

BABY MAFIA 691

Chapter 691 - "Poisonous Fog"

The biochemical weapon that Paul prepared was actually not that fancy.

It's just a wide-area poisonous fog.

The poison could kill within fifteen minutes if the victim didn't receive an antidote or healing from healers.

The fog came from a bomb, and one bomb could produce quite a dense fog within a twenty-meter range. But if there were many bombs, it wasn't difficult to cover the whole front yard, backyard or even the mansion.

If the mansion had ventilation and other gaps, the fog could quietly seep into the building and spread more poison.

Each of the members brought one palm-sized bomb like this and also had one bottle of antidote, a filtering mask that could filter the poisonous fog's effect, and the corrosive liquid that had been used earlier.

Spatial Storage was expensive, but if the space size was small, so small that it was akin to a small box, it wasn't that expensive, but it could hide and store many small items such as the poison bomb and so on.

Each of the members also had several energy crystals, recovery potions and healing potions of various grades.

The elites definitely had high-level grades such as A or B grade potions, but the ordinary members could only have an F grade potion up to E grade.

The more experienced members but not categorised as elites usually received the mid-level potions grade C or D.

When Paul decided to use the biochemical weapon, he spoke through his Airpods to all the Naran Family troops attacking the Sloan Family.

"Everyone. Use your poisonous fog bomb. Remember to throw them far away from each bomb to maximise the fog's range!"

Of course, before they threw the bombs, they would wear the filtering mask first to avoid getting poisoned for no reason.

Thus, the moment the members received the order, they immediately took out their special filtering masks from their spatial storage.

However, when that many people who had crossed the front yard or even infiltrated the mansion suddenly took out masks...how could the Sloan Family not notice it?

Even Ainsley, who was waiting at the place where she put the flag, the target of the siege, also received a notification from her people stationed at the monitoring room.

Her tablet flashed, and the surveillance camera's footage appeared on the screen along with her people's voices across the AirPods.

To avoid getting too noisy, everyone turned off their AirPods and only turned it on when the AirPods vibrated, indicating an order from their superior or from Ainsley herself.

As for those who could report to Ainsley, only the captain of each division had the permission.

Thus, the other members had to contact their division's leader if they wanted to pass along important information to the family head.

Likewise, when one person is talking to Ainsley through the communication device equipped with the AirPods, only one person could go through the call at the same time.

This time, the one calling Ainsley is the archer division's commander, the one who had the best view throughout the battlefield except from the air force.

"Reporting, boss. This is the archer division's commander. I saw many enemies in the front yard taking out masks and throwing out bombs."

Another call passed through right after the Archer group's commander ended the report.

"Reporting, boss. This is the mansion's west wing patrol guard leader speaking. I saw some intruders taking out masks and throwing out bombs."

The patrols hadn't killed these people yet because these people were just so slippery, and there were many places to hide inside the mansion.

Although there were many traps too, one or two enemies could still slip by, and this time, the patrol guards saw the anomaly.

Even the leader of the monitoring group also sent a report.

"Reporting, family head! This is the monitoring division's captain speaking."

The captain gulped for a second before continuing.

"From various surveillance camera's footage, we saw the enemies throwing out bombs, and black or purple fog came out of those ball-like bombs!"

Ainsley instantly knew what kind of fog it was.

Poisonous fog. It must be a poisonous fog!

Almost immediately, Ainsley connected her AirPods to all her members and shouted.

"Take out your filtering masks and prepare antidotes! The enemy is releasing poisonous fog. Avoid the fog, and if you are affected, immediately go to the healer room!"

At the same time, to prevent the fog from affecting the Sloan Family troops assigned everywhere outside of the mansion, Ainsley looked at Cellino, who was lying on her feet and nodded.

[Blow the fog away, and if you can, blow the fog to the enemy camp!]

This time, not many Naran troops managed to enter the barrier, but it was because many Sloan Family troops were working near the frontline to block them.

But when the fog came, even when it didn't mean instant death, the situation was chaotic for a moment.

The fog obstructed one's vision, and if you inhaled it, your limbs would weaken, your head would hurt a lot, dizziness and nausea would instantly hit you hard.

Many Sloan Family members were caught off guard against this sneak attack, resulting in more Naran Family troops breaking through the barrier and entering the yards.

More casualties appeared from the Sloan Family's side, especially those assigned to protect the barrier and hold back the Naran family troops that were surrounding them from all directions.

The area that got the most impact was the west side since it was the weakest.

The building nearest to the west side is just an indoor training building, so the security there wasn't that great.

Plus, to enter the main mansion, one had to enter from the north area, not from the west!

Chapter 692 - "Dealing With The Poisonous Fog"

Alas, from the west to the north, it took ten minutes on foot, and there were too many archers and shooters aiming for these intruders.

Not to mention, there were barely tall trees or big rocks to cover the intruders because the yards were just beautiful gardens in a sense.

That's why the west area wasn't that important for Ainsley, but once it was breached, more and more enemies entered the yard from that side.

It definitely increased the burden on the patrolling guards, the archers, and the shooters.

The Sloan air force was also having difficulty defending both the air and the land from intruders.

Up to this point, there were already fifty people successfully entering the main mansion either by breaking the windows or using various special abilities they could have.

The patrol guards inside the mansion were abundant, definitely more than fifty.

But when these fifty people suddenly threw poisonous fog bombs here and there, the danger level sharply increased.

"All members, find the intruders and stop them! Hold on!" Ainsley spoke through the Airpods once more.

The good thing is, even when many intruders successfully entered the mansion and the yard, to prevent them from destroying the barrier, Ainsley placed elite members to protect the barrier-generating tools.

