Yofan dropped another bomb.

"I know this is sudden, but the tournament will start in an hour. The tournament will be divided into several sections and categories...."

Grandpa Yofan paused before resuming his speech.

"The solo ability users will have different kinds of tournaments from those with multiple ability users for the sake of fairness."

The old man then gestured the programmer teams to launch the details through the family app.

"You guys can see the details of the tournament from your phone. The multiple ability users will also have more than one venue, so please check the venue assigned to you. It's all in the app."

Right after Grandpa Yofan said that, everyone simultaneously received a new notification from the family app.

DING! [New event: Sloan Family's 1st Mini-tournament! #Compulsory]

The members immediately clicked on the notification and didn't bother to ask Grandpa Yofan since the information would be stored in the family app, anyway.

Since the others didn't react strongly against the sudden tournament, Martin also had to check his phone notification and the moment he saw the detailed information, he almost fainted.

[Welcome, Martin. You are a multiple ability user. Here's the list of sessions you will have to do and the venue you're assigned to.]

[1st Session: Survive the higher-ups sneak attack!]

Venue number: 3

Judge in charge: Jevon, the five buds' leader.

Your queue number: 10

[Here are the rules of the game!]

Martin read the rules, and his face paled in seconds.

What? Since this person has three abilities, I'll have to block Jevon's attack three times using different abilities?! And the winner will be determined from the end score...

The rules weren't that bad, but when Martin saw the word 'compulsory' tournament that every members had to attend, he felt like committing suicide.

HOW DO I USE THE REAL MARTIN'S ABILITIES??

Chapter 554 - "A Fake Mafia Family?"

Martin instantly felt like the world was against him.

I'm a mimicry ability user, okay? How can I use the real Martin's three abilities? I am not a copycat ability user! Won't I blow my cover if it's like this??

Martin trembled from head to toe.

No wonder the bigger mafia families always like to do a mini tournament once in a while...isn't it to expose spies like him?

But why would the Sloan Family suddenly make a tournament out of the blue? Don't tell me they already suspect that there's a spy among the members?

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They are holding this tournament to expose the mimicry ability users infiltrating the family, right?!

Martin broke in a cold sweat as he typed his friend's phone number and secretly sent a message.

[Bro, help me. The Sloan Family is holding a tournament, and I will have to show my special abilities!]

Martin had just sent the message when the other party read it and replied in a heartbeat.

[Just say that you're injured and can't use your special ability for a moment. Not hard, right?]

[Even if I say I was injured, sooner or later, they will check my abilities at another time. That won't solve the problem! What to do? Help!]

[Hmmm, I'll immediately send you an item that can show an illusion so realistic that no one will recognise.]

[Is that item...the illusion stone?]

[Yeah. Using the illusion stone, you can make it seem like you're using your special abilities to battle the other party. No worries, no one will realise that you're using an illusion.]

Martin immediately beamed in excitement.

As expected from his senior. He's really prepared for any kind of situations!

[Got it, brother. Send the package asap. I'm at the Sloan Family's backfield. Can you smuggle the item through the forest around the Sloan Family's backfield?]

[No worries. Consider it done.]

After the brief chat, Martin deleted the whole conversation history and immediately sneaked into the forest near the backfield.

Since many members were busy preparing for the tournament, no one noticed Martin slipping away to the forest.

Just like that, he successfully received the item that his senior sent.

It turned out his senior delivered the item through a pigeon carrier...but it didn't seem to be an average pigeon.

"Huft. Say my thanks to senior brother." Martin patted the pigeon's head before letting it leave.

He then checked the small package as big as his palm, and after making sure that what he got was the one-time-use illusion stone, he pocketed the stone and walked out of the forest.

There's still time before the tournament, so Martin used this opportunity to socialise with other members and also talked with his teammates that the original person created to do difficult missions.

It turned out that many members also created smaller teams to do group missions, just like in the adventurer guild.

This case wasn't that rare among the mafia families, but it was still an eye-opener for Martin, who never knew how the Sloan Family worked.

'Hmmm, their system is neater than what we imagine. The small teams are useful to create good bonds between members and also create a sense of rivalry.'

Still, the best system that Martin had to admire was the contribution points. So far as he knew, other mafia families didn't have this system.

The mafia members would be paid each month for their work, and that's it.

The moment they chose to join the organisation, they would be considered employees who could die anytime.

