

Am I A God 511

Chapter 511

“Dust Ball! Dust Ball! Save me! The other cats are bullying me!”

With tears streaking down his cheeks, Matcha raced forward. However, he was immediately intercepted by a few muscular black cats after taking just one step.

All these black cats were almost bald from all the scars adorning their bodies. Pinning down Matcha with their glare, Matcha felt as if they were gonna kill him.

One of the black cats shouted, “Hey kid, where are you from?”

Another black cat retorted with a curl of its lips, “This is the black cats’ territory. No cats of color are allowed in!”

Suddenly, Matcha was alerted to this peculiar situation. Actually, the seemingly peaceful playground was split between different cat groups. Each group was vying for another’s territory as they seek to expand theirs.

“Kid, get lost already. We black cats do not welcome cats of color.”

One of the more muscular cats reached its arm forward and shoved Matcha to the corner of the playground.

Immediately, Matcha felt as if his vision was blanketed by darkness as a shadow loomed over him. This was none other than Chic Bro.

Chic Bro was not happy. His huge stature towered over Matcha with a snarl stretched across his face. Also, his black pupils had already constricted into vertical thin slits, fixing his death glare straight on Matcha.

“Kid, it seems like you still don’t want to submit to my rule and is trying to find help.” At the same time, Chic Bro was brandishing his razor-sharp claws which he waved in Matcha’s face.

Matcha could only stare in Dust Ball's direction and screamed frantically, "Dust Ball! It's me! Save me!"

Dust Ball was currently suntanning on a grass patch with a group of black cats surrounding her. All of them seemed rather happy playing with the kitty towers and see-saws.

Hearing Matcha's desperate cry for help, Dust Ball simply rolled over to another side and stuffed her finger into her ears.

With all hopes lost, Matcha collapsed to the ground with his body pointed towards Chic Bro, "Bro, it's my fault."

"So you finally admit your mistake? A pity that it's all too late." Chic Bro scoffed, "From now on, I'll teach you why flowers are all naturally red."

"Watch out for my Caesar claws!" Chic Bro threw his paw in the air with five rays of light reflected off of it as it came slamming down on Matcha.

Just before his claws made contact, a strong yet invisible force slammed against Chic Bro's belly which sent him flying off as he crashed against a wall.

Matcha could only watch in disbelief as this unbelievable scene happened. Suddenly, Zhao Yao's familiar voice rang in his ears, "R*tard, what are you waiting for?"

Matcha was overwhelmed with emotions as he screamed, "Dad! Dad, you came to my rescue?"

Actually, Zhao Yao was simply levitating in the air above the playground with deflective field wrapped around him. With Roly Poly resting on his head, he was completely invisible to the naked eye.

Zhao Yao was disheartened by Matcha's performance, "This stupid cat. Was he defeated by these group of lousy cats ... I've truly wasted my points on him."

Meanwhile, Matcha's laughter swept across the playground as he ran towards the fallen Chic Bro, "You stupid cat, do you finally understand the gravity of your mistake?"

A level seven deflective field had an effective radius of 35 meters. Hence, he could still help Matcha despite floating at a height of 20 meters.

With deflective field enveloping his entire body, Matcha began to launch a barrage of kicks and punches on Chic Bro.

Bam! One kick landed straight on Chic Bro's waist as he groaned in defeat. This time, he didn't even bother to get back up.

Matcha pointed at Chic Bro's three subordinates and sneered, "Do you see this? This is what happens when you go up against me, Matcha!"

The three cats were trembling in fear and showed no signs of retaliation.

Meanwhile, Zhao Yao continued to float in mid-air with his eyes observing the wardens. The wardens comprised both humans and cats. Despite witnessing this battle between the prisoners, they showed no signs of interfering. Instead, they were observing it with a smirk on their face.

The remaining cats on the playground were either indifferent to it or simply rooting for them. They seemed to be enjoying this spectacle.

This intense atmosphere of violence was spreading across the whole prison.

With his brows knitted together, Zhao Yao muttered, "Why did this happen? Based on Inspector Ho's words, Cat King of the West was edifying these criminals, turning them into more kind-hearted individuals. From the looks of it, this prison is significantly worse than a normal one. What happened?"

At the same time, Matcha was lying on the ground, enjoying his sunbath. Somehow, Chic Bro and his three subordinates had turned into Matcha's subordinates, keeping an eye out for Matcha's safety.

Zhao Yao descended next to Matcha and chastised him, “What are you doing? Didn’t I give you the illusion collars?”

After all, Zhao Yao was specially designated by Inspector Ho to come here. Naturally, he had privileges which all criminals would crave for. The collars attached to Matcha and Dust Ball not only had no electric shock capabilities, they were even sealed with Zhao Yao’s illusion. That was why he even dared to send them in in the first place.

Matcha immediately recounted the story of their collars. Zhao Yao could only roll his eyes before sealing another fresh illusion inside this new collar.

“Alright, don’t lose this ever again. I’ve set the effective radius to one meter. Hence, use time-freeze and get within one meter of your opponent. Then, activate this collar and your opponent will be robbed of its five senses.”

A sinister smile danced at the corner of Matcha’s lips.

Zhao Yao then rushed over to Dust Ball’s side and sealed the illusion within her new collar.

At the same time, another cat had approached Matcha with a snigger, “Hmmm, I’ve never expected to see you here, Matcha. I guess we were born to be eternal enemies.”

Matcha raised his head to the sight of a rotund American Shorthair. Who else could it be other than dear Fish Ball?

“Fish Ball? You’re here too?” A platoon of cats of different pedigrees stood behind Fish Ball. Matcha’s heart skipped a beat as he asked, “You’ve become one of the bosses here?”

“You are not the only one who has improved.” With a wave of his paws, Fish Ball continued, “Speaking of which, how did you end up here? Is it because you’ve grown old and ugly so Zhao Yao has no choice but to throw you here? Meowhahaha!”

Matcha replied calmly, “I was caught for a telecommunications fraud, but I believe it’s a mistake on their end. Hence, I should be out pretty soon.”

Suddenly, amongst the wardens who were busy enjoying the show performed by Matcha, a cat warden emerged and threw its arms in the air, “Hey, you! That orange cat! That rapist! I want you to come with me after admin time! Don’t try anything funny with me!”

Matcha’s jaw went slack as he pointed at himself, “Are you talking to me?”

“Yes, George Matcha, the cat who raped four female cats within a minute. Isn’t that you?”

Anger seared through Matcha as he retorted, “Zhao Yao! Of all crimes why must it be this?” Suddenly, a frown descended on Fish Ball’s face as he mumbled, “D*mn it, I’ve lost.”

Zhao Yao who was in the midst of sealing the illusion in Dust Ball’s collar rolled his eyes and muttered, “Lose your ass.”

Meanwhile, Matcha clarified with the warden, “What do you want me for?”

The cat warden let out a bone-chilling laugh and replied, “You’ll find out soon enough.”

A humongous golden exclamation mark appeared above the warden’s head. This peculiar punctuation was only visible to Matcha.

“Hmm, has my superb fighting techniques attracted its attention which prompted it to ask me for help?” However, Matcha had no time for this silly question as he continued grilling Fish Ball, “How about you? How did you end up here?”

Chapter 512: King of the Prison

Flashback of the past few days zoomed past Fish Ball’s head as Matcha’s question rang in his ears.

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Xiao Yu who was in the midst of polishing off all her food shouted, “Fish Ball, we are almost out of cat food!”

Fish Ball raised his head with his mouth slightly open as a grain of cat food slipped out of it, “Xiao Yu, you wanna try cat food?”

A huge shadow loomed over Fish Ball’s eyes as Xiao Yu’s slap slammed on his head, “I’ve heard of a hostel for cats like you. It is free and provides buffets all day. I heard there’s an abundance of female cats living there.”

Excitement raced through him when Fish Ball heard those words, “Are you serious?”

“Of course I’m serious!” Xiao Yu continued, “If you’re interested, I can send you there for a temporary stay.”

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With his eyes squinted into a line, Fish Ball snapped back, “What has that got to do with you?” With that said, he pointed his paws at the few pedigrees beside him and threatened, “Today, we come here as representatives of 8k. I’m telling you that Chic Bro is part of 8k. What you did just now was as good as spitting in 8k’s face.”

A tinge of hesitation flashed across Matcha as he thought, “8k? Why does this gang sound so familiar? And how is Fish Ball even part of it?” The corner of Matcha’s eyes crinkled when he noticed the surrounding Russian Blue, American Shorthair, Siamese cat and Garfield inched towards him. Their angle was palpable.

Matcha’s chest tightened with fear as he pondered, “How is Fish Ball faring so well in 8k?” Even though he was absolutely confident in his current abilities, he wouldn’t want to infuriate them right off the bat. It was a mutually assured disaster.