There were 8 devices placed around the mansion to generate such a huge and sturdy barrier, but the device, which was about as tall as an adult's waist in the form of a metallic tube, was fragile.

The moment an ability user attacked the device, the barrier would lose one layer, and that would be dangerous.

Half of the intruders were aiming for these devices.

The barrier had seven layers, so the eighth device was the central device that controlled the other 7 devices to ensure all barrier' layers were working well.

To protect against any intruders, Ainsley sent two generals to protect the main device and the seventh layer's barrier device.

The seventh layer was the one closest to the mansion itself, so it was essential as the last defence mechanism.

Ainsley also sent the 6 elders to protect the rest of the devices since Grandpa Yofan was protecting the place where they put the flag of the competition.

Because of this, so far, no one has been able to destroy the devices.

Apparently, there's one Barrier Ability User guarding each device.

The barrier ability user was weaker than those employed to guard the actual barrier protecting the mansion, but it was enough to protect one device like the barrier-making device.

The danger of losing the barrier was low, but who would have known the enemy finally tried to use the poisonous fog?

At that moment, many of Ainsley's members who couldn't react fast enough were affected.

They had to leave their post and found the healers inside the mansion, definitely disturbing the order.

"If your symptom is severe, find the free healers outside of the mansion. They're all protected by the elites! You can immediately ask them to heal you."

Ainsley spoke to her people through the AirPods to help as many members as possible.

After all, not all healers remained inside the mansion.

The majority of them spread among the members outside, and they had at least two elite members to protect them.

Nouvan was also outside, helping many members, especially the one at the front line who were guarding the barrier from other elite intruders.

With Ainsley's fast reaction and meticulous preparation, the number of victims falling under the poisonous fog strategy wasn't that big.

At most, they were incapable of fighting for a few hours, but almost none of them died.

Not to mention that the fog spreading in the yard was quietly cleared in just a few minutes.

SWOOOSHHH.

Cellino looked down at the dense fog below and waved his right paw nonchalantly.

A twirl of winds slowly gathered under this paw, and with just one single movement, the wind quietly approached the fog.

The wind didn't do much other than gather the fog to one place and slowly push it out of the barrier.

Strangely, the fog didn't pass through the barrier and remained trapped inside, just like a greenhouse effect.

That's why Cellino had to use the barrier's hole in the air and the hole at the front of the mansion to expel the fog from the yards.

It took thirty whole minutes to do this, but thanks to Cellino, the enemy's tricks didn't do much.

Only, the fog inside the mansion was still there, and it's hard to expel them because of the mansion's complicated interior structure.

Even with Cellino's ability, it was hard to guide the fog to come out of the mansion without affecting anyone.

Not to mention that the fog inside the mansion completely blocked everyone's sight.

It billowed so fast up to the ceiling, making the situation inside the mansion even more dangerous than the one outside.

As the person in charge of the mansion's safety, Ainsley worked hard to expel the fog.

"Open all the windows and ventilation! The fog should dissipate a bit. But make sure you guard the windows or the ventilation to prevent an intruder."

Ainsley gave her command to the people inside the mansion. Alas, it wasn't hard to get rid of the fog without the power of the wind.

Many wind-manipulation ability users inside the mansion worked together to expel the fog out of the mansion, but it still didn't help much.

After all, simply opening the windows wasn't a solution. The fog wasn't like smoke that could easily go away just by opening the windows.

The fog was persistent in remaining at their position, quietly affecting everyone with the poison inside.

It's really an annoying situation for the members inside the mansion!

Chapter 693 - "Challenge Accepted"

Fortunately, none of the fog entered the hall connecting the 7 doors. The hall was still clear, and one could see the huge flag at the center of the connecting hall.

Because of this, the Sloan Family could still rest assured that they hadn't lost the siege yet.

At the same time, the intruders hiding inside the mansion actually found something interesting in many rooms or places.

Yes...they saw the flags used in this competition!

When some intruders found the flags at many places without knowing that there was more than just one flag, they immediately contacted Paul in excitement.

"Commander! We found the flag! Many guards are guarding the flag, but we are sure that we can get it. What should we do?"

One of the intruders reported to Paul, and Paul immediately replied in the same excited tone of voice.

"Really?! Where's your position? Send your coordinate to me. Also, take a picture of the flag and wait for further information."

The intruder was still hiding from the guards, but she diligently did what Paul asked her to do.

She silently took a picture of the huge flag in one of the rooms guarded by many guards before sending it to Paul.

She also sent her coordinate to make sure that Paul could send more reinforcements to help her and her companions.

There were only five of them, while the number of guards inside and outside the room could count to twenty.

If they didn't have this one person who had an x-ray eyesight ability, they wouldn't have known that the guards were guarding the flag, the target of this round's tournament.

It seemed that the places with many guards guarding it might be where the flag was placed?

They passed by many places like that and thought that the guards were guarding the weapon room or other things like that.

Who would have known that they were lucky to find the flag room?!

When Paul first received the photo from his people, he was so excited that he started to shudder from head to toe.

The flag looked exactly the same as the one announced on the tournament's website.

Since the mafia council gave the flag, there's no way the Sloan Family could change the flag or do anything to it.

Still, he heard that there's a spiritual mark on the flag, so to confirm the authenticity, he had to send shamans to verify it.

Yes, this is also one of the mafia council's ways to force the mafia family to have a shaman, at least one shaman as their mafia members.

The spiritual mark was something that only a dead spirit could do, so normal people who couldn't even see spirits couldn't possibly see the spiritual mark left by spirits.

Fortunately, the Naran Family had three precious shamans, and he brought one of them to participate in this round.

He immediately arranged for the shaman to infiltrate the mansion because a mere camera couldn't capture the spiritual mark.

