

BABY MAFIA 581

Chapter 581: "Snipers"

The leader's face was also pale as he nodded. "Y-yes, yes, let's go, let's go! Escape through the other gates!"

With this, the shamans ran out of the mausoleum but went out using another gate.

It was the farthest gate from the East, ensuring that Ainsley didn't chase after them.

Indeed, Ainsley remained at the East battlefield to massacre people.

Others might call her cruel, cold-blooded, and such, but right now, tears slid down her cheek as she killed the troops.

Godfather— The Godfather is dying. He's dying because of all of you!! He's dying right in front of his tomb.

I— I CAN'T FORGIVE ALL OF YOU!!

Ainsley didn't know about the exorcist's existence yet, but she knew that the shamans were included as one of the main culprits. These people weren't innocent either.

DIE! ALL OF YOU DIE!

If the Godfather died once more...I will bury all of you to accompany him to the afterlife!!

When a dead spirit got eliminated, they couldn't reincarnate and their soul would vanish forever. This was why...Ainsley didn't want the Godfather to die.

If he died, he better die because he went to reincarnate on his own wish.

HE CAN'T DIE BECAUSE OF YOU FILTHY HUMANS!!

The baby's mind was already in chaos. All she wanted to do was to end the war and treat the Godfather quickly.

With her current state of mind, nothing that others said would enter her ears.

She was already focused on killing people...and naturally, she wouldn't know that there were still some people at the roof of the mausoleum.

Four people wearing black robes silently stood near the roof's edge.

With the invisibility potions they consumed, no one could see them, not even their own friends.

"Is that the target?" One of the four people adjusted his hoodie, and his black robe fluttered. The silver symbol of a laboratory flask glinted in the dark.

"Hum, that's the girl in the video. How is it? Is she really...THAT?" Another one, a woman, calmly asked the tallest person among them. Of course, that would be their leader.

The leader paused for a few seconds before nodding.

"She uses an item to suppress her foreign soul's aura, but it's not completely masked yet. I can still see some traces when she used her exclusive ability..."

"Oh, oh! Then does this mean we will start our plan?" The third person, the shortest among the group, couldn't help but giggle.

"Let's get this done and go home!" Her coquettish voice was supposed to sound cute yet in the dark night, it was quite eerie instead.

"Hum. Let's start—snipers, in your position. After this, we can go home."

The leader took out a long black-gold rifle from his storage necklace, and a golden marble suddenly appeared on his palm.

The marble had an unusual flora pattern, and the shape was closer to seed than a marble.

The others also took out the same weapon and 'marble'.

Then, two of them silently laid on the roof while the other two stood still with their rifles around their arms.

"Let's do this together all at once. Aiming for her soul is quite hard, but we have four people here. One of us will definitely succeed!"

The leader gestured at his colleagues, and the others nodded solemnly.

"We will fire at my signal." The leader was patient enough to wait until Ainsley lowered her guard.

After all, she's currently still using her 'luck armour,' making it impossible for them to snipe her.

However, as time passed by, Ainsley dismissed her 'luck armour' without her knowing and poured all her strength into the killing.

Since she already lost her mind, she didn't care about her safety anymore and went berserk.

"Hahahah! Die! All of you should just die! How dare you— how dare you harm him!!" The rim of Ainsley's eyes reddened as she laughed like a maniac with tears still pouring down her cheeks.

She's like a wounded beast. She's grieving. She resented the world.? Her mind already crumbled.

Witnessing the Godfather fall in front of her with tons of wounds suddenly appearing on his body...how could she not lose her mind?

She didn't even see the weapons used to wound the Godfather. She didn't know anything.

Useless! Useless! A burden!

Ainsley blamed herself and blamed the enemies.

She didn't care about not using her 'luck armour' and used the energy to enhance the blood ability instead.

She wasn't supposed to be able to use the blood ability without the Godfather possessing her. At least not on her level.

However, as usual, when her mental state was in disarray and she went mad, everything was possible, even when it was only for the time being.

Ainsley used the blood manipulation ability to her heart's wish. It was as if she used this to show the Godfather that...she isn't a burden.

Look, I kill people! I spill blood...you like blood, right, Godfather? I'll give all the enemies' blood to you!

You can bathe in their blood, sniff their blood, and do anything you want...

Just don't...bathe in your own blood...

Crying and laughing at the same time. Ainsley truly had lost it all and the five buddies didn't know. Elliana didn't know. Everyone was busy fighting on their own battlefield...

No one knew that a certain girl lost her rationality...and wished she could die instead of the Godfather.

At the same time, while Ainsley recklessly used her blood dome to kill people, the four members on the roof patiently waited for their leader's signal.

They held their breaths, lurking in the dark to aim for a certain baby.

They were like tigers hiding in the bushes to pounce on their prey...

And their prey is Ainsley.

Chapter 582: "Ambushed"

Lurking, waiting.

The hunters waited until Ainsley showed signs of exhaustion.

Until Ainsley already looked so haggard yet still trying to massacre the troops near the East battlefield too...

She's not protected by the 'luck armour' at all.

The moment they're waiting for has arrived.

Ainsley was laughing and crying while standing on Ava's back, unmoving.

"Just die! All of you— die! Die! die!!!"

In that instant, the leader's eyes glinted.

"NOW!"

The moment the signal dropped, the four of them didn't hesitate to pull the rifle's trigger...and the marble-like bullet instantly lashed out at the same time.

SWOOSH. SWOOSH. SWOOSH!

Ainsley heard the whistling sound of the wind yet didn't see the marble bullets heading her way. The battlefield was too chaotic for her to notice this...

And when she did notice the glint coming from the smooth bullet's surface, it was already too late.

TAK!

Three out of four marble bullets went straight to Ainsley's chest, yet it didn't collide or thrust her skin at all. If anything, the bullets were like ghosts, directly vanishing into Ainsley's body.

Oh, to be precise, it aimed straight at her soul. The blue fiery fire-like soul was flickering silently inside Ainsley's chest when the three marble bullets suddenly invaded.

BUMP.

Once the three marble bullets came into contact with the fire-like soul, one of the marble dived deep into the bottom of the soul.