Hence, Matcha cried out, “You guys want to go up against me all at once? Is that the only thing which 8k knows? If you have the guts, send out your boss in a 1-on-1.”

The gang of cats stopped in their tracks. Following a loud meow, a Garfield emerged from amongst them, “That makes perfect sense. Are you interested in a 1-on-1? I’m happy to reciprocate.”

Matcha was seized with fear as he began to wag his finger in the other Garfield, Fish Ball’s direction, “Fish Ball, aren’t you their boss? Why are you sending someone else on your behalf?”

With a line etched across its face, the real boss replied, “When did he become my boss? He just has a natural inclination for standing in the middle. That’s all.”

Fish Ball ran off to the other Garfield’s side and warned him, “Boss, please be careful. That cat over there is vicious!”

Matcha could only roll his eyes at this ungrateful sycophant. With his gaze fixed back on the boss, he responded, “Alright then, it shall be between me and you.”

The Garfield added, “I’m fine with that but I would like to add a clause. Whoever loses has to lick the winner’s anus. He shall be the other’s b*tch from now on.”

First, it was shock before anger rolled through his body, “Are you still living in some primitive society? Why do you even continue such barbaric practice? Who even wants to lick your anus?”

The Garfield responded with a shrug of his shoulders, “You can choose not to.” Then, he began to stick out his tongue as it swirled across his lips, “But I’m definitely licking yours.”

Fish Ball had to summon all his remaining strength to suppress the disgust raging from within as he cheered, “Boss! You can do it! I’ll help you massage your legs after this!”

Goosebumps popped up all over Matcha’s skin as he dashed straight towards him and shouted into his ears, “You piece of trash! Get on your knees!”

As he spoke, he had already initialized his illusion collar. Immediately, the Garfield lost control over his five senses as he collapsed to the ground. Meanwhile, Matcha had activated timefreeze.

When the entire world came to a standstill, Matcha sheepishly walked towards the Garfield. He then carefully contorted his body into a kowtow position aiming straight at his original position.

Return to his starting spot, Matcha allowed time to resume.

With all attention fixed on Matcha, the Garfield collapsed to his knees the moment Matcha’s instruction reverberated throughout the playground.

Immediately, the crowd broke out into a chorus of screams and cheers. However, one deep and loud voice erupted as Matcha roared, “Do you submit?”

Following the effects of timefreeze, the already unconscious Garfield nodded his head.

The surrounding cats watched in shock as this unexpected event occurred before them.

“Did Garfield just admit defeat to this guy?”

“How is that possible? What kind of power does this cat wield?”

“What is with that orange cat? What’s his background?”

Whispers erupted amongst the spectators as they wagged their fingers in Matcha’s direction. Consequently, Matcha had also received a new mission.

Mission: Show them who’s boss

Objective: Shock the cats with your power and make them understand just how strong you truly were

Reward: 500 experience points

Punishment: Nil

A glimmer of excitement flashed across Matcha’s eyes. This was the first time he had accepted a mission without prompting others to ‘ask’ for help.

Obviously, Matcha instantly accepted this mission. His eyes then scanned his surroundings before a faint smile tugged at his lips, “Everyone, in five second’s time, all of you will be asking who touched my butt.”

In the next moment, Matcha froze time. With the help of his 8X acceleration, he sped through the entire playground and swiped his paws against all those furry butts.

When time resumed, screams of admiration erupted amongst them.

Fish Ball stared in disbelief as he looked towards Matcha, “Who touched my butt ... It’s impossible. How can he predict what I’m about to say!”

“It’s simple. My eyes can see into the future while my hands mold reality!” Matcha claimed as he burst into laughter. He then fixed his eyes on Fish Ball and predicted, “Next, all of you will let out a shrilling scream.”

When time resumed once more, Fish Ball’s arm slammed across his own belly as he let out a deafening scream, “How did you manage to predict this?”

Everyone felt the pit of their stomach fell as they witnessed this unbelievable feat. Only Dust Ball lay in her original position, basking in the sunlight. She even shot Matcha with a condescending glare.

Naturally, Matcha was glad to receive the cheers of affirmation amongst the crowd. Definitely, there were those who were skeptical. However, Matcha would convince these detractors with another bout of timefreeze and illusion.

Finally, no cat dared to stand up against Matcha. After all, they couldn’t even wrap their heads around how his power worked. With the mission completed, Matcha earned for himself 500 experience points as a contented smile spread across his face.

Soon, admin time was about to come to an end. As promised, Matcha followed behind the wardens with a spring in his steps.

Zhao Yao then ran his fingers through Dust Ball’s fur and asked, “You accepted a mission to sell catmint?”

Immediately, Dust Ball nodded her head violently and explained with excitement racing through her, “Yes! All it needs me to do is to sell catmint! The more catmint sold, the more experience points earned!”

Zhao Yao gave a contented nod of his head and replied, “That’s good. Report straight to me if anything crops up.”

After settling their collars, it was time for Zhao Yao to return to his own cell.

With the use of his invisibility powers, Zhao Yao managed to return to his cell undetected. However, he couldn’t help but roll his eyes when he noticed the cellmates who he had knocked unconscious.h

His eyes swept from left to right and saw the American William, Black Panther of Chuan Xiao, the ex Fuerdai Xiao Ming and finally Nessie.

“What kind of lousy combination is this? I bet Inspector Ho arranged this on purpose!”

Chapter 513: Bribery and Cellmates

While Zhao Yao was resting back in his cell, Matcha had followed the wardens to a suite.

The golden exclamation mark continued to flicker on top of the warden’s head as he barked out, “Go in. Someone wants to talk to you.”

Mission: Chat

Objective: Speak to the leader of the prison

Reward: 10 experience points

Punishment: Nil

A smile continued to dance on Matcha’s lips as another easy 10 experience points awaited him.

The atmosphere changed radically the moment he entered this room. First of all, it was far colder than the ordinary cells. Next, it was so opulent that Matcha couldn't believe he was still in the prison. Smacked in the middle was a blonde Caucasian with a cup of black tea swirling in his hands. He immediately shot the approaching Matcha an amiable smile and asked, "Is this ... Mr George?"

Matcha was completely absorbed with the booger stuck in his nostril and shot the Caucasian a disdainful glare, "Who are you? Can you understand my words?"

Immediately after finishing his words, the Caucasian gently slid a phone in Matcha's direction, "You can communicate with me using this."

Hence, Matcha regurgitated the same words in text only to see the Caucasian cackled with laughter, "My name is Mike and I'm one of the in-charge of this prison. The reason why I requested for your presence is that I find it a waste for a cat of your caliber to waste his time here."

"You don't say?" Smugly, Matcha slammed his butt on the chair opposite his before he replied via text, "Just cut to the chase. What exactly do you want?"

"Actually, there's nothing on my agenda," Mike responded with a shrug of his shoulders, "I just want to give cats of your status more privileges, better living conditions. Your current cell does not befit someone of your standing. I have a suite in mind which is more suitable for you."

The hostility in Matcha's eyes evaporated as he replied, "Kid, you're rather sensible."

With a snap of Mike's fingers, plates of fresh delicacies were brought out to them. There were the usual cat food and cat rice but there was also premium raw fishes which cats adored.

Obviously, Matcha's eyes gleamed with excitement at the sight of these mouth-watering dishes. However, he had long grown used to such delicacies from all the Legendary cat rice Zhao Yao had fed him with. Hence, the food failed to impress him.

Instead, he was alerted to a new mission the moment this food appeared across the table.

Mission: Resist the corruption

Objective: Resist the tempting bribe offered by the opponent. Do not give in to any of his requests

Reward: 500 experience points

Punishment: Nil

Matcha's heart skipped a beat before joy filled him like sunshine, "Hahaha, you are underestimating me. I, George Matcha, am a cat that is second to none. I have seen millions of dollars cross hands without batting an eye. Do you actually think that I'll fall for this crude trick?"

Hence, Matcha immediately shoved a mouthful of food into his throat before vomiting them all out.

"The fish isn't even fresh! And how dare you soak these rotting fish in water? Are you trying to make it expand and look bigger? Disgusting!

The beef is perfectly overcooked! You didn't even allow the spices and sauce to be absorbed into its tender meat. Another complete failure!

This cat rice has been left out there for at least three hours! Premium cat rice is made with top-of-the-line meat. Any exposure to air would cause it to oxidize instantly. It will be inedible if you leave it out there for more than an hour! How dare you serve it to me after three hours? Preposterous!"

Mike forced an awkward smile across his face as the veins in his forehead throbbed, "This country bumpkin, how dare he try to nitpick our food!" However, these comments were reserved for himself. Instead, he clapped his hands and welcomed a delegate of female Persian, Garfield, Ragdolls and American Shorthair.