Still, many ability users chose the mafia organisation because of the high wage.

Of course, some of them couldn't continue becoming a mafia member because they weren't used to committing crimes.

However, the larger portions didn't mind killing other ability users since this world adopted the jungle law, anyway.

It was common for seniority to exist in a mafia organisation, and the members could do nothing but try their best to climb the rank.

But the Sloan Family seemed different. The way they chose to establish the rank was through the contribution that the members gave to the family.

In that case, even the senior members couldn't slack off since they only had a head start and nothing else. If they kept slacking, the new members would surpass them soon!

Not to mention that aside from monthly wage, the family even gave out contribution points that worked as an extra reward for the members...

This was really costly, and many big families didn't want to waste their resources on mere mafia members, especially those in the outer circle.

But the Sloan Family took the burden and did it anyway. Is that why their influence was spreading fast?

The small missions that the mafia members did for the family might not seem much, but it helped the family to build a solid foundation.

That's how the Sloan Family could soar so fast compared to other developing families. They could even provoke those from the 7 sacred families...

Martin let out a sigh as he peeked at the higher-ups on the stage, especially the one in the middle.

Ainsley Sloan.

Martin couldn't take his eyes off the baby that became the youngest mafia boss in mafia history.

At first, he thought she was just a puppet boss, but it didn't seem like that.

'And how come the Sloan Family never committed any illegal actions that are against humanity?'

'They did sell drugs, but it stopped after the baby became the mafia boss...but aside from that...'

The Sloan Family didn't kidnap children, didn't sell human organs, didn't sell slaves....

They didn't even sell the war prisoners and held them as hostages instead.

Are you guys a fake mafia family or something?!

Chapter 555 - "Battle Royale Begins"

The more 'Martin' browsed through the mimicked person's memory, the more confused he became.

'Is this family...really a mafia family? I've never seen such a mafia family this clean before...'

Martin recalled his job as one of the government's special forces that now got assigned to join the Golden Scale Group, a group formed solely to end the mafia society's new forces.

As someone who worked for the government, how could he not hate the dirty mafias? He had seen many mafias that did disgusting deeds...and he could never like them.

Yet this....is the first time he has seen someone so pure in the mafia world.

'Even the Walter Family Head still did some dirty businesses such as selling drugs and weapons despite not going against humanity...'

But the Sloan Family didn't sell drugs or weapons anymore. Their business mainly focused on potions, monsters, herbs, real estate, and so on.

Oh, they also did business like normal business people....they didn't open shady shops or anything.

'Are you sure this family isn't a business family instead of a mafia family? A mafia should be doing all sorts of illegal things, right?!'

Martin didn't know why he became frustrated. All the illegal things that the Sloan Family did was mainly because they didn't have a business license.

Or they did tax evasion.

Or they bribed the officials.

Or anything that didn't have anything to do with the old-fashioned mafia way.

'Seriously...why would the government think of attacking and destroying this family, then?'

Martin rubbed his chin as he walked around the backfield, waiting for the tournament to start.

'Maybe they try to destroy the Sloan Family because of the new family head? That baby is really dangerously powerful, indeed, but she's not the type to commit any dirty business...'

Martin didn't realise that he subconsciously thought that the Sloan Family didn't deserve being labelled as the society trash or something like that.

In the end, they only became a mafia family because their family was a mafia family from generation to generation, right?

Martin scratched the back of his head and sighed.

'Anyway, let's just focus on this tournament and not arouse anyone's suspicion...'

After waiting for a while, it was finally 9 a.m, the start of the tournament. Grandpa Yofan immediately stood up, took the microphone on the podium, and opened his mouth.

"To all Sloan mafia members with only one special ability, please get ready and gather at the centre of the backfield. The other members can make way for them and wait at the sidelines!"

With Grandpa Yofan personally seeing the tournament, the members did whatever he commanded them to do without much delay.

In just a few minutes, the multiple ability users already stepped out of the backfield's border and let the solo ability users gathered at the centre.

There were more solo ability users than multiple ability users in total, so Grandpa Yofan had to divide the backfield used for the battle venue into ring A and ring B.

"Okay, for those assigned to Ring A, please go there, and those assigned to Ring B, stay here. The judges will immediately surround the battle area!"

Grandpa Yofan already sent the information about those assigned to ring A and ring B through the family application way before the tournament started.