"You go to this place. This is the coordinate. Or maybe you can send your spirit to check the spiritual mark? Spirits can recognise other spirits' spiritual mark, right?"

Paul didn't know much about shamans, so he asked the shaman for his opinion.

After all, he didn't want to risk sending the precious shaman only to verify the flag's authenticity.

The shaman quickly nodded at Paul's words.

"I can send my spirit. With the help of my spirit, we can even bypass many guards and track the flag's location. When we are sure of the flag's location, we can then send our people to retrieve it."

The shaman was really wise for his age when he was only thirty or so. Hearing his advice, even Paul was amazed.

"Good, good! You should have told us about this from the very beginning, ah! That way, we won't waste several hours to find the flag's location!"

Paul was regretful that he didn't talk to the shaman sooner. As a precious shaman, the shaman was well-protected and only fought when they found a difficult opponent.

Thus, Paul didn't have a chance to talk to the shaman, and the shaman with an eccentric personality also didn't bother to tell Paul.

Well, it must be because he's too lazy to employ his spirit to be a scout.

No shaman would like to use their spirit like that...Ainsley is an exception because she used spirits that didn't have a contract with her.

Even now, the five spirits that Ainsley brought everywhere for the sake of spare abilities were employed to the bone.

They supervised and monitored the whole battlefield, continuously sending information to Ainsley.

Thus, one of the spirits overheard what Paul said and immediately sent telepathy to Ainsley.

[Mistress, I overheard something serious!]

[...don't call me mistress. Okay, what is it? Tell me.] Ainsley kneaded her temple as she urged the young spirit to speak.

She could receive telepathy from other spirits, all thanks to her body constitution as an ambassador-type shaman.

Of course, continuously receiving telepathy was arduous to her mental power. If she wasn't careful, she might faint from exhausting her mental power, a.k.a her brain.

When the young spirit was urged like that, he immediately chatted non-stop.

[I heard someone found the fake flag, but then the enemy's shaman said that he would send his contracted spirit to check the flag's authenticity.]

The young spirit paused for a second to catch his breath before continuing.

[He also proposed to Paul to use his contracted spirit to locate the real flag's location if the flag they found just now is actually fake.]

Hearing this, Ainsley couldn't help but raise the corner of her lips.

Hehehe. Interesting, interesting.

Challenge accepted!

Chapter 694 - "Overkill"

To send a dead spirit as a scout, that Naran Family's shaman is indeed smart and ambitious.

However, how could he not know that the Sloan Family Head is also a shaman and even contracted the Godfather?

This is really weird. That shaman should have known that sending his own contracted spirit to the mansion where the Godfather might be is akin to suicide, right?

Even though spirits couldn't harm each other, they could oppress each other using their aura.

The Godfather's aura was the best, and with his exclusive special ability, 'the dominance', it was even easier to suppress spirits weaker than him.

That shaman's spirit...if they're not at the level of the two spirits belonging to the shaman guild master, maybe the spirit would have peed their pants while having a breakdown.

Thinking like this, Ainsley decided not to burden the Godfather just to stop a meagre spirit. Those five spirits that she brought with her weren't that bad.

They're strong and have unique abilities...their aura should be enough to frighten this unknown spirit intruder.

Thus, Ainsley immediately spoke to the five spirits through telepathy.

[Three of you chase away the spirit sent by the Naran Family's shaman. I don't want this spirit to find the real flag's location.]

After all, Ainsley executed her plan to place many fake flags all around the mansion solely to confuse the enemy and drag their time to find the real flag.

Like this, the Naran family would be even more frustrated than before. In just three days...could they find the real flag's location and snatch it from under Ainsley's protection?

Questionable.

But if they found the real flag's location sooner, there's still a slight chance that they could suppress Ainsley and her people to snatch the flag.

Better be safe than sorry. Chase away that spirit!

Three of the five employed spirits immediately responded to Ainsley's request.

[Roger, boss. On the way! With the three of us, we can definitely chase away that old man's spirit!]

The five spirits were all young people around Jake's age, still hot-blooded and energetic.

They all died too young, and thus when they became dead spirits, they were eager to do something that youngsters around their age usually do...

Such as joining the territorial war, embarking on an exciting adventure, joining guilds, and so on.

That's why they didn't want to be bound by shamans and chose to be free spirits.

The five spirits met each other a long time ago after they became spirits and formed friendship between young spirits.

They went on an adventure all around the country, going abroad as well, even trying to visit other races' territories...

They're not bound to their death place or a specific place because their greatest grievance that they still regretted was the fact that they died too young and couldn't enjoy life to the fullest.

Unlike older spirits that had certain goals in mind or regretted when they died, these unfortunate youngsters only wanted to enjoy a life full of danger and adventure.

But they died in a huge war between the mafia and the government a long time ago.

It was the era after the Godfather ceased to live, a ground-breaking era where the mafia strived to get out of the government's influence, thus creating their own society.

The five spirits still regretted that they died without going on an adventure to explore the world or leaving their names in history.

Of course, to be able to become a spirit, they had certain degrees of fame among their generation...but deep down, they only wanted to be a normal youngster around their age.

Now that they had a mission, an exciting one to fight against an older spirit, chasing the spirit to protect the mansion...they felt as if they regained their youthful vigour and dream.

Oh, yes! This mission is super exciting! It's different from all our adventures for the past hundred years...we are now required to fight!

The chosen three spirits were all glowing in excitement as they went to where the Naran Family's shaman was residing.

They followed the first spirit's guidance, the one who eavesdropped on Paul's conversation with the shaman before spotting their target.

They were lucky that the shaman had just requested his contracted spirit to make a move.

From afar, the three young spirits, two young men and a young girl, finally saw the contracted spirit that the shaman had.