Matcha's heart pounded against his chest at this beautiful sight. Mike too noticed the subtle change in his expression, "As long as yours truly are interested in helping us with a small favor, all these females cats will be yours to enjoy."

Matcha gulped down the saliva accumulated in his mouth and typed, "Send all of them back! The one thing which I hate the most is a female cat! I'm not interested in any of them!"

Mike wiped the sweat off his forehead before resorting to his ultimate move.

With one hard swing, he placed a huge luggage on the table. With two clicks, the luggage slowly opened and revealed the stacks of cash resting within it.

Matcha's paw trembled as it inched towards this gleaming pile of cash. However, he immediately retracted it before inching towards it once again.

Seeing Matcha's hesitation, Mike started to laugh and explain, "If you're interested in joining us, all of these will belong to you."

Matcha was all dizzy from the stacks of cash shoved in his face. In his groggy state, he asked, "What organization are you from?"

With that said, he threw his paws over the cash with a contented smile tugging his lips. However, this brief excitement was immediately replaced with hesitation as he pulled his paws back.

Mike continued to drink his black tea nonchalantly. Despite Matcha's hesitation, Mike showed no signs of anger. Instead, a faint smile reflected off of his face. He reminded Matcha, "If you join us, you might even be able to leave this place one day."

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Meanwhile, Zhao Yao could only let out another long depressed sigh as he observed all these good-for-nothings strewn across this putrid cell.

He found the most comfortable mattress and immediately jumped on it. With a snap of his fingers, the illusion cast on their bodies was lifted. However, some of them were still fast asleep.

Zhao Yao started to observe the electric collar fitted to his neck before sealing an illusion into it. To an ordinary man's eye, he looked like just another middle-aged man. After all, he would not want all these scoundrels to recognize him.

After he was done with the illusion, a few of his cellmates began to wake up from their slumber.

The first to wake up was the American soldier, William. He set up against the wall as tears rolled down his cheeks. He immediately buried his face in his hands as a muffled cry echoed from his direction.

Beneath that watery bloodshot eyes, he was pondering, “D*mn it! What the hell happened on that island? Why are all my savings gone? Also, why do I owe some random person USD 1,500,000?”

His life was in complete ruins with nothing to look forward to. He just wanted to rot inside this cell for the rest of his life.

On the other side of the cell, Black Panther started wagging his finger in Mike’s direction and exclaimed, “Hey, foreigner, why is your body all grey?”

William shot him a death glare but had zero intentions to retaliate.

Meanwhile, Xiao Ming was observing his fellow cellmates. The Caucasian, William, seemed completely despondent as he continued to weep in the corner. Nessie was still sleeping but he looked like he was in pain. Finally, there was this ordinary man (Zhao Yao) who was daydreaming on his bed.

Xiao Ming thought about it before announcing, “I remember I fell asleep not long after I came to this cell so why not we take turns to do a self-introduction?”

Noticing the other’s indifference, Xiao Ming decided to take the lead, “Let me begin then. I’m Xiao Ming and I came from a rather affluent family. The reason I’m here ...” A mirthless laugh was followed by another half-shrug of his shoulders as he continued, “I was thrown in here for illegal fundraising but I assure you that it was all legitimate! It’s just that the public has many misconceptions about what we do.”

Chapter 514: Terror and the Scar

Everyone began to inch away from Xiao Ming as his words rang in their heads with the sole exception of Black Panther. He nodded his head and introduced himself, “Hi, I’m Black Panther, Xiao Ming’s acquaintance. However, I was thrown here for a different reason: voluntarily causing hurt.”

William could not help suppress his laughter when he noticed Black Panther’s hideous face, “Causing hurt? You are capable of that? How many did you hurt?”

“A hundred odd?” Black Panther replied with a depressing sigh, “All of them were my best buddies. I didn’t want to but I was drunk.”

William began to eye this man from head to toe. How could a village bumpkin like him possibly hurt 100 people?

Xiao Ming then directed his gaze towards William and asked, “My foreign friend, how may I address you?”

“Just call me William,” William replied in his usual cool tone.

Xiao Ming continued with another question, “Then how did you end up here?”

William heaved a long sigh before his eyes drifted skywards, “I have also been asking myself the same question.”

“You don’t know?”

William let out a soft chuckle when he noticed the two puzzled expressions staring at him, “You guys will never understand. True power does not lie in the hands of the apostles wielding the swords or guns. In a battle against them, you’ll at least understand how you lose.

However, I don’t even know how I lost to the apostle I fought against. Anyway, I found myself here the moment I woke up. My wife gave me a call asking for a divorce. She told me that all my life savings were gone and I owed someone another USD 1,500,000.”

William scowled at the recount of his experience, “True terror is when you don’t even know what hit you. But when you wake up, you realize everything is gone, be it your wife, money, house. You wake up with a mountain of debt.”

Xiao Ming knew the pain he was experiencing and consoled him, “I can understand what you’re going through.”

With that said, William once again buried his head in his palms. It was like his body was blanketed in a cloak of grey.

“Hmmm?” Zhao Yao stroked his chin thoughtfully and remarked, “That sounds like a scary apostle.”

However, Black Panther started to shake his head furiously and reasoned, “That’s nothing. I bet you were drunk. Let me tell you, the scariest apostle is none other than Master Brainless.”

Zhao Yao could not help but interrupt, “Hey, are you talking about the Headless Horseman?”

Black Panther shot this seemingly ordinary man a look of disdain before continuing, “What do you know? Headless Horseman is a title given to him by the public but the police told me that his true identity is Mr. Brainless.”

One by one, the veins in Zhao Yao’s forehead began to pop up, “Is that so? Do you happen to remember anything else which the police mentioned?”

“How am I supposed to remember all that? Anyway, stop interrupting me. Hmm, what was I about to say? Oh yes, the scariest apostle is definitely Master Headless. You have no idea just how strong he is. His ability has fully surpassed the combat powers of the human race. One punch of his could tear a 10 story building into half. He doesn’t even have to return the millions of dollars he owes. If only I have half his power, then I wouldn’t have to return any of my debt.”

Zhao Yao answered, “... does that even constitute as a compliment?”

While Black Panther was immersed in his outlandish storytelling, the previously stationary Nessie started to let out a sinister laugh, “All of you are still too young, too naïve. You have no idea what true terror actually is. Bankruptcy? Divorce? Hahaha, a punch that can tear a building in half? Hahahaha.”

Black Panther immediately refuted when he heard Nessie’s disdainful laughs, “Hey, then tell me what is the strongest power!”

“All the powers you’ve mentioned are remarkable in their own rights. However, it is nothing compared to the monster that I fought.” Nessie shook his head before continuing, “That fine day, I was involved in a mission to attack a cat café.

Initially, everything went as planned. Even though the owners had plenty of cats which complemented one another perfectly, we still managed to trounce them with my precise leadership. They couldn't even retaliate! This is because of my power to turn my body into water, making me invincible amongst the ordinary apostles."

"However at this moment, he began his escape!" A frown crept up Nessie's face as he described the incident on that fateful day, "We were chasing him like he was our prey but then he ran to a toilet."

"Hmph?" A line began to etch across Zhao Yao's forehead, "That doesn't sound right."

Meanwhile, Nessie continued, "By the time we caught up to him, we realize he was already gone. All that was left was an English Shorthair. Then ..." Fear crossed Nessie's watery eyes, "Hell descended."

Black Panther clarified, "What does that mean? Tell me! What happened?"

"That English Shorthair completely ignored the fact that I had turned into water. With my power completely activated, every single molecule of my being had turned into water. Yet, he still managed to leave behind a scar that will never recover."

Nessie could only continue after drawing in a deep breath, "Do you understand what that means? It ignores all sorts of defense. It defies the principles of physics! No matter how you guard against it, evade, heal, the scar will always be attached to you. It never recovers!"

Black Panther's heart nearly stopped when he heard this bone-chilling recount. Xiao Ming too was appalled, "Such a devastating power exists?"

"Of course it does."

"Where is your scar?"

"It's ..." Suddenly, Nessie's expression began to contort as he exclaimed, "It's about to explode! That fella residing inside my body is about to explode once again! Quick! Get the wardens in right now! Before it's too late!"

Immediately, the sounds of firecrackers exploded in the cell. Jets of crimson blood shot straight out of Nessie's butt, towards the surrounding walls. It was like a fountain spraying in all direction, painting the cell red.

Nessie could finally breathe a sigh of relief as the spraying concluded, "It's okay, I've managed to restrain it."

Zhao Yao couldn't help but refute him, "Isn't that just hemorrhoids? You should go for a surgery instead of fabricating lies about others' power."

Nessie stared at Zhao Yao in shock and yelled, "You understand his power? Yes! This guy has the devastating power of inserting hemorrhoids in others' bodies!"