Thus, the mafia members weren't confused anymore and immediately rushed to their assigned rings.

Once they had entered the venues, the judges on the stage, excluding Ainsley and Grandpa Yofan, immediately went down and approached their assigned venue.

There were 20 judges without Elliana, the one in charge of overseeing the whole tournament.

Each venue got 10 judges watching their every movement and cross checked their listed abilities with the abilities they displayed.

If the mafia members gained a new ability during their stay as the Sloan Family's mafia member, they had to report it to the administration department. If not, they might be suspected as spies...

Just like the poor little Martin who had to prepare an illusion stone to fool others.

Once the judges took their places around the venue to get a clear view of the tournament participants, Grandpa Yofan raised his microphone once more and spoke.

"Alright, everyone. You know that the theme for the solo ability users tournament is battle royale, right? The rules are as stated before...."

You can't kill your opponent, and you can't heavily injure your opponent or kill them. The way you can win is to make them faint or kick them out of the venue.

If anyone broke the rule whether it's by purpose or just an accident, they will be expelled from the family or will be stripped of their special abilities.

"The time limit is 30 minutes, and we will pick the last three people remaining in each ring!" Grandpa Yofan continued to give the details of the battle royale for the solo ability users.

"After the battle royale finishes each of the survivors will engage in a one vs one duel before we determine the top three winners for the solo ability users category!"

The old man slowly pushed the microphone away from his mouth before continuing.

"With that said, let the battle royale begin...now!"

The moment Grandpa Yofan gave the signal, the two groups in different venues instantly activated their special abilities and started to attack each other.

"Ahhhh! Take this, sleeping gas!"

"Fire meteor!"

"Water helmet!"

"Hypnosis! Sleep, sleep!"

Some of the ability users used offensive attacks, some used manipulative abilities and some used passive abilities that could help them stay as a survivor.

While the members were busy showing off their abilities, the judges were also silently doing their job.

They're searching for any spies!

Chapter 556 - "Spotting Suspicious Members"

The judges were busy trying to find any spies!

"That person, what is his name? Oh, right, Jayden. His ability is listed as a lightning spear, but how come he uses both lightning spear and lightning sword?"

Jevon furrowed his eyebrows as he looked at the person he found to be unusual.

"Oh, there's a record that he got an ability mutation, giving him one more skill related to lightning manipulation."

One of the 6 elders explained things to Jevon while assessing other participants.

"A mutation..." Jevon mumbled while looking at the elder. Somehow he still should be careful about this Jayden person.

"Yeah, a mutation. Sadly, he still can only use those two skills, so he's not considered a multiple ability user."

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Ohhh, that's why he joined the battle royale and not the other event for the multiple ability users, huh.

"Okay, okay, for now, I'll list this guy as innocent, but we should keep an eye on him."

Just like how Jevon found Jayden to be suspicious, other judges also found some irregular cases.

"That woman over there. She's not using any of her special abilities and is just running around the venue."

"Her special ability is camouflage. Maybe that's why she can't use her ability in a battle royale?"

"She still can use it to blend with the ground or something. Let's remind her to use her ability, or...we will mark her as suspicious."

Once the judges found these kind of people that didn't use their listed special ability, they would immediately warn them.

"Hey, you, Shannon, use your ability!"

"Maria, why are you just hiding behind the boys? Use your ability!"

"You, over there....."

When the judges warned the participants, some of them immediately used their abilities even though it didn't really help them to win the battle royale.

However, some of them froze on the spot and got kicked out of the venue or got knocked off.

When the judges found this kind of people, they would immediately mark them as suspicious and would arrange a private meeting with these people to further investigate their identity.

Regardless of the judges' secret assessment, the battle royale continued until only 3 people were left at each venue.

When the battle royale was over, all the healers were immediately deployed.

"Quick, quick, heal the injured!"

With Nouvan leading the healer team, they went around healing the injured. At the same time, Nouvan also secretly assessed the healers whether they could use their listed ability or not.

Thankfully, no one was found suspicious in the healer team. Thus, the judges' focus was on 10 or so people that they deemed to be suspicious.

While the battle royale winners started a duel to determine the top 3, the judges returned to Ainsley's side and gave her the report.

"10 suspicious members...that's quite a lot." Ainsley furrowed her eyebrows as she scrolled the tablet's screen.