The spirit's appearance was indeed older than them, but his real age in the spirit world should be younger than them.

This spirit should have died only ten or twenty years ago...and he seemed to be 'barely' able to become a dead spirit.

It means that he's not as famous or influential as the three young spirits.

At most, the middle-aged spirit was only the head of a small force or something.

He didn't seem to be a mafia judging from his white robes...similar to the one that the Sloan Family's supreme elder liked to wear.

Mmmm, is this spirit...a priest? Or a healer? No, no, it should be one with an offensive ability or maybe a multi-ability user.

After all, most dead spirits were multi-ability users, with the weakest owning three abilities.

This middle-aged man seemed to be some of the weak spirits among the humanoid spirits.

No wonder the shaman that he contracted didn't join the shaman guild but joined the Naran Family, a mid-ranking mafia family from another region.

The Naran Family wasn't that famous or anything.

They're quite strong, but it's only thanks to their air force's strength and the backing from other bigger mafia families.

Anyway, this spirit...we don't need the three of us to deal with him, ah!

It's overkill!

Chapter 695 - "Scaring Away A Spirit"

Since the middle-aged spirit wasn't that threatening, the young spirits discussed among themselves as they followed the spirit to the mansion.

They decided on who should take the role of 'scaring away' this middle-aged spirit.

After a brief discussion, the slightly older young man was chosen for this 'sacred' mission.

The young man was just like your ordinary youth in his mid-twenties, but maybe because this is another world, his face is definitely more handsome than average youths.

Or maybe because most ability users had certain kinds of beauty thanks to them awakening their first ability.

Maybe that's why Ainsley also became super cute when she unknowingly obtained the charm ability?

Could be!

Her current appearance should be even more cute than when she first saw herself.

The older young man nodded at his two friends and immediately flew fast to chase after the middle-aged spirit.

Since he's stronger than the other spirit, he managed to outdo the spirit, and in a mere second, the young spirit had blocked the middle-aged spirit.

The middle-aged spirit was silently going to enter the mansion through the wall when he saw a spirit suddenly blocking his way—

He suddenly halted his movement and looked at the young spirit with a frown on his face.

[Who are you? How impudent. Do you know it's rude to block an older spirit's path like that?]

The middle-aged spirit saw that the one blocking him is way younger. He thought that the spirit must be young in spirit age too.

That spirit must be a newbie. Maybe just a genius from somewhere who died and didn't want to accept their death, inwardly turning into a newbie spirit.

Alas, as a fairly new spirit himself, the middle-aged spirit didn't know how to measure a spirit's age based on their body's density and not their appearance.

Currently, the young spirit did look somewhat translucent, but it's all because the young spirit wished to do that.

If not, he would be pretty dense, unlike low-level ghost-like spirits. Of course, he still couldn't materialise himself just like the Godfather...

That's too hard.

However, it doesn't mean that he's weak, okay? Treated like a newbie by an actual newbie suddenly left a bitter taste.

The young spirit looked at the middle-aged spirit who looked like your usual low-level spirit and had the urge to laugh.

Yoooo. This old man is really— bah! Ignorant!

The young spirit snorted and slowly revealed his aura and exerted pressure on the middle-aged spirit.

[Heh, old man. Who is younger here? I think it's you, okay? You've been a spirit less than twenty years— or even if it's already twenty years, you're still weak!]

The pressure coming onto the middle-aged man slowly increased, from feeling like a small box pressing his shoulder to finally feeling as if a car had just crushed his body.

BANG!

The middle-aged spirit was so shocked and hadn't even understood what was going on when he automatically kneeled in the air.

His back was drenched in sweat, and if he's not a spirit with a ghost-like body, his back would have been soaked wet.

[Y-you- you-] the middle-aged spirit looked at the young spirit in horror.

He didn't expect this spirit to be a high-level spirit despite looking younger!

Even after twenty years, he couldn't gather a lot of spiritual energy to condense his ghostly body, forcing him to remain as a low-level spirit.

Not to mention that when he first became a spirit, he was indeed not remarkable.

Other spirits were once a remarkable being in history, and they would at least become a mid-level or high-level spirit.

Only someone like him, who had gained a certain amount of reputation and prestige but wasn't that influential or powerful enough, became a low-level spirit.

He was a leader of a small rebel army that rebelled against a low-ranking mafia. In the past, the mafia was slaving away the people in his village, sacrificing many lives for wealth.

He was the one who overthrew the low-ranking mafia family.

This led to him gaining a fixed amount of popularity and reverence from the people in his village and other villages under the low-ranking mafia family's influence.

But that's it, ah. Right after the battle, he died, becoming a martyr, a hero who saved the small region.

Alas, he didn't want to die just like that. He had just tasted the taste of power, the taste of people's reverence and gratitude...

He was about to be the leader of the small region, becoming the new mafia boss. Of course, he wouldn't be a mafia. He would be a good force...

But he died and his vice commander became the new leader. How could he be willing to die just like that?

In the end, he became a spirit and was bound to that small region until a shaman from that region saw him and made a contract with him.

That's when he could finally go anywhere, free from the shackles.

He was shackled for fifteen years and it has only been five years ever since he became a contracted spirit.

It's no wonder he didn't know much about the spirit society, their hierarchy, or whatever.

Now...he regretted opposing the young spirit in front of him.

He had heard that the Sloan Family Head contracted the Godfather spirit, so he thought he should only be careful of the Godfather.

He didn't think there's another? powerful spirit here, ah!

That family head who's rumoured to be a toddler...seems to be more talented than his ordinary contracted shaman.

The middle-aged spirit had tears in his eyes as he bowed to the young spirit.

[I-I am sorry for my impudence, young master. B-but...w-why did you block my path...]