Black Panther, Xiao Ming, and William's body shuddered simultaneously when the word 'hemorrhoid' rang in their heads. They mumbled, "What a scary power."

However, Zhao Yao was raging with anger, "This power doesn't even exist! I'm telling you that you contracted hemorrhoids on your own and you should go for a surgery! Do you think this is menstruation! Stop telling lies about some supernatural superpower!"

Zhao Yao clearly remembered what happened that day. He was chasing Nessie all the way back to his café when he was struck with Mango's ability. His hemorrhoids must have started from there, possibly due to less than ideal sanitary conditions.

Nessie's brows locked together as he refuted with a roar, "Do you think I'm lying to you?" Zhao Yao's nonchalant gaze was like a match tossed into his flames of raging fury. Immediately, he was possessed with unprecedented angst as he marched towards Zhao Yao. Blood began to flood the entire cell.

With blood spurting out of his butt, Nessie shouted, "I didn't have hemorrhoids before! That cat gave it to me!"

However, the current Nessie did not have his power. Coupled with the loss of blood, Zhao Yao was able to take him down with a series of punches. Nessie trembled as he crawled towards Zhao Yao before sinking his teeth on his ankle.

Seeing how crazy he had become, Zhao Yao had no choice but to knock him unconscious.

“This guy’s transformation seems a little off. Has he gone crazy from the hemorrhoids?”

Chapter 515: Laziness and Scar

Zhao Yao’s scream rang in the cell when he witnessed the atrocity. Immediately, he notified the warden of this peculiar news.

Quickly, a few wardens entered and carried off the blood-soaked Nessie.

One of the wardens let out a depressing sigh before commenting, “Why won’t this guy agree to a surgery? If this continues, he will die soon or later.”

Zhao Yao could not resist the urge to pry some information from the warden as he sprang on this opportunity to ask, “Was his temper always like this? Or did he turn more bad-tempered recently?”

The warden simply shot Zhao Yao a disdainful glare before turning his body towards the exit. He was completely uninterested in Zhao Yao’s question.

A pulse slammed in Zhao Yao’s neck and he immediately activated Sixth Sense, “Trust me, you want to talk to me. You crave for an opportunity to chat with me!”

Instead, the warden threw his hand over his mouth to suppress a yawn and commented, “Ahh, I’m so tired. This job is getting really dull. Maybe, I should just apply for a one week leave.”

“What the f*ck?” Anger rolled through Zhao Yao as he thought, “This man must be an extremely lazy individual! Recently, I’ve dedicated all my time to the different missions in hopes of upgrading Elizabeth! Such thoughts will never exist in my head!”

Seeing the warden disappear into the alley, Zhao Yao had no choice but to trigger Sixth Sense once more. This time around, he frantically poured his own thoughts into the warden’s head.

Finally, it happened. The warden stopped before turning his head around to face Zhao Yao.

The warden simply spat on the ground in front of Zhao Yao before mumbling, “You deserve to spend the rest of your life behind bars for being so handsome!”

Before Zhao Yao could refute, the warden had already disappeared behind the bend. It was as if a spear had impaled through Zhao Yao’s heart as he stomped his foot against the iron bars, “What kind of lousy power is this? I guess this makes Elizabeth’s upgrade imperative.”

Failing to extract any useful information out from the warden, Zhao Yao could only place his hopes on his three incompetent cellmates: Xiao Ming, Black Panther, and William.

For some reason, their chests tightened with fear the moment they made eye contact with this seemingly ordinary middle-aged man. Even goosebumps popped up all over their bodies.

Initially, they attributed this to Zhao Yao’s manhandling of Nessie.

However, Zhao Yao’s stern gaze was immediately replaced with an amiable smile as he asked, “Do you guys happen to know him? Was he always so bad-tempered?”

The three of them shot each other a glance before shaking their head in unison.

Something was amiss. There was definitely a reason behind Nessie’s change in behavior and the blatantly violent behavior exhibited on the playground. Zhao Yao continued to ask, “Has there been any unexpected changes which you’ve observed in the prison? Maybe some random prison mates have turned unusually violent or is there an uptick in the number of fights?”

Black Panther and Xiao Ming immediately shook their heads as they explained, “We have no idea. We’re also newcomers.”

However, Zhao Yao’s words struck a chord with William as his forehead furrowed slightly. Now that Zhao Yao has mentioned it, there was indeed something that’s been bothering William. His eyes darted towards Zhao Yao as he asked, “Do you think something bad has happened to this prison?”

William’s response caught Zhao Yao by surprise but he still answered, “Yes, Cat King of the West build this prison with hopes or rehabilitating the inhabitants, help them turn over a new leaf. However, I’ve only observed violence, violence and more violence since setting foot in this place.”

All of them looked blankly forward as though they were considering Zhao Yao's words.

William nodded his head and added, "When I was first here, the atmosphere was significantly more hospitable than what it is now. Nowadays, I do notice that people have turned increasingly violent."

William's observation corroborated Zhao Yao's hypothesis. In the past, Cat King of the West's teaching had steadily steered the inmates towards a better life. However, the recent trend had caused a complete switch in the direction they were headed towards.

However, there was not much important information that William could provide Zhao Yao with.

Hence, after this brief exchange, the four of them returned to their beds for a rest. One hour later, it was admin time for the human prisoners.

Following behind a gang of prisoners towards the playground, Zhao Yao observed the inmates separating into their individual groups. Some were chatting, while others were lazing. Some were even lifting weights.

After a brief observation, Zhao Yao approached a fellow inmate and started a casual conversation, "What a busy day at the playground, don't you agree?"

The inmate shot Zhao Yao a glare before he walked off in the opposite direction.

However, Zhao Yao caught up to him and continued, "Do you get the feeling that there's something weird about the prison?"

"I think you are the one that's weird." The prisoner replied with a roll of his eyes before leaving.

Zhao Yao threw his palm over his face and muttered, "I guess I was never the best at collecting intel from these banterers. That leaves me with one option: my superpower."

With the decision made, Zhao Yao approached his next target. By concentrating his attention on a single thought, he once again activated the Sixth Sense. He was screaming in his head, "Trust me! Trust me! Trust me! Talk to me! Engage me! Reply me!"

The target froze for a split second before noticing Zhao Yao's approach. He finally came to his senses when Zhao Yao probed the situation within the prison. With a wide grin, he replied, "Yes, that's true. The situation in the prison has turned really bad recently."

A glimmer of shock flashed through Zhao Yao's eyes as he thought, "Did I succeed? Did the Sixth Sense succeed? Has he temporarily regarded me as someone trustworthy?"

Riding on the wave of the initial success, Zhao Yao continued to probe, "Do you remember when this change occurred? Did anything special happen when this change first occurred?"

The target started to chuckle before grabbing Zhao Yao's palm in his hands, "Don't get all impatient. We can go over there and have a good long talk."

Instantly, goosebumps erupted all over Zhao Yao's body. He knew there was something fishy behind that expression of his.

Naturally, Zhao Yao was clueless that his Sixth Sense activation had actually failed. The thought which he had successfully implanted into his head was not that he was trustworthy. Instead, it was the thought that he was extremely handsome.

Instinctively, Zhao Yao quickly withdrew his hands from the tight grip. However, the target's next action was a clear sign that something was wrong.

With a wave of his arm, the target threw a soap in Zhao Yao's direction before asking politely, "Could you kindly help me retrieve my soap?" With his eyes on Zhao Yao's butt, he started to lick his lips seductively.

"What the f*ck, could you at least pretend to be a little more discreet? Are you afraid that other's don't know that you're a gay?"

Bam! Zhao Yao immediately slammed his palm against the target's head, knocking him unconscious. However, the surrounding people watched on as if it were a show. None of them seemed interested in intervening.

Zhao Yao could only sigh with regret, "I guess this is the drawback for looking so good. I always knew that I'm handsome. Hence, I might accidentally implant this thought in others when trying to perform Sixth Sense."

“D*mn it! My good looks have hindered my abilities but what can I do about it? God, why did you have to make me so handsome?”

With one inmate unconscious, Zhao Yao had no choice but to move on to the next.

However, his actions have been noticed by a few wardens.

“This new guy here seems to be poking his nose around. Should we inform Mike about it?”

A middle-aged man, with a neck as thick as a tree trunk, shook his head, “That American cannot be trusted. Furthermore, what can a powerless apostle do?”

The man continued to observe Zhao Yao running around the playground and sniggered, “If he really tries anything funny, we’ll simply sell him. A young apostle like him is worth quite a lot of money.”

Chapter 516: Intelligence Collection

With the warden’s conversation echoing at the back of his head, Zhao Yao immediately shot them down with a glare.

