

# Am I A God 521

## Chapter 521: Knowledge and Warning

With Roly Poly cradled in his arms, Zhao Yao was able to remain invisible as he walked down the passageway.

Now that Champion had recognized him, he had to conceal himself extra carefully. This required not only invisibility but Elizabeth's illusory powers as well. They ensured that no one would be able to see, hear, or even smell him.

This should be at least 99% effective. Unfortunately, Butcher belonged to the 1% that could still sense his presence.

After all, the illusions were carried and spread by sound waves. Having fought Zhao Yao before, Butcher knew how this worked. In fact, he had previously strained the muscles in his ears to block out the waves to protect himself from their reverberations.

He had experienced first-hand what they felt like and the familiar sensations warned him that danger was coming, even though Zhao Yao was still hundreds of meters away.

"You must all retreat immediately! Hurry! If not, it'll be too late."

The bulk of the apostles were at a loss at how to respond to the Butcher's frightened outburst. Indigo, however, burst into raucous laughter.

"Well, well, Butcher. The bark is certainly worse than the bite," he taunted, "Won't you look at your face right now? You're as terrified as a child. Not to worry, I promise not to bully you..."

"Idiot! Do you think I would be afraid of you?" Butcher spat, "He is coming. If you want to live to see tomorrow, you will listen to me and run."

He then shouted wildly, his voice echoing through the hall, "God of Death! You've made enemies with the wrong man. You must order a retreat instantly or we will all be dead. Your apostle is not just some man. He is the Headless Horseman!"

“So what if he is this Headless Horseman? If I want him, I will get him,” God of Death’s defiant response boomed through the phone in Ah Kong’s hand, “For Christ’s sake, get a grip on yourself, Butcher. I command you to stay here with Team Flash and finish him.”

“You are truly out of your depth here. This is the Headless Horseman we are talking about!” Butcher snarled, “Tank Top, Black Robe, we’re leaving. Now.”

He knew perfectly well the true horror of the Horseman’s powers. The apostles here were not his match. He did not want to think about what catastrophe would befall them if they were defeated and captured.

“Boss, is the Headless Horseman really here?”

Tank Top and Black Robe had not quite reached the height of the Butcher’s abilities yet, so they could not detect the approaching sound waves. Naturally, they were a little skeptical of what seemed to be an overreaction to nothing.

“Headless Horseman? Isn’t that the Jiangmen City Cat King endorsed by the authorities?” Indigo piped in, boring his eyes into the Butcher, “God of Death, sir, as I’ve said before, these three beefcakes are of no use to you. Team Flash can single-handedly solve any problem that comes your way.”

“You idiots,” Butcher seethed.

He knew that there was no point trying to convince these morons that fighting the Horseman was futile. They would have to learn this the hard way. When they fall at his feet, God of Death would know that he was telling the truth. However, he was not going to wait around for that to happen. He grabbed onto Tank Top and Black Robe, ready to hoist them out of here.

He was just about to make his move when the God of Death’s voice drifted menacingly from Ah Kong’s phone, “I have no idea what you plan to do next, Butcher, but I do know that if you take one more step, someone will die. The only question is who? Your parents? Your sister? Her husband? I know they’ve got a really cute son as well.”

Butcher clenched his jaw tightly, gritting his teeth.

“Don’t. You. Dare,” he bellowed.

The God of Death merely chuckled in response, “Oh, Butcher. You know I don’t joke around. So if I were you, I would turn back and make sure that I get the Horseman.”

“It’s too late,” Butcher shook his head, “He’s too close. We won’t make it.”

The sonic waves were mounting in strength. He cast his eyes on the opening of the tunnel.

“He’s here,” he said gravely.

The first thing Zhao Yao saw when he exited the passageway was the dozen apostles that had gathered around the clearing. He also spotted a solemn-looking Butcher.

“Ah, Butcher? He looks like he knows I’m here,” he sighed.

It seemed that there was no need to conceal himself. He proceeded to swallow Roly Poly, whom needed no illusions or tricks to crawl into his mouth to return to the extradimensional belly.

Without the cat, Zhao Yao instantly materialized into a living, breathing, very normal-looking man.

Indigo sniggered. There was nothing extraordinary about this person. He did not hesitate to take a few steps towards Zhao Yao.

“You? You’re the apostle who broke into our facility? I heard you’re the Headless Horseman, Cat King of Jiangmen City?” Indigo asked.

Zhao Yao did not bother responding. Instead, he quickly opened his mission panel to verify if he had failed the task now that his identity has been compromised.

“Phew, it’s still there.”

Indigo narrowed his eyes at Zhao Yao.

“Hey, Headless Horseman,” he demanded, “Did you listen to what I was saying?”

The yellow-haired apostle next to him sneered, “I think he’s gone into shock. He must be a little surprised that there’s so many of us in his welcoming committee.”

The red-headed apostle guffawed at his companion’s words. He chimed in, “Butcher, you’re afraid of this guy? Seriously? He doesn’t look too bright, does he? He might be a Cat King, but we all know that’s a label that the authorities stick on their puppets. He’s probably never even seen a real battle before.”

Butcher closed his eyes. He did not intend to speak or respond in any way. The men of Ivory had been in power in the south for far too long. They had become too complacent to fear the unknown.

“That’s enough talk,” God of Death’s annoyed voice could be heard, “Grab him.”

Indigo was the first to act. As he strode towards Zhao Yao, a silvery glow emerged from his body.

“I’ve heard that you, Headless Horseman, have climbed right to the top in Jiangmen City. Believe me when I say that we are nothing like your previous opponents. You won’t be trampling on us. We are the real deal. We are...the strongest.”

There was a certain madness playing on Indigo’s face. However, he was very much alert and attuned to each and every one of Zhao Yao’s actions. Of Team Flash, he was the one responsible for winding him up for a reason.

“Double Rebound. That’s the superpower that I borrowed. Any attack directed at me but will ricochet to its source with double the strength. This is why I must be the first to approach him, while the others cover me. However, if this guy is the careful sort, he might not strike first...”

Indigo was used to leading the trio into battle because of the nature of his abilities. He had hurled himself against a tank’s cannonball once. The impact blew the tank into smithereens. Even Butcher was unable to muster the right amount of strength to trap and destroy him.

As of now, he had never met anyone who could trump the Double Rebound.

He watched as the Horseman finally lifted his head and faced him.

“Things would be a lot easier since I don’t have to conceal my identity,” Zhao Yao thought.

He then addressed the crowd, “Could those who wish to remain unharmed please raise your hands as a show of surrender?”

Butcher did not need to be told twice. His hand shot into the air instantly. He made Tank Top and Black Robe raise theirs as well. Black Panther, his supercat, and Xiao Ming all raised their respective hands and paws too.

Indigo glowered at Zhao Yao, saying, “My dear boy, the only one here who will be harmed is you!”

With that, he rushed forward, aiming a punch at Zhao Yao’s cheek.

“Come on! Fight me! Fight back!” he thought urgently.

At that moment, Zhao Yao opened his mouth, revealing two wisps of light.

He gave his order telepathically, “Sphynx Cat, please deal with everyone who has not raised a hand.”

Swoosh!

A black figure darted out of his mouth so swiftly that no one spotted it, not even Butcher.

No words could sufficiently describe just how fast and agile Sphynx Cat was. He could accomplish so much in what felt like no time at all. When he reached Indigo, then gently scratched him on the chest with his claws. The cat narrowed his eyes. As the purple-haired teen was knocked off his feet, he felt an ache in his paw. He then zoomed back into Zhao Yao’s mouth and returned to the extradimensional belly.

His interaction with Indigo sparked a sonorous boom. As the teen started flying backward, his face scrunched together in confusion.

“What was that? Who hit me?” he wondered.

At the same time, Sphynx Cat was quite puzzled as well, “It seems that some of my power had been deflected?”

He had to try again. In a millisecond, he had whizzed to Indigo so he could tap him on the chest.

Sphynx Cat wagged his right paw in pain as he rocketed back into Zhao Yao’s mouth. It hurt even more the second time around.

The ache he experienced was nothing compared to the excruciating pain that Indigo was dealt with. He let out a blood-curdling scream as he crashed into the ground. It sounded like lashes were being welted on his body. He spat out a mouthful of blood before passing out.

Zhao Yao narrowed his eyebrows in displeasure.

“Sphynx Cat, didn’t I ask you to deal with everyone who hasn’t surrendered?” he questioned.

Ares’ answer echoed through the extradimensional belly, “Zhao Yao, you can’t mix friendship with business all the time. We don’t mind helping you out, but you can’t expect Sphynx Cat to do it for free all the time.”

Zhao Yao chuckled in response. Privately, he issued the greedy cat a threat, “Ares, if I were to lock you and Sphynx Cat in a bedroom for a month, a bedroom that is well-equipped with soap and condoms that is, what do you think will happen?”

He need not say more.

“Sphynx Cat, listen to the man. Now is now the time to talk about money! There’s an important enemy we must deal with first!” Ares shouted.

Sphynx Cat shot Ares a sultry smile, “Of course, my dear, leave it to me.”

Swoosh!

The apostles had barely registered what had happened to Indigo when the same, indiscernable black figure streaked through them again. This time, the red-haired and yellow-haired teenagers were its first target. They were sent flying through the air and could spare only a frightened glance at Zhao Yao before blacking out.

“What was that?”

“This is insane. We can’t beat it.”

“The Headless Horseman... He’s terrifying. Run!”

Chaos broke in the crowd as every apostle tried to escape the wrath of the Horseman. However, they started falling one by one like dominos as the black figure weaved through them.

In the blink of an eye, only Zhao Yao, along with the Butcher and his friends, remained standing.

God of Death’s voice could be heard from a phone that had fallen to the ground.

“Hello? What’s going on? Is anyone there? Hello?”

Chapter 522: Terms

Zhao Yao walked over to the phone and picked it up.

“Hello? Who am I speaking to?” he asked curiously.

There was a pregnant pause before the person on the other side of the line began to speak.

“I am the God of Death. You must be the Headless Horseman?”

“Oh?” Zhao Yao raised his eyebrows in surprise, “You’re the God of Death?”

“It seems that you have decimated my men.”

Silence fell again.