Another one floated in the middle, and the last bullet swayed around at the tip of the fire-like soul.

All of this happened so fast that Ainsley felt nothing but a ticklish yet prickling sensation in her chest.

She subconsciously clutched her chest and was about to breathe deeply when her soul flickered.

The moment her soul reacted, it was as if thousands of ants crawled around the baby's blood vessels, biting her all at once and consuming her flesh.

"UGH!" Ainsley saw nothing but darkness, and the next moment...she collapsed to the ground.

THUD.

!

Things happened so suddenly that even the enemies around Ainsley were shocked to the bone.

Almost all of them abruptly stopped, and instead of advancing forward to attack, they hurriedly created a distance from the baby.

'The baby suddenly collapsed— maybe it's her trick to fool us, or maybe she's entering an even more dangerous state?!

That's what the enemies thought.

On the other hand, Ainsley's troops, who were behind her, instantly shouted.

"Family head!"

"Boss!"

Friskilia wasn't that far from Ainsley, and she also saw the baby collapsing on Ava's back. She scampered over to Ainsley with a pale face.

"BOSS!!"

Realising something was wrong, Ainsley's people hurriedly went to circle Ainsley and protected her in the middle while they fought against the surrounding troops.

This...the boss suddenly collapsed. What's going on? The enemies will take advantage of this and kill her!

Not all the enemies retreated, after all. Some of them saw this as an opportunity to attack Ainsley fiercely. If not for her people, Ainsley would have died without knowing how she died.

"Boss! Boss!" While the others fought the enemies trying to kill Ainsley, Friskilia already arrived next to Ainsley, and she immediately checked her condition.

At first, nothing seemed wrong since the blood dome was still activated, and the blood wings were still on Ainsley's back.

However, seconds later, the blood dome suddenly shattered, turning back into liquid form.

The blood wings also shattered and instantly splashed onto the baby's back and ground, dyeing them red.

When the enemies who retreated saw this, they were stunned beyond relief.

Eh? The blood dome is gone? Even the blood wings are gone!

Did the baby exhaust her energy or something? She...she fainted?

If the enemies could guess this, how could Friskilia couldn't? She instantly sat on Ava's back while hugging Ainsley's motionless body and shouted.

"All troops protect the boss! Keep fighting! Hold back the enemy! Push them!" Friskilia quickly made her command.

The East battlefield was practically already in a mess and quite desolate with only a few more enemies to be dealt with.

Their troops couldn't just retreat now. The victory was already at hand.

However, Ainsley was right in the middle of the enemy's encirclement. She had to retreat to the rear and let her troops handle the rest of the enemy.

At Friskilia's command, the anxious troops could do nothing but replied loudly.

"Yes, ma'am!"

"FIGHT!"

"GO, GO, GO!"

The East gate was about to fall into Ainsley troops' hands, but the troops didn't look happy at all. They all had these stern and gloomy faces as they massacred the enemies without mercy.

The boss fainted! We don't know what will happen to her.

Kill these scums! We have to secure the gate for the boss!

Friskilia went to the rear end while the troops pushed the enemy, about to occupy the east gate. At the same time, those in other areas had the same situation.

Ainsley's troops were already close to killing all the remaining enemies who didn't escape the battlefield.

Once they annihilate the enemy troops, they could kill the array masters hiding behind the enemy troops, and that would collapse the barrier and the array protecting the mausoleum.

Then, they could go inside to place their own flag.

After all, the barrier in this area was closely linked to the four gates arrays and the barrier was more of a tool that needed people to pour energy crystals to activate it constantly.

Once the enemies are gone, it's easy to destroy the mechanism. They could even eliminate the arrays that might be a trap for them!

However, this wasn't Friskilia's concern right now.

At the moment, all her attention was on the baby sleeping soundlessly on her lap.

Boss! Please be okay!

Chapter 583: "Ending The War"

Friskilia didn't want to hide Ainsley's situation and immediately contacted the other generals plus the five buds.

"Report! Urgent! The boss just fainted and lost consciousness! Emergency!"

When these words entered the others' ears, they almost had a heart attack.

The first one to react was Elliana.

"BOSS!"

"Milady! Fck! Where are you, Auntie Frisky?? We will go there! Hurry!"

"What's wrong with the family head??"

"Is the Godfather around? Shouldn't he help her or something?"

Friskilia could only grit her teeth as she took Ainsley far from the battlefield.

"I don't know about the Godfather. I can't see him at all. But I see Martin, the boss' bodyguard, at the rear. The boss told him to retreat back then."

Friskilia wasn't too clear about Ainsley and the Godfather's situation.

She only knew that the baby shouted the Godfather's name, and after sending Martin away, she went berserk.

Actually...she had an inkling on what's going on, but she was too scared to say it.

Don't tell me that the Godfather...is wounded? And that's why Ainsley fainted?

The first part was right, but the latter was definitely wrong.

No one knew why Ainsley tainted, but Ainsley herself sensed a painful sensation coming from her soul before she lost consciousness.

Because of the matter's secrecy, Friskilia could do nothing but protect Ainsley on Ava's back while approaching Martin.

She's clueless, but it didn't mean she didn't know what to do.

On the way, she didn't stop reporting the situation to her colleagues.

"The boss' condition...it is like this ??? "

Once she finished her reports, Jevon anxiously replied through the AirPods.

"The boss might have exhausted all of her energy. You said that her hair and eyes aren't green or golden when she used her blood manipulation ability, right?"

"Right!"

"It means, the Godfather didn't possess her. The boss is borrowing the Godfather's blood manipulation ability...she shouldn't be able to do that just yet!"

Friskilia couldn't help but hold her breath.

"Does that mean...the boss has an anomaly or something? She is in a chaotic state of mind, enough to influence her ability?"

"Yes." Jevon replied in a slightly shaky voice. He didn't stop battling while continuing his speech.

"I'm afraid that...something happened to the Godfather."

When Jevon said this, all the generals and the five buds felt their hearts tightening. From the reports alone, they had guessed this possibility, but were too afraid to say it out loud.

The Godfather...might be injured...heavily enough to make Ainsley go crazy and exhaust her energy.

Everyone silently shuddered and Nouvan softly spoke to the others.