Obviously, no one knew just how sensitive Zhao Yao’s hearing was with the aid of ‘five is better than four’. Despite the distance between the wardens and Zhao Yao, he could still pick up a few words from their conversations, trouble, apostle and even money.

“Hmm, so the prisoners are not the only problems over here?” Zhao Yao propped his chin on his hand as he considered. However, he wasn’t surprised at all. After all, it was only natural for this problem to spread to the wardens now that Cat King of the West and the prisoners were affected.

However, Zhao Yao decided to close one eye to it for now and focused his attention on the prisoners for some helpful intel. He would save the wardens for future interrogations.

Sadly, none of the apostles he approached netted him any useful information until he met an acquaintance. His eyes sparkled with excitement when he caught sight of the Japanese.

It was none other than the shadow-manipulating Ishida and his two subordinates, Onitsuka and Sato.

With excitement racing through him, Zhao Yao dashed forward and asked, “How are you? Are you from Japan? How do you find China?”

A frown appeared on Ishida’s face when he heard that insensitive question and thought, “Are you blind? Please take a look at our situation? Do you think we are in a position to enjoy China?”

However, his mouth was sealed. Instead, Sato took a step forward before shoving Zhao Yao to a corner and screamed, “Bakayaro, get out of our way!”

But something weird happened. It felt as if Zhao Yao’s body was rooted to the ground and Sato couldn’t even move his body a single inch.

After all, Zhao Yao’s body was strengthened with ‘five is better than four’. Someone of Sato’s caliber definitely could not push him around as he wished.

Hence, Onitsuka decided to join in and surrounded this arrogant man. With rage sweeping through them, they confronted, “Chinese man, are you trying to test our patience?”

Even without their powers, the three individuals were exponents of the sacred katana. Coupled with their superior body and extensive combat experience, they were a force to be reckoned with.

Sensing the hostility in the air, Zhao Yao responded with a half shrug of his shoulders, “Actually, I mean no harm. I’m just trying to ask some questions. Have you observed any strange changes in the prison?”

While speaking, Zhao Yao activated his Sixth Sense once more as a flow of thoughts streamed into Ishida’s body.

“Trust me, I’m a dependable person! Trust me!”

There was a flicker in Ishida's eyes. Somehow, in the depth of his eyes, Ishida had added a layer of trust for Zhao Yao.

To everyone's surprise, Ishida's lips parted as he replied, "Indeed, I sense some mysterious changes brewing underneath this very ground."

Sato and Onitsuka's jaws went slack when they saw how easily Ishida broke his silence, "Boss, you!"

Ishida shut them up with a wave of his hand before continuing, "These changes have existed for quite some time. Anyone with a functioning brain would have observed it already. But what can we do about it? After all, we are powerless apostles that amount to nothing."

Joy overwhelmed him as Zhao Yao thought, "Hahaha, my ability finally succeeded!"

Hearing Ishida's despondent words, Zhao Yao immediately encouraged him, "That might not be the case. Every matter is bound to have its weakness and vulnerability. If we pool our knowledge together and try to effect change, it would be better than being sitting ducks. Don't you agree?"

If this conversation was done without the aid of Sixth Sense, Ishida would have completely ignored Zhao Yao's words. However, Sixth Sense had somehow instilled Ishida's confidence in Zhao Yao.

Hence, Ishida nodded his head and replied, "You might be right. However, I have to admit that I do not know much. Firstly, the people in this prison have turned increasingly grouchy. This applies to my subordinates as well. At first, I thought it was a problem with the administration but then I realize it was something far more dangerous. Some unknown strength was working insidiously in an individual's mind, unleashing their darkest, most violent self."

Zhao Yao stroked his chin thoughtfully and asked, "Other than this, are there any strange things that have happened?"

With a smile spread across his face, Ishida answered, "Oh there is. Inmates have gone missing."

"Missing?"

“Yes, some inmates have never appeared for a long time. They claimed that they have gone for medical treatment or were thrown in solitary confinement. Some were even rumored to have their sentences shortened. These prison gates are like a monster’s mouth, swallowing every prisoner that went through it.”

More hypothesis flooded Zhao Yao’s mind after his interaction with Ishida. Later, he would continue his reconnaissance with other inmates only to receive the same news.

Meanwhile, after Zhao Yao had lifted his Sixth Sense, Ishida was struck with a weird realization, “What just happened? Why did I suddenly trust this man so much?”

Immediately, Zhao Yao’s gaze gravitated towards the bunch of muscular men frantically working out in the fitness area. Each of them either had a dumbbell, barbell or a kettlebell in hand.

A frown tugged at his lips as Zhao Yao considered, “I never expected to meet Muscle Society here. Were they thrown here as well? But where is Butcher?”

Suddenly, images of the previous cat king competition flooded his mind. From his memory, Butcher had been successfully rehabilitated by Cat King of the West and was now a subordinate of Inspector Ho.

Even though Zhao Yao abhorred the idea of interacting with Muscle Society, the promise of extracting something useful out of them coerced him to approach them.

“Hi, how are all of you doing?”

A man, who looked like someone who just entered a bodybuilding competition, approached Zhao Yao and asked, “Hey cute guy, who are you looking for?”

Worry snaked through Zhao Yao when those disgusting words rang in his head. This time, Zhao Yao dared not experiment with Sixth Sense. After all, the risk of 10 muscular men chasing him around should he fail proved too much of a deterrent. He just wanted to rinse his eyes with detergent as those images flashed in his head.

Zhao Yao could only reply, “Sorry, I think you misunderstood my intentions. I’m as straight as an iron bar. I only like women.”

“Iron bar?” The muscular bloke slapped a hand over his mouth and sniggered, “Hey, did you know that my nickname is the iron chrysanthemum?”

Zhao Yao was speechless as cold sweat beaded his forehead. He just wanted to leave right there and then.

“Scary, too scary! This guy’s aura is just over the chart! He’s not even human!”

However, just when Zhao Yao was about to leave, the man who was in the midst of a bench press stood up and said, “That’s enough Chrysanthemum, stop scaring our guests.” After taking a few quick sniffs, he looked towards Zhao Yao and said, “Long time no see. I guess you have also noticed the changes in the prison.”

Other than Butcher, Muscle Society comprised of three other top-tier fighters. During Butcher’s period of absence, they were the temporary boss of the organization.

His body strength and five senses easily surpassed that of any ordinary men. With a few quick sniffs, he had detected Zhao Yao’s familiar scent.

Chapter 517: A New Mission and the Truth

“F*ck, I’m too careless,” Zhao Yao whispered under his breath, “I forgot about all those psychos inside Muscle Society and failed to mask my scent.” However, Zhao Yao simply shrugged his shoulders and played dumb, “Do I know you?”

Champion reached for the towel from his subordinate before carefully wiping the sweat on his forehead, “I don’t care if you intend to hide your identity from me. However, you should have noticed the anomalies around here. Many apostles, supercats including our dear Cat King of the West have gone out of control. I’m sure you would like to put an end to this craziness.”

Zhao Yao’s brows snapped together as he clarified, “What do you know about it?”

“Butcher, Tank Top, Black Robes have all gone missing,” Champion muttered with a sigh, “They said they’ll come and visit me but they left and never returned.”

Zhao Yao rolled his eyes at this trivial complaint and retorted, “Maybe they never wanted to return here.”

“That’s impossible,” Champion’s adamant voice interrupted Zhao Yao, “We promised to stay together forever. They’ll never abandon me unless something disastrous happened. Also, they left under rather unorthodox circumstances. They haven’t even finished serving their time. I’m sure they were taken away by force.”

Zhao Yao’s eyes glanced skywards as he asked, “What evidence do you have to prove your point?”

Champion replied, “A few days ago, I heard Butcher’s voice in my head. It came from underneath the ground.”

These words instantly seized Zhao Yao’s attention. How was it even possible? However, Champion’s body was strengthened incredibly by Sphynx Cat’s power. His five senses easily surpassed that of a normal man. It was natural for him to hear things beyond what regular humans were capable of.

Suddenly, a golden exclamation mark had appeared above Champion’s head.

“I understand that you might not like me. However, we have truly changed for the better under Cat King of the West’s teaching, but the changes in the prison halted our transformation. Hence, implore you to save me, save us, save Butcher.”

With that, Champion shot Zhao Yao a desperate yet hopeful glance.

Mission: Save muscle

Objective: Rescue Butcher, Tank Top, and Black Robes

Reward: 1000 experience points

Punishment: Nil

Obviously, Zhao Yao accepted the mission without hesitation before nodding his head, “Don’t worry, I’m known for my generosity. I give you my word, I will save your friends.”

For the next half an hour, Zhao Yao continued his parade across the playground to no avail. Before admin time ended, the two wardens who were discussing Zhao Yao’s behavior called for him.

“Hey you, come over here.”