When the God of Death spoke again, he sounded even more somber than before.

“I doubt that are unfamiliar with the amount of power and influence that Ivory holds as an organization. We have friends everywhere. We’re in finance, politics, education, entertainment, construction, transport... We are so deeply embedded in this country’s infrastructure that we can no longer be separated.”

A deep crease settled between Zhao Yao’s eyebrows. He asked, “Your point is?”

“Join us,” God of Death answered briskly, “I can bestow upon you a rank in the organization that is second only to mine.”

Zhao Yao could hear muffled voices rising in the background. It sounded like this offer was met with much opposition among Ivory’s men. Soon, however, the commotion died and silence was restored again. It was obvious that the God of Death had hushed them, demonstrating just how much authority he held in the group.

“What say you?” God of Death continued in a tantalizing tone of voice, “Join us and you’ll be in complete control. You can mobilize billions of dollars as you deem fit and change the fates of thousands of men as you please. The history of the entire country, no, the entire world, will be your making...”

His words were met with shock and apprehension among his men. Even Butcher, Black Panther, and their respective companions took a collective intake of breath. They fixed their gazes on Zhao Yao, waiting to see how he would respond to this proposition.

To Butcher, the God of Death was the most powerful human because he could unite thousands to work together for one purpose. The Headless Horseman, on the other, was the most powerful superhuman because he was gifted with unimaginable abilities.

Ivory was already invincible with the God of Death by its side. If the Horseman was added into the mix, Butcher had no doubt that they could take over the world.

Of course, he had no idea that such a day would never come. The God of Death had no desire to work hand-in-hand with his newfound enemy. He was extending an olive branch to draw the Horseman in and destroy him.



Every person in the room waited with bated breath for Zhao Yao to speak.

Xiao Ming kept his eyes firmly locked onto the Horseman's back. He thought, "This phone call could start something that would change the world as we know it. We're watching history being made..."

"Well," Zhao Yao scratched his chin when he finally spoke, "Joining you is not out of the question."

The Butcher, along with the men standing alongside him, began to pale.

The God of Death, on the other hand, heaved a sigh of relief, "We can discuss this once we..."

"On one condition," Zhao Yao interrupted, "I get to be Ivory's leader. Promise me this and I'm in."

Silence followed. It was only broken when the God of Death began to hoot with laughter.

"Haha..."

"Hahahaha..."

It was as if Zhao Yao had told the funniest joke in the world. The God of Death was laughing so hard that he could not catch his breath. When he finally calmed down, he said, "I get it now. You have no intention to join us. That's alright. What I can promise you is that as long as you around, Ivory will not step foot in Jiangmen City."

With that, he hung up. When he whipped his head to face his men, he said coldly, "Gather Ivory's strongest apostles immediately. The Headless Horseman...is mine."

On the other end of the line, Butcher's shoulders visibly sagged with relief when the conversation came to a close.

Zhao Yao looked at them pointedly. "You three," he started, "Now's not the time to relax, is it? Your families are still under his control."

Butcher's heart lurched painfully against his chest.

"Crap," he thought, "I've forgotten about that due to the commotion."

The three men exchanged nervous glances. Zhao Yao shrugged his shoulders carelessly and said, "You guys can leave if you want to. I'm not going to stop you. However, before you go, do you mind telling me what plans Ivory has for the prison?"

The men did not hesitate to divulge everything that they knew. Unfortunately, they did not bring any new information to the table. The crease between Zhao Yao's eyebrows began to deepen.

"Do you know how they managed to get the Cat King of the West to do their bidding?" he asked, "He's just a supercat after all. I doubt he has family that they can threaten him with."

Butcher shook his head, "We're not sure too. All we know is that he is not controlled by the God of Death, but an American named Michael. He's in this prison too. We don't know what his role is, but it's somehow linked to the meteorite."

"American? Meteorite?" Zhao Yao wondered, "All of this points to Star Cats. This Michael fellow must be the key to unlocking all the remaining secrets in this prison."

He turned back to Butcher. "Okay, you can go now. I would suggest that you check in on Champion before you leave though. He's very concerned about you guys."

Butcher's eyes were shining with admiration and gratitude. He said, "Thank you. Seriously, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. Do not hesitate to call us if you need our help in the future."

As Zhao Yao watched the trio's retreating figures, the mission panel was refreshed. He had successfully completed the task of saving the Muscle Society. In return, he was rewarded with 1,000 \* 2 experience points. The Book now stood at Level 6 (27,122 / 20,000).

Once the Butcher and his men were gone, Zhao Yao focused his attention on Black Panther and Xiao Ming instead. His eyes narrowed when they landed on the supercat that was curled around the former's shoulders.

“If I stole this cat and chucked it on Cat Island, Black Panther would never be able to stab me in the kidneys ever again with that dumbass superpower of his,” he thought wistfully.

As much as he wanted to put this to action, he could not bear to do so. The cat was clinging onto Black Panther like his life depended on it. So, he simply sighed and said, “How did you guys end up here? You know what, I don’t even wanna know. Just go. Get out of here before you get into trouble again.”

Xiao Ming spun on his heel immediately. He was more than happy to leave. However, Black Panther held him back. He had some things to say to Zhao Yao first.

“Sir No Head, I never knew that this is what you really look like.”

At the moment, Zhao Yao had used the illusory choker to feign the most ordinary and forgettable appearance he could muster. He scowled at Black Panther.

“Call me by the wrong name one more time and I’ll neuter you,” he threatened menacingly.

Black Panther nodded rapidly in response, saying, “Yes, sir. Please accept me as your disciple and let me work for you!”

A look of alarm flashed past Xiao Ming’s face. He gripped onto a corner of Black Panther’s shirt and tried dragging him away.

“What a fool!” he thought, “He’d be in mortal peril every day if he stayed by the Headless Horseman! The enemies this man makes are dangerous. Very, very dangerous!”

After all, he had just witnessed the confrontation between the Horseman and Ivory. He had no interest in joining any fight of that kind. All he wanted to do was to make money so that he can pay off his debts.

Zhao Yao had no intention of keeping them by his side either. He rolled his eyes and said, “Get out of my sight.”

With that, he summoned a force field to knock them off their feet and launch them into the passageway. He then shrunk the force field to encase him perfectly like a second skin.

“Well, since I’ve been exposed, there’s no need to be surreptitious anymore.”

He pressed the force field against the ground to lift himself a meter into the air. When he darted forward, it looked like he was flying.

Chapter 523: Dreaming

A blue-eyed blond entered a separate clearing in the underground space.

It was Michael.

He cradled a chubby ginger cat in his arms. The cat was curled up comfortably. His eyes were covered by bank notes. His lips were shaped into a blissful smile. Even from afar, anyone could tell that the cat was Matcha.

Michael and Matcha were not alone. William walked next to them as they headed into another tunnel.

He turned to Michael and asked, “What about my debt?”

“You don’t have to worry about that, Captain Johnson. \$1.5 million is spare change to me,” Michael said, flashing him a charming smile while he stroke Matcha’s back, “As long as you complete your next mission, that money is yours. No, in fact, let’s make it \$2 million.”

William, who looked quite a sorry state in his prisoner’s uniform, looked up from his hands to the man next to him.

“Why exactly is Star Cats here?” he wondered aloud.

The corner of Michael’s lips curled.

“Well,” he started, “Our original target had been the God of Death. Unfortunately, that man’s sense of caution borders absolute paranoia. Even if we planted the meteorite at his feet, he would never let his supercat touch it. He would rather be safe than let his cat level up.”

William let out a breath he did not know he was holding. “The God of Death’s power can be leveled up? How? By increasing the number of people he can control?”

“Why not?” Michael said promptly, “Supercats were evolved from normal cats. It would not be unreasonable to expect that the meteorite will help them evolve their powers. I’m sure you’ve known about this for a while.”

“However, some of the higher-ups believe that the God of Death’s evolution would not be so simple. It would not allow him to just control even more people,” Michael continued, “Instead, they believe that he would be able to control apostles in his next form. The likelihood of this happening is small, but it is not impossible. This is why he is at the top of our list right now. If we can capture him, control him, and then help him level up, he would come in very handy in our future plans.”

William nodded half-heartedly. He did not want to imagine the kind of atrocities that Star Cats would commit if they ever had the God of Death in their control.

He let out another deep breath before saying, “That doesn’t explain why you’ve come to the Cat King of the West’s prison.”

“As I said before, the God of Death is a very careful man. However, he is not without ambition. He wants the meteorite. He wants to evolve his cat. All the nonsense about controlling the Cat King of the West, kidnapping supercats, and selling apostles is nothing more than a pretense. His true intention is to lure us here, right where he wants us. Then, he will strike.”

William mulled over this for a moment. As an investigative officer, it did not take long for him to read between the lines.

“The fact that you’re here means that you’re interested in Cat King, aren’t you?” he inferred.

When Michael spoke, he could not hide the excitement in his voice, “The Cat King of the West is far more formidable than I imagined. I doubt even he himself knows just how powerful he is. It’s a terrible waste to confine his abilities here in this sorry prison. He can transform the personality of any person, cat, apostle, or supercat. Compared to combative superpowers, this is much, much more interesting and complex.”

He talked with a sort of deranged fervor that drove William to widen the distance between them. His gaze fell on Matcha.

“And who’s that?” he asked.

Michael waved him off casually, “Don’t mind him. I just like carrying him around.”

“Yeah, right,” William thought to himself.

He did not continue to pursue the matter. At the moment, all he cared about was quickly completing the mission Michael had in store for him so he could get the \$2 million and return to the United States.

Soon, the two men approached the end of the tunnel, where a white cat was seated motionlessly. The most peculiar thing about this cat was not that it was sitting cross-legged as a human would, but that the hair on his head was clean shaven, revealing small, circular burn marks that were only seen on ordained monks.

William gaped. “What is he doing?”

“As you can see, the Cat King of the West is a monk,” Michael replied with a full-bodied shrug, “There’s no rule that forbids cat from becoming monks.”

“Okay...” William said, thoroughly unconvinced, “But aren’t monks supposed to be vegetarians? I doubt a cat can survive on a meatless diet.”

“He’s a monk that consumes meat,” Michael responded simply.

