

Am I A God 86

Chapter 86: The Herd

“Is she the rich boy’s new arm candy?”

“Maybe his family owns the zoo?”

“Idiot, they can’t possibly own the freaking zoo.”

“Jia Jia, you promised to eat sanitary pads in this live stream.”

Jia Jia laughed awkwardly as that last line sprung onto her screen. She ignored it, choosing to continue with her commentary.

“We’re not just here to look at nocturnal animals tonight. I’m sure you’ve all watched the video of the tigers from this zoo partying. You’ve heard the rumors that some of the creatures here have developed a mind of their own. We’re here to find out what’s really going on after hours.”

As the vehicle advanced into the carnivore zone, there was no animal in sight. It felt as if they were all hiding.

“Where are they?” the middle-aged guide furrowed his brows, whipping out his phone from his pocket, “Mr. Xiao, I’ll call the control center to find out where the animals have gone.”

Xiao Ming nodded coolly in response.

He felt safe in the confines of the four-wheel drive. The fact that the animals were missing was unsettling, but it was not as frightening as his previous excursions with Jia Jia, who was thrilled by this turn of events.

She was eager to capture supernatural and strange phenomenon in her live stream.

Out of nowhere, a cacophonous boom erupted.

“What’s that?” Xiao Ming asked.

“Thunder?” Jia Jia responded uncertainly.

She barely finished her sentence when another deafening explosion filled the air. This was followed by another, then one more, and one more still. Each whip of sound was sharper, louder and closer than the one before.

The passengers in the four-wheel drive inadvertently kept their eyes glued to the direction they were coming from. The tension in the air was palpable.

A single, pained wail sliced through the noise. It was a sound of agony, the final words of a dying animal.

“What the hell is going on?” the guide was beginning to panic, “Stop the car right now.”

“Do not stop!” Xiao Ming commanded.

His voice carried confidence, but there was fear in his eyes. He was unnerved, but he instructed the driver to keep going.

“Pardon me, Mr. Xiao, but it is too dangerous to go any closer when we’re not sure what’s ahead,” the man reasoned.

“We’re going,” Xiao Ming insisted.

“How about this? I’ll call security and ask them to dispatch a few officers here. We’ll go together.”

Xiao Ming scrunched his eyebrows together, considering this offer. He knew that this man would never risk his own safety to move forward now. If he were to be perfectly honest, he was hesitant to do so himself.

His thoughts were interrupted by Jia Jia, who had spotted movement in the empty carnivore zone.

“Guys, you need to see this!” she exclaimed.

The men’s gaze followed her finger to meet glowing green eyes emerging from the darkness. They belonged to lions, tigers, leopards, and even bears, barely illuminated, snarling and charging in the same direction.

There was a manic energy in the air as they rampaged through the area.

They were fast, but their target was faster still. He took the form of a man, but he was so dark that it was impossible to tell what he looked like. He was a black phantom that melted into the shadows of the night.

Every step he took propelled him ten meters forward. As he leaped into the air, he could change directions with a loud bang. He would then throw out a punch or a kick that sent the animals closest to him flying.

He was not just trying to get away from the beasts. He was fighting back.

You might have guessed by now that this phantom was no phantom at all. He was the man who had severely wounded the circle of tigers.

After he had yanked off his tank top, the animals started ripping his shorts with their claws when they pounced. He then jerked the shredded fabric of in frustration, leaving him butt naked. His ebony skin blended seamlessly into the night. From afar, the passengers in the car could only make out his silhouette.

“What is that?!” the guide cried in shock.

He lifted the walkie-talkie to his lips, “Send security to us now! Quickly!”

Instead of fear, Xiao Ming was reacting to the scene unfolding before them with quiet interest.

“Another superhuman?” he mused, “But he’s not like the one from before. There’s something sinister about him.”

Jia Jia’s emotions were all the way on the other end of the spectrum. She was bursting with excitement as she angled her camera to the man in black.

“Guys, you won’t believe this. A mysterious man in black has trespassed the zoo and is now raging a fierce battle with beasts,” she said.

“There’s no way you can catch something like this on any other live stream, so please show your appreciation and sponsor me.”

Even now, she remembered to remind her viewers about that.

At that point, the man had managed to fight off two more tigers, three leopards, and a black bear. He rubbed his nether regions, cursing the animals for ruining his shorts. Everything down there was now out in the open and unprotected. It hurt. A lot.