The judges did a pretty good job describing why some of these people got marked as suspicious, and Ainsley couldn't agree more with their reasoning.

"Hmm...after the tournament ends, summon these ten people and try to see whether they're spies or not. If they are, do everything you can to track the one behind them. After that..."

Ainsley's eyes glinted coldly as she motioned a slitting throat gesture.

"Have no mercy."

The judges shuddered at Ainsley's cold attitude, and each of them couldn't help but pity whoever turned out to be spies infiltrating the family.

R.I.P all of you. You should have never tried to infiltrate the Sloan Family under the boss' nose!

While Ainsley and the judges were discussing the spies thing without anyone around them eavesdropping, a certain elite spy nervously looked at them from afar while breaking in a cold sweat.

'What are they talking about? As soon as the battle royale ended, the judges approached the boss and reported something to her...what is it? Is it the list of capable members, or?'

Somehow, Martin couldn't stop being restless. He still felt that this tournament was actually a huge cleanup event that the Sloan Family held in order to clear spies in the family.

'If that's really the case...are they talking about suspicious members that might possibly be spies from other forces?'

Martin gulped at the thought. He didn't know which family or force sent spies to the Sloan Family, but he knew that there's only him from the Golden Scale...

And he was one of the best spies in his team.

Yet he was sent to the Sloan Family...now that showed how hard it was to infiltrate the Sloan Family. Ordinary spies won't do.

Is it because of...the boss?

They suddenly held a tournament like this too... It must be the boss' idea.

Rumour said that she had a prophetic dream. Did she vision the future where many spies sneak into her family?

That's quite likely...

Martin couldn't help but be slightly nervous even when he had been spies for other families and forces for years.

He's 20 this year and has been doing the job ever since he's 13! Why should he feel nervous or scared of spying on this family?

'There is no way I'll get caught. As long as I'm careful...'

Martin was busy with his thoughts that he didn't realise the battle royale and the duel for the top 6 winners had ended.

They had chosen the top 3 overall winners and now, it's time for the multiple ability users to get tested!

"It's 10 a.m now, the tournament for the multiple ability users will start soon. Those who aren't multiple ability users must leave the backfield!"

When Martin heard the announcement, his heart skipped a beat.

Here we go...do or die!

Chapter 557: "Martin vs Jevon"

Once the tournament for the multiple ability users started, Martin went to the venue he was assigned to, and coincidentally...the judge there was Jevon.

"Okay, gather here. If your name is called according to your queue number, come to the front and be prepared to receive some offensive attacks from me."

Jevon clapped as he led the participants assigned to his area to gather around. He explained the rules, and after he finished speaking, he took a seat and started to call out names.

"Number one...Jay! You have two special abilities, so...you will receive two attacks." Jevon had just said so when he didn't hesitate to use his lightning manipulation to strike the poor Jay.

"Arghh!"

The poor man couldn't use his ability at all and was already struck silly by the judge!

Seeing how fast Jevon's attack was, the others in the group suddenly got worried.

'What if we lose points even before we can show off our abilities?'

On the other hand, Martin secretly sighed in relief.

'If we can't react fast enough, we don't need to show off our abilities, right? That means I can pretend to be slow and drop out of the tournament without having to use the illusion stone...'

Unfortunately, Martin jumped to conclusions too early.

Right after the first participant failed to defend against Jevon's first attack, Jevon didn't continue to launch his second attack and instead glared at the participant.

"Don't think that when you can't defend against my attack, you will immediately get spared and go to the second attack!"

"W-what? B-but isn't that the rule—" The participant flinched. He hadn't finished his words when Jevon raised his voice.

"No matter how low your score is, I will not let you go until you can at least defend against my attacks with all your abilities!"

When the participants heard this, all of them suddenly felt like escaping.

Is this a tournament? It looks like hellish training instead!

But Jevon wasn't the only one who used this method. Other judges also said the same, saying that multiple ability users, elites like them, couldn't give up that easily.

"Just so you know, this tournament isn't just about winning and losing. We are going to select the best of you to join an important troop under the boss' leadership!"

When Jevon said that, the participants gasped inwardly.

The tournament isn't just a game? Are they doing this to select troops?

That...that is why the judge won't let us go even after we failed the test!

"This tournament is also to see whether you guys are fit to be the boss' special troop. So, don't think of giving up until your energy is drained dry!"