He was not particularly interested in entertaining William’s questions. He pointed at the empty space in front of the Cat King and said to him, “Sit here.”

William moved forward hesitantly. Now that he was closer to the Cat King, he could see that his eyes were shut. In fact, the cat was stock-still.

He could not help but ask, “What is he doing?”

Michael chuckled. "He's dreaming."

He looked down at the Cat King of the West, a smirk playing on his lips.

He thought, "If the Cat King's powers can work on the God of Death, locating his real body would no longer be an impossible task. However, now is still not the time. Much planning and testing must be done before I can launch this. Since Ivory is occupied right now, I can do a test run on William."

The recent wave of personality changes that hit the prisoners, guards, and supercats was orchestrated by the Cat King of the West. Michael ensured that the tests were discreet so that he would not arouse the God of Death's suspicions.

Now, a golden opportunity had presented itself. Ivory's presence in the prison had all but dissipated because the God of Death needed their help with something else. Michael had no clue what this was about, but it did not matter. All that mattered was that he was gifted a perfect chance.

As this thought flashed through his mind, Zhao Yao had arrived at the end of the tunnel with Roly Poly, whom kept him invisible.

The fat cat scrambled for his phone when he spotted Matcha in Michael's arms.

"Zhao Yao! Zhao Yao! Look!" he yodeled telepathically, "Matcha has mutinied!"

A heavy crease wrinkled the skin between Zhao Yao's eyebrows. It only worsened when he saw the bank notes that had covered Matcha's eyes.

"Matcha!" he yelled through their shared consciousness, "What the heck are you doing?"

However, no matter how loudly or what he shouted, Matcha did not respond.

"As he fallen asleep?" Zhao Yao wondered, the furrow in his brow growing deeper still as he hurried towards his cat, "William's here? And who's this guy?"

He briefly considered what to do before deciding on robbing them of their five senses. In an instant, Michael, William, Matcha, and even the Cat King of the West collapsed onto the ground, unconscious.

Zhao Yao immediately reached for Matcha. He retracted the ginger cat's eyelids to reveal pupils that were darting about swiftly and constantly.

"He's...dreaming?"

It was only natural that his next course of action was to call for Diana.

"Help me find out if the cats are dreaming," he instructed.

Diana's eyelids fluttered shut as she began her descent into the dream world. It did not take long for her eyes to snap wide open.

She said, "Those guys are dream sharing. It felt..."

"Like Nightmare Cat's work?" Zhao Yao cut in.

There was an icy hostility in his eyes when he turned his attention back to the men and cats sleeping on the ground.

"It seems like Nightmare Cat is responsible for the Cat King of the West's transformation. He could've been dreaming for ages by now," he stated.

With that, he planted his butt on the floor as well. "Diana, take me there."

The ragdoll cat shook her head vehemently. There was a frightened expression on her face when she spoke, "No. It won't work. This is not like the last time. Then, Nightmare Cat could not control the dream world because the thousands of cats and people that inhabited it kept changing and transforming it. Now, only a few inhabitants are there. Nightmare Cat would be able to play God. I barely escaped. It's too dangerous to dive in."



Sidequest: Wake the Cat King of the West

Objective: Foil the enemy's plan by waking the Cat King and putting an end to the corruption in the prison

Reward: 2,000 experience points

Punishment: None

“Wow, 2000 experience points. Just this alone would make up for all the time I've spent here.”

Naturally, it did not take long for Zhao Yao to reach a conclusion.

“You have nothing to worry about, Diana,” he stated firmly, “Send me there.”

Then, he tilted his head from side to side before opening his mouth. Ares and Sphynx Cat leaped out of it.

“I'm assigning the two of you as my guardians. Do not allow anyone to disturb me. Ares, make sure that you use your deflective field to protect yourself and Sphynx Cat at all times. Do not give the enemy a chance to attack or control you.”

Ares did as he was told without question. He could tell how serious Zhao Yao was from the fiercely determined look on his face.

As the force field unfurled around Sphynx Cat, he could not help but gaze adoringly at Ares. In his heart, the infatuated cat thought, “Is this... Is this considered our first time sharing a blanket?”

His loving stare sent chills down Ares' spine, but not the kind that he might have hoped for. Ares could feel his skin grow cold and clammy. His a\*\*hole had tightened to an impenetrable circumference.

“I can’t do this anymore,” he panicked internally, “This weird relationship cannot go on.”

As this thought crossed his head, another one manifested. It was an image of Sphynx Cat easily squishing tonnes of metal into little patties of any shape he desired. Fear and hesitation settled uneasily in the pit of Ares’ stomach.

“But the way he looks at me is getting creepier and creepier,” he argued with himself, “And he’s always following behind me into the bathroom. This does not bode well for me at all.”

After a moment of deliberation, Ares finally drew a conclusion he was happy with.

“I’ll need to approach Zhao Yao for help in a couple days. I can’t take this anymore! I’ll give my soul to the Devil if I must.”

While Ares had been contemplating about what to do next, Zhao Yao was getting ready for his descent into the dream world. He had already switched his skill to Matcha’s TimeFreeze. Next, he had a special task for Sphynx Cat.

“If I do not leave dream world after an hour has passed, kill me. I’ll be revived in a jiffy.”

Sphynx Cat’s lips curled into a smug grin. He waved his sharp claws at Zhao Yao.

“With pleasure,” he said, “Killing you is one of the items on my bucket list.”

Zhao Yao surveyed the tunnel they were in. This was not quite the safest place for his physical body as he embarked on his journey. Hence, he spat Elizabeth and her family out from the extradimensional belly and into the prison.

“...so that’s the current situation,” he explained, “I’m trusting you guys to support Ares and Sphynx Cat in protecting me.”

With so many safeguards in place, he was now confident enough to make the descent.

Zhao Yao nodded at Diana, then let his eyelids fall shut.

\*

When Zhao Yao's eyes snapped open, he found himself in his bedroom.

He was lounging on an exquisitely comfortable recliner. Within arm's reach was a curated selection of snacks and drinks, an impressively large computer screen, and a box of tissues.

The last time he entered the dream world, it did not take long for the illusion to break. With the combined perception of five supercats, he quickly realized that what he was seeing and experiencing was not real.

This time, however, things were different. It was exactly like what Diana had said. This dream was shared among only a few individuals. As such, the level of control that Nightmare Cat had here was god-like. He could definitely do more than spawn new NPCs now.

This was why Zhao Yao did not at all suspect that something was wrong. He simply sunk deeper into the recliner and reached for a stack of potato chips. He browsed the web as he popped them one by one into his mouth.

He harbored no intention of getting up.

"God, this chair is comfortable," he thought in amazement.

He was in his happy place.

All the things that he needed were displayed neatly on shelves that were easily reached. There was nothing he could not grab without getting off his butt.

He was practically radiating joy.

Nightmare Cat sniggered as he watched Zhao Yao's every move. At the moment, he had taken the form of a purple cat. Michael was standing next to him. Next to them was Zhao Yao, who did not notice their presence because they were invisible.

“Hehe,” Nightmare Cat chuckled darkly, “I have delved deep into his subconscious to create this dreamscape. He would never be able to tell that none of this is real. We’re gonna mess him up real good.”

There was a slight furrow between Michael’s eyebrows. He asked, “The things we do here – will they affect what’s happening with the Cat King of the West?”

Nightmare Cat was quick to respond, “Nope. They’re not in the same place.”

With that, he decided to start having a bit of fun. The cat flexed his paws. In an instant, the building started to catch fire with alarming briskness.

He started laughing haughtily once more, obviously pleased with his handiwork. He could already imagine how pathetic Zhao Yao would look as he scrambled for his life. He would make things worse and worse and eventually reduce him to a shaking mess.

“Let’s see how quickly you can run, boy!”

Contrary to his belief, Zhao Yao did not partake in any scrambling. Even as the flames engulfed the apartment complex, he remained seated in the recliner. In fact, he was still munching his potato chips.

His hands were the only things he moved. They struck against in each other in a firm clap.

In a flash, the raging fire had been instantly extinguished by the golden deflective field.

“How...how is this possible?” Nightmare Cat seethed, “Alright, let’s try something else then!”

He imagined that the building collapsed and that was exactly what happened. The ceilings ripped open and the concrete floors gave way. Zhao Yao plummeted to the ground in a flurry of cement and metal.

When it looked like all hope was lost, the golden glow appeared again. This time, it covered him from head to toe. He shot through the rubble like a shooting star and landed gracefully on the ground.

“Darn it!” Nightmare Cat swore, “He’s become even more powerful than before. The usual tactics won’t be enough to deal with him.”

“Don’t get too carried away,” Michael warned, “If he dies, he’ll leave the dream. I’ll be in deep s\*\*t when he goes back to reality.”

Michael was now aware that both his and Zhao Yao’s physical bodies were at the end of the tunnel.

Nightmare Cat brushed him off with a simple, “Don’t worry. He won’t die that easily.”

What followed was a series of terribly unfortunate events for Zhao Yao. It felt like the entire world had it in for him. Accidents plagued him wherever he went, from fires, cyclones, floods, and earthquakes, to truck collisions and plane crashes. He used his superpowers to protect himself from each catastrophe.

His acts of self-preservation were a purely unconscious decision. It sure felt odd that this string of calamities was happening to him, but it did not trigger his conscious mind to question if this was all just a dream.

Michael had fallen into a quiet state of shock as he watched the events unfold.

“This kind of apostle actually exists?” he asked, “Nightmare Cat, is he this powerful in reality?”

“Duh,” the purple cat retorted, “He still has no clue that this is a dream, so he’s behaving as he could in reality. Also, unlike me, he cannot manipulate the dreamscape. Even if he finally sees what’s happening, he won’t be able to create crazy new powers for himself.”

Nightmare’s Cats lit up when he finished speaking. An epiphany had occurred to him.

“Hmm, since this guy is impossible to beat in combat, I should change my strategy. I should cause him irreparable mental and emotional damage instead.”

Michael stared at him wordlessly. He had no idea what the cat had up his sleeves this time. Even if he did, there was no stopping him. Nightmare Cat was a partner, not a subordinate.