When he spotted the four-wheel drive in the distance, he put the pain aside and sped towards the opposite direction.

He did not particularly enjoy being spotted in the nude.

Luckily for him, he was very well camouflaged by the darkness.

The guide was watching him intently with a pair of binoculars, but he could not make out that he was naked.

“He’s covered in black clothing from head to toe! He’s wearing a face mask so I can’t even tell if he’s a man or a woman!” he shouted.

“Stop looking and do something! We’ve got to go after him!” Xiao Ming said impatiently.

The guide was not at all eager to close the distance between them and the man in black. He pretended not to hear Xiao Ming's command and continued to look into his binoculars instead. That was when he spotted several headlights in the distance. Backup was finally here.

Relieved, he spoke into the walkie-talkie again.

"Attention, all units, we cannot let the man in black or the animals get away. Go after them and subdue them now!"

The team responded by revving their engines, then powering forward.

This caught the man's attention. A look of annoyance crossed his face as he turned around and spotted six vehicles hot on his trail.

He was not keen on exchanging blows with the zoo's security team. He knew he would emerge triumphant, but he wanted to be discreet.

"I don't have time to play with those idiots anyway," he thought, "I've almost got you."

With a glint in his eye, he brought his hands together to create one thunderous clap. The air waves emitting from his palms were forced against each other, sparking a surge of friction and energy that exploded with an earth-shattering boom.

The sound knocked every thought out of the animals' minds. They came to a gradual halt, disoriented about where they were and confused about what they were doing.

At that moment, a spinning vortex of air wormed out of the man's ears. It rocketed in one direction and came to an abrupt stop before what looked like a cheetah cub.

It had long, lithe limbs and black spots on yellow fur. Its ears were erect as if it was on high alert. Like the rest of the animals, it was momentarily dazed by the explosion.

It was, however, not a cheetah. It was a serval, a type of African wildcat. Its fur color was lighter, its body more limber, and ears larger than a cheetah's.

The black man scooped the wildcat in one hand, his face breaking into a grin.

He had felt the presence of this supercat the moment he fought off the small circle of tigers. It was well hidden then.

But as the cat instructed more animals to start going after him, it had to stick a little closer to its army. Eventually, the man could spot him in the back of the pack.

He took a look at the cat, who was still too dizzy to retaliate or respond.

“Your power must be animal mind-control. That’d come in very handy,” he smiled.

“The boss will like you.”

With the zoo’s security team closing on them, the man knew he had to go. With a derisive snort, he propelled himself into the darkness, the serval cat securely in his grip.

Chapter 87: Cat Snatcher

As the all-terrain vehicles started closing in on the herd, the guide shouted instructions into the walkie-talkie again.

“Use the fresh meat to lure them into smaller groups, then lead them back to their enclosures. Get ready the tranquilizers in case they attack.”

“We have to go after the man in black!” Xiao Ming protested.

The guide wiped away the beads of sweat that had gathered on the tip of his nose.

“Mr. Xiao, these animals are my priority,” he responded nervously.

This was an excuse. The guide had seen what the man in black was capable of doing. He had no interest in going after someone who could single-handedly vanquish a massive herd of carnivores.

Xiao Ming furrowed his brow. Due to the situation at home, he knew he had to pursue the man, even if it was dangerous. This was his opportunity.

“You can stay here and herd the animals if you’re afraid. I’ll lead my people after him,” he stated, a steely determination in his voice.

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The black man was full of glee.

Gusts of air waves were released from his bare back, propelling him far even when he made small steps.

He could not help grinning at the serval cat. It was barely conscious and unable to retaliate.

“Being able to control animals ain’t a bad gift,” he thought, “Seems like its powers can’t be used on humans. It would’ve controlled me if it could. I guess it can’t affect supercats either.”

He wriggled his bare bottom happily as he leaped through the air, relishing the cool wind fluttering against his skin.

Air currents were radiating off every inch of his skin. This was the power that he had borrowed. He could manipulate the currents to produce winds of all kinds, from gentle breezes to destructive vortexes.

The only downside to this power was the fact that it was strongest when he was naked. A layer of clothes would obstruct the force of the airwaves from the skin it covered.

He noticed that he could manipulate the currents better when he was fighting off the herd without his shorts and tank top. Now, he was enjoying the freedom that the lack of clothes afforded. He loved the cool air that greeted him with every move he made.

“I am stronger, and I feel good. This is perfect,” he sighed, contented.