Because of Jevon's words, the participants felt even more fired up than before.

"Yes, judge! We will work hard!"

'Even if we have low scores, the judge might still see us in a good light if we show our diligent self and our burning passion!'

The first participant didn't feel bad anymore that he didn't defend against Jevon's first attack. If anything, he slapped his chest and shouted eagerly.

"I'm ready, judge! Come at me anytime!"

With that method, the participants were forced to use their abilities no matter how many times they failed to react or defend against Jevon's attacks.

This method took more time to finish the tournament, but because of this, no one could escape not showing off their abilities to the judges.

Of course, not all the participants showed their abilities to the judges.

Some of the participants weren't brilliant enough to use all their listed abilities until they wasted all their energy and had to drop off the tournament.

These people...were automatically put on the list of suspicious members.

Even if they're not spies, just the fact that they couldn't use all their abilities in the tournament showed that they're incompetent and might need to get demoted.

Just like that, several participants had finished the test, and it was now Martin's turn.

The young man walked into the venue and bowed at Jevon, who was sitting on the chair with his legs crossed.

"Good afternoon, Judge Jevon..." Martin smiled brightly at Jevon, perfectly mimicking what the real Martin usually acted.

Jevon had seen Martin a few times before and knew that the guy was a good seedling. He might be the future five buds for the generation after Ainsley's era.

"Hum, Martin. You have three special abilities....I hope you can use all of them before you waste your energy." Jevon nodded briefly at Martin but didn't immediately attack him.

After all, he's changing his method since other participants have already put up their guard since the first sneak attack.

Thus, Jevon changed his tactic and would interview the participants before suddenly attacking them.

"Martin. You are ranked 30 this month, and the previous month you were ranked 40. You have always been in the top 100, huh."

Jevon fiddled with his fingers as he purposely avoided Martin's gaze, acting as if he was not paying attention to Martin.

But the more Jevon acted like that, the more nervous and tense Martin became.

"A-ah, yes, I was in the top 100 all this time...but it was definitely thanks to my friends." Martin secretly pressed the illusion stone inside his pocket's pants and started to pour his energy into it.

He never knew when Jevon would attack, after all!

Seeing Martin all tensed up, Jevon was even more determined to drag things out to let down the young man's guard.

"Hmmm, you are 20 this year? Or 25? Older than me. Should I call you uncle or something?"

When Jevon said that, Martin almost choked on his saliva.

You! You hateful little being—

Chapter 558: "Checking His Soul Oath"

Martin secretly glared at Jevon.

What do you mean I'm an uncle? I'm 19! 19! But the original Martin did look like he's over 20...ah, he's around 20-ish, though.

Martin's lips twitched as he nodded at Jevon. "Hahaha, I'm not that old, judge. You shouldn't call me an uncle..."

While Martin was talking with Jevon, he secretly sensed that the illusion stone was already activated.

Shringggg...

Without anyone realising, there's a small ripple in the air, and the small venue with Martin and everyone else in the circle was already under an illusion.

Even if someone else outside of the circle saw the group, the illusion barrier would also make the bystander fall into the illusion, definitely not going to reveal the reality happening inside the process.

Martin secretly sighed in relief as he continued to humour Jevon.

'Good, this is good, now I don't need to worry about getting exposed— '

Martin had just sighed in relief and let down his guard for a bit when the black dragon-like monster next to Jevon suddenly shot fire breath into the poor guy's face.

SWAAA!

Martin was instantly caught off guard. Even when they're inside the illusion, the illusion was what Martin controlled, and that only meant he could use the real Martin's abilities without actually using them.

Still, since he was caught off guard...he couldn't even manipulate the illusion, and his face was already burnt black.

! F-FCK!!

Martin's face flushed red as he trembled from head to toe...especially when the clueless Jevon already laughed out loud.

"Hahaha, gotcha! You have to keep up your guard anytime, you fool! Hahaha! Your face is burnt now!"

Jevon laughed wildly, not caring about Martin's feelings at all. He didn't know why but he just liked to tease another genius with a small age gap between them.

Maybe because he felt threatened that Martin might take his place as the five buds? Anyway, Jevon didn't stop bullying Martin at that.

He kept forcing Martin to show his abilities here and there, and Martin could only manipulate the illusion to make it seem like he's fighting back.