Zhao Yao slid both of them a glance but did not utter a single word. He simply followed behind the duo.

Evidently, Zhao Yao’s unusual behavior had aroused their suspicion. Their eyes were filled with both animosity and bitterness.

However, the more muscular one of the duo seemed somewhat sympathetic to Zhao Yao’s predicament.

If this had happened just a few weeks or even a few days ago, all Zhao Yao would receive was a punch to the face. Then, the matter would have been resolved.

However, now that Cat King of the West’s situation had reached the final stage, the prison was also about to welcome its final changes. Hence, it was only a matter of time before they left the prison alongside Mike, making this their last shot at earning some extra bucks. This ordinary-looking man before them was just at the wrong place at the wrong time.

The two wardens led Zhao Yao through a narrow zigzag tunnel before stopping at a giant electric iron gate. The warden punched the password in quick succession as the gate swung open. Immediately, the trio walked through it, towards the underground corridor.

The more muscular warden stood behind Zhao Yao and nudged him forward. With a snap of his fingers, tiny swirls of wind appeared on his fingertips.

The muscular warden was cool yet stern with his words, “Do you see this? I want you to understand that I am an apostle while you’re an ordinary man with an electric collar fitted to your neck. Don’t do anything stupid that will threaten your wellbeing.”

With these words said, the muscular warden had completely prepared himself for any potential resistance. After all, this place was filled with deranged individuals. Coupled with their increasing bad temper, such resistance was only to be expected. A physical brawl was just one of many possibilities.

However, Zhao Yao's reaction was beyond his expectation. He simply complied with his words.

The muscular warden lifted his shoulders in a half shrug before shoving Zhao Yao forward with a hard push, "Alright, you have made the correct decision. Now, come with us."

The trio continued to meander through this snaking passage. A dimly lit lamp hanged from the ceiling every 10 meters, barely illuminating this dingy passage.

However, Zhao Yao's night vision was greatly enhanced by 'five is better than four'. Thus, what others would perceive as completely dark was actually extremely clear in Zhao Yao's eyes.

"All these muddy paths. There are also signs of recent digging but it's not made using a tool. Instead ... it's made by superpower?"

Zhao Yao continued to observe as he pondered, "This underground space was only recently created with the use of a superpower. This is too easy. I'll be able to uncover the reason behind all these anomalies in the prison soon!"

Shortly, they found themselves entering a tiny room at the end of the passage. Approximately four or five men were sitting inside, dressed in the warden's clothes. A smile spread across their face when they noticed Zhao Yao's arrival.

"Ah Kong, you brought someone here again?"

"This guys seems so normal. I don't think he can fetch a good price."

"Have you told Mike about this? He already instructed us to stop capturing new apostles."

The man, who was referred to as Ah Kong, gave a dismissive wave of his hand, "Hmph, he's not even our own men. Why would I care about what he thinks? Isn't that right, Boss?"

Ah Kong pressed his face towards a well-tanned teen.

The teen had a book in his hand and responded with an indifferent nod of his head.

From the outside, he looked like any other ordinary student. However, everyone would always glance in his direction before making any slight movement. Evidently, this dark-skinned teen was no ordinary student.

They continued their conversations with complete disregard for Zhao Yao's existence. After all, Zhao Yao was just a powerless apostle. What could he possibly do to them without his power?

Meanwhile, Zhao Yao also had no time to pay attention to them. His eyes were already locked on to a cell lying in the corner. Within this steel cage stood tens of prisoners locked inside. Their faces were a mixture of anger, desperation, and despondency.

Hearing Ah Kong's impudent words echoing throughout their cell, one of the prisoners shouted in response, "All you scums of Talon! The government will never forgive any of you! The sale of an apostle is the greatest taboo of this nation!"

These words only managed to elicit waves of laughter from their wardens. Ah Kong simply snapped his fingers and sent a swirl of wind tunneling into the cell and slammed the prisoner against the floor. Consequently, he howled in pain.

Then, Ah Kong began to flex his muscles in front of Zhao Yao and threatened, "If you don't want to end up like him, just enter the cell on your own."

Zhao Yao was caught in disbelief as he mumbled, "You guys are from Talon? You are planning to sell the apostles inside this prison?"

"Yes, yes, yes! You're so smart! Can you go in now?" Ah Kong shouted.

Zhao Yao did not reply. Instead, his gaze was locked onto the cell and the orientation of this underground room.

Currently, there were two exits in this room, the cell, Ah Kong and the remaining Talon members disguised as wardens.

The first exit was the one they took to arrive here. However, Zhao Yao saw no signs of Butcher, Tank Top and Black Robes inside the cage.

Chapter 518: Huge Impact and the Accident

“Hmmm, I guess my mission isn’t over yet. Despite knowing the infiltration of Talon forces in the prison coupled with the knowledge of the illegal sales of apostles, it’s still not everything.” Zhao Yao repeatedly tapped against the ‘complete’ button yet nothing happened.

“What am I supposed to do? Should I just beat them up and extract all the info from their mouths?” Zhao Yao shook his head and pondered, “However, the mission instructed me to disguise myself as a prisoner to investigate the underlying reason behind the changes. If I expose my identity now, wouldn’t my mission fail instantly?”

Suddenly, a glimmer of excitement flashed across his eyes, “Oh yes, maybe I can talk to them about it.”

Meanwhile, there was already a tinge of impatientness in Ah Kong’s eyes as he barked, “Hey, what are you waiting for? If you don’t go in now ...”

“Yes, yes, yes!” Zhao Yao chirped along happily and came to the entrance to the cell. He gave the door a few pushes but it wouldn’t budge, “This is locked and I can’t get in. Can someone come over and help me?”

The wardens simply shot each other a glance and found his behavior completely weird. However, he was just another powerless ordinary man, what could he possibly do to them?

Hence, Ah Kong went forward and opened the door for him, “Go in, now.”

Zhao Yao found a spot to sit on before propping his chin on his fist. He intended to go straight to Sixth Sense. If he could analyze the situation in the prison by simply asking them, it would naturally be the most ideal solution.

“Trust me. Trust me. I am the most trustworthy person in this entire prison.”

The invisible waves started to sweep towards the wardens’ direction. Moments later, they simply laid on the floor and got all lethargic.

“D*mn it!” Zhao Yao mumbled as he quivered with indignation, “Why did this power fail again? It’s not even reliable at all!”

Unbeknownst to Zhao Yao, not all members of Talon were actually apostles. Amongst them, the teen who Ah Kong accorded immense respect to was actually an ordinary man.

The only reason why an ordinary man like him was allowed to join the rest on such a perilous mission was that God of Death had already completely controlled his consciousness. He was simply his puppet.

With these puppets, God of Death could orchestrate everything while staying put in a safe and secure position. Nothing happened without his knowledge.

The tanned teen shook his legs and lamented, “I don’t wanna work anymore, maybe we should just disband Talon altogether.”

...

At the same time, a weird change was occurring across thousands of people in the South.

All whose consciousness was controlled by God of Death had suddenly turned all indolent.

One of the housewives simply jumped on a sofa and complained, “Nah, I don’t want to do any more housework. Maybe, I should just file for divorce.”

One of the employees opened his email and started framing his resignation letter, “No matter how hard I try, I’ll never be able to afford my own house. I should just quit.”

Along the streets, rows and rows of cars simply stopped against the pavements. Their drivers reclined completely against the seat and thought, “What’s the point of all these? I just wanna be a fish in the sea.”

The countless puppets under God of Death started contacting the apostles working beneath them and said, “I’m sorry but I’m so tired from all the things which Talon has asked of me. Hence, I’ve decided to disband the organisation.”

Within a split second, the entire South had welcomed an unprecedented and abnormal change. Tens of thousands of workers suddenly went on strike which led to hundreds of reporters flocking to this juicy news. In turn, it had changed into the hottest topic amongst experts and researchers.

...

With a line etched across his forehead, Zhao Yao thought, “I don’t believe it.” Hence, he activated Sixth Sense once again.

“Trust me, trust me. I am the most dependable person in the whole world!”

Suddenly, the wardens acted as if they were possessed by a spirit as they leaped to their feet.

“Where is my phone?”

“Do you guys know what is the wifi here?”

“I want my Mobile Legends!”

Zhao Yao was baffled by this scene, “What the f*ck. I have not played the game for the past entire week. Am I really that thirsty? This power is simply sabotaging my reputation.”

...

In the South, another weird phenomenon had swept across its citizens. Those under God of Death’s control started downloading Mobile Legends and even bought in-game cash. Hence, the earning of Mobile Legends increased by millions in a single day.

A teacher who was originally lying on the floor stood up and started playing Mobile Legends on his podium.

A mayor who was in the midst of an important discussion took out his phone and downloaded Mobile Legends, “Just stop this meeting already. How about a round of Mobile Legends?”