He was soon at the edge of the zoo. Just as he was about to cross the gates, a woman's voice stopped him in his tracks.

"Don't move!"

The man spun around.

Before him stood a young woman. A pair of black rim glasses were perched on her nose. There was still a hint of baby fat in her cheeks. She did not look dangerous, but she was pointing a long rifle at him.

"Let the cat go," she demanded.

Her words were firm, but there was a tremor in her voice.

"Oh?" the man mocked, checking out the woman's uniform, "You must be one of the animal feeders here. You sure take your job seriously. But let me ask you this – Is it worth being hurt or injured just to be a dutiful zookeeper?"

The woman shivered involuntarily from the threat.

She did not answer, not out of fear, but from embarrassment.

"Pervert! Why don't you have clothes on?!"

Her blush was close to the shade of a tomato.

The man was unabashed. In fact, he stood up even straighter, puffing out his bare chest.

"Pervert? How is being at my most natural being a pervert? This is freedom. It is returning to the form that we were originally created. This is a homage to nature's wonder!" he reasoned passionately.

He turned to the woman with a disapproving shake of his head.

“It’s people like you,” he pointed at her for dramatic emphasis, “Who are perverts. You allow yourself to bound by society’s ridiculous rules. That’s true perversion.”

The corners of the woman’s lips twitched. She shot him a death glare.

“Disgusting pervert.”

“Oh, whatever. Conservatives like you would never understand me. By the way, you’re this cat’s apostle, right?”

She did not answer. However, there was no need for her to say a word. The slight contraction of her pupils betrayed her surprise.

“Heh, guess I’m right,” the man in black chuckled.

She had to be its apostle. Why else would she risk her safety to go after them?

Sensing that the man was about to take off, the woman clutched the rifle tightly, shouting, “Don’t move! I’ll shoot you! I really will.”

The man was unfazed. He sauntered towards the woman, sneering.

“You sure about that?” he mocked, “Why don’t you come with me instead? You’re an apostle. You have potential.”

“Stop moving!”

The man continued inching closer.

“I’m gonna shoot!”

“I said stop!”

Bang!

The moment the rifle was sounded, a whirling mass of wind was sent forth from the man's body. The whirlwind protected him from a tranquilizer dart, which was drawn into its center.

“Seriously, girl? That’s all you got?” he laughed.

The woman was not holding a rifle loaded with bullets. It had been a tranquilizer gun, which was nowhere as lethal. Even if she did manage to hit her target, these darts still needed minutes to take effect. They were pretty much useless in this scenario.

As the whirlwind continued to gain momentum, the black man sprung forward, grabbed the young woman and threw her over his shoulder.

Just then, the serval wriggled out of his grip and tried to sink its teeth into the side of his neck.

The sharp snap of its jaw was followed by a splatter of blood. The bite could have been more deadly if not for the man's quick reflexes. He launched an airwave in the serval's direction just as its pointy teeth scratched the surface of his skin, barely breaking it. The cat was sent spinning to the ground with a loud thud.

“Let us go!” the young woman screamed, punching and kicking, “I’ve called the cops! You can’t get away!”

All the man did was laugh.

“Girl, the police have got nothing on me. You’ve got to stop fighting me. Once you meet my boss, you’ll understand that I’m actually giving you the best opportunity of your life. You can get away from this dead-end job and join me in living freely.”

The serval was using the little strength it had to escape, but it could hardly lift its limbs. It had been smashed to the ground twice in a row now and was a bit concussed.

As the black man approached it, a meow rang clearly through the air.

It took less than half a second for the sound to be registered in the man's mind.

That was all it took for the serval to disappear.

"What...?" the man shot forward to where the cat had been.

It was gone.

"Who's there?" he asked, narrowing his eyes.

The only response he received was the whooshing of the night breeze.

The quiet night was broken by the sound of cars approaching in the distance. The man looked up to see the flicker of headlights. He scrunched his eyebrows together.

Where was the serval?

He would never be able to find it because it was now safely hidden in Elizabeth's bubble of illusion.

Zhao Yao put his finger to his lips, warning the serval to stay quiet.

Xiao Ming's men were close. Zhao Yao did not want anyone to know that he was here.

Most of all, he did not want to be caught in someone's live stream.

He had actually discovered the showdown between the animals and the men in black way before Xiao Ming did.

He observed quietly, unable to take action because he had no clue where the supercat was.