Yes, why, ah?

Chapter 696 - "The War Starts For Real"

The middle-aged man felt very wronged.

This old man did nothing to you guys! I just want to verify the flag's authenticity, and if it's fake, I'm tasked to find the real flag's location.

I'm not harming anyone, okay? Can't you let me off??

A pity...the young spirit looked at the middle-aged man and shook his head.

[Sorry, sorry, we knew that you're sent here to do something. But we are also on a mission to prevent whatever things you're going to do.]

The spirit let out a sigh as he patted the middle-aged man's shoulder.

[You're not at fault. Your contracted shaman is. Haaa, you guys are so unlucky to catch our boss' eyes...]

The young spirit already thought of Ainsley as their boss. After all, when they followed her around, they also got tons of benefits.

First, they could visit the mausoleum anytime. Their identity was already recorded, and they had a year pass to the mausoleum for free!

Not to mention that when they followed Ainsley, the Godfather was there too. Even though the Godfather just appeared now, the spirits were already glad to see their idol.

If you're a mafia, how could you not idolise the Godfather? All of us worship him!

The young spirit excitedly told the middle-aged spirit about their mission, and when the poor spirit heard the explanation, he wanted to die.

What? They already knew my shaman's plan? So that's why they block my path. They don't want to make things easy for the Naran Family!

The spirit was a bit dumbfounded. He knew that the Naran Family's goal was the flag, and if he did his mission well, they could achieve their goal sooner.

But...the other side surprisingly employed many high-level spirits to destroy everything!

The middle-aged spirit couldn't understand how a wild spirit not contracted to the shaman would obediently obey the shaman's request.

Isn't that toddler's strength too heaven-defying?

Even the shaman guild master wasn't so OP when she's just a toddler. Wait, she hadn't even awakened her shaman ability at this age, ah...

The middle-aged spirit already felt like giving up. Without trying to go against the young spirits, he hurriedly returned to his contracted shaman and told him the whole story.

The Naran Family's shaman listened to the story, and at the end of the story, his face was already devoid of colour. He looked abnormally pale!

"This...this...don't tell me the Sloan family head is not just an ordinary shaman...m-maybe she has a unique institution..." the shaman murmured in shock.

The shaman guild master was also like that. She had a unique institution, making her one of the strongest shamans.

The fact that she had two legendary-level spirits proved that she was not your usual shaman.

If what his spirit said is right, for wild spirits to obey a shaman's request when a contract does not bind them...the shaman must have a unique constitution!

The middle-aged shaman couldn't help but tremble from head to toe. He's just an untalented shaman who couldn't even enter the shaman guild.

To go against a genius like this...he is not willing, ah!

The shaman immediately told Paul the crux of the trouble before raising both of his hands in the air.

"I'm not going to mess with the Sloan family head. Since she had sent those spirits, she's hell-bent on not allowing my spirit to spy on her mansion."

Afraid that Paul would insist, the shaman hurriedly added.

"My contracted spirit is just a low-level spirit while the other party sent three high-level spirits. Don't forget. There's still the Godfather! I don't want to take the risk."

He wasn't even the Naran Family's inner member, anyway. He only joined the family for the sake of money and items.

After all, even if he's not worthy of joining the shaman guild due to his lack of talent, he was still sought after by many mid-ranking mafia families.

The Naran Family was one of them. They all could only recruit low-level shamans, but that alone was enough to go against other mafia families who had no shamans.

After all, shamans were really powerful compared to other ability users who didn't have a unique ability.

All dead spirits were people with a certain amount of prestige and popularity, so how could ordinary ability users in the mafia family compare to these spirits?

That's why the shamans were still strong even when they were only low-level. Of course, it was a different matter if the shaman battled another shaman...

Hearing the shaman's explanation, Paul's complexion was extremely bad.

He was already frustrated with many things, and now, the shortcut he thought would be their winning path got destroyed even before they tried.

But, it's really dumb to try pushing things when the other party is stronger...

Paul massaged his temple and waved his hand impatiently.

"Okay, okay, it doesn't matter. Since this plan won't work, go and help the others to create more holes in the barrier. We need to send as many troops as we can!"

It was already breakfast time when Paul and his people managed to create more holes in the barrier.

After all, it was hard to keep sustaining the barrier when the Naran Family brought more corrosive liquid than the Sloan Family expected.

The priests were already overworked to death, so one or two holes couldn't be avoided.

Right when many Naran family troops finally entered the yard and tried to enter the mansion, it was then the Sloan Family's land troops got something to do.

"Attack! Don't let anyone pass through our defensive line! Don't let any rats enter our mansion!"

The Sloan land troops' commander roared as he charged to the battlefield.

The war finally started for real!

Chapter 697 - "No Capable Heir"

The barrier hadn't collapsed, but a tiny gap was enough for the Naran Family to send continuous troops to enter the yards.

At the same time, he prioritised the team that would infiltrate the mansion. After all, their most important goal wasn't to destroy the Sloan Family but to steal the flag.

Destroying the Sloan family could wait until they took the flag.

At the end of the day, the siege would continue for three days and three nights.

Even if the Sloan Family had lost, the tournament wouldn't end yet, and the mafia council wouldn't meddle in their affairs.

Whether the fallen family could survive or not, why should they care?

These families were just mid-ranking families that were strong enough to become high-ranking, but most of them relied on the high-ranking families.

The mafia family wasn't like ages ago where new powerful families without being influenced by other mafia families would pop out once every two or three years.

Now, the mafia families, aside from the high-ranking or above, preferred to become a lackey for the high-ranking families or above.

The power became heavily concentrated on the 7 great families, the 7 sacred families, and the high-ranking families.