"It can be...the exorcists. We might not see them but there might be exorcists around and they attack the Godfather."

Exorcists!

These people knew about the exorcists, but couldn't believe such an existence was actually in the battlefield, silently attacking the Godfather.

The situation seemed even more bizarre and dangerous than before.

"Should we...retreat? I have a feeling that the exorcists aren't the only outside force mingled with our enemies..." Marietta gulped nervously.

However, Jevon strongly refused.

"No. We definitely can't retreat now. We have to end the war first before checking the boss' condition."

"Indeed. If we retreat now, all of this will be in vain. But Nouvan, you should go to the East Battlefield and check the boss. Bring doctors with you!"

Ethania chirped in.

"Yes, yes! My side is almost over too. Nouvan, go and assist the boss. We don't need that many healers anymore."

Alvaro spoke many words in one breath, definitely as anxious as the others.

Since they already said so, Nouvan immediately rushed to the East battlefield.

"Okay, guys, I'm going. Auntie Friskilia, please hold on! I'm on the way!"

Hearing this, Friskilia subconsciously sighed in relief.

"Thanks. Quickly get here."

She really didn't know what happened to her boss...because the baby didn't suffer any outer injuries! She only seemed to be sleeping...

And that's exactly why she's worried.

The woman gulped and slowly asked her friends once more.

"By the way, when will the war end? Have the array masters been killed? What about the sacred beast? Is he free now?"

The one answering Friskilia's barrage of questions was actually Chris. With haggard breathing, he replied weakly.

"I...I have killed all the array masters. Lu-Lucifer fled with his troops. My side has won the war, and the sacred beast is now helping us to enter the mausoleum."

However, Chris didn't say that he could no longer fight after chasing away Lucifer and killing the array masters.

Thus, he was currently at the rear while Cellino took over his place as the vanguard.

"AWOOOOO!" The beast appeared to be restless as he bit the huge flag of their family between his teeth.

He just got the flag from Chris, and it was his duty to enter the mausoleum and put the flag inside the hole there, replacing the old flag.

However, when Ainsley fainted earlier, he could feel a disturbance in their bond...and that meant Ainsley's soul had a slight change or something.

If not, how could he suddenly feel their bond loosening when Ainsley only fainted?

Cellino wanted to rush to Ainsley's side, but he knew he had to do his duty.

He's going to end the war and personally guard the mausoleum until the family sent more people to guard the place!

Thus, Cellino instantly rushed into the mausoleum, directly bypassing the broken protective arrays and barriers.

Chris already handled things for him, and now he only had to deal with anyone residing inside the mausoleum and exchange the flags.

"AWOOO!"

Cellino howled as he arrived at the mausoleum's main hall that closely resembled ruins. His eyes instantly glinted viciously.

'I'm going to end the war!'

Chapter 584: "Fell Into A Deep Coma"

Cellino thought that the mausoleum would be filled with enemies guarding it.

However, to his surprise, when he entered, he saw nothing. He saw no one but a spacious hall with a huge flag in the middle.

The beast couldn't help but tilt his head in confusion.

What the...? Why is it so desolate? Shouldn't there be many shamans here, waiting in ambush, or maybe some other troops?

From the vast hall, he could vaguely hear the war noises behind each gate except for the South Gate where he came from.

Clearly, the troops were still fighting, not knowing that one of the gates was already breached!

Cellino was stunned for a few seconds before shaking his head.

Whatever. It's a good thing the mausoleum is empty, anyway.

Thus, Cellino immediately ran toward the center of the mausoleum's hall, about to replace the flag.

In his eyes, the hall was empty. However, if he was a shaman or if Ainsley was here, he would see countless spirits floating in the air.

The spirits in the hall were so abundant that they looked like they were holding a banquet or something.

The spirits chatted with each other merrily, ignoring the fact that someone sneaked into the hall and would replace the flag.

[Yooo, did you hear the rumour? The contracted spirits said that they meet the Godfather spirit!] One of the spirits snorted as he flew around the hall.

[Yes, yes, I heard the same thing. Unfortunately, we can't go out. Damn that spirit-trapping array!]

Although the array masters were killed and the protective arrays were shattered to pieces, the spirit-trapping array was still there.

Spirits could come to this place freely, but if they wanted to leave, they should know it's impossible unless they made a contract with the shamans.

This was why the mausoleum became a spirit market for shamans to choose their spirits.

This place was that valuable for shamans. It could even be said to be shamans' holy territory or something.

Many dead spirits knew that entering the mausoleum meant that they had to be prepared to accept shamans. If not, they couldn't leave the place for eternity until someone broke the array.

However, why would they still want to visit? Simply because the place had the most suitable energy for spirits to absorb. If they lived here, they could live for as long as they wanted.

After all, spirits also could die if they lose a lot of energy. When they are wounded, they unknowingly bleed and let go of the energy they gathered.

When they used their energy to fight other spirits without the help of a shaman, they also used up their energy. When they materialise, they're wasting TONS of energy.

That's why only by possessing a shaman would they not lose any of their energy and could still use their special ability.

The shamans would be the ones providing their energy consumption.

For spirits, spiritual energy that was different from special energy required by the ability users was their everything....

And this mausoleum was like a spiritual energy generator.

The mausoleum was built for the best mafia in the world, and when the Godfather spirit used to live there, he unknowingly changed the mausoleum, making it a paradise for the spirits.

Even when he didn't live there anymore for a long time, the mausoleum still generated spiritual energy for the spirits.

Maybe because his body was buried beneath the mausoleum, and that became the fuel? Such a weird thing and no one knew how this wonder came to light.

Anyway, the mausoleum was indeed full of dead spirits trapped inside. The spirits saw a certain beast run, crossing the hall, but none of them reacted.

[Another force trying to take the mausoleum, huh? I thought it'd been a few years since the mausoleum changed owner.] One of the spirits laughed as she twirled around her dress.

[Yeah, it's been such a long time. 20 years? 50? I wonder what kind of family can own the mausoleum now.] Another spirit shrugged.

To be honest, they predicted that the mausoleum's owner would use all their manpower to ward off the enemy coveting their mausoleum.

However, they unexpectedly didn't try that hard?