He followed them here and struck when an opportunity presented itself.

His and Elizabeth's timing was impeccable. The serval was in their hands, and no one knew that this was his doing.

Zhao Yao studied the concussed cat that was cradled in his arms.

"Hmm...is this a mountain cat? Or one of those desert wildcats? I didn't know these kinds could be awakened as well," he pondered.

As he hurried out of the zoo, the serval forced its eyes open. It meowed to catch Zhao Yao's attention.

"Save Liu Yun! Please, you've gotta save her!"

To Zhao Yao's surprise, the serval had a sweet, girly voice that called out to him telepathically.

He cast a glance at the woman hanging from the man in black's shoulder.

"Zhi Yun? Is she the one on his shoulders?" he asked.

The serval was stunned that a foreign voice was communicating with her in her own head.

She had questions, but she pushed them aside because there were more pressing matters at hand.

"Please, sir, please save her! You absolutely must save her!" she pleaded, kneading Zhao Yao's forearm with her paws and pressing her head against his chest.

He furrowed his brow, uncertain. He wanted to help the cat and the woman, but Xiao Ming and the security team were already here. Worse, Jin Jia Jia was live-streaming everything.

He did not want to risk exposing himself on camera.

Elizabeth's powers could only affect a person's senses and perceptions. It could not change what the camera captures.

He looked down at the serval, whose eyes were filled with helplessness and worry.

He let out a heavy sigh.

Chapter 88: Intervention

“Don’t worry. She’s an apostle. Nobody would hurt her. The authorities won’t harm her. Neither would this black man.”

The serval was not convinced.

“Please, you’ve gotta save her!” she pleaded, looking up at him.

Tears were already welling in her large eyes, which shone with fear.

“Please save my mama! Save my mama, please.”

The consecutive trauma to her head had slowed the cat’s cognitive capabilities. She could not argue or reason with Zhao Yao. She could only repeat the same words to emphasize her point.

“Your mother?” he asked, sighing, “This woman, Zhi Yun, did she raise you?”

Elizabeth chimed in before the serval could respond.

“Zhao Yao, you have to save her.”

“Yeah,” Matcha added, “I’ll despise you for the rest of time if you don’t.”

“Yes, yes, yes, I know,” he said, fishing for the face mask that he had tucked into his jacket.

He just had to wait for the right time to intervene.

Xiao Ming had led four all-terrain vehicles to the black man by now. Their headlights were pointed at the man, drenching him in a harsh, yellow glow.

For the first time, the mysterious man in black was illuminated.

“Pervert,” Jin Jia Jia muttered, blushing beet red.

To their surprise, it turned out that he was not a man dressed in black. He was a naked black person.

The blatant nudity made the tense atmosphere awkward instead.

“Uh, hey, sir, hi. We don’t want to hurt you, so please cooperate with us,” Xiao Ming stammered through the loudspeaker.

Jin Jia Jia was next to him, speaking angrily into her phone, “Hey, don’t censor my live stream! How am I supposed to know that this idiot will be naked?”

The black man cast them an impatient look.

His mind was still reeling from the serval’s disappearance.

“Did this group of idiots do it?”

“Are there other apostles in this zoo?”

“Or is this all just one big coincidence?”

Whatever it was, he did not want to be taken in by the security team.

Sighing deeply, he lowered the serval’s apostle to the ground.

Then, without warning, he shot towards the Xiao Ming's men, propelled by the jets of air released from the soles of his feet.

Loud bangs followed every step he made. He projected air blasts that exploded the vehicles' windows and headlights as he passed.

Blinded by panic, the security team started shooting at him. None of the tranquilizer darts fired could hit the man. They were all swept away by a zap of wind.

Some of the men started retreating in fear. Others rushed forward, but they were all thrown into a heap on the ground when the man unleashed another air blast towards them.

"Be careful!"

"We gotta get outta here!"

"Don't stick together!"

Everyone had fled from their vehicles. They were trying to get as far away from the black man as possible.

What they did not know was that this was futile. If the black man had wanted to kill them, none of them would be able to get out alive.

Xiao Ming understood this. He stopped running and turned to watch the aerokinetic attacks instead, a look of awe on his face.

"This is exactly what I've been looking for. This man's power is unparalleled," he thought.

"Why have you stopped? C'mon, we've got to run!" Jia Jia exclaimed.

"There's no point. If he really wanted to hurt us, we won't be able to get away," he responded.

