

## BOSS BABY 2

### I BECOME BABY MAFIA BOSS

#### Chapter 2 - 'Lost Memory'

But the girl didn't realise her illness as a last stage of a chuunibyou.

Instead, she took a deep breath and slowly plopped down in front of the mirror.

She couldn't be rash in this new world. She had to be careful to be the protagonist.

Now, let's see the first rule of transmigration.

The girl closed her eyes.

I have to retrieve the memory of the original body.

The girl was already experienced dealing with bizarre things like what she experienced now. She quickly used her knowledge of manhwas to anticipate her next action.

Yes, come. Give me the memories of this body. I'll have to know what novel or manhwa I entered. Or maybe it's a brand new world— ah, no. Protagonists usually enter a novel or a manhwa they have read.

Which one is it then? What genre? I read both male and female lead books. Surely this should be the doting dad troupe judging from this body's baby appearance, right?

The girl excitedly waited for the throbbing pain to assault her head. She then would endure it while organising this body's memory. After that, she would know which novel or manhwa she transmigrated into.

Once she knew, the knowledge of the book would naturally be her biggest strength. Her effort to jot down all the novel and manhwa plots she knew would come in handy.

"Hm, good. This is good. Well-planned." The girl was proud of herself. Her smile reached her ears as she waited for the memories to come.

1 minute.

Her eyes felt heavy.

2 minutes.

She wanted to snooze off, but she endured.

5 minutes.

Her head was fine. There's no assaulting pain whatsoever. But the sleepiness was such a great force grabbing her mind.

10 minutes.

She already sprawled on the white marble floor, drooling.

"Oh, my, the young miss is sleeping." The voice of a woman suddenly sounded as someone in a maid uniform approached the baby on the floor. She quickly lifted the toddler and placed her on a cradle.

There was a pained smile on her face.

"Young miss...what to do..." The maid sobbed, yet she lowered her voice in fear of the baby waking up. She held her breath and slowly left the room with one last whisper.

"Young miss, we will protect you. Even if the boss abandoned us. Please...be happy."

Clack.

The wooden door was closed.

Silence filled the room. The only sound existing was the sound of the baby's weak breath.

Fuh...fuh...

I'm screwed.

The girl broke in a cold sweat as she slowly opened her eyes. She immediately turned around and looked over at the door direction.

Fck. Fck. Fck. What's going on? What went wrong? Why didn't I receive any memories?

The girl sat down on the cradle and hit her own bed with her short legs.

What is this?! I don't even know this body's name! Is it the same as my name, Ainsworth? Or is it something different? Where is this? What novel did I enter? Or is it a manhwa?

Why— why don't I get any memories from this body?!

"Ah!!" The little baby with purple bob-cut hair kicked the air. She crumpled her tiny pink uniform and even had the urge to pee on her diaper.

Is it a bug? Is this a mistake? Why don't I even know anything about this world? Where's the promised memory and knowledge of the world? Where's the superior cheat called the memory of the world inside a novel?

Ainsworth had the urge to roll down the cradle and chased after the maid.

What to do?!

She was shaken. The only trump card she held, the memories of this body, wasn't here. She was left alone without prior knowledge of the world she would live from now on.

Go to hell with trying to go back to her world. It's not worthy. But...but...

"Without the host body's memories...how can I know which novel I enter? How can I reign over this world as the protagonist? What if I'm the villainess or even worse— "

The mob character?

Ainsworth felt like dying.

No. No. My effort to be isekai-ed can't end like this. I can't give up just because I don't know anything.

Ainsworth clenched her fists. Her face showed the determination of someone who wasn't a toddler at all. It was a strange sight of an adult's eyes over a toddler's body.

"Yes, calm down. I can do this. If I don't know anything, I have to know something. Time to find out." Ainsworth climbed the cradle and slowly slid down. Once her butt touched the ground, she sighed in relief.

I am adapting fast to this toddler's body. It's not that difficult. Is it because this body can walk? The difference is just the change in view and strength.

Ainsworth tugged her lips. She trotted to the door with her small legs. The distance to the door was just three steps using an adult's legs.

It's tripled for a toddler.

"Haa...ha...fah. Why is it so far?!" Ainsworth almost bit her tongue as she clung to the bottom of the door. The baby plopped down again and sighed.

I need to recover my strength. But this is a toddler. It's impossible. In the first place, I should have a local maid that I can rely on and order around.

Remembering the basics of most transmigrated protagonists, Ainsworth vowed to get a loyal maid that would be her hand and feet. After that, gaining basic information would be easy.

"But..." Ainsworth paused as she peeked over the small hole between the door gap.

She was annoyed by one thing.