The family that owned the mausoleum indeed didn't send all their members to guard the mausoleum.

Simply because they knew that instead of damaging their family's foundation and seeking ruins, they should give up the mausoleum.

After all, the rightful owner came to take back what belonged to her contracted spirit.

But, it didn't mean their goal wasn't met.

In the first place, they all wanted an opportunity to weaken Ainsley, and just now, the shamans sent by the family came back with exciting news.

'We saw the Godfather heavily wounded. He looks so weak! The Sloan Family got such heavy damage. They will have to lay low for a while.'

And that's exactly when the others could snatch back the mausoleum.

Isn't it good when the Sloan Family sacrificed tons of things only to be defeated in the end?

No one in the Sloan Family thought of this, and right now, Cellino already took off the previous flag and changed it into the Sloan Family's flag.

Once he did, he let out a loud howl and ran out of the mausoleum with sparkling eyes.

We did it! We finally conquered the mausoleum! Now, we can end the war!

Their plan was to go back to the Sloan Family right after the war while the Sloan Family sent other troops to guard the mausoleum.

However, when Cellino went out of the mausoleum, Chris immediately greeted him and told him the change of plan.

"Your excellency, the group said that the Godfather is wounded and the boss...fell into a deep coma."

!

Chapter 585: "In The Dark"

Cellino was dumbfounded. He tried to recall what Chris said.

Ain...fell into a deep coma.

...??

Before Cellino could even react, Chris already beat him to it.

"The situation is like that. We can't rush to go back to the mansion. Too dangerous."

Chris took a deep breath and sighed.

"That's why, we decided to camp in the mausoleum while waiting for some reinforcement."

The reinforcement he said was actually only Axelle and a few guards. Nouvan volunteered to go back to the mansion to get Axelle.

After all, the elf had many weird potions that could heal the Godfather and maybe inspected Ainsley's condition too.

However, Cellino didn't hear any of Chris's explanations except for some parts.

Ain...is unconscious? She fainted?? Wait, no. She fell into a deep coma! For real?! My ears aren't playing with me?

Cellino recalled the previous reports that said Ainsley only fainted from exhaustion.

How could they suddenly say the baby was in a deep coma instead?

Cellino's head was buzzing. He didn't know what Chris said and only watched the battlefield with blank eyes.

The enemies already retreated the moment he changed the flag, and the Sloan Family troops rushed into the mausoleum to rest.

Mixed among them was Martin, Elliana, Friskilia and Ainsley.

Martin seemed to be looking at the thin air, supervising something while Elliana and Friskilia held Ainsley's body closely.

The mood was low. The troops didn't look happy even when they basically won the war.

The sun was still hiding behind the horizon, and they could only light up the surroundings with their torches.

The injured members, the surviving members, all of them gathered at the mausoleum's hall with Ainsley and the higher-ups at the center.

The troops were busy getting the healers to heal them, but they would occasionally glance at the baby lying on the floor with worried gazes.

'The boss is unconscious. Someone said that she's in a deep coma...what to do?'

If even the normal troops had this thought, how could the inner members didn't think like this?

Jevon was the most distressed and showed his feelings openly.

"What did Nouvan say before he left?" Jevon seemed to be in a daze. He clearly remembered what Nouvan said, but he chose not to believe it.

Marietta, the one sitting beside Jevon, had to bit her lips to forcefully answer what Jevon asked.

"...he said that...the boss' soul has some changes...and...it makes her fall into a deep coma."

Nouvan was a healer, not a doctor, but he knew a lot more than what other healers knew.

Thus, he could detect some changes in Ainsley's soul, although he couldn't be sure.

And he concluded that it was the reason why Ainsley fell into a deep coma.

Maybe...her soul is injured? Or something? Don't know.

The others around Jevon and Marietta held their breath and the atmosphere became even more gloomy.

At the same time, Martin was looking at the abundant spirits surrounding them with a blank gaze.

He couldn't hear what the spirits said, but since they were pointing at the Godfather on the floor, he could more or less guess their conversation.

[Look, look, isn't that the Godfather? Why is he wounded to that extent?]

[It must be an exorcist! Those evil beings!]

[Oh, God! I didn't expect to see the legendary Godfather but he's so pitiful! His body is leaking tons of energy. He will die if this continues!]

[Can't he just absorb the energy in this mausoleum? The mausoleum is his in the first place.]

[He can. But these wounds will keep wasting his spiritual energy. It will be a vicious cycle where the Godfather have to depend on the mausoleum to survive.]

After all, the wounds created by the exorcists' special ability wasn't something to be scoffed at.

If they didn't find a way to heal the wounds, the Godfather would be done for.

[Don't humans have a potion to heal spirits like us? Some seniors who make a contract with the shamans say that recently, there's a potion like that auctioned off.]

[Really? If the Godfather's shaman can get it, that's good. But don't you see his shaman? Isn't it that baby over there?]

The spirits were trapped but it didn't mean they didn't know the outside world.

Their fellow spirits who were already contracted to some shamans would occasionally go back and tell them news related to spirits.

The Godfather and his shaman was one of the topics.

The spirits in the hall couldn't help but look at Ainsley and all of them clicked their tongues.

[So young! But don't you think her soul is quite...different? I don't know why but it's just weird.] One of the spirits commented.

The spirits had quite a close relation with souls since they originated from souls. Thus, they were quite sensitive to souls as well, and Ainsley's soul was odd for them.

Not because of her unique identity as a transmigrator, but because of the marble bullets residing inside her soul.

[I think there are some weird substances in her soul. It's like a parasite...or a GPS? Anyway, those things will more or less affect her special abilities, right?]

All special abilities were linked to one's soul and body.

Ainsley's body was supposed to have charm and keen hearing ability, so Ainsley's charm and radar ability wasn't affected by her soul.

But the shaman and the Luck manipulation...that was another matter.

Would those abilities suffer some changes, or get weakened, or maybe can't be used at all?

No one knew.

No one among Ainsley's people could hear the spirits' conversation, anyway, and Martin could only see but not hear.

The group was in the dark about the truth.

Chapter 586: "Save Ainsley and The Godfather!"