He had come on this little night excursion in search for power of this magnitude. Now that he had found it, he was not going to run away.

For Zhao Yao, the men's hasty retreat signified the right time to strike.

He put on the face mask, then removed himself from Elizabeth's illusion.

This made it look like he suddenly materialized from thin air. It did not go unnoticed by the security team, who were watching from a safe distance.

"Pervert!" he thought as he saw that the black man was buck naked.

He kept his eyes firmly away from him as he spoke.

"Hey, you," he started, "never manhandle that animal feeder ever again. Also, it's bad enough that you're scaring these poor folks, but doing that when you're naked is horrifying on a whole new level. I believe I speak on everyone's behalf when I say I'm grossed out. Can't you put some darn clothes on?"

The black man had raised an eyebrow at Zhao Yao's sudden appearance.

Then, a knowing look crossed his face.

"Hey, I know you. You're mask man!" he smirked.

"You beat that pair of idiots in the mall, didn't you? I never thought I'd see you here. You must be the one who took the serval."

Zhao Yao paused for a moment to let that information sink in.

"You're part of that gang of cat thieves?" he asked.

The black man did not reply. His smug expression was wiped off as his mind churned with all the intel he had about Zhao Yao.

He knew that the man standing before him was powerful. In fact, he probably rivaled his boss.

“Well, enough with the formalities. Let’s get started,” he said, ready to use every last ounce of strength he had to beat his opponent.

An earth-shattering explosion filled the air as he started forming a vortex. He stood firmly in the center of the swelling whirlwind. The leaves and branches of the bushes around him were yanked left and right to the rhythm of its spinning motion.

“Mask man,” the black man called out to Zhao Yao.

He was gradually being lifted into the air as the vortex around him grew larger and accrued more energy. The immense pressure within the sphere of air was reaching its breaking point.

“I am not like those idiots in the mall. We’re different. They’re just civilians. Me? I’m a soldier. I’m trained for battle.”

Xiao Ming and the security team watched in horror at the scene unfolding before them.

“Jesus Christ, is he a Saiyan?” Jia Jia burst out, filming the showdown.

Xiao Ming’s eyes were unblinking as he watched the black man.

“This is real power! He’s not just controlling the air, he’s manipulating it,” he mused.

As the pressure continued to climb, the winds grew stronger still. The vehicles were starting to shake from the force. It looked like they were about to be lifted off the ground.

Xiao Ming was awestruck. He could feel the blood pumping in his ears. He could feel the heat pooling in his face from excitement.

“Entire armies won’t stand a chance against this! This man is above and beyond the superhumans I’ve seen so far. He’s the one I’m looking for!”

Everyone watched, gaping, as the black man bent his knees, then lunged for Zhao Yao.

He was spinning like a category five tornado, his clenched fists encased by the air vortex he had been building up just now.

Every leaf and branch on the ground was being sucked into its center, then spat out as quickly, ripped into tiny pieces by the zaps of wind.

He kept going, twisting faster and faster.

The black man was pushing himself to his limit. He had never accumulated this level of energy before. His nakedness, coupled with the complete lack of hair on his head, helped him get there. Every pore on his body was unhindered and free to release air waves.

Each of his bones and tendons was vibrating from the surge of energy.

It almost felt like too much. He felt like it might tear him apart.

However, he kept going.

He knew that no one would be able to withstand the impact that he was about to make.

Even if Zhao Yao somehow managed to evade it, he had a whole slew of backup plans to defeat him.

Victory would be his.

Chapter 89: Instant Kill

The expression on his face was utterly savage as he got ready to hit his target.

Every ounce of power he had accumulated was balled up in his fists, which were about to ram into Zhao Yao's chest.

The black man let rip a roar as he struck.

He hit nothing.

Like a phantom, Zhao Yao had disappeared into thin air.

“What?” he uttered, a look of disbelief on his face.

Zhao Yao was never actually there, facing down the black man. He was still concealed by Elizabeth’s illusion, where he could safely conjure an apparition of himself.

As the black man remained rooted to the ground, stunned, Zhao Yao gently called Matcha’s name.

For a moment, time stood still.

When it started ticking again six seconds later, the black man had been thrown off his feet and sent flying through the air.

He landed on the grass with a loud thump. He lay there, unmoving. The deafening whirling of the vortex had long died down.

It was silent.

Xiao Ming stared, dumbfounded, at the man crumpled on the ground.

“Instant kill?”