The cat had already put his plan to action anyway. This manifested as an overwhelming urge in Zhao Yao to withdraw cash. He walked to the nearest ATM and pushed his card into the slot. The screen display revealed that his account balance was \$0.00.

Nightmare Cat could not contain his giggles again, “How do you feel now? Aren’t you devastated -,”

He stopped mid-sentence as Zhao Yao removed his card calmly, then opened his mouth and swallowed the entire ATM in one gulp.

“I’m pretty sure I had several billion dollars in my account. Guess I’ll have to visit a few more ATMs to get back what is mine.”

Nightmare Cat gawked as Zhao Yao strolled down the street and sucked in every machine that he could find. This proved to be too time-consuming, so he eventually headed to the currency printing facility. There, he could finally guzzle the billions of dollars that were taken from him.

“Darn it,” Nightmare Cat swore, “The unconscious mind controls a person’s actions in dreams. This hooligan must have been dying to rob a bank for ages to react like this.”

This plan might have failed, but it did not take long for a new one to spring from his mind. His eyes lit up as he muttered, “Ah, yes. Let’s see how you respond to this...”

Zhao Yao was suddenly overcome with the desire to go home. He did not find it strange that the apartment complex, which previously had been reduced to rubble, was standing again. When he opened the door to his bedroom, he spotted a strapping lad on top of a beautiful woman.

“Ah, Zhao Yao? I’m sorry, but I’m in love with him, not you.”

Zhao Yao had never seen these two NPCs before, but a voice in his head told him that the woman was his girlfriend.

“Hehehe!” Nightmare Cat crowed with delight, “You’ve been made a cuckold! This is the secret shame that burns the strongest of men to rubble. Let’s see how you’ll survive this heartbreak.”

His gleeful gloating came to an abrupt halt when Zhao Yao slammed the door shut, shook his head, and sighed, “Hmm, there’s no way in hell that I’ll get a girlfriend. I must be dreaming.”

When he opened the door again, the man and woman whom were locked in an embrace had vanished.

Nightmare Cat was livid by now.

“S\*\*t!” he yelled, shaking his head violently in disbelief, “This guy! Even in his subconscious, his sense of cognition is functional enough to alter the dreamscape! How can he be so sure that he can’t have a girlfriend? What’s he trying to do? Be a 40-year-old virgin?!”

“Darn it!” the cat said through gritted teeth, “Let’s try something else then.”

In an instant, every human in Zhao Yao’s dreamscape had disappeared, leaving him all alone.

Nightmare Cat was chuckling again, “Loneliness is a fear shared by every living being that walks this earth! How long can you take it, I wonder? Enjoy your spiral into madness!”

He watched with bated breath as Zhao Yao left his apartment to look for people and food. The search lasted a disappointing five minutes before he returned home to start a single-player game.

“What the heck?!” Nightmare Cat exclaimed, roving around Zhao Yao, “Seriously, you stop looking after five minutes? Just five minutes? Aren’t you worried about your friends, family, or parents? You didn’t even haul your lazy butt out of the neighborhood! Are you a living, breathing person or not?”

Michael was perplexed as well. The furrow in his brow was in full force.

“Maybe he just hasn’t felt the impact of the disappearances yet. You should fast forward the time. He’ll feel it soon,” he suggested.

Nightmare Cat nodded in agreement. “That must be it. He just hasn’t realized that he’s literally the only man left in this world.”

With that, he sped up the time in Zhao Yao's dreamscape. The rate at which time passed had always differed greatly between dreams and reality. As a dream maker, Nightmare Cat could easily widen that chasm as he pleased.

However, he could not exempt either himself or Michael from the time lapse. They were also in Zhao Yao's dreamscape after all. When the fast forward ended, all the events and changes that had taken place during the jump will hit them at once.

Nightmare Cat started slow. When he jumped forward by a week, Zhao Yao was still glued to the game.

He sped things up again, this time by a month. 30 days' worth of events were crammed into Nightmare Cat's head all at once. Unfortunately, every day was the same. Zhao Yao never stopped playing.

He swore loudly, then pulled another fast forward. One year later, Zhao Yao was still doing the exact same thing.

The cat gawked at him, partly baffled but mostly infuriated.

"What the hell is wrong with this guy?! He's been doing nothing but play games for a year! Are computer games that fun?"

Michael, who had been watching Zhao Yao like a hawk, suddenly cried, "He's getting up!"

The pair kept a weather eye on him as he shuffled forward. He lifted his laptop from the recliner and moved it to his bed, then resumed playing.

Nightmare Cat felt like he was dangerously close to exploding from anger!

"I don't believe! I'm going to fast forward again. He has to stop at some point!"

"No, there's no need to do that. I've found his weakness," Michael said quickly, "Disable the Internet. Disable his internet connection right now!"

Chapter 525: Nothingness



Michael's words were a revelation.

Nightmare Cat's eyes lit up when he said, "Yes, the laptop is his lifeline. Without it, he is nothing."

He willed the disruption of all electricity and internet access in the dreamscape.

At last, something that he had done seemed to have flummoxed Zhao Yao, whom was staring at the blank laptop screen dumbly. This pleased him tremendously. He could not help but let out an enormous belly laugh.

"Hehehe. I wonder what you are going to do now."

As if in response, Zhao Yao got changed and left the apartment.

"Hehe, are you heading out to find a working power source? It'll be futile, boy. I've cut off all the electricity. All of it. Your search will suck all the happiness and hope out of you. Enjoy your nightmare..."

Three hours later, Nightmare Cat was gawping at Zhao Yao with his mouth hanging wide open. It turned out that he had not left the house to look for a power source. He was looking for materials to make his own generator. It worked perfectly and he was now comfortably nestled in the covers, back at his game.

Nightmare Cat slumped forward, his paws holding clamping onto his throbbing head.

"How did he do that?" he wondered aloud.

Michael could not help but roll his eyes.

"You know," he started, "You could just make his laptop disappear."

Nightmare Cat looked at him.

“Make his laptop disappear?” he repeated after him, venom dripping from his words, “That’s not enough. I want everything to disappear. I want him to suffer. I want him to be stuck in a limbo of nothingness!”

He concluded his proclamation with a sinister chuckle.

He was still laughing when he crushed the very core of the dreamscape that he had created. The world around them began to crumble. Then, darkness swallowed it whole.

Michael watched the rapid decay in stunned silence.

“This...” he thought to himself, “He’s just going to wipe the world out of existence? It’s such a simple solution, but perhaps that’s why it’s the best one.”

His gaze fell on Zhao Yao, whom was curled up in the fetus position, completely alone.”

Michael let out a breath he did not know he was holding.

“He has no one for company. Even light and sound have abandoned him. Anyone would be driven insane. This will break even the strongest man. It’s really just a matter of when.”

At that moment, Michael realized that he had underestimated Nightmare Cat’s ability. Nothingness was a fate far crueler than any catastrophe that could happen in real life, but in the dream world, he could make it a reality.

While Michael was pensive and Nightmare Cat was cheery, Zhao Yao was not exhibiting much emotion at all. There was no trace of panic or fear in him. Calmly, he simply opened his mouth. A vortex warp appeared briefly. Then, he was gone.

“What happened?” Michael gasped, “Did he leave the dream?”

Nightmare Cat blinked a few times in surprise. He shut his eyes in concentration, obviously trying to find something. When he opened them, he said, “He hasn’t left. He has the power to cross to another dimension. But don’t worry, he may be somewhere else now, but he’s still ultimately in the dream world.”

With that, he raised a paw and scratched the air.

It was as if they were in a play and Nightmare Cat had ripped the backdrop to reveal a brand new one. Both himself and Michael had left the darkness and entered the extradimensional belly. And right there, smack in the middle, was Zhao Yao, whose eyes were glued to the laptop screen, fingers flying across the keyboard.

He was playing a computer game. Again.

Nightmare Cat might have been defeated again, but he was not discouraged.

“Hmpf,” he snorted dismissively, “I’ll reduce this place to nothingness too.”

He waved his paw in the air and everything in the confines of the belly vanished.

“That should do,” he said smugly.

This second disappearing act seemed to have done the trick. Zhao Yao simply sat there, still as a statue, as if he was recovering from the shock of being thrust into nothingness once more. There could be nothing more pleasing to the Nightmare Cat’s eyes.

“Well, it seems like I have finally succeeded,” he declared with a bellow of laughter, “Do you see the true horrors of my power now?”

When Zhao Yao finally moved, it was to lie on the ground. There, he closed his eyes. It seemed like he had fallen asleep out of boredom.

“Really? You think that sleeping will help?” Nightmare Cat snorted, “It won’t. No matter how many times you sleep and wake, you can never leave this dream. It will only worsen the disorientation and hasten your descent into madness.”

The cat tilted his head to the side. Yes, he wanted to hasten the process too so he could see what shape Zhao Yao would be in in the end.

He skipped forward one day in time, then decided to just go for it and jumped past a month.

Somehow, Zhao Yao was still lying on his side, fast asleep.

Nightmare Cat and Michael stared at his unmoving form, dumbfounded.

“He... He’s still sleeping?”

A switch in Michael’s mind flickered on.

“Hey, could he be dreaming within this dream?” he wondered aloud.

Nightmare Cat’s answer was immediate and firm, “A dream within a dream? Impossible. Without my permission, nobody in here can dream.”

The cat’s gaze lingered on the sleeping man for a while longer before he decided to find out what was going on in his mind. This was a cake walk for him. The thoughts of a person who did not recognize that he was, in fact, dreaming can only blossom from the subconscious. Accessing the subconscious was Nightmare Cat’s forte. It was how he could create and control the dreamscape in the first place.

The cat waved his paw over Zhao Yao’s head, drawing wisps of smoke. They hovered above Zhao Yao and fused into a cloud. In its center, his thoughts were displayed for the two of them to see.

When they peered in, they were greeted with the sight of countless beautiful women, cats, and places that Zhao Yao had come across in his adventures around the globe. He was even accumulating riches and new superpowers in his legion of escapades.

Nobody would have expected to see that Zhao Yao had single-handedly created a whole new world with just the power of his imagination.

Michael was utterly flabbergasted.

“This guy...” he thought to himself, “He can live vicariously through his imagination for so long?”