Regarding the current situation, the troops could only heal the injured while waiting for Axelle to visit them.

Axelle would bring tons of weird potions to save Ainsley and the Godfather...they're sure of it!

At the same time, Nouvan was rushing back to the mansion.

However, it still took him one whole day to arrive and when he arrived, it was already nighttime once more.

He departed at dawn, and arrived at nighttime the next day.

Such an exhausting journey would be a burden, but Nouvan didn't care.

This was all for his boss!

The young teenager already sent a message to Grandpa Yofan, explaining the situation, so when he arrived at the mansion's gate, Grandpa Yofan with the other elders were already waiting for his arrival.

Next to them, Axelle stood with his back slightly hunched. The blue baby phoenix was snoring while sleeping on his head, just like usual.

Seeing Axelle and the elders, Nouvan's exhausted face instantly lit up. He didn't care just how weary his body was, and immediately rushed to them.

"Supreme elder! Elders! Axelle! The boss— the boss— "

Nouvan almost bit his tongue. He spoke too fast, he didn't know what he wanted to say, and all he could say was 'the boss. The boss'.

Grandpa Yofan and the others already knew the situation, so they had to calm themselves and immediately brought Nouvan into the main hall.

On the way, Grandpa Yofan didn't stop interrogating the young man.

"Quick, what's wrong with Ain and the Godfather? You said that Ain's soul is odd...did someone with soul-related ability attack her in the dark??"

Nouvan squinted at Grandpa Yofan's words and sighed.

"I don't know about this, but that's a possibility. If we can invite someone to look at her soul's condition...but we don't have a soul-related doctor or healer at the moment."

Nouvan gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

"I also don't know what happens to the Godfather but we assume that he's in great danger because the boss went mad at the war...it should be because of the Godfather's condition."

That's why, Nouvan peeked at Axelle and whispered weakly.

"Axelle. You have some weird potions you made for the auction last time, right? Are there suitable potions for the boss and the Godfather?"

This was the first time Axelle spoke to other people beside Ainsley and he should be scared off or something.

However, he looked straight into Nouvan's eyes and nodded.

"W-we have the soul-healing potion. It can heal a wounded soul. A-also we have the spirit nourishment potion. I-it can nourish spirits and can act as a cure to heal injured spirits too..."

Speaking of those two potions, thank God Ainsley had some insights and decided to keep a few bottles for personal uses.

This was the right time to use those potions!

Hearing Axelle's answer, both Nouvan and Grandpa Yofan's eyes lit up.

"Good, good! Since Ain's soul is suspected to be injured, bring the soul-healing potion. The spirit nourishment potion will also be beneficial for the Godfather!"

Grandpa Yofan was already itching to send Axelle straight to the mausoleum.

After all, that elf owned and stored the potions and he could bring many more potions to help the war troops.

"Quick, bring some guards with you. 50 people. Go with Nouvan to the mausoleum!"

Axelle knew that the family head, his master, needed his potions right now. However, he didn't expect Grandpa Yofan to send him out eagerly!

This was the first time the elf ever stepped out of the mansion. No, actually, it was the first time he would be travelling around the human continent.

All this time, he was sold as a slave to the humans, and naturally, as an ownerless slave, he spent his time at the Billios Family's house for slaves.

He couldn't say that the Billios family treated him badly since he wasn't abused and he had his own room, not locked inside a cage or anything.

However, he couldn't leave the house. He knew that aside from his status as a slave, maybe the Billios Family did that to...protect him.

The person smuggling him out of the Elf Continent with the pretext of selling him as a slave simply wanted to find him a good owner and hide him from the other elves.

This was the only way to escape the elves' prying eyes back at their hometown.

Thus, the Billios Family was more like a silent guardian accepting this hot potato because of their friendship with the elf.

They strictly monitored Axelle so that he wouldn't be revealed to the outer world.

Who knows which elves hid in the human continent and saw Axelle? His blue skin was just too eye-catching!

That's how Axelle became a homebody. He never left the house, and after Ainsley bought him, he also never left the mansion.

But now...Grandpa Yofan suddenly asked him to go??

Axelle's blue face turned even bluer than before.

"S-su-supreme elder, I- I- "

As if knowing what Axelle was worried about, Grandpa Yofan patted his shoulder and shook his head.

"No, Axelle. You have to go. We don't know what other potions Ain might need, so you should go and take a look."

"B-but- "

"If you're worried about your appearance, just drink transformation potion. You have one, right? You can hide your race and go undercover."

Grandpa Yofan also knew Axelle's race and his status as a slave. But Ainsley bought the guy and freed him from being a slave.

Why would the guy stay at the mansion as if he were a prisoner? He had to go out and explore the world!

Go and save Ainsley! Save the Godfather!

If not this guy, who else can save them using the miraculous potions?

Chapter 587: "Axelle To The Rescue"

Grandpa Yofan was already seasoned and he could see through Axelle's heart with just a few interactions.

The little guy was scared. The little guy thought of himself as a burden, a lowly slave, and someone who shouldn't leave the mansion.

If he left, he would bring troubles.

The old man actually knew that Axelle's identity was dangerous for the family's well-being, but so what? Should he restrict Axelle, treating him like an exotic pet?

The guy might be a rare mixed-breed elf, he might be a slave, his background was fishy, but deep inside, the guy was just like any other living being.

No, in fact, he was like a frightened child.

He might look old, just like an uncle, but the smurf elf was still pure at heart, naive, cowardly, and kind.

He's exactly like a baby.

Ah, maybe Axelle and Ainsley's personalities were swapped or something.

Well, anyway, Grandpa Yofan knew that Axelle actually longed to explore the world.

He also wanted to leave the mansion like the other members, but looking at his weird skin colour, he felt insecure.

He didn't want to harm the Sloan Family with his lowly identity.

"S-supreme elder, I..." Axelle still hesitated to leave the mansion even under disguise. He wanted to save Ainsley but didn't want to bring her trouble if someone spotted him.

Many people in the auction knew that the blue-skinned elf now stayed at Ainsley's mansion since her identity as the Godtoddler was exposed.

For now, no one cared about the elf, thinking that the child just liked a pretty exotic elf.

