

## **BABY MAFIA 561**

### **Chapter 561: "Planning For The Second War"**

That's how the two ended up sleeping together, with Zev nestled in the Godfather's arms.

Second, Zev liked to sit on the Godfather's lap whenever he could.

Just because the Godfather had been talking to Ainsley all this time, it didn't mean Zev went somewhere else...

In fact, that shameless toddler used the Godfather's laps as his chair!

Third, when those two bickered, the Godfather often pushed Zev to the wall and cornered him as if he's going to eat the poor toddler...

And Ainsley coincidentally saw that. She didn't know just how many times this happened, but one thing is for sure.

These two relationships aren't your average relationship between a system and the host.

'There must be something going on between them!'

Ainsley's eyes sparkled as she secretly peeked at Zev. The toddler was still busy showing off his butt with diapers on, not knowing that a certain baby had her eyes on him...

[Anyway, you will be in charge of replacing the Godfather's duty while he's away, Zev. Okay?]

[Huh? What is his duty?] Zev looked around and puffed his cheeks. [He never do anything for you– ]

[Well, he reminds me of danger and things like that...]

[But host, you know I can't do that all the time. I'm your system, not your bodyguard– ]

[If you don't want to sleep alone for days and have no one talk to you, you better comply.]

Ainsley flicked her hair before wholly ignoring the poor toddler.

Zev got a heart attack right away, and that's when he realised that the Godfather's characteristic had truly rubbed on Ainsley.

'Don't be such a meanie host like Dave! Don't bully me, okay?!'

Zev wanted to say that out loud, but Ainsley already started her dinner with the other higher-ups in the dining room.

It was so unusual to have all the higher-ups together for dinner. Even the impostor Martin was also seated, not doing his job as Ainsley's bodyguard for the night.

Just when the people in the dining room were waiting for Ainsley to say something after she went that far to gather all of the higher-ups here, the baby wiped her mouth with her bunny napkin and cleared her throat.

"Alright, everyone. I summon all of you here to discuss our second plan to expand our territory."

Ainsley put down her napkin and swept her gaze over the people in the dining hall.

The members couldn't help but straighten their backs and put on a solemn look.

"Go on, boss. We are listening!" Jevon patted his chest as he looked at Ainsley with sparkling eyes.

Finally...the second territorial war!

"Hum. As you guys know, I have sent you the report about the second plan, and I've decided to take over the Godfather Mausoleum and include it into our valuable territory list."

Ainsley took a deep breath and swept her gaze over the people once more.

"No one objected to my proposal, so I assume we can proceed with the war strategy, right?"

"Right!" The members replied to Ainsley simultaneously, all except for Martin.

The guy just held his fork and spoon in a daze, and could only snap out of his daze after a few seconds.

...huh? They're really going to attack the Godfather mausoleum?

No wonder those old bastards are panicking...their prediction is correct. The Sloan Family is going to snatch the Godfather Mausoleum!

"The Godfather Mausoleum isn't far from our mansion, and it's located at Dskyla Mountain...it is under one of the high-ranked mafia families affiliated to the 7 sacred families."

When Ainsley said that, everyone nodded along. They knew that they would be battling the 7 sacred families again...

"From the info I got, the mausoleum is important for all the 7 sacred families. That's why this war will be the most difficult we might face for now."

Even more difficult than the Aretha Family's invasion back them.

"So, I want to bring 500 mafia members from our side. I will also pick four generals from the nine generals, and lastly, all the five buds. How is it?"

When Ainsley mentioned the number of people she would bring, the higher-ups couldn't help but look at her in disbelief.

500! That's...the war is going to be even bigger than the one against the Aretha Family's sudden invasion...

And the death toll will be high too.

Seeing the members' worried face, Ainsley sighed deeply.

"I know that there will be many casualties in this war, but getting the Godfather Mausoleum is important for this family and me."

Ainsley looked at Grandpa Yofan and the others before nodding confidently.

"Once we get the mausoleum, I can become a better shaman, and I can also make use of the spirits residing there. Plus, we can make a deal with the Shaman Guild and can even nurture future shamans!"

After all, the Sloan Family rarely had shamans. In this generation alone, only Ainsley was a shaman. There's not even shamans in the new batch.

All the shamans usually joined the 7 sacred families or the Shaman Guild because of the Godfather Mausoleum and the Shaman Guild's special privileges.

"We are already on the bad side of the 7 sacred families, anyway, and this war will disturb those families. Then, it will be our chance to expand even further while the 7 sacred families fix their mess."

But of course, this means that they will be declaring war on the 7 sacred families.

"But the 7 sacred families won't directly get involved because the original owner isn't any of them but an affiliated high-ranking family. So...don't worry."

Ainsley paused before smiling.

"We have a chance to win."

Well, no. Not just a chance.

"We will win, and we must!"

### **Chapter 562: "Can't Fail"**

After discussing the plan, the members finished dinner and started to work on the preparation.

Some of them selected the troops based on the tournament's result, and the others went to devise a strategy.

At the same time, Ainsley went back to her room, and Martin guarded the door outside. However, the baby wasn't alone in the room.

Currently, a certain blue-skinned elf with his blue baby Phoenix was also waiting next to the bed.

"Good evening, Axelle." Ainsley yawned while throwing her body to the bed. Axelle, on the other hand, was currently fidgeting while sitting on the chair right next to the bed.

"G-good evening, master..." Axelle stuttered, yet he gathered his courage to look at Ainsley and didn't avoid her gaze..

When their gazes coincidentally met, Ainsley was taken aback.

'Axelle is slowly changing...back then, he couldn't even look me in the eye, and now he can!'

Ainsley beamed at the elf and giggled. "Hehehe, you look better now, Axelle."

Axelle didn't wear ragged clothing anymore and started to wear neat clothing. He slowly picked up his attitude to be more confident...all just so he could be a good example for Blaze.

Hearing Ainsley's praise, Axelle inwardly blushed while fanning his face. "N-no, no, this is all thanks to you, m-master. And thanks to Blaze too!"