“This isn’t just about living vicariously,” Nightmare Cat interrupted, brows furrowed, “It’s his superpower. He can create illusions of some sort. Whatever he can think up, he can actually experience. He is like his own server. He hosts every virtual game imaginable and he can play whatever he wants, whenever he wants.”

“Even so,” he continued, “A normal person shouldn’t be able to live in a virtual world for so long.”

“So how is he doing exactly that right now? How can such a person exist? How can a virtual world satisfy you? Don’t you have higher aspirations and expectations?!” he roared.

Nightmare Cat seemed to have hit his breaking point. He felt defeated. There was nothing he could do to break the man sleeping in front of him.

Michael was at a complete loss as well.

“We’ve failed completely,” he thought, “Even on his turf, Nightmare Cat is unable to beat him.”

“There is nothing remarkable about his appearance, but he hides immense physical and mental strength beneath that facade. In fact, it is his mental capacity that is truly terrifying. His ironclad determination borders madness.”

“This man is an undefeatable psycho.”

Now, Michael felt quite unnerved as he looked into Zhao Yao’s thoughts, where he was happily hopping from one adventure to the next.

Suddenly, a loud explosion rang through the air and Zhao Yao vanished.

“What was that? What superpower is it this time?” Michael asked.

“That’s not it,” Nightmare Cat said curiously, “He left the dream. How did he do it?”

“Left the dream?” Michael echoed, “Then you have to send me back out there. It’ll be too late if we don’t return right now. We can’t hurt him here and neither he, us. It’ll be different out there in the real world.”

There was a glimmer of light in Nightmare Cat's eyes as he made sense of Michael's words.

## Chapter 526: Scary, Scary Supercat

"This supercat is named Matcha," Michael explained, "He can stop time. I wanted to take him back to America for research, but it looks like we'll have to use him right now. He's our only hope of leaving unscathed."

A trip into Matcha's dream had given him a fair bit of information about the ginger cat and his apostle, Zhao Yao. He knew that Zhao Yao was the Headless Horseman and that he owned a large number of supercats. More importantly, Michael now knew about TimeFreeze and that Matcha was the most powerful supercat in Zhao Yao's arsenal (at least according to the cat in question).

"Remember," Michael continued, "The transition must be seamless. Matcha must not realize that he has left the dream. That's the only way that we can get him to fight Zhao Yao. They are companions after all."

Nightmare Cat flashed him a sly grin, "Got it."

Matcha was clueless about what was to come. Currently, he was nestled comfortably under the covers, surrounded by his harem of ragdoll cats. When he woke up from his nap, he leaped out of bed and strolled out onto the balcony, which overlooked the peaks of snow-cloaked mountains.

He sighed as he took in the view, "It's true when they say that it's lonely at the top."

His butler emerged next to him and said, "Boss, a person, dressed poorly I might add, has come to see you?"

Matcha carefully licked his leg before responding, "Why are you telling me this? Ask him to leave. I don't meet just anyone."

"Well, the man said that he was your previous owner, Zhao Yao."

“Zhao Yao?” Matcha asked.

An involuntary shiver ran down his spine. He could feel fear rising up his throat, but he suppressed it at once.

“I do not have to be afraid of him anymore. I am the richest and most powerful cat in the world today,” he assured himself.

To the butler, he said, “Alright, let’s go meet him then.”

At this point, Michael, who was assuming the role of a servant, stepped forward to lift Matcha. He carried him into the Maglev elevator, which descended at the speed of 80 floors per second. In no time at all, they had reached the basement.

As Michael walked towards Zhao Yao, Matcha started to become visibly excited.

“Ah, I wonder if Zhao Yao looks old and ugly and poor now?” he speculated, “He must look like one of those old men who pore through the rubbish bins on the streets.”

The image made him burst into laughter.

“Hahahaha, who would have known that he would be reduced to a nobody!”

Ten minutes later, Michael entered a tunnel that looked exactly like the one that sat beneath the prison. When he opened the door, Matcha’s vision went dark for a moment before he was blinded by a stream of light. He did not know this, but it was at that point that he had left his dream.

The real Zhao Yao stood before him, surrounded by his supercat friends.

\*

In the real world.

It was dead quiet. The seconds stopped ticking. Time had come to a standstill.

Zhao Yao's body materialized from nowhere and landed on the ground unharmed.

He tried moving his head and it hurt.

"Hmm? Have I been revived? Has it been an hour already?" he asked, stretching his neck side-to-side.

He tried to recall what had happened in the dream, but he drew a blank.

"I can't seem to remember what the dream was about, but I feel like it was something happy."

"But if I had to be revived, it must mean that I could not leave the dream even after a whole hour," he continued, scratching the bottom of his chin thoughtfully, "Nightmare Cat must be pretty good at what he does. If I can't deal with him in the dreamscape, I'd have to do it in real life."

Zhao Yao snapped his fingers and time started moving forward again.

He turned to face Sphinx Cat and asked, "How was it? Did anything happen while I was out?"

Ares shook his head in response. "Nothing so far. Dust Ball dropped by once to report that in general, the prison is still functioning quite normally. The real prison staff has not detected the abnormalities."

Zhao Yao nodded. Then, he turned to the Cat King of the West, whom was still snoozing away.

"Well, I guess I'll have to resort to very physical means to wake him up," he concluded.

He was about to strike when Michael stood up all of a sudden. He had left the dream too.

Zhao Yao raised his eyebrows at him. "Oh, I'm surprised that you dare to wake up."

Michael did not speak. He was waiting for Matcha to say something.



He had pinned all his hopes on the ginger cat. He had the power to stop time, for Christ's sake. If he was willing to, he would be able to defeat Zhao Yao easily.

Matcha's eyes fell on Zhao Yao first. Then, he took in all the familiar faces that were also here. He could not help but begin chuckling.

"Well, well! It's a pleasant surprise that you've all decided to turn up to. Hehehehe, are you here to borrow money from me? How much? You know what, it doesn't matter. No matter how much you want, I'm not lending it to you!" he chortled.

Ares, Sphinx Cat, and Elizabeth's family threw him odd looks.

Roly Poly, on the other hand, had clamped his paw against his mouth to keep himself from laughing.

"He's dead. He's so dead," he thought.

The expression of distaste worn by the cats was misinterpreted as envy and hatred to Matcha. He was very pleased with this reception. He turned to Zhao Yao and said, "Little Zhao, you're not a little boy anymore. You can't expect others to take care of you. Yes, I've made a pretty nice living for myself, but that money did not come by easily."

Zhao Yao looked at him blankly. "You are just..."

"Do not interrupt me when I am speaking," Matcha stated firmly, raising a paw to silence him, "Now, where was I? Oh yes, as I was saying, you're not getting any younger, Xiao Zhao. You cannot continue to waste away like this. Everything I have achieved today I had to fight for with these very claws. Do you seriously believe that wealth will just come knocking? That is never going to happen."

A dark aura was beginning to waft out of Zhao Yao.

"Do you have a death wish, you idiot?" he asked, glaring at Matcha.

“Look at you!” Matcha exclaimed condescendingly, “Are you trying to scare me? Do you think I will be afraid of you? Listen to me, old man. Your scare tactics might have worked in the past, but they will not help you now.”

With that, he darted out of Michael’s arms and sashayed towards Elizabeth. He nodded briefly as he seemed to survey her appearance.

“Oh, Elizabeth, you are as parfaite as always. To date, I’ve been with at least ten thousand cats just like you.”

He shrugged nonchalantly before he continued, “To be honest, a ragdoll cat like you is not all intéressant to me.”

“Why are you peppering bits of French into your sentences?” Elizabeth asked, completely unimpressed.

“Ah? Have I been doing that?” Matcha responded, feigning an air of carelessness, ” Je ne sais pas . It’s probably because I just returned from Paris, where I got used to speaking français . You know how it is.”

Elizabeth rolled her eyes at him.

“Idiot,” she muttered.

Once he was done with Elizabeth, Matcha moved towards Roly Poly. Roly Poly was shaking from laughter, but he assumed that he was actually trembling with fear.

“Stupid garçon , are you still working at that lousy cat cafe?” Matcha asked, “I can fit both Zhao Yao’s maison and cafe in my toilet. I seriously don’t know why you bother fighting so hard for it.”

When Matcha left, he was wearing the smuggest expression imaginable. Roly Poly fell straight to the ground, where he covered his mouth with one paw to quell his laughter while using the other to slam the floorboard. Tears were starting to stream down his cheeks.

Finally, Matcha made his way back to Zhao Yao. He took one look at him, then focused his attention on his claws while he spoke.

“Little Zhao,” he started, “I need an extra pair of hands to clean the toilets in my villa. If you feel like you’re up for it, I can give you that job. I’ll let you in on a little secret. The très riche like myself do not like using self-cleaning automatic litter boxes. The smell...it’s too strong. We prefer having people clean up after us. If you’re interested, I can assign you to be my personal...”

Bam !

Zhao Yao had seized Matcha with just one hand. The ginger cat had been squeezed into a tight ball.

“Matcha,” Zhao Yao said menacingly, “Am I losing my touch or have all those dreams made you stupid?”

“Dreams?” Matcha repeated after him dumbly.

Countless memories hit him all at once like a freight train. The absolute lack of logic to each of the events was suddenly clear as day. Beads of cold sweat began to trickle down his back.

“Good God, I was dreaming!”

After this dramatic declaration, he fell to the floor in a dead faint.

“Stop pretending and get up,” Zhao Yao demanded, shaking Matcha.

He glared at Michael from the corner of his eyes and added, “You actually joined them? I brought you into this prison with me so that you can help me investigate what has been going on and you decide to rebel instead?”

“No! I would never do that!” Matcha protested in earnest, “He said that he would give me \$1 million if I joined them. I accepted the money, but I never promised to join them.”

Zhao Yao narrowed his eyes at the ginger cat.

“So, this \$1 million you mentioned, did you say that it was yours?” he asked.

Matcha gulped. His pupils darted quickly from left to right and back again.

“No, no, that’s not what I meant,” he said quickly, “It is yours, Zhao Yao. The \$1 million belongs to you. I was just keeping it on your behalf.”