Even many high-ranking families allied themselves with either the 7 great or the 7 sacred families, creating two opposite sides.

Only some of the high-ranking families would stay neutral.

This was undoubtedly dangerous.

If one day the 7 great and 7 sacred families decided to wage war, the entire mafia society would be dragged into the fight.

What could the mafia council do? Nothing.

It wasn't good for the power to be concentrated only on two sides.

The mafia council actually held this tournament for some reason.

One of them was so that the newly-promoted high-ranking family wouldn't become the older high-ranking families' lackeys.

It's okay to become allies with other families, but becoming their lackey...that's the same as becoming a sub-branch but using a different family name and different location.

The mafia council didn't want this to happen.

Thus, aside from wanting to monitor Ainsley's growth and the Sloan Family's growth, they also hoped that the Sloan Family could break free from this vicious cycle.

They weren't convinced that a baby could become a true mafia boss without becoming a puppet head, but if she's truly capable...

The mafia council's judges who were staying inside the floating car while watching the battle through drones' cameras couldn't help but pay more attention to what Ainsley was doing.

While the Naran Family's troops were battling the Sloan Family's troops...what is she doing? Is she doing her job as a true family head, or...is she just a decoration?

Ever since the legendary Sloan vs Aretha Battle, some of the mafia council members already believed that Ainsley was the real deal, not a puppet boss.

But some of them weren't convinced and thought that her power wasn't hers. Maybe her power actually belonged to someone else who wished to become a shadow boss?

Who knows?

What if this someone is the missing 17th family head, Ainsley's father? Rumours said that the scumbag left the mafia society and entered the mercenary guild.

The mercenary was neutral. They could be employed by the government but would also work for the mafia.

The mercenary's stance wasn't clear, and the mafia council didn't like a former mafia boss joining this kind of powerhouse that would work for anyone as long as they're paid.

Thinking like this, the mafia council's judges sent to monitor the Naran Family, and the Sloan Family's battle casually spoke to each other.

"How is it? Do you think the Naran Family will win?"

"Ha...quite hard. The Sloan Family's defence is actually better than we predicted. Not to mention that their members are all talented."

"Right, right. I also feel that they are equipped with many monsters...must be thanks to the Sloan Family Head's unique ability."

Everyone knew that Ainsley could let non-tamers contract monsters, which was supposed to be impossible.

This speciality alone was a massive boost to the family's military strength.

"Speaking of the Sloan Family Head...from what I saw for the past few hours, she seems like the real deal."

When the topic shifted to Ainsley, the four judges couldn't help but become more excited.

One of them, the only woman among the judges, patted her chest and nodded.

"Yes, she's the real deal. I didn't see her looking panicked when facing unknown circumstances. She didn't seem to be receiving someone else's order. She's the one ordering others."

"Yeah, there's no pausing or any useless interval between the war.'s situation and that kid's decision."

In other words, she didn't wait for anyone to tell her what to do and could immediately take action.

Several of her precaution measures were also beyond imagination.

"Hum. I didn't think she would employ a 'copy' ability user to multiply the flags, spreading many fake flags around her mansion..."

"That's clever, indeed. The barrier and the array are also good. Their air force, the land troops, the patrol guards, and other elite members..."

The Sloan Family was already enough to be called a high-ranking family.

They only had to fill their newly-gained territories with more members, and if they didn't have enough, they could simply recruit more members.

Anyway, the family's core strength was already established, and it's all thanks to that baby alone.

Of course, the cons of relying heavily on the family head was none other than the family head's well-being.

If the family head suddenly couldn't lead the family anymore or lost her strength, or even passed away, the Sloan Family might decline even faster than before.

Even more unfortunate...the Sloan Family had no heir better or as capable as Ainsley.

Chapter 698 - "Last Trump Card"

It didn't mean that the Sloan Family's only strength was Ainsley. Ainsley herself had many capable subordinates, but who among them could become a good leader as good as her?

Only Grandpa Yofan could somehow replace Ainsley's role, but his lifespan was obviously not that long.

"That kid's people are good. They won't decline that fast, even without their boss. But...the Sloan Family doesn't have a worthy heir other than that baby."

The judges looked at each other and shook their heads.

Yeah, the drawback is only that. The lack of a capable heir who can lead the family in case of the family head loses their life.

The Sloan Family's 17th boss only had Ainsley as the direct descendant.

Actually, there were many kids and teens related to the branch families, but none of them was as astounding as Ainsley.

If the Sloan Family wanted to rise even further, they had to keep Ainsley well and then nurture another worthy heir.

Even if the heir wasn't as good as Ainsley, they should at least be as talented as the other young heirs.

At the moment, Ainsley still hadn't used the Xocolet Lake to produce more ability users under the age of 15. She also hadn't created a program to train the children...

But she would. Sooner or later.

The judges didn't know anything about the Sloan Family's inner management, but they thought that as long as Ainsley was alive, the Sloan Family wouldn't need to fear anything.

Hum, hum, for now...let's watch the battle?

It was already 9 in the morning, and the battle still continued non-stop. More and more casualties appeared, and more Naran Family members managed to enter the mansion.

However, the Naran Family was actually at a disadvantage. The mansion was so large that it resembled a castle now, but the members entering the mansion were less than two hundred.

A lot of them would have died somewhere inside, and they didn't know.

After all, up to now, they had only received reports about the flag's whereabouts, but when the member took out the flag after painstaking efforts, it turned out the flag was fake.

Yes, they had to take out the flag and show it to the shaman for verification, but because the shaman couldn't enter the mansion, the members had to sneak out the flags.

It turned out...there were many flags in the mansion. And only one of them is real.

When Paul saw the seventh flag that his people brought over was another fake, he almost blew his top.