Axelle took Blaze from the top of his head and slowly handed over the sleeping baby Phoenix to Ainsley. As if sending Axelle's movement, Blaze squirmed on his palm and slowly opened her eyes.

"Mnyaaaaa...." Blaze blinked her two large watery eyes and quietly stared at Ainsley before snorting lightly.

"Why are you waking me up, mnya? I'm sleepy, mnya!"

Ainsley almost fell from the bed and died.

THE FCK? YOU CAN SPEAK??

Ainsley broke in a cold sweat as she hurriedly rose from the bed and grabbed Axelle's wrists with both of her hands.

"Awxel! What's going on?? Blaze can already speak? But she's only a few months old– "

"O-oh, that, s-she is smart...so I teach her how to speak the elf and the human language..." Axelle scratched his cheeks as his half-pointy ears twitched.

"I-is it bad? I-I just want Blaze to grow faster..."

Seeing Axelle suddenly look gloomy like that, Ainsley could say nothing but smile.

"No, no, this is good! Excellent! I know that you will take care of Blaze really well– "

However, before Ainsley could continue her words, Blaze suddenly rose from Axelle's palm and kicked Ainsley's hand on his wrists using her tiny little bird legs.

"Go away, mnyaaa! Don't bully daddy, mnyaaa! Shoo! Shoo! Bad girl, mnyaaa!"

Blaze walked around Axelle's palm and kicked Ainsley's hands with all of her might...but it only tickled the toddler.

Not to mention when Blaze started to peck Ainsley's hand to free Axelle from her evil claw...Ainsley felt nothing but ticklish.

"Aw, aw, Blaze, it tickles! And I'm not bullying your...d-daddy, okay?" Ainsley almost laughed out loud when blurting out the last words, yet she bit her lips to stop laughing.

"You can't kick me, Blaze. I'm your master. You are my contracted beast, not Axelle's." Ainsley giggled as she slowly released Axelle's hands before backing away.

The baby went back to climb the bed and slowly sat on a lotus position.

"You don't recognise me, Blaze?"

When Ainsley asked that, Blaze slowly looked around and tilted her tiny head.

"...master, mnyaaa?"

Blaze might be anti-social and only liked Axelle, but it's impossible not to know the person who saved her and the one making a contract with an abandoned beast like her.

It was just that Blaze rarely saw Ainsley, and that's why she didn't immediately recognise her.

"Yep, yep, it's me, Ain. Just call me, big sis, okay?" Ainsley didn't use her cutesy language with Blaze since that would only make Blaze look down at her.

'And I want to look cool in front of Blaze too...'

Ainsley was grinning to herself when Blaze slowly jumped to the bed from Axelle's palm and started to climb Ainsley's laps.

"Big sis, mnyaaa! Big sis! Long time no see, mnyaaa!"

Blaze nuzzled her head to Ainsley's tummy, and Ainsley had to pick her up and placed her on her head so that the baby chick wouldn't feel uncomfortable.

"I know you still like to sleep on everyone's head, right? Hehehe. You can continue to sleep. Ah, Axelle can stay here too."

Ainsley looked at Axelle and grinned.

She was going to start a big war...and she couldn't say she's not nervous. But playing with Axelle and Blaze helped her to relax.

Since Ainsley already told Axelle to stay, the elf could only obey and stayed in the room until before Ainsley went to sleep.

At the same time, Blaze stayed with Ainsley even when the baby fell asleep. Thus, the two babies went to sleep together.

It was a nice day...but a certain spy couldn't sleep and be busy contacting his people.

[Senior? Can you send me more illusion stones or a copycat ability user? My situation is like this ??? ]

Right away, another message entered Martin's phone.

[Got it. I'll send three copycat ability users that already copy your target's special abilities. They will help you in the dark.]

[Okay, thank you, senior! Oh, by the way, the Sloan Family will attack the Godfather Mausoleum, and I'm part of the assault troops.]

[That's good. You already entered their inner circle.]

[Yes. But since it's like this, can you help me with the exorcists thingy? I won't be able to contact them, so...you should contact them for me, senior.]

[Oh, the exorcists. We are planning to kill the Godfather spirit, right?]

Martin paused for a moment before typing.

[...yes. And we can't fail the mission.]

**Chapter 563: "Martin's Dilemma"**

Martin sent the message to his senior. However, he didn't know why but after sending it, his chest felt a little stuffy.

'Why is it like this?'

The young man glanced at the message he just sent and unknowingly threw his phone to his bed.

'This is annoying.'

"...mmm...weird..." Martin plopped onto his bed and slowly touched his phone that he had just thrown to the bed.

The young man tapped the phone screen and fiddled with the phone, yet the heavy feeling in his chest didn't go away at all.

"Why am I like this? Do I feel guilty...or something?" Martin kicked the air as he closed his eyes and grumbled to himself.

'Why would I feel guilty, though? I have destroyed many forces and mafia families before. Adding one more isn't that hard.'

Martin rolled on the bed while gripping his phone tightly. Thankfully, he got the room all for himself since he's top 50 in the ranking.

Thus, no one would be suspicious of his behaviour no matter what he did in the room.

Still, the young man kept rolling on the bed, trying to figure out his feelings but to no avail. He could only scratch his cheeks and sighed.

'Do I feel nervous about killing the Godfather? Or do I feel guilty? But the Godfather spirit is really a dangerous entity...he should be killed. Nothing wrong with that.'

Martin had learned the history of the Godfather and knew that the Godfather wasn't necessarily kind.

He killed many people...he is a mass murderer. He's not a good guy!

Martin wanted to accuse the Godfather of many negative things he did, but when he tried to find the Godfather's sins, he couldn't just ignore one fact.

The Godfather...never killed innocent people. The people he killed were never innocent people outside of the mafia society or the government forces.

Those that he killed...were always those who tried to kill him first.

The Godfather had many enemies back in the day. He was the only mafia that didn't make an organisation yet could make many big mafia families cower in fear.

Ironically, he was also the one that made the mafia society so influential like now.

It was all because of his actions that spread throughout the continent...and even to another continent.