## Chapter 527: The Infinite Flow of Idleness

It was becoming impossible for Roly Poly to hold it in. Even with his paw clamped against his mouth, morsels of laughter were radiating off him. The fat rolls on his body were wobbling violently from the reverberations.

Zhao Yao patted Matcha’s head before dumping him on the ground.

“Go to that corner there and stand on your hind legs. You are not allowed to sit unless I say so,” he ordered.

Matcha’s face was wet with tears as he meekly did as he was told.

“I’ll deal with you when we’re home,” Zhao Yao added, throwing him one last dirty look.

Then, he turned to Michael and said, “For now, I want to talk to you. Tell me what your plans for the Cat King of the West are. What kind of dream is he stuck in?”

Michael was dumbfounded. He never would have expected that his final hope, Matcha, would give up so easily. There was no fight. There was no brawl. The cat just surrendered. He looked towards him and shouted, “Sir George! Why aren’t you fighting back? Didn’t you tell me that you only lent him your power because you pitied him? Didn’t you say that you’ve had enough of his tyranny?”

Matcha’s protestation was instant.

“Lies! You’re telling lies!” he shouted, before turning his pair of large, innocent eyes at Zhao Yao, “Zhao Yao, Zhao Yao, I don’t know what this foreigner is talking about. I’m loyal only to you.”

Zhao Yao rolled his eyes before gripping Michael's collar roughly.

"Save your breath," he warned the blonde, "My cats will never betray me. Now, tell me what the hell you're doing to the Cat King."

Even though Michael had no clue what Matcha had mewled about, he could still conclude that the ginger cat had no intention to fight his owner. He had no way out except to start talking.

He had barely opened his mouth when a surge of anger stormed his body. He was overcome with an uncontrollable fury that made him throw a punch at Zhao Yao.

Zhao Yao caught Michael's fist almost immediately. He narrowed his eyes at his opponents, studying him. Hostile thoughts towards Michael were invading his mind. He felt that everything that had happened was this stupid blondie's fault and he really, really wanted to bash his skull in.

The two men were not the only ones who were suddenly overwhelmed with rage. The supercats who surrounded them were beginning to look crabby.

Matcha had extended his sharp claws. Roly Poly was baring his teeth. The ragdoll cat family had begun to hiss.

Only Ares and Sphinx Cat were unaffected. The pair observed the changes around them curiously.

"I wonder what's going on?" Sphinx Cat asked.

Ares thought about this for a moment before responding. "This looks like a superpower to me. We might be protected because of my deflective shield."

At this, he expanded the reach of his shield to cover every man and cat that was at the end of the tunnel.

The tense expressions on their faces instantly relaxed. They were still full of fury, but it was not as intense as what they felt before.

"You fools!" Michael shouted, "It's the Cat King! That was him activating his power!"

Rationally, Michael knew that there was no point in getting angry or throwing a fit. However, there were still remnants of rage left that made it impossible for him to speak unless it was at the top of his lungs.

Zhao Yao rolled his shoulders and shook out his arms and legs.

“What happened exactly?” he wondered aloud.

“That was the Cat King’s work,” Michael yelled, “His ability is to transform the temperaments of those around him to match his own. He had been a religious Buddhist, so he could reform the prisoners here.”

“Now, Nightmare Cat is keeping him in a dream that is filled with endless agony, rage, and violence,” he continued, still speaking at full volume, “This is why the people and cats that are within his reach have become more and more aggressive!”

All along, Michael had only asked Nightmare Cat to test the waters. He had never sanctioned a transformation as drastic as the one he just experienced.

It would seem that the defeat at the hands of Zhao Yao had incited Nightmare Cat to forgo protocol. He was desperate for some revenge and the Cat King’s power was the easiest way to get it. He would convert every supercat in the prison into feral monsters that would tear Zhao Yao apart, or at least cause him a bit of trouble.

Even without the cats, Zhao Yao’s new, antagonistic personality would ensure that he would initiate conflict and unrest wherever he went.

“How big is the Cat King’s reach?” Zhao Yao shouted at Michael.

“He can affect the entire prison!” Michael bellowed, “You’ve got to kill him! He’s a time bomb that can detonate any time now. When that happens, the supercats will be exploding with rage!”

“Make Nightmare Cat stop!” Zhao Yao yelled back, “Can’t you just give him sweet dreams instead?!”

Michael shook his head vehemently. Frustration was building in him like a hairball.

“No, I can’t!” he cried, “That cat does not listen to me. Even if I wanted to stop him by force, I can’t. He’s still in the dreamscape. He’s untouchable!”

A throbbing headache was developing beneath Zhao Yao’s temples. He did not want to imagine the chaos that would ensue when dangerously hostile supercats, prisoners, and prison guards clashed.

He pushed against the boundaries of the deflective shield, fighting to get closer to the Cat King. A plan was quickly formulating in his head as he did so.

The first thing he had to do was to quarantine the Cat King. He swiftly contained him in another force field, thereby blocking his power from seeping into the prison.

“This works, but I can’t do this 24/7. This also doesn’t deal with the fact that the prison probably already...”

“Stop hesitating! You might be able to stop the spread of his power now, but the damage has been done,” Michael shouted, echoing Zhao Yao’s assumptions, “The only way to undo it all is to kill him. I bet the prison has already descended into chaos. If you don’t stop him now, things will only get worse.”

Zhao Yao had no idea what was going on in the prison above them, but he could see that his own cats were starting to act on their aggression. Elizabeth’s family of four were hissing and grappling with each other. Roly Poly and Matcha had gotten into an all-out brawl as well. Both were trying to scratch, bite, and beat the other.

Only Ares and Sphinx Cat, who had been protected by the deflective shield all along, remained composed. They were not hit by the Cat King’s wave of ferocity.

The scene of absolute anarchy moved Zhao Yao to place his palm on the Cat King’s head.

“Do I really have to kill him?” he wondered.

“No.”

“There must be another way.”

Zhao Yao turned and shouted, “Ares, put me and the Cat King in the same force field.”

Ares blinked up at him in surprise. He asked, “Are you sure?”

“Hurry!”

Ares nodded and did as he was told. With that, Zhao Yao was containing the Cat King with one force field, which Ares was containing the two of them in another.

Zhao Yao switched from Ares’ skill to Elizabeth’s. His eyes gleamed red as he seized control of the Cat King’s mind.

“Wake up now!” he ordered.

The Cat King’s eyes snapped open. He might have just woken, but he was already in the worst of moods. He cast a malicious glare at Zhao Yao, which was ignored.

“Deactivate your power!”

Unfortunately, that did not work.

“How can this be?”

It did not take long for Zhao Yao to land on a plausible explanation, “Maybe his power is always switched on? Does that mean that he has been spreading anger for as long as he was dreaming?”

He had no time to question this conclusion. His close proximity to the Cat King had rapidly intensified the rage within him. He switched powers once more, this time to the Sixth Sense.

“C’mon! Stop being so angry all the time! Can’t you try and cheer up?”



Zhao Yao had hoped to spread some semblance of joy to the Cat King. However, he himself was overcome with a complex blend of wrath and anxiety, so it was impossible to use the Sixth Sense as he had intended.

Instead, the only emotion he managed to pass to the Cat King was his anger, which in turn worsened the cat's mood.

"I've failed?"

Zhao Yao's eyes narrowed in resentment. He yanked the Cat King's neck, squeezing it so tightly that it looked like he wanted to choke him to death.

At this point, he had transformed into a man with the shortest of fuses. The smallest irritation could set him off. The only thing holding him back was his spirit, which was fortified with the strength of five supercats and would not be easily broken. It curtailed the savage impulses that pumped through his body.

"Of course I failed. I'm not happy at all, so how can I spread joy?" he reasoned with himself, "The only thing I can give him is what I feel now – fury."

Golden shimmers flashed past Zhao Yao's eyes as he tried to activate the Sixth Sense again. This time, he delivered an incorruptible ethos that sat at the very core of his existence.

"Can you stop wasting time on s\*\*t like this? Life is so much better when all you do is eat, sleep, and play video games!"

Zhao Yao's slacker's attitude to life rolled off him in waves and crashed into the Cat King, drowning him. In that moment, the profuse anger within him dissipated to give way to laziness. In turn, the fury that he had been spreading was also transformed into idleness, which was passed back to Zhao Yao. Upon receiving it, Zhao Yao's own lethargy deepened and that drilled into the Cat King too. This mutual sharing of laziness kept going and kept building, creating an infinite flow of idleness.

10 minutes later, all the fighting had stopped. Elizabeth, Matcha, Roly Poly and the rest of the cats were passed out on the floor, not moving or responding.

Ares peered at Zhao Yao and the Cat King of the West, who were both lying on the floor as well. He scratched his chin thoughtfully and wondered, “Has he succeeded?”

“My dear Ares, why don’t you withdraw the force field so we can find out?” Sphinx Cat suggested, “If something’s not right, bring it back right away.”

## Chapter 528: The Slacker’s World

Ares nodded in response to Sphinx Cat’s words.

“You’re right. I’ll just open up a small corner.”

With that, he sliced the force field that isolated Zhao Yao and the Cat King by a sliver.

That little gap was enough for the infinite flow of idleness to squeeze through and flood the entire prison complex. It took a mere millisecond for Ares’ vision to blur. He felt like the gears in his mind suddenly stopped turning.

Thankfully, Sphinx Cat was no easy target. He was quick to respond and smacked Ares’ bum, yelling, “Cover it back up!”

Ares found that he was unable to respond. The most that he could do was to make the force field whole again, cutting the Cat King from the rest of the world once more. Only then did the haze of laziness begin to clear.

Unfortunately, the damage was done.

It felt as if every ounce of energy had been seeped from Ares’ body. He did not want to move. In fact, he did not want to do anything at all. He was shocked that this had happened when he opened up the force field, but he was too lazy to even express his surprise or worry. He simply stared at Zhao Yao and the Cat King blearily.

“What happened just now?” he drawled, “I feel...lazy.”

He promptly collapsed on the floor. Every thought in his head had flatlined except for his desire to continue maintaining the force fields.

Sphinx Cat was the only one that remained on his paws.

It was not that he was immune to the infinite flow of idleness. He was suffering from its effects too, but his determination was as strong as his physical body. He used his resolve to fight off the laziness that threatened to take over.