“How could that happen?”

“How does a man like that end up defeated so quickly?”

He had thought that the black man was invincible

He craned his neck in hopes of spotting Zhao Yao, but he was gone without a trace.

When Xiao Ming turned back, the black man's limp body had disappeared as well.

"Oh dear, this is not good," Zhao Yao muttered.

"There are too many witnesses. I might have been caught on tape. This is going to be a problem."

He was walking towards the black man, who had trails of blood dripping from the corners of his lips and down his chin. Both of them were now hidden from sight by Elizabeth's illusion.

"You..." the black man started as he watched Zhao Yao approach, "How did you do this?"

There was no trace of smugness or aggression in his eyes. Instead, they showed fear.

"How did he defeat me in an instant without even raising a finger?" he thought.

"It can't just be psychokinesis or teleportation. It's something even stealthier, something scarier."

The inability to make sense of his opponent had robbed the man of his previous confidence. He did not know what would happen next. That was terrifying to him.

"C'mon, let's go. Take me to your boss," Zhao Yao commanded.

The black man looked up at him in surprise.

He knew that refusing would not be wise. Having been at the receiving end of Zhao Yao's blows, he was unsure if even his boss could protect him.

"I'll take you on one condition. You can't kill me," he said.

"I'm not gonna kill you. You're just a normal human without your borrowed ability."

Zhao Yao glanced at his watch.

“We’ll leave now. I have work to do tomorrow.”

He looked down at the serval cat nestled in his arms. She was staring longingly at the animal keeper, or rather, her mama.

“I feel like the bad guy here,” Zhao Yao thought.

He stroked the serval’s head.

“She raised you?”

The serval nodded. She looked up at him with an expression that was filled with both innocence and sorrow.

“Can I say goodbye to her?” she asked.

“Goodbye? There’s no need for that. You’re staying here,” he lowered her to the ground.

The cat looked at him in surprise.

“Aren’t you and that guy over there here to capture me?”

“Well, I’ve gotta lug that guy to see his boss, so my hands are kinda full. There’s no room for you.”

Zhao Yao took a quick look at the mission panel. He had already gained an extra diamond and twice the experience points for catching the serval. He nodded, satisfied.

“You can go,” he said.

The serval cast an odd look at Zhao Yao, then sprang away as quickly as she could. She was afraid that he might change his mind.

Zhi Yun broke into a smile when she spotted the serval leaping out of the darkness. She wiped away her tears as the cat launched herself into her arms and licked her face.

Zhao Yao nodded as he watched the reunion.

Then, his attention was back on the black man. He turned around and got him on his feet.

“Jeez, you’re heavy,” he complained.

“You shouldn’t have hurt him so badly!” Matcha commented, “Now you have to carry him in your arms. It’s super lame.”

“Shut up.”

“You could’ve just tripped him or something, but you just had to show off.”

“Shut it, stupid cat.”

“You’ve got to call Inspector Ho to clean up your stupid mess.”

“I know that, idiot. I left my phone in the car.”

Zhao Yao, the black man he was supporting, and the cats in his backpack, escaped the zoo unnoticed thanks to the illusion that hid them from view.

A call was eventually made to Inspector Ho, who sent his men to take care of the incident and keep it under wraps.

Xiao Ming, however, was not going to let this rest.

The next day, the guide from the zoo arrived at his office to deliver a flash drive. It contained security footage from last night.

“You’ve destroyed all the other copies?”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Xiao. The copy you have in your hands is the only one left.”

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As for Zhao Yao, he had spent a good chunk of the night helping the wounded black man to his Panamera.

This brought about a fresh wave of complaints from Matcha.

“Why did you pick a spot so far away? We’ve been walking for 20 minutes!”

“It’s not like you’re doing the walking. Keep talking, and you will be.”

“I can’t walk! I don’t have shoes on! This place is filthy, and I could hurt my delicate paws.”

Zhao Yao ignored him. He was preoccupied with the sticky sensation of sweat rolling down his back. He may be stronger than the average person, but the black man was at least 200 pounds. Dragging him to the car was quite the workout.

“So, where can I find this boss of yours?” Zhao Yao asked when they finally climbed into the Panamera.

Once he located the leader of the ring of cat thieves, he would be able to destroy the organization. He was willing to do whatever it takes. Inspector Ho can clean up the mess.

The black man hesitated but revealed an address in the end.

With a roar of the engine, the Panamera shot forward, heading to their destination.