The Godfather destroyed many mafias that kidnapped children or abused children, but he also destroyed many armies and the government forces.

He was a lone wolf, but many people followed him to the end of the world. Even when he never acknowledged them as his subordinates, many people were willing to die for him.

Throughout his life, before he disappeared from history, he washed the mafia society name, making it more friendly and acceptable for those outside of the mafia society.

He also punished many corrupt government officers, and he fought the demon that tried to invade the human continent. He also fought the elves, preventing them from making humans their slave.

Not only that but as a mafia that did many underhanded businesses, the man also hunted dangerous fugitives.

People almost thought that he's a bounty hunter instead of a mafia.

The Godfather went to war against many big mafia families that tried to exploit the innocent people, and he had never once lost a battle.

The Godfather was the sole reason why innocent people outside of the mafia society accepted the mafia's existence, and the reason why the mafia society built a mafia council to keep the mafia in check.

He's the reason why the beastmen people didn't attack the human continent, and he's the reason why the dwarves allowed the humans to learn their infrastructure technology.

The Godfather was the reason why the Godlif country had so many mafia compared to other countries.

For many people, the mafia became the symbol of something cool rather than dirty and evil.

'And it's all...thanks to the Godfather.'

Martin's eyes teared up a bit. There's no way he would admit that the only mafia figure he didn't hate...was the Godfather.

'But now...we have to kill his spirit.'

Martin didn't know how the Godfather became a dead spirit since there were many uncertainties around his death.

One history book said that he went missing, another said he passed away from old age, another one said the Godfather went to another world...

So many speculations.

That's why, when the people first spot the Godfather spirit in public, when he revealed himself at the Aretha family war against the Sloan Family, the government started to move.

'We have to kill the Godfather spirit to prevent the mafia from using him to topple the government's influence in the Godlif country.'

The mafia already had influence over half of the Godlif country, so much so that other countries said that the Godlif country was a mafia country.

It's a rotten country, a useless country that couldn't get rid of evil organisations.

'This...is the perfect chance to kill the Godfather. The exorcists are ready...they are elites...and once I reveal the Godfather's position in the battle...'

Martin weakly looked at the package on the study desk near his bed.

That's the package he got from his senior, and the inside should be spirit contact lenses, contact lenses that enable the user to see spirits.

These contact lenses weren't out for sale in public, and only the government managed to make one. They took out the precious item and gave it to him...all for the sake of the grand mission.

'That's why....we can't fail...right?'

Martin rubbed his eyes and sighed.

He didn't know why...but he didn't feel good at all.

It was as if...he didn't wish to destroy the Sloan Family or kill the Godfather spirit.

### **Chapter 564: "Tough Nut To Crack"**

'...wait, wait, there's no way I don't want to destroy the Sloan Family or kill the Godfather...'

Martin hurriedly shook his head and sighed.

Maybe because he's still young, he got swayed pretty easily. That must be it, right? There's no way he would betray the government when they raised him ever since he's a child.

They took an orphan like him...who had lost his parents to the mafia's sovereign.

'My hatred for the mafia family is still strong. There's no way I will overlook the Sloan Family just because they're not like other mafias or because the family head is just a toddler.'

Martin clenched his chest and gritted his teeth.

But...ever since he infiltrated the family two days ago, saw how the Sloan Family works, got to chat with the family head and all...

His belief wavered.

"Damn it. I don't know!" Martin abruptly rose from the bed and picked his pillow before throwing it to the floor.

"Ugh! Let's just forget it. Focus on the mission. The mission!"

Martin went back to lay on the bed and covered his body with the thick blanket. Somehow, he made himself into an egg roll...

The night passed by, and the next day, Martin went to meet Ainsley to do his job as her bodyguard.

Today, the family announced that they would be attacking another territory, and the chosen 500 people got notifications at the same time.

[Hello, chosen warriors! You're one of the elite 500 people chosen to join the Sloan Family's war troops! Please click the message for more details!]

Martin clicked the notification he got in the morning as he walked down the corridor, and the notification directed him to Ainsley's automatic chat bot.

Even before he sent any message, the bot already sent a message.

[Martin, one of the 500 chosen warriors, you will be included in the territorial war troops against one of the high-ranking mafia families in the region. Do you accept the invitation?]

[Yes]

[No]

Martin didn't hesitate to click 'yes', and the phone screen flashed.

[Thank you for accepting the invitation. Welcome to the team! Here's the benefits you will get for joining the troops.]

[1. 50.000 contribution points (This is the base points. You will get more points depending on your performance later).]

[2. You will get double your monthly wage once you finish the war.]

[3. If you meet any accident, the family will take care of your loved ones and will transfer all your accumulated points and reward to your loved ones.]

When Martin saw the last benefit, he couldn't help but laugh dryly.

'Ah, they want to say that if we die, the Sloan family will take care of the deceased's family...it means the territorial war this time will be highly dangerous.'

Those who received the same message also faintly felt that the territorial war they would participate in wouldn't be as simple as before.

Still, no one backed off after they accepted the invitation to join the troops.

That morning, Ainsley and the higher-ups assembled the 500 chosen warriors and gave a brief explanation of the war.

No one mentioned the Godfather mausoleum, but Ainsley mentioned which area they're going to attack and the possible enemies they would face.

"Since the territorial war, this time will be dangerous...we will train you guys for a week before we march out. The training will start today, after lunch."

Once Ainsley gave her speech, she left the backfield and went to the office with Martin tailing behind her.

That day, they didn't talk much, and somehow, Martin would always jolt or flinch whenever Ainsley mentioned the Godfather.

"We will wait until the Godfather comes back with some news." Ainsley told Grandpa Yofan while secretly peeking at Martin.

She didn't know that Martin already wore the spirit contact lenses, but somehow, she just wanted to see how he would react regarding this 'secret information'.

Unfortunately, Martin kept his expression pretty well, not letting anyone guess his mind.

Ainsley could only shook her head and ignored Martin.

[This spy is really a tough nut to crack.] Ainsley grumbled to Zev while patting Cellino, who was lying on her lap.