"Another fake flag! @&#-#+*+*+ Fck- the Sloan Family is too cunning!"

Paul couldn't blame the members for being blind and not able to differentiate which flag was fake and which one wasn't.

After all, even he realised that all of the flags looked the same...as if it was the exact replica.

Some of the Naran Family's elites had also noticed that the flags emitted faint special energy...it was the work of an Ability User.

"This...must be the unique 'copy' ability! Ah, the official name is item-duplicating ability." One of the seniors spoke to Paul, explaining his hypothesis.

"The Sloan Family duplicated the real flag and spread the fake flags all over the mansion. Since we can only verify the authenticity by sensing the spiritual mark—"

The elder paused. He suddenly felt that...they should have recruited more shamans...

But so what? Ainsley is also a shaman, and her contracted spirit forbid all other spirits to approach the mansion.

It was so hard just to sneak in, ah!

"Uh...can our esteemed shaman use their shaman energy to locate the spiritual mark instead?" The elder couldn't help but glance at the shaman.

The shaman should have been able to detect the spiritual mark too, because the spiritual mark was related to dead spirits.

If the shaman was strong enough, he only had to close his eyes and focus. He could then sense the spiritual mark's whereabouts.

After all, the shaman had sensed the mafia council's unique spiritual mark before the tournament started.

This was to make things fair for the assault team.

When the shaman heard the elder's idea, he had the urge to roll his eyes.

"A low-level shaman like myself needs to be at least a hundred meters within the spiritual mark's range. If not, I can't even sense it..."

A hundred meter...uh...they obviously had to somehow enter the mansion. After all, the mansion was now so big that one could spend a day or two touring the whole place.

They didn't manage to get the mansion's blueprint, so they didn't know where the core area was...

So troublesome!

Paul couldn't help but clench his fists tight. Their family had no sacred beasts like the Sloan's, and had no monster on par with sacred beasts like Zilla.

Actually, they almost had no chance of winning if not for their excellent air force. But even that seemed to be weaker than the Sloan Families?

Since when did the Sloan Family own many flying-type monsters...the level is high too.

Could it be...the monster horde that they gave to Ainsley...became her opportunity instead?

He was sure he told his people to sprinkle that powder...

Paul felt like crying.

If he knew that Ainsley wouldn't die and would somehow come back with many tamed monsters...why would he create that monster horde for her?

That's just like deliberately supporting her, ah!

Paul felt that their family was cornered. They had no chance of winning.

Well, they still had one more trump card, but this trump card...

Paul was aware that the use of this trump card could escalate and implicate many people aside from the Sloan Family.

Should he...use it?

Chapter 699 - "Unique Ability Users"

Paul assessed their family's current situation, and he found out that the Naran Family would lose if he didn't do anything.

His family owned many elites with unique special abilities, but the Sloan Family was the same. Plus, how unique one's ability could be?

Even most of the elites consisted of elemental ability users who had more than one elemental ability.

There were rare abilities unique enough to change the battlefield's flow so suddenly.

'Should I employ the neutraliser? But I only have one neutraliser ability user, and she's going to be used to go against the Sloan Family Head...'

Paul gritted his teeth as he looked down at his tablet.

He searched for his people's data for a long time, trying to see if there was any unique ability among the troops he brought to attack the Sloan Family.

Mimicry ability users...have none. They're too rare. Hackers...only have one, and the other party also has a hacker.

Landscape-manipulation ability user...no match for the other party's landscape-manipulation ability user.

Paul tried hard not to use his trump card until the siege's last day. After all, not even a day had passed...how could he use his trump card right away?

No! His people could still fight!

Paul scanned the data once more and couldn't help but frown.

Monster tamers...a lot of them were assigned to the air force. The beast tamers, too...

But the air force is held behind the barrier, and if they try to enter the yard through the barrier's hole in the air, the Sloan Family's air force would surround them and kill them.

Uh...assassin-type ability users...they're all already infiltrating the mansion and were busy finding the real flag, not the fake one.

However, they couldn't even identify which one is fake, which one is real.

Poison-related ability users? The Sloan Family dealt with the poisonous fog quite fast...they wouldn't be much help.

Beast transformer ability users? Those who could transform into various beasts...hum, they're no different from beasts tamed by the beast tamers.

They wouldn't be much help either.

Other unique ability users...c'mon.

How could we have no unique ability users? Illusionist? Light attribute? Or darkness? No, we don't have any.

Damn, we don't even have an alchemist, but the Sloan Family had one!

Paul was getting frustrated.

He knew that for major forces they took more importance in grooming unique ability users, not ability users who had common abilities.

After all, multiple ability users with more than one abilities were rare, but those with unique ability users were even rarer.

If not, how could the shamans be more influential than the monster and beast tamers? The hackers were also considered rare, even when their influence wasn't that great. The exorcists, the healers...

Yes, healers were also rare, especially those with unique attributes, just like Nouvan, who could heal a victim of a status ailment.

The summoners were rare, too...the Sloan Family had one, but the Naran didn't have any.

The more Naran browsed through his family's data, the more frustrated he became. He didn't have anyone who could flip the battlefield's flow to their side.

'Do we really need to use that trump card this early? Or maybe we should wait for those who have entered the mansion? Maybe they were lucky enough to find the real flag's location.'

Paul decided to wait for another day to use his trump card.

After all, the trump card he got was from a mysterious black research organisation that was really proficient in developing biotechnology weapons.

The organisation was one of the mysterious organisations that the Naran Family wouldn't be able to find if not for one of their member's romantic relationships with the organisation's members.

Indeed, dating and marriage is the fastest way to gain connections.

The Naran Family wasn't wrong to cultivate beautiful young women and men to spread their connections through these people.