“That must have been the Cat King’s ability,” he announced to his friends, whom were all on the ground not because of grievous injury, but overwhelming lethargy, “Only he has the power to transform a person or a cat’s disposition so drastically. The anger that we experienced must have become laziness because Zhao Yao somehow changed the Cat King.”

“Changed the Cat King?” Ares repeatedly dumbly.

“That’s right,” Sphinx Cat replied patiently, “Zhao Yao must have turned his rage into laziness. This is why the two of them are just lying there, belly-up like dead fish, even though they are perfectly awake. I’m afraid they’ve become super slackers.”

Zhao Yao started to stir just as he finished speaking. First, his hands began to tremble. Then, he placed one palm squarely on the ground and used it to support his weight as he gingerly climbed onto his feet. He rotated his head from side to side, rolled his shoulders, then started walking towards the Cat King as if he had not been paralyzed with idleness just moments ago.

“What’s going on now?” Ares wondered aloud, “Didn’t you say that they have become super slackers? Why is he so normal now?”

Sphinx Cat was gawking at Zhao Yao in surprise as well. However, it only took him a while to figure out what was going on.

“I get it now. I believe this is why,” he murmured to himself.

By now, Ares was filled with curiosity. He still felt terribly lazy, but he mustered the energy to ask, “So, why is this happening?”

Sphinx Cat's began his explanation with a couple of rhetorical question, "If you poured more ink into a pot of ink, would it turn any darker? If you poured more poop into a litter box already full of poop, would it get any stinkier?"

"That's what's happening in Zhao Yao's case," he continued, "His laziness has long surpassed that of an ordinary person's. In fact, it is impossible for him to get any lazier. This state of idleness is his default way of life."

"What?" Ares said in disbelief, "But he isn't that much lazier than anyone else, right?"

Sphinx Cat shook his head gravely. He sighed, "Well, I'm not sure about that. Perhaps he has reached a level of laziness that is beyond our comprehension. That is the only explanation I can offer you right now."

Ares turned his flabbergasted gaze back to Zhao Yao, whom was behaving as per normal.

When Zhao Yao reached the Cat King of the West, he grabbed him in one hand and brought his face close to his own.

"Hey," he said, "Time to wake up."

He received no response because the Cat King had given up all thought.

"Christ," Zhao Yao thought to himself as he studied the emptiness in the cat's eyes, "He's become a bit of a soul destructor, hasn't he? He's going to incapacitate every being he reaches."

At that, he patted the Cat King's head and tried speaking to him again, "Hey, come on, it's time to snap back to reality. If not, I'm going to keep you here for all eternity."

There was still no response.

"Once I retract the Sixth Sense, its effects should wear off," Zhao Yao pondered, "But it seems like I've gone slightly overboard this time. The residual effect is pretty persistent."

"Seems like I've got to inject him with some positivity and encouragement."

Zhao Yao launched the Sixth Sense again.

“Alright! It’s time to get back on your feet! You are the friggin’ Cat King of the West!”

He never would have expected that his best intentions were translated into something else altogether when they reached the Cat King. The poor cat began to wither before his eyes, curling into a spineless ball. Zhao Yao tapped his nose and nearly jumped in shock.

The Cat King did not just stop thinking, he had just stopped breathing.

“Give me a break! Seriously? I was trying to give you some pep! Why aren’t the effects of the infinite idleness wearing off?”

At this point, Zhao Yao still had not discovered that the infinite flow did not affect his actions because he had always lived life in the laziest manner. However, it did exaggerate the slacker ethos that was at the core of his existence. This meant that when he activated the Sixth Sense, he was going to end up passing more idleness to his target instead of whatever emotion he was actually trying to give off.

In essence, the Sixth Sense was more prone to failure now than ever before.

Zhao Yao quickly hit the Cat King’s head again, but this time it was more of a smack than a pat. He pressed at his chest, hoping to get him to start breathing again. Eventually, it worked.

“Well, the Sixth Sense is off the table when dealing with this one.”

Zhao Yao was at a loss. He was not sure what to do next. He thought, “As long as I can ignite his basic instincts, get him to remember what matters to him most at the very core, he will be able to triumph the idleness. What will make him want to get on his feet again? Let me see...”

His internal monologue was interrupted when Elizabeth brushed past him. She had woken up a while ago.

“Zhao Yao, are we done here?” she drawled lazily, “It’s almost time for my livestream. Can I go home first?”

“Okay, we’ll be done soon.”

Elizabeth’s voice must have stirred something within the Cat King because it was at this moment that his eyes snapped wide open. Saying that he got up would be an understatement. He practically bounced onto his feet when he heard her voice. He stared at her as if he could not believe that she was here.

He smiled gently and asked, “Are you Lilibet?”

“Who are you?” Elizabeth retorted coldly.

The Cat King sprung towards her, squishing his face against the force field that kept them apart.

“I’m Cat King of the Best! I’m the admin for your livestream group. I sent you a rocket the other day, remember?” he explained earnestly.

“Oh.”

Elizabeth’s glacial expression warmed up immediately. She smiled back at him sweetly.

“So you’re Cat King of the Best? I didn’t know that you’re the leader of the prison meow~ .”

“Leader? Well, it’s no big deal,” the Cat King laughed, “Lilibet, could I take a wefie with you? Your fans are going to die of envy when they see it.”

“Of course! That’s no problem at all meow~ ,” Elizabeth said brightly.

She whipped out her phone and the two of them began taking a bunch of photos. The fact that a force field stood between them did not dampen the Cat King’s spirits. He looked like he was about to explode with joy.

“Ah, I actually have a photo with Lilibet. Gosh, I think I might die. I’m one lucky cat,” he thought to himself.

To her, he said, “Lilibet, add me on WeChat and send me the photos, won’t you?”

Chapter 529: Cat Idol~

“Oh, I’m afraid I can’t do that,” Elizabeth apologized, offering him a saccharine smile, “Idols cannot add fans on WeChat meow~ .”

Her grin dazzled the Cat King, who looked completely spellbound.

“But not to worry, I’ll post the photos on Weibo tonight. You’ll be able to see it later meow~ . I have to go now to prepare for tonight’s livestream. I’m counting on you to always support your lovely Lilibet meow~ .”

“Oh, of course, of course! You should go, Lilibet. I’ll gift you a hundred rockets tonight! And I’ll let everyone know that you are a hundred times cuter in real life,” he said, nodding earnestly.

Elizabeth flashed him one last smile before whipping her head around. The corners of her lips immediately turned downward into a nasty grimace. She stuck out her tongue, as if she wanted to vomit.

“Geez, what a gross bald cat,” she thought to herself.

Zhao Yao rolled his eyes after he watched their exchange.

“Seriously? That’s it?” he wondered, “Just how much does the Cat King desire Elizabeth? Hearing her voice was enough for him to overcome the infinite idleness.”

“Does this mean that the transformations triggered by the Cat King are neither permanent nor absolute? That would only be natural. As a person or cat ages, his disposition will evolve and mature as well.”

Zhao Yao checked if this was true with the Cat King, whom nodded in agreement.

“Of course. When you leave my influence for long enough, you will eventually revert to your most primal personality. It is difficult to change who we are at our very core. This is why my rehabilitation program requires more than just my superpower.”

Now that he had this confirmation, Zhao Yao turned his attention to Elizabeth instead.

“What was that?” he started, “You’re acquainted with the Cat King of the West?”

“Kind of. He’s a fan of my livestreams. He’s quite generous, so I made him a moderator. He seemed to think that this gives him the right to ask me out all the time. It is so annoying.”

The corners of Zhao Yao’s lips trembled with mirth.

“I see. I have one more question,” he said, “When you were speaking with him just now, why must you end your sentences with meow~?”

Elizabeth answered in a deadpan voice, “A small part of me chips away and dies every time I say it, but otaku cats love it.”

Zhao Yao shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, “Oh well.”

He turned back to the Cat King and asked, “So, you’re alright now? Everything’s back to normal?”

Now that Elizabeth was not around, the Cat King’s sweet-tempered disposition seemed to have left the room too. The kindness in his face had been replaced with disdain when he turned to Zhao Yao.

When he spoke, his tone was condescending, “Oh, human, you’re the one who helped me? You’re also the guy who cleans up after Elizabeth? What a lucky bastard. Here, this is my reward for you.”

With that, he clawed at his bum and removed a few strands of hair, which he then handed to Zhao Yao.



“You piece of sh...”

Before he completed his sentence, Zhao Yao already had one foot slammed against the Cat King’s face, pinning him to the floor. He stamped on him unapologetically, reducing him from a lofty king to a pathetic thing.

When he could finally get back on his feet, his hair was in complete disarray. He coughed purposefully, then bowed down to Zhao Yao.

“Thank you for saving my life, Your Highness,” he said respectfully.

“That’s more like it,” Zhao Yao commented, “Oh, where’s the meteorite fragment anyway? Michael used it to lure you, didn’t he?”

The whole thing was a little odd. Till now, not one of his supercats could feel the radiation from the meteorite.

“Sure, the fragment,” the Cat King said.

He pattered to a corner at the end of the tunnel.

“Just give me a second,” he added.

“Huh?” Zhao Yao muttered, eyeing the cat suspiciously.

He watched as the Cat King arched his back, sticking his furry butt out. His face was scrunched up in concentration. Altogether, he looked very much like he was about to poop.

“Oh God, no,” Zhao Yao groaned as a bad feeling washed over him.

A moment later, the Cat King walked up to him and pointed at the pile of excrements that he had created.

“Sorry, I hid the fragment in my mouth and ended up swallowing it by accident. But it’s okay, see, it’s right there. I’ve pooped it out,” he explained.

The corners of Zhao Yao’s lips twitched involuntarily when he looked at the s\*\*t he was supposed to sift through. Sieving was not even the worst he had to do. Based on his previous experience with Cat Sage, he had to absorb the fragment into his body.

He did not want to touch or absorb anything poop-infested.

He was looking around for inspiration when his eyes landed on the supercats passed out cold. With a wave of his hand, one of the cats came flying towards him. It was Matcha.

“Wow, the high-quality cat food is really worth the money. His hair is so shiny and smooth. It makes the perfect towel.”