But sooner or later, if the elves tried to find Axelle's whereabouts, it was easy to track his trace and finally led them to the Sloan Family.

Jake also knew about this, but he still sold Axelle to Ainsley.

He believed that by the time the troublesome elves back at Axelle's hometown came to hunt him down, the Sloan Family was already strong enough to defend themselves.

Only Axelle still didn't know about this, thinking that if he left the mansion, his pursuers might discover him, and he would drag Ainsley's family with him.

The blue elf trembled from head to toe, voicing his worry, only for Grandpa Yofan to flick his forehead.

"What are you worried about? Don't think too much. If you don't go now, you will miss saving Ain and whatever future you thought of won't come true either."

Grandpa Yofan's eyes glinted.

"Because by then, Ain would have died, and all of us would go down the rabbit hole with her."

Grandpa Yofan's voice was cold, yet a trace of hopelessness lingered for a moment.

The Sloan Family was still growing, and they all depended on Ainsley. If she died, how could the Sloan Family survive?

They wouldn't get their second chance!

Hearing this, Axelle's heart jolted. He was instantly enlightened.

Right. If I don't save my master now, the Sloan Family will fall, and I'll also have nowhere to live. I won't have such a warm family anymore, and, and...

Axelle's eyes teared up. He silently rubbed his eyes with his arm and resolutely nodded at Grandpa Yofan.

"I'm going. I will save the boss and the Godfather."

Axelle already prepared tons of potions, basically all kinds of potions he created during Ainsley's absence, and stored it inside the storage ring that Grandpa Yofan gave him.

In just a few minutes, he's ready to depart!

Seeing Axelle like this, Grandpa Yofan couldn't help but sigh in relief.

Look, Ain. You have such a reliable subordinate. So, please...get well soon.

His eyes seemed foggy for a moment, and tears threatened to flow out.

Please...be safe. Please wake up.

Grandpa Yofan clenched his fists and forced himself to smile at Axelle.

"Go. Bring Ain back safe and sound."

"Yes!"

Without waiting any longer, Axelle immediately went to the front yard with Nouvan and the 50 chosen guards.

Axelle used the transformation potion to make himself look like a normal human, and he didn't forget to give Nouvan some nourishing potions to chase away his exhaustion.

Thus, Nouvan, full of energy, could go back to the mausoleum without stopping to rest at the mansion.

That night, the group departed, and they arrived at the mausoleum when the sun already hid behind the mountains.

It took them 24 hours to arrive, and now, the sky was already dark, just like when they first departed.

Logically, the group at the mausoleum had been waiting for two days. All these days, day and night, they took turns nursing Ainsley.

However, she didn't seem to react at all, just kept lying motionlessly.

As for the Godfather, he didn't die simply because he subconsciously absorbed the spiritual energy around the mausoleum to keep him alive.

However, his wounds were still there, so the energy he absorbed quietly leaked out and vanished.

He was just like a broken jar. No matter how much water one poured into the jar, slowly but surely, it was gone. They kept repeating the circle, waiting for someone who could heal the Godfather.

And that someone was here, with the potions needed at hands.

Upon seeing Nouvan return with an unfamiliar bearded uncle and fifty guards, Ainsley's close aides could guess that the uncle must be Axelle in disguise.

They instantly sent the two generals aside from Friskilia and Chris to pick up the troops.

"Nouvan! Axelle!"

Seeing those two, the generals genuinely felt excited. They even sighed in relief, resting their nervous hearts.

With the alchemist and the healer here, everything will be fine!

Axelle and Nouvan didn't chit chat with the generals and immediately went to check Ainsley and the Godfather.

Firstly, Axelle went to check Ainsley since he couldn't see the Godfather at all.

He'll save her!

Chapter 588: "The Golden Pacifier's Origin"

Axelle wasn't a doctor, but as an alchemist, he knew one or two about health. Especially Ainsley's.

Even when he didn't know much about humans, he had always cared about Ainsley and swore to be her personal alchemist.

How could he not know one or two about Ainsley?

Thus, Axelle brought the doctors with him and examined Ainsley's pulse. Just like what Nouvan said, Ainsley was in a coma, and that was related to her soul.

The doctor probed Ainsley's veins that enabled her to use special abilities, traced it back to her core, and could slightly sense her soul disturbance.

Of course, unlike soul-related ability users, the doctors couldn't see Ainsley's foreign soul whatsoever.

They could only feel the weird sensation that the soul emitted to the energy cores.

A normal person's soul should vibrate strongly, and people with a stronger soul would have an even stronger vibration. Yet, on the other hand, Ainsley's soul vibration was weak.

It was as if things were intercepting the vibration, turning it into a quiet and weak one.

The doctors told their examination to Axelle, and as an elf who would naturally be sensitive toward nature and souls, Axelle could agree with the doctors.

In fact, he could faintly feel there was something inside Ainsley's soul, the core of the trouble. The man couldn't help but frown.

"Master's soul isn't torn, and it's not dissipating either. But there is a foreign substance inside her soul, and this brings shock to the soul."

Axelle touched his throbbing forehead and felt his mind buzzing, too shocked to learn the truth.

However, due to his intense concentration, he didn't realise that he's no longer stuttering.

"My master's soul is now rejecting the foreign substance, and that's why my master fell into a deep coma."

Axelle paused for a bit and exhaled.

"Right now, she's fighting the foreign substances...and if she wins, the substances will be destroyed."

Axelle was actually a bit startled when he explained this to the doctors and the healers.

After all, soul injuries were usually something significant and life-threatening that the person with the injury might suddenly die or turn into an idiot.

However, Ainsley merely fell into a deep coma, and her soul was fiercely fighting the foreign substances.

It could only mean that her soul is powerful!

No wonder the Godfather became her contracted spirit.

Strong spirits liked strong shamans, and all potentially strong shamans had strong souls from birth.

Axelle explained the circumstances until the end before slowly relaxing his tense nerves.

"For now, we can use the soul-healing potion to mend some injuries created by the foreign substances."

Axelle took out the soul-healing potion as he continued his explanation.

"But we also need other soul-nourishing items so that her soul can fight back the foreign substances invading her soul."

At Axelle's request, the doctors, the healers, and the higher-ups immediately volunteered themselves to find those soul-nourishing items.