However, in reality, he was beaten black and blue. Just that...no one else saw this...no one except for a certain tiny baby wandering around the venue.

That's right, it was Ainsley.

Ainsley didn't just stay at the state and had been actually snooping around. Coincidentally, she found Jevon's venue, and it was when Martin had to perform.

[Hmm, that's Martin, right? The young, handsome guy that is rumoured to be the future five buds,] Ainsley spoke to the Godfather as she hid herself between the bushes.

Somehow, spying on her people while her close subordinates were trying to find spies was more exciting than she first thought.

[Martin? Oh, that. This Lord doesn't know, but his ranking is quite high despite his young age. Other rankers are mostly middle-aged people.]

The Godfather nodded at Ainsley's words and was about to speak more when Martin silently activated the illusion stone...and the Godfather saw ripples in the air.

The illusion stone was only a tool, after all. It's not like Raphael's special ability that could even affect dead spirits.

Thus, when the illusion spread throughout the venue and enchanted those looking at the venue, the Godfather wasn't affected at all.

He clearly saw...the form of the illusion, which was quite similar to Raphael's!

In that instant, the Godfather's face darkened, and he immediately spoke to Ainsley through telepathy.

[Lil Lass, Lil Lass, you hear me?]

[Yeah?] Ainsley was oblivious to the fact that she fell into an illusion.

Not to mention that she could still talk to the Godfather, making her think that Martin was currently battling Jevon just fine.

However...what the Godfather said next slapped her back to reality.

[Do you know that you're inside an illusion? That Martin guy is the culprit. He's currently being beaten black and blue. He's not using any of his abilities!]

Ainsley's eyes flickered. The moment the Godfather said that, she realised that she was inside an illusion, and the illusion instantly had no effect on her anymore.

[An...illusion? Damn, another illusion!]

Ainsley bit her lips as she looked at Martin and Jevon's battle. Indeed, Jevon was using his abilities just fine, but Martin did nothing.

It seemed that the type of illusion Martin used was quite different from what Raphael used.

The former only fooled one's vision and feelings, while the latter was even more dangerous.

Jevon still used his abilities just fine, not like when Ainsley couldn't use his abilities except for the passive skill; the Luck Armour.

That's why, in reality, Martin was still beaten black and blue yet no one saw it...since they're all under the illusion's effect that Martin was fighting Jevon just fine.

[Haaa. If that guy went as far as using an illusion when he can't even use any of his listed abilities...does that mean he's an...]

[Impostor. A spy. He's probably not the real Martin anymore.] The Godfather shrugged.

[If you check his soul, you can see whether the soul oath is still there. He's one of your loyal subordinates, after all.]

The one receiving the oath could check whether the oath still existed or not by simply gazing into the person's chest to look at their soul.

Usually, this was impossible since not just anyone could see through others' souls, but when someone made a soul oath, it was basically the same as giving their soul to the other person.

Thus, it was easy for Ainsley if she wanted to check Martin's soul.

But...she was afraid that...the soul oath wasn't there.

Is the real Martin really...gone?

[...okay. I'll check it now.] Ainsley gritted her teeth.

I'll find the truth!

Chapter 559: "Ainsley's New Bodyguard"

Ainsley did what the Godfather suggested to her. She looked at Martin's chest and saw the oath words chaining the young man's soul.

The soul was similar to a flicking blue fireball, definitely unique to each person. But those words forming a chain around the fireball was the proof of a soul oath.

When Ainsley saw the chain, her face paled.

[Martin still has...the soul oath.] The baby gulped and tried to keep her calm.

[This impostor...can even copy the soul oath.]

!

The Godfather shuddered. He overheard what Grandpa Yofan said about a top-tier mimicry ability user that could even copy the target's soul oath...

He didn't think he would find one infiltrating the family!

[So, this guy...is the one that old man warned you about, right?]

[Right. I'm sure that he's an impostor because he didn't use any of the real Martin's abilities...and yet he still had the same soul oath.]

This spy is an elite one!

[What will you do, Lil lass? Immediately summon him and kill him? Interrogate him? Or?]

The Godfather was ready to possess Ainsley and torture the poor spy, but then, Ainsley shook her head.

[No, no, it's the opposite. Let us keep him close to us to know which group send him and what he's trying to do by infiltrating our family.]

Ainsley grinned from ear to ear as she released that shocking statement.