Lately, Cellino has trained hard and even requested to spar against the poor Vallan, who had been their hostage for God knows how long.

As a result, the sacred beast got even more powerful and was ready to assist Ainsley to join the territorial war.

When Ainsley grumbled to Zev, the tiny toddler was also grumbling to himself.

Dave, Dave, when will you come back? I can't sleep alone, you know? This toddler body is so annoying! Ahhhhh I miss you! Where are you?! Lemme hug you!

Zev was too busy trying to drag the Godfather back home that he didn't hear Ainsley's protest.

The baby didn't hear Zev's response after so long, and when she looked up, she only saw a certain toddler sobbing quietly while holding the Godfather's cute pyjamas.

Ainsley almost had the urge to curse Zev.

What are you? A lovestruck idiot? You have been separated from the Godfather for so many years before this, yet you seemed to be fine.

Now, you're all fidgety when he's only gone for a day or two?! Meh!

Ainsley puffed her cheeks and decided to ignore Zev.

Thus, two people around her, Martin and Zev, were busy with their own worries, not noticing that their boss was in a bad mood...

Time passed by, and it had been three days since the Godfather left.

It was a sunny afternoon like usual, and Ainsley was supervising the army training when someone suddenly spoke in her mind.

[Lil Lass, this lord is back! There is news about that Martin guy!]

### **Chapter 565: "His Goal"**

When the Godfather said that, Ainsley instantly looked up to see where the Godfather was.

Right away, she found the guy flying in her direction, and the baby didn't hesitate to lead the Godfather back to the mansion.

"Elh, pwease help me overlook the twaining!" Ainsley shouted at Elliana as she rushed to the mansion, leaving Elliana and the troops behind.

Of course, no one asked about the baby's actions since they all thought that she had an important meeting or something.

At the same time, the Godfather followed after Ainsley, yet didn't think that a certain toddler spirit would suddenly leap and pounce on him.

[DAVEEEEE! YOU'RE BACK!] Zev had snots all over his face as he wailed and cried.

The little spirit spread his arms wide and was about to cling onto the Godfather's neck when the Godfather dodged him and stared dagger at the poor toddler.

[Go away, bastard! This Lord has important news for the little lass!]

The Godfather smacked Zev and sent him flying before rushing to Ainsley's bedroom to discuss the issue.

He didn't even look back at the poor toddler flying in the air...

Not even Ainsley knew that Zev was kicked away, though.

Just like that, the Godfather went to Ainsley's room, and the baby was already waiting there. She patted her bed and spoke in a serious tone.

[How is it, Godfather? What news do you have?]

[Hum. It's quite serious. Listen, Lil lass.] The Godfather sat on the chair next to Ainsley's bed before starting his speech.

[From the information this lord gathered, the real Martin isn't dead yet, but the government imprisons him.]

[Ah...so the real Martin isn't dead yet, Godfather?] Ainsley secretly sighed in relief.

That's good! There's still hope!

[Yeah, he's not dead, but one of the spirits that saw the scene told this lord that they brought him to the capital.]

[The capital...that's where they imprison him?]

[Yes. And since it's the capital, the government's influence is overwhelming, even more so than the mafia society. If you want to save the real Martin...]

[It will be hard, right?] Ainsley lowered her head and sighed.

She knew that she couldn't just barge into the government's area to look for the real Martin.

They didn't even know the exact building or location where the government imprisoned Martin.

[This lord doesn't advise you to go to the capital only to get the real Martin back. At this rate, they might already try to get some information from the real Martin...]

The Godfather let out a long sigh.

[You know that even if Martin is loyal, there are many ways to get his information without forcing him to spill the beans.]

[...right.]

[And the fake Martin already copied the real Martin's memories. They already got all the information needed.]

[That's right.] Ainsley bit her lips. Recalling the fake Martin that she saw now, he truly resembled the real Martin.

If they already perfectly duplicate the real Martin's memory, the fake Martin would have informed his people any important news related to the Sloan Family.

[You see, Lil lass, maybe the government only kept the real Martin back for his special abilities or something.]

That's a possibility.

Hearing all of this, Ainsley didn't know what to say.

Is it really better for the real Martin to survive as a hostage?

Even the real Martin himself...might not want to be alive. He might prefer to die with honour rather than becoming the hole that harmed the Sloan Family.

[Hhhh...so this is all the government's doing, huh...] Ainsley decided not to think about the real Martin for the time being.

No matter what, she couldn't save him now. Not in the near future either.

The Godfather noticed Ainsley's intention to shift the topic, and he turned a blind eye to the baby's guilt.

[Yup, this is all the government's doing. This Lord even suspects the fake Martin is someone from the Golden Scale, the group that the government recently created to deal with new mafia families.]

When Ainsley heard the words 'Golden Scale', she almost fell from the bed.

[What? That fake Martin might be someone from the Golden Scale??]

[Yeah. Since the government is involved here, the Golden Scale must be involved too. Not too long ago, the Golden Scale attacked us in secret, right?]

[Right...]

[It might be related to the real Martin's incident too. Lil Lass, do you remember what the oldie said about the Golden Scale members?]

[What Grandpa Yofan said? Emmmm, they assigned one team for each target family?]

[That. The Golden Scale team that attacked us back then must be the same as the fake Martin's team.]

[So...the fake Martin is a part of the team that attacked us...his friends are ruining our territories while he infiltrated our family as a spy?]

When Ainsley mentioned that, her face was already as dark as the bottom of the pot.

[You guessed it right. Though this lord doesn't know the fake Martin's goal when he infiltrated our family.]

[Oh, yeah...his goal...] Ainsley gritted her teeth and sighed. She couldn't help but clench her fists a few times, trying to guess Martin's real goal, but she couldn't think of anything.

[Maybe he wanted to get close to us and then suddenly assassinated me? He's already my bodyguard. It's easy to do that.]

Even by now, that guy was outside, guarding the door.

If he wanted to kill Ainsley when she let down her guard, it would be extremely easy.

However, the Godfather shook his head.