One of the bosses of a certain gaming company whipped out his phone but did not download Mobile Legends. Instead, he contacted someone and instructed, “Hey, get me all the newest and best skins for my Mobile Legend’s account.”

After relaying their initial instruction to disband Talon, the puppets relayed the next one.

“I’ve given serious consideration about it and disbanding Talon might not be the best option. We should all just play Mobile Legends instead.”

In a matter of hours, Mobile Legends experienced an exponential increase in their earnings. Consequently, they were ridiculed by parents and educators as the new generation’s drug, prompting policymakers to effect a change.

...

Inspector Ho exclaimed, “What? Talon is about to be disbanded?”

Old Man Zhuang screamed, “What? Talon intends to turn into an independent team playing Mibole Legends?”

...

This time around, Zhao Yao stroked his chin thoughtfully and chose not to spring into action. He sat cross-legged on the floor, with his eyes observing the few addicted members.

“I have to clear myself of all evil thoughts.”

“I need to focus.”

“Get rid of all distracting thoughts.”

After meditating for close to a minute, Zhao Yao opened his eyes and sent another invisible wave sweeping towards the wardens.

“Trust me!”

Shooo!

Immediately, they placed their phones in their pockets and were completely baffled by what just happened.

“What happened?”

“Why was I so drawn to Mobile Legends just now?”

Consequently, a scowl was hanging on the teen’s face as he thought, “D*mn it, what’s happening? Why did all the puppets suddenly go out of control simultaneously? What is happening? Did someone try to attack me?”

His brain began to wrap around all possibilities in lightning speed, “The first objective was clear. He wanted me to turn into a fish and disband Talon, but what about the second one? Why did he want me to play Mobile Legends? Unless ... Is that guy a member of Moonton? Is he trying to cheat me of my money? No, this doesn’t make sense ...”

His brain was processing gazillions of information and yet he failed to recognize the anomaly before him. After all, God of Death controlled up to thousands of puppets at any one time, making it impossible to detect the tiniest details. However, he could derive the truth if given sufficient time.

Meanwhile, Zhao Yao believed that he was on the verge of success. Hence, he began screaming in the wardens’ directions, “Hey, since you’ve already captured me, can you at least tell me what’s happening?”

Initially, Ah Kong felt a strong urge to berate him. However, the feeling disappeared as quickly as it came as he remarked, “Alright, since there’s no way you’re returning to China for the rest of your life. I’ll give you the honor of knowing the truth before you die.”

A glimmer flashed across Zhao Yao’s eyes as he cheered, “Yay! That’s great! I don’t mind dying as long as I learn about the truth!”

Before Ah Kong managed to open his mouth, a gust of wind had swept across this underground room.

Zhao Yao just felt a searing pain erupting from his kidney as a familiar voice rang from behind him.

“I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to do it.”

Zhao Yao turned around to the revolting sight of Black Panther with a cat resting on his shoulders. Somehow, he also managed to get Xiao Ming along.

“Why can’t you just let me complete my mission peacefully?” Zhao Yao was pressing against his waist as he panted, “Black Panther, from today onwards we’ll no longer be friends. Please don’t treat me as your brother. I’m begging you!”

Chapter 519: The Flicker and the Brothers

Black Panther was scratching his head awkwardly for he had no idea how he ended up in this place.

Originally, his supercats came for him in an attempt to rescue him.

Even though their powers afforded supercats the convenience of moving around unrestrictedly, both Black Panther and Xiao Ming were still restrained by their electric collars. Unless the master control permitted the removal of the collar, any other attempts at it would result in it emitting a copious amount of electricity, sufficient to kill most people.

Hence, Black Panther had not planned to escape when his cat came for him. Instead, he planned to remove his collar with his own power.

However, when he activated his power, he found himself surrounded by a group of strangers who he had never met in his life.

The situation turned even more bafflingly after hearing what Zhao Yao said. Black Panther stared at him with a confused look and asked, “Do I know you?”

Zhao Yao could only slap his hand over his forehead out of anguish.

Meanwhile, Ah Kong and the remaining wardens had already gotten on their feet and were walking in the cell’s direction.

With their eyes locked onto this unfamiliar man, they asked, “Hey kid, who are you?”

The tension in the air was palpable. Regardless of who Black Panther actually was, the very fact that he had barged into this place meant that he was not going to leave unscathed.

Black Panther was no idiot and immediately detected the hostility arising from their approach. With his brows locked together, Black Panther mumbled, “D*mn it, did I accidentally enter the warden’s resting area?” Immediately, he grabbed onto Xiao Ming before disappearing.

Bam!

“Ahhh ...” Zhao Yao moaned as he pinned Black Panther down with his death glare, “What the f*ck was that for?”

Black Panther raised his shoulders in an awkward shrug before replying, “I’m so sorry but I’m only able to teleport to this area.”

“What the f*ck man ...” Zhao Yao mumbled under his breath as he let out a series of violent coughs.

Black Panther was still rather concerned for his condition and asked, “Are you okay?”

Zhao Yao threw his arm forward and intercepted Black Panther's hands before screaming, "Just get out of my sight! Do not come near me!"

Bam! Vortexes of violent wind emerged from the apostles' bodies as they ran toward Black Panther's direction.

Despite their very best efforts at evading the punches, both Black Panther and Xiao Ming were still overwhelmed by the attacks. Zhao Yao knew they could not hold on for long and could only sigh in despair before he gave a flick of his fingers. With that, the invisible deflective field emerged and unbolted the heavy iron gate.

"Maybe I should just let Black Panther and the rest escape. A chaotic prison might actually help me in completing the mission." Zhao Yao thought about it before deciding, "Let's get it on then."

Bam! With one last punch, the lock came loose and the gate swung open to Black Panther's delight. His eyes gleamed with excitement as he darted for the exit.

However, this all-important exit might easily turn into the gates to hell. With all eyes locked onto their movement, Black Panther's escape commenced.

Immediately, members of Talon activated their power simultaneously, turning the violent gusts of wind into a menacing tornado. With its monstrous strength, the tornado shot straight towards Black Panther's position.

Black Panther's jaw hit the ground when he saw the disaster before his eyes. Hence, he grabbed onto Xiao Ming before disappearing once more.

Bam! The combined strength of their powers was incredible. The impact of the violent explosion was enough to contort the prison bars into all sorts of shapes. Black Panther's heart skipped a beat when he noticed the devastation they created. However, he suddenly collapsed to the floor from an intense pain radiating from his bruised palm.

Zhao Yao looked towards him with a smug smile spread across his face, "Hey, are you okay?"

Tears welled up in Black Panther's eyes as he observed Zhao Yao's lower back, "Hey bro, I think you might have a few kidney stones in your body. Your back is even harder than cement!"

“You are the one with kidney stones, r*tard.” Zhao Yao scoffed with a scowl. Zhao Yao purposely activated a deflective field above his kidney in order to defend himself against Black Panther’s blind attack, before shouting, “Just get out! Leave from where you came from!”

Black Panther’s chest tightened with fear when he watched Ah Kong’s gang inching towards him with the tornado swirling behind them. He shook his head and explained, “I can’t escape! You’re the only spot that I can teleport to!”

“F*ck you! You can teleport to all of your family members!”

A glimmer of hope flashed across Black Panther’s face as he mumbled, “How did you know that I could teleport to my family? But it’s no use! None of them are here! They don’t even answer any of my calls!”

“Alright, alright!” Zhao Yao interrupted him with his hand pressed against his hip, “So you don’t have any brothers here, is it?” Zhao Yao’s pupils constricted into vertical slits before invisible waves swept off in all direction. Sixth Sense was triggered.

“All of you are long lost brothers! All of you are long lost brothers! All of you are long lost brothers!”

However, Zhao Yao was not absolutely confident in his abilities and could only pray for its success, “Please, let it work.”

Meanwhile, Black Panther’s expression had changed radically as he looked expectantly towards his surroundings, “I can feel it ... I can hear it ... all my brothers are calling for me!”

A delighted smile tugged at Zhao Yao’s lips as he thought, “Did it succeed?”

Meanwhile, Ah Kong and the gang were already preparing for their next wave of attack. This time around, the swirls of violent wind had already morphed into a huge dragon encircling their bodies. It was as if the dragon itself was howling as it turned more and more tangible. You could even notice the distortion of space around it.

They had no intentions of allowing Black Panther to escape. They were going for the kill.

However, Black Panther instantly materialized behind one of the wardens, with his fist thrust into his lower back. The man let out an agonizing scream as he collapsed to the floor. Consequently, the menacing dragon began to slowly disappear from the air.

Ah Kong and the rest let out a deafening roar when they noticed Black Panther's sneak attack. They immediately tried to direct their next attack at Black Panther but he was too fast for them. In a split second, he had appeared behind Ah Kong with his fist slammed against his lower back.