They were going to a villa situated in the west of an affluent suburb. It was a lovely neighborhood. Flourishing greenery lined the pavements. The lavish mansions were arranged in a neat grid layout. Each house they passed boasted a unique style.

With the black man locked in the Panamera, Zhao Yao made his way down the street; the cat backpack slung over his shoulders.

“Number 42...number 42...” he repeated under his breath as he walked by each house.

He stopped in front of a white building.

“I guess this is it?”

As he got ready to enter the mansion, his phone started vibrating.

He fished it from his pocket.

It was Inspector Ho.

“Hello?” he said.

“Zhao Yao, you must calm down!” the inspector exclaimed, “Do not act rashly. Let’s talk things through.”

He pursed his lips, confused.

“What’s up with you? Why are you acting like I’m about to commit suicide or something?”

The inspector ignored the question. Instead, he asked, “Where are you right now?”

“Huh?”

“You’re standing right outside 42 Tianhe Royal Court, aren’t you? What are you up to? Taking on Ho Hao Cang?”

Chapter 90: Dissuade

Zhao Yao’s eyebags drooped down like heavy sandbags as he spoke, “You guys searched way too fast... Or should I say...” He suddenly reacted, “Does this guy have a huge background? You both share the same surname Ho, this guy here might even be your son.”

“Have you watched One Piece?” Uncle Ho ignored Zhao Yao’s question and asked instead.

Zhao Yao was left in a daze as he didn’t expect a question like that coming from Uncle Ho. Nonetheless, he answered, “Are you saying that this fellow here is Luffy? Someone with strong abilities, an intimidating background, and connections with people from both ends of the spectrum.”

“No.” Uncle Ho responded. “I’m saying that this fellow here is like the Celestial Dragon. Anyone who fights him is simply unlucky.”

Zhao Yao rolled his eyes. In One Piece (Anime), Celestial Dragon has an intimidating background and the fact that Uncle Ho compared Celestial Dragon to He Hao Cang highlighted the problem that they were faced with.

Zhao Yao shook his head and responded, “It doesn’t even matter to me. Even if he is Saiyan, I’ll still beat him up!”

Uncle Ho asserted, “Zhao Yao! Don’t you get too cocky! You beat him up today and trust me, I’ll bring all my men to where you are now. I’ll station people to stand outside your cafe every day and we’ll see how you can continue to run your business.”

“Are you fooling around with me?” Zhao Yao snapped. “Let me tell you something. I’ve raised my supercats for so long and until today, I’m still afraid that they will turn mad one day. They may not know how to play fetch, but I’m sure they can fight and kill people if I allow them to. What do you say?”

“Are you threatening me now?!” Uncle Ho bellowed.

“You are the one who’s threatening me, sir!” Zhao Yao replied. “I’ve achieved so much on my own relying solely on my bravery, money, and cats. And now you want to tell me what’s the right thing to do?”

“Oh, you think you are young and dangerous?” Uncle Ho mocked. “Aren’t you still a virgin little guy?”

“You invaded my privacy?” Zhao Yao pretended to be angry but was extremely humiliated.

“Listen up. I am a respectful and pure man. It’s not that I don’t want to lose my virginity. I am a believer in sex after marriage. ”

“Come on, there’s nothing shameful about being a virgin. Who hasn’t been through that stage? Shall I bring you to the massage parlor?” Uncle Ho smiled as he tried to tempt Zhao Yao with an alluring tone.

“Ma...Massage parlor? What kind of massage parlor?”

“Come on... We all know.” Uncle Ho sighed and continued. “The kind that lets you release all your raging hormones which you kept in your body all these years.”

Zhao Yao stuttered and asked, “T...That’s not very nice, isn’t it? Won’t we get caught? What if they tell our relatives? My parents are very conservative...”

“What are afraid of? It’s a public massage parlor!” Uncle Ho continued to tempt Zhao Yao. “I heard that there’s a new opening in the east district recently and they are all fresh university graduates. You know you could get her to ****. ”

“****?!” Zhao Yao’s eyes widened in surprise and started to breathe heavily. “Won’t that be too disrespectful?”

“They are all professionals. In fact, if you continue to act like this, you’re the one who is humiliating them. So what do you say? I’ll settle everything and I promise that you’ll have a good time.”

By this time, Zhao Yao's face was already glowing red as his breathing got heavier and heavier. All sorts of sexual images and clips started to flash through his mind.