[That guy doesn't have any offensive ability that he can use to kill you. Relying on a knife, a gun or poison alone isn't reliable, don't you think so?]

Then...what is his goal?

### **Chapter 566: "First Time Seeing Him"**

If Martin's goal wasn't to kill Ainsley, what goal did he have in mind? What's his mission?

After all, it's not that easy to kill Ainsley without using special abilities.

Using poison?

Ainsley always had people checking her meal to see whether it's safe to consume or not, and she couldn't be killed so easily using a knife or a gun either.

She could activate her 'luck armour' so fast that the bullet wouldn't hit her body...the same went for the knife attack.

Thus, Martin's chance to kill Ainsley without an offensive special ability was close to none.

[Hmmm, you're right, Godfather. His goal isn't to kill me...that's not his expertise at all. He's here as a spy...so he wants to dig out all our important information?]

Ainsley tilted her head, pondering about the issue.

[But I didn't give him any important information that can destroy the family...he can't do anything.]

Ainsley was truly in the dark about Martin's goal. Even the Godfather was quite speechless now.

[Since we can't figure out that guy's intention, let's just keep an eye on him and be careful, how is it?]  
The Godfather kneaded his temple. He wished they would end the discussion before Zev went back.

[Hum, let's leave it at that. Anyway, thanks for the information, Godfather...with this, we have a connecting thread to the Golden Scale group.]

Ainsley slowly went down from the bed and walked to the door.

Since their discussion was over, they should go back to supervise the troops' training.

As usual, Ainsley went out of the room, got Martin to be her bodyguard that followed her all day, and that's it.

There's nothing abnormal on the outside...but a certain spy was currently sweating bullets.

'Is the spirit I saw when the boss ran back to the mansion...the Godfather spirit?'

Martin gulped as he followed behind Ainsley back to the training field. He would occasionally peeked at the spirit floating around Ainsley, and he couldn't help but shudder.

That's the same spirit I saw before! This spirit contact lenses worked well, b-but...is that really the Godfather, though? He looks quite young...

Martin's mind was already everywhere. From the first time he spotted the spirit flying toward Ainsley at the backfield earlier, he already had the urge to faint.

Long green hair, golden eyes, handsome face, and a menacing aura...

How could he not be the legendary Godfather?

But he's really young! Only around 30 years old...

Martin was taken aback and was shocked to the bone that he could only follow Ainsley to the mansion back then without thinking anything.

On the way, he would be in a daze, and then mumbling nonsense...

Well, he's shocked. Really shocked. It was the first time he saw a spirit, and the spirit turned out to be the legendary Godfather...

One could imagine Martin's state of mind. He almost went crazy on the spot.

That's the Godfather, you know? THAT Godfather.

Martin's legs trembled like jelly as he followed Ainsley to her bedroom. Of course, once the two of them went inside, the young man waited outside to do his job as Ainsley's bodyguard.

It was then Martin had a chance to calm his mind and started to assess the situation.

'The Godfather spirit is real...he is really the boss' contracted spirit...that explains why the two of them go together...'

Martin didn't know whether to feel happy or not that he confirmed the gossip. With this, their chance to assassinate the Godfather spirit would be higher.

'The Godfather will always be near the boss. If we can monitor the boss' movement, we can also track the Godfather's movement...'

After all, the exorcists could indeed see spirits but not all exorcists could see high-level spirits.

It's like how not all shamans could see the Godfather.

The strong spirits emitted different wavelengths from weaker ones, and that's how lower level shamans couldn't see strong spirits.

Of course, talented shamans could see strong spirits right away even when they're still newbies.

For example...Ainsley.

Ah, she's not talented, but the Godfather decided to reveal himself to Ainsley, adjusting his wavelength to match Ainsley's eyes wavelength and that's how the baby could see him before she became a shaman.

But now that she became a shaman, the Godfather didn't bother to adjust his wavelengths, which was why not all exorcists or shamans could see him as easily as before.

The elite exorcist should be able to see the Godfather, but even if they couldn't, they could determine his position from Ainsley's position.

Their abilities could only hurt spirits, anyway. Even if some of the attacks missed and hit Ainsley, the baby would be unharmed.

'Hmmm, I have to report this to my seniors.'

Martin immediately thought of reporting.

Now that he could see the Godfather using these spirit contact lenses, the contact lenses worked well and the government should make more for the exorcists.

'Ah, I'll also tell them about the invasion plan...'

Martin's mind worked hard to remember all sorts of reports he had to send.

'Hmm, the family didn't say anything about attacking the Godfather mausoleum to the members, but I was now in the inner circle and the boss told us about it at dinner.'

The Godfather and Ainsley would attack the Godfather Mausoleum for sure and that's why we should prepare exorcists there to wait for the ambush.

Martin kept his mind busy to drown away this heavy feeling he felt in his heart.

He didn't know why but when he saw the Godfather spirit for the first time, his heart stirred, and he suddenly thought that there's no need to kill him.

'No, no. My mission is to assist the government to kill the Godfather spirit.'

I can't waver!

## **Chapter 567: "Battle Strategy"**

Martin took a deep breath and then resumed his job as Ainsley's bodyguard.

He could see the Godfather now, but he would pretend that he didn't see him, just to avoid suspicions.

Just like that, a week passed by. It was time to depart since it took three to five days for the whole troops to arrive at the mausoleum.

Before departing, Ainsley picked four generals from the 9 generals.

Ainsley chose Becca Elizabeth, Chris Ewing, and another two generals that Ainsley rarely interacted with.

That morning, Ainsley watched her people bringing food and other supplies to the storage space inside the war carriage that the family made just for this war.

Thanks to the storage space carriage, they only needed one carriage to carry all the food, weapons, medicine, etc., for the whole army.

Once the preparation was done, Ainsley let the troops mount their mounts and started to organise the troops.

Since it would be too eye-catching if they moved together with 500 people, Ainsley divided the troops into five teams.

100 people for each general, and the last 100 followed Ainsley.

At the same time, the five buds were also separated from each other and had to accompany the generals. By Ainsley's side was none other than Jevon, and of course, Elliana.