The Godfather was caught off guard that he almost slapped Zev, who was sleeping on his lap while floating in the air.

[You...Lil Lass, are you crazy? You want to put Martin around you?! Just like that mute girl?]

[Ey, Elliana isn't a mute...and yes, I will make Martin enter our inner circle just like the five buds, the 9 generals and the 6 elders!]

The Godfather suddenly felt that Ainsley dropped her IQ somewhere.

[You...you know it's dangerous, right? He can know many secrets—]

[Well, I will never assign important tasks to him, so relax. Maybe I'll just make him into my bodyguard so that Elliana doesn't need to be one.]

Ainsley curled the corner of her lips as she watched Martin and Jevon's battle coming to an end. But it didn't seem like Martin cancelled the illusion since it was still there.

Still, Martin didn't stay for long and left the venue after finishing the test. Of course, Jevon didn't notice anything amiss, and no one else did.

Only Ainsley and the Godfather knew about the truth.

[Hmmm, I think I will not tell anyone about Martin being an impostor. It's better if only a small number of people know his secret.]

Ainsley mumbled to the Godfather and flashed a smile at it.

[To make sure no one acted suspiciously around Martin, I shouldn't tell anyone about his identity, right?]

The Godfather heard Ainsley's rhetoric question and reluctantly nodded.

[Yeah. If you tell the others and they have to act ignorant in front of Martin, some hot-blooded one like Jevon might accidentally say something wrong when Martin angers him or something.]

If that happened, Ainsley's plan to secretly investigate Martin would be in vain.

[Yup, yup. I also think that putting him around me will help me keep an eye on him rather than letting him go around freely, righty?]

[Right.] The Godfather nodded before signalling Ainsley to leave the venue and secretly checked other venues.

[Maybe you might find other spies like Martin.] The Godfather lowered his tone as he walked away from Jevon's venue.

Unfortunately, throughout the day, Ainsley didn't find someone as elite as Martin anymore.

She did find some suspicious members, but it wasn't worth her time to personally investigate their identities.

Thus, she left those people to Jevon and the rest.

With that, the tournament finished, and Ainsley announced the winner of both the solo ability user and the multiple ability user categories.

Of course, Martin didn't win top 3, but that didn't mean he's not chosen to join Ainsley's troop that would go to attack the Godfather's mausoleum.

The real Martin had good abilities, and Jevon thought that Martin was worthy of joining Ainsley's troop.

And, of course, Ainsley wouldn't refuse. If anything, she suddenly made a request to call Martin and tell him about his promotion.

"Swo, you're appointed as my bodyguard to replace Elh." Ainsley looked at Martin, who was kneeling on one knee on the floor.

Currently, they were at the main hall with Ainsley sitting on her throne and Martin kneeling not far from the throne.

"How is it? Will you accept the promotion or not?"

When Ainsley said that, Martin's face already flushed red from excitement. He shuddered from head to toe and shouted in his heart.

YESSS! I DID IT!

'I don't know how the boss finds me interesting, but it must be because of Jevon's recommendation. I'm one of the young talents here, anyway...'

Martin was extremely pleased that he got a chance to join Ainsley's inner circle since that's the mission he got in hand.

'Good, this is good. Why will I refuse?'

Martin hurriedly lowered his head and shouted sternly.

"I will accept the promotion, boss! It's my honour!"

Seeing Martin looking so excited, Ainsley smiled coldly while tapping the armchair with her tiny fingers.

Hehehe, of course, you will be excited. This is your goal all along, right?

Now, now, let's see why you want to enter my people's inner circle...

There's still a lot of time to find out things. Until then...

"I'll be in your care!" Ainsley smiled sweetly at Martin while secretly snickering in her heart.

Martin, please 'take care' of me!

The clueless Martin excitedly nodded.

"Please leave it to me, boss!"

'I will dig out all your secrets and help the Golden Scale destroy your family!'

Chapter 560: "The Real Martin"

After settling things with Martin, Ainsley brought Martin to the meeting room to meet the other inner circle members and surprisingly, everyone accepted him without any complaint.

It seemed that the real Martin was someone capable.

Ainsley's glinted coldly as she looked at the fake Martin in front of her.

'Where is the real Martin? Is he dead? If he is, where's the body?'

And one thing Ainsley was suspicious of was about how the impostor could impersonate Martin.