"We can raid the enemy corpses. Their storage space might have some soul-nourishing items!"

Everyone agreed with whoever gave this suggestion.

Raiding and robbing the corpses' belongings was very shameful conduct, but if it was to save their boss, the troops didn't hesitate to abandon their pride and dignity.

All for the boss!

While the troops and the generals went to rob the corpses' belongings, Elliana took out the golden pacifier and slowly put it into Ainsley's mouth.

With just the pacifier in the baby's mouth, it was enough to nourish the soul, evidently helping the baby to regain her consciousness.

Elliana used the golden pacifier without much thought, but when Axelle saw it, he froze.

His eyes were glued to the golden pacifier on Ainsley's mouth, and he couldn't help but gape.

Isn't that...the elf's golden pacifier that only royal babies can use? That's a sacred item for the elves, and it's the royal family's heirloom from generations to generations!

Why is it in the boss' hands?? Who the heck brought that pacifier and gave it to the boss? Did someone smuggle the item? A traitor from the royal palace?

Axelle might be an outcast, but he knew his true identity and he knew his true background.

He knew how difficult it was to smuggle such a sacred item from the royal palace all the way to the human continent.

Unless...unless the elf was the royal baby's nanny or sometimes trusted by the royal family.

Axelle was dumbfounded. He silently looked closer at the golden pacifier, and the more he observed, the more familiar the pacifier looked in his eyes.

He had seen this pacifier before, and it seemed to be...

Axelle didn't want to jump to a conclusion, but he instantly looked around, highly alerted.

When he was sure no one was looking, not even Elliana, he secretly bit his finger and dropped a drop of his blood onto the golden pacifier.

Surprisingly, the blood didn't slide down the pacifier's smooth surface but was absorbed into the pacifier!

And it didn't stop at that.

Seconds after, small red words written in the elven language slowly appeared on the pacifier's surface, but it only condensed for a few seconds before fading once more.

However, that few seconds were enough for Axelle to read the words written in red...and his face paled.

He showed a weird look, between happy, startled, confused, and finally, terrified.

This...this pacifier...

Axelle gulped and hastily distanced himself from Ainsley. He was afraid that he would snatch the pacifier and steal it!

Because...the pacifier was unexpectedly...his pacifier.

That's right. It was the pacifier he used when he was a baby. Around more than 100 years ago.

This was the pacifier he got when he was a baby until he turned into a toddler.

Why...is it here?

Chapter 589: "Healing The Godfather"

Axelle was confused to the bone. He blinked his eyes under his fringe and tilted his head.

Did someone from the Elven continent come to the Roane Region?

Who is this someone? My nanny, or? But my nanny is way older than me...she shouldn't be travelling across continents.

Axelle vaguely remembered that when he was kicked out of the Elven continent, it was just recently.

For 100+ years, he had been living in the Elven continent but was never living in the core country, the one full of high-ranking elves and the royal.

If anything, he was forced to live in a small country full of mixed-breed elves of the lowest rank.

Of course, he was living his best life as a royal until the day of awakening, when he was 10 years old...

His impure blood was discovered, and that's the start of his misery.

Thinking about the past, Axelle shook his head and forced his mind to forget about the pacifier. He didn't know why the pacifier landed on Ainsley's hands, but this seemed to be fate.

'The pacifier will help her nourish her soul to be stronger. She should be waking up soon.'

Axelle and the others worked hard to give Ainsley the soul-healing potions and many other soul-nourishment items they got from the enemy' corpses, but little did they know that...

The marble bullets weren't that easy to fight.

Even when Ainsley's soul was already strong, and it tried to protect Ainsley, the marble bullets didn't budge or leave the soul.

They couldn't be eliminated either.

Thus, although the soul already slowly adjusted to the marble bullets' presence, the bullets still laid there, unmoving.

Of course, it didn't mean that the baby wouldn't wake up at all.

Once the soul adjusted to the new change with the three intruders inside its territory, it slowly aroused Ainsley's mind to wake up.

Before this, the baby fell into a deep coma simply because the soul subconsciously tried to protect Ainsley from the pain of resisting the bullets inside the soul.

Now that the soul already gave up and let the three bullets stayed unmoving, Ainsley would regain her consciousness sooner or later.

Now, everyone's attention was on the Godfather. They couldn't see him, so they could only rely on Martin to help.

Martin gritted his teeth as he described the Godfather's condition.

"After we give him the spirit-nourishment potion to absorb, the Godfather subconsciously uses the potion, and his wounds recover bit by bit."

Unfortunately, the speed was too slow.

Axelle has many spirit-nourishment potions, and could assist the Godfather anytime, but it didn't mean the Godfather's recovery speed would improve.

The exorcists that wounded him with their special abilities this time were simply powerful. Elites among elites. It's difficult to heal the wound!

Martin estimated that with this speed, the Godfather would completely healed his wounds and woke up in a few months.

"So...he will be unconscious for a few months. If he wakes up now, it requires more energy, and that will slow down the healing process."

Martin looked at the Godfather on the floor and choked.

"His survival instinct kicked in and deliberately sent himself to deep sleep. This way, he can recover faster."

In other words, both Ainsley and the Godfather would be unconscious for a long time, but Ainsley might wake up tomorrow or in a few days, while the Godfather would only wake up after months.

Listening to Martin's explanation, the members couldn't help but lower their heads.

Although the two wouldn't die, they still suffered a lot from this incident.

The troops couldn't help but think that the mausoleum wasn't worth the two people's sacrifice.

Knowing what these people thought, Axelle, who knew a lot about spirits due to his nature as an elf, couldn't help but open his mouth.

"D-don't be too sad. This mausoleum is definitely worth the struggle."

Axelle fiddled with his fingers before continuing.

"R-right now, the spiritual energy is not only healing the Godfather b-but also improving the boss' shaman ability..."

Ainsley was still in a deep coma, but it didn't mean the spiritual energy in this mausoleum didn't have anything to do with her shaman ability.

If anything, her shaman ability slowly levelled up without any training.

It's a blessing in disguise, but since Ainsley now had foreign substances in her soul, one couldn't be too happy.