Coincidentally or not, Martin was placed in Ainsley's team, and he was even given a position right behind Ainsley. It showed how much trust and privilege that Martin got.

How could Martin not be ecstatic? With this arrangement, he could easily finish his mission!

While Martin was busy with his thoughts, Ainsley looked back at the people behind her before whispering to Elliana as they mounted their own mounts.

"El, are we ready to depart?"

Each team didn't depart at the same time to avoid attracting attention to their troops.

Thus, the other teams already departed one by one, and Ainsley's troop was the last to leave.

Elliana looked at their troops and nodded at Ainsley. "Ready."

"Good." Ainsley then signalled at Jevon to command the troops, and the young man hurriedly raised his right hand before shouting on top of his lungs.

"All troops....DEPART!"

His voice echoed throughout the Airpods that the troops wore on their ears. In that instant, the troops immediately ordered their mounts to move.

"Depart!"

"Move, move!"

"Let's go!"

The whole troops immediately kicked off the ground and rushed out of the Sloan Family's territory.

Some of the members rode flying beasts, and some had faster mounts, but all in all, the troops moved fast and precise, without leaving anyone behind.

With Ainsley, Jevon, and Elliana at the front, the troops travelled for 3 days straight. They only took a break for lunch and dinner, for about 30 minutes before resuming their journey.

Because of that, even though the team departed at the very last moment, they managed to arrive at the gathering point not too long after the other teams arrived.

3 days later...

"Milady, we have arrived." Jevon pointed at the small forest not far from their place.

The forest was the gathering point they chose since it didn't belong to any mafia families, just a worthless little forest.

"Alright. Let's go there." Ainsley decisively led their troops to enter the forest, and not long after, they found the other teams already waiting in front of them.

Each team stayed behind their respective leader, and they created a circle for Ainsley's troop to settle in.

Seeing this, those in Ainsley's team, the hand-picked members, couldn't help but feel a sense of pride.

'Hum, it is nice to be the boss' personal troops!'

Ainsley also noticed the empty circle where her troops could settle in, and immediately led her troops to rest there.

However, she herself didn't take a break, unlike her troops.

On the contrary, she left Cellino's back and called out the 4 generals along with the five buds to gather at the center.

"Greetings, boss."

"Greetings, family head."

The four generals and the five buds bowed at Ainsley before sitting on the ground facing Ainsley.

Their current location was quite far from the other troops, making it possible for them to discuss things.

"Hum. Drop the formalities. I gathered you guys here to discuss the invasion strategy..."

Ainsley paced back and forth with her hands behind her back, acting like a stern little commander.

"As you see, we are only a kilometre away from the mausoleum. You can already see the mausoleum's pillars from this distance, right?"

"Right, boss."

"Mmm. Then, the people guarding the mausoleum shouldn't be too far from the mausoleum too."

"Agree, boss."

"Yup. And honestly, I even think that there will be a whole troop waiting for us there."

Ainsley wasn't that naive to think that her opponent would only be several guards or something. There's no way the other party didn't know about her intention to attack the mausoleum.

With her big movement taking 500 people with her and then heading toward the mausoleum, how could they didn't know what was going on?

Thus, there must be a whole troop over there already, waiting for the Sloan Family to attack the mausoleum.

"For the strategy, we don't need anything complicated. The area around the mausoleum is flat ground used as parking lots for the visitors."

Ainsley stopped walking around and looked down at her people who were sitting on the ground.

"That's why, this will be a war just like the one when we fought against the Aretha Family."

But the area this time is wayyyyy bigger than the battlefield involving the Aretha Family.

After all, this field had no borders except for forests!

Such a battlefield means that things will rely on the troops' AOE special abilities...such as Ainsley's Goddess of Fortune and Misfortune skill

### **Chapter 568: "Four Directions"**

After all, the mausoleum was surrounded by nothing but flat ground, making it easier for people to surround it.

However, it also means that the opposing party, the one owning the mausoleum, would place many troops all over the area.

That's why, Ainsley couldn't just focus on one spot and had to spread her troops too.

"We will divide our troops just like how we departed three days ago. Each of us will lead 100 people, and I will be the one facing the strongest enemy."

Ainsley patted her chest as she continued.

"So, if you find an enemy beyond your troops' capability, please immediately contact me and my troops. We will switch positions."

"Roger, boss!" The 4 generals and the five buds nodded solemnly.

They didn't feel worried about leaving Ainsley to deal with the strongest enemy. She was way stronger than anyone could imagine.

Her AOE luck manipulation skill alone was already a frightening thing to be used in a war.

If Ainsley used the skill, the war would be over in minutes as long as Ainsley's energy was enough to fuel her skill.

But little did the members knew that Ainsley wouldn't be using her AOE Goddess of Fortune and Misfortune skill this time.

Why?

Ainsley recalled what the Godfather said last night, just right after they entered the mausoleum area.

'Lil Lass, please refrain from using your AOE luck manipulation skill.'

'Eh, why? It's the most convenient for a big war like this...'

'Well, your soul isn't masked perfectly even when you wear that masquerade brooch.'

'But...'

'No. Listen, when you use such an eye-catching skill, who knows if someone can sense that the skill is abnormal and discover your identity as a transmigrator?'

At that time, Ainsley fell silent.

She didn't think about this at all, thinking that the masquerade soul brooch was enough to hide her identity, but apparently, it's not enough.

'This lord has a feeling that the Golden Scale has a connection with whoever wants to hunt the transmigrator's souls.'

'Okay, okay, I get it...but this war has nothing to do with the Golden Scale, right? They're not from the mafia family...'

'Well, who knows if the mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind. While we fight, the Golden Scale can sneak into the battlefield and mess us both.'

Ainsley couldn't help but gape. She truly didn't think that far!

But indeed, since the battlefield was an open area, it wasn't hard for other forces to hide behind the mausoleum or inside the mausoleum and silently attacked both mafia families in the war.

'O-okay. That sounds dangerous.'

'It is.'

Ainsley inhaled sharply at the Godfather's response and sighed.