Paul nodded to himself, feeling much better after thinking about his trump card.

He knew that it was really cruel to use this trump card, but he would do anything to bring his family to a higher level.

Becoming a high-ranking mafia family had many benefits outside of the connections with big shots too!

The high-ranking mafia could own a town and become the city lord, and their influence would be outside of the government's.

They could develop many businesses, both legal and illegal. There would be many human resources to cultivate too...

The government could do nothing since these territories were owned by the mafia council ever since the great war between the mafia society and the country's government.

Up to now, half of the country's territory belonged to the government, ?? belonged to the mafia society, while the other ? was spread among other big forces outside of the mafia society.

Sometimes they're friendly to the government, friendly to the mafia society, but sometimes they also oppose both sides or only support one of them.

Really...other countries couldn't possibly be divided like this. The government actually owned 90% of the country's territory.

But in Godlif, the place where the Godfather used to live, the mafia was flourishing.

If the Godfather wasn't a mafia, maybe the government side would be stronger now.

Alas, the world obeyed the law of the jungle.

In Godlif, the government's military power depended on technology, and it actually couldn't help much against ability users.

Not to mention that the mafia also developed their technologies. The government was even more cornered.

Of course, the citizens didn't care which side was stronger. As long as these people are kind and helpful in their daily life, they will obey anyone.

After all, not all mafia families were bad and not all government people were good!

Chapter 700 - "Forceful Merger"

Anyway, in the end, the Naran Family wasted two days to breach the Sloan Family's defense line and still could only send a third of their total troops to enter the yards.

And only some of them managed to enter the mansion. Not to mention that the battle inside the mansion was even fiercer due to traps and other similar devices.

Many intruders couldn't rest well inside the main mansion that had become a small battlefield.

However, on the other hand, the Sloan Family's members could still rest well.

Only a part of the main mansion turned into a battlefield while the members' dorms were unaffected.

The intruders were also not dumb enough to try attacking a bunch of Sloan Family members when their mission was to steal the flag.

In the end, at 9 o'clock, right on the second day, one of the Naran Family members finally found the connecting hall where the real flag was located.

When the member saw the huge flag similar to other flags but had triple the defence, he immediately ran away from the corridor using his stealth ability and hurriedly contacted Paul.

"Commander, I found a flag that I think is the real flag! The defence line there is much stronger than in other places. I even saw the Sloan Family head sitting on a throne in front the flag!"

The member was lucky enough to finally find the connecting hall, which was obviously deep inside the maze-like mansion. Truthfully, he had an amulet that could boost his luck...

As someone who only liked things like amulets and such, he didn't expect that he would be lucky enough to find the real flag's location...

When the member sent the photo that he took to Paul...Paul immediately believed they had found the real flag's location.

There's no way the flag wouldn't be real if the Sloan Family's head is waiting there!

Paul immediately employed his people, all his people, to go to the connecting hall. He got that member to send the map and the coordinate, instantly helping others to arrive at the hall faster.

Of course, the corridor leading to the hall was heavily guarded, so more and more battles occurred in the corridor.

Ainsley, who was waiting at the open hall, obviously heard of the commotion.

She also had observed the surrounding battles using her radar ability and knew that the enemies finally found this place.

"Huh. They finally arrived. It took them almost two full days!" Ainsley clicked her tongue, showing her disdain for the Naran Family.

The Naran Family wasn't as menacing as she thought it would be. Or maybe the barrier she set up plus the array was too much even for a mid-ranking mafia family?

Next time if the Aretha Battle happened again, they didn't need the elders to protect the mansion anymore and could rely on the barriers alone.

Indeed, a high-ranking family should have a defence of that calibre. If not, how could they be worthy of their ranking?

Ainsley shifted her butt to fix her sitting position as she kept looking down at the floor below the stage.

The flag itself was tall, around two meters high but only the pole was tall and big. The enemy could actually rip the flag right off the pole to win this round.

But to rip the flag, they needed people who could fly or have flying-type beasts...or maybe they had to jump high or climb the pole to get the flag.

Of course, they could also use the long-range ability users to directly tore the flag from the pole using their various abilities.

Still, when the flag was planted on a stage, the flag was tall enough almost to reach the ceiling.

At the same time, the throne positioned right in front of the flag looked even more conspicuous.

Of course, the baby who was way smaller than the throne itself became way more eye-catching than the flag or the throne.

Sitting at such a high place enabled the baby to look down on most people, and she didn't look like a toy or a doll when she took the throne.

If anything, people actually felt intimidated by the baby's presence. It was as if the Godfather was back alive and was now occupying that throne....

Obviously, Ainsley still hadn't let the Godfather to possess her, but she already resembled the Godfather day by day.

The Godfather himself had steadily recovered memories related to Ainsley, so when he saw his shadow in Ainsley's self, he became a bit proud.

Hum, hum. This baby is similar to this lord, but she will obviously be greater than this lord. As expected of this lord's disciple!

While Ainsley was watching the surrounding battles through the floating 3D animated map in front of her eyes that no one could see, Paul had finally made a move.

It was nighttime, and most of the troops should be resting, but both sides became even more aggressive and energetic than before.

Right now, Paul had already sneaked into the yards and was even approaching the mansion!

He had decided to bring only the elite troops with him, leaving the rest to block the Sloan Family troops.

Of course, the journey crossing the yards wasn't that easy, but in the end, after losing a lot of their elite members, Paul finally arrived at the mansion.

He entered the first floor and quickly headed to the connecting hall.

Tonight...before the siege's third day arrived, he would snatch the flag!

That way, the leftover one day could be used to absorb the Sloan Family's resources and inflict more damages.

Destroy the Sloan Family or force them to merge with the Naran Family!