"D*mn it, be careful of what's behind you!"

"This guy knows how to teleport! Be careful! Do not hurt yourself or the people around you!"

"Be extra careful with your kidney! He always aims for it every single time!"

"But isn't he our brother? Why do we have to attack him?"

"Even our best brother should not infiltrate this place without permission!"

Black Panther's peculiar ability was renowned for its speed and quickness. However, he was not without his favorite weapon, rendering his attack extremely weak. On the other hand, Ah Kong and the gang were affected by Zhao Yao's Sixth Sense. Hence, both parties could not deal the finishing move to each other. They could only attack and retreat simultaneously. Soon, they had disappeared into the depths of the tunnel.

Zhao Yao watched the intense fight disappearing beyond the bend and thought, "Did it actually succeed? However, this illusion is in complete contrast with their memories and knowledge. Hence, it should wear out pretty soon!"

Zhao Yao looked around him and found himself surrounded by confused looking inmates and the tanned teen who had not moved a single inch since Black Panther's abrupt arrival.

The inmates looked at the warden-less scene and the opened gates before a chorus of cheers erupted from them. Immediately, they ran straight for the exit and made their escape.

The prisoners paid no attention to the tanned teen. After all, they were without their superpowers and he didn't seem to be much of a threat. Hence, they simply bolted towards the exit which fitted Zhao Yao's plan to a tee.

Zhao Yao too sauntered out of the cell, but he did not leave just yet. Instead, he approached the sitting teen that seemed deep in thought.

Chapter 520: Assembly and Enmity

"This guy has to know something, right?" Zhao Yao wondered.

He tried to manipulate the sixth sense again and, at last, succeeded. The teenager, or rather, God of Death, raised his head. There was a pleasantly docile expression on his face when he asked, "How may I help you?"

"Could you tell me what's going on here?" Zhao Yao muttered through half-pursed lips.

There was a flash in the God of Death's eyes. A strange thought drifted across his mind, "Why should I reveal anything to this man?"

That would be the rational part of him speaking. Unfortunately, logic and reason reacted more slowly than the intuitive faculty of the sixth sense. Before he could register what was happening, the truth already began to tumble out of his mouth.

"We're here for the Cat King of the West. We would use him to take control of this prison and seize some of the apostles and supercats for our own. Ultimately, our end goal is to..."

At this point, there was a sudden hardness in his eyes. His sense of rationality overcame blind instinct right before he divulged his greatest secret. Like before, when he proposed to disband Ivory and to play a match of King's Glory, the effect of the sixth sense on his actions was fleeting.

When the God of Death glanced at Zhao Yao again, the look on his face had completely changed.

“Him. He’s the one who had tried to swindle me into wasting my money on that stupid game. This man...he can affect my emotions and personality? At least he has not recognized me or how powerful I am.”

He now regarded Zhao Yao as his mortal enemy. He absolutely must dispose of him quickly. This stranger’s superpower could very well be his Achilles’ heel. Just the thought of it caused the little hairs on the back of his neck to stand.

This flurry of thoughts rushed through the synapses of his brain in just one second. He only paused for a brief moment before he started speaking again.

“Our end goal is to take complete control of the King of the West, take the more valuable supercats and apostles with us, then releasing the rest of these prisoners to cause chaos.”

As the God of Death said this to Zhao Yao, he had also begun to communicate with the puppets that were in the prison.

“Attention, everyone. There has been a change to today’s mission. Now, you should be after one man and one man only. Seize him, then locate his supercats...”

Zhao Yao had no clue that turbulent changes were underway. All he knew was that his mission was still incomplete even though he had gotten an answer out of the teenager before him. This prompted him to ask more questions about the technicalities of the ultimate goal, but that did not work.

“Hmm? That’s odd. Have I missed out something?” Zhao Yao deliberated, rereading his mission objective again, “Do I have to gather intel from the supercats, then combine it with what I currently know?”

He snuck a peek at the teenager, then struck him with a karate chop on the back of his neck. The boy crumpled to the ground instantly and Zhao Yao dragged him to the other end of the passageway.

In the meantime, the God of Death was trying desperately to assemble all of his men that were in the prison. They had to strike quickly and capture his enemy, this man of unremarkable appearance. Then, they had to force out of him the whereabouts of his cats.

“I cannot confront him myself. His power has too much sway over me. God knows what I might do next if he somehow influences me again. I shudder to think about the repercussions that might have on Ivory. My apostles would have to deal with him in my place.

Butcher can be in charge of apprehending the escapees. Everything else would have to wait. The only thing that matters now is to capture that man. I don’t care if that jeopardizes our mission in the prison.”

The God of Death’s thoughts were shared with his men. Soon, they held onto these thoughts as tightly as if they were their own. They quickly assembled together in a pack.

Ah Kong and his men had received and internalized these orders as well. They immediately stopped giving chase to Black Panther and headed back to join the crowd. There were only apostles, but no supercats, in their midst. The cats were too precious. There was no way they would be directly involved in combat.

Ah Kong might have followed instructions obediently, but that did not mean that he was without questions.

“What’s going on? Why is everyone mobilized for this?” he asked.

“Dunno. Seems like we’re all supposed to catch some guy.”

At that moment, three towering figures gradually emerged from the darkness of the passageway. They belonged to the Muscle Society’s Butcher, Champion, and Tank Top. They kept a painfully tight grip on Xiao Ming as well as Black Panther and his supercat. Black Panther might be able to teleport, but it was clear that his ability was quite useless against the prowess of Butcher and his men. He barely had time to react before they were captured in one swoop fell.

Admiration shone on the faces of Ah Kong and the rest of the men.

“Butcher and his guys were the ones who caught them?”

“These three gay men are quite something, aren’t they?”

“If those instructions came from anyone else but the God of Death, there’s no way they would’ve listened.”

Butcher tossed the two men and the cat on the floor.

“Stay here. Do not move. If you move, I’ll break all of your necks,” he threatened.

Black Panther, his supercat, and Xiao Ming gulped at the same time. They cast fearful glances at each other.

Butcher then turned to Ah Kong and the rest of the men, “So, what’s going on here?”

Ah Kong was the only one who was courageous enough to respond to the hulk of a man. He told Butcher, “An apostle managed to break in. We need your help to capture him.”

He raised the smartphone in his hand and continued, “The God is watching over us through video chat as we speak. He wants us to wait right here. Any time now, the apostle should appear...”

Ah Kong pointed a finger towards the opening of a passageway that was a short distance away.

“Right there.”

“An apostle?” Butcher scoffed, “We’ve all been assembled here for just one apostle? Where is the God of Death? Is he still hiding while we’re all here?”

Ivory members that were gathered around the area prickled at his brash words. Displeasure was displayed plainly across their faces, especially for the three highest-ranking apostles that were present.

They stepped out and edged closer to Butcher.

Unlike everyone else, they were not wearing the prison guard uniform. Instead, they were dressed casually. The man that led the trio had a head of purple hair. The remaining two had dyed their hair as well. One had red hair while the other had yellow.

The purple-haired man spoke first, “Seems like you still don’t know your place, Butcher. It’s just one apostle. Team Flash can deal with that on our own. You can piss off. We don’t lack apostles like you in Ivory.”

Butcher stared down the three apostles standing before him. His lips curled into a cruel smirk.

“Indigo,” he addressed the purple-haired man, “If it wasn’t for the God of Death, you would be dead right now.”

The men glared at each other with a loathing so intense that it was almost palpable. The rest of the apostles could feel the tension but were not sure what to do about it.

Indigo’s trio had joined Ivory when the God of Death was wreaking havoc down south. The three men had known each other even before they were a part of the organization. They were known as Team Flash and they were pretty powerful. In fact, they were some of the most formidable apostles in Ivory.

Butcher’s trio did not need much of an introduction. Even without the aid of a supercat, they were still physically strong enough to pose a legitimate threat to Team Flash.

Neither could tolerate the other.

This stemmed from the overwhelmingly different circumstances that got them to join Ivory. Indigo’s trio had volunteered to be part of the group because they recognized and admired its strength, while Butcher’s trio was forced into it by the God of Death.

The men did not respect each other and never saw eye to eye. This had resulted in quite a number of altercations between them, all over the smallest of issues.

Just as they were about to break into another fight, Butcher whipped his head towards the opening of the passageway. There was a deep furrow in his brow.

“Something...something’s coming?”

He was sure of this, but he could see absolutely nothing there.

There was a quiver in his ears. Then, he sniffed the air. He could not make out any incoming sounds or scents. However, he could sense that something was coming their way. He could feel some kind of sonic pulse that was eerily familiar.

In an instant, the color had drained from Butcher's face.

"Retreat!" he shouted, "All of you, retreat right now!"