It should be when Martin came back from the mission all injured...right? That must be when this impostor took Martin's place...

Ainsley tapped the armchair with a gloomy face.

'It means that the real Martin didn't come back from the mission recorded in his mission log history...the real Martin is either dead, kidnapped, or Injured and hidden somewhere.'

Thinking that she lost a truly good subordinate over a spy, Ainsley felt like smacking the back of the fake Martin's head right away, but she controlled herself.

'Calm down, there's no proof that the real Martin is dead. If only I can ask someone to find the real Martin...but who should I ask? I can't tell Elliana and the others since I need to keep this a secret from them.'

Ainsley scratched her cheeks as she pondered in her heart. At the same time, Martin was socialising with the higher-ups and couldn't help but feel happy that the higher-ups accepted him.

"Martin! I know you're a capable guy– "

"Oh, Martin, isn't it? The rumoured one of the future five buds."

"I heard that your ability is ??? Can you show me?"

When Martin heard the last question, he almost smacked whoever said it.

What?! I can't use Martin's real abilities, okay?? And I have used up the illusion stone too!

Martin suddenly felt the need to get more illusion stones from his seniors or just get a copycat ability user to tail him in the dark and helped him use 'Martin' abilities.

'Damn it. I have to contact my senior tonight. I MUST!'

Martin put a fake smile on his face as he glossed over the question.

"Hahaha, I'm sorry senior, I used up all my energy battling Senior Jevon in the tournament, and I haven't recovered..."

"Oh? Don't you drink any recovery potion? Just trade your contribution points for such a potion!"

"Uhhh I'm trying to save up my points to buy something quite expensive...hehehe. No worries, tomorrow, I can already use my abilities again..."

The way Martin bluffed it out was definitely good, so good that no one noticed something amiss in his answers...except for Ainsley.

The baby kept staring at Martin while grinding her teeth.

'Hmph, hmph. You are not tired or anything. You just can't use Martin's abilities because you're not him! Hmph! Just where did you keep Martin's body...or maybe he's still alive?'

Ainsley really hoped that the real Martin was still alive...and he actually was.

The impostor Martin didn't kill Martin and kept him at their base to discover all things about the Sloan Family, as well as using his abilities.

Right now, the impostor Martin even thought of contacting his seniors and tried to find someone who could transfer special abilities from one person to another.

'Hmmm, is that possible, though? We don't have anyone with that kind of ability but a copycat ability user can do...unfortunately, I need more than just one copy abilities...'

Martin felt that either he had to stock up tons of illusion stones or have a shadow copycat ability user doing all the fighting for him.

'Ugh, this is such a hassle!'

While Martin was thinking about his problem, Ainsley secretly asked the Godfather to find out about the real Martin's whereabouts since she couldn't ask anyone else.

[Can you do it, Godfather? I won't leave the mansion until you come back with the news, so don't worry about my safety...]

Lately, Ainsley didn't bother to use her cutesy language with the Godfather. She already felt close enough to him to show her real self and not her fake persona.

And the Godfather actually preferred Ainsley this way.

[What things this lord can't do? Don't worry over all things, Lil Lass. This Lord will gather the news or send some of this lord's friends to find the Martin guy.]

Well, the people he called 'friends' were actually the dead spirits that he beat up and now became his subordinates.

Hearing what the Godfather said about gathering his friends, Ainsley couldn't help but giggle.

You don't even have friends except for Zev, right...hahahaha

But Ainsley never said that out loud and just encouraged the Godfather to leave. The Godfather didn't stay long and immediately went before dinner.

Because of that, Zev was the only spirit around Ainsley.

[Are you lonely that Dave isn't going to be here for a few days?] Zev casually commented as he floated around Ainsley.

It's been a while since he last got screen time and a chance to talk. He almost thought that the author didn't love him anymore...

Ainsley looked up at Zev and tilted her head.

[Miss Godfather? I do miss him...but I think you're the one feeling lonely and all fidgety when the Godfather isn't with you.]

Ainsley shrugged at Zev and snickered.

'Don't think that I don't know what you guys are doing behind my back just because you guys hide from me!'

Ainsley had caught Zev and the Godfather in action several times, and none of the spirits knew about it.

First, she knew that Zev, in his toddler spirit, became so spoiled that he wanted to sleep with the Godfather all the time!

Yes, you heard it right. Zev is the one begging the Godfather to sleep together...