After cleaning it with the Matcha towel, dousing it in water, then polishing it with an antibacterial wipe, Zhao Yao finally had the meteorite fragment in his palm.

Just like before, the fragment melted into his hand once his skin made contact with it. When that happened, he saw that the fragment collection mission was now 5% complete.

“Darn, I need to hit 10% before I’ll get any experience points.”

Regardless, the prison situation had come to a successful close. Not only did Zhao Yao secure the fragment, he also completed two missions – one about investigating what was happening here and the other about waking the Cat King. This earned him a neat 3,000 \* 2 experience points.

His Book also reached Level 6 (30,122 / 20,000).

Zhao Yao looked at Elizabeth’s experience points, which stood at Level 7 (1,600 / 20,000).

“I can level her up now, but I do want to maintain the 20,000 point surplus in case I need to fuse the Sphynx Cat’s powers. So I would still need over 8,000 points if I want to take her to the next level.”

Zhao Yao pursed his lips, “But the failure rate of the Sixth Sense is just too embarrassing. I’ve got to quickly upgrade Elizabeth to solve this.”

Now that the mission was done and dusted, it was time to tie up loose ends. After getting Elizabeth’s family to wipe out Michael’s memory of the last 24 hours, Zhao Yao started to usher all his cats back home.

The prison episode would have ended perfectly if not for the fact that Nightmare Cat had managed to slip away once more. This was their second meeting, but Zhao Yao still had no clue what he looked like.

When everything and everyone was cleared out of the tunnel, Zhao Yao headed up to the prison complex. He found every supercat and person, prisoners and guards, sprawled out on the ground, looking very much like happy, but deliberated, opium addicts.

The happiest of them all was Dust Ball, who had created an endless portal between the prison cells using the extradimensional belly.

She was practically skipping through them, a bag of cat mint dangling from her mouth.

“Catmint! Catmint for sale!” she said in a sing-song manner, “Keep blazing and stay amazing, my friends. Come on, who wants some?”

There was no shortage of cats who would love to take up her offer. The lethargic haze draped over them like a warm, lovely blanket. There was nothing they wanted more than to curl up in a corner and enjoy some catmint.

Dust Ball wanted to do the same, but her desire to rake in lots and lots of money quelled any laziness that threatened to take hold. What was more, she could earn experience points along the way. Golden exclamation marks were popping up everywhere as each cat wished for some good, ol’ catmint to be delivered to them.

She was killing two birds with one stone.

Dust Ball was smiling so hard that her cheeks were beginning to cramp.

“I sure have to hurry! The demand for my catmint is off the charts,” she thought, pleased.

In an office somewhere else in the prison complex, a British Shorthair materialized from a sleeping guard’s head.

Nightmare Cat had finally appeared.

The Cat King and Michael were not the only ones he had pulled into the dreamscape. He had also brought in a random prison guard to serve as his escape route. This way, he would not have to meet any of them when he returned to reality.

The moment Nightmare Cat entered the real world, he fell to the ground, laying on his back with all four paws in the air. His mouth fell open as he stared blankly at the ceiling.

“I don’t want to move.”

#### Chapter 530: Highest Combat Power and Downgrade

As a result of Zhao Yao’s actions, the entire prison has returned to its original state, and it was even more comfortable than before.

After exchanging a few sentences with Uncle Ho, Zhao Yao swallowed back his words.

...

At the same time, in Huadu District far in the south,

The God of Death lay in the office at the top of the building, his whole body seemed to have sunk into the sofa.

His whole body felt sluggish and he did not feel like moving.

“Damn, what is going on? Is it the doing of the Headless Horseman?”

The God of Death wanted to rub his forehead but found that he was too lazy to even lift his arm.

The bizarre change occurred just a few minutes ago from the prison of Jiangmen city Cat King of the West.

Suddenly, the God of Death felt a little too listless to do anything at all, so listless that he could not perk himself up.

Numerous puppets that were manipulated by him all showed abnormalities of listlessness instantaneously. In a state of despair, he could only bring all the puppets under surveillance, monitoring them on one hand and pushing them to work on the other.

“I can’t go on like this. I have to work hard and let the puppets’ self-consciousness motivate them to work. If I merely watch them from the side, they will definitely find a way to rebel after some time.”

On the inside, the God of Death was yelling, “I want to get up, I want to fight, I want the Headless Horseman killed!”

After yelling for a while, the God of Death felt that his body was still lethargic, and he muttered to himself, “Rest for five more minutes and get up. I must force myself up and fight.”

Half an hour later, a young ghostly man with black frame glasses, drilled out of the ground of the office and stood in front of the God of Death...

Looking at the lifeless face of the God of Death, the young man pushed back his black frame glasses and said, “What are you doing?”

“You are here, Midnight.” The God of Death shifted his eyes reluctantly and said, “I am thinking how Ivory will develop from now on.”

This man standing in front of him who looks like an ordinary otaku, and named ‘Midnight’ by the God of Death, was one of the top existing few among the tens of thousands of apostles in Ivory.

The virtual spirit-body he borrows allows the body to penetrate everything known in nature, including ground, cement, steel, plant life, humans, animals, flesh and blood, and even electromagnetic waves and radiation.

This ability gave him near-invincible defense. It was one of the trump cards of the God of Death. In fact, his power alone is almost enough to suppress a country.

Until now, Midnight could not even think of a way to kill himself.

Every fight comes with every victory.

An idea unconsciously surfaced in his mind.

“I suppose the ability of the virtual spirit-body is invincible.”

It was only when he joined Ivory that he found a few apostles and supercats that could barely match him.

And Midnight is also the first person to arrive after the God of Death’s call for Ivory’s strongest combat power this time.

The young man, named Midnight, pushed his black frame glasses and said again, “What is it that you are so eager to find me? My problem in the north has not been resolved yet.”

“Hang on, there are other people coming, I’ll say it together then.” The God of Death just lay on the sofa and talked in a listless tone, too lazy to even lift up his fingers.

Midnight slightly dazed, frowned and said. “Who else is there? Am I not enough?”

The God of Death said to him straightforwardly, “For this mission, you alone will not be enough.”

The corner of Midnight’s mouth curved up slightly, “Oh, interesting, this is really interesting.” This is also the first time since he joined Ivory that he is joining a team to complete the task, which perked his curiosity even more.

“Who else did you call to come?”

The God of Death said, “Old K, Lang Gou, A Ji, and twelve elite apostles whose energies have been lent from the Doll.”

“Hey.” Midnight’s tone turned serious, “We are not fighting against the country, are we?”

Among the names which the God of Death mentioned, the first two apostles are the ones who are also very troublesome when dealt with. The ability of the super cat called the Doll is even more so a taboo, and now it has been lent to twelve apostles.

This made Midnight question whether Ivory was going to fight the country.

The God of Death denied, “How is it possible, I have not thought about it.”

Midnight wondered, “Could it be the Talons in the north? Heard their leader is quite interesting, I’d like to meet him. Or have the Americans brought their Talons over? I heard that supercats in Maine are the most powerful supercats. I have long wanted to have a look at.”

“Neither.” The God of Death said, “All just to deal with one person.”

“One person?” Midnight raised his brows and said, “Are you kidding?”

“I am not kidding.” The God of Death said till here, and the listless tone was finally overtaken by a strong feeling of resentment, “I just want that person to be dead, because he sinned for death, and even death will not be able to atone for his sins.”

...

Zhao Yao returned to the extradimensional belly. First, he pointed to Matcha and exclaimed, “You! Hurry up and bathe! Your body is terribly smelly, it’s terribly gross.”

Matcha looked at the filth on its body, and groaned, “Why am I so dirty? I was definitely clean when I was awake.”

Zhao Yao said with a look of disgust, “Who knows. Hurry up and bath on your own now.”

At this moment, the numerous supercats belonging to the Cat Royal Guards and initially staying put in the extradimensional belly, saw the return of Matcha and immediately huddled together and shrieked, “Sir George is back!”

“George, you are finally back, I missed you immensely!”

The cats shouted, “Sir George! Sir George! Sir George! Sir George!”

However, as soon as they saw the filth on Matcha, they stopped in cohesion and their faces showed hesitation.

Only Airplane rushed up, hugged Matcha with no apprehension and said, “George, are you fine? How did this happen? Let me help you lick.”

Matcha touched by him, said, “Airplane, I really didn’t misjudge you.” At that moment, he was extremely glad that he had nurtured Airplane.

Just then, Zhao Yao, who stood at the side, said, “Matcha, your performance in prison this time is too disappointing.” Zhao Yao sighed and said, “I think you can have a break as the leader of Cat Royal Guards, stop for a period of time.”

Matcha’s mouth hung open and looked at Zhao Yao with a face of disappointment. Roly Poly, on the other hand, was sniggering at a corner.

Cat Royal Guards, who had just cheered for Matcha, immediately shunned and hid in a place more than ten meters away.

Airplane who originally wanted to help Matcha lick his fur, spit a mouthful of saliva on Matcha and returned to the group of cats.

“From today onwards, the Cat Royal Guards will have another cat as the leader.” Zhao Yao looked at the group of cats and asked, “You will recommend a cat that you think is highly respected to be the leader.”



The Cat Royal Guards faced one another, and at that moment, a glimmer of light flashed across Airplane's eyes.

Airplane then hid at the far end, covering his mouth and yelling, "I propose Airplane to take to lead the Cat Royal Guards."

"Airplane?"

"Can Airplane do it?"

Airplane had already made his way to the other side, changed his tone and shouted, "I think Airplane can."

Then he walked to the side, raised his claws sneakily and shouted, "Airplane! Airplane! Airplane! Airplane!"

The supercats stayed silent for a while and the next moment, all of them raised their claws and shouted, "Airplane! Airplane!"

Zhao Yao nodded. "Then starting from today, the Cat Royal Guards will be led by Airplane."

Matcha witnessed all of it with his mouth hung wide open. Blankly, he said, "What about me?"

Zhao Yao said, "Isn't the house undergoing renovation right now? I'm not at ease using other people's workers."

He looked at Matcha tenderly and said, "You are the cat which I am most unworried about, from tomorrow onwards you can help to shift bricks at home."