'If the Golden Scale has a relation with the transmigrator hunter group, indeed, it will be dangerous if I carelessly use my AOE luck manipulation skill...'

'That's right. This Lord advises you to only use the Luck Armour to prevent neutraliser ability effects and for the rest, use your shaman or charm ability.'

That's way safer.

Because of this conversation, Ainsley swore not to use her luck manipulation ability in a large range, such as making the golden dome.

In this war, she would only use her blood manipulation skill!

Ainsley snapped out of her flashback about her conversation with the Godfather last night and nodded at her members.

"That's it. Now, let me show you the positions you guys will take...here is the map, and..."

Ainsley divided the troop into five positions. North, East, South, and lastly, west side.

The troops would surround the mausoleum from the land and the sky.

These four directions would be the key to attack the mausoleum and take it over as the Sloan Family's property.

Ainsley even distributed the healers to each team to make sure that the group would have a better chance of survival.

Now...what about the last troop? There's still 100 people left, and it was Ainsley's troop.

"My troop will not join the first attack wave because we will have to look for any new development or anything that might threaten the other troops."

After all, the Godfather advised Ainsley about one more thing...

And that was about the type of ability users that would become their enemy.

'The mausoleum is full of dead spirits. Don't you think that there will be many shamans from that family? This Lord is sure that our target will send many shamans!'

If one had to fight a shaman, they're practically fighting against a well-known figure from the past, and that might not be a good thing.

Thus, the Godfather gave a suggestion...

'This lord will be the one facing the shamans together with you, Lil Lass. A battle against shamans should be done by a shaman too!'

Ainsley nodded at the memories she recalled.

"If any of you spot a shaman or a group of shamans, please immediately inform me. Me and my troops will be the ones to go against the shamans."

Let's see whether those shamans' contracted spirits can win against the Godfather!

"As you wish, boss." The members obeyed Ainsley's arrangement and didn't have anything against it.

Thus, the meeting ended early, and the sun slowly went down.

"We will attack them tonight, at midnight. Please get ready."

"Roger, boss!"

"Hum. Get the troops to rest and arrange a patrol team to defend against the enemy's sudden attack or anything."

"Alright, boss."

"Good. Ah, get some scouts to spy on the situation around the mausoleum too. Report the info to me."

Ainsley then waved her hand, bidding goodbye to her people before slowly walking to her troops with Elliana and Jevon following behind her.

The baby clenched her fists as she looked up at the orange-ish sky.

Tonight...we go to war!

### **Chapter 569: "Nagging Feeling"**

A few hours before midnight

"How is it? Any info from the scout team?"

Ainsley leaned back to a tree trunk as Jevon and Elliana sat on her left and right side. Of course, Cellino took Ainsley's lap as his privileged seat.

Jevon, the one in charge of informing the other generals and five buds, immediately looked at Ainsley and nodded.

"Yes, milady. The scout team said that the enemy is well-prepared." Jevon clicked his tongue before continuing.

"You see, there are already many troops surrounding the mausoleum to protect it."

"How many people?"

"100 for each gate and they have four gates. Their number is more or less the same as ours."

When Ainsley heard this, she couldn't help but squint.

'It is too coincidental for the enemy to bring the exact same number of our troops...this must be that spy's doing. He leaked the number of our troops so that the enemy can prepare.'

Ainsley shook her head and sighed.

"How many air troops do they have?"

"Roughly the same as ours...they are prepared against our attack. It seems that they already know in advance that we will attack them."

Jevon scratched his cheek and slowly brought his face closer to Ainsley's before whispering right to her ear.

"Is this the result of the spies we caught in the tournament? The enemy already knows about our movement...must be because of them, no?"

"Well, not really. We never tell them about the invasion until we finish the tournament, right?" Ainsley shrugged casually, but Jevon looked as if he just ate a fly.

"Does this mean there are more spies that we don't discover??"

"Mmmm, maybe. It's not that important, though. I'm sure the enemy is already prepared because they predict our next target will be their mausoleum."

Because many people already knew about the Godfather being Ainsley's contracted spirit. It's logical for the baby to target the Godfather mausoleum, right?

"Anyway, did the scout team manage to enter the mausoleum? The mausoleum has an open entrance...I think the team can easily enter?"

The mausoleum had four gates, but they're empty gates, just a symbol to mark the four entrances.

Thus, the scout team should be able to enter the mausoleum easily. Unfortunately, Jevon shook his head.

"No, they didn't enter the mausoleum."

"Huh?" Ainsley tilted her head in confusion. "Why is that so?"

"Hum...aside from the number of troops outside of the building, the scout teams also said that barriers are protecting the mausoleum."

"Barriers?"

"Yeah, and only authorised personnel can enter. I heard that the barrier is also made to trap the spirits inside the mausoleum so that they can't leave."

"Wait. A barrier can't possibly do that. They should have a spirit-trapping array as well."

"Yes, milady, and I think this has something to do with—"

Jevon was about to mention the exorcists when out of the blue, Martin popped out of the bushes and ran toward them.

"S-sorry to interrupt, boss. Our patrol team...huuu...had just...discovered some scouts sent by the enemy side!" Martin clutched his chest as he tried to control his chaotic breathing.

"We believe that the scouts will report our location to the enemy side, and the war might begin sooner than our plan!"

If this were someone else telling the information, Ainsley would have panicked. But because it was Martin, Ainsley calmly looked at Elliana and signalled her to check the truth.

She didn't need to say anything, and Elliana already understood her. The woman stood up and left in a hurry, just like the wind.

Once Elliana was gone, Ainsley looked up at Martin and smiled.

"Calm down, don't panic. I know that the enemy will discover us sooner or later. But our tactic isn't an ambush, anyway, so there's nothing wrong."

Ainsley beckoned Cellino to follow her as she walked to Martin's side.

"Say, Martin. Did the patrol guard discover anything wrong aside from the enemy scouts? And what other information do we have?"

Ainsley stepped bit by bit and stopped right a meter away from Martin. In the darkness, only Martin's torch lit up the surroundings.

The orange-reddish fire danced following the night wind.