"A-anyway, those below the age of 18 and those who haven't awakened any abilities have a high chance to be a shaman if they stay here for months or years..."

It means that the Sloan Family could produce shamans now.

After all, the mausoleum trapped the spirits without contracts with shamans and that benefitted young shamans to choose spirits or nurtured non-shaman into a shaman.

The future benefit would be larger and the Sloan Family would undoubtedly become stronger.

However, they had to be wary of other families trying to rob the mausoleum now. In their state, if another family tried to attack, they would be wiped out.

Of course, Cellino was here, and that means the other families with no sacred beast had to thread carefully not to offend the beast.

But the 7 sacred families...if they sent their family guardians, the sacred beasts to attack...

The troops were constantly wary day and night. It had been 3 days since Ainsley fell into a coma, and now was the fourth day.

Axelle said that she should wake up now, but apparently, she hasn't. If anything, there were some changes compared to before.

Right now, Ainsley's expressions changed frequently, unlike when she looked like a dead statue. Of course, her expressions didn't seem to be good.

Is she in a nightmare?

Indeed.

Right now, Ainsley's consciousness was facing someone that she feared the most—

The original Ainsley's soul.

Chapter 590: "A Thief, A Robber"

Ainsley was in a deep coma and didn't know the marble bullets in her soul actually gave her a sense of hallucination, a nightmare.

Not to mention it was something planned by the hunters that shot her before.

They undoubtedly would use the hallucination to drive Ainsley even further into the abyss.

Thus, this was what Ainsley saw when she lost her consciousness.

Brilliant purple hair in a cut bob-cut style, a pair of clear blue eyes, resembling the sky but when it darkened, it resembled the ocean.

A thin and tiny body, belonging to a toddler. The person that appeared in front of Ainsley was exactly Ainsley herself.

When Ainsley saw this, she couldn't help but gasp.

What the heck? Is this an illusion? A nightmare? Why am I seeing my own reflection?

The 'Ainsley' in front of the baby didn't move at all, but gradually,

Ainsley realised something odd. Her eyesight was different from that of a toddler, and she undoubtedly looked at her own reflection with a higher altitude.

It means that...she is way taller than the 'Ainsley' in front of her!

At the realisation, Ainsley hurriedly looked down at her hands and instantly shuddered.

Her palms were that of an adult! Her hands too! Her legs! She's not a toddler anymore. She's already a young adult based on these features.

Even her chest wasn't flat. She has already become a mature adult.

Ainsley's heart jumped to her heart.

She tried to look at her appearance, and the dark surroundings suddenly became a dark lake, resembling a giant, monochrome mirror.

Ainsley immediately looked down to check her appearance, only to inhale sharply.

Her face paled, her pupils trembled, and her voice seemed to be stuck in her throat.

This face...is my original body's face!

Ainsley gaped. For a while, she touched her face, her brown shoulder-length hair, and seemed to be in a daze before snapping awake.

'How come I return to my previous appearance? Haven't I left the real world behind?'

Ainsley knew that she was transmigrated into this world because of the magic scroll she bought from a shady seller.

She successfully occupied Ainsley's body, but she had never thought about the real body's soul.

Where is the real Ainsley's soul? Is she dead? If not, where is she?

Those thoughts only came to Ainsley's mind right now, when she recovered her original appearance and had the real Ainsley right in front of her.

Usually, Ainsley was too busy restoring the family to even think about these issues.

She took her transmigration for granted, and since a lot of novels and manhwa also didn't explain the real body's soul issue, she never thought about it deeply.

However, at this moment, Ainsley couldn't help but think about the original body's soul.

Where is the original Ainsley? Why could a foreign soul occupy her body? Is the soul still around?

Did she become a spirit or something?

And all these questions were directed to the toddler standing still in front of Ainsley. Her eyes blinked, but she didn't say anything and just stood there as if she were a doll.

Ainsley couldn't help but get goosebumps all over her body. She didn't know what happened, but she had a wild guess.

"...Ainsley?" Ainsley— no. Ainsworth carefully asked the toddler in front of her.

When she spoke, she also realised that her voice wasn't that of a cute, lovely child, but a mature woman's voice.

The distinct difference once again made Ainsworth bite her lips.

'Am I now in my soul state? Is this why my appearance revert back to my old self? Then, the person in front of me...'

Ainsley gulped.

Is it the real Ainsley?

Ainsworth had just thought so when the baby in front of her opened her mouth and spoke in a cute, familiar voice that Ainsworth used all this time to charm people.

"Yesh?"

Ba-thump.

Ainsley's heart dropped to her stomach. The girl clenched her fists tightly and looked down at the baby who tried hard to look up at her.

Since their height difference was simply too big, Ainsworth had no choice but to sit down to match the baby's eyesight.

Seeing this, the baby revealed a bright smile and nodded.

"Auntwie, who awe ywou?"

The moment the baby dropped this question, Ainsley felt like thousands of horses galloped across her heart.

DO NOT CALL ME AUNTIE! AND DO NOT USE THAT CUTESY LANGUAGE, AHHHH+

Ainsworth, who used Ainsley's identity, often talked in baby language to draw everyone's love and affection.

But in her heart, she occasionally mocked some scheming aunties that looked down on her.

The way she spoke and the words she blurted out was exactly the same as the one this baby said!

Ainsworth touched her forehead as her lips twitched madly.

Is this my retribution? Or maybe I went mad? Just where is this place? Inside my consciousness?

Ainsworth had tried to call Zev, but she simply couldn't hear his response. It seemed that she was indeed inside an illusion, or she was in a coma, and this was her nightmare.

Otherwise, how could the original soul meet her in this kind of space?

Ainsworth had just thought so when 'Ainsley' looked at her with her shiny blue eyes and giggled.

"Auntie. Are you newvous and gwilty because ywou steal my bwody?"

Ainsworth's face sank like titanic.

Y-you! What are you saying?? Can't you be lenient and stop poking my sore spot??

There's no way Ainsworth, who took Ainsley's body, didn't feel guilty.

After all, no matter what happened, she truly seized someone else's body and lived the life that the other party was supposed to enjoy.

She's basically a robber, isn't she?

She's a thief! A robber!