Suddenly, Elizabeth slapped Zhao Yao on the face with her paw and snapped, "Zhao Yao! Are you horny? Suggest another request!"

Matcha also appeared all of a sudden and stared at Zhao Yao with a look of disdain on his face. "Hey... Where did your virtues go..."

"You are not a virgin anymore yourself." Zhao Yao squeezed the cats back to where they were as he got back to his senses. He suppressed his inner desires and suggested, "I won't hit him but on one condition. Help me pay rent (the cat cafe) for 20 years."

"A year is the most I can offer you. Anything more than that and our department would go bankrupt."

"A year? Don't fool around with me! 10 years or I'll smash this mansion flat!"

"You think you are a qigong master? 3 years, nothing more."

"Seven years. Last chance before I..."

"5 years, I'll pay the rent and you don't have to pay any tax. I even pulled out my savings for this, don't you dare reject this offer."

Uncle Ho thought to himself: 'A cat cafe won't earn that much anyway. The tax money is negligible.'

Zhao Yao acted as if he was in deep thought and eventually agreed, "I guess I have no choice. For the sake of harmony between humans and supercats and for the sake of social stability, I'll have to make this sacrifice on my part. Let go of him."

Elizabeth and Matcha spat in disgust in the kitty bag. "Hypocrite."

Zhao Yao thought to himself: 'Hmm, I can't do anything about this guy since Uncle Ho knows about it. Hehe, I'll just have to wait for the next opportunity to find trouble with him.' Anyway, Zhao Yao had to complete this mission one day.

In fact, the moment Zhao Yao received the call from Uncle Ho, he already knew that he wouldn't have the chance to attack today.

Zhao Yao took a last look at the villa in front of him and turned around to leave as he muttered under his breath. "What an old creep. To think that he tried to tempt me through sexual means."

Uncle Ho was watching from the satellite imagery all this while. As he saw Zhao Yao turning around to leave, he heaved a sigh of immense relief and threw his body onto the couch. He sighed, "Man... Can't believe we wasted the chance of visiting the massage parlor."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

Zhao Yao asked, "Have you sent people over to the female cat breeder? She's a pretty decent girl and her cats seem to have the power to control animals."

"Yeah, I've sent people to talk to her. Rest assured, we won't make things difficult for people who are nice."

"Oh right, I still have a black man over here."

"Black man..." Inspector Ho replied. "Just leave him there, I'll send someone to pick him up."

"He's naked, you ought to bring some clothes for him."

"Naked?" Uncle Ho raised an eyebrow.

Uncle Ho hanged up the phone and recalled what Zhao Yao said during their call. He was glad that Jiangmen's strongest apostle turned out to be such a righteous man.

‘Oh man... I really wanted to try out that massage parlor though...’

“This Zhao Yao... He really looked like he wanted to experience it...”

Soon after hanging up, a muscular man with neatly shaven inch-long hair barged into the room.

Lin Chen snapped as he walked in and saw a dull-looking Uncle Ho. “Inspector, the masked man just appeared at the wildlife zoo right? Why didn’t you tell me.”

Inspector Ho laughed it off and said, “He already escaped anyway, there’s no point in going down there now. Let’s just wait for Xiao Wang to collect the all the clues and evidence.”

Lin Chen stared at Inspector Ho with a doubtful pair of eyes. Ever since Lin Chen lost the battle against the killer cat, he had been training hard every day in an effort to overcome his physical limits and unleash his true potential.

Compared to a month ago, Lin Chen’s powers are now much more advanced and his combat strength has improved tremendously.

All this time, the only thing he wished to do was to defeat and capture the masked man.

However, after countless rounds of investigation, they were still unable to track down the identity of the masked man. Somehow, video footages of the masked man were always corrupted or lost. Lin Chen suspected that there’s someone from the inside who have been helping to cover up his tracks and keep his identity well-hidden.

“I will personally find him, defeat him and capture him. I promise.” Lin Chen announced as he looked at Uncle Ho.

Uncle Ho laughed. “Lin Chen, there’s no need to work that hard. We are all civil servants; we come to work and get off work on time. It’s fine if you don’t want to work your shift. Just treat me to a sauna or karaoke session.”

Lin Chen stared at Uncle Ho with a look of disdain in his eyes as he took a few steps back. He said, “Please take note of the consequences, Inspector Ho. As civil servants, we will get fired if we are found in those places.”