"Other...information?" Martin unknowingly gulped. Somehow, he had a feeling that Ainsley was acting weird...

"Yesh! For example...if there's a sacred beast on the other side, or are there other types of ability users aside from the usual offensive and defensive users."

When Ainsley mentioned this, Martin almost dropped the torch in his hands.

Other types of ability users? You mean...the exorcists?? No, no, the boss didn't know yet. She must be referring to other things...

"Uh, the scout team didn't say much, but they said there aren't any sacred beasts. There are possibilities for shamans, though."

Ainsley looked at Martin, and when she saw his expression, she knew that he hid something from her.

'Maybe there is another force beside the shamans? But what can they be...array masters? They're not that useful in war because their abilities take time to show the effect....'

Ainsley had this nagging feeling in her heart, but since she didn't find anything wrong, she let it go.

"Alright, get it. Thanks for the info. Now let's go back to the team and get ready for war." Ainsley decided to leave Martin and went to check on her troops.

It seemed that they couldn't wait until midnight to attack the mausoleum. After all, the enemy side was already waiting for them.

Maybe they had already arrived before her troops arrived.

As such, after confirming the news through Elliana, Ainsley commanded her people to get ready for war.

In just 30 minutes, all teams were ready to enter the flat field area.

The war is starting.

### **Chapter 570: "They're Not That Weak"**

With light coming from torches, floating fireballs, or other lighting tools, Ainsley's troops shone like fireflies in the middle of the night.

The night was dark with no moon or stars, perfect for assassination. Yet now, the troops were waging war on the other party.

"Attack! Each team focuses on their assigned area." Ainsley touched her AirPods and shouted.

"Tonight, we will take the mausoleum!"

"OHHHH!!" The troops yelled at the same time with their passion burning to the sky.

"Disperse!" At Ainsley's hand signal, the troops immediately separated ways. Each team followed their commanders to attack different gates.

TAK. TAK. TAK. TAK.

Ainsley's troops were just a few hundred meters away from the mausoleum, yet the enemy's side could already see their lights from the torches and other lighting tools.

Seeing the troops coming to attack different gates, the troops stationed at the four gates started to move.

"The Sloan Family is here! Move, move! Defend the mausoleum!"

The North Commander brought his people to guard the north gate, and the other commanders did the same thing to guard each entrance.

"Don't let the Sloan Family enter the mausoleum!"

In order to occupy the mausoleum, Ainsley needed to enter the place and put her family's flag at the center.

This was why the mausoleum had barriers and other protective measures to prevent anyone from occupying the place.

However, one could make a hole in the barrier and could still enter the mausoleum through force.

Thus, the family that owned the mausoleum brought many Ability Users to guard the entrances. Even the 7 sacred families contributed and sent many people to help.

"Go, go, go! The south gate is attacked!"

The South Commander yelled at his people as they began to welcome the first air attack from the Sloan Family's side.

"Who is the south team's enemy commander??"

"Chris Ewing! The best air force commander in the Sloan Family!"

When the South Commander heard of this, he almost had a heart attack.

Chris Ewing! The King of the sky! One of the nine generals specialised in air combat.

Rumours said that even a Pegasus had to be careful when battling him in the air, all because of the old man's special ability.

What's his special ability? It was the Archangel Michael. Yes, you heard it right.

He got the power derived from an archangel.

He was able to fly in the sky, summon many angels to fight for him, and even had the holy light judgement skill that could burn all things considered evil.

He's one of the strongest generals in the Sloan Family and the reason why the Sloan Family still stood straight even when their previous family head was incompetent.

THAT Chris Ewing.

"Damn it. Commander, that guy is leading the air troops, and he is also trying to open the heaven gate—"

"Fck, stop him! Get someone with darkness-based ability! We have to stop him from opening the gate! He's going to summon angels!"

The South commander was already close to forfeiting.

Chris Ewing's ability was light-based, a divine attribute, and his power should be weakened when it's nighttime.

Yet from the report, he still looked as impressive as before?

The heaven gate ability was similar to otherworldly summoners that could summon creatures from another world but this one was summoning fantasy creatures from another realm or dimension.

If the demons existed, how could the angels didn't? That's how Chris Ewing got to summon a few angels to assist him...

"Where's the guy with the dark attribute? The one with Lucifer ability. Get him! Quick!"

The South Commander frantically searched for their trump card, an ability user with an ability derived from the fallen angel...Lucifer.

They should just make those two fight in the air while the others defend the mausoleum.

"We have to stop Chris Ewing!"

While the South Area was in chaos, Ainsley's troops, who were waiting behind the battlefield, were circling Ainsley at the centre while watching the war with solemn expressions.

"This is the first time I've seen General Chris in action. I didn't know he's this powerful!" Someone from the troops blurted casually as he pointed at the sky over the south gate.

The troops subconsciously looked that way, and even Ainsley wasn't an exception.

"There, he's over there!"

The troops immediately followed the person's voice, and the moment they looked up at the sky, what they saw was a holy light circling a certain somebody.

SHAAAA

Large white wings, maybe around six wings, were attached on the guy's back, flapping with power.

With each flap, the enemy's air force got pushed back, and the allies' forces got a boost.

Not to mention that the guy was surrounded by light molecules and the light dots furiously gathered to create a gate behind him.

Seeing this, Ainsley couldn't help but gape in awe.

[Is this really one of the 9 generals? How come I didn't see this power when we fought against the Aretha Family?]

Ainsley looked at the Godfather, who was floating near her and questioned.

After all, she didn't see any of the 9 generals doing something great at war against the Aretha Family.

What did they do back then?

At Ainsley's words, the Godfather shook his head.

[Don't you remember that they fought to defend the territories with a small number of troops?]

[Ah, that, before they come to the mansion?]

[Yeah. They exhausted almost all of their energy and were defeated in the end, forcing them to retreat.]

[I see, is that why I didn't see them doing anything amazing to push back the Aretha Family's troops?]

[Exactly.]

At the Godfather's explanation, it was then that Ainsley realised...that she was wrong all this time.

Her people weren't as weak as she thought!